

Folk 1960-1969

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A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall

by Bob Dylan (1962)

G G G G G
Oh, where have you been, my blue eyed son?
G G G D D
Oh, where have you been, my darling young one?
C C D G G
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains
C C D G G
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways
C C D G G
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests
C C D G G
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans
C C D G G
I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard
G G D D G G C C
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard
G G D D G C G G
And it's a hard rain's gonna fall

Oh, what did you see, my blue eyed son?
Oh, what did you see, my darling young one?
I saw a newborn baby with wolves all around it
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it
I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin'
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a bleedin'
I saw a white ladder all covered with water
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
And it's a hard rain's a gonna fall

And what did you hear, my blue eyed son?
And what did you hear, my darling young one?
I heard the sound of a thunder, it roared out a warnin'
Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world
Heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a blazin'
Heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin'
Heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin'
Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter
Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
And it's a hard rain's a gonna fall

Oh, who did you meet, my blue eyed son?
Who did you meet, my darling young one?
I met a young child beside a dead pony
I met a white man who walked a black dog
I met a young woman whose body was burning
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow
I met one man who was wounded in love
I met another man who was wounded with hatred
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
It's a hard rain's a gonna fall

Oh, what'll you do now, my blue eyed son?
Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?
I'm a goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a fallin'
I'll walk to the depths of the deepest black forest
Where the people are many and their hands are all empty
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison
Where the executioner's face is always well hidden
Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten
Where black is the color, where none is the number
And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it
And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin'
But I'll know my song well before I start singin'
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
It's a hard rain's a gonna fall

Abraham, Martin, and John

by Dick Holler (1968)

C *Em* *Dm7*^(1/2) *F*^(1/2) *C*
Has anybody here seen my old friend Abraham?
C *Dm7* *G7sus4* *G7*
Can you tell me where he's gone?
Am *Em* *Dm7*^(1/2) *F*^(1/2) *Am*^(1/2) *F*^(1/2)
He freed a lot of people but it seems the good die young, ;but I
Dm7 *G*^(1/2) *Dm7*^(1/2) *F* *C*
Just looked around and he's gone

Has anybody here seen my old friend John?
Can you tell me where he's gone?
He freed a lot of people but it seems the good die young
But I just looked around and he's gone

Has anybody here seen my old friend Martin?
Can you tell me where he's gone?
He freed a lot of people but it seems the good die young
But I just looked around and he's gone

F *Em7* *Dm*^(1/2) *F*^(1/2) *Em7*
Didn't you love the things they stood for?
F *Em7* *Dm*^(1/2) *F*^(1/2) *Dm*^(1/2) *F*^(1/2)
Didn't they try to find some good for
C *C* *Gm7* *Bb*
You and me and we'll be free.
F *Em* *Dm7* *G7sus4*
Someday soon, it's gonna be one day

Has anybody here seen my old friend Bobby?
Can you tell me where he's gone?
Thought I seen him walkin up over the hill
With Abraham, Martin and John
With Abraham, Martin and John

Alice's Restaurant

by Arlo Guthrie (1967)

C A7 D9^(½) G6^(½) C
You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant

C A7 D9 G
You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant

C C F D9
Walk right in it's around the back Just a half a mile from the railroad track

C A7 D9^(½) G6^(½) C
You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant

This song is called Alice's Restaurant, and it's about Alice, and the restaurant, but Alice's Restaurant is not the name of the restaurant, that's just the name of the song, and that's why I called the song Alice's Restaurant.

You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant Walk right in it's around the back Just a half a mile from the railroad track You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant

Now it all started two Thanksgivings ago, was on - two years ago on Thanksgiving, when my friend and I went up to visit Alice at the restaurant, but Alice doesn't live in the restaurant, she lives in the church nearby the restaurant, in the bell-tower, with her husband Ray and Fasha the dog. And livin' in the bell tower like that, they got a lot of room downstairs where the pews used to be in. Havin' all that room, seein' as how they took out all the pews, they decided that they didn't have to take out their garbage for a long time.

We got up there, we found all the garbage in there, and we decided it'd be a friendly gesture for us to take the garbage down to the city dump. So we took the half a ton of garbage, put it in the back of a red VW microbus, took shovels and rakes and implements of destruction and headed on toward the city dump.

Well we got there and there was a big sign and a chain across across the dump saying, "Closed on Thanksgiving." And we had never heard of a dump closed on Thanksgiving before, and with tears in our eyes we drove off into the sunset looking for another place to put the garbage.

We didn't find one. Until we came to a side road, and off the side of the side road there was another fifteen foot cliff and at the bottom of the cliff there was another pile of garbage. And we decided that one big pile is better than two little piles, and rather than bring that one up we decided to throw our's down.

That's what we did, and drove back to the church, had a thanksgiving dinner that couldn't be beat, went to sleep and didn't get up until the next morning, when we got a phone call from officer Obie. He said, "Kid, we found your name on an envelope at the bottom of a half a ton of garbage, and just wanted to know if you had any information about it." And I said, "Yes, sir, Officer Obie, I cannot tell a lie, I put that envelope under that garbage."

After speaking to Obie for about fourty-five minutes on the telephone we finally arrived at the truth of the matter and said that we had to go down and pick up the garbage, and also had to go down and speak to him at the police officer's station. So we got in the red VW microbus with the shovels and rakes and implements of destruction and headed on toward the police officer's station.

Now friends, there was only one or two things that Obie coulda done at the police station, and the first was he could have given us a medal for being so brave and honest on the telephone, which wasn't very likely, and we didn't expect it, and the other thing was he could have bawled us out and told us never to be seen driving garbage around the vicinity again, which is what we expected, but when we got to the police officer's station there was a third possibility that we hadn't even counted upon, and we was both immediately arrested. Handcuffed. And I said "Obie, I don't think I can pick up the garbage with these handcuffs on." He said, "Shut up, kid. Get in the back of the patrol car."

And that's what we did, sat in the back of the patrol car and drove to the quote Scene of the Crime unquote. I want tell you about the town of Stockbridge, Massachusets, where this happened here, they got three stop signs, two police officers, and one police car, but when we got to the Scene of the Crime there was five police officers and three police cars, being the biggest crime of the last fifty years, and everybody wanted to get in the newspaper story about it. And they was using up all kinds of cop equipment that they had hanging around the police officer's station. They was taking plaster tire tracks, foot prints, dog smelling prints, and they took twenty seven eight-by-ten colour glossy photographs with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one explaining what each one was to be used as evidence against us. Took

pictures of the approach, the getaway, the northwest corner the southwest corner and that's not to mention the aerial photography.

After the ordeal, we went back to the jail. Obie said he was going to put us in the cell. Said, "Kid, I'm going to put you in the cell, I want your wallet and your belt." And I said, "Obie, I can understand you wanting my wallet so I don't have any money to spend in the cell, but what do you want my belt for?" And he said, "Kid, we don't want any hangings." I said, "Obie, did you think I was going to hang myself for littering?" Obie said he was making sure, and friends Obie was, cause he took out the toilet seat so I couldn't hit myself over the head and drown, and he took out the toilet paper so I couldn't bend the bars roll out the - roll the toilet paper out the window, slide down the roll and have an escape. Obie was making sure, and it was about four or five hours later that Alice (remember Alice? It's a song about Alice), Alice came by and with a few nasty words to Obie on the side, bailed us out of jail, and we went back to the church, had a another thanksgiving dinner that couldn't be beat, and didn't get up until the next morning, when we all had to go to court.

We walked in, sat down, Obie came in with the twenty seven eight-by-ten colour glossy pictures with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one, sat down. Man came in said, "All rise." We all stood up, and Obie stood up with the twenty seven eight-by-ten colour glossy pictures, and the judge walked in sat down with a seeing eye dog, and he sat down, we sat down. Obie looked at the seeing eye dog, and then at the twenty seven eight-by-ten colour glossy pictures with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one, and looked at the seeing eye dog. And then at twenty seven eight-by-ten colour glossy pictures with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one and began to cry, 'cause Obie came to the realization that it was a typical case of American blind justice, and there wasn't nothing he could do about it, and the judge wasn't going to look at the twenty seven eight-by-ten colour glossy pictures with the circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one explaining what each one was to be used as evidence against us. And we was fined \$50 and had to pick up the garbage in the snow, but thats not what I came to tell you about.

Came to talk about the draft.

They got a building down New York City, it's called Whitehall Street, where you walk in, you get injected, inspected, detected, infected, neglected and selected. I went down to get my physical examination one day, and I walked in, I sat down, got good and drunk the night before, so I looked and felt my best when I went in that morning. `Cause I wanted to look like the all-American kid from New York City, man I wanted, I wanted to feel like the all-, I wanted to be the all American kid from New York, and I walked in, sat down, I was hung down, brung down, hung up, and all kinds o' mean nasty ugly things. And I waked in and sat down and they gave me a piece of paper, said, "Kid, see the psychiatrist, room 604."

And I went up there, I said, "Shrink, I want to kill. I mean, I wanna, I wanna kill. Kill. I wanna, I wanna see, I wanna see blood and gore and guts and veins in my teeth. Eat dead burnt bodies. I mean kill, Kill, KILL, KILL." And I started jumpin up and down yelling, "KILL, KILL," and he started jumpin up and down with me and we was both jumping up and down yelling, "KILL, KILL." And the sargent came over, pinned a medal on me, sent me down the hall, said, "You're our boy."

Didn't feel too good about it.

Proceeded on down the hall gettin more injections, inspections, detections, neglections and all kinds of stuff that they was doin' to me at the thing there, and I was there for two hours, three hours, four hours, I was there for a long time going through all kinds of mean nasty ugly things and I was just having a tough time there, and they was inspecting, injecting every single part of me, and they was leaving no part untouched. Proceeded through, and when I finally came to the see the last man, I walked in, walked in sat down after a whole big thing there, and I walked up and said, "What do you want?" He said, "Kid, we only got one question. Have you ever been arrested?"

And I proceeded to tell him the story of the Alice's Restaurant Massacre, with full orchestration and five part harmony and stuff like that and all the phenome... - and he stopped me right there and said, "Kid, did you ever go to court?"

And I proceeded to tell him the story of the twenty seven eight-by-ten colour glossy pictures with the circles and arrows and the paragraph on the back of each one, and he stopped me right there and said, "Kid, I want you to go and sit down on that bench that says Group W NOW kid!!"

And I, I walked over to the, to the bench there, and there is, Group W's where they put you if you may not be moral enough to join the army after committing your special crime, and there was all kinds of mean nasty ugly looking people on the bench there. Mother rapers. Father stabbers. Father rapers! Father rapers sitting right there on the bench next to me! And they was mean and nasty and ugly and horrible crime-type guys sitting on the bench next to me. And the meanest, ugliest, nastiest one, the meanest father raper of them all, was coming over to me and he was mean 'n' ugly 'n' nasty 'n' horrible and all kind of things and he sat down next to me and said, "Kid, whad'ya get?" I said, "I didn't get nothing, I had to pay \$50 and pick up the garbage." He said, "What were you arrested for, kid?" And I said, "Littering." And they all moved away from me on the bench there, and the hairy eyeball and all kinds of mean nasty things, till I said, "And creating a nuisance." And they all came back, shook my hand, and we had a great time on the bench, talkin about crime, mother stabbing, father raping, all kinds of groovy things that we was talking about on the bench. And everything was fine, we was smoking cigarettes and all kinds of things, until the Sargeant came over, had some paper in his hand, held it up and said.

"Kids, this-piece-of-paper's-got-47-words-37-sentences-58-words-we-wanna-know-details-of-the-crime-time-of-the-crime-and-any-other-kind-of-thing-you-gotta-say-pertaining-to-and-about-the-crime-I-want-to-know-arresting-officer's-name-and-any-other-kind-of-thing-you-gotta-say"; and talked for forty-five minutes and nobody understood a word that he said, but we had fun filling out the forms and playing with the pencils on the bench there, and I filled out the massacre with the four part harmony, and wrote it down there, just like it was, and everything was fine and I put down the pencil, and I turned over the piece of paper, and there, there on the other side, in the middle of the other side, away from everything else on the other side, in parentheses, capital letters, quoted, read the following words:

“KID, HAVE YOU REHABILITATED YOURSELF?”;)

I went over to the sargent, said, "Sargeant, you got a lot a damn gall to ask me if I've rehabilitated myself, I mean, I mean, I mean that just, I'm sittin' here on the bench, I mean I'm sittin here on the Group W bench 'cause you want to know if I'm moral enough join the army, burn women, kids, houses and villages after bein' a litterbug." He looked at me and said, "Kid, we don't like your kind, and we're gonna send you fingerprints off to Washington."

And friends, somewhere in Washington enshrined in some little folder, is a study in black and white of my fingerprints. And the only reason I'm singing you this song now is cause you may know somebody in a similar situation, or you may be in a similar situation, and if your in a situation like that there's only one thing you can do and that's walk into the shrink wherever you are ,just walk in say "Shrink, You can get anything you want, at Alice's restaurant.". And walk out. You know, if one person, just one person does it they may think he's really sick and they won't take him. And if two people, two people do it, in harmony, they may think they're both faggots and they won't take either of them. And three people do it, three, can you imagine, three people walking in singin a bar of Alice's Restaurant and walking out. They may think it's an organization. And can you, can you imagine fifty people a day,I said fifty people a day walking in singin a bar of Alice's Restaurant and walking out. And friends they may thinks it's a movement.

And that's what it is , the Alice's Restaurant Anti-Massacre Movement, and all you got to do to join is sing it the next time it come's around on the guitar.

With feeling. So we'll wait for it to come around on the guitar, here and sing it when it does. Here it comes.

You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant Walk right in it's around the back Just a half a mile from the railroad track You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant

That was horrible. If you want to end war and stuff you got to sing loud. I've been singing this song now for twenty five minutes. I could sing it for another twenty five minutes. I'm not proud... or tired.

So we'll wait till it comes around again, and this time with four part harmony and feeling.

We're just waitin' for it to come around is what we're doing.

All right now.

You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant Excepting Alice You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant Walk right in it's around the back Just a half a mile from the railroad track You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant

Da da da da da da dum At Alice's Restaurant

Alices Restaurant

(by Arlo Guthrie)

1

0 1 3 0 1 4 5 3 5 2 3 0 4 0 1 0 1 3 0

3 0 2 3 2 3 2 0 2 5 4 3 5 1 0 1 3 0

You can get any thing you want at alice's res taur ant

6

0 1 4 0 5 3 5 2 3 0 0 1 2 3

3 2 3 2 0 0 2 2 5 4 5 3 4 3 0 1 2 3

You can get any thing you want at alice's res taur ant

10

0 4 0 1 0 0 0 3 2 0 1 3 1 3 0 4 0

3 2 3 2 3 2 3 2 1 3 1 3 2 0 2 1 3 0 2 4 0

Walk right in it's a round the back Just_ half mile from_the rail road track You can get any

15

5 5 3 5 3 0 0 1 0 1 3

0 2 0 2 5 4 4 5 3 3 0 2

thing you want at alice's res taur ant.

All I Really Want to Do

by Bob Dylan (1964)

$A_{(2)}$ $D_{(1)}$ $A_{(2)}$ $D_{(1)}$ $A_{(2)}$ $D_{(1)}$ $A_{(3)}$

D A E A
I ain't lookin' to compete with you

D A $E7$ A
Beat or cheat or mistreat you

D A E A
Simplify you, classify you

D A E A
Deny, defy or crucify you

A A D D A D

All I really want to do

A A $C\#m_{(2)}$ $D_{(1)}$ A D $A_{(2)}$ $D_{(1)}$ $A_{(2)}$ $D_{(1)}$ A

Is, baby, be friends with you.

No, and I ain't lookin' to fight with you
Frighten you or uptighten you
Drag you down or drain you down
Chain you down or bring you down
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you.

I ain't lookin' to block you up
Shock or knock or lock you up
Analyze you, categorize you
Finalize you or advertise you
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you.

I don't want to straight-face you
Race or chase you, track or trace you
Or disgrace you or displace you
Or define you or confine you
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you.

I don't want to meet your kin
Make you spin or do you in
Or select you or dissect you
Or inspect you or reject you
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you.

I don't want to fake you out
Take or shake or forsake you out
I ain't lookin' for you to feel like me
See like me or be like me
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you.

And When I Die

by Laura Nyro (1966)

C Dm Em Em F Em Am Am
And when I die, and when I'm dead, dead, and gone

C Dm Em Em C Dm Em Em
There'll be one child born in a world to carry on.

C Dm Em F C Dm Em F C Dm Em F
There'll be one child born to carry on.

C Dm Em F C Dm Em F
I'm not scared a-dyin' and I don't really care, if its
D Em F Am Bb F C C

If it's peace you find in dyin', well then let the time be near.

Em Em Am Am F Em Dm Dm
If it's peace you find in dyin', when dyin' time is here, just

C Dm Em F C F C Dm C F C Dm
Just bundle up my coffin cause it's cold way down there.

C C Em Em Am Am F F
And when I die, and when I'm gone There'll be
C Dm Em F C Dm Em F
one child born and a world to carry on. There'll be
C Dm Em F C Dm C F
one child born to carry on.

My troubles are many, there as deep as a well
I can swear there ain't no heaven, but I pray there ain't no hell.
Swear there ain't no heaven, pray there ain't no hell,
But I'll never know by livin', only my dyin' will tell.

Give me my freedom, for as long as I'd be,
All I ask of livin' is to have no chains on me.
All I ask of livin' is to have no chains on me,
And all I ask of dyin' is to go naturally.

C C Em Em Am Am F F
And when I die, and when I'm gone There'll be
C Dm Em F C Dm Em F C Dm Em F
one child born comin' as I go and a world to carry on. There'll be
C C Dm Dm Em Em F F C C C C
one child born to carry on.

Autumn To May

by Paul Stookey and Peter Yarrow (1962)

C *Bm* *C* *D*
Oh, once I had a little dog, his color it was brown.
C *Bm* *C* *D*
I taught him for to whistle, to sing and dance and run.
G *Em(½)* *Bm(½)* *G* *Em*
His legs they were fourteen yards long, his ears so very wide.
G *Em(½)* *Bm(½)* *C* *D*
Around the world in half a day upon him I could ride.
G(½) *C(½)* *D* *Em* *C* *D* *D*
Sing tarry-o-day, sing autumn to May.

Once I had a little frog, he wore a vest of red.
He'd lean upon a silver cane, top hat on his head.
He'd speak of far-off places, of things to see and do,
And all the kings and queens he'd met while sailing in a shoe.
Sing tarry-o-day, sing autumn to May.

Once I had a flock of sheep, they grazed upon a feather.
I'd keep them in a music box from wind or rainy weather.
And every day the sun would shine they'd fly all through the town
To bring me back some golden rings, candy by the pound.
Sing tarry-o-day, sing autumn to May.

Once I had a downy swan, she was so very frail.
She sat upon an oyster shell and hatched me out a snail.
The snail it turned into a bird, the bird to butterfly,
And he who tells a bigger tale would have to tell a lie.
Sing tarry-o-day, sing autumn to May.

Bird on a Wire

by Leonard Cohen (1968)

Fma7 ($\frac{3}{4}$) ($\frac{1}{2}$) ($\frac{1}{4}$) (1) (2) *Gm7 Fma7*

A *E* *A* *D*
Like a bird on the wire, like a drunk in some old midnight choir
A *E* *A*_($\frac{1}{2}$) *Asus4*_($\frac{1}{2}$) *A*_($\frac{1}{2}$) *E*_($\frac{1}{2}$)..
I have tried in my way to be free

A *E* *A* *D*
Like a worm on a hook, like a knight in some old-fashioned book.
(Like a worm on a hook, like a monk bending over the book)
A *E* *Asus4*_($\frac{1}{2}$) *A*_($\frac{1}{2}$) *A7*_($\frac{1}{2}$)
I've saved, all my ribbons, for thee
(It was the shape, the shape of our love twisted me)

D *A* *F#m* *A*
If I, if I have been unkind, I hope that you can just let it go right on by
D *A* *Bm* *E*_($\frac{1}{2}$) *E/D*_($\frac{1}{2}$) *E/C#*_($\frac{1}{2}$) *E/B*_($\frac{1}{2}$)
If I, if I have been untrue, I hope you know, it was not to you
(It's just that I thought a lover had to be some kind of liar too)

Like a little baby, stillborn, like a beast with his horn
I have torn everyone who reached out for me

But I swear, I swear by this song, I swear by all that I have done wrong
I will make it all up to thee

I saw a beggar, he was standing there on his wooden crutch
He cries out to me, "Hey, you must learn not to ask for so much."
Another pretty woman, waiting there in her darkened door
She cries out to me, "Hey, why not ask for more?"
(She cries out to me, "Hey, why not ask for just a little bit more?")

Like a bird on the wire
Like a drunk in some old midnight choir
A *E* *D* *A*
I have tried in my way to be free

Blowin' in the Wind

by Bob Dylan (1962)

G A $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Dma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bm/A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ G A D D

D G D D
How many roads must a man walk down

D G D A7
Before you call him a man?

D G D D
Yes, and how many seas must a white dove sail

D G A $Asus4$
Before she sleeps in the sand?

D G D D
Yes, and how many times must the cannon balls fly

D G A $Asus4$
Before they're forever banned?

G A $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Dma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bm/A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
The answer, my friend, is blowin in the wind,

G A D D
The answer is blowin in the wind.

G A $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Dma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bm/A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ G A D D

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?

The answer, my friend, is blowin in the wind,

The answer is blowin in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist

Before its washed to the sea?

Yes, and how many years can some people exist

Before they're allowed to be free?

Yes, ann how many times can a man turn his head,

Pretending he just doesnt see?

The answer, my friend, is blowin in the wind,

The answer is blowin in the wind.

Bob Dylan's Dream

by Bob Dylan (1962)

G G Am Am Am Am
While riding on a train goin' west,
Am Am(½) C(½) D D D7 D7
I fell asleep for to take my rest.
G Gma7(½) G7(½) C(½) D7(½) G G G
I dreamed a dream that made me sad,
Em Am Am Am Eb(½) Eb7(½) Cm(½) Eb7(½) G C G Ddim7(½) D7(½)
Concerning myself and the first few friends I had.

With half damp eyes I stared into the room,
Where my friends and I spent many an afternoon.
Where we together weathered many a storm,
Laughin' and singin' 'til the early hours of the morn.

By the old wooden stove where our hats were hung,
Our words were told and our songs were sung.
Where we longed for nothing and were quite satisfied
Talkin' and jokin' about the wicked world outside.

With haunted hearts through the heat and cold
we never thought we could get very old.
We thought we could sit forever in fun,
But our chances really were a million to one.

As easy it was to tell black from white,
it was all that easy to tell wrong from right.
Our choices were few and the thought never hit
That the one road we travelled would ever shatter and split.

How many a year has passed and gone
and many a gamble has been lost and won
And many a road taken by many a friend,
And each one of them I'll never see again.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain
that we could sit simply in that room once again,
Ten thousand dollars at the drop of a hat,
I'd give it all gladly if our lives could be like that.

Bojangles

by Jerry Jeff Walker (1968) (F G A) is a walkup or walkdown

Intro: C/C C/B Am/A Am7/G F F(F G A) G G(GAB)

C/C C/B Am/A Am7/G F F(F G A) G G(GAB)
I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you, in worn out shoes.

C/C C/B Am/A Am7/G F F(F G A) G G(FED)
With silver hair a ragged shirt and baggy pants, Did the old old soft shoe.

F F C E/B Am Am7/G D7 D7 G G(GAB)
He jumped so high, jumped so high, Then he lightly touched down.
Am Am G G(GAB) Am Am G G(GAB) Am Am G G(GAB)
Mister Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles Mr. Bojangles
Dance

C C/B Am/A Am7/G F F(F G A) G G(GAB)

I met him in a cell in New Orleans I was down and out.
He looked at me to be the eyes of age as he spoke right out.
He talked of life, talked of life,
He laughed slapped his leg a step.

He said his name, Bojangles, then he danced a lick, across the cell.
He grabbed his pants a better stance oh he jumped up high,
He clicked his heels, he let go a laugh, let go a laugh,
Shook back his clothes all around.

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs throughout the south.
He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and he traveled about.
His dog up and died, up and died,
After twenty years he still grieved,

He said, "I dance now at every chance in honkytonks for drinks and tips.
But most of the I spend behind these county bars," he said, "I drinks a bit."
He shook his head and he shook his head,
I heard someone ask him please

The image displays the guitar notation for the song 'Bojangles'. It includes nine chord diagrams at the top, each with a red number below it: 30 (C), 31 (C/B), 32 (Am), 33 (Am7/G), 34 (F), 35 (F), 36 (G), 37 (G), and 38 (C). Below the diagrams is a fretboard with red numbers 30 through 39 indicating the fret position. The notation shows a series of chords and fingerings (0, 1, 2, 3) for the left hand, and a corresponding melody line with stems and flags for the right hand.

Both Sides Now

by Joni Mitchell (1967)

C *F* *C* *F* *C* *Cma7* *F* *C*
Bows and flows of angel hair and ice cream castles in the air
C *F* *Dm* *Dm* *Dm7* *Dm7* *G* *G7*
And feathered canyons everywhere, I've looked at clouds that way.
C *F* *C* *F* *C* *Cma7* *F* *C*
But now they only block the sun, they rain and snow on everyone.
C *F* *Dm* *Dm* *Dm7* *Dm7* *G* *G7*
So many things I would have done but clouds got in my way.

C *C* *F* *C*
I've looked at clouds from both sides now,
F *C* *F* *C*
From up and down, and still somehow
Cma7 *Cma7* *F* *C*
It's clouds illusions I recall.
F *C* *Dm* *Dm7* *G* *G7* *C* *F* *C* *F* *C* *F* *C* *F*
I really don't know clouds at all.

Moons and Junes and Ferris wheels, the dizzy dancing way you feel
When every fairy tale comes real; I've looked at love that way.
But now it's just another show, you leave 'em laughing when you go
And if you care, don't let them know, don't give yourself away.

I've looked at love from both sides now,
From win and lose, and still somehow
It's love's illusions I recall.
I really don't know love ... at all.

Tears and fears and feeling proud to say "I love you" right out loud,
Dreams and schemes and circus crowds, I've looked at life that way.
But now old friends are acting strange, they shake their heads, they say I've changed.
Well something's lost and something's gained in living every day.

I've looked at life from both sides now,
From win and lose, and still somehow
It's life's illusions I recall.
I really don't know life ... at all.

Bottle Of Wine

by Tom Paxton (1963)

A A A E_(1/2) A_(1/2)

A A
Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine,
A E_(1/2) A_(1/2)
When you gonna let me get so ber?
A A
Leave me alone, let me go home,
A E_(1/2) A_(1/2) A E_(1/2) A_(1/2)
Let me go home and start o ver.

A_(1/2) E_(1/2) D_(1/2) A_(1/2)
Ramblin' 'round this dirty old town,
A_(1/2) E_(1/2) A_(1/2) E_(1/2)
Singin' for nickels and dimes,
A_(1/2) E_(1/2) D_(1/2) A_(1/2)
Time's gettin' rough, I ain't got enough
A_(1/2) E_(1/2) A
To buy me a bottle of wine.

Little hotel, older than hell,
Dark as the coal in a mine.
Blankets are thin, I lay there and grin,
Cause I got a little bottle of wine.

A_(1/2) E_(1/2) D_(1/2) A_(1/2) A_(1/2) E_(1/2) A A_(1/2) E_(1/2) D_(1/2) A_(1/2) A_(1/2) E_(1/2) A

It's a pain in my head, bugs in my bed,
And my pants are so old that they shine.
Out on the street, tell the people I meet
To buy me a bottle of wine.

Preacher will preach, teacher will teach,
Miner will dig in the mine.
I ride the rods, trusting in God
Huggin' my bottle of wine.

California Bloodlines

by John Stewart (1963)



G G G G D7 D7 G D7(½) G(½)

G	G	Am	Am7	descend	G	F#	E	D
Had I been born in New York City,					C	B	A	G
D	D7	G	G		F#	E	D	C
a New York City girl I'd know,								
G	G	Am	Am7					
Oh, workin' in the concrete, not the sunlight,								
D	D7	G	G					
Livin' in the New York rain and snow.								

G	G	Am	Am7
Oh, there's California Bloodlines in my heart,			
D	D7	G	G
And a California woman in my song,			
G	G	Am	Am7
Oh, there's California Bloodlines in my heart,			
D	D7	G	G
And a California heartbeat in my soul.			

G G G G D7 D7 G D7(½) G(½)

And just to think that I might have never known you
 If I had lived my life in Tennessee,
 But I really could have never let that happen,
 For you and California are in me.

Have you wondered where we were 'fore we were born,
 Rollin' 'round the heavens like a song?
 Oh, I know it's then I saw the big Sierras,
 Saw a California sunrise comin' on.

Can't Help But Wonder Where I'm Bound

by Tom Paxton (1964)

C *C* *F_(1/2)* *Am_(1/2)* *Dm*
It's a long and dusty road, it's a hot and heavy load
G *G7* *C* *C*
And the folks I meet ain't always kind
C *C* *F_(1/2)* *Am_(1/2)* *Dm*
Some are bad and some are good 'n some have done the best they could
G *G7* *C* *C*
Some have tried to ease my troublin' mind

Dm *G7* *C_(1/2)* *C/B_(1/2)* *Am_(1/2)* *Am/G_(1/2)*
And I can't help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm bound
Dm *G* *C* *C*
I can't help but wonder where I'm bound

I've been wandering through this land
Just doin' the best I can
Trying to find what I was meant to do
And the people that I see
Look as worried as can be
And it looks like they are wand'rin' too

But I had me a buddy back home
And he started off to roam
Now he's out, gone to Frisco Bay
And sometimes when I've had a few
His old voice comes ringin' through
And yes I'm goin' out to see him some old day

If you see me passin' by
And you sit and you wonder why
And you wish that you were a rambler, too
Nail your shoes to the kitchen floor
Lace'em up and bar the door
Thank your stars for the roof that's over you

Changes

by Phil Ochs (1965)

G A7 D Em G A7 F#m Bm Em A D Em A7 D G

G A7 D Em
Sit by my side, come as close as the air,
G A7 F#m Bm
Share in a memory of gray, and wander in my
Em A D Em A7 D G
words, and dream about the pictures that I play of changes.

Green leaves of summer turn red in the fall,
To brown and to yellow they fade, and then they have to
die, trapped within the circle time parade of changes.

Scenes of my young years were warm in my mind,
Visions of shadows that chime, 'til one day I
returned, and found they were the victims of the vines, of changes.

The world spinning madly, it drifts in the dark,
Swings through a hollow of haze, a race around that
stars, a journey through the universe ablaze, with changes.

Moments of magic will glow in the night,
all fears of the forest are gone, but when the moment
breaks, they're swept away by golden drops of dawn of changes.

Passions will part to a strange melody,
as fires will sometimes burn cold, like petals in the
wind, we're puppets to the silver strings of souls, of changes.

Your tears will be trembling, now here, somewhere else,
one last cup of wine we will pour, I'll kiss you one more
time, and leave you on the rolling river shore, of changes.

So sit by my side, come as close as the air,
Share in a memory of gray, and wander in my
words, and dream about the pictures that I play of changes.

Christmas Dinner

by Paul Stookey (1963)

Em D C G
And it .. came to pass on a Christmas evening
Am7 G A B
While all the doors were shuttered tight
Em D C G
Outside standing, lonely boy-child
Am7 G B B Em Em Em Em
Cold and shivering in the night

On the street every window
Save but one, was gleaming bright
And to this window walked the boychild
Peeking in saw, candlelight

Through other windows he had looked at turkeys
Ducks and geese, cherry pies
But through this window saw a grey-haired lady
Table bare and tears in her eyes

Into his coat reached the boy-child
Knowing well there was little there
He took from his pocket, his own Christmas dinner
A bit of cheese, some bread ... to share

His outstretched hands held the food and they trembled
As the door, it opened wide
Said he, "Would you share with me Christmas dinner"
Gently said she, "Come inside."

The grey-haired lady brought forth to the table
Glasses two and her last drop of wine
Said she, "Here's a toast to everyone's Christmas
and especially, yours and mine"

And it came to pass on that Christmas evening
While all the doors were shuttered tight
That in that town, the happiest Christmas
Was shared by candle light

Circle Game

by Joni Mitchell (1966)

C F C C

Yesterday a child came out to wonder,

C F G7 G7sus

Caught a dragonfly inside a jar.

C F_(1/2) C_(1/2) Em

Fearful when the sky was full of thunder,

F C_(1/2) G6_(1/2) C_(1/2) F_(1/2) C

And tearful at the falling of a star.

C C_(1/4) G7sus_(1/4) C_(1/2)
and the seasons they go round and round,

C C_(1/4) G7sus_(1/4) C_(1/2)
and the painted ponies go up and down.

F F C C

we're captive on the carousel of time.

F F Em F

We can't return we can only look behind from where we came

C C6_(1/2) Fma7_(1/2) C_(1/2) F_(1/2) 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.

Sixteen springs and sixteen summers gone now,
Cartwheels turn to car wheels thru the town.
And they tell him, take your time, it won't be long now,
Till you drag your feet to slow the circles down.

Coming of the Roads

by Billy Ed Wheeler (1964)

A *E* *F#m* *F#m*
Now that our mountain is grow ing
D *E7* *Asus2* *A*
with people hungry for wealth
A *E* *F#m* *B7*
How come it's you that's a-go ing
Dsus2 *D* *E* *E7*
and I'm left all alone by myself?
A *E* *F#m* *F#m*
We used to hunt the cool ca vens
D *E7* *Asus2* *A*
deep in our forest of green
A *E* *F#m* *B7*
Then came the road and the tav ern
Dsus2 *D* *E* *E7*
and you found a new love it seems

A *B7* *E* *C#m*
Once I had you and the wildwood,
Dsus2 *E7* *Asus2* *A*
now it's just dusty roads
Asus2 *E* *D* *B7*
And I can't help but blamin' your go in' on the coming
D6 *D6* *E7* *D/E* *Asus2* *A* *A* *A*
coming, the coming of the roads

Look how they've cut all to pieces our
ancient redwood and oak
And the hillsides are stained with the greases
that burned up the heavens with smoke
You used to curse the bold crewmen
who stripped our earth of its ore
Now you've changed and you've gone over to them
and you've learned to love what you hated before

Once I thanked God for my treasure, now like rust it corrodes
And I can't help but blamin' your goin' on the coming, the coming of the roads.

Once I thanked God for my treasure, now like rust it corrodes
And I can't help but blamin' your goin' on the coming, the coming of the roads.

And I can't help but blamin' your goin' on the coming, the coming of the roads.

Crow on the Cradle

by Sidney Carter (1962)

Am Am7sus4 Am E7 Am Am Am Am Am

Am Am Am Am
 The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn
F C E7 Am

Now is the time for a child to be born
Am Am Am Em
 You'll laugh at the moon and you'll cry at the sun
F C E7 Am

And if it's a boy he'll carry a gun
D F Am Am_sus4 Am E7 (last four bars of intro)
 Sang the crow on the cradle

And if it should be that our baby's a girl
 Never you mind if her hair doesn't curl
 With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
 And a bomber above her wherever she goes
 Sang the crow on the cradle

Your mother and father will sweat and they'll slave
 To build you a coffin and dig you a grave
 Hush-a-bye little one, never you weep
 For we've got a toy that can put you to sleep
 Sang the crow on the cradle

Rock-a-bye my baby, the dark and the light
 Somebody's baby is born for a fight
 Rock-a-bye my baby, the white and the black
 Somebody's baby is not coming back
 Sang the crow on the cradle

Bring me my gun, and I'll shoot that bird dead
 That's what your mother and father once said
 Crow on the cradle, what shall I do?
 That is a fate that I leave up to you
 Sang the crow on the cradle

Day Is Done

by Peter Yarrow (1969)

A Tell me why you're crying my son,
E I know you'e frightened like everyone?
F#m Is it the thunder in the distance you fear?
C#m Will it help if I stay very near?
A A I am here.

D A And if you take my hand my son,
E A All will be well when the day is done.
D A And if you take my hand my son,
E A All will be well when the day is done.
E E A A Day is done, day is done,
E E A A Day is done, day is done.

Do you ask why I'm sighing my son?
You shall inherit what mankind has done.
In a world filled with sorrow and woe,
If you ask me why this is so,
I really don't know.

Tell me why you're smiling my son.
Is there a secret you can tell everyone?
Do you know more than men that are wise?
Can you see what we all must disguise,
Through your loving eyes?

Don't Think Twice It's Alright

by Bob Dylan (1963)

D *A* *Bm* *Bm*
It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe
G *G* *D* *A7*
It don't matter, anyhow
 D *A* *Bm* *Bm*
An' it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe
E7 *E7* *A* *A7*
If you don't know by now
 D *D* *D* *D7*
When your rooster crows at the break of dawn
G *G* *E* *E9 or E7*
Look out your window and I'll be gone
D *A* *Bm* *G*
You're the reason I'm trav'lin' on
D *A7* *D* *D*
Don't think twice, it's alright

And it ain't no use in turning on your light babe
That light I never knowed
And it ain't no use in turning on your light babe
I'm on the dark side of the road
I wish there was something you would do or say
To try and make me change my mind and stay
But we never did too much talking anyway
So don't think twice it's alright

And it ain't no use in calling out my name babe
Like you never did before
Ain't no use in calling out my name babe
I can't hear you any more
I'm thinking and a-wondering, away down the road
I once loved a woman, a child I'm told
I gave her my heart but she wanted my soul
But don't think twice it's alright

I'm walking down that long lonesome road babe
Where I'm bound I can't tell
But goodbye is too good a word babe
So I'll just say fare thee well
I ain't saying you treated me unkind
You could have doen better but I don't mind
You just kinda wasted my precious time
But don't think twice it's alright

Early Morning Rain

by Gordon Lightfoot (1966)

G *G* *Bm* *Bm*
In the early morning rain
C *D* *G* *G*
With a dollar in my hand
G *G* *Am* *Am*
With an achin' in my heart
D *D* *G* *G*
And my pockets full of sand

G *G* *Am* *Am*
I'm a long way from home
D *D* *G* *G*
And I miss my loved ones so
G *G* *Bm* *Bm*
In the early morning rain
C *D7* *G* *G*
With no place to go

Out on runway number nine
Big seven-o-seven set to go
But I'm stuck here in the grass
Where the cold wind blows

This old airport's got me down
It's no earthly good to me
'cause I'm stuck here on the ground
As cold and drunk as I can be

Now the liquor tasted good
And the women all were fast
Well there she goes my friend
Well she's rollin' down at last

You can't jump a jet plane
Like you can a freight train
So I'd best be on my way
In the early morning rain.

Hear the mighty engines roar
See the silver bird on high
She's away and westward bound
Far above the clouds she'll fly

Where the mornin' rain don't fall
And the sun always shines
She'll be flyin' o'er my home
In about three hours time

Eve of Destruction

by P. F. Sloan (born Philip Gary Schlein)
(1965)

D *D* *G* *A7*
The Eastern world it is explodin',
D *D* *G* *A*
violence flarin' and bullets loadin',
 D *D* *G* *A*
You're old enough to kill, but not for votin',
 D *D* *G* *A*
You don't believe in war, but's what's that gun you're totin'?
 D *D* *G* *A*
And even the Jordan River has bodies floatin'
 D *D* *G* *A* *D* *D* *Bm* *Bm*
 But you tell me, over and over and over again my friend,
 G *G* *A* *A* *D* *G* ($\frac{1}{2}$) *A* ($\frac{1}{2}$)
 Ah, you don't believe we're on the Eve of Destruction.

Don't you understand what I'm tryin' to say?
Can't you feel the fear that I'm feelin' today?
If the button is pushed there's no running away,
There'll be no one to save with the world in a grave.
Take a look around you boy, it's bound to scare you boy,
 But you tell me, over and over and over again my friend,
 Ah, you don't believe we're on the Eve of Destruction.

My blood's so mad feels like coaglatin',
I'm sittin' here just contemplatin'
You can't twist the truth it knows no regulation,
and a handful of Senators don't pass legislation.
Marches alone can't bring integration, when human respect is disintegratin'.
This whole crazy world is just too frustratin'.
 But you tell me, over and over and over again my friend,
 Ah, you don't believe we're on the Eve of Destruction.

Think of all the hate there is in Red China,
take a look around to Selma, Alabama!
You may leave here for four days in space,
But when you return, it's the same old place.
The pounding drums, the pride and disgrace,
can bury your dead, but don't leave a trace,
Hate your next door neighbor, but don't forget to say grace.
 But you tell me, over and over and over again my friend,
 Ah, you don't believe we're on the Eve of Destruction

Farewell Angelina

by Bob Dylan (1965)

F F/E F/D F/C F F/E F/D F/C

F F Bb F F/E F/D F/C
Farewell Angelina, the bells of the crown. Are being
F F Bb F F/E F/D F/C
stolen by bandits, I must follow the sound. The
F₍₂₎ Bb₍₁₎ F7 Bb C C C C
triangle tingles and the trumpet plays slow.
Dm Am Dm Am Bb₍₂₎ C7₍₁₎ F F/E F/D F/C F F/E F/D F/C
Farewell Angelina, the sky is on fire, and I must go

There is **no** use in **anger** and **no** use for **blame**
There is **nothing** to **prove**, every thing's still the **same**
Just a **table** stands **empty** by the **edge** of the **sea**
Means **farewell** Angelina, the **sky** is **trembling** and I must **leave**

The **jacks** and the **queens** they have **forsaked** the **courtyard**
And fifty-two **gypsies** now **file** past the **guards**
In the **space** where the **duece** and the **ace** once ran wild
Farewell Angelina, the **sky** is **changing** **color**, I'll **see** you in a **while**

See the **cross-eyed** **pirates** sitting **perched** in the **sun**
Shooting tin **cans** with a **sawed-off** shot **g`**
And the **neighbors** they **clap** and they **cheer** with each **blast**
But **farewell** Angelina, the **sky** is **trembling**, and I must **leave** **fast**

King **Kong**, little **elves** in the **rooftops** they **dance**
Valentino-type **tangos** while the **make-up** man's **hands**
Shut the **eyes** of the **dead** not to **embarrass** anyone
Farewell Angelina, the **sky** is **embarrassed** and I must be **gone**

The **camouflaged** **parrot**, he **flutters** from **fear**
When **something** he doesn't **know** about **suddenly** **appears**
What **cannot** be **imitated** **perfect** must **die**
Farewell Angelina, the **sky's** **flooding** **over**, and I must **go** where it's **dry**

Fire and Rain

by James Taylor (1969)

A Em7 D A A E Gmaj7 Gmaj7

A Em7 D A
Just yesterday morning they let me know you were gone

A E Gmaj7 Gmaj7
Susan, the plans they made put an end to you

A Em7 D A
I walked out this morning and I wrote down this song

A E Gmaj7 Gmaj7
I just can't remember who to send it to

$D_{(1/2)}$ $D/C\#_{(1/2)}$ $Bm7_{(1/2)}$ $Bm7/E_{(1/2)}$ A A
I've seen fire and I've seen rain

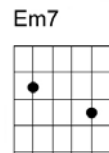
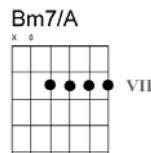
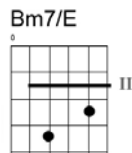
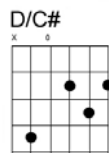
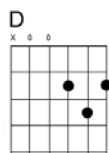
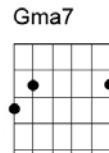
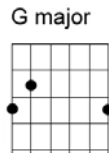
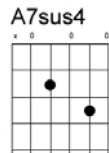
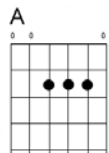
$D_{(1/2)}$ $D/C\#_{(1/2)}$ $Bm7_{(1/2)}$ $Bm7/E_{(1/2)}$ A A
I've seen sunny days that I thought would never end

$D_{(1/2)}$ $D/C\#_{(1/2)}$ $Bm7_{(1/2)}$ $Bm7/E_{(1/2)}$ A A
I've seen lonely times when I could not find a friend

$G_{(1/2)}$ $D6/F\#_{(1/2)}$ $E7sus/B_{(1/2)}$ $Em7_{(1/2)}$ $Asus$ $A9$
But I always thought that I'd see you a gain

Won't you look down upon me Jesus. You've got to help me make a stand
You've just got to see me through another day
My body's aching and my time is at hand
And I won't make it any other way

Been walking my mind to an easy time, my back turned towards the sun
Lord knows when the cold wind blows it'll turn you head around
Well, there's hours of time on the telephone line to talk about things to come
Sweet dreams and flying machines in pieces on the ground



Five Hundred Miles

by Hedy West (1961)

D *Bm* *Em* *G*
If you miss the train I'm on, you will know that I am gone
Em *A* *A* *A7*
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 *A* *D* *D*
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles

If my honey said so, I'd railroad no more
I'd sidetrack my engine and go home
And go home, and go home, and go home, and go home
I'd sidetrack my engine and go home

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

I told her in my little letter, just as plain as I could tell her
That she'd better come along and go with me
Go with me, go with me, go with me, go with me
She'd better come along and go with me

My clothes are all worn, my shoes are all torn
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

Not a shirt on my back, not a penny to my name
Lord I cannot 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

If this train runs me right, I'll be back tomorrow night
I'm coming down the line on number nine!
Number nine, number nine, number nine, number nine
I'm coming down the line on number nine!

Follow Me

by John Denver (1969)

D *A* *D* *D*
It's by far the hardest thing I've ever done
G^(½) *G/F#*^(½) *G/E* *A* *A7*
to be so in love with you and so alone

D *G/E* *D* *G*
Follow me where I go what I do and who I know
D *G/E* *A* *A7*
make it part of you to be a part of me
D *G/E* *D* *G*
follow me up and down all the way and all around
D *G*^(½) *A7*^(½) *D* *D*
take my hand and say you'll follow me

D *A* *G* *D*
It's long been on my mind, you know it's been a long, long time,
Bm *A* *G* *A*
I'll try to find the way that I can make you understand
G *D* *G* *D*
the way I feel about you and just how much I need you
G^(½) *F#m*^(½) *Em*^(½) *D*^(½) *G* *A* *A7*
to be there where I can talk to you when there's no one else around.

D *A* *G* *D*
You see, I'd like to share my life with you and show you things I've seen,
Bm *A* *G* *A*
places that I'm going to places where I've been
G *D* *G* *D*
to have you there beside me and never be alone
G^(½) *F#m*^(½) *Em*^(½) *D*^(½) *G* *A* *A7*
and all the time that you're with me then we will be at home.

Four Strong Winds

by Ian Tyson (1963)

Four strong winds that blow lonely
Seven seas that run high
All those things that don't change come what may
For the good times are all gone
And I'm bound for moving on
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way

I think I'll go out to Alberta
Weather's good there in the fall
I've got some friends that I can go working for
Still I wish you'd change your mind
If I ask you one more time
But we've been through that a hundred times before

If I get there before the snow flies, And if things are goin' good
You could meet me if I sent you down the fare
But by then it would be winter
Not too much for you to do
And those winds sure can blow cold way out there

Four strong winds that blow lonely
Seven seas that run high
All those things that don't change come what may
For the good times are all gone
And I'm bound for moving on
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way

Give Peace a Chance

lyric by John Lennon, and music by Pete Seeger and Brother Fred Kilpatrick (1969)

G D7 D7 G G
 All we are saying is give peace a chance

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line consists of four measures. The first measure has a quarter rest followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The second measure has a quarter note D5, a quarter note C5, and a quarter note B4. The third measure has a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The fourth measure has a half note G4. The guitar accompaniment line consists of four measures. The first measure has a quarter rest, a quarter note G2, a quarter note A2, and a quarter note B2. The second measure has a quarter note D3, a quarter note C3, and a quarter note B2. The third measure has a quarter note G2, a quarter note A2, and a quarter note B2. The fourth measure has a half note G2. The guitar accompaniment line includes a dynamic marking of *mf* and a fingering of 1 for the first measure. The guitar accompaniment line also includes a fingering of 3 for the first and third measures. The guitar accompaniment line also includes a fingering of 0 for the second, third, and fourth measures. The guitar accompaniment line also includes a fingering of 2-0 for the first measure, 2 for the second measure, 1-0 for the third measure, and 0 for the fourth measure.

Good Times We Had

by Noel Paul Stookey(1966)

C G
Times have changed.
C Am D7 D7 G7 G7
All the good times that we had . . . are gone now.

C G
Passed this way,
C Am D7 D7 G7 G7
Only memories will remain . . . tomorrow.

G G7 Am Am
I thought my dreams would be enough for awhile,
G G7 Am Am
And all the plans that we made.
G G7 Am Am
Hey, we had love, that was all that we had,
Dm D7 G7 G7
And even that don't seem the same.

C G
Peace of mind.
C F D7 D7 G7 G7
Where's the happiness we should . . . be having?
C G
We can't find,
C Am D7 G7 C C
Any answers in the good times that we had.

(repeat "Peace of mind ...")

Great Mandella

by Peter Yarrow, Albert Grossman, and Mary Travers
(1967)

F#m(1/2) /D(1/2) /E(1/2) /A(1/2) F#m/A(1/2) /D(1/2) /E(1/2) /A(1/2) (2X)

So, I told him that he'd bet ter shut his mouth and do his job like a man.

E E A A

And he answered, "Listen, father, I will

Ne ver kill a no ther. "He thinks he's bet ter than his brother that died.

F# F# G G E E A A

What the hell does he think he's doing to his father who brought him up right?

Em Em Am Am

Take your place on the Great Mandella as it

Am11 Am9 Em Em

moves through your brief moment of time.

C C Em Em

Win or lose, now, you must choose, now.

Am11 Am9 Am6/9 Am6/9

And, if you lose, you're only losing your life.

Tell the jailer not to bother with his meal of bread and water today.

He is fasting 'til the killing's over.

He's a martyr. He thinks he's a prophet

But, he's a coward. He's just playing a game.

He can't do it. He can't change it.

It's been going on for ten thousand years.

Tell the people they are safe, now.

Hunger stopped him. He lies still in his cell.

Death has gagged his accusations.

We are free now. We can kill now.

We can hate now. Now, we can end the world.

We're not guilty. He was crazy.

And it's been going on for ten thousand years.

Green Green

by Barry McGuire and Randy Sparks (1963)

A *D*
Green, green, it's green , they say
A *E7*
On the far side of the hill
A *D*
Green, green, I'm going away to where the
A(½) *E7(½)* *A*
grass is greener still

A(½) *Ama7(½)* *D(½)* *A(½)*
Well I told my Momma on the day I was born
D(½) *E7(½)* *A*
Don't you cry when you see I'm gone.
A(½) *Ama7(½)* *D(½)* *A(½)*
You know there ain't no woman gonna settle me down
A(½) *E7* *A*
I just gotta keep traveling on

There ain't no woman in this whole wide world
Gonna tell me how to spend my time
I'm just a good loving rambling man
Singing, buddy, can you spare me a dime

Love that man with all my heart
Will to the day I die
I was just a stop along his way
He never even said good-bye

I don't care when the sun goes down
Where I lay my weary head
Green, green valley or rocky road
It's there I'm gonna lay my head

Green Leaves of Summer

lyrics by Paul Francis Webster
and music by Dimitri RTiomkin (1960) (6/8 time)

Em^(½) *Em/G*^(½) *Am6*^(½) *B7*^(½) *Em*^(½) *Em/G*^(½) *Am6*^(½) *B7*^(½)

Em^(½) *Em/G*^(½) *B7* *Em* *D7*
A time to be reaping, a time to be sowing,
G *Am* *F#7* *B7*
the green leaves of summer are calling me home.

E7 *Am* *Dsus2* *G*
T'was so good to be young then, in the season of plenty.
Em/G *Am6* *C7/Bb* *B7*
When the catfish were jumping as high as the sky.

Em^(½) *Em/G*^(½) *B7* *Em* *D7*
A time just for planting and a time just for plowing.
G *Am* *F#7* *B7*

A time to be courting, a girl of your own.
E7 *Am* *Dsus2* *G*
T'was so good to be young then, to be close to the Earth.
Em/G *Am*^(½) *Em*^(½) *Am6*^(¼) *B7*^(¼) *Em*^(½) *Em/G*^(½)
And to stand by your wife, at the moment of birth.

Em^(½) *Em/G*^(½) *B7* *Em* *D7*
A time to be reaping, a time to be sowing.
G *Am* *F#7* *B7*

The green leaves of summer are callin' me home.
E7 *Am* *D9* *G*
T'was so good to be young then, with the sweet smell of apples,
Em/G *Am6* *C7/Bb* *B7*

And the owl in the pine tree a-winking his eye.

Em^(½) *Em/G*^(½) *B7* *Em* *D7*
A time just for planting, a time just for plowing.
G *Am* *F#7* *B7*

A time just for living, a place for to die.
E7 *Am* *Dsus2* *G*
T'was so good to be young then, to be close to the Earth,
Em/G *Am* *Em*^(½) *Am6*^(¼) *B7*^(¼) *Em*
Now the green leaves of summer are calling me home.
Em^(½) *Em/G*^(½) *Am6*^(½) *B7*^(½) *Em*^(½) *Em/G*^(½) *Am6*^(½) *B7*^(½) *Em*_(hold)

Greenback Dollar

by Hoyt Axton (1962)

Em *G* *G* *Em*
Some people say I'm a no count, others say I'm no good,
C *G*
But I'm just a natural born travelin man,
D *Em*
Doin what I think I should, Oh yeah,
D *Em* *Em*
Doin what I think I should.

G^(1/2) *C*^(1/2) *G*^(1/2) *Em*^(1/2)
And I don't give a damn about a greenback dollar,
G^(1/2) *C*^(1/2) *G*^(1/2) *Em*^(1/2)
Spend it fast as I can,
G^(1/2) *C*^(1/2) *G*^(1/2) *Em*^(1/2)
For a wailing song, and a good guitar,
D *Em*
The only thing that I understand, Poor boy,
D *Em*
The only thing that I understand.

When I was a little babe, my mama said; " Hey son,"
"Travel where you will, and grow to be a man,
And sing what must be sung, poor boy,
Sing what must be sung."

Now that I'm a grown man, I've travelled here and there,
I've learned that a bottle of brandy and a song,
The only ones who ever cared, poor boy,
The only ones who ever cared

Hey Jimmy Joe John Jim Jack

by Joe Livingston and Ray Evans (1961)

$C(\frac{1}{2})$ $F(\frac{1}{4})$ $G(\frac{1}{4})$ $C(\frac{1}{2})$ $F(\frac{1}{4})$ $G(\frac{1}{4})$ $C(\frac{1}{2})$ $F(\frac{1}{4})$ $G(\frac{1}{4})$ C
 There once was a ti ger, tiny little ti ger, playing with his ti ger toys
 $D7$ $D7$ $D7$ $G(\frac{1}{2})$ $G7(\frac{1}{2})$
 But his nursemaid made him so afraid, he didn't dare make a noise
 $C(\frac{1}{2})$ $F(\frac{1}{4})$ $G(\frac{1}{4})$ $C(\frac{1}{2})$ $F(\frac{1}{4})$ $G(\frac{1}{4})$ $C(\frac{1}{2})$ $C7(\frac{1}{2})$ F
 What happened to the ti ger, tiny little ti ger, who never learned to roar?
 $C(\frac{1}{2})$ $Dm7(\frac{1}{2})$ $C(\frac{1}{2})$ $Dm7(\frac{1}{2})$ $C(\frac{1}{2})$ $G7(\frac{1}{2})$ $C(\frac{1}{2})$ $C7(\frac{1}{2})$
 He's just a mat, stretched out flat, on somebody's bedroom floor. What we're sayin' is

F F C C
 "Hey Jimmy Joe John Jim Jack, even little tigers lose their knack
 G C F $Am7$ $F(\frac{1}{2})$ $G(\frac{1}{2})$
 When somebody twice their size, can't see the world through child ren's
 C $F(\frac{1}{2})$ $G7(\frac{1}{2})$ C $F(\frac{1}{2})$ $G7(\frac{1}{2})$
 eyes"

There once was a beagle, happy little beagle, following his tail around
 But his mother said, go straight to bed, and don't make a single sound
 What happened to the beagle, happy little beagle, who never learned to bay?
 Some burglars came, and to his shame, he turned tail and ran away

What we're saying is "Hey Jimmy Joe John Jim Jack, even little beagles lose their knack
 When somebody twice their size, can't see the world through children's eyes"

There once was a bunny, fluffy little bunny, through the piney woods she'd roam
 But her father cried, come back inside, a bunny belongs at home
 What happened to the bunny, fluffy little bunny, who never learned to hop?
 Because the bunny, couldn't hop, she hangs in a butcher shop . What we're saying is

"Hey Jimmy Joe John Jim Jack, even little bunnies lose their knack
 When somebody twice their size, can't see the world through children's eyes"

F $F6$ F $F6$
 Don't do this don't do that you might as well just be a statue, that's how
 F $F6$ $F6$ F
 children lose their spark. But if
 C $C6$ C $C6$
 grown ups would take part in things, that children have their heart in, you'd
 C $C6$ C C
 never end up hiding in the dark What we're say is

F F C C
 "Hey Jimmy Joe John Jim Jack, even little tigers lose their knack
 G C $Am7$ $F(\frac{1}{2})$ $G(\frac{1}{2})$ C C
 When somebody twice their size, can't see the world through child ren's eyes

Hey, That's No Way to Say Goodbye by

Leonard Cohen (1967)

E E E E

Oh yes I loved you in the morning, our kisses deep and warm
A A A A
F#m F#m F#m F#m

Oh your hair upon the pillow like a sleepy golden storm
D D D D

Yes, many loved before us, I know we are not new
A A A A

In city and in forest they smiled like me and you
F#m F#m F#m F#m

Oh but now it's come to distances and both of us must try
D D E E

Your eyes are soft with sorrow, hey, hey
E E E A E E E E

that's no way to say goodbye

No I'm not looking for another as I wander in my time
Walk me to the corner now, our steps will always rhyme
You know my love goes with you as your love stays with me
It's just the way it changes, like the shoreline and the sea
Oh but let's not talk of love or chains and things we can't untie
Your eyes are soft with sorrow
Hey, that's no way to say goodbye

Yes I loved you in the morning, our kisses deep and warm
Oh your hair upon the pillow like a sleepy golden storm
Many loved before us, I know that we are not new
In city and in forest they smiled like me and you
Oh but now it's come to distances and both of us must try
Your eyes are soft with sorrow
Hey that's no way to say goodbye

Highway in the Wind

by Arlo Guthrie (1966)

E *Ema7* *A* *E* *E* *Ema7*

E *Ema7* *A* *E*
Sail with me into the unknown void that has no end,

E *Ema7* *A* *E*
Swept a-long the open road that don't seem to begin.

Ema7 *A* *F#m7*^(½) *B7*^(½) *E*
Come with me and love me, Babe, I may be back again.

E^(½) *Ema7*^(½) *C#m* *F#m*^(¼) *G#m*^(¼) *A*^(½) *E*
Meantime I'll keep sailing down my high way in the wind.

Evenings just begin the days and follows with the night,
To love you and to be with you, and to say that it's all right.
Love me while you have me, Babe, I may be back again.
Meantime I'll keep sailing down this highway in the wind.

There's times I feel like going and there's times I want to stay.
Times that I ain't feeling well, and times I feel OK.
Now you have time to love me, Babe, and I may have time again.
Meantime I'll keep sailing down this highway in the wind.

The fortune-teller tells me that I have somewhere to go.
Look and try to understand, and wonder how she knows.
So I must be going now, I'm losing time my friend,
Looking for a rainbow down this highway in the wind.

Hold on to Me Babe

by Tom Paxton (1965)

^A As my achin' head keeps begging, for a sleep that will not come
^A I rise and walk the morning streets again
^A I keep wond'rin how you're doin', and I wonder where you are
^A And I know I'll be all right but I don't know when

^A Hold on to me babe, ^D wherever you may be
^A Hold on to me babe, ^D I'm with you ^A al ^{E(½)} ^{A(½)} ways

There was something locked inside you, like a secret burning pain
In a prison where you would not let me go
I was sure we'd find the answer, 'till I woke and found you gone
Now just what it was I guess I'll never know

I keep holding on to something, though I don't know what it is
But at least I know the sound of my own name
And I work as hard as ever, and I see the same old friends
But there's something deep inside , that ain't the same

House Song

by Noel Paul Stookey and Robert H. Bannard (1967)

C Csus2 C Csus2

C Csus2 G^(3/4) C^(1/4) G
This house goes on sale ev'ry Wednes day morning
Cmaj7 Cma7 G^(3/4) C^(1/4) G
And taken off the market in the afternoon.
Am D7 G^(3/4) C^(1/4) G
You can buy a piece of it if you want to
C D7 G^(3/4) C^(1/4) G
It's been good to me if it's been good for you.

Take the grand look now the fire is burning
Is that your reflection on the wall?
I can show you this room and some others
If you came to see the house at all.

Careful up the stairs, a few are missing
I haven't had the time to make repairs
First step is the hardest one to master
Last one I'm not really sure is there.

This room here once had childish laughter
And I come back to hear it now and again
I can't say that I'm certain what you're after
But in this room, a part of you will remain.

Second floor, the lady sleeps in waiting
Past the lantern, tiptoe in its glance
In the room the soft brown arms of shadow
This room the hardest one to pass.

How much will you pay to live in the attic?
The shavings off your mind are the only rent
I left some would there if you thought you couldn't
Or if the shouldn't that you've bought has been spent.

I Don't Mind Failing in This World

by Malvina

Reynolds (1963)

G *D* *G* *G*
I don't mind failing in this world. ,
G *C* *G* *G*
I don't mind failing in this world.
C *C*
Don't mind wearing the ragged britches
 G *C7*
'cause those who succeed are the sons of bitches,
G *D* *G* *G*
I don't mind failing in this world.

I don't mind failing in this world. I don't mind failing in this world. .
I'll stay down with the raggedy crew
Cause getting up there means stepping on you so
I don't mind failing in this world.

I don't mind failing in this world. I don't mind failing in this world.
Somebody else's definition
Isn't going to measure my soul's condition
I don't mind failing in this world.

I don't mind failing in this world. I don't mind failing in this world.
Never mind the custom suits
The gentle hearts wear the dusty boots so
I don't mind failing in this world.

I don't mind failing in this world. I don't mind failing in this world.
Some people ride in a car so fine
While others walk on a picket line so
I don't mind failing in this world.

I don't mind failing in this world. I don't mind failing in this world.
Don't mind wearing the ragged britches
Cause those who succeed are the sons of bitchees
I don't mind failing in this world.

If I Had Wings

by Peter Yarrow and Sue Yardley (1967)

G Am7 G Am7

G Am7 G Am7
If I had wings no one would ask me should I fly

G G7 C D
The bird sings, no one asks why.

G Bm Am Bm
I can see in myself wings as I feel them

Am Bm Am D
If you see something else, keep your thoughts to yourself, I'll fly free then.

G Am7 G Am7
Yesterday's eyes see their colors fading away

G G7 C D
They see their sun turning to grey

G Bm Am Bm
You can't share in a dream, that you don't believe in

Am Bm Am D
If you say that you see and pretend to be me, you won't be then.

G Am7 G Am7
How can you ask if I'm happy goin' my way?

G G7 C D
You might as well ask a child at play!

G Bm Am Bm
There's no need to discuss or understand me

Am Bm Am D
I won't ask of myself to become something else, I'll just be me!

If I had wings no one would ask me should I fly

The bird sings, and no one asks her why.

I can see in myself wings as I feel them

If you see something else, keep your thoughts to yourself, I'll fly free then.

If I Were A Carpenter

by Tim Hardin (1967)

D C G D

D C G D
If I were a carpenter and you were a lady,
D C G D
would you marry me anyway? Would you have my baby?
D C G D
If a tinker were my trade would you still love me?
D C G D
Carrying the pots I made following behind me.

C D G D
Save my love through loneliness, Save my love for sorrow,
D C G D
I'm givin' you my ownliness, Come give your tomorrow.

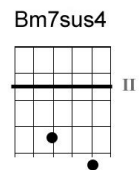
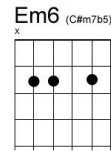
D C G D
If I worked my hands in wood, Would you still love me?
D C G D
Answer me babe, "Yes I would, I'll put you above me."
D C G D
If I were a miller, at a mill wheel grinding,
D C G D
would you miss your colored box, your soft shoe shining?

D C G D
If I were a carpenter and you were a lady,
D C G D
would you marry me anyway? Would you have my baby?
D C G D
would you marry me anyway? Would you have my baby?

D C G D

If You Could Read My Mind by Gordon Lightfoot (1969)

A *A* *G* *G*
 If you could read my mind, love, what a tale my thoughts could tell
A *A* *Em6/G* *Em6/G*
 Just like an old time movie 'bout a ghost from a wishing-well
A *A7* *D* *E* *F#m*
 In a castle dark or a fortress strong with chains upon my feet
 D *A* *D* *A/C#*
 You know that ghost is me and I will never be set free as
Bm7sus4 *E* *A* *A*
 long as I'm a ghost that you can't see



If I could read your mind, love, what a tale your thoughts could tell
 Just like a paperback novel, the kind that drugstores sell
 When you reach the part where the heartaches come the hero would be me
 And heroes often fail and you won't read that book again be-
 cause the ending's just too hard to take *A* *A* *G* *G* *A* *A* *Em6/G* *Em6/G*

A *A7* *D* *E* *F#m*
 I'd walk away like a movie star who gets burned in a three-way script
 D *A* *D* *A/C#*
 And enter number two, a movie queen to play the scene of
Bm7sus4 *E* *F#m* *D* *A*
 bringing all the good things out in me but for now, love, let's be real
 D *A/C#* *Bm7sus4* *E*
 I never thought I could act this way and I've got to say that I just don't get it
D *A/C#* *Bm7sus4* *E* *A* *G* *A* *G*
 I don't know where we went wrong but the feeling's gone and I just can't get it back

A *A* *G* *G*
 If you could read my mind, love, what a tale my thoughts could tell
A *A* *Em6/G* *Em6/G*
 Just like an old time movie 'bout a ghost from a wishing-well
A *A7* *D* *E* *F#m*
 In a castle dark or a fortress strong with chains upon my feet,
 D *A* *D* *A/C#* *Bm7sus4*
 but stories always end. And if you read between the lines, you'll know that I'm just
E *F#m* *D* *A* *D*
 Try'n' to understand the feelings that you lack. I never thought I could
A/C# *Bm7sus4* *E* *D*
 feel this way, and I've got to say that I just don't get it. I don't know where
A/C# *Bm7sus4* *E* *A* *G* *A*
 we went wrong but the feeling's gone and I just can't get it back

I'll Be Your Baby Tonight

by Bob Dylan (1968)

Close your eyes, close the door You don't have to
worry any more
I'll be your baby tonight

Shut the light, shut the shade You don't
have to be afraid
I'll be your baby tonight

Well, that mockingbird's gonna sail away
We're gonna forget it
That big, fat moon is gonna shine like a spoon
But we're gonna let it, you won't regret it

Kick your shoes off, do not fear Bring that
bottle over here
I'll be your baby tonight

I'm in Love with a Big Blue Frog

by Les Braunstein
(1963)

A **A**
I'm in love with a big blue frog,
A **E^(1/2)** **E7^(1/2)**
a big blue frog loves me.
A^(1/2) **A7^(1/2)** **D^(1/2)** **Adim7^(1/2)**
It's not as bad as it appears,
A^(1/2) **E7^(1/2)** **A^(1/2)** **E7^(1/2)**
he wears glasses and he's six foot three.

I'm not worried about our kids,
I know they'll turn out neat.
They'll be great lookers 'cause they'll have my face,
great swimmers 'cause they'll have his feet.

I'm in love with a big blue frog
a big blue frog loves me.,
He's not as bad as he appears,
he's got rhythm and a Ph. D.

Well, I know we can make things work,
he's got good family sense.
His mother was a frog from Philadelphia,
his Daddy, an enchanted prince.

The neighbors are against it and it's clear to me,
and it's probably clear to you.
They think value on their property will go right down,
if the family next door is blue.

A **A**
I'm in love with a big blue frog,
A **E^(1/2)** **E7^(1/2)**
a big blue frog loves me.
A^(1/2) **A7^(1/2)** **D^(1/2)** **Adim7^(1/2)**
I've got it tattooed on my chest,
A^(1/2) **E7^(1/2)** **A^(1/2)** **F#^(1/2)**
It says P-H-R-O-G, it's frog to me,
B7 **E7** **A^(1/2)** **A7^(1/2)** **D^(1/2)** **Adim7^(1/2)** **A^(1/2)** **A^(1/2)** **A^(1/2)** **A^(1/2)**
P - H - R - O - `G

It Ain't Me Babe

by Bob Dylan (1964)

G **D7** **G(½)** **D7(½)** **G**
Go 'way from my window leave at your own chosen speed

G **D7** **D7** **G**
I'm not the one you want, Babe, I'm not the one you need.

G(Bm) **D7(Am)** **G(Bm)** **D7(Am)**
You say you're looking for someone never weak but always strong

G(Bm) **D7 Am)** **G(Bm)** **D7(Am)**
To protect you and defend you whether you are right or wrong

C **(G C) D**
Someone to open each and every door

G
But it ain't me, Babe,

G **G**
No, no, no, it ain't me, Babe,

(C) C(¼) G(¼) D(½) C(¼) G(¼) Am7(¼) G(¼) C(¼) G(¼) Am7(¼) G(¼)
It ain't me you're looking for, Babe.

Go lightly from the ledge, Babe, go lightly on the ground,
I'm not the one you want, Babe, I will only let you down.
You say you're looking for someone who will promise never to part
Someone to close his eyes for you, someone to close his heart
Someone who will die for you and more

But it ain't me, Babe,
No, no, no, it ain't me, Babe,
It ain't me you're looking for, Babe.

Go melt back in the night, Babe, everything inside is made of stone,
There's nothing in here moving and anyway I'm not alone
You say you're looking for someone, who'll pick you up each time you fall,
To gather flowers constantly and to come each time you call
A lover for your life and nothing more

But it ain't me, Babe,
No, no, no, it ain't me, Babe,
It ain't me you're looking for, Babe.
It ain't me you're looking for.

It's a Small World

by Richard M. Sherman and Robert B. Sherman (1963)

F F C7 C7
It's a world of laughter, a world of tears
C7 C7 Fdim7 F
It's a world of hopes and a world of fears.
F F7 Bb Gm7
There's so much that we share that it's time we're aware
C7 C7 F F
It's a small world after all.

F F C7 C7
It's a small world after all.
C7 C7 F F
It's a small world after all.
F F7 Bb Gm7
It's a small world after all.
C7 C7 F F
It's a small, small, small world.

There is just one moon and one golden sun,
and a smile means friendship to every one.
Through the mountains divide and the oceans are wide,
it's a small world after all.

It's a small world after all.
It's a small world after all.
It's a small world after all.
It's a small, small, small world.

It's Raining

by Peter Yarrow, Paul Stookey, and Len Chandler (1962)

D Em7 D Em7 D Em7 D Em7
 It's raining, its pouring, The old man is snoring
D Em7 D Em7 D Em7 D D7
 Bumped his head and he went to bed and he couldn't get up in the morning
G D Em D G D A A7 D Em7 D Em7
 Rain rain, go away, come again some other day.

Spoken
D Em7 D Em7
 Hey I got an idea . . . we could all play hide and go seek inside,
D Em7 D Em7
 Now everybody hide and Ill be it!

Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am
 Star light, star bright, First star I see tonight,
Dm Am Dm Am A A A7 A7 D Em7 D Em7
 Wish I may, wish I might, have the wish I wish tonight. It's raining...

D Em7 D Em7 D Em7 D Em7
 Five ten fifteen twenty twenty-five thirty thirty-five forty.

Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am
 Lady bug, lady bug, fly away home.
Dm Am Dm Am A A A7 A7
 Your house is on fire, and your children, they will
D Em7 D Em7 D Em7 D Em7
 burn, (they will burn.) It's raining...

D Em7 D Em7 D Em7 D Em7
 Forty-five fifty. fifty-five sixty sixty-five seventy. seventy-five eighty.

Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am
 Won't be my father's Jack, no I won't be my mother's Jill,
Dm Am Dm Am A A A7 A7 D Em7 D Em7 D Em7 D Em7
 I'll be a fiddler's wife and fiddle when I will. (when I will) It's raining

D Em7 D Em7
 Eighty-five, ninety. ninety-five, a hundred.
(spoken) anyone round my base is it! ready or not, here I come! allee allee in free

Jennifer's Rabbit

by Tom Paxton (1967)

Dm₍₂₎ *Dm*₍₂₎

Dm₍₂₎ *Dm*₍₂₎ *C*₍₂₎ *C*₍₁₎ *Dm*₍₂₎ *Dm*₍₂₎
Jennifer slept in her little bed with dreams of a rabbit in her little head.

Dm₍₂₎ *Dm*₍₂₎ *C*₍₂₎ *C*₍₂₎
Jennifer's rabbit, brown and white, left the house and ran away one night

Dm₍₂₎ *C*₍₂₎ *Dm*₍₂₎ *C*₍₁₎ *Dm*₍₂₎
Along with the turtle and a kangaroo and seventeen monkeys from the city zoo,

Dm₍₂₎ *Dm*₍₂₎ *Dm*₍₂₎
and Jennifer too.

Gm₍₂₎ *Dm*₍₂₎ *C*₍₂₎ *Dm*₍₂₎
They ran through the forest and they all held hands. They came to the ocean with the cookie
crumb sands.

Gm₍₂₎ *Dm*₍₂₎ *Dm*₍₂₎ *C*₍₁₎ *Dm*₍₂₎
Called it the sea of the very best dreams, and they all built a castle of the best moon beams

Dm₍₂₎ *Dm*₍₂₎ *Dm*₍₂₎
and milky way streams.

Dm₍₂₎ *Dm*₍₂₎ *C*₍₂₎ *C*₍₂₎
And there on the sand where the star fish play, the ship sailed in from the moonbeam bay,

Dm₍₂₎ *C*₍₂₎ *Dm*₍₂₎ *C*₍₁₎ *Dm*₍₂₎
And they all went sailing on the starlight sea where they all had cookies with oolong tea,

Dm₍₂₎ *Dm*₍₂₎ *Dm*₍₂₎
And Jenny had three.

They danced on the decks of the red-sailed brig; the monkeys and the sailors did a whirling jig.
Turtle played the fiddle and the rabbit played kazoo, and they bowed to each other as polite folks
do.
And Jenny bowed too.

Then, "My!" said the turtle as the clock struck three, "The hour is growing very late for me."
"Not at all," said the rabbit, "And I'll tell you why, We still haven't counted every star in the sky."
Said Jenny, "Let's try."

So they counted on the ship and they counted on the shore; they counted through the forest to
the bedroom door.
They counted in bed till they could count no more, then they all fell asleep and the final score
Was a trillion and four.

Gm₍₂₎ *Dm*₍₂₎ *Dm*₍₂₎ *C*₍₁₎ *Dm*₍₂₎
Yes, the rabbit and the turtle and the kangaroo, and Jenny fell asleep like sleepy folks do,
Dm₍₂₎ *Dm*₍₂₎ *Dm*_(hold)
Just like you

Just Like a Woman by Bob Dylan (1966) (12/8 time)

$C_{(2)}$ $F_{(1)}$ $G_{(1)}$ $C_{(2)}$ $C_{(2)}$ $C_{(2)}$ $F_{(1)}$ $G_{(1)}$ $C_{(2)}$ $C_{(2)}$
 Nobody feels any pain. Tonight as I stand inside the rain, but
 $F_{(2)}$ $G_{(2)}$ $F_{(2)}$ $G_{(2)}$
 everybody knows that baby's got new clothes, but
 $F_{(1)}$ $Em_{(1)}$ $Dm_{(1)}$ $C_{(1)}$ $F_{(2)}$ $G_{(2)}$
 late ly I've seen her ribbons and her bows have
 $Am_{(2)}$ $C_{(1)}$ $F_{(1)}$ $Gsus4_{(1)}$ $G_{(1)}$ $Gsus2_{(1)}$ $G_{(1)}$
 fallen from her curls She

$C_{(2)}$ $Em_{(1)}$ $Dm_{(1)}$ $F_{(2)}$ $F_{(2)}$
 takes just like a woman, yes she does! She
 $C_{(2)}$ $Em_{(1)}$ $Dm_{(1)}$ $F_{(2)}$ $F_{(2)}$
 makes love just like a woman, yes she does! She
 $C_{(2)}$ $Em_{(1)}$ $Dm_{(1)}$ $F_{(2)}$ $F_{(2)}$
 aches just like a woman. Oh, but she
 $Gsus4_{(1)}$ $G_{(1)}$ $Gsus2_{(1)}$ $G_{(1)}$ $C_{(2)}$ $F_{(1)}$ $C_{(1)}$ $F_{(1)}$ $G_{(1)}$ $C_{(2)}$ $C_{(2)}$
 breaks just like a little girl

Queen Mary, she's my friend, yes, I believe I'll go see her again
 Nobody has to guess that Baby can't be blessed
 Till she finally sees that she's like all the rest
 With her fog, with her amphetamine and her pearls.

$E_{(1)}$ $E_{(1)}$ $E_{(1)}$ $E_{(1)}$
 It was raining from the first and I was dying there of thirst, so I
 $C_{(1)}$ $Csus4_{(1)}$ $C_{(1)}$ $C_{(1)}$
 came in here. And your
 $E_{(1)}$ $E_{(1)}$ $E_{(1)}$ $E_{(1)}$
 long time curse hurts, but what's worse is this
 $F_{(1)}$ $F_{(1)}$ $G_{(1)}$ $G_{(1)}$ $G_{(1)}$ $G_{(1)}$
 pain in here I can't stay in here. Ain't it clear that

I just don't fit. Yes, I believe it's time for us to quit
 and when we meet again, introduced as friends,
 please don't let on that you knew me when
 I was hungry and it was your world.

La Chanson des Vieux Amants

words by Jacques Brel and music by Jacques and Gerard Jouanest (1967)

Bm Em(½) F#7(½)

Bm Bien sûr nous eûmes des orages . *F# F#7* Vingt ans d'amour c'est l'amour fol *Bm*
Bm Mille fois tu pris ton bagage. *F# F#7* Mille fois je pris mon envol *Bm(½) F#m(½)*
D Et chaque meuble se souvient, dans cette chambre sans berceau *A(½) Am(¼) D7(¼) G*
D(½) Bm(¼) F#m(¼) Des éclats des vieilles tempêtes.
D Plus rien ne ressemblait à rien, tu avais perdu le goût de l'eau *A(½) Am(½) D7(½) G*
F#7(½) Bm(¼) F#7(¼) Et moi celui de la conquête

Bm(½) Em6(½) Bm(½) Mais mon amour. *Bm7(½)* Mon doux mon tendre mon merveilleux amour *Em Em6*
F#(½) F#7(½) De l'aube claire jusqu'à la fin du jour. *Bm(½) Bm7(½) G(½)* Je t'aime encore *Bm(½) Bdim7(½) F#(½)* tu sais je t'ai--me

Moi je sais tous les sortilèges. Tu sais tous mes envoûtements
 Tu m'as gardé de piège en piège Je t'ai perdue de temps en temps
 Bien sûr tu pris quelques amants. Il fallait bien passer le temps
 Il faut bien que le corps exulte. Finalement finalement
 Il nous fallut bien du talent pour être vieux sans être adultes

Last Thing On My Mind

by Tom Paxton (1964)

A D A $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
It's a lesson too late for the learning, Made of
 A $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ A A
sand, made of sand.

A D A $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
In the wink of an eye my soul is turning, In your
 A $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ A A
hand in your hand.

E $E7$ D A
Are you going away with no word of farewell?

D A E $E7$
Will there be not a trace left behind?

A D A D
Well, I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind,

A $Bm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ A A
You know, that was the last thing on my mind.

You've 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.

As we walk on, my thoughts are a-tumblin',
Round and round, round and round.
Underneath our feet the subways rumblin',
Underground, underground.

As I lie in my bed in the mornin',
Without you, without you.
Each song in my breast dies a bornin',
Without you, without you.

Lay Down Your Weary Tune

by Bob Dylan (1963)

Lay down your weary tune lay down
lay down the song you strum
And rest yourself neath the strength of strings no voice can
hope to hum. Struck by the

Struck by the sounds before the sun
I knew the night had gone
The morning breeze like a bugle blew
Against the drums of dawn

The ocean wild like an organ played
The seaweed's wove its strands
The crashin' waves like cymbals clashed
Against the rocks and sands

I stood unwound beneath the skies
And clouds unbound by laws
The cryin' rain like a trumpet sang
And asked for no applause

The last of leaves fell from the trees
And clung to a new love's breast
The branches bare like a banjo played
To the winds that listened best

I gazed down in the river's mirror
And watched its winding strum
The water smooth ran like a hymn
And like a harp did hum

Lay down your weary tune, lay down
Lay down the song you strum
And rest yourself 'neath the strength of strings
No voice can hope to hum

Lay Lady Lay

by Bob Dylan (1969)

A C#m G Bm A C#m G Bm

A C#m/G# G Bm/F# A C#m G Bm

Lay, lady, lay lay across my big brass bed

A C#m/G# G Bm/F# A C#m G Bm

Lay, lady, lay lay across my big brass bed

E F#m A A

Whatever colours you have in your mind

E F#m A A

I'll show them to you and you'll see them shine

A C#m/G# G Bm/F# A C#m G Bm

Lay, lady, lay lay across my big brass bed

Stay, lady, stay, stay with your man awhile
Until the break of day, let me see you make him smile
His clothes are dirty but his hands are clean
And you're the best thing that he's ever seen
Stay, lady, stay, stay with your man awhile

C#m C#m E_(1/2) F#m_(1/2) A

Why wait any longer for the world to be gin

C#m C#m_(1/2) Bm_(1/2) A A

You can have your cake and eat it to o

C#m C#m E_(1/2) F#m_(1/2) A

Why wait any longer for the one you love

C#m C#m Bm Bm

When he's standing in front of you

Lay, lady, lay, lay across my big brass bed
Stay, lady, stay, stay while the night is still ahead
I long to see you in the morning light
I long to reach for you in the night
Stay, lady, stay, stay while the night is still ahead

A C#m G Bm A Bm C#m D A

Leaving On A Jet Plane

by John Denver (1966)

Asus4 *Bm*
All my bags are packed, I'm ready to go
Asus4 *Bm*
Standin' here beside your door,
A(½) *Ama7(½)* *F#m* *Bm* *E7*
I hate to wake you up, to say good-bye.
Asus4 *Bm*
But the dawn is breakin', it's early morn
Asus4 *Bm*
The taxi 's waitin', he's blowin' his horn.
A(½) *Ama7(½)* *F#m* *Bm* *E7*
Already I'm so lonesome I could cry

A *D*
So kiss me and cry for me
A *D*
Tell me that you'll wait for me
A *F#m* *Bm* *E7*
Hold me like you'll never let me go
A *D*
Cause I'm leavin', on a jet plane
A *D*
Don't know when I'll be back again
A *F#m* *Bm* *E7*
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.
Ev'ry place I go I'll think of you
Ev'ry song I sing I'll sing for you.
When I come back I'll bring your wedding ring.

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

Like a Rolling Stone by Bob Dylan (1965)

C *Dm* *Em* *F* *G G* *G G*
 Once upon a time you dressed so fine you threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you?
C *Dm* *Em* *F* *G G* *G G*
 People'd call, say, "Beware doll, you're bound to fall" You thought they were all kiddin' you
F F *G G* *F F* *G G*
 You used to laugh about. Everybody that was hangin' out
F *Em Dm* *C F* *Em Dm* *C*
 Now you don't talk so loud Now you don't seem so proud
Dm Dm *F F* *G G* *G7 G7*
 About having to be scrounging for your next meal. How does it
C F G G *C F G F*
 feel? How does it feel? To be without a
C F G F *C F G F* *C F G G*
 home? Like a complete unknown? Like a rolling stone?

You've gone to the finest school all right, Miss Lonely But you know you only used to get juiced in it
 And nobody has ever taught you how to live on the street and now you find out you're gonna have to get used to it

You said you'd never compromise with the mystery tramp, but now you realize
 He's not selling any alibis as you stare into the vacuum of his eyes
 And say do you want to make a deal?

How does it feel? How does it feel?
 To be on your own? With no direction home?
 Like a complete unknown? Like a rolling stone?

You never turned around to see the frowns on the jugglers and the clowns when they all come down and did tricks for you

You never understood that it ain't no good you shouldn't let other people get your kicks for you
 You used to ride on the chrome horse with your diplomat who carried on his shoulder a Siamese cat
 Ain't it hard when you discover that he really wasn't where it's at
 After he took from you everything he could steal.

How does it feel? How does it feel?
 To be on your own? With no direction home?
 Like a complete unknown? Like a rolling stone?

Princess on the steeple and all the pretty people, they're drinkin', thinkin' that they got it made
 Exchanging all precious gifts but you'd better take your diamond ring, you'd better pawn it babe
 You used to be so amused at Napoleon in rags and the language that he used
 Go to him now, he calls you, you can't refuse when you ain't got nothing, you got nothing to lose
 You're invisible now, you got no secrets to conceal.

How does it feel? How does it feel?
 To be on your own? With no direction home?
 Like a complete unknown? Like a rolling stone?

Maggie's Farm

by Bob Dylan (1965)

Em Em Em Em Em
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
Em Em Em Em Em Em
No I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
Em Em Em Em Em Em
Well, I wake up in the morning, fold my hands and pray for rain
Em Em Em Em
I got a head full of ideas that are driving me insane
B B B B
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor
Em Em Em(½) D(¼) Em(¼) Em Em(¼)D(¼)Em(¼)D(¼) Em
I-- ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more
No I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more
Well he hands you a nickel, he hands you a dime
He asks you with a grin if you're having a good time
Then he fines you every time you slam the door
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more
Well he puts his cigar out in your face just for kicks
His bedroom window, it is made out of bricks
The National Guard stands around his door
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more
Well she talks to all the servants about Man and God and Law
Everybody says she's the brains behind Pa
She's sixty-eight, but she says she's fifty-four
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more

I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
Well I try my best to be just like I am
But everybody wants you to be just like them
They say sing while you slave, but I just get bored
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

Marvelous Little Toy

by Tom Paxton (1961)

D *A7* *D* *A7*
When I was just a wee little lad, full of health and joy,
G *D* *E7* *A7*
My father homeward came one night and gave to me a toy.
D *A7* *D* *G*
A wonder to behold it was, with many colors bright,
G *D* *E7* *A7*
And the moment I laid eyes on it, it became my heart's delight.

D *A*
It went zip when it moved and pop when it stopped,
D *G*
Whir when it stood still,
G *D* *A7* *D*
I never knew just what it was, and I guess I never will.

The first time that I picked it up, I had a big surprise,
'Cause right on the bottom were two big buttons that looked like big green eyes.
I first pushed one and then the other, then I twisted its lid,
And when I put it down again, this is what it did.

It first marched left and then marched right, and then marched under a chair
And when I looked where it had gone, it wasn't even there.
I started to cry, but my daddy laughed 'cause he knew that I would find
When I turned around my marvelous toy would be chugging from behind.

The years have gone by too quickly it seems, I have my own little boy,
And yesterday I gave to him my marvelous little toy.
His eyes nearly popped right out of his head and he gave a squeal of glee.
Neither one of us know just what it is, but he loves it just like me.
It still goes

Michael from Mountains

by Joni Mitchell (1967)

D *D*
Michael wakes you up with sweets, he takes you up
Gm6 *D*
streets, and the rain comes down.
D *D*
Sidewalk markets locked up tight and umbrellas
Gm6 *D*
bright on a gray background.
C *C* *B* *B*
There's oil in the puddles in taffeta patterns that run down the drain
Bb *A*
In colored arrangements that Michael will change with a
D(½) *Em7(¼)* *D(¼)* *D(½)* *Em7(¼)* *D(¼)*
stick that he found.

Am *Am*
Michael from mountains,
G *G*
Go where you will go to,
F#m *F#m*
Know that I will know you.
G(½) *Bm(½)* *Em7(½)* *F6(½)* *D* *D* *D*
Some day I may know you very well.

Michael brings you to a park, he sings and it's dark when the clouds come by.
Yellow slickers up on swings, like puppets on strings hanging in the sky.
They'll splash home to suppers in wall-papered kitchens; their mothers will scold.
But Michael will hold you to keep away cold, till the sidewalks are dry.

Michael leads you up the stairs, he needs you to care, and you know you do.
Cats come crying to the key, and dry you will be in a towel or two.
There's rain in the window and sun in the painting that smiles on the wall,
You want to know all, but his mountains have called, so you never do.

Mighty Quinn

by Bob Dylan (1968)

$A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
Ev'rybody's building big ships and boats
 $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
Some are building monuments, others jotting down notes.
 $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
Ev'rybody's in despair, ev'ry girl and boy
 $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
But when Quinn the Eskimo gets here, ev'rybody's gonna jump for joy.

A $E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
Come all without, come all within
 $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
You'll not see nothing like the Mighty Quinn
 A $E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
Come all without, come all within
 $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
You'll not see nothing like the Mighty Quinn

$A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
I like to go just like the rest, I like my sugar sweet
 $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
But jumping queues and making haste, just ain't my cup of meat.
 $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
Ev'ryone's beneath the trees, feeding pigeons on a limb
 $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
But when Quinn the Eskimo gets here, all the pigeons gonna rum to him.

$A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
Let me do what I wanna do, I can recite 'em all
 $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
Just tell me where it hurts and I'll tell you who to call.
 $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
Nobody can get no sleep, there's someone on ev'ryones toes.
 $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
But when Quinn the Eskimo gets here, ev'rybody's gonna wanna doze.

Mon Vrai Destin

by Peter Yarrow, Paul Stookey, Mary Travers, and Milton Okun (1966)

D C_(1/2) Em7_(1/2) D D G A D D
La la la.....

D C_(1/2) Em7_(1/2) D D
Dans mes rêves j'entends une voix, qui me dit "Ne pleure pas",
G A D D
Quel dommage mes yeux sont des source claires.

D C_(1/2) Em7_(1/2) D D
Dans mes rêves j'entends une voix qui me dit "Ne souffre pas!"
G A D D
Quel dommage mon âme n'est pas de pierre.

G A D Bm
Mais les voix de mes fantômes ne connaissent pas la douleur de l'homme
G C A A
Pourtant les cloches m'annoncent toujours mon vrai destin.
D C_(1/2) Em7_(1/2) D D G A D D
La la la.....
G A D Bm G C A A
La la la.....

D C_(1/2) Em7_(1/2) D D
Dans notre maison fragile et grise, nous partageons le rêve de la vie
G A D D
Et la lune souriait sur l'innocence.
D C_(1/2) Em7_(1/2) D D
Dans un monde plain de néant même les promesses sont du vent
G A D D
Et le soleil parfois se perd dans les nuages
G A D Bm
Ne me quitte pas encore, ne me laisse pas partir
G C A A
Pourtant les cloches m'annoncent toujours mon vrai destin.
D C_(1/2) Em7_(1/2) D D G A D D
La la la.....

Mr. Tambourine Man

by Bob Dylan (1965)

G A D G
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
D G_(1/2) Em_(1/2) A Asus4
I'm not sleepy and there ain't no place I'm going to.
G A D G
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
D G_(1/2) Em_(1/2) A D
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you.

G A D G
Though I know that evening's empire has returned into sand,
D G D G_(1/2) Em_(1/2) A A
Vanished from my hand, left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping.
G A D G
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet,
D G D G_(1/2) Em_(1/2) A Asus4
I have no one to meet, And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming.

Take me on a trip upon your magic swirling ship.
My senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip,
my toes too numb to step,
Wait only for my boot heels to be wandering.
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade, into my own parade.
Cast your dancing spell my way, I promise to go under it.

Though you might hear laughing, spinning, swinging madly across the sun,
It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escaping on the run,
And but for the sky there are no fences facing.
And if you hear vague traces of skipping reels of rhyme,
To your tambourine in time, it's just a ragged clown behind,
I wouldn't pay it any mind,
It's just a shadow you're seeing that he's chasing.

Take me disappearing through the smoke rings of my mind.
Down the foggy ruins of time, far past the frozen leaves,
the haunted frightened trees, out to the windy bench,
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow.
Yes to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free,
Silhouetted by the sea, circled deep beneath the waves,
Let me forget about today until tomorrow.

G major 	G major 	G major 	G major 	G major
D major 	D major 	D major 	D major 	D major
A major 	A sus4 	A7 	A major 	A major
E minor 	E minor 	E minor 	E minor 	E minor

Introduction / Interlude

The musical score is in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems. The first system has four measures, each with a guitar chord diagram above it: D5 (xx0232), Em7 (022100), D5 (xx0232), and Em7 (022100). The guitar part is written on a six-string staff with fret numbers and fingerings (0, 2, 4, 2, 0, 4). The piano part is on a five-line staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second system has two measures. The first measure has two guitar chord diagrams: G (022100) and G (022100). The piano part continues with a melodic line and a bass line featuring triplets. The second measure has one guitar chord diagram: G (022100). The piano part concludes with a final melodic phrase.

My Back Pages

by Bob Dylan (1964)

A Asus4 A Asus4 A Asus4 A Asus4

A F#m C#m C#m
Crimson flames tied through my ears

D E7 Bm E7
Rollin' high and mighty traps

A F#m C#m C#m
Pounced with fire on flaming roads

D A Bm7 E7
Using ideas as my maps

A F#m C#m C#m
"We'll meet on edges, soon," said I

D D Bm7 E7
Proud 'neath heated brow.

A A7 D A

Ah, but I was so much older then,
Bm E7 A A (intro riff twice)

I'm younger than that now.

Half-wracked prejudice leaped forth
"Rip down all hate," I screamed
Lies that life is black and white
Spoke from my skull. I dreamed
Romantic facts [flanks] of musketeers
Foundationed deep, somehow.
Ah, but I was so much older then,
I'm younger than that now.

Girls' faces formed the forward path
From phony jealousy
To memorizing politics
Of ancient history
Flung down by corpse evangelists
Unthought of, though, somehow.
Ah, but I was so much older then,
I'm younger than that now.

A self-ordained professor's tongue
Too serious to fool
Spouted out that liberty

Is just equality in school
"Equality," I spoke the word
As if a wedding vow.
Ah, but I was so much older then,
I'm younger than that now.
In a soldier's stance, I aimed my hand
At the mongrel dogs who teach
Fearing not that I'd become my enemy
In the instant that I preach
My pathway led by confusion boats
Mutiny from stern to bow.
Ah, but I was so much older then,
I'm younger than that now.

Yes, my guard stood hard when abstract threats
Too noble to neglect
Deceived me into thinking
I had something to protect
Good and bad, I define these terms
Quite clear, no doubt, somehow.
Ah, but I was so much older then,
I'm younger than that now.

No Other Name

by Noel Paul Stookey (1966)

A *Ama7* *F#m* *F#m7*
Know me by the light of a fire shinin' bright,
D *C#m* *Bm* *E*
Know me by your bed where I've lain
A *Ama7* *F#m* *F#m7*
Know me, and you might, if just for a night
B *E* *A* *A7*
You'll know me by no other name.

D *D* *A* *A*
Some girls will bring you silver
D *D* *A* *A*
Some will bring you fine Spanish lace
D *D* *A*_(1/2) *Ama7*_(1/2) *F#m*_(1/2) *F#7*_(1/2)
Some will say "I love you,"
B *B* *E* *E*
Some will have my face.

Some will bring you gold, babies to hold,
I'll bring you only pain.
You can know me, if you will, by the wind on the hill
You'll know me by no other name.

Some girls will die for money,
Some will die as they're born,
Some will swear they'd die for love,
Some die ev'ry morn.

I'll die alone, away from my home
Nobody knows where I came.
The stone at my head will say I am dead,
B *E* *A*_(1/2) *Ama7*_(1/2) *F#m*_(1/2) *F#m7*_(1/2)
It knows me by no other name.
B *E* *A* *A*
It knows me by no other name.

On a Desert Island (With You in My Dreams)

by Noel Paul Stookey and Richard L. Kniss (1965)

One and a-two and a-three

C Cdim7 C F(½) C(½) C Cdim7 Dm7 G7
 Ya-ty-a-da-ty-----a ty-a-daty-a ty a da-ty-a-ta dee-da-dum

C Cdim7 C F(½) C(½)
 On a desert island, magic yours and my land
 C Cdim7 Dm7 G7
 Everyday's a holiday with you
 C Cdim7 C F(½) C(½)
 Under a blue sky dear we could get an idea
 C Cdim7 G7 G7#5
 Of what our two lips were meant to do

C(½) G7(½) C F(½) Gm7(¼) G#dim7(¼) F
 Strolling beside you hand in hand we'll go
 D7 D7 G7(½) Am7(¼) Bbdim7(¼) G7(¼) G7(hold) Dm(¼) G7(¼)
 Through love's promised land dear, all our lives I know be lieve me
 C Cdim7 C F(½) C(½)
 Happiness would be ours if for only three hours,
 C G7 C(½) Cdim7(½) Dm7(½) Gm7(½)
 on a desert island near my dreams

Ya-tya-da tya tya da tya tya da tya Ta dee-da-dum
 Ya-tya-da tya tya da tya tya da tya Ta dee-da-dum

Strolling beside you hand in hand we'll go
 Through love's promise land dear, all our lives I know sincerely
 Happiness would be ours if for only three hours,
 on a desert island near my dreams

Every gal and guy can have a desert island
 If they are in love as much as we are
 Happiness will be ours if for only three hours
 On a desert island in my dreams...
 On a desert island in my dreams

On the Path of Glory

music by Petula Clark and Guy Magenta,
 French lyric by Pierre Delanoe (la Colline au Whisky 1965) and English lyric by Kris Ife
 and Hal Shaper (1967)

G Bm Em Em/D
 Blessed are the meek they say
C D Am D
 They shall win where others lose
G Bm Em Em/D
 But when man is forced to slay
C D Am D
 He is never asked to choose
 C G/B Em D
 He must fight for his country
 C D F D
 Fight for what he thinks is right
 G F C G
 He'll defend his wife and children
 C G D G G G/F# G/E G/D C G/D(½) D(½) G G
 On the path of glory

Red or yellow, white or brown
 All alike, one thought in mind
 Who will wear the victor's crown
 Never mind the lame and blind
 In the pride of their country
 Good will triumph in the end
 Evil will be brought to justice
 On the path of glory

Big or little, fat or thin
 All are heroes in the end
 Unforgivable the sin
 To submit, they don't pretend
 They will die for their country
 They will die for you and me
 Amid the pungent smell of death
 That's on the path of glory

Why should man be forced to kill
 Why should they be made to die
 Shattered on some peaceful hill
 Torn and bleeding where they lie
 Far away from their country
 Ask yourself the question now
 C D F D
 Why should they be forced to set out
 C G/B Am D G G/F# G/E G/D D/A D/A G(hold)

One Man's Hands

music by Pete Seeger and lyrics by Alex Comfort
(1963)

D *A7*
One man's hands can't tear a prison down
A7 *D*
Two men's hands can't tear a prison down
G *D*
But if two and two and fifty make a million
F#m(½) *Bm(½)* *Em(½)* *A(½)* *D* *D*
We'll see that day come round, we'll see that day come round.

One man's eyes can't see the future clear. . .
One man's voice can't shout to make them hear. . .
One man's strength can't ban the atom bomb. . .
One man's strength can't roll the union on. . .
One man's feet can't walk around the land...
One man's eyes can't see the way ahead...

(and so on, for as many good causes at time permits)

One man's hands can't build a world of peace *Kevin Becker lyrics*
A woman's hands can't build a world of peace
But if two by two we work for peace together
We'll see that day come round, we'll see that day come round

One man's eyes can't always see the truth
A woman's eyes can't always see the truth
But if two by two we watch for one another
We'll see that day come round, we'll see that day come round

One man's ears can't hear the whole world cry
A woman's ears can't hear the whole world cry
But if two by two we listen to each other
We'll see that day come round, we'll see that day come round

One man's words can't set a people free
A woman's words can't set a people free
But if two by two we talk to one another
We'll see that day come round, we'll see that day come round

One man's heart can't fill the world with love
A woman's heart can't fill the world with love
But if two by two we learn to love each other
We'll see that day come round, we'll see that day come round

One More Night

by Bob Dylan (1969)

C C C C
One more night, the stars are in sight
C F(½) G(½) C
but tonight I'm as lonesome as can be
C F(½) G(½) C F(½) G(½) G
Oh the moon is shinin' bright, lighting everything in sight
C F(½) G(½) C C
But tonight, no light will shine on me

Oh it's shameful and it's sad, I lost the only pal I had
I just could not be what she wanted me to be
I will turn my head up high, to that dark and rollin' sky
But tonight, no light will shine on me

G F C Dm
I was so mistaken when I thought that she'd be true
C Em F G G
I had no idea what a woman in love would do

One more night the moon is shinin' bright
and the wind blows high above the trees
Oh, I miss my darlin' so, I didn't mean to see her go
but tonight, no light will shine on me

One more night the moon is shinin' bright
and the wind blows high above the trees
Oh, I miss that woman so, I didn't mean to see her go
But tonight, no light will shine on me

Pack Up Your Sorrows

by Richard Farina (1965)

C *F*
No use crying, talking to a stranger
C *G(½)* *G7(½)*
Naming the sorrows you've seen.
C *F*
Too many sad times, too many bad times
C(½) *G7(½)* *C*
And nobody knows what you mean

C *F*
Ah 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(½) *G7(½)* *C*
Give them all to me.

The image shows a musical score for the first part of the song. It consists of two systems of guitar chords and lyrics, and a single system of a treble clef melody. The first system has two measures. The first measure has a 4/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are "No use" and "cry". The second measure has the lyrics "ing". The second system has two measures. The first measure has the lyrics "cry" and "ing". The second measure has the lyrics "ing". The chords are: *C* *F* *G(½)* *G7(½)* *C* *C(½)* *G7(½)* *C*. The melody is a simple line of notes: C4, D4, E4, F4, G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4.

No use rambling, walking in the shadows,
Trailing a wandering star.
No one beside you, no one to hide you,
Nobody knows where you are.

No use gambling, running in the darkness,
Looking for a spirit that's free.
Too many wrong times, too many long times,
Nobody knows what you see.

No use roaming, lying by the roadside,
Seeking a satisfied mind.
Too many highways, too many byways,
And nobody's walking behind.

Pause of Mr. Claus

by Arlo Guthrie (1968)

by Arlo Guthrie (1968) $\frac{3}{4}$ time

D D D D

D G D A7

Why do you sit there so strange?

D G Em7 A7

Is it because you are beautiful?

D G D A7

You must think you are deranged

D Bm F#m Bm G Em+9 A7 D
Why do police guys beat on peace guys?

single beats

You must think Santa Clause weird

He has long hair and a beard

Giving his presents for free

Why do police guys mess with peace guys?

B7 E7 A7

Let's get Santa Clause 'cause;

D D D D

Santa Claus has a red suit he's a communist

D D(2) Ddim7(2) A7 A7

And a beard, and long hair must be a pacifist

Bm Bm G G A A7

What's in the pipe that he's smoking?

D D D D

Mister Claus sneaks in your house at night.

D D A7 A7

He must be a dope fiend, to put you up tight

D Bm F#m Bm G Em+9 A7 D
Why do police guys beat on peace guys?

The Pause of Mr. Claus words and music by Arlo Guthrie

This next song we're going to dedicate to a great American organization. Tonight I'd like to dedicate this to our boys in the FBI.

Well, wait a minute. It's hard to be an FBI man. I mean, first of all, being an FBI man, you have to be over 40 years old. And the reason is that it takes at least 25 years with the organization to be that much of a bastard. It's true. You just can't join, you know. It needs an atmosphere where your natural bastardness can grow and develop and take a meaningful shape in today's complex society. But that's not why I want to dedicate the song to the FBI. I mean, the job that they have to do is a drag. I mean, they have to follow people around, you know. That's part of their job. Follow me around.

I'm out on the highway and I'm drivin' down the road and I run out of gasoline. I pull over to the side of the road. They gotta pull over too - make believe that they ran out, you know. I go to get some gasoline. They have to figure out whether they should stick with the car or follow me. Suppose I don't come back and they're stayin' with the car.

Or if I fly on the airplanes, I could fly half fare because I'm 12 to 22. And they gotta pay the full fare. But the thing is that when you pay the full fare, you have to get on the airplane first, so that they know how many seats are left over for the half fare kids. Right? And sometimes there aren't any seats left over, and sometimes there are, but that doesn't mean that you have to go. Suppose that he gets on and fills up the last seat, so you can't get on. Then he gets off then you can get on. What's he gonna do? Well, it's a drag for him. But that's not why I want to dedicate the song to the FBI.

During these hard days and hard weeks, everybody always has it bad once in a while. You know, you have a bad time of it, and you always have a friend who says "Hey man, you ain't got it that bad. Look at that guy." And you at that guy, and he's got it worse than you. And it makes you feel better that there's somebody that's got it worse than you.

But think of the last guy. For one minute, think of the last guy. Nobody's got it worse than that guy. Nobody in the whole world. That guy...he's so alone in the world that he doesn't even have a street to lay in for a truck to run him over. He's out there with nothin'. Nothin's happenin' for that cat.

And all that he has to do to create a little excitement in his own life is to bum a dime from somewhere, call up the FBI. Say "FBI?", they say "Yes", say "I think Uncle Ho and Chair- man Mao and their friends are comin' over for dinner" (click) Hang up the phone. And within two minutes, and not two minutes from when he hangs up the phone, but two minutes from when he first put the dime in, they got 30,000 feet of tape rollin'; files on tape; pictures, movies, dramas, actions on tape. But then they send out a half a million people all over the entire world, the globe, they find out all they can about this guy.

'Cause there's a number of questions involved in the guy. I mean, if he was the last guy in the world, how'd he get a dime to call the FBI? There are plenty of people that aren't the last guys that can't get dimes. He comes along and he gets a dime. I mean, if he had to bum a dime to call the FBI, how was he gonna serve dinner for all of those people? How could the last guy make dinner for all those people. And if he could make dinner, and was gonna make dinner, then why did he call the FBI?

They find out all of those questions within two minutes. And that's a great thing about America. I mean, this is the only country in the world...I mean, well, it's not the only country in the world that could find stuff out in two minutes, but it's the only country in the world that would take two minutes for that guy. Other countries would say "Hey, he's the last guy...screw him", you know? But in America, there is no discrimination, and there is no hypocrisy, 'cause they'll get anybody. And that's a wonderful thing about America.

And that's why tonight I'd like to dedicate it to every FBI man in the audience. I know you can't say nothin', you know, you can't get up and say "Hi!" 'cause then everybody knows that you're an FBI man and that's a drag for you and your friends. They're not really your friends, are they? I mean, so you can't get up and say nothin' 'cause other wise, you gotta get sent back to the factory and that's a drag for you and it's an expense for the government, and that's a drag for you. We're gonna sing you this Christmas carol. It's for all you bastards out there in the audience tonight. It's called "The Pause of Mr. Claus".

Why do you sit there so strange?
Is it because you are beautiful?
You must think you are deranged
Why do police guys beat on peace guys?

You must think Santa Clause weird
He has long hair and a beard
Giving his presents for free
Why do police guys mess with peace guys?

Let's get Santa Clause 'cause;
Santa Clause has a red suit
He's a communist
And a beard, and long hair
Must be a pacifist
What's in the pipe that he's smoking?

Mister Clause sneaks in your home at night.
He must be a dope fiend, to put you up tight
Why do police guys beat on peace guys?

Peggy Day

by Bob Dylan (1969)

F D7 Gm C7

F D7 Gm C7 F D7 Gm C7
 Peggy Day stole my poor heart away, by golly, what more can I say
F D7 Gm7 C7 F Bb F C
 Say Love to spend the night with Peggy Day.

Peggy night makes my future look so bright, man, that girl is out of sight,
 Love to spend the day with Peggy night. *F Bb F F*

A7 A7 A7 A7
 Well, you know that even before I learned her name, You know I
D7 D7 D7 D7
 loved her just the same.
Gm7 Gm7 Gm Gm/
 An' I tell 'em all, wherever I may go, Just so they'll know,
C7 C7 C7 C7
 that she's my little lady And I love her so.

Peggy Day stole my poor heart away, Turned my skies to blue from gray,
 Love to spend the night with Peggy Day.

Peggy Day stole my poor heart away, By golly, what more can I say,
 Love to spend the night with Peggy Day. *F D7*

Switch to barrelhouse tempo

G7 G7 C7 C7 F(1/4) F7(1/4) Bb(1/4) Db7(1/4) F(1/4) Gb9(1/4)
F11(hold)
 Love to spend the night with Peggy Day.

<i>F</i>	<i>D7</i>	<i>Gm</i>	<i>C7</i>
--- -----1-----	-----3-----	-----3-----	-----1-----
--- -----1-----	-----3-----	-----3-----	-----1-----
--- -----2-----	-----5-----	-----3-----	-----3-----
--2 -3-----	-----4-----4-	-5-----	-----2-----
--- -----4-5-----	-----	-----0-3-----	-----
--- -----	-----	-----	-----

Poor Old Dirt Farmer

by Tracy Schwartz (1965) 3/4

Oh the poor old dirt farmer, he's lost all his corn
And now where's the money to pay off his loan?
He lost all his corn, can't pay off his loan
He lost all his corn

Well the poor old dirt farmer, he only grows stone
He grows them on down till they're big enough to roll
He rolls them on down to the taxman in town
He rolls them on down

Now the poor old dirt farmer, he's left all alone
His wife and his children they packed up and gone
Packed up and gone, he's left all alone
They packed up and gone

Well the poor old dirt farmer, how bad he must feel
He fell off his tractor up under the wheel
And now his head, shaped like a tread
But he ain't quite dead

Well the poor old dirt farmer, he can't grow no corn
He can't grow no corn cause he ain't got a loan
He ain't got a loan, he can't grow no corn
He ain't got no loan

Positively Fourth Street

by Bob Dylan (1965)

G *C* *Cm* *G*
You got a lotta nerve to say you are my friend
*G*_(1/2) *D*_(1/2) *C*_(1/2) *G*_(1/2) *D* *D*
When I was down you just stood there grinning
G *C* *Cm* *G*
You got a lotta nerve to say you got a helping hand to lend
*G*_(1/2) *D*_(1/2) *C*_(1/2) *G*_(1/2) *D* *D*
You just want to be on the side that's winning

You say I let you down you know it's not like that
If you're so hurt why then don't you show it
 You say you lost your faith but that's not where it's at
 You had no faith to lose and you know it

I know the reason that you talk behind my back
I used to be among the crowd you're in with
 Do you take me for such a fool to think I'd make contact
 With the one who tries to hide what he don't know to begin with

You see me on the street you always act surprised
You say, "How are you?" "Good luck" but you don't mean it
 When you know as well as me you'd rather see me paralyzed
 Why don't you just come out once and scream it

No, I do not feel that good when I see the heartbreaks you embrace
If I was a master thief perhaps I'd rob them
 And now I know you're dissatisfied with your position and your place
 Don't you understand it's not my problem

I wish that for just one time you could stand inside my shoes
And just for that one moment I could be you
 Yes, I wish that for just one time you could stand inside my shoes
 You'd know what a drag it is to see you

Priests

by Leonard Cohen (1967)

Bm Bm C C
And who will write love songs for you
Bm Bm C C
when I am lord at last
Bm Bm C C
and your body is some little highway shrine
Bm Bm Am Am
that all my priests have passed,
Am Am Bm Bm
that all my priests have passed?

My priests they will put flowers there,
they will stand before the glass,
but they'll wear away your little window, love,
they will trample on the grass,
they will trample on the grass.

And who will aim the arrow
that men will follow through your grace
when I am lord of memory
and all your armour has turned to lace,
and all your armour has turned to lace?

The simple life of heroes,
and the twisted life of saints,
they just confuse the sunny calendar
with their red and golden paints,
with their red and golden paints.

And all of you have seen the dance,
that God has kept from me,
but he has seen me watching you
when all your minds were free
when all your minds were free.

And who will write love songs for you ...

My priests they will put flowers there ...

Puff the Magic Dragon

by Peter Yarrow and Eric Lipton
(1968)

C *Em* *F* *C*
Puff the magic dragon, lived by the sea And
*Dm7*_(1/2) *G7*_(1/2) *C*_(1/2) *Am*_(1/2) *D*_(1/2) *D7*_(1/2) *G*_(1/2) *G7*_(1/2)
Frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Hona lee
C *Em* *F* *C*
Little Jackie Paper, loved that rascal Puff And
*Dm7*_(1/2) *G7*_(1/2) *C*_(1/2) *Am*_(1/2) *D7*_(1/2) *bG7*_(1/2) *C*_(1/2) *G7*_(1/2)
brought her strings and sealing wax and other fancy stuff, Oh

Together they would travel, on a boat with billowed sail
Jackie kept a lookout perched on Puff's gigantic tail
Noble kings and princes, would bow whenever they came
Pirate ships would lower their flag when Puff roared out her name

A dragon lives forever, but not so little girls
Painted rings and giant rings made way for other pearls
One grey night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more,
And Puff that mighty dragon sadly ceased her fearful roar

Her head was bent in sorrow, green scales fell like rain
Puff no longer went to roam, along the bounding main
For without her lifelong friend, Puff could not be brave,
And Puff that mighty dragon sadly slipped into her cave

Puff the Magic Dragon in G

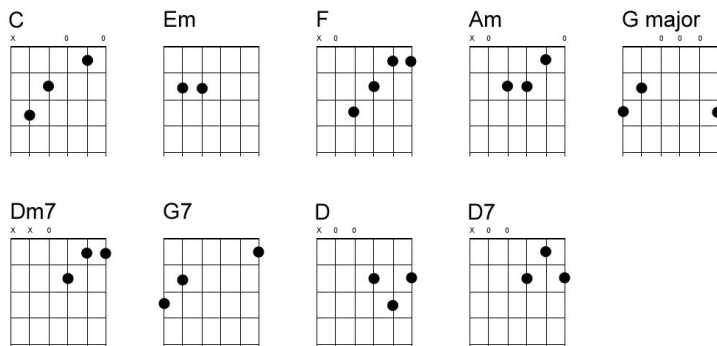
by Peter Yarrow and Eric Lipton (1968)

G **Bm** **C** **G**
 Puff the magic dragon, lived by the sea And
Am7_(1/2) **D7**_(1/2) **G**_(1/2) **Em**_(1/2) **A**_(1/2) **A7**_(1/2) **D**_(1/2) **D7**_(1/2)
 Frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Hona lee
G **Bm** **C** **G**
 Little Jackie Paper, loved that rascal Puff And
Am7_(1/2) **D7**_(1/2) **G**_(1/2) **Em**_(1/2) **A7**_(1/2) **D7**_(1/2) **G**_(1/2) **D7**_(1/2)
 brought her strings and sealing wax and other fancy stuff, Oh

Together they would travel, on a boat with billowed sail
 Jackie kept a lookout perched on Puff's gigantic tail
 Noble kings and princes, would bow whenever they came
 Pirate ships would lower their flag when Puff roared out her name

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 For without her lifelong friend, Puff could not be brave,
 And Puff that mighty dragon sadly slipped into her cave



Quicksilver Daydreams of Maria by Townes

Van Zandt (1968)

C *Am* *Em* *Am* *Dm Dm/C# Dm/C*
Dm/B

Well a diamond fades quickly when matched to the face of Maria

F *Dm* *F* *Dm* *C* *C/B* *C/A* *C/G*
All the harps they sound empty when she lifts her lips to the sky

C *Am* *Em* *Am* *Dm* *Dm* *Dm*
Dm

The brown of her skin makes her hair seem a soft golden rainfall

F *Dm* *F* *G* *C* *C* *C* *C*
That spills from the mountains to the bottomless depths of her eyes

Well, she stands all around me her hands slowly sifting the sunshine
All the laughter that lingered down deep 'neath her smilin' is free
Well, it spins and it twirls like a hummingbird lost in the mornin'
And caresses the south wind and silently sails to the sea

Ah, the sculptor stands stricken and the artist he throws away his brushes
When her image comes dancin' the sun she turns sullen with shame
And the birds they go silent the wind stops his sad mournful singin'
When the trees of the forest start gently to whisperin' her name

So as softly she wanders I'll desperately follow her footsteps
And I'll chase after shadows that offer a trace of her sigh
Ah, they promise eternally that she lies hidden within them
But I find they've deceived me and sadly I bid them goodbye

So the serpent slides slowly away with his moments of laughter
And the old washer woman has finished her cleanin' and gone
But the bamboo hangs heavy in the bondage of quicksilver daydreams
And a lonely child longingly looks for a place to belong

Ramblin' Boy

by Tom Paxton (1963)

So here's to you ^{A_(1/2)} ^{D_(1/2)} my Rambling Boy, ^A
May all your rambling bring you joy. ^{E7} ^A
So here's to you ^{A_(1/2)} ^{D_(1/2)} my Rambling Boy, ^A
May all your rambling bring you joy. ^{E7} ^A

He was a man ^{E_(1/2)} ^{E7_(1/2)} and a friend always. ^A
He stuck with me ^{E_(1/2)} ^{E7_(1/2)} in the bad old days. ^A
He never cared ^{A_(1/2)} ^{D_(1/2)} if I had no dough, ^A
We rambled round ^{E_(1/2)} ^{E7_(1/2)} in the rain and snow. ^A

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 we'd rather bum.

Late one night in a jungle camp,
The weather it was cold and damp.
He got the chills and he got 'em bad.
They took the only friend I had.

He left me here to ramble on,
My rambling pal is dead and gone.
If when we die we go somewhere,
I bet you a dollar that he's rambling there

Red Rubber Ball

by Paul Simon and Bruce Woodley (1965)

A A F#m7 F#m Dma7sus2 Dma7 E7 E7



A C#m D A
I should have known you'd bid me farewell

A C#m D E7 E7
There's a lesson to be learned from this and I learned it very well

D E A F#m
Now I know you're not the only starfish in the sea

Bm C#m D C#7
If I never hear your name again it's all the same to me

F#m F#m Bm Bm
And I think it's gonna be all right; yeah, the worst is over now
E E D A F#m E7
The morning sun is shining like a red rubber ball.

You never cared for secrets I'd confide
For you I'm just an ornament, something for your pride
Always running, never caring, that's the life you live
Stolen minutes of your time were all you had to give

The story's in the past with nothing to recall
I've got my life to live and I don't need you at all
The roller coaster ride we took is nearly at an end
I bought my ticket with my tears, that's all I'm gonna spend

F#m F#m Bm Bm
And I think it's gonna be all right; yeah, the worst is over now
E E D A(1/2) F#m(1/2)
The morning sun is shining like a red rubber ball.
E E D A(hold)
Yeah the morning sun is shining like a red rubber ball.

Rich Man, Poor Man

by Peter Yarrow and Peter Zimmell
(1968)

Dm G7 C C

Dm G C Am
I need a bride, but the dolphins are runnin',
F G C A7
A woman who'd cry, But the sea must provide
Dm G C Am
A child to unravel The snarled nets of lovin';
Dm D9 G7 G7
First things first when you get to the sea.

F Em Dm G
Rich man eats when he wishes
Dm Am G G7
A poor man whenever he can.

I need a home, but my boots keep goin',
Healing and peace that a fire would provide.
A place to unburden my brain of its sorrow;
First things first when you get to the fire.
Rich man eats when he wishes
A poor man whenever he can.

I need a song, but the spring is for sowing,
A word to the wise that the Earth must provide
A tune to untangle the riddle of growing;
First things first when you get to the land.
Rich man eats when he wishes
A poor man whenever he can.

I need the moon, but the landlord needs money,
A field of wild flowers that the stars could provide.
A bird for my shoulder to fly through the rainbow;
First things first when you get to the sky.
Rich man eats when he wishes
A poor man whenever he can.

Simple Song of Freedom

by Bobby Darin (1969)(hit
sung by Tim Hardin)

G D G G
Come and sing a simple song of freedom
C C G G
Sing it like you've never sung before
D D Em Em
Let it fill the air, tell the people everywhere
C D G G
We, the people here, don't want a war

Hey there Mister Black Man can you hear me
I don't want your diamond or your game
I just want to be someone known to you as me
And I will bet my life you want the same (chorus)

Seven hundred million are enlisted
Most of what you read is made of lies
Speaking one to one ain't it everybody's sun
To wake to in the morning when we rise (chorus)

No doubt some folks enjoy doing battle
Like presidents, prime ministers and kings
So let us build them shelves so they might fight among themselves
And leave us be those who want to sing (chorus)

Come and sing a simple song of freedom
Sing it like you've never sung before
Speaking one to one ain't it everybody's everybody's sun
To wake to in the morning when we rise, when we arise
Speaking one to one ain't it everybody's sun
To wake to in the morning when we arise

```
E-----0-----
B-0-1_0-1--1_3-3-3--3_1-1-1-----0-----0--0-
G-----0-----0-----0-----0-----
D-0-2_0-2--2_4-4-4--4_2-2-2----2-----2-----2-----
A-----
E-----0-----0-----0-----0-----
      p.o.   sl       sl
```

```
e----0----0----2----2-2---3----3---3-----3----
b----1----1----3----3-3---0----0---0-----0----
G----0----0----2-----2---0----0---0-----0----
D-----0-----
A--3-----2_3-----2_3-----
E-----3-----2-----3-----3-----3-----
                        h.o.       h.o.
```

Since You've Asked

by Judy Collins (1967)

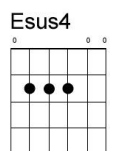
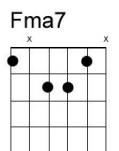
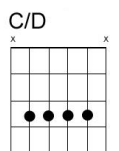
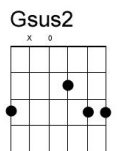
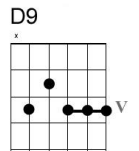
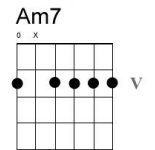
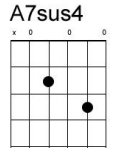
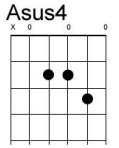
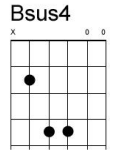
Em Bm C Fma7 Esus4 Esus4

Em *Bsus4(1/2)* *Bm(1/2)* *G* *Asus4(1/2)* *A(1/2)*
 What I'll give you since you've asked, is all my time together.
Em *Bsus4(1/2)* *Bm(1/2)* *G* *Asus4(1/2)* *A(1/2)*
 Take the rugged sunny days, the warm and rocky weather.
Am7 *D9* *Am7* *D9* *B*
 Take the roads that I have walked along, looking for tomorrow's time.
Gsus2 *Gsus2*
 Peace of mind.

Em *Bsus4(1/2)* *Bm(1/2)* *G* *Asus4(1/2)* *A(1/2)*
 As my life spills into yours, changing with the hours.
Em *Bsus4(1/2)* *Bm(1/2)* *G* *Asus4(1/2)* *A(1/2)*
 Filling up the world with time, turning time to flowers.
Am7 *D9* *Am7* *D9* *B(1/2)* *Gsus2(1/2)*
 I can show you all the songs that I never sang to one man,
Gsus2 *Gsus2*
 before.

G *G* *A7sus4* *A(1/2)*
 We have seen a million stones lying by the water.
G *G* *A7sus4* *A(1/2)*
 You have climbed the hills with me to the mountain shelter.
Am7 *Am7* *C/D*
 Taking off the days one by one,
Am7 *Am7* *Fma7* *Fma7* *Esus4* *Esus4*
 setting them to breathe in the sun.

Em *Bsus4(1/2)* *Bm(1/2)* *G* *Asus4(1/2)* *A(1/2)*
 Take the lilies and the lakes, from the days of childhood.
Em *Bsus4(1/2)* *Bm(1/2)* *G* *Asus4(1/2)* *A(1/2)*
 All the willow-winding paths, leading up and outward.
Am7 *D9* *Am7* *D9* *B*
 This is what I give, this is what I ask you for,
Gsus2 *G*
 Nothing more



Sisters of Mercy

by Leonard Cohen (1967)

Play as an introduction and between verses

The image shows the musical notation for the introduction of the song 'Sisters of Mercy'. It consists of two staves: a guitar staff on top and a piano staff on the bottom. The guitar staff is in 3/4 time and features a sequence of chords: A, D, A, E, C#m, G#m, C#m, G#m, E, Esus4, E, E, D, A, G, F#m, and A. The piano staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with a steady eighth-note pattern. Above the guitar staff, there are three chord diagrams: one for A (x02020), one for D (xx0232), and one for E (x22311).

A D A E
Oh the Sisters of Mercy, they are not departed

A D A₍₂₎ Asus2₍₁₎ A
gone

C#m G#m C#m G#m
They were waiting for me when I thought that I just can't go

E Esus4 E E
on

D A G F#m
And they brought me their comfort and later they brought me this

E Esus4 E₍₂₎Esus4₍₁₎ A
song

A D A E A *intro*
Oh I hope you run into them, you who've been traveling so long

Yes you who must leave everything that you cannot control
It begins with your family, but soon it comes around to your soul
Well I've been where you're hanging, I think I can see how you're pinned
When you're not feeling holy, your loneliness says that you've sinned

Well they lay down beside me, I made my confession to them
They touched both my eyes and I touched the dew on their hem
If your life is a leaf that the seasons tear off and condemn
They will bind you with love that is graceful and green as a stem

When I left they were sleeping, I hope you run into them soon
Don't turn on the lights, you can read their address by the moon
And you won't make me jealous if I hear that they've sweetened your night
We weren't lovers like that and besides it would still be all right
We weren't lovers like that and besides it would still be all right

So Long, Marianne

by Leonard Cohen (1967)

$A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Asus4_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Asus4_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Asus4_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$

A A Bm Bm
Come over to the window, my little darling
 D D A A

I'd like to try to read your palm
 G G D D
I used to think I was some kind of Gypsy boy
 $F\#m$ $F\#m$ $E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Esus4_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$

Before I let you take me home
 A A $F\#m$ $F\#m$
Now so long, Marianne, it's time that we began
 $E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Esus4_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Esus4_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
To laugh and cry and cry and laugh about it
 $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Asus4_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Asus4_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Asus4_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
all again

Well you know that I love to live with you
But you make me forget so very much
I forget to pray for the angels
And then the angels forget to pray for us
Now so long, Marianne, it's time that we began
To laugh and cry and cry and laugh about it all again

We met when we were almost young
Deep in the green lilac park
You held on to me like I was a crucifix
As we went kneeling through the dark
Now so long, Marianne, it's time that we began
To laugh and cry and cry and laugh about it all again

Your letters they all say that you're beside me now
Then why do I feel alone?
I'm standing on a ledge and your fine spider web
Is fastening my ankle to a stone
Now so long, Marianne, it's time that we began
To laugh and cry and cry and laugh about it all again

For now I need your hidden love
I'm cold as a new razor blade
You left when I told you I was curious
I never said that I was brave
Now so long, Marianne, it's time that we began
To laugh and cry and cry and laugh about it all again

Oh, you are really such a pretty one
I see you've gone and changed your name again
And just when I climbed this whole mountainside
To wash my eyelids in the rain
Now so long, Marianne, it's time that we began
To laugh and cry and cry and laugh about it all again

Someday Soon

by Ian Tyson (1963)

Am7 D7 G^(1/2) Gsus4^(1/2) G

G Em C G
 There's a young man that I know whose age is twenty-one
Bm Bm C D7
 Comes from down in southern Colorado
G Em C G
 Just out of the service, he's lookin' for his fun
Am7 D7 G G
 Someday soon, goin' with him someday soon

My parents can not stand him 'cause he rides the rodeo
 My father says that he will leave me cryin'
 I would follow him right down the roughest road I know
 Someday soon, goin' with him someday soon

D7 D7 C G
 But when he comes to call, my pa ain't got a good word to say
Em Em A7 D7^(1/2) A7^(1/2) D7
 Guess it's 'cause he's just as wild in his younger days

So blow, you old Blue Northern, blow my love to me
 He's ridin' in tonight from California
 He loves his damned old rodeo as much as he loves me
 Someday soon, goin' with him someday soon

But when he comes to call, my pa ain't got a good word to say
 Guess it's 'cause he's just as wild in his younger days

So blow, you old Blue Northern, blow my love to me
 He's ridin' in tonight from California
 He loves his damned old rodeo as much as he loves me

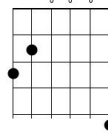
Am7 D7 G^(1/2)-G/F#^(1/2) Em
 Someday soon, goin' with him someday soon.
Am7 D^(1/2) Dsus4^(1/2) G^(1/2) G/F#^(1/2) Em C^(1/2) D7^(1/2) G^(1/2) .C^(1/2)
G
 Someday soon, goin' with him someday soon

Song Is Love

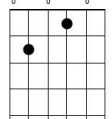
by Paul Stookey, Peter Yarrow, Mary Travers, Dave Dixon, and Richard L. Kniss (1967)

A *A* *Gadd9* *Gadd9* *F#m* *F#m*
 First of all, I would like to say a word or two,
 G(½) *G/F#(½)* *G/E* *D* *D*
 I know you won't be thinking this applies to you,
 Fma7 *Fma7* *Esus4* *E7*
 But it's true, and it do.

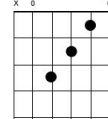
G add 9



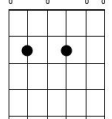
E7



Fma7

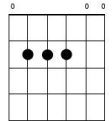


E7sus4



A *A* *Gadd9* *Gadd9* *F#m* *F#m*
 All your life you have had to sing your song alone,
 G(½) *G/F#(½)* *G/E* *D* *D*
 Not believing any body could have known
 Fma7 *Fma7* *Esus4* *E7* *Bm/E* *E*
 But your wrong and you know

Esus4



A *A/G#* *A/G* *D(½)* *E(½)*
 I've got a song let me sing it with you, let me say it now while the meaning is new
 D(½) *D/C#(½)* *Bm7* *E7sus4* *E7*
 But wouldn't it be good if we could say it togeth er!
A *A/G#* *A/G* *D(½)* *E(½)*
 Don't be afraid to sing me your mind, sing about the joy that I know we can find.
 D(½) *D/C#(½)* *Bm7* *E7sus4* *E7*
 Wind them around and see what they sound like togeth er.
 A *A/G#* *A/G* *D(½)* *E(½)*
 The song is love, the song is love, the song is
 D(½) *D/C#(½)* *Bm7* *E7sus4* *E7sus4* *E7sus4* *E7(hold)* *A* *A*
 love, the song is love.

A *A* *Gadd9* *Gadd9* *F#m* *F#m*
 Last of all, I would like to thank you for the word or two,
 G(½) *G/F#(½)* *G/E* *D* *D*
 Spoken in the moments when I needed you
 Fma7 *Fma7* *Esus4* *E7* *Bm/E* *E*
 To see me through and they do.

Story of Isaac

by Leonard Cohen (1967)

Am₍₃₎ *G*₍₁₎ *F*₍₃₎ *G*₍₁₎ *Am*₍₃₎ *G*₍₁₎ *F*₍₃₎ *G*₍₁₎

Am₍₃₎ *G*₍₁₎ *F*₍₃₎ *G*₍₁₎ *Am*₍₃₎ *G*₍₁₎ *F*
The door it opened slowly, my father he came in,
G₍₂₎ *F*₍₂₎ *E* *E*
I was nine years old.

Am₍₃₎ *G*₍₁₎ *F*₍₃₎ *G*₍₁₎ *Am*₍₃₎ *G*₍₁₎ *F*
And he stood so tall above me, his blue eyes they were shining
G₍₂₎ *F*₍₂₎ *E* *E*
and his voice was very cold.

C *C* *C* *C*
He said, "I've had a vision and you know I'm strong and holy,
D₍₂₎ *C*₍₂₎ *B* *B*
I must do what I've been told."
F *Bb* *F* *Bb*
So he started up the mountain, I was running, he was walking, and his
F *G* *A* *A*
axe was made of gold.
Am₍₃₎ *G*₍₁₎ *F*₍₃₎ *G*₍₁₎ *Am*₍₃₎ *G*₍₁₎ *F*₍₃₎ *G*₍₁₎

Well, the trees they got much smaller, the lake a lady's mirror,
we stopped to drink some wine.
Then he threw the bottle over. broke a minute later
and he put his hand on mine.

Thought I saw an eagle but it might have been a vulture,
I never could decide.
Then my father built an altar, he looked once behind his shoulder,
he knew I would not hide.

You who build these altars now, to sacrifice these children,
you must not do it anymore.
A scheme is not a vision and you never have been tempted
by a demon or a god.

You who stand above them now, your hatchets blunt and bloody,
you were not there before,
when I lay upon a mountain and my father's hand was trembling
with the beauty of the word.

And if you call me brother now, forgive me if I inquire,
"Just according to whose plan?"
When it all comes down to dust, I will kill you if I must,
I will help you if I can.

And may I never learn to scorn, the body out of chaos born;
The woman and the man.
Have mercy on our uniform, man of peace or man of war,
the peacock spreads his fan.

Summer Wages

by Ian Tyson (1967)

A D A E A

A A7 D D
Never hit seventeen, when you play against the dealer
A A Bm E
And you know that the odds won't ride with you
A A7 D D
Never leave your woman alone, with your friends around to steal her
A A Bm(½) E(½) A
She'll be gambled and gone like summer wa... ges

A A7 D D
And we'll keep rollin' on till we get to Vancouver
A A Bm E
And the lady that I love she's living there
A A7 D D
It's been six long months and more since I've seen her
A A Bm(½) E(½) A
Maybe she's gambled and gone like summer wa... ges

(Bridge)

E E D A
In all the beer parlors all down along Main Street
A A D E
The dreams of the season are spilled down on the floor
E E D A
All the big stands of timber wait there just for fallin'
A A D E E7
The hookers standin' watchfully waitin' by the door

A A7 D D
Well I went back on them towboats with my slippery city shoes
A A Bm E
Lord, I swore I would never do that again
A A7 D D
Through the great, fog-bound straits, where the cedars stand waitin'
A A Bm(½) E(½) A
I'll be lost and gone like summer wa ...ges

A A7 D D
Never hit seventeen, when you play against the dealer
A A Bm E
You know that the odds won't ride with you
A A7 D D
Never leave your woman alone, with your friends around to steal her
A A Bm(½) E(½) A
She'll be gambled and gone like summer wa... ges

A A Bm(½) E(½) A
And the years are gambled and lost like summer wa... ges

Suzanne

by Leonard Cohen (1967)

G *G* *G* *G*
Suzanne takes you down by her place near the river,
Am *Am* *Am* *Am*
You can hear the boats go by, you can spend the night beside her,
G *G* *G* *G*
And you know that she's half crazy but that's why you want to be there,
Bm *Bm* *C* *C*
And she feeds you tea and oranges that come all the way from China.
G *G* *G* *G*
And just when you mean to tell her that you have no love to give her,
Am *Am* *Am* *Am*
She gets you on her wavelength and she lets the river answer
G *G*
That you've always been her lover. And
Bm *Bm* *C* *C*
And you want to travel with her, and you want to travel blind,
G *G*
And you know that you can trust her,
Am *Am* *G* *G*
For you've touched her perfect body with your mind.

And Jesus was a sailor when he walked upon the water,
And he spent a long time watching from his lonely wooden tower.
And when he knew for certain only drowning men could see him,
He said, "All men will be sailors then until the sea shall free them."
But he himself was broken long before the sky would open,
Forsaken almost human, he sank beneath your wisdom like a stone.
And you want to travel with him, and you want to travel blind,
And you think maybe you'll trust him,
For he's touched your perfect body with his mind.

Now Suzanne takes your hand and she leads you to the river,
She is wearing rags and feathers from Salvation Army counters.
And the sun pours down like honey on your lady of the harbor,
And she shows you where to look among the garbage and the flowers.
There are heroes in the seaweed; there are children in the morning
They are leaning out for love and they will lean that way forever,
While Suzanne hold the mirror.
And you want to travel with her, and you want to travel blind,
And you think maybe you'll trust her,
For you've touched her perfect body with your mind.

Tecumseh Valley

by Townes Van Zandt (1968)

C $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C C
The name she gave was Caro line
 F F C C
The daughter of a miner
 F F $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C/B_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ Am
And her ways were free and it se emed to me
 G G F F
That the sunshine walked beside her

She come from Spencer, across the hill
She said her pa had sent her
Cause the coal was low and soon the snow
Would turn the skies to winter.

She said she'd come to look for work
She was not seekin' favors
For a dime a day and a place to stay
She'd turn those hands to labor

Well times were hard and jobs were few
All through Tecumseh Valley
But she asked around and a job she found
Tending bar at Gypsy Sally's

Well she saved enough to get back home
When spring replaced the winter
But her dreams were denied her pa had died
The word came down from Spencer.

Well she took to whorin' out in the streets
With all the grief inside her
And it was many a man who returned again
To walk that road beside her.

They found her down beneath the stairs
That led to Gypsy Sally's
And in her hand when she died was a note that cried
Fare-thee-well, Tecumseh Valley

The name she gave was Caroline
The daughter of a miner
And her ways were free and it seemed to me
That the sunshine walked beside her

Tennessee Waltz

by Pee Wee King and Redd Stewart (1968)
additional lyric by Leonard Cohen

A E (walkup E F# G#) A A

I was dancin' with my darlin' to the Tennessee Waltz
When an old friend I happened to see.
I introduced him to my darlin' and while they were dancin'
my friend stole my sweetheart from me.

I remember the night and the Tennessee Waltz
'cause I know just how much I have lost
Yes I lost my little darlin' the night they were playin'
That beautiful Tennessee Waltz

Now I wonder how a dance like the Tennessee Waltze
Could have broken my heart so complete
Well I couldn't blame my darlin', and who could help fallin'
In love with my darlin' so sweet

Well it must be the fault of the Tennessee Waltz
Wish I'd known just how much it would cost
But I didn't see it commin', it's all over but the cryin'
Blame it all on the Tennessee Waltz

Cohen Verse

She goes dancin' with the darkness to the Tennessee Waltz
and I feel like I'm falling apart
and it's stronger than drink and it's deeper than sorrow
this darkness she left in my heart

That Kind of Grace

by Annie Hill and David Roth (1967)

Em *D* *Em* *B7*
Sunday morning, Birmingham, quiet in the church.
Em *D* *Em*₍₂₎ *B7*₍₁₎ *Em*
Bombs were planted, House of God, children's blood on the cross.
Em *D* *Em* *B7*
And your daughter, she was one, angel without wings.
Em *D* *Em*₍₁₎ *B7*₍₂₎ *Em*
How could anyone forgive those who do such things?

G *G7* *C* *G*
And when I sing "Amazing Grace,"
G *Em* *D* *B7*
Your face is what I see
Em *D* *C* *G*
I hope some day that kind of grace
B *B* *Em* *Bm* *Em* *Bm*
Will find its way through me.

Em *D* *Em* *B7*
Friday evening, in Mobile, Klansmen killing time
Em *D* *Em*₍₂₎ *B7*₍₁₎ *Em*
Saw young Michael walking by, he would do just fine.
Em *D* *Em* *B7*
Quiet student, mother's best, pleading for his life.
Em *D* *Em*₍₁₎ *B7*₍₂₎ *Em*
Strung him up to make a point, sharper than a knife.

G *D* *Em* *B7*
Beulah Mae, his mother, stood, people all around,
G *D* *Em* *B7*
In the courtroom listening as the truth was found.
Em *D* *Em* *B7*
From her mouth no curses fell, no profanity,
Em *D* *Em*₍₁₎ *B7*₍₂₎ *Em*
"I would do to others what I'd have them do to me."

G *G7* *C* *G*
 And when I sing "Amazing Grace,"
G *Em* *D* *B7*
 Her face is what I see
 Em *D* *C* *G*
 I hope some day that kind of grace
 B *B* *Em* *Bm* *Em* *Bm*
 Will find its way through me

Em *D* *Em* *B7*
 Thursday afternoon in the car, turned the radio on.
Em *D* *Em*₍₂₎ *B7*₍₁₎ *Em*
 The verdict in Los Angeles, oh what have we done.
Em *D* *Em* *B7*
 Images of violence, yellow, black and white.
Em *D* *Em*₍₁₎ *B7*₍₂₎ *Em*
 Fifty dead and millions lost, who can win this fight?

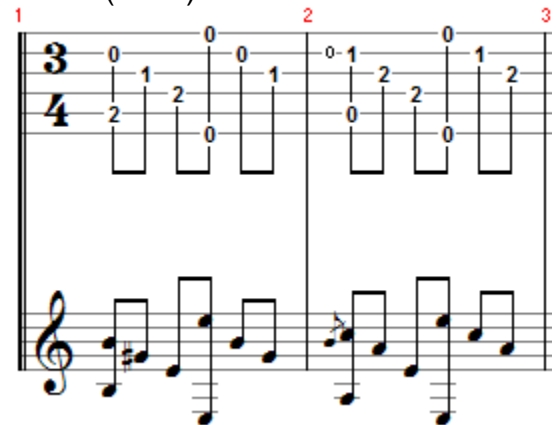
G *D* *Em* *B7*
 Then on the screen a face of tears, trembling through and through.
G *D* *Em* *B7*
 One we've seen so many times, beaten on the news.
Em *D* *Em* *B7*
 I could barely hear your words, full of fear and doubt,
Em *D* *Em*₍₁₎ *B7*₍₂₎ *Em*
 "People, we can't live like this, we've got to work this out."

G *G7* *C* *G*
 And when I sing "Amazing Grace,"
G *Em* *D* *B7*
 Your face is what I see
 Em *D* *C* *G*
 I hope some day that kind of grace
 B *B* *Em* *Bm* *Em* *Bm*
 Will find its way through me

There but for Fortune by Phil Ochs (1964)

E *Am* *E* *Am*
 Show me the prison, show me the jail,
E *C#m* *F#m* *B7*
 Show me the prisoner who's life has gone stale.

E *C#m*
 And I'll show you a young man,
 F#m *B7*
 With so many reasons why.
G#m *C#m* *F#m* *B7* *E* *Am* *E* *Am*
 There but for fortune go you and I, you and I.



Show me the alley, show me the train,
 Show me a hobo who sleeps out in the rain,
 And I'll show you a young man with so many reasons why
 There but for fortune, may go you or go I, you and I.

Show me the whiskey stains on the floor,
 Show me the drunken man as he stumbles out the door,
 And I'll show you a young man with so many reasons why
 There but for fortune, may go you or go I, you and I.

Show me the famine, show me the frail
 Eyes with no future that show how we failed
 And I'll show you the children with so many reasons why
 There but for fortune, go you or I.

Show me the country where bombs had to fall,
 Show me the ruins of buildings once so tall,
 And I'll show you a young land with so many reasons why
 There but for fortune, go you or go I, you and I.
 There but for fortune, go you or go I, you and I, you and I,

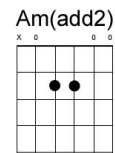
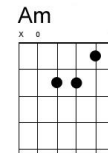
There's Anger in the Land

by Hedy West and Don West (1962)

*Am(add2)^(1/2) Am^(1/2) Am(add2)^(1/2) Am^(1/2)
 Am^(1/2) Am(add2)^(1/4) Am^(1/4) Am^(1/2) Am(add2)^(1/4) Am^(1/4)*

Am Am Em^(1/2) Em7^(1/2) Dm
 There's grieving in the country, there's sorrow in the sand
Dm Am Em^(1/2) Em7^(1/2)
 There's sobbing in the shanty, and there's anger in the
Am^(1/2) Am(add2)^(1/2) Am^(1/2) Am(add2)^(1/4) Am^(1/4)
 land.

A woman broods in silence
 Close beside an open door;
 Flung on her flimsy doorstep
 Lies a corpse upon the floor.



"You'll not ask me why I'm silent"
 The woman said to me;
 Her two eyes blazed in anger
 And her throat throbbled agony.

Once my heart could cry in sorrow
 Now it lies there on the floor
 In the ashes by the hearthstone;
 They can't hurt it anymore.

Oh, let the wind go cryin' yonder
 In the tree-tops by the spring
 Let it's voice be soft and feelin'
 Like it was a livin' thing.

There's grievin' in the country
 There's sorrow in the sand.
 There's sobbin' in the shanty
 And there's anger in the land.

Thirsty Boots

by Eric Anderson (1965)

A D Esus4_(½) E7_(½) A

A A D E
You've long been on the open road, you've been sleeping in the rain,
A A D E7
From dirty words and muddy cells, your clothes are smeared and stained,
A A D E
But the dirty words and muddy cells, will soon be judged in shame
A A D_(½) Bm_(½) E7 E7
So only stop to rest yourself till you are off again

A D A D
So take off your thirsty boots and stay for a while,
A F#m Bm E
Your feet are hot and weary, from a dusty mile,
A D A D
And maybe I can make you laugh, maybe I can try,
A F#m Bm E7 A
I'm just looking for the evening, for the morning in your eye.
A D Esus4_(½) E7_(½) A A

So tell me of the ones you saw as far as you could see
Across the plain from field to town, a-marching to be free
And of the rusted prison gates that tumbled by degree
Like laughing children, one by one, they look like you and me

I know you are no stranger down the crooked rainbow trails
From dancing cliff-edged shattered sills of slandered, shackled jails
For the voices drift up from below, as the walls they're being scaled
Yes, all of this, and more, my friend, your song shall not be failed.

Times Are Getting Hard

by Joe "Red" Hayes (1964)

F F7 Bb(½) C(½) F F F7 Bb(½) C(½) F

F F7 Bb(½) C(½) F
Times are getting hard boys, money's getting scarce

F F7 Bb(½) C(½) F
If times don't get no better boys, gonna leave this place

F F7 Bb(½) C(½) F
Take my true love by her hand, lead her through the town

F F7 Bb(½) C(½) F
Say goodbye to everyone, goodbye to everyone.

Had a job a year ago, had a little home
Now I've got no place to go, guess I'll have to roam

Every wind that blows boys, every wind that blows
Carries me to some new place, heaven only knows

Times are getting hard boys, mMoney's getting scarce
Times don't get no better boys, gonna leave this place

F F7 Bb(½) C(½) F
Take my true love by her hand, lead her through the town

F F7 Bb(½) C(½) F
Say goodbye to everyone, goodbye to everyone.

F(½) F7(½) Bb
Say goodbye to everyone

N.C. F
Goodbye to everyone

Times They Are A-Changing

by Bob Dylan (1964)

G *Em* *C* *G* *G*
Come gather 'round people where ever you roam,
G *Am* *C* *D7*
And admit that the waters around you have grown,
G *Em* *C* *G* *G*
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone.
G *Am* *D* *D7*
If your time to you is worth saving,
D *D7* *Gma7* *D*
Then you'd better start swimming or you'll sink like a stone,
G *G* *C* *D7* *G* *Em* *Am* *D7*
For the times they are a-chang ing.

Come writers and critics who prophesy with your pen.
And keep your eyes wide the chance won't come again.
And don't speak too soon, for the wheel's still in spin,
And there's no telling who that it's naming,
For the loser now will be later to win,
For the times they are a-changing.

Come senators, congressmen, please heed the call.
Don't stand in the doorway, don't block up the hall,
For he that gets hurt will be he who has stalled.
There's a battle outside and it's raging,
It'll soon shake you windows and rattle your walls,
For the times they ar a-changing.

Come mothers and fathers throughout the land,
And don't criticize if you can't understand,
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command,
Your old road is rapidly aging,
Please get out of the new one if you can't lend your hand,
For the times they are a-changing.

The line it is drawn, the curse it is cast,
The slow one now will later be fast.
As the present now will later be past.
The order is rapidly fading.
And the first one now will later be last,
For the times they are a-changing.

Tomorrow Is a Long Time

by Bob Dylan (1963)

G C/G G $C/G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
If today was not an endless highway,
 G C/G G G
If tonight was not a crooked trail,
 C/G $D/F\#$ C/G G
If tomorrow wasn't such a long time,
 C/G $D/F\#$ C/G G
Then lonesome would mean nothing to you at all.
 C/G $D/F\#$ C/G G
Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin',
 C/G $D/F\#$ C/G G
if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin',
 C/G $D/F\#$ C/G G
Yes, and only if she was lyin' by me,
 C/G C/G $D7/F\#$ $D/F\#$ $C/G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C/G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C/G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ G
I'd lie in my bed once again.

I can't see my reflection in the waters,
I can't speak the sounds that show no pain,
I can't hear the echo of my footsteps,
Or can't remember the sound of my own name.
Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin',
Yes, and if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin',
Only if she was lyin' by me,
Then I'd lie in my bed once again.

There's beauty in the silver, singin' river,
There's beauty in the sunrise in the sky,
But none of these and nothing else can touch the beauty
That I remember in my true love's eyes.
Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin',
Yes, and if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin',
Only if she was lyin' by me,
Then I'd lie in my bed once again.

Universal Soldier

by Buffy Saint-Marie (1965)

D *E* *A* *F#m*
He's five foot two and he's six feet four
D *E* *A* *A7*
He fights with missiles and with spears
D *E* *A* *F#m*
He's all of thirty-one and he's only seventeen
D *Bm* *E* *E*
He's been a soldier for a thousand years

He's a Catholic, a Hindu, an atheist, a Jain,
A Buddhist and a Baptist and a Jew
And he knows he shouldn't kill and he knows he always will
Kill you my friend for me and me for you

And he's fighting for Canada, he's fighting for France
He's fighting for the U.S.A.
He's fighting for the Russians and he's fighting for Japan
And he thinks we'll put an end to war this way

And he's fighting for democracy, he's fighting for the reds
He says it's for the peace of all
He's the one who must decide who's to live and who's to die
And he never sees the writing on the wall

But without him how would Hitler have condemned him at Dachau
Without him Caesar would have stood alone
He's the one who gives his body as a weapon of the war
And without him all this killing can't go on

D *E* *A* *F#m*
He's the universal soldier and he really is to blame
D *E* *A* *A7*
His orders come from far away no more
D *E* *A* *F#m*
They come from him and you and me and it's all too plain to see
D *Bm* *E* *E*
This is not the way to put the end to war

Walkin' Down the Line

by Bob Dylan (1963)

G
Well, I'm walkin' down the line,
 G C
I'm walkin' down the line
 C G
An' I'm walkin' down the line.
 G
My feet'll be a-flyin'
 $G(\frac{1}{2})$ $C(\frac{1}{2})$ $G(\frac{1}{4})$ $C(\frac{1}{4})$ $G(\frac{1}{2})$
To tell about my troubled mind.

I got a heavy-headed gal
I got a heavy-headed gal
I got a heavy-headed gal
She ain't feelin' well
When she's better only time will tell

My money comes and goes
My money comes and goes
My money comes and goes
And rolls and flows and rolls and flows
Through the holes in the pockets in my clothes

I see the morning light
I see the morning light
Well it's not because
I'm an early riser
I didn't go to sleep last night

I got my walkin' shoes
I got my walkin' shoes
I got my walkin' shoes
An' I ain't a-gonna lose
I believe I got the walkin' blues

Weep for Jamie

by Peter Yarrow (1967)

A *Dm* *G* *C*
The other side of Jamie's door is
F *Bb* *E* *A*
aching loneliness, one, two, three, four.
A *Dm* *G* *C*
she dances with the ancient fears,
F *Bb* *E* *A*
with porcelain smiles and wetless tears,

Dm *Dm7* *Gm* *Gm*
Weep for Jamie, for the bones, that tear at her
Asus4 *A* *Dm* *Dm7*
Flesh, inside. Weep for Jamie
Gm *Gm* *Asus4* *A*
She lives in the land where her father died.

Dm *Dm7* *Gm* *Asus4* *Dm* *Dm7* *Gm* *Asus4*

Don't try to answer her helpless call,
She can't hear your words she feels nothing at all.
With no tomorrow promised by today.
She's the child of emptiness and yesterday.

I'll sing you one of a song without an end,
I'll sing you two of a tree that cannot bend,
I'll sing you three of a womb that never filled,
And the fourth deepest wound and the love that it killed.

Dm *Dm7* *Gm* *Gm* *Gm* *A* *Dm* *Dm7* *Gm* *Gm* *A*

Whatshername

by Noel Paul Stookey, Dave Dixon, and Richard Kniss (1967)

Ebm7 Ab7 Dbma7 Db6 Ebm7 Ab7 Dbma7 Dbma7
Jimmy McGregor, hey, Jimmy, come here! Jimmy you son of a gun!
Am7 D7 Bm7 Em7 Am7 D7 Dm7 G7
What 'cha been doin'? How long has it been? Hell, seven years if it's been one. How's the

Dm7 G7 Cma7 C6 Dm7 G7 Cma7 Cma7
preacher? How's Don, did he go back to school? No kidding, I thought he was gay!
G#m7 C#7 F#ma7 F#6 G#m7 C#7 C#m7 F#7
Who me? Oh, I'm great! I'm a father you know. Yeah, two of 'em and one on the way.

C#m7 F#7 Bma7 B6 C#m7 F#7 Bma7 B6
Oh, well, she couldn't make it, she gets pretty tired, she started her last month today.
Gm7 C7 Am7 Dm7 G7 C7 Cm7 F7
I only came up for a couple of minutes, believe me, I wish I could stay.

Cm7 F7 Bbma7 Bb6 Cm7 F7 Bbma7 Bb6
Oh, and yeah while I think of it, do you remember, not for myself, for a friend.
F#m7 B7 Ema7 E6 F#m7 B7 Gm7 E7
A girl that I brought here, before I got married a couple of times at the end.

Ama7 Ama7 Am7 D7b5 Gma7 Gma7 Gm7
C7b5
Whatshername? She hardly knew me; now her name means something to me.
Fma7 Db7 Gm7 Caug7
I wonder if she ever got over me?
Ama7 Am7 D7b5 Gma7 Gm7 C7b5
Anyway I should be flattered for yesterday at least I mattered.
Fma7 Fma7 Db7 Db7
Where did it go?

Ama7 Ama7 Am7 D7b5 Gma7 Gm7 Fma7 Db7

Gm7 C7 Fma7 Fma7 Fm7 Bb7 Ebma7 Ebma7
Jimmy I tell you we're two lucky guys. You've got everything that you've planned.
Ebm7 Ab7 Dbma7 Dbma7
And all things considered I've done fairly well.
Em A7 Cm7 F7 Bm7 E7
I mean God's honest truth, man, I love Ruth and

Ama7 Ama7 Am7 D7b5 Gma7 Gma7 Am7 C7b5
Whatshername? I thought I knew her, Whatshername? What happened to her,
Fma7 Fma7 Db7 Db7 Gm7 C7 Fma7 Fma7
I don't know why I'll never forget Whatshername?

When I'm Gone

by Phuil Ochs (1966)

C C Am am F Dm G G C G Am Am Dm G C C

C C Am Am
There's no place in this world where I'll belong when I'm gone
Dm Dm Gsus4 G
And I won't know the right from the wrong when I'm gone
C G Am Am
And you won't find me singin' on this song when I'm gone
Dm G C C
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

And I won't feel the flowing of the time when I'm gone
All the pleasures of love will not be mine when I'm gone
My pen won't pour a lyric line when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

And I won't breathe the bracing air when I'm gone
And I can't even worry 'bout my cares when I'm gone
Won't be asked to do my share when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

And I won't be running from the rain when I'm gone
And I can't even suffer from the pain when I'm gone
Can't say who's to praise and who's to blame when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

Won't see the golden of the sun when I'm gone
And the evenings and the mornings will be one when I'm gone
Can't be singing louder than the guns when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

All my days won't be dances of delight when I'm gone
And the sands will be shifting from my sight when I'm gone
Can't add my name into the fight when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

And I won't be laughing at the lies when I'm gone
And I can't question how or when or why when I'm gone
Can't live proud enough to die when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

There's no place in this world where I'll belong when I'm gone
And I won't know the right from the wrong when I'm gone
And you won't find me singin' on this song when I'm gone

Dm G Dm G Dm Gsus4
C
So I guess I'll have to do it, I guess I'll have to do it, guess I'll have to do it while
I'm here

When the Ship Comes In by Bob Dylan(1964)

O the time will come up when the wind will stop,
And the breeze will cease to be breathin'.
Like a stillness in the wind 'fore the hurricane begins.
The hour that the ship comes in.
O the seas will split and the ship will hit,
And the sand on the shoreline will be shaking,
And the tide will sound and the waves will pound,
And the morning will be break ing.

O the fishes will laugh as they swim out of the path,
And the sea gulls, they'll be smiling.
And the rocks on the sand will proudly stand,
The hour that the ship comes in.
And the words that are used for to get the ship confused,
Will not be understood as they're spoken.
For the chains of the sea will be busted in the night,
And be buried in the bottom of the ocean.

O a song will lift as the main sail shifts,
And the boat drifts on to the shoreline.
And the sun will respect every face on the deck,
The hour that the ship comes in.
And the sand will roll out a carpet of gold,
For your weary toes to be a-touchin'.
And the ship's wise men will remind you once again,
That the whole wide world is watchin'.

O the foes will rise with asleep set in their eyes,
And they'll jerk from their beds and think they're dreamin'.
But they'll pinch themselves and squeal and they'll know that it's for real,
The hour that the ship comes in.
And they'll raise their hands sayin', "We'll meet all you demands."
But will shout from the bow, "Your days are numbered."
And like Pharaoh's tribe they'll be found in the tide,
And like Goliath, they'll be conquered.

Who Knows Where the Time Goes? by

Sandy Denny (1967)

E *A2* *E* *A2*
 Across the morning sky all the birds are leaving
E *A2* *E* *A2*
 But how can they know it's time for them to go?
F#m(½) *G#m(½)* *A6(½)* *F#m(½)* *G#m* *A* *E*
E
 Before the winter's fire, I will still be dreamin' I do not count the time

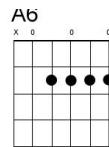
B(½) *A(½)* *E(¾)* *F#m(¼)*
 For who knows where the time goes? Who knows where the
A(½) *A/B(½)* *E* *Ama7* *E*
 time goes?

Sad, deserted shore, your fickle friends are leaving
 Ah and yet they know it's time for them to go
 But I will still be here, I have no thought of leaving
 I do not count the time ...

And I am not alone, while my love is near
 And I know it will be so until it's time to go
 So count the storms of winter and then the birds in spring again
 I have no fear of time

B(½) *A(½)* *E(¾)* *F#m(¼)*
 For who knows how my love grows? Who knows where the
A(½) *A/B(½)* *E* *Ama7* *E*
 time goes?

For who knows how my love grows?
 And who knows where the time goes?



Winter Lady

by Leonard Cohen (1967)

Ama7 Ama7 D+4 D+4

D+4 Ama7 D+4 C D+4 Ama7 D+4 D+4

Traveling lady stay awhile until the night is over

D+4 D+4 Ama7 D+4 C D+4 Ama7 D+4 D+4 D+4

I'm just a station on your way I know I am not your lover

D+4 D+4 Am7 Am7 D+4 D+4 Am7 Am7

Well, I lived with a child of snow When I was a soldier

D+4 D+4 Am7 D+4 D+4 D+4 Am7

I fought every man for her until the nights grew colder

D+4 Ama7 D+4 C D+4 Ama7 D+4 D+4

She used to wear her hair like you, except when she was sleeping

D+4 D+4 Ama7 D+4 C D+4 Ama7 D+4 D+4 D+4

And then she'd weave it on a loom of smoke and gold and breathing

D+4 D+4 Am7 Am7 D+4 D+4 Am7 Am7

And why are you so quiet now, standing there in the doorway?

D+4 D+4 Am7 D+4 D+4 D+4 Am7

You chose your journey long before you came upon this highway

D+4 Ama7 D+4 C D+4 Ama7 D+4 D+4

Traveling lady stay awhile Until the night is over

D+4 D+4 Ama7 D+4 C D+4 Ama7 D+4 D+4 D+4

I'm just a station on your way I know I am not your lover

Won't You Be My Neighbor

by Fred Rogers (1967)

C *A7*
It's a beautiful day in this neighborhood
Dm7 *G7*
A beautiful day for a neighbor
C
Would you be mine?
A7 *Dm7* *G7*
Could you be mine?

C *A7*
It's a neighborly day in this beauty wood
Dm7 *G7*
A neighborly day for a beauty
C
Would you be mine?
A7 *Dm7* *G7*
Could you be mine?

F *A7* *Dm* *Cdim7*
I've always wanted to have a neighbor just like you
C *Dm7* *Cdim7* *G7*
I've always wanted to live in a neighborhood with you

C *A7*
So, let's make the most of this beautiful day
Dm7 *G7*
Since we're together we might as well say
*C*_(1/2) *A7*_(1/2) *Dm7*_(1/2) *Dm7*_(1/2)
Would you be mine? Could you be mine?
G7 *C*
Won't you be my neighbor

*F*_(1/2) *Em7*_(1/2) *Dm*_(1/2) *Em7*_(1/2)
Won't you please, won't you please
*Dm7*_(1/2) *G7*_(1/2) *C*
Please won't you be my neighbor

You Ain't Goin' Nowhere

by Bob Dylan (1967)

D *Em*
Clouds so swift, rain fallin' in
G *D*
Gonna see a movie called Gunga Din.
D *Em*
Pack up your money, put up your tent in the wind,
G *D*
You ain't a-goin' nowhere.

D *Em*
Ooo-ee! Ride me high
G *D*
Tomorrow's the day my bride's a-gonna come.
D *Em*
Oh, oh, are we gonna fly
G *D*
Down into the easy chair.

Clouds so swift
Rain won't lift
Gate won't close
Railings froze
Get your mind off wintertime
You ain't goin' nowhere

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

I don't care
How many letters they sent
Morning came and morning went
Pick up your money
And pack up your tent
You ain't goin' nowhere

Genghis Khan
He could not keep
All his kings
Supplied with sleep
Well climb that hill no matter how steep
When we get up to it

