

# Folk-Traditional Songs - L to Z

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# La Bamba traditional

**G7** **C<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **F<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **G7** **C<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **F<sub>(1/2)</sub>**  
 Para bailar la bamba. Para bailar la bamba se necesita  
**G7** **C<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **F<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **G7** **C<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **F<sub>(1/2)</sub>**  
 Una poca de gracia Una poca de gracia para mi para ti  
**G7** **C<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **F<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **G7** **C<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **F<sub>(1/2)</sub>**  
 arriba y arriba arriba y arriba por ti seré  
**G7** **C<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **F<sub>(1/2)</sub>**  
 por ti seré seré

**G7** **C<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **F<sub>(1/2)</sub>**  
 Yo no soy marinero  
**G7** **C<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **F<sub>(1/2)</sub>**  
 Yo no soy marinero, soy capitán  
**G7** **C<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **F<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **G7**  
 Soy capitán Soy capitán

**C<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **F<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **G7** **C<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **F<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **G7**  
 Bamba, bamba, bamba, bamba  
**C<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **F<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **G7** **C<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **F<sub>(1/2)</sub>** **G7**  
 Bamba, bamba, bamba, bamba. Para bailar la

Para subir al cielo  
 Para subir al cielo  
 Se necesita una escalera grande  
 Una escalera grande y otra chiquita

Musical score for 'La Bamba' in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The score includes a treble clef staff with a dynamic marking 'mf' and a guitar tablature staff below it. The tablature shows fret numbers and includes triplets and a capo sign.

Para bailar La Bamba  
Para bailar La Bamba se necesita una poca  
de gracia  
Una poca de gracia y otra cosita

Ay! Arriba y arriba  
Y arriba y arriba y arriba iré  
Yo no soy marinero, Yo no soy marinero,  
por ti seré, por ti seré, por ti seré

Bamba, bamba, bamba, bamba  
Bamba, bamba Bamba

Para bailar La Bamba  
Para bailar La Bamba se necesita una poca  
de gracia  
Una poca de gracia y otra cosita

Ay! Arriba y arriba  
Y arriba y arriba y arriba iré  
Yo no soy marinero  
Yo no soy marinero, soy capitán  
Soy capitán, soy capitán

Bamba, bamba. Bamba, bamba  
Bamba, bamba. Bamba, bamba  
Yo no soy marinero  
Yo no soy marinero  
Soy capitán, soy capitán, soy capitán

Bamba, bamba, Bamba, bamba  
Bamba, bamba, Bamba

Para subir al cielo  
Para subir al cielo  
Se necesita una escalera grande  
Una escalera grande y otra chiquita

Bamba, bamba, Bamba, bamba  
Bamba, bamba, Bamba

Yo no soy marinero  
Yo no soy marinero  
Soy capitán, soy capitán, soy capitán  
Bamba, bamba, Bamba, bamba  
Bamba, bamba, Bamba

In order to dance La Bamba  
In order to dance La Bamba a little bit of grace  
is needed  
A little bit of grace and something else

Ah! Up and up. And up and up and up I'll go  
I'm not a sailor, I'm not a sailor but I'll become  
one for you. I'll become one for you, I'll become  
one for you

Bamba, bamba, bamba, bamba  
Bamba, bamba. Bamba

In order to dance La Bamba  
In order to dance La Bamba one needs a little bit  
of grace  
A little bit of grace and something else

Ah! Up and up  
And up and up and up I'll go  
I'm not a sailor  
I'm not a sailor, I'm a captain  
I'm a captain, I'm a captain

Bamba, bamba. Bamba, bamba  
Bamba, bamba. Bamba, bamba  
I'm not a sailor  
I'm not a sailor  
I'm a captain, I'm a captain, I'm a captain

Bamba, bamba, Bamba, bamba  
Bamba, bamba, Bamba

In order to go up and reach the sky  
In order to go up and reach the sky  
A long ladder is needed  
A long ladder and a short ladder

Bamba, bamba, Bamba, bamba  
Bamba, bamba, Bamba

I'm not a sailor  
I'm not a sailor  
I'm a captain, I'm a captain, I'm a captain  
Bamba, bamba, Bamba, bamba  
Bamba, bamba, Bamba

# La Cucaracha

by traditional

*D* *D D* *A7*  
Cuando uno quiere a una, y esta una no lo quiere,  
*A7* *A7 A7* *D*  
Es lo mismo que si un calvo, en la calle encuentr' un peine.  
*D* *D D* *A7*  
La cucaracha, la cucaracha, ya no quieres caminar,  
*A7* *A7 A7* *D*  
Porque no tienes, porque le falta, marihuana que fumar.

Cuando uno quiere a una, y esta una no lo quiere,  
Es lo mismo que si un calvo, en la calle encuentr'  
un peine.

When a fellow loves a maiden and that maiden doesn't love him,  
It's the same as when a bald man finds a comb upon the  
highway.

La cucaracha, la cucaracha, ya no quieres  
caminar,  
Porque no tienes, porque le falta, marihuana que  
fumar.

The cucaracha, the cucaracha, doesn't want to travel on  
Because she hasn't, Oh no, she hasn't, marihuana for to smoke.

Las muchachas son de oro; Las casadas son de  
plata;  
Las viudas son de cobre, y las viejas oja de lata.

All the maidens are of pure gold; all the married girls are silver;  
All the widows are of copper, and old women merely tin.

Mi vecina de enfrente, se llamaba Doña Clara,  
Y si no había muerto, es probable se llamara.

My neighbor across the highway used to be called Doña Clara,  
And if she has not expired, likely that's her name tomorrow.

Las muchachas de Las Vegas son muy altas y  
delgaditas,  
Pero son mas pedigueñas que las animas  
benditas.

All the girls up at Las Vegas are most awful tall and skinny,  
But they're worse for plaintive pleading than the souls in  
Purgatory.

Las muchachas de la villa no saben ni dar un  
beso,  
Cuando las de Albuquerque hasta estiran el  
pescuezo.

All the girls here in the city don't know how to give you kisses,  
While the ones from Albuquerque stretch their necks to avoid  
misses.

Las muchachas Mexicanas son lindas como una  
flor,  
Y hablan tan dulcemente que encantan de amor.

All the girls from Mexico are as pretty as a flower  
And they talk so very sweetly, fill your heart quite up with love.

Una cosa me da risa, Pancho Villa sin camisa.  
Ya se van los Carranzistas porque vienen los  
Villistas.

One thing makes me laugh most hearty- Pancho Villa with no  
shirt on  
Now the Carranzistas beat it because Villa's men are coming.

Necesita automóvil par' hacer la caminata  
Al lugar a donde mandó la convención Zapata.

Fellow needs an automobile if he undertakes the journey  
To the place to which Zapata ordered the famous convention

# La Llorona

traditional Mexican folk song

Am Am Dm Dm  
 Todos me dicen la negra, Llorona,  
 Am Am E E  
 negra pero cariñosa.

Todos me dicen la negra Llorona  
 Negra pero, carinosa  
 Yo soy como el chile verde Llorona  
 Picante pero sabrosa

Am Am Dm Dm  
 Todos me dicen la negra, Llorona,  
 Am Am E E  
 negra pero cariñosa.

Dicen que no tengo duelo Llorona  
 Porque no me ven llorar  
 Hay muertos que no hacen ruido Llorona  
 Y es mas grande en su penar

Am Am G G  
 Yo soy como el chile verde, Llorona,  
 Dm Dm E E  
 picante pero sabrosa.

Ay de mi Llorona  
 Llorona de ayer y hoy  
 Ayer maravilla fui Llorona  
 Y ahora ni sombra soy

Am Am G G  
 Yo soy como el chile verde, Llorona,  
 Dm Dm E E  
 picante pero sabrosa.

Ay de mi Llorona  
 Llorona de azul celeste...  
 y aunque la vida me cueste, llorona  
 no dejare de quererte

- La Llorona is in 3/4 time (waltz time—three beats per measure, a quarter note gets one beat).
- Each song section has eight measures (most common form in Western music). Each blue chord above gets three beats. The key is Am; Dm, E, and G are related chords that are in the Am scale.
- The basic strum is to pick the root note (beat #1), and then two downstrokes (beats #2 and #3, strum down and away from you, striking the bass strings first). The root locates the chord, and the strum gives the flavor (major, minor, 7<sup>th</sup>, etcetera).

Am Am Dm Dm Am Am E E  
 R ↓ ↓ R ↓ ↓ R ↓ ↓ R ↓ ↓ R ↓ ↓ R ↓ ↓ R ↓ ↓ R ↓ ↓  
 Todos me dicen la negra, Llorona, negra pero cariñosa.

Chord	Am	Dm	E	G major
X—do not play 0—open string				
Root of chord	'A' string, #5 in base	'D' string, #4	'E' string, #6	'E' string, #6
Fingering	4-index, 3-ring, 2-pointer	3-index, 2-ring, 1-pointer	5-index, 3-ring, 2-pointer	6-index, 5-pointer, 1-ring

# La Llorona

traditional Mexican folk song

*Am Am Dm Dm*  
Todos me dicen la negra, Llorona,  
*Am Am E E*  
negra pero cariñosa.  
*Am Am Dm Dm*  
Todos me dicen la negra, Llorona,  
*Am Am E E*  
negra pero cariñosa.

*Am Am G G*  
soy como el chile verde, Llorona, pi-  
*Dm Dm E E*  
cante pero sabrosa. Yo  
*Am Am G G*  
soy como el chile verde, Llorona, pi-  
*Dm Dm E E*  
cante pero sabrosa. Yo

Todos me dicen la negra Llorona  
Negra pero, carinosa  
Yo soy como el chile verde Llorona  
Picante pero sabrosa

Dicen que no tengo duelo Llorona  
Porque no me ven llorar  
Hay muertos que no hacen ruido Llorona  
Y es mas grande en su penar

Ay de mi Llorona  
Llorona de ayer y hoy  
Ayer maravilla fui Llorona  
Y ahora ni sombra soy

Ay de mi Llorona  
Llorona de azul celeste...  
y aunque la vida me cueste, llorona  
no dejare de quererte

# Leatherwing Bat traditional

*Dm*                      *F*  
"Hi," said the little leatherwing bat,  
*C*                      *Am*  
"I'll tell you the reason that,  
*F*                      *Am(½)* *Am* *C*  
The reason that I fly by night,  
*Em*                      *Dm*  
is because I lost my heart's delight."

*Bb*                      *F*                      *G*                      *Dm*  
Howdy dowdy diddle um-day,    Howdy dowdy diddle um-day,  
*Bb*                      *F(½)*                      *G*    *G7*    *Dm(½)*    *Am(½)*    *G7/D(½)*    *Dm*  
Howdy dowdy diddle um day,            Lay lee lee lee li lee    lo.

"Hi," said the blackbird, sitting on a chair,  
"Once I courted a lady fair,  
She proved fickle and turned her back,  
And ever since then I've dressed in black."

"Hi," said the little turtle dove,  
"I'll tell you how to win her love.  
Court her night and court her day;  
never give her time to say 'oh nay!'"

"Hi," said the woodpecker, sittin' on a fence  
"Once I courted a handsome wench,  
She got scared and from me fled, and  
ever since then my head's been red."

"Hi," said the robin as he flew,  
"When I was young I had two.  
If one wouldn't love me, the other would.  
Don't you think my notion's good?"

"Hoot," said the owl with eyes so bright,  
"A lonesome day, a lonesome night.  
Thought I heard a pretty gal say,  
'court all night and sleep all day!'"

"Hi," said the bluejay 'n' away he flew,  
"If I were a young man I'd have two.  
If one were faithless and chanced to go,  
I'd add the other string to my bow."

"Hi," said the little leatherwing bat,  
"I'll tell you the reason that,  
The reason that I fly by night,  
is because I lost my heart's delight."

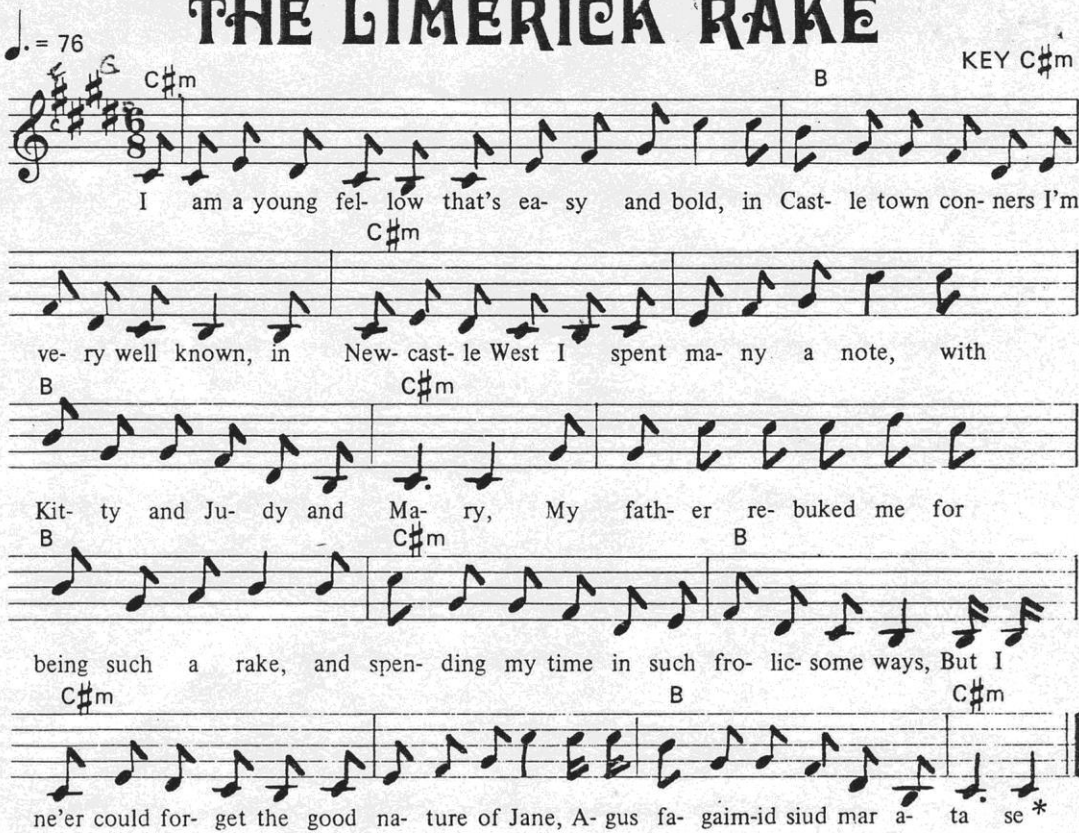


# Limerick Rake

traditional English folk song

**THE LIMERICK RAKE**

♩. = 76      KEY C#m



I am a young fel- low that's ea- sy and bold, in Cast- le town con- ners I'm  
 ve- ry well known, in New- cast- le West I spent ma- ny a note, with  
 Kit- ty and Ju- dy and Ma- ry, My fath- er re- buked me for  
 being such a rake, and spen- ding my time in such fro- lic- some ways, But I  
 ne'er could for- get the good na- ture of Jane, Agus fa- gaim- id siud mar a- ta se \*

My parents had reared me to shake and to mow,  
 To plough and to harrow, to reap and to sow,  
 But my heart being airy to drop it so low  
 I set out on high speculation.  
 On paper and parchment they taught me to write,  
 In Euclid and Grammar they opened my eyes,  
 And in Multiplication in truth I was bright,  
 Agus fagaimid siud mar ata se.

If I chance for to go to the town of Rathkeal,  
 The girls all round me do flock on the square,  
 Some give me a bottle and others sweet cakes,  
 To treat me unknown to their parents,  
 There is one from Askeaton and one from the Pike,  
 Another from Arda, my heart was beguiled,  
 Tho' being from the mountains her stockings are white,  
 Agus fagaimid siud mar ata se.

# Little Brown Jug

traditional

A                                    D  
Me and my wife live all alone  
    E7                                A  
In a little log hut we call our own;  
A                                    D  
She loves gin and I love rum,  
    E7                                A  
And I'll tell you we have lots of fun!

A                                    D  
Ha, ha, ha, you and me,  
    E7                                A  
Little brown jug, don't I love thee!  
A                                    D  
Ha, ha, ha, you and me,  
    E7                                A  
Little brown jug, don't I love thee!

When I go toiling on the farm  
I take the little jug under my arm;  
Place it under a shady tree,  
Little brown jug, 'tis you and me.

'Tis you that makes me friends and foes,  
'Tis you that makes me wear old clothes;  
But, seeing you're so near my nose,  
Tip her up and down she goes.

If all the folks in Adam's race  
Were gathered together in one place,  
Then I'd prepare to shed a tear  
Before I'd part from you, my dear.

If I'd a cow that gave such milk,  
I'd dress her in the finest silk;  
Feed her up on oats and hay,

And milk her twenty times a day.  
I bought a cow from Farmer Jones,  
And she was nothing but skin and bones;  
I fed her up as fine as silk,  
She jumped the fence and strained her milk.

And when I die don't bury me at all,  
Just pickle my bones in alcohol;  
Put a bottle o' booze at my head and feet  
And then I know that I will keep.

The rose is red, my nose is too,  
The violet's blue and so are you;  
And yet, I guess, before I stop,  
We'd better take another drop.

# Little Rosewood Casket traditional

$D^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D$   $D^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D$   
There's a little rosewood casket, resting on a marble stand  
 $D^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D$   $A7$   $D$   
With a packet of old love letters written by my true love's hand



In a lit- tle rose- wood cas- ket That is res- ting on my



stand, Is a pack- age of old let- ters writ- ten by a lov- er's hand.

There's a little rosewood casket  
Lying on a marble stand  
And a packet of old love letters  
Written by my true love's hand

Go and bring them to me, sister  
Read them o'er for me tonight  
I have often tried by could not  
For the tears that filled my eyes

When I'm dead and in my casket  
When I gently fall asleep  
Fall asleep to wake in heaven  
Dearest sister do not weep

Take his letters and his locket  
Place them gently on my heart  
But this golden ring that he gave me  
From my finger never part

When I'm dead and in my casket  
When I gently fall asleep  
Fall asleep to wake in heaven  
Dearest sister do not weep

# Loch Lomond

traditional

*F* *Dm* *Gm7* *C7*  
By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,  
*F* *Dm(½)* *Am(½)* *Bb* *F*  
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond  
*Dm* *Am* *Gm* *C7*  
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,  
*F* *Bb(½)* *F(½)* *Gm7(½)* *C7(½)* *F(½)* *C7(½)*  
On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lo mond. Oh

*F* *Dm* *Gm7* *C7*  
Ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road,  
*F* *Dm(½)* *Am(½)* *Bb* *F*  
And I'll be in Scot land afore ye,  
*Dm(½)* *C(½)* *F(½)* *D7(½)* *Gm* *C7*  
But me and my true love will never meet again,  
*F(½)* *Dm(½)* *Bb(½)* *F(½)* *Gm7(½)* *C7(½)* *F*  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo mond.

'Twas then that we parted, In yon shady glen,  
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,  
Where, in purple hue, The highland hills we view,  
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

The wee birdies sing, And the wild flowers spring,  
And in sunshine the waters sleeping.  
But the broken heart it kens, Nae second spring again,  
Though the world does not know how we're grievin't

# Lonesome Traveler traditional

*Dm* *Dm*  
I'm just a lonely and a lonesome traveler  
*G* *Dm*  
I'm just a lonely and a lonesome traveler  
*Dm* *Dm*  
I'm just a lonely and a lonesome traveler  
*G*<sub>(½)</sub> *A7*<sub>(½)</sub> *Dm* *C* *Dm/C* *C* *A7* *A7*  
I'm a travelling on.

Traveled in the mountains, traveled in the valley,

Traveled cold the then I traveled hungry

Traveled with the rich, I've traveled with the beggar,

One of these days I'm gonna stop all my travelling,

I'm gonna keep right on a-travelin' on that road to freedom

*Dm* *Dm*  
I'm just a lonely and a lonesome traveler  
*G* *Dm*  
I'm just a lonely and a lonesome traveler  
*Dm* *Dm*  
I'm just a lonely and a lonesome traveler  
*G*<sub>(½)</sub> *A7*<sub>(½)</sub> *Dm* *C* *Dm/C* *C* *A7* *A7* *Dm(sus2)*<sub>(hold)</sub>  
I'm a travelling on.

# Lonesome Valley

traditional Appalachian folk song

Everybody's got to walk <sup>G G</sup> that lonesome valley, <sup>G G</sup>  
they've got to walk <sup>D D</sup> it by their selves. <sup>G G7</sup>  
There's nobody here <sup>C C</sup> can walk it for them, <sup>G G</sup>  
they've got to walk <sup>G D</sup> it by their selves. <sup>G G</sup>

My father's got to walk that lonesome valley,  
he's got to walk it by his self.  
There's nobody here can walk it for him,  
he's got to walk it by his self.

My mother's got to walk that lonesome valley  
she's got to walk it by he self.  
There's nobody here can walk it for her,  
she's got to walk it by her self.

My brother's got to walk that lonesome valley,  
he's got to walk it by his self.  
There's nobody here can walk it for him,  
he's got to walk it by his self.

Most sinners got to walk this lonesome valley,  
they've got to walk it by their selves.  
There's nobody here can walk it for them,  
they've got to walk it by their selves.

# Make Me a Pallet on the Floor (Ain't No Tellin')

traditional bluegrass

*F* *F* *C* *CA*  
Honey, make me down a pallet on your floor  
*F* *F* *C* *C*  
Make me down a pallet on your floor  
*E7* *E7* *F* *F*  
Make me a pallet, down soft and low  
*C* *G* *C* *C*  
Make me a pallet on your floor.

Make me down a pallet on your floor  
Make me down  
Make me a pallet, down soft and low  
Make me a pallet on your floor

Up the country while the cold sleetin' snow  
Goin' up the country while the cold sleetin' snow  
I'm goin' up the country while the cold sleetin' snow  
No telling just how much further I may go

Don't you let my good gal catch you here  
Please don't you let my good gal catch you here  
Yes, she might shoot you, might cut and stomp you too  
No tellin' what she might do

Make it close behind the door  
Make it baby close behind the door  
Make it sweet baby close behind the door  
Make it where nobody will never go

I'm goin' up the country through the sleedin' snow  
Goin' up the country through the sleedin' snow  
I'm goin' up the country through the sleedin' snow  
Ain't no telling just how fur I'll go

# Mama Don't Allow traditional

G G G G  
Mama don't 'low no banjo playin' round here.  
G G D D7  
I say that mama don't 'low no banjo playin' round here  
G G C C7  
Well, I don't care what mama don't 'low, gonna play my banjo anyhow,  
G D7 G G  
Mama don't 'low no banjo playin' round here.

Mama don't 'low no guitar playin' round here, etc  
Gonna play my guitar anyhow

Mama don't 'low no bass playin' round here, etc.  
Gonna play my bass anyhow

Mama don't 'low no talkin' round here, etc.,  
Gonna shoot my mouth off anyhow, etc.

Mama don't 'low no singin' round here, etc.,  
Gonna sing my head off anyhow, etc.

Mama don't allow no refer smokin' 'round here  
Gonna smoke that joint anyhow

TML #006505 Key G Major

www.traditionmusic.co.uk



# Man Of Constant Sorrow traditional

*Dm Dm G G C C Am Am Dm Dm*

*G G C C*  
I am a man of constant sorrow;  
*Am Am Dm Dm*  
I've seen trouble all my days  
*G G C C*  
I'm going back to California,  
*Am Am Dm Dm*  
Place where I was partly raised.

All through this world, I'm bound to ramble.  
Through storm and wind, through sleet and rain  
I'm bound to ride that northern railroad,  
Perhaps I'll take the very next train.

Your friends they say I am a stranger.  
You'll never see my face no more.  
There is just one promise that's given.  
We'll sail on god's golden shore.

I always thought I had seen trouble,  
Now I know it's common run.  
I'll hang my head and weep in sorrow,  
Just to think on what you've done.

And when I am in some lonesome hour,  
And I am feeling all alone,  
I'll weep the briny tears of sorrow,  
And think of you so far a-gone.

For six long years I've been in trouble,  
No pleasure here on earth I found,  
For in this world I'm bound to ramble,  
I have no friends to help me now.

It's fare you well, my own true lover,  
I never expect to see you again;  
For I'm bound to ride that northern railroad,  
Perhaps I'll die upon this train.

# Matty Groves

traditional

TML #006646 Key G Major

Chord symbols for the first two staves:  
Staff 1: G, Em, D7, Em, G, D7, G, D  
Staff 2: G, D7, D, Em, G, D7, D, Em

Em Em D7 Em Em, G(½) D7(½) G G  
A holi day, a holi day and the first one of the year  
D G D7 D Em(½) G(½) D7(½) D(½) Em Em  
Lord Donald's wife came into the church the Gos pel for to hear

And when the meeting it was done, she cast her eyes about  
And there she saw little Matty Groves walking in the crowd

"Come home with me, little Matty Groves, Come home with me tonight  
Come home with me, little Matty Groves and sleep with me 'til light"

"Oh, I can't come home, I won't come home and sleep with you tonight  
by the rings on your fingers, I can tell you are Lord Donald's wife"

"But if I am Lord Donald's wife, Lord Donald's not at home  
He is out in the far cornfields bringing the yearling's home"

And a servant who was standing by and hearing what was said  
He swore Lord Donald he would know before the sun would set

And in his hurry to carry the news, he bent his breast and ran  
and when he came to the broad mill stream, he took off his shoes and swam

Little Matty Groves, he lay down and took a little sleep  
when he awoke, Lord Donald was standing at his feet

Saying, "How do you like my feather bed and how do you like my sheets?  
How do you like my lady who lies in your arms asleep?"

"Oh, well I like your feather bed and well I like your sheets  
but better I like your lady gay who lies in my arms asleep"

# Minstrel Boy

lyrics by Sir Thomas Moore (1779-1852) and set to the music of *The Moreen*, a traditional Irish air

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Am_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
 The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone In the  
 $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $Dm_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 ranks of death you'll find him;  
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Am_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
 His father's sword he hath girded on, and his  
 $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $Dm_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
 wild harp slung behind him;"

$Am_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $E7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Adim7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Em_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $E7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
 Land of Song!" said the warrior bard, "Tho'  
 $Am_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $E7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Am_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $E7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Am_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $E7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Am_{(\frac{1}{4}-hold)}$   $Fm_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
 all the world betrays thee, One  
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $Am_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
 sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, one  
 $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $Dm_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
 Faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chain  
 Could not bring that proud soul under;  
 The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,  
 For he tore its chords asunder;  
 And said "No chains shall sully thee,  
 Thou soul of love and brav'ry!  
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
 They shall never sound in slavery!"

## Additional American Civil War Verse

*The Minstrel Boy will return we pray  
 When we hear the news we all will cheer it,  
 The minstrel boy will return one day,  
 Torn perhaps in body, not in spirit.  
 Then may he play on his harp in peace,  
 In a world such as heaven intended,  
 For all the bitterness of man must cease,  
 And ev'ry battle must be ended.*

# Molly Malone

traditional

*G* *Em* *Am* *D7*  
In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty  
*G* *E7* *A7* *D7*  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molloy Malone  
*G* *Em* *Am* *D7*  
She wheeled a wheelbarrow, through streets broad and narrow  
*G* *C* *Am(1)* *Em(1)* *D(1)* *G*  
Crying: Cockles and Mussels, Alive, Alive O

*G* *Em*  
Alive, alive O  
*Am* *D7*  
Alive, alive O  
*G* *C*  
Crying, cockles and Mussels  
*Am(1)* *Em(1)* *D(1)* *G*  
Alive, alive O

She was a fishmonger, and sure twas no wonder  
For so were her Father and Mother before  
And they all wheeled their barrows,  
Through streets broad and narrow  
Crying: Cockles and Mussels, Alive, alive O

She died of a fever, and no one to grieve her  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone  
Now her ghost wheels her barrow  
Through streets broad and narrow  
Crying: Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive O

# Monday Morning traditional

*Dm E Am*

*Dm Dm Am(2) E7(1) Am*  
Early one mornin' one mornin' in spring  
*G G C(2) G(1) E*  
to hear the birds whistle, the nightingales sing.  
*Am G C C*  
I met a fair maiden who sweetly did sing,  
*Am Dm E7 Am Am*  
I'm going to be married next Monday morning.

“How old are you, my fair young maid,  
here in this valley, this valley so green ?  
How old are you, my fair young maid ?”  
“I’m goin’ to be sixteen next Monday morning.”

“Well, sixteen years old, that’s too young for to marry,  
so take my advice, five years longer to tarry.  
For marriage brings troubles and sorrows begin,  
so put off your wedding for Monday morning.”

“You talk like a mad man, a man with no skill,  
two years I’ve been waiting against my own will.  
And now I’m determined to have my own way,  
and I’m going to be married next Monday morning.”

“And next Monday mornin’ the bells they will ring,  
my true love will buy me a gay gold ring.  
Also he’ll buy me a new pretty gown  
to wear at my wedding next Monday morning.”

“Next Monday night when I go to my bed,  
and I turn round to the man that I’ve wed,  
around his middle my two arms I will fling,  
and I wish to my soul it was Monday morning.”

# Morning Has Broken

traditional, original lyrics by Eleanor Farjeon  
(1931)

*Intro: D G A F# Bm G7 C F C<sub>(hold)</sub>*

*(No chord) C Dm G F C*  
Morning has broken, like the first morning  
*C Em Am D7sus G*  
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird  
*C F F C Am D*  
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning  
*G C F G7 C F G E Am G C G7sus4*  
Praise for the springing fresh from the world *bridge & retain key*

*(No chord) C Dm G F C*  
Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven  
*C Em Am D7sus4 G*  
Like the first dew fall, on the first grass  
*C F F C Am D*  
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden  
*G C F G7 C F G E Am F# Bm G D A7 D*  
Sprung in completeness where his feet pass *bridge & change key*

*(No chord) D Em A G A*  
Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning  
*A F#m Bm E7 A*  
Born of the one light, Eden saw play  
*D G G D Bm E*  
Praise with elation, praise every morning  
*A D G A7 D G A F# Bm G7 C F C<sub>(hold)</sub>*  
God's recreation of the new day

# Motherless Child traditional spiritual

*Em*            *D#aug* (C) *B7*            *Em*  
 Sometimes I feel        like a motherless child  
*Am6*            (*Am7*) *Am6* (C) *B7*            *Em*  
 Sometimes I            feel        like a motherless child  
*Em*            *D#aug* (C) *B7*            *Em*  
 Sometimes I feel        like a motherless child  
*Em* *Em*            *B* *Em* *Gdim7* *B7* (*Am6*) *Em*  
 Long way from my home        Long    way from    home

Sometimes I wish I could fly, Like a bird up in the sky  
 Sometimes I wish I could fly, Like a bird up in the sky  
 Sometimes I wish I could fly, Like a bird up in the sky  
 Little closer to my home Little closer to my home

Motherless children have a real hard time  
 Motherless children have-a real hard time  
 Motherless children have such a real hard time  
 A long way from home A long way from home

Sometimes I feel like freedom is near  
 Oh, sometimes I feel like freedom is here  
 Sometimes I feel like freedom is near  
 But we're so far from home We're so far from home

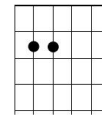
Sometimes I feel like it's close at hand  
 And sometimes I feel like it's close at hand  
 Sometimes I feel like the freedom is so near  
 But we're so far away from home But we're so far away from home

Sometimes I feel like my life's not worthwhile  
 Sometimes I feel like my life's not worthwhile  
 Sometimes I feel like my life's not worthwhile  
 A long way from home a long way from home

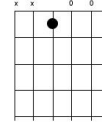
Sometimes I feel like I'm almos' gone  
 Sometimes I feel like I'm almos' gone  
 Sometimes I feel like I'm almos' gone  
 Way up in the heavenly land, Way up in the heavenly land

True believer  
 Way up in the heavenly land, Way up in the heavenly land

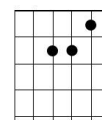
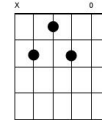
Em



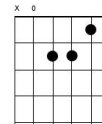
D#aug (Gaug, Baug)



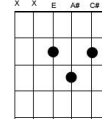
B7



Am7



Edim7 C#, G, A#



# My Love's in Germany traditional Scottish

*Am*            *G*   *D*  
My love's in Germanie, send him hame, send him hame  
*Em*  
My love's in Germanie, send him hame  
*G*            *D*  
My love's in Germanie, fighting brave for royalty  
*Em*                    *G*   *D*  
He may ne'er his Jeannie see, send him hame, send him hame  
*Em*  
He may ne'er his Jeannie see, send him hame.

He's as brave as brave can be, send him hame, send him hame  
He's as brave as brave can be, send him hame  
He's as brave as brave can be, he would rather fa' than flee  
But his life's sae dear to me, send him hame, send him hame  
For his life's sae dear to me, send him hame.

Our foes are ten tae three, send him hame, send him hame  
Our foes are ten tae three, send him hame  
Our foes are ten tae three, he would rather fa' than flee  
But his life's sae dear to me, send him hame, send him hame

He'll ne'er come o'er the sea, Wullie's lain, Wullie's slain  
He'll ne'er come o'er the sea, Wullie's slain  
He may ne'er come o'er the sea, tae his love and ain countrie  
This life's nae mair for me, Wullie's slain, Wullie's slain  
This life's nae mair for me, Wullie's slain.

My love's in Germanie, send him hame, send him hame  
My love's in Germanie, send him hame  
My love's in Germanie, fighting brave for royalty  
He may ne'er his Jeannie see, send him hame, send him hame  
He may ne'er his Jeannie see, send him hame.



# New River Train traditional

American Folk Song

Refrain

D D D A7

I'm rid-in' on that new ri-ver train. I'm rid-in' on that new ri-ver train. The

D G A7 D

same old train that brought me here. gon-na car-ry me back a - gain.

Verse

D D D A7

Oh, Hon-ey, you can't love\_\_ one. Oh, Hon-ey, you can't love\_\_ one. You

D G A7 D

can't love one and still have your fun. Oh, Hon-ey, you can't love one.

D D  
I'm riding on that new river train

D A7  
Riding on that new river train

D G  
Same old train that brought me here

A7 D  
Gonna carry me me away again

Darling, you can't love one (2X)  
You can't love one and have any fun  
Darling, you can't love one

Darling, you can't love two (2X)  
You can't love two and still be true  
Darling, you can't love two

Darling you can't love three (2X)  
You can't love three and still love me

Darling you can't love three

Darling you can't love four (2X)  
You can't love four and love any more  
Darling you can't love four

Darling you can't love five (2X)  
You can't love five and get money from my hive  
Darling you can't love five

Darling you can't love six (2X)  
You can't love six, for that love don't mix  
Darling you can't love six

Darling you can't love seven (2X)  
You can't love seven and still go to heaven  
Darling you can't love seven

# Nine Pound Hammer traditional

G G  
 Roll on buddy  
 G C  
 Don't you roll so slow?  
 C7 G  
 Well, tell me how can I roll, roll,  
 D G  
 roll—when the wheels won't go?

1 The Nine Pound Ham - mer is a li - ttle to hea - vy  
 5 for my size bud-dy for my size

G G  
 This nine pound hammer  
 G C  
 Is a little too heavy  
 C7 G  
 Buddy for my size  
 D G  
 Buddy for my size

So I'm going on the mountain  
 Just to see my baby  
 And I ain't coming back  
 No, I ain't coming back

Roll on buddy  
 Pull your load of coal  
 Tell me how can I pull  
 When the wheels won't roll

It's a long way to Harlan  
 It's a long way to Hazard  
 Just to get a little brew, brew, brew  
 Just to get a little brew

And when I die  
 You can make my tombstone  
 Out of number nine coal  
 Out of number nine coal

Well, tell me how can I roll, roll, roll  
 When the wheels won't go  
 Well, tell me how can I roll, roll, roll  
 When the wheels won't go

# Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen

traditional

*F* *Bb* *F* *Bbma7*  
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen  
*F*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bb*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bb*<sub>(½)</sub> *C7*<sub>(½)</sub>  
Nobody knows but Jesus  
*F*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bb*<sub>(½)</sub> *(C7)* *F*<sub>(1beat)</sub> *Fma7*<sub>(1beat)</sub> *F7* *try substituting A7 for the F at "trouble"*  
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen  
*Bb+9*<sub>(½)</sub> *C7* *F*<sub>(1beat)</sub> *Bb*<sub>(1beat)</sub> *F*<sub>(½)</sub>  
Glory Halle lu jah

*F*<sub>(1beat)</sub> *Fma7*<sub>(1beat)</sub> *F6*<sub>(1beat)</sub> *Fma7*<sub>(1beat)</sub>  
Sometimes I'm up and sometimes I'm down  
*F*<sub>(½)</sub> *Dm*<sub>(½)</sub> *Gm7*<sub>(½)</sub> *C7*<sub>(½)</sub>  
O yes lord  
*F*<sub>(1beat)</sub> *Gm*<sub>(1beat)</sub> *Am*<sub>(1beat)</sub> *Bbma7*<sub>(1beat)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *Dm*<sub>(1beat)</sub> *F7*<sub>(1beat)</sub>  
Sometimes I'm al most down to the ground,  
*Bbma7*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bb6*<sub>(1beat)</sub> *C7*<sub>(1beat)</sub> *Bb*<sub>(½)</sub> *F*<sub>(½)</sub>  
O yes, Lord

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen, Nobody knows but Jesus  
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen,, Glory Hallelujah!

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down , Oh, yes, Lord!  
Sometimes I'm almost to the ground, Oh, yes, Lord!

Now you may think that I don't know, Oh, yes, Lord  
But I've had my troubles here below. Oh, yes, Lord

One day when I was walkin' along Oh, yes, Lord  
The sky opened up and love came down Oh, yes, Lord

What makes old Satan hate me so? Oh, yes, Lord  
He had me once and had to let me go Oh, yes, Lord

I never shall forget that day, Oh, yes, Lord  
When Jesus washed my sins away Oh, yes, Lord

*F* *Bb* *F* *Dm7*  
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen  
*Gm7* *C7* *F* *F*  
Glory Halle lu jah

# Oh! Dear! What Can the Matter Be? traditional

*C C C C*  
Oh, dear! What can the matter be?  
*G7 G7 G7 G7*  
Dear, dear! What can the matter be?  
*C C C C*  
Oh, dear! What can the matter be?  
*Dm G7 C C*  
Johnny's so long at the fair.

*C G7 C C*  
He promised to buy me a trinket to please me  
*Dm Dm G7 G7*  
And then for a smile, oh, he vowed he would tease me  
*C G7 C C*  
He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbons  
*Dm G7 C C*  
To tie up my bonnie brown hair.

He promised to bring me a basket of posies  
A garland of lilies, a gift of red roses  
A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons  
That tie up my bonnie brown hair.

He promised to buy me a beautiful faring,  
A gay bit of lace that the lassies are wearing  
He promised he'd buy me a bunch of new ribbons  
To tie up my bonnie brown hair.

# Oh Shenandoah traditional

$D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F\#_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,  
 $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D$   
 Away, you rolling river  
 $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F\#m_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bm$   
 Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you  
 $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F\#m_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Gma7$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 Away, I'm bound away, across the wide Missouri.

$D$   $D$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D$   
 Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter, A  
 $G$   $G$   $D$   $D$   
 way, you rolling river Oh  
 $Bm$   $F\#m$   $G$   $G$   
 Shenandoah, I love your daughter A  
 $D$   $D$   $A7$   $A7$   $D$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 way, I'm bound away, cross the wide Missouri i.

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,  
 Away you rolling river.  
 Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you,  
 Away, I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter,  
 Away, you rolling river.  
 For her I'd cross, Your roaming waters,  
 Away, I'm bound away, 'Cross the wide Missouri.

'Tis seven years, since last I've seen you,  
 And hear your rolling river.  
 'Tis seven years, since last I've seen you,  
 Away, we're bound away, Across the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you,  
 And hear your rolling river.  
 Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you,  
 Away, we're bound away, Across the wide Missouri.

# Oh, Sinner Man traditional

*Em*                      *Em*  
Oh, sinner man, where you gonna run to?  
*D*                              *D*  
Oh, sinner man, where you gonna run to?  
*Em*                              *Em*  
Oh, sinner man, where you gonna run to  
*Am*                      *Em*  
All on that day?



*or Am(sus2)*

Run from the light, Satan's gonna see you.  
Run from the light, Satan's gonna see you.  
Run from the light, Satan's gonna see you.  
All on that day.

Don't make a sound, the Devils' gonna hear you.  
Don't make a sound, the Devils' gonna hear you.  
Don't make a sound, the Devils' gonna hear you.  
All on that day.

Run to the Lord. Lord, won't you hide me?  
Run to the Lord. Lord, won't you hide me?  
Run to the Lord. Lord, won't you hide me?  
All on that day.

Lord said: Sinner man, you should've been a prayin'.  
Lord said: Sinner man, you should've been a prayin'.  
Lord said: Sinner man, you should've been a prayin'.  
All on that day.

The Devil said: "Sinner man, step right in!"  
The Devil said: "Sinner man, step right in!"  
The Devil said: "Sinner man, step right in!"  
All on that day.

When you dig in the ground, the Devil won't catch you.  
Dig in the ground, the Devil won't catch you.  
Dig in the ground, the Devil won't catch you.  
All on that day.



# Old Coat traditional

*Am Am Dm Am*  
I look to the east, I look to the west,  
*Dm Am7 F Am*  
A youth asking fate to be rewardin'.  
*Am Am Dm Em*  
But fortune is a blind god, flying through the clouds,  
*Dm Am F Am*  
and forgettin' me on this side of Jordan.

*Am Am F F Am Am7 Am Am*  
Take off your old coat and roll up your sleeves,  
*Dm Dm Am Am Dm6 E7 Am Am*  
Life is a hard road to travel, I believe

Silver spoons to some mouths, golden spoons to others,  
Dare a man to change the given order.  
Though they smile and tell us all of us are brothers,  
never was it true this side of Jordan.

Like some ragged owlet with its wings expanded,  
Nailed to some garden gate or boardin'.  
Thus will I by some men all my life be branded  
Never hurted none this side of Jordan.



# On Top of Old Smokey traditional

*C*        *F F*        *F*  
On top of old Smokey  
*F*        *C*        *C*        *C*  
All covered with snow  
*C*        *G7*        *G7*        *G7*  
I lost my true lover  
*G7*        *C*        *F*        *C*  
By courting too slow

Courting is a pleasure, but parting is a grief  
An' a false hearted lover is worst than a thief

For a thief will rob you, an' take what you give  
But a false hearted lover will lead you to your grave

The grave will decay you, an' turn you to dust  
Show me a boy, that a poor girl can trust

For, they'll hug an' they'll kiss you. an' tell you more lies  
That th cross ties on a railroad or the stars in the sky

Come all you young girls, an' listen to me  
Don't place your reflection on a green willow tree

For, the leaves they will wither an' the roots will decay  
An' a false hearted lover will soon fade away

# Parting Glass traditional English

**THE PARTING GLASS** KEY Dm

♩ = 120

Dm C Dm F C

Oh, all the mo-ney e'er I had, I spent it in good com-pa-ny, And

Dm C Dm C Dm

all the harm I've e-ver done, a-las it was to none but me, And

F Gm F

all I've done for want of wit to mem'-ry now I can't re-call; So

Dm C Dm C Dm

fill to me the part-ing glass, Good-night and joy be with you all.

Oh, all the comrades e'er I had,  
 They're sorry for my going away,  
 And all the sweethearts e'er I had,  
 They'd wished me one more day to stay,  
 But since it falls unto my lot  
 That I should rise and you should not,  
 I gently rise and softly call,  
 Goodnight and joy be with you all.

If I had money enough to spend,  
 And leisure time to sit awhile,  
 There is a fair maid in this town,  
 That sorely has my heart beguiled.  
 Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips,  
 I own, she has my heart in thrall,  
 Then fill to me the parting glass,  
 Good night and joy be with you all.



Tom Carthy.  
 Who lived to the wonderful age of 105.  
 Irish Piper. Ballybunion, Co. Kerry.

# Plaisir d'Amour

music by Jean-Paul Egide Martini (Martini il Tedesco) and words by Jean-Pierre Claris de Florian (1785) (also: I Can't Help Falling in Love with You)

*F C7 F F Bb F C7 C7*  
Plaisir d'...amour ne dure qu'un moment  
*Bb (Ddim7) C7 F Gm F C7 F F*  
Chagrin d'a mour dure toute la vie

J'ai tout quittée pour l'ingrate Sylvie  
Elle me quitte et me prend un autre amant

"Tant que cette eau coulera doucement  
Ves ce ruisseau qui borde la prairie

Je t'aimerai", me, répétait Sylvie  
Mai l'eau coule encore, elle a changé pourtant

## The Pleasure Of Love

Love's pleasure lasts but a moment  
Love's sorrow lasts all throughout life.

I would have left everything for faithless Sylvia,  
But she left me and took another lover.

Love's pleasure lasts but a moment  
Love's sorrow lasts all throughout life.

"As long as the water flows gently  
To the stream that borders the meadow,

I will love you", repeated Sylvia to me.  
The water still flows, but she has changed.

Love's pleasure lasts but a moment  
Love's sorrow lasts all throughout life.

# Polly Von

traditional (adapted by Peter Paul and Mary)

*Am Am Dm Dm Dm*  
I shall tell of a hunter, whose life was undone  
*Am Am Am E E*  
By the cruel hand of evil, at the setting of the sun.  
*Am Am Dm Dm Dm*  
His arrow was loosed, and it flew through the dark,  
*Am Am7 F E7 Am Am(1/2) Dm(1/2) Am Am(1/2) Dm(1/2) Am*  
And his true love was slain as the shaft found its mark

*C C C E E*  
she'd her apron wrapped about her, and he took her for a swan  
*Am Am7 F E7 Am Am(1/2)Dm(1/2) Am Am(1/2)Dm(1/2) Am*  
And it's oh and alas, it was she Polly Von

He ran up beside her and found it was she.  
He turned away his head, for he couldn't bear to see.  
He lifted her up and found she was dead.  
A fountain of tears for his true love he shed.

He bore her away to his home by the sea-  
Cried Father, oh father, I've murdered poor Polly.  
I've killed my fair love in the flower of her life,  
I'd always intended that she be my wife.

He roamed near the place where his true love was slain.  
He wept bitter tears, but his cries were all in vain.  
As he looked on the lake, a swan glided by,  
And the sun slowly sank in the gray of the sky.

*C C C E E*  
she'd her apron wrapped about her, and he took her for a swan  
*Am Am7 F E7 Am Am(1/2)Dm(1/2) Am Am(1/2)Dm(1/2) Am*  
And it's oh and alas, it was she Polly Von

# Polly Wolly Doodle traditional

## Polly Wolly Doodle

*Traditional Kids Tune*

♩ = 200

D

1. Oh, I went down south for to see my Sal, sing - ing  
 2. Oh, my Sal she is a maid - en fair, sing - ing  
 3. Oh, a grass - hopper sittin' on a rail - road track, sing - ing  
 4. Oh, I went to bed but it wasn't no use, sing - ing  
 5. Be - hind the barn down on my knees, sing - ing  
 6. He sneezed so hard with the hoop - ing cough, sing - ing

A

"Pol - ly Wol - ly Doo - dle" all the day. My Sal she is a  
 "Pol - ly Wol - ly Doo - dle" all the day. With laugh - ing eyes and  
 "Pol - ly Wol - ly Doo - dle" all the day. A pick - in' his teeth with a  
 "Pol - ly Wol - ly Doo - dle" all the day. My feet stuck out like a  
 "Pol - ly Wol - ly Doo - dle" all the day. I thought I heard a  
 "Pol - ly Wol - ly Doo - dle" all the day. He sneezed his head and

D

CHORUS

spun - ky gal sing - ing "Pol - ly Wol - ly Doo - dle" all the day. Fare thee  
 cur - ly hair, sing - ing "Pol - ly Wol - ly Doo - dle" all the day.  
 car - pet tack, sing - ing "Pol - ly Wol - ly Doo - dle" all the day.  
 chick - en roost, sing - ing "Pol - ly Wol - ly Doo - dle" all the day.  
 chick - en sneeze, sing - ing "Pol - ly Wol - ly Doo - dle" all the time.  
 tail right off, sing - ing "Pol - ly Wol - ly Doo - dle" all the day.

well, fare thee well, fare thee well my fair - y

A

fey, For I'm goin' to Lou - si - an - a for to see my Su - si - an - na sing - ing

D

"Pol - ly Wol - ly Doo - dle" all the day.

# Pretty Mary traditional

*D*            *D*            *G*            *D*  
My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay,  
*D*            *D*            *G*            *D*  
So fare thee well darling, I'm going away.

Pretty Mary, Pretty Mary, would you think me unkind  
If I were to see you and tell you my mind?

Your parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor,  
They say I'm not worthy to enter your door.

My parents don't like you, But why do you care  
You know I'm your Polly, you know I'm your dear

Go saddle your horses, we'll be on our way  
We'll drive on a little farther, an' feed on our way

So fare-you-well Mother, I'll leave you behind  
I'll do as I promised that Johnny of mine

We'll pack our belongings, an' drive till we come  
To some little cabin. we'll call it our home

Go saddle me my pony my pretty little babe  
I'll ride out tomorrow but I'm coming back someday

It's true I've no silver, It's true I've no gold  
It's true that I love you and now you've been told

As sure as the dew drops fall on the green grass,  
Last night I was with her, tonight I am gone.

My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay,  
So fare thee well darling, I'm going away.

# Red Is the Rose traditional

Come over the hills, my bonnie Irish lass  
Come over the hills to your darling  
You choose the rose, love, and I'll make the vow  
And I'll be your true love forever.

D            Bm            Em            G<sup>(1/2)</sup>    A<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows  
D            Bm            G    A  
Fair is the lily of the valley  
G            F#m            G            Bm<sup>(1/2)</sup>    A  
Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne  
D            Bm            Em<sup>(1/2)</sup>    A<sup>(1/2)</sup>    D  
But my love is fairer than an            y.

'Twas down by Killarney's green woods that we strayed  
When the moon and the stars they were shining  
The moon shone its rays on her locks of golden hair  
And she swore she'd be my love forever.

It's not for the parting with my sister Kate  
It's not for the grief of my mother  
'Tis all for the loss of my bonny Irish lass  
That my heart is breaking forever.







# Rising of the Moon

traditional (tune of *Wearing of the Green* and words by J.K. Casey in 1865, a Fenian from Mullingar) (bhuachaill is pronounced "VOO-uh-{k}hill" and means 'my boy')

D5                      D5                      A                      A  
 And come, tell me Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so?  
G                                      D6                                      A7sus4                      D5  
 "Hush mo bhuachaill, hush and listen", and his cheeks were all aglow,  
D5                      D5                      A                      A  
 "I bear orders from the captain: get you ready quick and soon,  
G                                      D6                                      A7sus4                      D5  
 for the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon"

D5                      D5                      A                      A  
 By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon,  
G                                      D6                                      A7sus4                      D  
 for the pikes must be together at the rising of the moon  
*(repeat last line of each stanza)*

"And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, where the gath'rin is to be?"  
 "In the old spot by the river, quite well known to you and me.  
 One more word for signal token: whistle out the marchin' tune,  
 with your pike upon your shoulder, at the rising of the moon."

Out from many a mud wall cabin eyes were watching through the night,  
 many a manly heart was beatin, for the blessed morning light.  
 Murmurs ran along the valleys to the banshee's lonely croon,  
 and a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon.

All along that singing river that black mass of men was seen,  
 high above their shining weapons, flew their own beloved green.  
 "Death to every foe and traitor! Whistle out the marching tune."  
 And hurrah my boys for freedom; 'tis the rising of the moon".

Well they fought for poor old Ireland, and full bitter was their fate,  
 oh what glorious pride and sorrow, fills the name of ninety-eight!  
 Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating hearts in manhood burning noon,  
 who would follow in their footsteps, at the risin' of the moon

The Rising of the Moon  
John Keegan Casey (1846-1870)

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of six staves of music with lyrics underneath. The chords are indicated above the notes. The lyrics are: "Oh, then tell me, Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so." "Hush a while, just hush and listen," and his cheeks were all a glow. "I bear orders from the Captain, et you ready quick and soon, For the pike must be together to - - eth - er".



# Roving Gambler traditional

C C  
 I am a roving gambler I've gambled all around  
F(½) C(½) F(½) C(½)  
 Wherever I meet with a deck of cards, I lay my money down  
C C C(½) G7(½) C  
 I lay my money down lay my money down

Key G major

I am a roving gambler, gambled all around. When  
 ever I meet with a deck of cards, I lay my money down, Lay my money  
 down lay my money down.

I had not been in Frisco many more weeks than three  
 I met up with a pretty little gal, She fell in love with me  
 Fell in love with me, fell in love with me

She took me in her parlor, cooled me with her fan  
 Whispered low in her mother's ear, "I love this gambling man."  
 "Love this gambling man, love this gambling man."

"Oh daughter oh dear daughter, how can you treat me so?  
 Leave your dear old mother and with a gambler go  
 With a gambler go, with a gambler go."

My mother oh my mother you can not understand  
 If you ever see me a coming back I'll be with a gambling man  
 With a gambling man, with a gambling man

I left her there in Frisco and I wound up in Maine  
 I met up with a gambling man got in a poker game  
 Got in a poker game, got in a poker game

We put our money in the pot and dealt the cards around  
 I saw him deal from the bottom of the deck and I shot that gambler down  
 Shot the gambler down, shot the gambler down

Well, now I'm in the jailhouse got a number for my name  
 The Warden said as he locked the door: "You've gambled your last game."  
 Gambled your last game, gambled your last game

# Rye Whiskey

traditional

*D* *D*  
Rye whiskey, rye whiskey,  
*D* *D*  
I'll drink when I'm dry,  
*D* *D*  
If the hard times don't kill me,  
*A7* *D*  
I'll lay down and die.

*D* *D*  
Rye whisky, rye whisky,  
*D* *D*  
Rye whisky, I cry,  
*D* *D*  
If you don't give me rye whisky,  
*A7* *D*  
I surely will die.

I'll tune up my fiddle,  
And I'll rosin my bow,  
I'll make myself welcome,  
Wherever I go.

Beefsteak when I'm hungry,  
Red liquor when I'm dry,  
Greenbacks when I'm hard up,  
And religion when I die.

They say I drink whisky,  
My money's my own;  
All them that don't like me,  
Can leave me alone.

Sometimes I drink whisky,  
Sometimes I drink rum,  
Sometimes I drink brandy,  
At other times none.

But if I get boozy,  
My whisky's my own,  
And them that don't like me,  
Can leave me alone.

Jack o' diamonds, jack o'  
diamonds,  
I know you of old,  
You've robbed my poor pockets  
Of silver and gold.

Oh, whisky, you villain,  
You've been my downfall,  
You've kicked me, you've cuffed  
me,

But I love you for all.  
If the ocean was whisky,  
And I was a duck,  
I'd dive to the bottom  
To get one sweet suck.

But the ocean ain't whisky  
And I ain't a duck,  
So we'll round up the cattle  
And then we'll get drunk.

My foot's in my stirrup,  
My bridle's in my hand,  
I'm leaving sweet Lillie,  
The fairest in the land.

Her parents don't like me,  
They say I'm too poor;  
They say I'm unworthy  
To enter her door.

Sweet milk when I'm hungry,  
Rye whisky when I'm dry,  
If a tree don't fall on me,  
I'll live till I die.

I'll buy my own whisky,  
I'll make my own stew,  
If I get drunk, madam,  
It's nothing to you.

I'll drink my own whisky,  
I'll drink my own wine,  
Some ten thousand bottles  
I've killed in my time.

I've no wife to quarrel  
No babies to bawl;  
The best way of living  
Is no wife at all.

Way up on Clinch Mountain  
I wander alone,  
I'm as drunk as the devil,  
Oh, let me alone.

You may boast of your knowledge  
An' brag of your sense,  
'Twill all be forgotten  
A hundred years hence.

(African American Variant)  
In my little log cabin,  
Ever since I been born,  
Dere ain't been no nothin'  
'Cept dat hard salt, parched corn.

But I know whar's a henhouse,  
De turkey he charve;  
An, if ol' Massa don' kill me  
I cain't never starve.

Rye whisky, rye whisky,  
You're no friend to me;  
You killed my poor daddy,  
Goddamn you, try me.

# Saint James Infirmary Blues Traditional

*Dm A7 Dm Dm*  
It was down at old Joe's bar room  
*Dm Gm A7 A7*  
At the corner by the square  
*Dm A7 Dm Dm/C*  
They were serving drinks as usual  
*Gm A7 Dm Dm*  
And the usual crowd was there

On my left stood big Joe MacKennedy  
His eyes were bloodshot red  
And as he looked at the gang around him  
These were the very words he said.

*Dm A7 Dm Dm*  
I went down to St. James Infirmary  
*Dm Em7b5 A7 A7*  
I saw my baby there  
*Dm A7 Dm Dm/C*  
Stretched out on a long, white table  
*Bbma7 A7 Dm Dm*  
So young, so cold, so fair

Seventeen coal-black horses  
Hitched to a rubber-tied hack  
Seven girls goin' to the graveyard  
Only six of them are coming back

Let her go. Let her go, God bless her  
Wherever she may be  
She may search this wide world over  
And never find another man like me

When I die just bury me  
In my high-top Stetson hat  
Place a twenty-dollar gold piece on my  
watch chain  
To let the Lord know I died standing pat

I want six crap-shooters for my  
pallbearers  
A chorus girl to sing me a song  
Place a jazz band on my hearse wagon  
To raise hell as we roll along

Now that you've heard my story  
I'll take another shot of booze  
And if anyone here should ask you  
I've got the gambler's blues

# Salee Dame

Creole traditional with phonetic lyrics

Mam-selle Jo - se - phine i - gris - te dans la rue Dau-phine li -  
-gris - te aussi é beaux bean cas - sé sau - ti jam - ping  
Sa - lee Dame Sa - lee Dame Sa - lee Da - me bon - jour  
Sa - lee Dame lais - sé mon roi to - go mo - i to - to  
Sa - lee Dame Sa - lee Dame Sa - lee Da - me bon - jour  
Sa - lee Dame lais - sé mon roi to - go mo - i to - to.

**G** **D7** **G** **D7** **G** **D7** **G**

# Sally Gardens traditional English (a sally garden is a willow garden providing shoots for baskets)

**sally gardens** KEY C

♩ = 76

C G7 F C F G7 C

Down by the Sal-ly gar-dens, my love and I did meet, She

G7 F C F G7 C

passed the Sal-ly gar-dens, with lit-tle snow-white feet, She

Am F Em F G7 C

bid me : 'Take love ea-sy, as the leaves grow on the tree, ' But

G7 F C F G7 C

I, be-ing young and fool-ish, with her did not a-gree.

In a field down by the river my love and I did stand  
 And on my leaning shoulder, she laid her snow-white hand  
 She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;  
 But I was young and foolish and now am full of tears.

Down by the sally gardens, my love and I did meet;  
 She passed the sally gardens, with little snow-white feet.  
 She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;  
 But I being young and foolish, with her did not agree.





# Scarborough Fair Canticle traditional

*Am Am G Am Am*  
 Are you going to Scarborough Fair  
*C Am C<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am Am*  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
*Am C C<sub>(1)</sub> Bm<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G G*  
 Remember me to one who lives there  
*Am G<sub>(2)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am Am*  
 She once was a true love of mine

*Am Am G<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am<sub>(2)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub>*  
 Tell her to make me a cambric shirt  
 On the side of a hill in the deep forest  
*C Am C<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am<sub>(2)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub>*  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
 green Tracing a sparrow on snow-crested  
*Am Am C C<sub>(1)</sub> Bm<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G G*  
 Without no seam nor needle work  
 Brown Blankets and bedclothes a child of the  
*Am G<sub>(2)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am Am*  
 Then she'll be a true love of mine  
 mountain Sleeps unaware of the clarion call

*Am Am G<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am<sub>(2)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub>*  
 Tell her to find me an acre of land  
 On the side of a hill, a sprinkling of  
*C Am C<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am<sub>(2)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub>*  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
 leaves Washes the ground with silver  
*Am Am C C<sub>(1)</sub> Bm<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G G*  
 Between the salt water and the sea strand  
 tears A soldier cleans and polishes a  
*Am G<sub>(2)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am Am*  
 Then she'll be a true love of mine  
 gun Sleeps unaware of the clarion call



*Am Am G<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am<sub>(2)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub>*  
 Tell her to reap it in a sickle of leather  
 War bel lows, blazing in scarlet bat  
*C Am C<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am<sub>(2)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub>*  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
 talions Generals order their soldiers to  
*Am Am C C<sub>(1)</sub> Bm<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G G*  
 And to gather it all in a bunch of heather  
 kill And to fight for a cause they've long ago for  
*Am G<sub>(2)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am Am*  
 Then she'll be a true love of mine  
 gotten

*Am Am G Am Am*  
 Are you going to Scarborough Fair  
*C Am C<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am Am*  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
*Am C C<sub>(1)</sub> Bm<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G G*  
 Remember me to one who lives there  
*Am G<sub>(2)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am Am*  
 She once was a true love of mine

# Seeing Nellie Home traditional

*A E7 A A*  
In the sky the bright stars glittered  
*D D A A*  
On the bank the pale moon shone  
*A A7 D D*  
It was from Aunt Dinah's quilting party  
*E7 E7 A A*  
I was seeing Nellie home

*A D A A*  
I was seeing Nellie home  
*D D A A*  
I was seeing Nellie home  
*A A7 D D*  
It was from Aunt Dinah's quilting party  
*E7 E7 A A*  
I was seeing Nellie home

On my arm a soft hand rested  
Rested light as ocean foam  
It was from Aunt Dinah's quilting party  
I was seeing Nellie home

On my lips a whisper trembled  
Trembled till it dared to come  
It was from Aunt Dinah's quilting party  
I was seeing Nellie home

On my life new hopes were dawning  
And those hopes have lived and grown  
It was from Aunt Dinah's quilting party  
I was seeing Nellie home

# Shady Grove traditional



*Am*            *G*            *Am*            *Em*  
Shady Grove, my little love, Shady Grove I say  
*C*            *G*            *Am*<sup>(1/2)</sup>    *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup>    *Am*  
Shady Grove, my little love, I'm bound to go away

Cheeks as red as a blooming rose, and eyes are the prettiest brown  
She's the darling of my heart, sweetest girl in town

I wish I had a big fine horse, and corn to feed him on  
And Shady Grove to stay at home, and feed him while I'm gone

Went to see my Shady Grove, she was standing in the door  
Her shoes and stockings in her hand, and her little bare feet on the floor

When I was a little boy, I wanted a Barlow knife  
And now I want little Shady Grove, to say she'll be my wife

A kiss from pretty little Shady Grove is sweet as brandy wine  
And there ain't no girl in this old world, that's prettier than mine

Peaches in the summertime, apples in the fall,  
If I can't get the girl I love, won't have none at all.

Shady Grove, my true love, Shady Grove, I know,  
Shady Grove, my true love, I'm bound for Shady Grove.

Wish I had a banjo string made of golden twine  
Every tune I'd play on it, I wish that girl were mine

Wish I had a needle and thread and down the road I'd go

Some come here to fiddle and dance, some come here to tarry  
Some come here to fiddle and dance, I come here to marry

# Short'nin' Bread traditional

C G7 C G7  
Put on the skillet, put on the lid  
C<sup>(1/2)</sup> Dm<sup>(1/2)</sup> C<sup>(1/2)</sup> F<sup>(1/2)</sup> D9<sup>(1/2)</sup> G7<sup>(1/2)</sup> C  
Mama's goin' to make a little short'nin' bread  
C G7 C G7  
That's not all she's goin' to do  
C<sup>(1/2)</sup> Dm<sup>(1/2)</sup> C<sup>(1/2)</sup> F<sup>(1/2)</sup> D9<sup>(1/2)</sup> G7<sup>(1/2)</sup> C  
Mama's goin' to make a little short'nin' bread

C G7#5 C G7#5  
Mama's little baby loves short'nin', short'nin'  
C G7#5 D9<sup>(1/2)</sup> G7<sup>(1/2)</sup> C  
Mama's little baby loves short'nin' bread  
C G7#5 C G7#5  
Mama's little baby loves short'nin', short'nin'  
C G7#5 D9<sup>(1/2)</sup> G7<sup>(1/2)</sup> C  
Mama's little baby loves short'nin' bread

Three little fellas, layin' in the bed  
Two were sick and the other 'most dead  
Sent for the doctor, the doctor said  
"Feed those chilum on short'nin' bread"

I snuck to the kitchen, picked up the lid  
I filled my pockets full of short'nin' bread  
Stole the skillet, stole the lid  
Stole the gal makin' short'nin' bread

When those children layin' in the bed  
Heard that talk about short'nin' bread  
They popped up well and started to sing  
Skipping 'round the room doing the pigeon wing

Caught me with the skillet, caught me with the lid,  
Caught me with the gal makin' short'nin' bread.  
Paid six dollars for the skillet, six dollars for the lid,  
Spend six months in jail eatin' short'nin' bread.

Mama's little baby loves short'nin', short'nin'  
Mama's little baby loves short'nin' bread  
Mama's little baby loves short'nin', short'nin'  
Mama's little baby loves short'nin' bread

# Si Me Quieras Escribir traditional

*Em*                    *B(½) B7(½)*                    *Em B*  
 .. Si me quieres escribir, ya sabes mi paradero,  
       *Em*                    *B(½) B7(½)*                    *Em(½)*  
 Si me quieres escribir, ya sabes mi paradero: -  
       *Em(¼) D(¼)*    *Em(½)*                    *D(½) C(½) B*  
 en el frente de Gandeza, primera línea de fuego  
*Em*                    *D(½) C*                    *B*  
 en el frente de Gandeza, primera línea de fuego

Si tú quieres comer bien, barato y de buena forma. (2x)  
 En el frente de batalla, allí tienen una fonda. (2x)

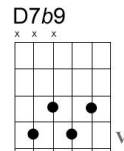
En la entrada de la fonda, hay un moro Mohamed (2x)  
 Que te dice, "Pasa! Pasa! ¿Qué quieres para comer?" (2x)

El primer plato que dan, son granadas moledoras (2x)  
 El segundo de metralla para recordar memorias (2x)

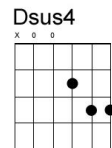
If you want to write me a letter, you know my address.  
 I'm on the Gandesa Front, first line of fire.  
 If you want to eat, well and cheaply,  
 At the Gandesa Front, there's an inn.  
 At the entrance there's a Moor, Mohammed,  
 Who says, "Come in! Come in! What would you like to eat?"  
 The first dish they give you is exploding hand grenades,  
 The second, bullets, to waken memories.

# Single Girl traditional

*G Am7 G Am7 G Am7 G Am7*  
 When I was a single girl, dressed in clothes so fine  
*G Am7 G Am7 G Am7 G G7*  
 Now I'm a married girl, go ragged all the time

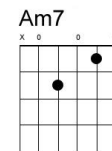


*C C D Dsus4 G Am7 G Gdim7*  
 Wish I was a single girl a gain  
*C C D Dsus4 G Am7 G Am7*  
 Wish I was a single girl again



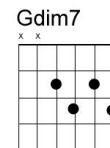
When I was a single girl, had shoes the very best kind  
 Now I am a married girl, go barefoot all the time

When I was a single girl, used to go to the store and buy  
 Now I am a married girl, just rock that cradle and cry.



When a fella comes a courtin' you, and sites you on his knee  
 Keep your eye on the sparrow, that flits from tree to tree

*C C D Dsus4 G Am7 G Gdim7*  
 And you'll never wish you were a single girl like me  
*C C D Dsus4 G Am7 G Am7*  
 You'll never wish you were a single girl like me  
*C C Dsus4 D7b9 G Am7 G G*  
 Wish I was a single girl a gain.



When I was single, I ate ice cream and pie  
 Now that I'm married, it's cornbread or die  
     When I was single, marryin' I did crave  
     Now that I'm married, I'm worse than a slave  
 Big old no good old husband, layin' there in bed  
 So tired and lazy, can't lift up his head  
     Lay in bed and jump a mile, at the slightest noise  
     Big protectin' husband, out with the boys  
 Clean the house and wash the clothes, then it's time to cook  
 Big old lazy husband, readin' funny books

# Sinner Man traditional

*Dm* *Dm*  
Oh, sinner man, where you're gonna run to?  
*C* *C*  
Oh, sinner man, where you're gonna run to?  
*Dm* *Dm*  
Oh, sinner man, where you're gonna run to  
*Dm*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Dm*  
all on that day?

Run to the moon, "Moon, won't you hide me?"  
Run to the sea, "Sea, won't you hide me?"  
Run to the sun, "Sun, won't you hide me all on that day?"  
Lord said, "Sinner man, moon'll be a bleeding"  
Lord said, "Sinner man, sea'll be a sinking"  
Lord said, "Sinner man, sun'll be a freezing all on that day"

Oh, sinner man, where you're gonna run to?  
Oh, sinner man, where you're gonna run to?  
Oh, sinner man, where you're gonna run to all on that day?

Run to the Lord, "Lord, won't You hide me?"  
Run to the Lord, "Lord, won't You hide me?"  
Run, run, "Lord, won't You hide me all on that day?"  
Lord said, "Sinner man, you should've been a praying"  
Lord said, "Sinner man, should've been a praying"  
Lord said, "Sinner man, should've been a praying all on that day"

Oh, sinner man, where you're gonna run to?  
Oh, sinner man, where you're gonna run to?  
Oh, sinner man, where you're gonna run to all on that day?

The image shows three staves of musical notation for the first three lines of the song. The first staff has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a five-line staff. The lyrics "Oh sim-er man, where you goun-a run to," are written below the notes. Above the staff, the chord *Em* is written above the first two notes and above the last two notes. The second staff has the same melody and lyrics, with the chord *D* written above the first two notes. The third staff has the same melody and lyrics, with the chords *Em*, *Em*, *Em*, *D*, and *Em* written above the notes.

# Skip to My Lou traditional

C C  
Lost my partner, what'll I do?  
G G  
Lost my partner, what'll I do?  
C C  
Lost my partner, what'll I do?  
G C  
Skip to my Lou my darling

Gone again, skip to my Lou (3x)

I'll get another one, prettier 'n new (3x)

Little red wagon painted blue (3x)

Flies in the buttermilk, two by two (3x)

Flies in the sugar bowl, shoo shoo shoo (3x)

Cows in the cornfield, What'll I do? (3x)

There's a little red wagon, Paint it blue(3x)

Can't get a red bird, Jay bird'll do, (3x)

Cat's in the cream jar, Ooh, ooh, ooh, (3x)

Off to Texas, Two by two, (3x)

Lots more verses but there's a lotta do (3x)

Skip, skip, skip to the Lou, (3x)



# Soldier, Soldier, Marry Me traditional

*D* *D* *D* *D*  
“Soldier, soldier, marry me,  
*D* *D* *A7* *A7*  
And I’ll give you a fife and drum.”  
*G* *G* *A7* *A7*  
“Oh, how could I marry such a pretty, pretty thing?  
*D* *A7* *D* *D*  
When I hadn’t got no shoes to put on.”

Away she went to the shoemaker’s shop  
As hard as she could run,  
And got one of the very best sort,  
And the soldier, he put ‘em on.

“Soldier, soldier, marry me,  
And I’ll give you a fife and drum.”  
“Oh, how could I marry such a pretty,  
pretty thing?  
Hadn’t got no coat to put on.”

Away she went to the coatmaker’s shop  
As hard as she could run,  
And got one of the very best sort,  
And the soldier, he put it on.

“Soldier, soldier, marry me,  
And I’ll give you a fife and drum.”  
“Oh, how could I marry such a pretty,  
pretty thing?  
Hadn’t got no gloves to put on.”

Away she went to the glovemaker’s  
shop,  
As hard as she could run,  
And got one of the very best sort,  
And the soldier, he put ‘em on.

“Soldier, soldier, marry me,  
And I’ll give you a fife and drum.”  
“Oh, how could I marry such a pretty,  
pretty thing  
When I hadn’t got no hat to put on?”

Away she went to the hatmaker’s shop,  
As hard as she could run,  
And got one of the very best sort,  
And the soldier, he put it on.

“Soldier, soldier, marry me,  
And I’ll give you a fife and drum.”  
“Oh, how could I marry such a pretty,  
pretty thing,  
When I’ve got a sweet wife at home?”

# Song for Ireland

traditional Irish folk song

*D*                    *A*                    *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *D/F#*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *G/E*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *A*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *D*  
Walking all the day near tall towers where falcons build their nests  
*D*                    *A*                    *Em*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *Bm*                    *G*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *A*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *D*  
Silver-winged they fly; they know the call of freedom in their breasts  
*G*                    *Asus*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *A*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *D*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *Bm*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *D*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *G*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *A*  
Saw Black Head against the sky where twisted rocks they run down to the sea

*G*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *A*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *D*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *Bm*<sup>(½)</sup>  
Living on your western shore  
*Bm*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *D*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *G*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *A*<sup>(½)</sup>  
Saw summer sunsets, asked for more  
*G*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *A*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *D*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *A*<sup>(½)</sup>  
I stood by your Atlantic Sea  
*Em*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *Bm*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *G*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *A*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *D*  
And sang a song for I re land

Drinking all the day in old pubs where fiddlers love to play  
Saw one touch the bow, he played a reel which seemed so grand and gay  
Stood on Dingle Beach and cast in wild foam we found Atlantic bass

Talking all the day with true friends who try to make you stay  
Telling jokes and news; singing songs to pass the time away  
Watched the Galway salmon run like silver dancing, darting in the sun

Dreaming in the night, I saw a land where no one had to fight  
Waking in your dawn, I saw you crying in the morning light  
Sleeping where the falcons fly, they twist and turn all in your air-blue sky

# Sourwood Mountain (traditional)

Way down Yon-der in Sour-wood moun-tain hey ho did-dle dum day. So man-y pret-ty girls yo can't count them, hey ho did-dle dum day

D                                  G(½)    C(½)  
 Chickens crowin' on Sourwood Mountain  
 D    A7(½)    D(½)  
 Hey-ho diddle-um day  
 D                                  G(½)    D(½)  
 So many pretty girls I can't count em  
 D    A7(½)    D(½)  
 Hey-ho diddle-um day

My true love's a blue eyed daisy  
 Hey-ho diddle-um day  
 If I don't get her, I'll go crazy  
 Hey-ho diddle-um day

My true love lives at the head of the hollow  
 Hey-ho diddle-um day  
 She won't come and I won't follow  
 Hey-ho diddle-um day

My true love's a blue eyed daisy  
 Hey-ho diddle-um day  
 She won't come and I'm too lazy  
 Hey-ho diddle-um day

My true love lives over the river  
 Hey-ho diddle-um day  
 Few more jumps and I'll be with her  
 Hey-ho diddle-um day

Big dog bark, little dog bite you  
 Hey-ho diddle-um day  
 Big girl courts, little one spite you  
 Hey-ho diddle-um day

Ducks in the pond, geese in the ocean  
 Hey-ho diddle-um day  
 Devil's in the women, if they take a notion  
 Hey-ho diddle-um day

# Spanish Is a Loving Tongue traditional

*A Ama7 D D A Ama7 Bm E*  
Spanish is a loving tongue, soft as music light as spray  
*A Ama7 D D A A E A*  
Was a girl he learned it from, living down Sonora way

*F#m E D A A Ama7 Bm E*  
He don't look much like a lover, but he says her love words over  
*A Ama7 D D A A E A*  
Mostly when he's all alone, mi amor mi corazón

Nights when she knew where I'd ride  
She would listen for my spurs,  
Fling the big door open wide,  
Raise them laughin' eyes of hers;

But one time I had to fly  
For a foolish gamblin' fight,  
And we said a swift goodbye  
In that black unlucky night.

And my heart would nigh stop beating  
When I heard her tender greeting,  
Whispered soft for me alone --  
"Mi amor, mi corazón."

When I'd loosed her arms from clingin'  
With her words the hoofs kept ringin'  
As I galloped north alone --  
"Adios, mi corazón!"

Moonlight in the patio,  
Old Senora nodding near,  
Me and Juana talking low  
So the Madre couldn't hear;

Never seen her since that night --  
I can't cross the Line, you know.  
She was "Mex" and I was white;  
Like as not it's better so.

How those hours would go a-flyin'!  
And too soon I'd hear her sighin'  
In her little sorry tone --  
"Adios, mi corazón!"

Yet I've always sort of missed her  
Since that last wild night I kissed her;  
Left her heart and lost my own --  
"Adios, mi corazón!"

# Spent Youth

traditional (music by Pete Seeger)

*F* *F* *C* *C*  
How do I know my youth is all spent?  
*G* *G7* *C* *C*  
My get-up-and-go, has got up and went  
*F* *F* *C* *C*  
In spite of it all, I'm able to grin  
*G* *G* *G7* *C*  
When I think of the places get-up-has been

*C* *C* *G* *G*  
Old age is golden; I think I've heard said  
*G7* *G7* *C* *C*  
But sometimes I wonder as I crawl into bed  
*F* *F* *C* *C*  
My ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup  
*D* *D* *D7* *G*  
My eyes on the table until I wake up

*C* *C* *G* *G*  
As sleep dims my vision, I say to myself  
*G7* *G7* *C* *C*  
Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?  
*F* *F* *C* *C*  
But nations are warring and business is vexed  
*G* *G* *G7* *C*  
So I'll stick around to see what happens next

When I was younger, my slippers were red  
I could kick up my heels right over my head  
When I was older my slippers were blue  
But still I could dance the whole night thru  
Now I am old, my slippers are black  
I huff to the store and I puff my way back  
But never you laugh, I don't mind at all  
I'd rather be huffing than not puff at all  
I get up each morning and dust off my wits  
Open the paper and read the obits  
If I'm not there, I know I'm not dead  
So I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed

# Steal Away traditional

*F* *Dm*  
Steal away, steal away,  
*F* *Bb* *C7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *F*<sup>(¾)</sup>  
Steal away to Je sus;  
*F* *Dm*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am*<sup>(½)</sup>  
Steal away, steal away home  
*Bbm* *F*<sup>(½)</sup> *Bbma7*<sup>(½)</sup> *C7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *F*<sup>(¾)</sup>  
I ain't got long to stay here.

*Dm* *Am*  
My Lord calls me,  
*Am* *Am*  
He calls me by the thunder,  
*F* *Dm*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am*<sup>(½)</sup>  
The trumpet sounds within a my soul,  
*F7* *Bb*<sup>(½)</sup> *Bbm*<sup>(½)</sup> *C7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *F*<sup>(¾)</sup>  
I ain't got long to stay here.

My Lord calls me,  
He calls me by the lightnin.  
The trumpet sounds within a my soul,  
I ain't got long to stay here.

Green trees are bending,  
Poor sinner stands a-trembling.  
The trumpet sounds within a my soul,  
I ain't got long to stay here.

Tombstones are bursting,  
Poor sinner stands a-trembling.  
The trumpet sounds within a my soul,  
I ain't got long to stay here.

# Stewball traditional

*D*                    *D*            *D D*  
Old Stewball was a racehorse,  
*Bm*                    *Em Em Em*  
And I wish he were mine.  
*Em*                    *A A A*  
He never drank water,  
*A*                    *D G A7*  
He only drank wine.

*D*                    *D D D*  
His bridle was silver,  
*Bm*                    *Em Em Em*  
And his mane it was gold,  
*Em*                    *A A A*  
And the worth of his saddle  
*A*                    *D G A7*  
Has never been told.

Oh the fairgrounds were crowded,  
And Stewball was there,  
But the betting was heavy  
On the bay and the mare.

As they were approaching,  
About half way around,  
The gray mare she stumbled  
and fell to the ground.

And away out yonder,  
Ahead of them all,  
Came a-prancing and a-dancing,  
My noble Stewball.

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

Oh the hoot owl she hollers,  
And the turtle dove moans.  
I'm a poor boy in trouble.  
I'm a long way from home.

Old Stewball was a racehorse,  
And I wish he were mine.  
He never drank water,  
He only drank wine.

# Sweet Betsy from Pike

traditional, melody is from a traditional English music hall song

*C* *G7* *C* *C*  
Did you ever hear tell of sweet Betsy from Pike  
*C* *D7* *G7* *G7*  
Who crossed the wide prairie with her lover Ike,  
*Am* *Em* *F* *C*  
With two yoke of cattle and one spotted hog,  
*C* *C* *G7* *C*  
A tall shanghai rooster, and old yaller dog?

*C* *C* *G7* *C* *C* *C* *G7* *C*  
Sing too rali oorali oorali ay. Sing too rali oorali oorali ay

One evening quite early they camped on the Platte.  
'Twas near by the road on a green shady flat.  
Where Betsy, sore-footed, lay down to repose --  
With wonder Ike gazed on that Pike County rose.

The Shanghai ran off, and their cattle all died;  
That morning the last piece of bacon was fried;  
Poor Ike was discouraged and Betsy got mad,  
The dog drooped his tail and looked wondrously sad.

They stopped at Salt Lake to inquire of the way,  
Where Brigham declared that sweet Betsy should stay;  
But Betsy got frightened and ran like a deer  
While Brigham stood pawing the ground like a steer.

They soon reached the desert where Betsy gave out,  
And down in the sand she lay rolling about;  
While Ike, half distracted, looked on with surprise,  
Saying, "Betsy, get up, you'll get sand in your eyes."

Sweet Betsy got up in a great deal of pain,  
Declared she'd go back to Pike County again;  
But Ike gave a sigh and they fondly embraced,  
And they traveled along with his arm round her waist.



The Injuns came down in a wild yelling horde,  
And Betsy was scared they would scalp her adored;  
Behind the front wagon wheel Betsy did crawl,  
And there fought the Injuns with musket and ball.

They suddenly stopped on a very high hill,  
With wonder looked down upon old Placerville;  
Ike sighed when he said, and he cast his eyes down,  
"Sweet Betsy, my darling, we've got to Hangtown."

Long Ike and Sweet Betsy attended a dance;  
Ike wore a pair of his Pike County pants;  
Sweet Betsy was dressed up in ribbons and rings;  
Says Ike, "You're an angel, but where are your wings?"

'Twas out on the prairie one bright starry night,  
They broke out the whiskey and Betsy got tight,  
She sang and she howled and she danced o'er the plain,  
And  
showed her bare legs to the whole wagon train.

The terrible desert was burning and bare,  
And Isaac he shrank from the death lurkin' there,  
"Dear old Pike County, I'll come back to you."  
Says Betsy, "You'll go by yourself if you do."

They swam wild rivers and climbed the tall peaks,  
And camped on the prairies for weeks upon weeks,  
Starvation and cholera, hard work and slaughter,  
They reached Californy, spite of hell and high water.

A miner said, "Betsy, will you dance with me?"  
"I will, you old hoss, if you don't make too free.  
But don't dance me hard, do you want to know why?  
Doggone ye, I'm chock full of strong alkali."

Long Ike and Sweet Betsy got married, of course,  
But Ike, getting jealous, obtained a divorce,  
While Betsy, well satisfied, said with a shout,  
"Goodbye, you big lummoX, I'm glad you backed out!"

# There's a Hole in the Bucket traditional

*D*
*G*
*G*
*G*  
 There's a hole in the bucket, dear Lisa, dear Lisa,  
*D*
*G*
*Em7(2)*
*A7(1)*
*D*  
 There's a hole in the bucket, dear Lisa, a hole.



There's a hole in the buc-ket dear Li-za, dear Li-za, There's a hole in the buc-ket, dear



Li-za There's a hole. Then fix it dear Hen-ry, dear Hen-ry, dear Hen-ry then fix it dear Hen-ry, dear



Hen-ry\_\_ Fix it!

Then mend it, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,  
 Then mend it, dear Henry, dear Henry, mend it!  
 With what shall I mend it, dear Liza..... With what?  
 With a straw, dear Henry, dear Henry..... With a straw.  
 The straw is too long, dear Liza,.... too long.  
 Then cut it, dear Henry, dear Henry.... then cut it!  
 With what shall I cut it, dear Lisa..... With what?  
 With an axe, dear Henry, dear Henry... with an axe.  
 The axe is too dull, dear Lisa.... the axe is too dull.  
 Then sharpen it, dear Henry, dear Henry... sharpen it!  
 On what shall I sharpen it, dear Lisa... on what?  
 On a stone, dear Henry, dear Henry... on a stone.  
 The stone it too dry, dear Lisa... too dry.  
 Then wet it, dear Henry, dear Henry.... wet it!  
 With what shall I wet it, dear Lisa, with what?  
 Try water, dear Henry, dear Henry.... try water.  
 In what shall I fetch it, dear Lisa.... in what?  
 In a bucket, dear Henry, dear Henry... in a bucket.  
 There's a hole in the bucket, dear Lisa, dear Lisa,  
 There's a hole in the bucket, dear Lisa, a hole.

# Take This Hammer traditional

*D* *D* *A* *A*  
Take this hammer, and carry it to the captain  
*A* *A7* *D* *D*  
Take this hammer, and carry it to the captain  
*D* *D7* *G* *G*  
Take this hammer, and carry it to the captain  
*D* *A7* *D* *D*  
You tell him I'm gone, you tell him I'm gone.

I don't want no cold iron shackles. I don't want no cold iron shackles  
I don't want no cold iron shackles around my leg, around my leg

If he ask you, was I running? If he ask you, was I running?  
if he ask you, was I running? You tell him I'm flyin', you tell him I'm flyin'

I don't want no, cornbread and molasses. I don't want no, corn bread and molasses.  
I don't want no, corn bread and molasses. It hurts my pride, it hurts my pride

If he ask you, was I laughing? If he ask you, was I laughing?  
if he ask you, was I laughing? You tell him I'm cryin', you tell him I'm cryin'

Swing this hammer, it looks like silver. Swing this hammer, it looks like silver,  
Swing this hammer, it looks like silver, but it feels like lead, Lord, but it feels like lead.

I don't want no greenback dollar. I don't want no greenback dollar  
I don't want no greenback dollar. 'Cause of my pride, 'cause of my pride

Take this hammer, and carry it to the captain. Tell him I'm gone,, tell him I'm gone

*Modulate to E (E, B, A)*

Take this hammer, and carry it to the captain. Tell him I'm gone,, tell him I'm gone

*Modulate to F# (F#, C#, B)*

Take this hammer, and carry it to the captain. Tell him I'm gone,, tell him I'm gone

# There Is a Tavern in the Town traditional

<sup>C</sup> There is a tavern in the town, in the town  
<sup>C</sup> And there my true love sits him down, sits him down  
<sup>C</sup> And he drinks his wine 'mid laughter free  
<sup>G7</sup> And never, never thinks of me, thinks of me

<sup>G7</sup> Fare thee well for I must leave you , do not let this parting grieve you  
<sup>G7</sup> But remember that the best of friends must part—must part

<sup>C</sup> Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu  
<sup>C</sup> I can no longer stay with you, stay with you

<sup>C</sup> I'll hang my harp on the weeping willow tree  
<sup>G7</sup> And may the world go well with thee, well with thee

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark  
Each Friday night we used to spark, used to spark  
And now my love once true to me  
Takes that dark damsel on his knee, on his knee

Oh dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep  
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet  
And on my breast carve a turtle-dove  
To signify that I died of love, of love

# This Train (Limelighters) traditional (Limeliter's version)

*A* *A* *A* *A7*  
Don't ya hear that train a-comin, comin' around the curve,  
*D* *D7* *D7* *A*  
Stoppin' at ev'ry station strainin' every nerve?  
*A* *A* *C#7* *F#m7*  
You better get your ticket ready, prepare to get on board,  
*Bm7* *E7* *A* *A*  
My station's gonna be changed, after a while.

*A* *A* *A* *A*  
This train is bound for glory, this train,  
*A* *A* *E* *E7*  
This train is bound for glory, this train.  
*A* *A7* *D* *D7*  
This train is bound for glory, don't carry nothin' but the righteous and the holy,  
*A* *E7* *A* *A*  
This train is bound for glory, this train.

This train don't carry no gamblers, this train,  
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train.  
This train don't carry no gamblers,, no crap shooters, no midnight rambler,  
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train.

This train is bound for glory, this train,  
This train is bound for glory, this train.  
This train is bound for glory, don't carry nothin' but the righteous and the holy,  
This train is bound for glory, this train.

Well, oh well, this train is leavin' in the mornin', this train.  
Well, oh well, this train is leavin' in the mornin', this train.  
This train is leavin' in the mornin', great God, a new day dawnin',  
This train is leavin' in the mornin', this train.  
This train...this train...this Train!

# This Train (Peter, Paul & Mary) traditional (Peter, Paul, and Mary version)

*Am*<sub>(¾)</sub> *C*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D* *Am* *Am* *Am*<sub>(¾)</sub> *C*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D* *Am* *Am*  
 Oooo, oooo, oooo, oooo. Oooo, oooo, oooo, oooo.

*Am*<sub>(¾)</sub> *C*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D* *Am* *Am* *C* *C* *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *E7*<sub>(½)</sub> *E7*  
 This train don't carry no gamblers, this train. This train don't carry no gamblers, this train.

*Am* *A7* *Dm* *Dm*

This train don't carry no gamblers,, no crap shooters, no midnight rambler,

*Am* *E* *Am*

This train don't carry no gamblers, this train.

This train is leavin' in the mornin', this train. This train is leavin' in the mornin', this train.

This train is leavin' in the mornin', great God, a new day dawnin',

This train is leavin' in the mornin', this train.

This train don't carry no jokers, this train. This rain don't carry no jokers, this train.

This train don't carry no jokers, no high-toned women, no cigar smokers,

Wel this train don't carry no jokers, this train.

This train done caried my mother, this train. This train done carried my mother, this train.

This train done carried my mother, well, my mothr, my father, my sister and my brother

This train done caried my mother, this train.

*Am*<sub>(¾)</sub> *C*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D* *Am* *Am* *Am*<sub>(¾)</sub> *C*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D* *Am* *Am*  
 This train is bound for glory, this train. This train is bound for glory, this train.

*C* *D* *E* *E7*

This train is bound for glory, well, this train

*Am* *A7* *Dm* *Dm*

This train she's bound for glory, if you want to get to heaven you gotta be holy,

*A* *E7* *Am* *Am*

This train is bound for glory, this train.

# Times Are Getting Hard traditional

*F* *Gm7*  
Times are getting hard, boys  
*C7* *F*  
Money's getting scarce  
*F* *Gm7*  
If times don't get no better, boys  
*C7* *F*  
Gonna leave this place

*F* *Gm7*  
Take my true love by the hand  
*C7* *F*  
Lead her thru the town  
*F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Fma7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Gm7*  
Say good-bye to everyone  
*C7* *F*  
Good-bye to everyone

Take my bible from the bed  
Shotgun from the wall  
Take old Sal and hitch her up  
The wagon for to haul

But I'm goin' to Californ-i-ay  
Where everything is green  
Goin' to have the best ole farm  
That you have ever seen

Pile the chairs and beds up high  
Let nothing drag the ground  
Sal can pull and we can push  
We're bound to leave this town

Looking for the promised land  
Somewhere beyond the blue  
When I didn't find it,  
I came back to you.

Made a crop a year ago  
It withered to the ground  
Tried to get some credit  
But the banker turned me down

When I looked into your eyes  
I knew that I was home.  
When I looked into your eyes  
I knew that I was home.

# Tom Dooley traditional

*D* *D*  
Hang down your head Tom Dooley  
*D* *A7*  
Hang down your head and cry  
*A7* *A7*  
Hang down your head Tom Dooley  
*A7* *D*  
Poor boy you're bound to die

Hang your head, Tom Dooley,  
Hang your head and cry;  
You killed poor Laurie Foster,  
And you know you're bound to die.

You left her by the roadside  
Where you begged to be excused;  
You left her by the roadside,  
Then you hid her clothes and shoes.

You took her on the hillside  
For to make her your wife;  
You took her on the hillside,  
And ther you took her life.

You dug the grave four feet long  
And you dug it three feet deep;  
You rolled the cold clay over her  
And tromped it with your feet.

"Trouble, oh it's trouble  
A-rollin' through my breast;  
As long as I'm a-livin', boys,  
They ain't a-gonna let me rest.

I know they're gonna hang me,  
Tomorrow I'll be dead,  
Though I never even harmed a hair  
On poor little Laurie's head."

"In this world and one more  
Then reckon where I'll be  
Down in a lonesomevalley  
Hangin' from a tree

If is wasn't for Sheriff Grayson,  
I'd be in Tennessee.  
Roaming through the valleys  
Free as I can be

You can take down my old violin  
And play it all you please.  
For at this time tomorrow, boys,  
lit'll be of no use to me."

"At this time tomorrow  
Where do you reckon I'll be?  
Away down yonder in the holler  
Hangin' on a white oak tree.

Hang your head, Tom Dooley,  
Hang your head and cry;  
You killed poor Laurie Foster,  
And you know you're bound to die.

Hang down you head Tom Dooley  
Hang down your head and cry  
Hang down your head Tom Dooley  
Poor boy you're bound to die



# Vive L'Amour traditional

*G* *D7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *D*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G*  
Let every good fellow now fill up his glass, Vive la compagne!  
*G* *D7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *D*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G*  
And drink to the health of his glorious class, Vive la compagne!

*G* *C* *D* *G*  
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour! Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour!  
*Em* *Am* *D*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *C*<sup>(2/3)</sup> *D7*<sup>(1/3)</sup> *G*  
Vive l'amour, vive l'amour, Vive la com pag nie!

Let every married man drink to his wife, Vive la compagne!  
The joy of his bosom and plague of his life, Vive la compagne!

Let's fill up our glasses and we'll have a toast, Vive la compagne!  
A health to our friend, our kind worthy host, Vive la compagne!

Let every good fellow, now join in our song, Vive la compagne!  
Success to each other, and pass it along, Vive la compagne!

A friend on your left, and a friend on your right, Vive la compagne!  
In love and good fellowship, let us unite, Vive la compagne!

Now wider and wider, our circle expands, Vive la compagne!  
We'll sing to our comrades, in far away lands, Vive la compagne!

With friends all around us, we'll sing out our song, Vive la compagne!  
We'll banish our troubles, it won't take us long, Vive la compagne!

Should time or occassion, compel us to part, Vive la compagne!  
These days shall forever, enliven our heart, Vive la compagne!

# Wabash Cannonball

traditional (Carter Family 1929 lyrics)

<sup>G</sup> From the <sup>G</sup> Great <sup>G</sup> Atlantic <sup>C</sup> Ocean, to the wide Pacific shore  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
From the queen of flowing rivers, to the Southland's verdant door  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
She's tall dark and handsome and known quite well by all  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
She's the regular combination, the Wabash Cannonball.

<sup>G</sup> Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumor and the roar  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
As she glides along the woodland, o'r hills and by the shore  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
She climbs the flowery mountain, hear the merry hobos squall  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
She glides along the woodland, the Wabash Cannonball.

Out from the wide Pacific Ocean to the broad Atlantic shore  
She climbs flowery mountain, o'r hills and by the shore  
Although she's tall and handsome, and she's known quite well by all  
She's a regular combination of the Wabash Cannonball.

Oh, the Eastern states are dandy, so the Western people say  
Chicago, Rock Island, St. Louis by the way  
To the lakes of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall  
No changes to be taken on the Wabash Cannonball.

Oh, here's to daddy Claxton, let his name forever be  
And long be remembered in the courts of Tennessee  
For he is a good old rounder 'til the curtain 'round him fall  
He'll be carried back to victory on the Wabash Cannonball.

I have rode the I.C. Limited, also the Royal Blue  
Across the Eastern countries on Elkhorn Number Two  
I have rode those highball trains from coast to coast that's all  
But I have found no equal on the Wabash Cannonball.

# Water Is Wide traditional

*D*                    *D* *G*                    *D*  
There is a ship, and she sails the sea.  
*D*                    *Bm* *Em7*                    *A*  
She's loaded deep, as deep can be,  
*A7*                    *F#m* *Em7*                    *F#*  
But not as deep as the love I'm in.  
*G*                    *D* *A7*                    *D*  
I know not if I sink or swim.

I leaned my back against an oak  
Thinking it was a trusty tree  
But first it bent and then it broke  
Just as my love proved false to me

I reached my finger into some soft bush  
Thinking the fairest flower to find  
I pricked my finger to the bone  
And left the fairest flower behind

Oh, love is gentle, and love is kind  
The sweetest flower when first it's new  
But love grows old and waxes cold  
And fades away like the mornin' dew

Must I go bound while you go free  
Must I love a man who doesn't love me  
Must I be born with so little art  
As to love a man who'll break my heart

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er  
Neither have I the wings to fly  
Give me a boat that can carry two  
And both shall row my love and I

When cockle shells turn silver bells  
Then will my love come back to me  
When roses bloom in winter's gloom  
Then will my love return to me  
Then will my love return to me

# Water Is Wide JT (James Taylor )

*(Also uses A7sus for A and G for Em)*

*G*<sub>(½)</sub> *A*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*  
The water is wide  
*G* *D*  
I can't cross over  
*D/C#* *Bm*  
And neither have  
*Em* *Asus4*  
I wings to fly  
*A* *F#m*  
Build me a boat  
*D7sus4*<sub>(½)</sub> *D7*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bm*  
That can carry two  
*G6* *F#m*  
And both shall row  
*A* *D*  
My love and I

There is a ship  
And she sails the sea  
She's loaded deep  
As deep can be  
But not so deep  
As the love I'm in  
I know not how  
I sink or swim

Oh love is handsome  
And love is fine  
The sweetest flower  
When first it's new  
But love grows old  
And waxes cold  
And fades away  
Like summer dew

The water is wide  
I can't cross over  
And neither have  
I wings to fly  
Build me a boat  
That can carry two  
And both shall row  
My love and I

And both shall row  
My love and I

# Wayfaring Stranger Traditional

*Dm A7 Dm Dm Am E7 Am Am*  
 I'm a poor wayfaring stranger  
*Gm Gm Dm A7 Dm Dm Am E7*  
 While traveling thru this world of woe  
*F Dm(½) A7(½) Bb Dm C Am(½) E7(½) F Am*  
 Yet there's no sickness, toil, or danger  
*G(½) Gm(½) Am Dm Dm D(½) Dm(½) Em Am Am*  
 In that bright world to which I go

*Dm Am Gm Dm Am Em Dm Am*  
 I'm going there to see my Father  
*Bb C F A7 F G C E7*  
 I'm going there no more to roam  
*Dm G Dm Dm Am D Am Am*  
 I'm just a going over Jordan  
*G(½) Gm(½) Am Dm Dm D(½) Dm(½) Em Am Am*  
 I'm only going over home

I know dark clouds will hover on me,  
 I know my pathway is rough and steep  
 But golden fields lie out before me  
 Where weary eyes no more will weep  
     I'm going home to see my mother  
     I'm going home no more to roam  
     I am just going over Jordan  
     I am just going over home

I'll soon be free of earthy trials  
 My body rest in the old church yard  
 I'll drop this cross of self-denial  
 And I'll go singing home to God  
     I'm going there to meet my Savior  
     Dwell with Him and never roam  
     I'm only going over Jordan  
     I'm only going over home

# Wearing of the Green

traditional Irish

*D* *Bm* *A* *A*  
Oh! Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?  
*G* *D* *A* *D*  
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground  
*D* *Bm* *A* *A*  
St. Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his color can't be seen,  
*G* *D* *A* *D*  
for there's a bloody law agin' the wearin' o' the green.

*D* *Bm* *A* *A*  
And I met the napper Tandy and he took me by the hand  
*G* *D* *A* *D*  
And he said: "How's poor old Ireland and how does she stand?"  
*D* *Bm* *A* *A*  
She's the most distressful country this world has yet to see  
*G* *D* *A* *D*  
For they're hangin' men and women there for wearin' o' the green

Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red  
Sure Ireland's sons will neer forget the blood that they have shed.  
You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod,  
But 'twill take root and flourish still tho' underfoot 'tis trod.

When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,  
And when the leaves in summer time their verdure dare not show,  
Then I will change the color I wear in my caubeen,  
But till that day I'll stick for aye to wearing of the green.

But if at last our color should be torn from Ireland's heart,  
Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear old sod will part.  
I've heard a whisper of a country that lives far beyond the say,  
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.

Oh, Erin! Must we lave you, driven by the tyrant's hand?  
Must we ask a mother's welcome from a strange but happy land?  
Where the cruel cross of England's thralldom never shall be seen  
And where in peace we'll live and die a-wearing of the green?

# We Wish You a Merry Christmas

version by The Weavers

*E C#m F#7 B7*  
 Once in a year, it is not thought amiss  
*E C#m F#7 B7*  
 To visit our neighbors and sing out like this.

*E A*  
 We wish you a merry Christmas  
*F#7 B7*  
 We wish you a merry Christmas  
*E (G#7) A (C#m)*  
 We wish you a merry Christmas  
*B7 E*  
 And a happy New Year.

And a cup of good cheer.

And we won't go until we get some  
 We won't go until we get some,  
 We won't go until we get some.  
 So bring it right here.

We all want some figgy pudding  
 We all want some figgy pudding  
 We all want some figgy pudding

Good tidings we bring  
 to you and your kin.  
 Good tidings for Christmas  
 And a happy New Year.

*E C#m F#7 B7*  
 Once in a year, it is not thought amiss  
*E C#m F#7 B7*  
 To visit our neighbors and sing out like this.  
*E C#m F#7 B7*  
 Of friendship and love, good neighbors abound  
*E A B7 E*  
 And peace and goodwill the whole year around.

*E A B7 E*  
 (Pace!) (Shanti!) (Salud!) (Shalom!)  
*E C#m F#7 B7*  
 The words mean the same, whatever your home.  
*E A B7 E*  
 Why can't we have Christmas the whole year around?  
*C#m F#m B7 E*  
 Why can't we have Christmas the whole year around?

*E A*  
 We wish you a merry Christmas  
*F#7 B7*  
 We wish you a merry Christmas  
*E E7 A*  
 We wish you a merry Christmas  
*E A B7 E*  
 And a happy New Year..

# Well, Well, Well traditional

*Am Am Am<sup>(1/2)</sup> E7<sup>(1/2)</sup> Am*  
Well, well, well, who's that a callin'?

*Am Dm C E7*  
Well, well, well, hold my hand.

*Am Am C<sup>(1/2)</sup> Dm<sup>(1/2)</sup> Am*  
Well, well, well, night is a callin'.

*C C E7 E7*  
Spirit is movin' all over this land.

*Am Am E7 E7*  
Lord told Noah, build him an ark

*Am Am E7 E7*  
Build it out of hickory bark

*Am A Dm Dm*  
Old ark a movin', and the water start to climb

*C C E E7*  
God send a fire, not a flood next time

God said fire comin' judgement day,  
He said all mankind gonna pass away.  
Brothers and sisters don't you know?  
You're gonna reap just what you sow.

God said people, Don't you run away!  
Don't have to fear the judgement day  
Come to the bridge and hear my call,  
Walk on over, you cannot fall

World's not waitin' for the Lord's command,  
Buildin' a fire to sweep the land.  
Thunder out of heaven, comes Gabriel's call;  
the sea's gonna boil and the sky's gonna fall



# When Johnny Comes Marching Home

by Patrick Gilmore (whose pseudonym was Louis Lambert (1863) The song appealed to families on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line by offering hope that their sons and brothers and fathers would return safely from the combat.

*Em* *Em* *Bm* *Bm*  
When Johnny comes marching home again, Hurrah! Hurrah!  
*Em* *Em* *G* *B7*  
We'll give him a hearty welcome then. Hurrah! Hurrah!  
*Em* *D* *C* *B7*  
The men will cheer and the boys will shout; the ladies they will all turn out  
*Em*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *B7*<sub>(½)</sub> *Em*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *Em* *Em*  
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy. Hurrah! Hurrah!  
To welcome home our darling boy. Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The village lads and lassies say with roses they will strew the way,  
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee. Hurrah! Hurrah!  
We'll give the hero three times three. Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The laurel wreath is ready now to place upon his loyal brow,  
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day. Hurrah! Hurrah!  
Their choicest pleasures then display. Hurrah! hurrah!  
And let each one perform some part, to fill with joy the warrior's heart,  
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home

# Wild Rover traditional

I've been a wild ro-ver for ma-ny the year and I spent all my  
 mon-ey on whis-key and beer, but now I'm re-turn-ing with  
 gold in great store, and I ne-ver will play the wild ro-ver no  
 more. **Chorus:** And it's no nay ne-ver, no nay ne-ver no more  
 will I play the wild ro-ver no nay ne-ver no more.

I've been a wild rover for many a year,  
 And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer,  
 But now I'm returning with gold in great store,  
 And I never will play the wild rover no more.

*And it's no, nay, never, No, nay, never, no more,  
 Will I play the rover, No never, no more.*

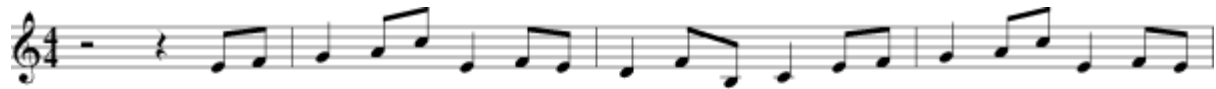
I went down to an ale house I used to frequent,  
 And I told the landlady my money was spent.  
 I asked her for credit, but she answered me "Nay.  
 Such custom like yours I could have any day."

So I pulled from my pocket a handful of gold  
 And upon the round table, it glittered and rolled  
 She said, "We have whiskey and beer of the best,  
 What I told you before twas only in jest!"

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done,  
 And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.  
 And if they caress me as oft times before,  
 I never will play the wild rover no more!

# Wildwood Flower (I'll Twine 'Mid the Ringlets)

words by Maud Irving and music by Joseph Philbrick Webster (1860)



I will twine and will min - gle my wav - ing black hair with the ros - es so red and the



li - ly so fair. The myr - tle so green of an em - er - ald hue, the pale em - a - nit - a and vi' - let of blue.

Oh, I will twine 'mid the ringlets of my raven black hair  
 The li lies so pale and the roses so fair  
 the myr tle so bright with an emerald hue  
 The pale aronatus and eyes of bright blue.

*(Musical notation for chords: C(1/2), F(1/2), C, G, C, C(1/2), G7(1/2), C(1/2), F(1/2), C, G, C, C, C(1/2), G, C, F, C, C, C, G, C, C(1/2), G7(1/2))*

I'll sing and I'll dance, my laugh shall be gay  
 I'll cease this wild weeping, drive sorrow away.  
 Tho' my heart is now breaking, he never shall know  
 That his name made me tremble and my pale cheeks to glow.

I'll think of him never, I'll be wildly gay  
 I'll charm ev'ry heart, and the crowd I will sway.  
 I'll live yet to see him regret the dark hour  
 When he won, then neglected, the frail wildwood flower.

He told me he loved me, and promised to love  
 Through ill and misfortune, all others above  
 Another has won him, ah! mis'ry to tell  
 He left me in silence, no word of farewell.

He taught me to love him, he call'd me his flower  
 That blossom'd for him all the brighter each hour  
 But I woke from my dreaming, my idol was clay  
 My visions of love have all faded away.

# Will You Go, Lassie, Go? (Wild Mountain Thyme)

a traditional Irish lament first recorded by Francis McPeake in 1957

*D* *G* *D* *D*  
Oh the summer time is coming  
*G* *A* *D* *D*  
and the trees are sweetly blooming,  
*G* *D* *Bm* *Bm*  
And the wild mountain thyme grows  
*Em* *Em* *G* *G*  
all around the blooming heather

*D* *G* *D* *D*  
Will you go lassie, go?  
*G* *A* *D* *D*  
And we'll all go together  
*G* *D* *Bm* *Bm*  
to pluck wild mountain thyme  
*Em* *Em* *G* *G*  
All around the blooming heather,  
*D* *G* *D* *D*  
Will you go lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower  
near the pure crystal fountain,  
And on it I will pile  
all the flowers of the mountain,

Well, the summertime has gone,  
and the leaves are gently turnin'  
And my love I wanna take you,  
to the place my heart 's a yearnin'

If my true love she were gone,  
I would surely find another  
Where the wild mountain thyme  
grows around the blooming heather

Will you go lassie go?  
and we'll all go together  
To pluck wild mountain thyme  
all around the blooming heather

Will you go lassie go?  
and we'll all go together  
To pluck wild mountain thyme  
all around the blooming heather  
Will you go lassie, go?

# Will the Circle Be Unbroken? traditional

*D* *D* *D* *D7*  
I was standing by my window,  
*G* *G* *D* *D*  
On a cold and cloudy day.  
*D* *D* *D* *r Bm*  
When I saw that hearse come rolling,  
*D* *A7* *D* *D*  
For to carry my mother away.

*D* *D* *D* *D7*  
Will the circle be unbroken?  
*G* *G* *D* *D*  
By and by, Lord, by and by?  
*D* *D* *D* *Bm*  
There's a better home a-waiting,  
*D*<sup>(½)</sup> *A7*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*  
In the sky, Lord, in the sky.

Lord, I told that undertaker,  
"Undertaker, please drive slow.  
For the body you are hauling,  
Lord, I hate to see her go."

Lord, I followed close behind her,  
Tried to hold up and be brave.  
But I could not hide my sorrow,  
When they laid her in the grave.

Went back home, Lord, my home was lonesome,  
Since my mother, she was gone.  
All my brothers, sister cryin',  
What a home so sad and lone.

We sang the songs of childhood  
Hymns of faith that made us strong  
Ones that mother maybelle taught us  
Hear the angels sing along

# Wimoweh traditional

*G*                      *C*  
In the jungle, the mighty jungle  
*G*                      *D7*  
The lion sleeps tonight  
*G*                      *C*  
In the jungle the quiet jungle  
*G*                      *D7*  
The lion sleeps tonight

Near the village the peaceful village  
The lion sleeps tonight  
Near the village the quiet village  
The lion sleeps tonight

Hush my darling don't fear my darling  
The lion sleeps tonight  
Hush my darling don't fear my darling  
The lion sleeps tonight

*G*                      *C*  
Hey- yup boy wimoweh  
*G*                      *D7*  
Wimoweh, wimoweh

*G*    *C*  
Wimoweh, oowimoweh oowimoweh oowimoweh oo  
*G*    *D7*  
Wimoweh, oowimoweh oowimoweh oowimoweh

*G*      *C*              *G*              *D7*      *G*              *C*              *G*              *D7*  
Oo.....li la la la              Oo,              li la la

*G*              *C*              *G*                      *D7*  
Ah, ah,,ah, ah,,ah,, la la la la .....

# Wind and Rain (Two Sisters) traditional

*D* *G*  
There were two sisters of county Clair  
*C(½)* *G(½)* *D*  
Oh, the wind and rain  
*D* *G*  
One was dark and the other was fair, cryin'  
*C(½)* *G(½)* *Am7(½)* *D(½)*  
Oh! the dreadful wind and rain

There were two sisters came walking down  
the stream  
Oh, the wind and the rain.  
One behind pushed the other one in  
Oh, the dreadful wind and rain.

And they both had a love of the miller's son  
Oh, the wind and rain  
But he was fond of the fairer one  
Oh, the dreadful wind and rain

So she pushed her into the river to drown  
Oh, the wind and rain  
And watched her as she floated down  
Oh, the dreadful wind and rain

And she floated till she came to the miller's  
pond  
Oh, the wind and the rain  
Dead on the water like a golden swan  
Oh, the dreadful wind and rain

As she came to rest on the riverside  
Oh, the wind and the rain  
And her bones were washed by the rolling  
tide  
Oh, the dreadful wind and rain

And along the road came a fiddler fair  
Oh, the wind and rain  
And found her bones just a lying there, cried  
Oh, the dreadful wind and rain

So he made a fiddle peg of her long finger  
bone  
Oh, the wind and the rain  
He a made a fiddle peg of her long finger  
bone, crying  
Oh, the dreadful wind and rain

And he strung his fiddle bow with her long  
yeller hair  
Oh, the wind and the rain  
He strung his fiddle bow with her long yeller  
hair, cried  
Oh, the dreadful wind and rain

And he made a fiddle, fiddle of her breast  
bone  
Oh, the wind and rain  
He made a fiddle, fiddle of her breast bone,  
cried  
Oh, the dreadful wind and rain

But the only tune that the fiddle could play  
was  
Oh, the wind and rain  
The only tune that the fiddle would play was  
Oh, the dreadful wind and rain

# Worried Man Blues traditional

G                      G7                      C                      C7                      C                      G

It takes a wor-ried man to sing a wor-ried song, It takes a wor-ried man to sing a wor-ried song, It

G                      B7                      E $\flat$ 7                      A $\flat$ m7                      D7                      G                      G

takes a wor-ried man to sing a wor-ried song, I'm wor-ried now, but i won't be wor-ried long.

G                      G                      G7( $\frac{1}{2}$ )                      G( $\frac{1}{2}$ )  
 It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.

C( $\frac{1}{2}$ )                      C7( $\frac{1}{2}$ )                      C( $\frac{1}{2}$ )                      G( $\frac{1}{2}$ )  
 It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.

G( $\frac{1}{2}$ )                      G7( $\frac{1}{2}$ )                      B7( $\frac{1}{2}$ )                      E $\flat$ m7( $\frac{1}{2}$ )  
 It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.

A $\flat$ m7( $\frac{1}{2}$ )                      D7(D9)( $\frac{1}{2}$ )                      G  
 I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.

I went 'cross the river, and I lay down to sleep  
 When I awoke, there were shackles on my feet.

Twenty-nine links of iron chain around my leg  
 And on each one, an initial of my name.

I asked the judge what would be my fine  
 He said, Twenty-one years on the Rocky Mountain line.

Twenty-one years to pay for my awful crime  
 Twenty-one years, and I've still got ninety-nine.

Then the train arrived, sixteen coaches long  
 The girl I loved is on that train and gone.

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

If anyone should ask you, who composed this song  
 Tell 'em it was I, and I sing it all day long.  
 It takes a worried man...



# Wreck of the Sloop John B

traditional West Indies folk  
song about a fishing boat sunk in about 1900 in the Bahamas

*E* (A) *E* *E* (A) *E*  
We come on the Sloop John B, my grandfather and me.  
*E* *E* *B7* *B7*  
Around Nassau town we did roam,  
*E* *E7* *A* *Am*  
Drinking all night, Got into a fight,  
*E* *B7* *E* *E*  
Well I feel so break up, I wanta go home.

*E* (A) *E* *E* (A) *E*  
So hoist up the John B's sail, see how the mains'l sets,  
*E* *E* *B7* *B7*  
Send for the captain ashore, let me go home.  
*E* *E7* *A* *Am*  
Let me go home, I wanta go home,  
*E* *B7* *E* *E*  
Well I feel so break up, I wanta go home.

First Mate, he got drunk, broke up the people's trunk,  
Constable had to come and take him away.  
Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me alone?  
Well I feel so break up, I wanta go home.

The poor cook he caught the fits, threw away all my grits,  
Then he took and ate up all of my corn.  
Let me go home, I wanta go home,  
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

Words and music adapted by Lee Hays from a collection by Carl Sandburg

# Yellow Bird

traditional Caribbean tune

*G* *G* *D7* *G*  
Yellow bird, up high in banana tree.  
*G* *G* *D7* *G*  
Yellow bird, you sit all alone like me.  
*C* *G*  
Did your lady friend leave the nest again?  
*D7* *G*  
That is very bad, Makes me feel so sad.  
*C* *G*  
You can fly away, In the sky away  
*D7* *G*  
You more lucky than me.

*G* *C* *D7* *G*  
I also have a pretty girl she not with me today  
*G* *C*  
They all the same them pretty girls  
*D7* *D7* *G*  
Make 'em the nest then they fly away

Yellow bird, up high in banana tree.  
Yellow bird, you sit all alone like me.

Better fly away, In the sky away,  
Picker coming soon, Pick from night to noon.  
Black and yellow you, Like banana too  
They may pick you some day.

Wish that I was a yellow bird, I fly away with you.  
But I am not a yellow bird  
So I sit, nothing else to do.

*G* *F#* *G* *G#dim7* *D7* *G*  
Yell ow bird, up high in banana tree.  
*G* *F#* *G* *G#dim7* *D7* *G*  
Yell ow bird, you sit all alone like me.  
*C(Am7)* *G*  
Did your lady friend leave the nest again?  
*D7* *G*  
That is very bad, Makes me feel so sad.  
*C(Am7)* *G*  
You can fly away, in the sky away  
*D7* *G*  
You more lucky than me.

# You Old Fool

traditional

*D* *D* *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *A7*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*  
Now, I came home the other night as, drunk as I could be;  
*D* *D* *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *A7*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*  
Found a horse in the stable where my horse ought to be.  
*D* *D* *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *A7*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*  
Oh, come my wife, my pretty little wife, explain this thing to me,  
*D* *D* *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *A7*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*  
How come that horse's in the stable where my horse ought to be?  
*G* *D* *G* *D*  
You blind fool, you drunken fool, can't you never see?  
*G* *D* *E7* *A*  
That's nothing but a milk cow that my granny sent to me.  
*D* *D* *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *A7*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*  
I've traveled this wide world over, a hundred miles or more,  
*D* *D* *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *A7*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*  
But a saddle on a milk cow I never did see before.

Well, I came home the other night, drunk as I could be;  
Found a hat on my hat rack where my hat ought to be.  
Oh, come my wife, my pretty little wife, explain this thing to me,  
How come that hat on the hat rack where my hat ought to be?  
You blind fool, you drunken fool, can't you never see?  
That's only a chamberpot my granny sent to me.  
I've traveled this wide world over, a hundred miles or more,  
But a sweatband on a chamberpot, I never did see before.

Now, I came home the other night, drunk as I could be;  
Found a coat on the coat-rack where my coat ought to be.  
Oh, come my wife, my pretty little wife, explain this thing to me,  
How come that coat on the coat-rack where my coat ought to be?  
You blind fool, you drunken fool, can't you never see?  
That's only a blanket my granny sent to me.  
I've traveled this wide world over, a hundred miles or more,  
But pockets on a blanket I never did see before.

Now, I came home the other night, drunk as I could be;  
Found some boots under my bed where my boots ought to be.  
Oh, come my wife, my pretty little wife, explain this thing to me,  
How come those boots under my bed where my boots ought to be?

You blind fool, you drunken fool, can't you never see?

That's only a bed pan my granny sent to me.

I've traveled this wide world over, a hundred miles or more,  
But spurs on a bed pan I never did see before.

Now, I came home the other night, drunk as I could be;  
Found some pants on the dresser where my pants ought to be.  
Oh, come my wife, my pretty little wife, explain this thing to me,  
How come those pants on the dresser where my pants ought to be?

You blind fool, you drunken fool, can't you never see?

That's only a dish rag my granny sent to me.

I've traveled this wide world over, a hundred miles or more,  
But a zipper on a dish rag I never did see before.

Now, I came home the other night, drunk as I could be;  
Found a head on the pillow where my head ought to be.  
Oh, come my wife, my pretty little wife, explain this thing to me,  
How come that head on the pillow where my head ought to be?

You blind fool, you drunken fool, can't you never see?

That's only a mush melon my granny sent to me.

I've traveled this wide world over, a hundred miles or more,  
But whiskers on a mush melon I never did see before.

.....Spoken.....It's a good thing I'm not of a suspicious nature

**####.... Author unknown. Variant of an 18th century English traditional ballad, *Four Nights Drunk* (Child Ballad #274) *The English And Scottish Popular Ballads (1882-1898)* edited by Francis James Child [1825-1896] (Dover, 1965)**

