

Folk-Traditional Songs A--K

Across the Western Ocean	3
Ain't No Bugs on Me.....	4
All My Trials.....	5
All Through the Night.....	6
Anathea.....	7
Annie Laurie	8
Are You Tired of Me My Darling?	9
A Soalin'	10
Aura Lee.....	11
Backwater Blues	13
Barbara Allen	14
Bamboo.....	15
Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms	16
Bell Bottom Trousers.....	17
Bell Ciao (La Me Niòna l'è Vecchierèlla)	19
Blackest Crow	20
Blue	21
Blue-Tail Fly/Jimmie Crack Corn.....	22
Boston Come All Ye	23
Careless Love	24
Chilly Winds	27
Cielito Lindo	28
Clementine	29
Click Go the Shears	30
Crawdad Song	31
Cruel War	32
Cuckoo.....	33
Danny Boy.....	34
Darling Nellie Gray.....	35
Dona Dona Dona	36
Dona Nobis Pacem (Give Us Peace)	37
Down by the Bay	38
Down by the Riverside	39
Down in the Valley.....	40
Dream of a Miner's Child.....	41
Drill Ye Terriers	42
Drunken Sailor	43
Dry Bones	44
East Virginia Blues	45
Eh' Cumpari	47
Eh La Bas!.....	48
Far Away	49

Farewell to Tarwathie	50
Femme-là Dit.....	51
Flora	52
Foggy Foggy Dew	53
Froggie Went a Courtin'	54
Frozen Logger.....	55
Gilgarra Mountain.....	57
Girl I Left Behind	58
Goin' Down the Road	59
Goober Peas.....	60
Go Tell Aunt Rhody.....	61
Great Silkie of Sule Skerrie	62
Green Grow the Lilacs.....	63
Green Grow the Rashes, O.....	64
Greenland Whale Fisheries.....	66
Greensleeves	67
Gypsy Rover	68
Hayseed Like Me	69
He's Got the Whole World in His Hands.....	70
High Germany	71
House of the Rising Sun.....	72
Hush-A-By (All the Pretty Little Horses)	73
Hush Little Baby	74
I Know an Old Lady Who Swallowed a Fly.....	75
Irish Lullaby.....	76
I've Been Working on the Railroad	77
Jambalaya.....	78
Jesse James	79
Jimmy Whalen.....	80
John Henery.....	81
Johnny's Gone for a Soldier	82
Johnny We Hardly Knew Yeh.....	83
Kisses Sweeter Than Wine	84
Kumbaya	85

Across the Western Ocean traditional

Oh the times are hard and the wages low, Amelia, where you bound to? The

Rocky mountains is my home Across the western ocean.

C G^(1/2) Am^(1/2)
 O the times are hard, and the wages low,
Dm^(1/2) G^(1/2) C^(1/2) Em^(1/2)
 Amelia, whar' you bound to?
F^(1/2) C^(1/2) G^(1/2) F^(1/2)
 The Rocky Mountains is my home,
C^(1/2) G^(1/2) C^(1/2) Em^(1/2)
 Across the western ocean.

That land of promise there you'll see,
Amelia, whar' you bound to?
 I'm bound across that western sea,
Across the western ocean.

To Liverpool I'll take my way,
Amelia, whar' you bound to?
 To Liverpool that Yankee school,
Across the western ocean.

There's Liverpool Pat with his tarpaulin hat,
Amelia, whar' you bound to?
 And Yankee John the packet rat,
Across the western ocean.

Beware these packet-ships, I pray,
Amelia, whar' you bound to?
 They steal your stores and clothes away,
Across the western ocean.

Ain't No Bugs on Me traditional

Oh there ain't no bugs on me
There ain't no bugs on me
There may be bugs on some of you mugs
But there ain't no bugs on me

Well, the Juney bug comes in the month of June
The lightning bug comes in May
Bed bug comes just any old time
But, they're not going to stay

Well, a bull frog sittin' on a lily pad
Looking up at the sky
The lily pad broke and the frog fell in
He got water all in his eye...ball

Mosquito he fly high
Mosquito he fly low
If old mosquito lands on me
He ain't a gonna fly no mo'

A peanut sittin' on a railroad track
His heart was all a flutter
Along come a choo-choo on the track
Toot! Toot! Peanut butter!

Well little bugs have littler bugs
Up on their backs to bite 'em
And the littler bugs have still littler bugs
And so ad infinitum

All My Trials traditional

C *Am* *Dm* *Dm* *G7* *G7* *C* *C*
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

C *C(2)* *Gm* *Gm*
Hush little baby, don't you cry
C *Em* *F* *F*
You know your mama was born to die
C *Am* *Dm* *Dm* *G7* *G7* *C* *C*
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

I had a little book was given to me,
And every page spelled Liberty.
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

If religion were a thing that money could buy,
The rich would live and the poor would die.
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

C *C* *Em* *Em* *F* *F*
Too late my brothers, too late, but never mind.
C *Am* *Dm* *Dm* *G7* *G7* *C* *C*
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

The river of Jordan is muddy and cold
Well it chills the body but not the soul
All my trials, Lord, soon be over

There is a tree in Paradise
The Pilgrims call it The Tree Of Life
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

Too late my brothers, too late, but never mind.
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

All Through the Night

traditional Welsh lullaby

G *Em* *A* *D*
Sleep my child and peace attend thee,
C D *G* *G*
All through the night
G *Em* *A* *D*
Guardian angels God will send thee,
C D *G* *G*
All through the night

C^(1/2) *Bm^(1/2)* *Am^(1/2)* *Bm^(1/2)* *Am^(1/2)* *Bm^(1/2)* *Am^(1/2)* *Bm^(1/2)*
Soft the drow sy hours are creep ing
Am^(1/2) *Bm^(1/2)* *Am* *A7* *D7*
Hill and vale in slumber sleeping,
G *Em* *A* *D*
I my loving vigil keeping
C D *G* *G* *G* *Em* *A* *D* *C* *D* *G* *G*
All through the night.

While the moon her watch is keeping
All through the night
While the weary world is sleeping
All through the night

O'er they spirit gently stealing
Visions of delight revealing
Breathes a pure and holy feeling
All through the night.

Angels watching ever round thee
All through the night
In thy slumbers close surround thee
All through the night

They will of all fears disarm thee,
No forebodings should alarm thee,
They will let no peril harm thee
All through the night

Anathea

traditional Hungarian (Judy Collins lyrics by Neil Roth and music by Lydia Wood)

Bm^(3/4) *A6*^(1/4) *Bm*^(3/4) *A6*^(1/4) *Bm*^(3/4) *A6*^(1/4) *Bm*^(3/4) *A6*^(1/4)
G6 G6 F# F# *Bm*^(3/4) *A6*^(1/4) *Bm*^(3/4) *A6*^(1/4) *Bm*^(3/4) *A6*^(1/4) *Bm*

Bm *Esus4*^(1/2) *Bm*^(1/4) *A6*^(1/4)

Lazlo Feher stole a stal lion

G *Bm* *B7*

Stole him from the misty mountains

Em *Bm*^(1/2) *A6*^(1/4) *Bm*^(1/4) *Bm*

And they chased him and they caught him

Bm^(1/4) *A*^(1/4) *G*^(1/4) *F#m*^(1/4) *E* *Bm*^(3/4) *A6*^(1/4) *Bm*^(3/4) *A6*^(1/4)

And in iron chains they bound him

Word was brought to Anathea
That her brother was in prison
"Bring me gold and six fine horses
I will buy my brothers freedom"

"Judge, oh, judge, please spare my brother
I will give you gold and silver"
"I don't want your gold and silver
All I want are your sweet favors"

"Anathea, oh, my sister
Are you mad with grief and sorrow?
He will rob you of your flower
And he'll hang me from the gallows"

Anathea did not heed him
Straight away to the judge went running
In his golden bed at midnight
There she heard the gallows groaning

"Cursed be that judge, so cruel
Thirteen years may he lie bleeding
Thirteen doctors cannot cure him
Thirteen shelves of drugs can't heal him"

"Anathea, Anathea
Don't go out into the forest
There among the green pines standing
You will find your brother hanging"

Annie Laurie

poem by William Douglas of Finland (1685) and music arranged by Alicia Scott (1838)

A D A^(1/2) B7^(1/2) E7
 Maxwellton's braes are bonnie, where early fa's the dew
A D A^(1/2) D6^(1/4) E7^(1/4) A^(3/4) E7^(1/4)
 And it was there that Annie Laurie, gave me her promise true. Gave
A^(1/2) E^(1/2) A^(3/4) E^(1/4) F#m^(1/2) Bm^(1/2) C#^(3/4) E7^(1/4)
 me her promise true, which ne'er forgot will be. And for
F#m^(1/2) D^(1/2) A^(3/4) E7^(1/4) F#m^(1/2) D6^(1/4) E7^(1/4) A
 Bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me doon and dee

Her brow is like a snawdrift, her neck is like the swan
 Her face it is the fairest, that e'er the sun shone on
 That e'er the sun shone on, and dark blue is her e'e
 And for bonnie, bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me doon and dee

Like dew on the gowan lying, is the fa' o' her fairy feet
 And like winds in summer sighing, her voice is low and sweet
 Her voice is low and sweet, and she's all the world to me
 And for bonnie, bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me doon and dee

Are You Tired of Me My Darling? traditional

A *D*
Are you tired of me my darling?
E *A*
Did you mean those words you said?
A *D*
That has made me yours forever,
E *A*
since the day that we were wed

E *A*
Tell me could you live life over?
D *E*
Could you make it otherwise?
A *D*
Are you tired of me my darling?
E *A*
Answer only with your eyes.

Do you ever rue the springtime,
since we first each other met?
Since we spoke in warm affection,
words my heart can ne'er forget.

Do you think the bloom departed, f
rom these cheeks you once thought fair?
Do you think I've grown cold-hearted,
with the passing of the years?

A Soalin' traditional

Em Bm Em Bm
Soal, soal, soal cake,
Em Bm Em Bm
please good missus a soal cake.
Em Bm Em Bm
An apple, a pear, a plum, a cherry,
Em Bm Em Bm
Any good thing to make us all merry
Em Bm Em Bm
One for Peter, two for Paul,
Em Bm Em Em
three for Him who made us all.

Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm
Hey ho, nobody home, meat nor drink nor money have I none
Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm
Yet shall we be merry, hey ho, nobody home.
Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm
Hey ho, nobody home, meat nor drink nor money have I none
Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm
Yet shall we be merry, hey ho, nobody home. Hey ho, nobody home.

God bless the master of this house, and the mistress also
And all the little children that round your table grow.
The cattle in your stable and the dog by your front door
And all that dwell within your gates
We wish you ten times more.

Go down into the cellar and see what you can find
If the barrels are not empty we hope you will be kind
We hope you will be kind with your apple and strawber
For well come no more a soalin till this time next year.

The streets are very dirty, my shoes are very thin.
I have a little pocket to put a penny in.
If you havent got a penny, a ha penny will do.
If you havent got a ha penny then God bless you.

Now to the lord sing praises all you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood each other now embrace..
This holy tide of christmas of beauty and of grace,
Oh tidings of comfort and joy.

Aura Lee

music by George R. Poulton and lyrics by W. W. Fosdick (1861)

F *G7* *C7* *F*
 When the blackbird in the Spring, 'on the willow tree,
F *G7* *C7* *F*
 Sat and rocked, I heard him sing, singing Aura Lea.
F *A7* *Dm(½)* *Gm(½)* *F (or A7)*
 Aura Lea, Aura Lea, maid with golden hair;
F(½) *D7(½)* *G7* *C7* *F*
 Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.

F *A7* *Dm(½)* *Gm(½)* *F*
 Aura Lea, Aura Lea, maid with golden hair;
F(½) *D7(½)* *G7* *C7* *F* *C7* *F(½)* *C7(½)* *F*
 Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.

In thy blush the rose was born, music, when you spake,
 Through thine azure eye the morn, sparkling seemed to break.
 Aura Lea, Aura Lea, birds of crimson wing,
 Never song have sung to me, as in that sweet spring.

Aura Lea! the bird may flee, the willow's golden hair
 Swing through winter fitfully, on the stormy air.
 Yet if thy blue eyes I see, gloom will soon depart;
 For to me, sweet Aura Lea, is sunshine through the heart.

When the mistletoe was green, midst the winter's snows,
 Sunshine in thy face was seen, kissing lips of rose.
 Aura Lea, Aura Lea, take my golden ring;
 Love and light return with thee, and swallows with the spring.



Banana Boat Song (Day-O) traditional Jamaican

C G7(½) C(½)
 Day-o, Day-ay-ay-o
 C G7(½) C(½)
 Daylight come and me wan' go home
 C G(¼) F(¼) C(¼) G7(¼) C
 Day, me say day, me say day, me say day, me say day me say day-ay-ay-o
 C G7(½) C(½)
 Daylight come and me wan' go home

C C
 Work all night on a drink a' rum
 C G7(½) C(½)
 Daylight come and me wan' go home
 C C
 Stack banana till the mornin' come
 C G7(½) C(½)
 Daylight come and me wan' go home

C G7(½) C(½)
 Day, me say day-ay-ay-o
 C G7(½) C(½)
 Daylight come and me wan' go home
 C G(½) F(½)
 Day, me say day, me say day, me say
 C G7(½) C(½)
 Daylight come and me wan' go home

C G
 Come, Mister Tally Man, tally me banana
 C G7(½) C(½)
 Daylight come and me wan' go home
 C G
 Come, Mister Tally Man, tally me banana
 C G7(½) C(½)
 Daylight come and me wan' go home

C C
 A beautiful bunch a' ripe banana
 C G7(½) C(½)
 Daylight come and me wan' go home
 C C
 Hide the deadly black tarantula
 C G7(½) C(½)
 Daylight come and me wan' go home

C C
 It's six foot, seven foot, eight foot BUNCH!
 C G7(½) C(½)
 Daylight come and me wan' go home
 C C
 Six foot, seven foot, eight foot BUNCH!
 C G7(½) C(½)
 Daylight come and me wan' go home

Day, me say day-ay-ay-o
 Daylight come and me wan' go home
 Day, me say day, me say day, me say
 Daylight come and me wan' go home

Come, Mister Tally Man, tally me banana
 Daylight come and me wan' go home
 Come, Mister Tally Man, tally me banana
 Daylight come and me wan' go home

Day-o, day-ay-ay-o
 Daylight come and me wan' go home
 Day, me say day, me say day, me say day, me say day me say day-ay-ay-o
 Daylight come and me wan' go home

Backwater Blues traditional

Backwater Blues Amerikanisches Volkslied

When it rains five days and the skies turn dark as night. When it
 rains five days and the skies turn dark as night. There's
 trou-ble ta-kin' place in the low-lands at night.

C F7 C(½) B(½) C(½) B(½) C(½) B(½) Bb(½) C7(½)
 Well it rained five days and the skies turned dark at night
C F7 C(½) B(½) C(½) B(½) C(½) Fm(½)
 When it rained five days and the skies turned dark at night. There was
G7(½) Am7(½) Bm(½) G7(½) F7(½) G7
 trouble takin' place in the lowlands that
C(½) F7(½) C(½) B(½) G7(½)
 night

C F7 C(¾) C/B(¾) C7
 Well it rained five days and the skies turned dark at night
F7 F7 C C
 When it rained five days and the skies turned dark at night. There was
G7 F9(½) F7(½) C(½) Dm(½) C/E(½) F(½) C/E(½) G9(½) C(½)
 trouble takin' place in the lowlands that night.

I woke up this mornin' couldn't even get out of my door
 I woke up this mornin' couldn't even get out of my door
 Enough trouble to make a poor woman wonder where she's gonna go

They rowed a little boat about five miles across the farm
 Said they rowed a little boat about five miles across the farm
 I packed up all of my clothes, threwed them in and they rowed me along

Where it thundered and lightnin' and the wind began to blow
 Said it thundered and lightnin' and the wind began to blow
 There was thousands of people, they had no place to go

I went out and stood up on a high old lonesome hill
 I went out and stood up on a high old lonesome hill
 I looked down on the house where I used to live

Back water blues that calls me to pack my things and go
 Back water blues that calls me to pack my things and go
 'Cause my house fell down and I can't live there no more

Ooh, I can't live there no more.
 Ooh, I can't live there no more
 There ain't no place for a poor woman to go

Barbara Allen

Traditional , first mentioned in a 1666 entry of the Diary of Samuel Pepys, where it is identified as a Scottish song.

C *Am* *C(1)* *C(1)* *D7(1)* *G*
In Scarlet town where I was born, there was a fair maid dwellin'
F *C* *C(1)* *F(1)* *G7(1)* *C*
Made every youth cry, Well-a-day, Her name was Barb'ra Allen.

Was in the merry month of May, when flowers were a bloomin',
Sweet William on his death-bed lay, for the love of Barbara Allen.

Slowly, slowly she got up, and slowly she went nigh him,
And all she said when she got there, "young man, I think you're dying."

"O yes, I'm sick and very low, and death is on me dwellin',
No better shall I ever be, if I don't get Barbara Allen."

"Don't you remember the other day, when you were in the tavern,
I toasted all the ladies there, and slighted Barbara Allen?"

"O yes, I remember the other day, when we were in the Tavern,
I toasted all the ladies there, gave my love to Barbara Allen."

He turned his pale face to the wall, and death was on him dwellin'.
"Adieu, Adieu, my kind friends all, be kind to Barbara Allen."

As she was walkin' through the fields, she heard the death bells knelling,
And every toll they seemed to say, "Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

She looked east, she looked west, she saw his corpse a-comin'.
"Lay down, lay down the corpse," she said, "And let me gaze upon him."

"O mother, mother, make my bed, O make it long and narrow,
Sweet William died for me today, I'll die for him tomorrow."

Sweet William died on a Saturday night, and Barbara died on Sunday,
Her mother died for the love of both, and was buried Easter Monday.

They buried Willie in the old church yard, and Barbara there anigh him,
And out of his grave grew a red, red rose, and out of hers, a briar.

They grew and grew in the old churchyard, till they couldn't grow no higher,
They lapped and tied in a true love's knot. The rose ran around the briar.

Bamboo traditional

D
You take a stick of bamboo,

C
You take a stick of bamboo,

D
You take a stick of bamboo,

C
You throw it in the water.

D *C* *D* *D*
Oh--oh, oh-oh, Hannah

D *C* *D* *D*
River, ri ver, she come down.

D *C* *D* *D*
River, ri ver, she come down.

You travel on the river, (3x)
You travel on the water.

You walk beside the river, (3x)
You walk beside the water.

My home's across the river, (3x)
My home's across the water.

My is on the river, (3x)
My life is on the the water.

I'm driftin' on the river, (3x)
I'm drifting on the water.

Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms

traditional Irish song of the early 1800s

C *C7* *F* *F*
Believe me, if all those endearing young charms
C *G* *C* *G7*
Which I gaze on so fondly today
C *C7* *F* *F*
Were to change by tomorrow and fleet in my arms
C *G* *C* *C*
Like fairy gifts fading away.

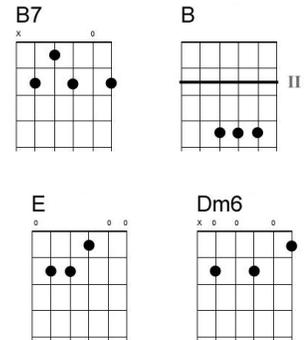
C *C* *F* *F*
Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art
C *G* *C* *G7*
Let thy loveliness fade as it will
C *C* *F* *F*
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
F#dim7 *C* *G7* *C* *C*
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known
To which time will but make thee more dear.

No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets
But as truly loves on to the close
As the sunflower turns to her God when he sets
The same look which she turned when she rose

Bell Bottom Trousers traditional

E *E* *B7*^(3/4) *Dm6*^(1/4) *B7*
 Once there was a little girl, who lived next to me
B *B* *E*^(3/4) *B7*^(1/4) *F*
 And she loved a sailor boy, when he was only three
E *E* *B7*^(3/4) *Dm6*^(1/4) *B7*
 Now he's on a battleship, in his sailor suit
B7 *B7* *E*^(3/4) *B7*^(1/4) *F*
 Just a great big sailor but she thinks he's very cute



E *E* *B7*^(3/4) *Dm6*^(1/4) *B7*
 (With his bell bottom trousers, coat of navy blue
B *B* *E*^(3/4) *B7*^(1/4) *F*
 She loves her sailor and he loves her too)

When her sailor boy's away on the ocean blue
 Soldier boys all flirt with her but to him she's true
 Though they smile and tip their caps and they wink their eyes
 She just smiles and shakes her head, then she softly sighs

(Oh, bell bottom trousers, coat of navy blue
 She loves her sailor and he loves her too)

When her sailor went to sea to see what he could see
 She saw that he ate spinach, now he's big as he can be
 When he's home they stroll along, they don't give a hoot
 She won't let go of his hand, even to salute

(Oh, bell bottom trousers, coat of navy blue
 She loves her sailor and he loves her too)

If her sailor she can't find on the bounding main
 She is hopeful he will soon come home safe again
 So they can get married and raise a family
 Dress up all their kiddies in sailor's dungarees

(Oh, bell bottom trousers, coat of navy blue
 She loves her sailor and he loves her too)

Once there was a waitress in the Prince George Hotel,
Her mistress was a lady and her master was a swell,
They knew she was a simple girl and lately from the farm.
And so they watched her carefully to keep her from all harm

Singing bell bottom trousers, coat of navy-blue.
Let him climb the rigging like his daddy used to do

The Forty Second Fusiliers came marching into town.
And with them came a complement of rapists of reknown.
They busted every maidenhead that came within their spell.
But they never made the waitress from the Prince George Hotel

Next came a company of the Prince of Wales' Hussars
They piled into the whore house and they packed along the bars.
Many a maid and mistress and wife before them fell.
But they never made the waitress from the Prince George Hotel.

One day there came a sailor just an ordinary bloke.
A bulging at the trousers with a heart of solid oak.
At sea without a woman for seven years or more.
There wasn't any need to ask what he was looking for.

He asked her for a candlestick to light his way to bed.
He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head.
And speaking to her gently. Just as if he meant no harm.
He asked her if she'd come to bed just so's to keep him warm

She lifted up the blanket and a moment there did lie.
He was on her. He was in her in the twinkling of an eye.
He was out again. and in again and plowing up a storm.
And the only words she said to him: "I hope you're keeping warm."

Then early in the morning the sailor he arose
Saying here's a two pound note, my dear, for the damage I have done
If you have a daughter bounce her on your knee.
If you have a son send the bastard out to sea.

Bell Ciao (La Me Nìona l'è Vecchierèlla)

traditional Italian)

La me nòna l'è vecchierèlla (Bella ciao)

trad. (Italia)



Am Am Am Am
Una mattina mi sono alzato,
Am Am(½) A7(½)
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao,
Dm Am E7 Am
Una mattina mi sono alzato, e ho trovato l'invasor.

Una mattina mi son svegliato
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao
Una mattina mi son svegliato
Eo ho trovato l'invasor

*One morning I woke up
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao
One morning I woke up
And I found the invader*

O partigiano porta mi via
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao
O partigiano porta mi via
Che mi sento di morir

*Oh partisan, carry me away,
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao
Oh partisan, carry me away,
For I feel I'm dying*

E se io muoio da partigiano
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao
E se io muoio da partigiano
Tu mi devi seppellir

*And if I die as a partisan
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao
And if I die as a partisan
You have to bury me*

Mi seppellire lassù in montagna
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao
Mi seppellire lassù in montagna
Sotto l'ombra di un bel fiore

*But bury me up in the mountain
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao,
But bury me up in the mountain
Under the shadow of a beautiful flower*

E le genti che passeranno
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao
E le genti che passeranno
Mi diranno: "Che bel fior"

*And the people who will pass by
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao,
And the people who will pass by
Will say to me: "what a beautiful flower"*

È questo il fiore del partigiano
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao
È questo il fiore del partigiano
Morto per la libertà

*This is the flower of the partisan
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao
This is the flower of the partisan
Who died for freedom*

Blackest Crow traditional

As time draws near, my dearest dear,
When you and I must part,
What little you know of the grace and awe
Of my poor aching heart.

Each night I suffer for your sake,
You're the one I love so dear;
I wish that I was going with you,
Or you were staying here.

I wish my breast was made of glass
Wherein you might behold
Oh there your name I's wrote, my dear,
In letters made of gold.
Oh there your name I's wrote, my dear,
Believe me what I say,
You are the one I love the best
Until my dying day.

The crow that is so black, my love,
will surely turn to white
If ever I prove false to you,
Bright day return to night.
Bright day return to night, my love

The elements will mourn,
If ever I prove false to you
The seas will rage and burn.

/76543

And when you're on some distant shore,
Think of your absent friend,
And when the wind blows high and clear,
A line to me, pray send.

And when the wind blows high and clear,
Pray send a note to me,
That I might know by your handwriting
How time has gone with thee.

The blackest crow that ever flew
Will surely turn to white
If ever I prove false to you
Bright day will turn to night
Bright day will turn to night, my love
The elements will mourn
If ever I prove false to you
The seas will rage and burn

The Blackest Crow

As time draws near, my dearest dear, When you and I must part, What little you
know of-the grace and awe of my poor ach-ing heart. Each night I suf-fer for-your sake
you're the one I love so dear, I wish that I was going with you, or you were staying here.

Blue traditional

^C
Well, I had an old dog and his name was Blue,
^C ^{G(½)} ^C
Had an old dog and his name was Blue.
^C ^C
Had an old dog and his name was Blue...
^C ^{G7(½)} ^C ^C
Betcha five dollars he's a good dog too... sayin'
^C ^C ^{Am} ^{Am} ^{G7(½)} ^C ^C
"Here old Blue" you're a "Good dog you"

Old Blue come when I blow my horn,
Old Blue come when I blow my horn,
Blue come a runnin' through the yellow corn,
Blue come a runnin' when I blow my horn.
Singin' here, Blue, you're a good dog you.

Well, I shouldered my axe and I tooted my horn,
Went to find 'possum in the new-grown corn.
Old Blue treed and I went to see,
Blue had 'possum up a tall oak tree.
Mmm, boy I roast'd 'possum, nice and brown,
Sweet potatoes, n' all a-round,
And to say "Here old Blue (here-boy)
You can have some too"

Now, Old Blue died and he died so hard,
Made a big dent in my back-yard.
Dug his grave with a silver spade,
Lowered him down with a link of chain.
With every link I did call his name,
Yea with every link I did call his name,
Singing "Here...old...Blue,
"Good dog you"

My old Blue was a good old hound,
You'd hear him holler miles around.
When I get to heaven, first thing I'll do.
Pull out my horn and call old Blue,
I'll say, "Here Old Blue come-on dog"
"Good dog you."

I'll say, "Here Blue-e"
"I'm a coming there too"
"Down boy... good dog"

Blue-Tail Fly/Jimmie Crack Corn traditional

C *F*
When I was young I used to wait
C *G7*
On master and hand him his plate.
C *F*
And pass the bottle when he got dry,
G7 *C*
And brush away the blue-tail fly.

C *C* *G* *G*
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care.
G7 *G7* *C* *C*
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care.
C *C7* *F* *F*
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care.
G7 *G7* *C* *C*
My master's gone away.

And when he'd ride in the afternoon,
I'd follow after with a hickory broom.
The pony being rather shy
When bitten by the blue-tail fly.

One day he rode around the farm,
The flies so numerous they did swarm.
One chanced to bite him on the thigh,
The devil take the blue-tail fly.

The pony run, he jump, he pitch,
he threw my master in a ditch.
He died and the jury wondered why.
The verdict was the blue-tail fly.

They buried him 'neath a 'simmon tree,
his epitaph is there to see,
Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie,
A victim of the blue-tail fly.

Boston Come All Ye Traditional

G D7 G G₍₂₎ Bm₍₁₎
 Come all ye young sailormen listen to me,
C G D7 G₍₂₎ D₍₁₎
 I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.
G G C G
 Then blow ye winds westerly, westerly blow;
G C₍₁₎ G₍₂₎ Am7₍₂₎ D7₍₁₎ G
 We're bound to the southward, so steady she goes.

Oh, first came the whale, he's the biggest of all,
he clumb up aloft, and let every sail fall.

Next came the mackerel with his striped back,
he hauled aft the sheets and boarded each tack.

The porpoise came next with his little snout,
he grabbed the wheel, calling "Ready? About!".

Then came the smelt, the smallest of all,
he jumped to the poop and sung out, "Topsail,
haul!".

The herring came saying, I'm king of the seas!
If you want any wind, I'll blow you a breeze."

Up jumped the tuna saying, "No, I am the king!
Just pull on the line, and let the bell ring."

Next came the cod with his chucklehead,
he went to the main-chains to heave to the lead.

Last come the flounder as flat as the ground,
saying, "Damn your eyes, chucklehead, mind how
you sound!"

Then, up jumps the fisherman with a big grin,
and with his big net he scooped them all in.

Up comes the blue-fish a-wagging his tail,
he come up on the deck and yells: "All hands
make sail!"

Next comes the eels, with their nimble tails,
they jumped up aloft and loosed all the sails.

Next come the herrings, with their little tails,
the manned sheets and halliards and set all the sails.

Next comes the swordfish, the scourge of the sea,
the order he gives is "Helm's a-lee!"

Then comes the turbot, as red as a beet,
he shouts from the bridge: "Stick out that foresheet!"

Having accomplished these wonderful feats,
the blackfish sings out next to: "Rise tacks and
sheet!"

Next comes the whale, the largest of all,
singing out from the bridge: "Haul taut, mainsail,
haul!"

Then comes the mackerel, with his striped back,
he flopped on the bridge and yelled: "Board the main
tack!"

Next comes the sprat, the smallest of all,
he sings out: "Haul well taut, let go and haul!"

Along came a dolphin, flapping his tail,
he yelled to the boatswain to reef the foresail.

Along came the shark, with his three rows of teeth,
he flops on the foreyard and takes a snug reef.

Careless Love traditional

The musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The chords indicated are G, D7, G, G, D7, D7, G, C, C, G, D7, G.

G D7 G G
 Love, oh love, oh careless love.
 G G D7 D7
 Love, oh love, oh careless love. Oh
 G G7 C C
 Love, oh love, oh careless love,
 G D7 G G C
 You see what careless love can do.

I love my mama and papa too (3X)
 I'd leave them both to go with you

What, oh what will mama say? (3X)
 When she learns I've gone astray.

Once I wore my apron low.(3x)
 I could scarcely keep you from my door

Now, I wear my apron up and high. (3x)
 You see my door and pass me by.

Cried last night and the night before. (3x)
 Gonna cry tonight and cry no more.

Love, oh love, oh careless love. (3x)
 You see what careless love has done.

Careless Love

music by William Christopher Hands and lyrics by
Spencer Williams, and Martha E. Koenig (1923)

C *G7* *C* *C*
Love, oh love, oh careless love,
C *G7* *C* *C*
You've fly though my head like wine
C *C7* *F* *Fm*
You've wrecked the life of many a poor girl
C *G7* *C* *C(¼)* *F(¼)* *C(¼)* *G7(¼)*
And you nearly spoiled this life of mine

Love, oh love, oh careless love,
In your clutches of desire
You've made me break many a true vow
Then you set my very soul on fire

Love, oh love, oh careless love,
All my happiness bereft
Cause you've filled my heart with weary old blues
Now I'm walkin' talkin' to myself

Love, oh love, oh careless love,
Trusted you now it's too late
You've made me throw my old friend down
That's why I sing this song of hate

Love, oh love, oh careless love,
Night and day I weep and moan
You brought the wrong man into this life of mine
For my sins till judgment I'll atone

Careless Love

music by William Christopher Hands and lyrics by
Spencer Williams, and Martha E. Koenig (1923)

Well I said love, oh love, oh careless love
Well I said love, oh love, oh careless love
I said love, Woh love, Woh careless love.
love, please tell me what have I done
for you to hurt me all in fun

well you know that i once, was blind, but now i see
i said that i once, was blind, but now i see
well you know i once, was blind, but i'm so glad, i'm so glad i see
that that old love, has made a, fool of me
that that old love, has made a, fool of me

well you know what, a big fool, i have been
let me it say it what, a big fool, i have been
let me me say it what, oh what a big fool, that i have been
but i'd be, i'd be one, all over again
but i'd be, i'd be one, all over again

well you know if i can mmmmmm, like a morning dove
if i could mmmmm, like a morning dove
well if i could moan, if i could moan, like a mo'ning dove
you know i'd moan, for every, one in love
you know i'd moan, for every, one in love

that's why i say love, whoowhoowhoaaa love, careless love...
whoaaa i say, love oh love careless love

Chilly Winds

by John Stewart and John Phillips (1962)

Oh, I'm goin' where them chilly winds don't blow,
Gonna find a true love; that is where I want to go,
Out where them chilly winds don't blow.

Leavin' in the springtime, won't be back 'till fall,
And if I can't forget you, I might not come back at all,
Out where them chilly winds don't blow.

Wish I was a headlight on a westbound train,
I'd shine my light on cool Colorado rain,
Out where the chilly winds don't blow.

Oh, I'm goin' where them chilly winds don't blow,
Gonna find a true love, that is where I want to go,
Out where them chilly winds don't blow.

Sing you a song, sing it soft and low,
I'll sing it for you, baby, and then I'll have to go...
Out where them chilly winds don't blow.

If you're feeling lonely. If you're feeling low.
Remember that I loved you more than you will ever know
Out where them chilly winds don't blow.

Oh, I'm goin' where them chilly winds don't blow,
I'm gonna find a true love, that is where I want to go,
Out where them chilly winds don't blow,
Out where them chilly winds don't blow,
Out where them chilly (*hold D7*) winds don't blow.

Cielito Lindo

traditional, this is the norteño style popular in the American Southwest and northern Mexico

De la Sier - ra Mo - re - nos Cie - li - to Lin - do vic - ven bu - jan - do, Un
 _ par de o - ji - tos ne - gros, Cie - li - to Lin - do, los con - tra ban - dos.
 Ay, ay, ay, ay, Can - - - to no llo - res. Por - que can -
 - tan - do se' al - le - gran, Cie - li - to Lin - dos los co - ra - zo nes.

Ese lunar que tienes, cielito lindo, junto a la boca
 No se lo des a nadie, cielito lindo, que ami' me toca
 Ay ay ay ay, canta y no llores
 Porque cantando se alegran, cielito lindo, los corazones

De la sierra morena, cielito lindo, vienen bajando
 Un par de ojitos negros, cielito lindo, de contrabando

De tu casa a la mia, cielito lindo, no hay mas que un paso
 Ahora que estamos solos, cielito lindo, dame un brazo

Una flecha en el aire, cielito lindo, lanzo' cupido
 Y como fue' jugando, cielito lindo, yo fui' el herido

That beauty mark that you have near your mouth
 Don't [?] to anyone that I loved to touch it.
 Ay ay ay ay, sing and don't cry
 Because singing gladdens the heart

From the Sierra Morena arrives descending
 A pair of black eyes, of contraband
 From your house to mine is no more than a step
 Now that we are alone give me a hug
 An arrow in the air cupid launched
 And as it went playing, I was the wounded one

Clementine traditional

^C ^C ^C ^G
In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine
^{G7} ^C ^{G7} ^C
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner, and his daughter Clementine.

^C ^C ^C ^{G7}
Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine
^{G7} ^C ^{G7} ^C
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy and her shoes were number nine.
Herring boxes without topses, sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water every morning just at nine
Hit her foot against a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine,
As for me, I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.

Then the miner, forty-niner, soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he otta jine his daughter, Now he's with his Clementine

In a churchyard near the canyon where the myrtle doth entwine
There grow roses and other posies, fertilized by Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, robed in garments soaked in brine;
Though in life I used to kiss her, now she's dead, I draw the line

How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my Clementine,
'Til I kissed her little sister and forgot my Clementine.

Click Go the Shears traditional Australian

C F
 Out on the boards the old shearer stands
C Dm(½) G7(½)
 Grasping his shears in his thin bony hands
C F
 Fixed is his eyes on a blue bellied Joe
Dm(½) G7(½) C(½) F(½) C(½)
 Glory if he gets her, won't he make the ringer go



G C
 Click go the Shears boys, click, click, click
F C(½) G(½)
 Wide is his blow and his hands move quick The
C F
 ringer looks around and is beaten by a blow and
Dm(½) G(½) C(½) F(½) C(½)
 curses the old swagger with the blue-bellied Joe

In the middle of the floor, in his cane-bottomed chair
 Is the boss of the board, with eyes everywhere;
 Notes well each fleece as it comes to the screen
 Paying strict attention if it's taken off clean.

The colonial experience man, he is there, of course,
 With his shiny leggin's, just got off his horse,
 Casting round his eye like a real connoisseur,
 Whistling the old tune, "I'm the Perfect Lure."

The tar-boy is there, awaiting in demand,
 With his blackened tar-pot, and his tarry hand;
 Sees one old sheep with a cut upon its back,
 Hears what he's waiting for, "Tar here, Jack!"

Shearing is all over and we've all got our cheques,
 Roll up your swag for we're off on the tracks;
 The first pub we come to, it's there we'll have a spree,
 And everyone that comes along it's "Come and drink with me!"

Down by the bar the old shearer stands,
 Grasping his glass in his thin honey hands;
 Fixed is his gaze on a green-painted keg,
 Glory he'll get down on it, ere he stirs a peg.

There we leave him standing, shouting for all hands,
 Whilst all around him, every "shouter" stands
 His eyes are on the cask, which is now lowering fast,
 He works hard, he drinks hard, and goes to hell at last!

Crawdad Song traditional

C C C C
You'll get a line an' I'll get a pole, honey
C C G G7
You'll get a line an' I'll get a pole, babe
C C7 F F7
You'll get a line an' I'll get a pole, now, let's go down to that crawdad's hole
C G7 C C
Honey, sugar baby, mine

Sittin' on the bank 'til my feet get cold, Honey, (3x)
Lookin' down that crawdad hole, Honey, Baby mine.

Along comes a man with a sack on his back, now, Honey, (3x)
Packin' all the crawdads he can pack, Honey, Baby mine.

The man fell down and he broke that sack, Honey, (3x)
See them crawdads backing back, Honey, Baby mine.

Standin' on the corner with a dollar in my hand, honey(3x)
Standin' there waitin' for the crawdad man. Honey, baby mine. Honey, baby, mine

Get up, ol' woman, you slept too late, honey(3x)
That crawdad man's done passed your gate. Honey, baby mine.

What you gonna do when the pond goes dry, now, honey (3x)
I'm gonna stand on the bank and watch the crawdads die. Honey, baby, mine

I heard the duck say to the drake, Honey, (3x)
There ain't no crawdads in this lake, Honey, Baby mine

Cruel War traditional

D *Bm* *Em* *F#7*
The cruel war is raging, Johnny has to fight
G *Em* *A(½)* *G(½)* *D*
I want to be with him from morn ing 'til night.
D *Bm* *Em* *F#7*
I want to be with him, it grieves my heart so,
G *Em* *A(½)* *G(½)* *D*
and won't you let me go with you? No, my love, no.

D *Bm* *Em* *F#7*
Tomorrow is Sunday, Monday is the day
G *Em* *A(½)* *G(½)* *D*
That your captain will call you and you must obey.
D *Bm* *Em* *F#7*
Your captain will call you it grieves my heart so,
G *Em* *A(½)* *G(½)* *D*
Won't you let me go with you? No, my love, no.

I'll tie back my hair, men's clothing I'll put on,
I'll pass as your comrade, as we march along.
I'll pass as your comrade, no one will ever know.
Won't you let me go with you? No, my love, no.

Your waist is too slender, your fingers too small
And your cheeks are too tender, to take the cannon-ball.
They will give me shiny medals, they'll call the killin' brave,
But I'd rather you hold my son, than be with me in a grave

Oh Johnny, oh Johnny, I fear you are unkind
I love you far better than all of mankind.
I love you far better than words can ere express
Wont you let me go with you? Yes, my love, yes.

Cuckoo traditional

$C_{(Am)}$ Am $Em_{(G)}$ Am
Oh the cuckoo, she's a pretty bird, and she warbles, as she flies
 $C_{(Am)}$ Am $Em_{(G)}$ Am
And she never, holler cuckoo until the 4th day of July

Jack of Diamonds, Jack of Diamonds, you're the meanest, heart I know
Well you rob my poor pockets of the silver and of gold

Jack of Diamonds, Jack of Diamonds, well I've known you of old
Well you rob my poor pockets, and you nearly stole my soul

Well I'll eat when I'm hungry, and I'll drink when I'm dry
And if some woman don't shoot me, then I'll live a long time

I'm going up, up on a mountain, I'm gonna build me a whiskey still
And I'll sell you, one bottle for a twenty dollar-bill

I'm going up, up on a mountain, I'm gonna stand, lookin' down
So I can see my pretty baby, whenever she comes walking round

The cuckoo she's a pretty bird, and she warbles sings as she flies
She brings us glad tidings and tells us no lies

She sucks all sweet flowers to make her voice clear
She never sings cuckoo till summer is near

She flies the hills over, she flies the world about
She flies back to the mountain, she mourns for her love

The cuckoo she's a pretty bird, she warbles as she flies
She brings us glad tidings and tells us no lies

Danny Boy music by Rory Dhall O'Cahan (c.1600) and lyrics by Fred Weatherly (1913) the music for this celebrated Irish song is from a 17th century harp composition.

C Cmaj7^(1/2) C7^(1/2) F Fm
 Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
C Am D7 G
 From glen to glen and down the mountain side
C Cmaj7^(1/2) C7^(1/2) F Fm
 The summer's gone and all the roses dying
C^(1/2) Am^(1/2) Dm^(1/4) G^(1/2) C C
 'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide

G^(1/2) Am^(1/4) G/B^(1/4) C F C
 But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
G^(1/2) Am^(1/4) G/B^(1/4) Am F^(1/2) C^(1/2) D G
 Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
C F C^(1/2) Em/B^(1/2) Am^(1/2) Fm^(1/2)
 And I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow
C^(1/2) Dm^(1/2) G^(1/2) G7^(1/2) C G7
 Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy I love you so

C Cmaj7^(1/2) C7^(1/2) F Fm
 But if he come and all the roses dying
C Am D7 G
 And I am dead, as dead I well may be
C Cmaj7^(1/2) C7^(1/2) F Fm
 You'll come and find the place where I am lying
C^(1/2) Am^(1/2) Dm^(1/4) G^(1/2) C C
 And kneel and say an Ave there for me

G^(1/2) Am^(1/4) G/B^(1/4) C F C
 And I shall feel, though soft you tread above me
G^(1/2) Am^(1/4) G/B^(1/4) Am F^(1/2) C^(1/2) D G
 And then my grave will richer, sweeter be
C F C^(1/2) Em/B^(1/2) Am^(1/2) Fm^(1/2)
 For you will bend and tell me that you love me
C^(1/2) Dm^(1/2) G^(1/2) G7^(1/2) C C
 And I shall rest in peace until you come to me
C^(1/2) Dm^(1/2) G^(1/2) G7^(1/2) C (1/2)
 Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy I love you so

Darling Nellie Gray

by Benjamin Russell. Hanby (1856)

D *G*
There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
D *A7*
There I've whiled many happy hours away.

*D*_(½) *D7*_(½) *G*_(½) *Ddim7*_(½)
A sitting and a singing by the little cottage door,
*D*_(½) *A*_(½) *D*
where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

A7 *D*
Oh! My poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,
*D*_(¾) *E7*_(¼) *A*_(¼) *E7*_(¼) *A7*_(½)
And I'll never see my darling any more.
*D*_(½) *D7*_(½) *G*_(½) *Ddim7*_(½)
I'm a sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,
*D*_(½) *A*_(½) *D*
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

One night I went to see her but "she's gone," the neighbors say,
The white man bound her with his chain,
They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away,
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

Oh my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away
And I'll never see my darling any more.
I'm a sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see the way
Hark! There's somebody knocking at the door
Oh! I hear the angels calling and I see my Nellie Gray
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore

Oh my darling Nellie Gray, up in heaven there they say
that they'll never take you from me any more
I'm a coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore

Dona Dona Dona traditional

Am E Am E
On a wagon bound for market,
Am Dm Am E
There's a calf with a mournful eye.
Am E Am E
High above him there's a swallow,
Am Dm E Am
Winging swiftly through the sky.

G G C Am
How the winds are laughing,
G G C C
They laugh with all their might.
G G C Am
Laugh and laugh the whole day through,
E E Am Am
And half the summer's night.

E E Am Am
Dona, dona, dona, dona,
G G C C
Dona, dona, dona, doe.
E E Am Am
Dona, dona, dona, dona,
E E Am Am
Dona, dona, dona, doe.

"Stop complaining!" said the farmer,
"Who told you a calf to be?
Why don't you have wings to fly with,
Like the swallow so proud and free?"

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

Dona Nobis Pacem (Give Us Peace) traditional

F C7 F C7
Dona nobis pacem, pacem
Bb F C7 F
Dona nobis pa cem

attributed to
Palestrina 1525-1594

3-part round

1 Do - na no - bis, pa - cem, pa-cem, Do-na no - bis, pa - cem.

2 Do - na no - bis pa-cem, Do-na no-bis pa - cem.

3 Do - na no - bis, pa-cem, Do-na no-bis, pa - cem.

Down by the Bay

by traditional

Down By The Bay

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Down by the Bay'. It consists of three staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: 'Down by the bay, where the wa-ter-mel-on grow, back to my home,'. The second staff starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: 'I dare not go! For if I do, my mo-ther will say:'. The third staff starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: '"Did you ev-er see a whale with a polk-a dot tail?" Down by the bay!'. There are measure numbers 6 and 12 indicated at the beginning of the second and third staves respectively.

G G

Down by the bay, where the watermelons

D D D D7

grow, back to my home. I dare not go

G G7 C C G

Go. For if I do, my mother will say

G G G D7 G

"Did you ever see a moose kissing a goose?" Down by the bay

"Did you ever see a whale with a polka dot tail?"

"Did you ever see a fly wearing a tie?"

"Did you ever see a bear combing his hair?"

"Did you ever see some llamas eating pajamas?"

"Did you ever see a snake baking a cake?"

"Did you ever see a cat, wearing a hat?"

"Did you ever have a time when you couldn't make a rhyme?"

Down by the Riverside traditional

G G G G
Gonna lay down my sword and shield. Down by the riverside
D D7 G G
Down by the riverside. Down by the riverside
G G G G
Gonna lay down my sword and shield. Down by the riverside
Am D7 G G7
Ain't gonna study war no more

C C G G
I ain't gonna study war no more, I ain't gonna study war no more
D7 D7 G G7
Study war no more
C C G G
I ain't gonna study war no more, I ain't gonna study war no more
D7 D7 G G
Study war no more

Gonna stick my sword in the golden sand

Gonna put on my long white robe

Gonna put on my starry crown

Gonna put on my golden shoes

Gonna talk with the Prince of Peace

Gonna shake hands around the world

Down in the Valley

Traditional (9/8 time)

Down in the valley, the valley so low
Hang your head over, hear the winds blow
Hear the winds blow, dear, hear the winds blow
Hang your head over, hear the winds blow

Down in the valley, walking between
Telling our story, here's what it means
Here's what it means, dear, here's what it means
Telling our story, here's what it means

Roses love sunshine, violets love dew
Angels in heaven know I love you
Know I love you, dear, know I love you
Angels in heaven know I love you

Build me a castle forty feet high
So I can see him as he rides by
As he rides by, dear, as he rides by
So I can see him as he rides by

Writing this letter, containing three lines
Answer my question, "Will you be mine?"
"Will you be mine, dear, will you be mine"
Answer my question, "Will you be mine?"

If you don't love me, love whom you please
Throw your arms round me, give my heart ease
Give my heart ease, dear, give my heart ease
Throw your arms round me, give my heart ease

Throw your arms round me, before it's too late
Throw your arms round me, feel my heart break
Feel my heart break, dear, feel my heart break
Throw your arms round me, feel my heart break

Down in the valley, the valley so low
Hang your head over, hear the winds blow
Hear the winds blow, dear, hear the winds blow
Hang your head over, hear the winds blow

Drunken Sailor traditional



Dm *Dm*
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

C *C*
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

Dm *Dm*^(½) *Am*^(¼) *Bdim7*^(¼)
What shall we do with the drunken sail or?

Am^(½) *G*^(¼) *C*^(¼) *Dm*
Earl-eye in the morning?

Dm *Dm*
Way hay and up she rises

C *C*
Way hay and up she rises

Dm *Dm*^(½) *Am*^(¼) *Bdim7*^(¼)
Way hay and up she rises

Am^(½) *G*^(¼) *C*^(¼) *Dm*
Earl-eye in the morning

Put him in the long boat till he's sober,

Give him a hair of the dog that bit him,

Pull out the plug and wet him all over

Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him

Hoist him up to the topsail yardarm

Take 'im and shake 'im and try an' wake 'im.

Give 'im a dose of salt and water.

Heave him by the leg in a running bowline

Keep him there and make 'im bale 'er.

Shave his belly with a rusty razor.

Put him in bed with the captain's daughter.

Dry Bones traditional

A A E7 A
Ezekiel connected them dry bones,
Bm7 Bm7 E7 A
Ezekiel connected them dry bones,
A A E7 A
Ezekiel connected them dry bones,
Bm7 E7 A A
I hear the word of the Lord!

A A E7 A
The toe bone's connected to the foot bone.
Bm7 Bm7 E7 A
The foot bone's connected to the ankle bone.
A A E7 A
The anklebone's connected to the leg bone.
A# A# F7 A#
The leg bone's connected to the knee bone.
B B F#7 B
The knee bone's connected to the thigh bone.
C C G7 C
The thighbone's connected to the hip bone.
C# C# G#7 C#
The hipbone's connected to the back bone.
D D A7 D
The backbone's connected to the shoulder bone.
D# D# A#7 D#
The shoulder bone's connected to the neck bone.
E E B7 E
The neck bone's connected to the head bone.
F#m7 B7 E E
I hear the word of the Lord!

E E B7 E
Them bones, them bones gonna walk around.
B E F#7 B
Them bones, them bones gonna walk around.
E B B7 E
Them bones, them bones gonna walk around.
F#m7 B7 E E
I hear the word of the Lord!

E E B7 E
Disconnect them bones, them dry bones.
B B F#7 B
Disconnect them bones, them dry bones.
E E B7 E
Disconnect them bones, them dry bones.
F#m7 B7 E E
I hear the word of the Lord!

E E B7 E
Your head bone disconnected from your neck bone.
D# D# A#7 D#
Your neck bone disconnected from your back bone.
D D A7 D
Your back bone disconnected from your hip bone.
C# C# G#7 C#
Your hip bone disconnected from your thigh bone.
C C G7 C
Your thigh bone disconnected from your knee bone.
B B F#7 B
Your knee bone disconnected from your leg bone.
A# A# F7 A#
Your leg bone disconnected from your ankle bone.
A A E7 A
Your ankle bone disconnected from your foot bone.
A A E7 A
Your foot bone disconnected from your toe bone.
D6 E7 A A
I hear the word of the Lord!
Bm7 E7 A A
I hear the word of the Lord

East Virginia Blues

traditional (Carter family lyrics in major mode, Joan Baez lyrics in minor mode)

Key of E

1. I was born in East Virginia, North Carolina.
 2. Oh, her hair was dark and curly, And her cheeks
 3. Molly dear, go ask your mother, If you my bride

na I did go, There I met a fair young
 were ros-y red, On her breast she wore white
 might e-ver be, If she says no, come back and

ma-id-en, Though her age, I did not know.
 lin-en, Where I longed to lay my head.
 tell-me, And I'll run a-way with thee.

E E E E
 I was born in East Virginia
 A A E E
 North Carolina I did go
 A A E E
 There I courted a fair young maiden
 B7 B7 E E
 But her age I did not know

Oh her hair was dark and curly
 And her cheeks were rosy red
 On her breast she wore a lilly
 Where I longed to lay my head

Molly dear, go ask your mother
 If you my bride might ever be
 If she says no, come back and tell me
 And I'll run away with thee

No I'll not go ask my mother
 Where she lies on her bed of rest
 In her hand she holds a dagger
 To kill the man that I love best

The ocean's deep and I can't wade it
 And I have no wings to fly
 I'll just get some blue-eyed boatman
 For to row me o'er the tide

I'll go back to East Virginia
 North Carolina ain't my home
 I'll go back to East Virginia
 Leave old North Carolina alone

I don't want your green back dollar
 I don't want your watch and chain
 All I want is you my darling
 Say you'll take me back again

For you know I'd like to see you
 At my door you're welcome in
 At my gate I'll always greet you
 For you're the girl I tried to win

I was born in East Virginia
 North Carolina I did go
 There I courted a fair young maiden
 But her age I did not know
 But her age I did not know

East Virginia

1. I was born in East Virginia, North Carolina
 in Carolina I did roam, and there I
 met a fair pretty maiden, her name and
 age I do not know.

Bm E Bm Bm
 I was born in East Virginia
Em Em Bm Bm
 North Carolina I did roam
B B E E
 There I met a fair young maiden
Bm Bm(1/2) F#7(1/2) Bm Bm
 But her age I did not know

I was born in East Virginia,
 North Carolina I did roam,
 There I met a fair pretty maiden,
 Her name and age I do not know.

I'd rather be in some dark holler,
 Where the sun refuse to shine,
 Than to see you be another man's darlin',
 And to know that you'll never be mine.

Her hair it was of a brightsome color,
 And her lips of a ruby red,
 On her breast she wore white lilies,
 There I longed to lay my head.

Well in the night I'm dreamin' about you,
 In the day I find no rest,
 Just the thought of you my darlin',
 Sends aching pain all through my breast.

Well, in my heart you are my darlin',
 At my door you're welcome in,
 At my gate I'll meet you my darlin',
 If your love, I could only win.

Well when I'm dead and in my coffin,
 With my feet turned toward the sun,
 Come and sit beside me darlin',
 Come and think on the way you done.

Eh' Cumpari traditional Italian

Eh Cumpari, ci vo sunari Chi si sona? U friscalettu.
E comu si sona u friscalettu? *{whistle}* u friscalette, tipiti tipiti tam.

E cumpari, ci vo sunari. Chi si sona? U saxofona,
E comu si sona u saxofona? Tu tu tu tu u saxofona
u friscalette, tipiti tipiti tam.

E cumpari, ci vo sunari. Chi si sona? U mandolinu.
E comu si sona u mandolinu? a pling a pling, u mandulin,
tu tu tu tu u saxofon
u friscalette, *{whistle}* tipiti tipiti tam.

E cumpari, ci vo sunari? Chi si sona? u violinu.
E comu si sona u violinu? A zing a zing, u violin,
a pling a pling, u mandulin
tu tu tu tu u saxofon
u friscalette, *{whistle}* tipiti tipiti tam.

E cumpari, ci vo sunari? Chi si sona? a la trumbetta.
E comu si sona a la trombetta? Papapapa a la trumbetta,
A zing a zing, u violin, a pling a pling, u mandulin
tu tu tu tu u saxofon
u friscalette, *{whistle}* tipiti tipiti tam.

E compari, ci vo sunari? Chi si sona? a la trombona.
E comu si sona a la trombona. A fumma a fumma a la trombona,
Papapapa a la trumbetta, A zing a zing, u violin,
a pling a pling, u mandulin, tu tu tu tu u saxofon
u friscalette, *{whistle}* tipiti tipiti tam.

Eh La Bas! Traditional Creole song

G
 Eh la bas! Eh la bas! Eh la
D7 **G**
 bas, chè - ri! Kom - on sa va? Eh la
G
 bas Eh la bas! Eh la
D7 **G**
 bas, chè - ri! Kom - on sa va?
G **D7**
 1. Mo chè kou - zen, mo chè kou - zin, mo len - me la kizin!
 2. Ye tehwe koch - on, ye tehwe lap - en, e mo man - je plen.
G
 Mo man - je plen, mo bwa div - en, e sa pa kout a - riy - en.
 Ye fe gonm - ba, mo man - je tra, e sa fe mon ma - lad.

©jam 2004

Far Away

by Ingrid Michaelson (2006)

A E/G# A7 D A E A E
I will live my life as a lobsterman's wife on an island in the blue bay. He will
A E/G# A7 D A E A A
take care of me, he will smell like the sea, and close to my heart he'll always stay.

A E/G# A7 D A E A E
I will bear three girls all with strawberry curls, little Ella and Nelly and Faye.
A E/G# A7 D A E A A
While I'm combing their hair, I will catch his warm stare on our island in the blue bay.

E E7 D A E E7 D A .
Far away far away, I want to go far away, to a new life on a new shoreline. Where the
E E7 D A E E7 D Dm A A A A
water is blue and the people are new, to another island, in another life.

There's a boy next to me, and he never will be anything but a boy at the bar.
And I think he's the tops, he's where everything stops. How I love to love him from afar.

When he walks right past me then I finally see on this bar stool I can't stay.
So I'm taking my frown to a far distant town, on an island in the blue bay.

A A F#m F#m E.
I want to go far away, away, away. I want to go far away, away,
E E7 D A E E7 A A.
ay ay, ay, uh, ay, uh, ay Where the
E E7 D A E E7 D D A A
water is blue and the people are new, to another island, in another life.

Farewell to Tarwathie

original lyric by George Scroggie in 1852, traditional Scottish melody

D *Bm7* *G* *D* *D*
 Farewell to Tarwathie adieu Mormond Hill
D *Bm7* *G* *D* *D*
 And the dear land of Crimond, I bid ye farewell
D *D* *A* *D* *D*
 I am bound out for Greenland, and ready to sail
D *Bm7* *G* *D* *D*
 In hopes to find riches, in hunting the whale
D Bm7 G D D *or D3 G3 only (Collins version)*

Adieu to my comrades, for a while we must part
 Likewise to the dear lass who first won my heart
 The cold ice of Greenland my love will not chill
 The longer my absence, the more loving she'll feel

Our ship is well-rigged and ready to sail
 Our crew they are anxious to follow the whale
 Where the icebergs do float and the stormy winds blow
 Where the land and the ocean is covered with snow

The cold land of Greenland is barren and bare
 No seedtime or harvest is ever known there
 The birds here sing sweetly on mountain and dale
 But there is not a birdie to sing to the whale

There is no habitation for man to live there
 The king of that country is the fierce Greenland bear
 There'll be no temptation to tarry long there
 With our ship bumper full we will homeward repair

Fareweel tae Tarwathie, adieu Mormond Hill
 And the dear land o Crimond, I bid ye fareweel
 I am bound out for Greenland and ready to sail
 In hopes to find riches in hunting the whale

Adieu to my comrades, for a while we must part
 Likewise tae the dear girl wha fair won my hairt
 The cold ice of Greenland my love will not chill
 The longer my absence, the stronger love's thrill

Oor ship is weel rigged and she's ready to sail
 Oor crew they are anxious to follow the whale
 Where the icebergs do float and the stormy winds blaw
 Where the land and the ocean are covered wi snaw

Now the cold coast of Greenland is barren and bare
 Nae seed-time nor harvest is ever known there
 The birds here sing sweetly over mountain and dale
 But there isnae a birdie to sing tae the whale

There is nae habitation for a man tae live there
 The king of that country's the fierce Greenland bear
 There'll be nae temptation tae tarry lang there
 Wi oor ship bumper fu we will homeward repair

Fare - well to Tar - wath - ie, a - dieu Mor - mond Hill, and the
 dear land of Crim - mond, I bid ye fare - well, I'm
 bound out for Green - land and read - y to sail, in
 hopes to find rich - es in hunt - ing the whale.

Femme-là Dit Creole traditional

Femme-là dit mo malèrè	The woman says, "I'm so sad."
Femme-là dit mo malèrè	The woman says, "I'm so sad."
Oh yé yaille mo malèrè	"Aiyé, I'm so sad."
Femme-là dit mo malèrè	The woman says, "I'm so sad."

Mois fais cinq sous yé vole li	"I earn five cents, they steal it."
Mois fais dix inq sous yé vole li	"I earn ten cents, they steal it."
Oh yé yaille mo malèrè	"Aiyé, I'm so sad."
Femme-là dit mo malèrè	The woman says, "I'm so sad."

Samedi matin la procession	"Saturday morning there's a procession"
Dimanch matin devan l'église	"Sunday morning they go to church"
L's demandéde composer	"They made my man calm down."
C'est mon garçon Napoléon	"I am the son of Napoleon"

Bm	Bm
Femme-là dit mo malèrè	
A	F#7
Femme-là dit mo malèrè	
Bm	Bm
Oh yé yaille mo malèrè	
F#7	Fm
Femme-là dit mo malèrè	

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

Femmlà- dit mo mal ér è- Femmlà- dit mo mal ér è Oh yé yaille mo mal ér è Femmlà- dit mo malèrè

Flora traditional

Am Em7 Am Em7 Am_(1/2) Em7_(1/2) Am_(1/2) Em7_(1/2) Am_(1/2) Em7_(1/2) Am Am

Am Am Am C G G C C_(1/2) D_(1/2) Am_(1/2) Em_(1/2)

When first I came to Louisville, my fortune there to find,

Am Am Am C Em Em F_(1/2) C_(1/2) Em_(1/2) Em7_(1/2) Am_(1/2) Em7_(1/2)

I met a fair young maiden there, her beauty filled my mind.

Am Am Am C Em Em Am Em_(1/2) Em7_(1/2) Am_(1/2) Em7_(1/2)

Her rosy cheek, her ruby lips, they gave my heart no rest.

Am Am Am C D Dm Dm Am Am_(1/2) G_(1/2)

The name she bore was Flora, the lily of the

Am Em7 Am Em7 Am_(1/2) Em7_(1/2) Am_(1/2) Em7_(1/2) Am_(1/2) Em7_(1/2) Am Am
west.

When first I came to Louisville, my fortune there to find,
I met a fair young maiden there, her beauty filled my mind.
Her rosy cheek, her ruby lips, they gave my heart no rest.
The name she bore was Flora, the lily of the west.

I courted lovely Flora, she promised ne'er to go.
But soon a tale was told to me that filled my heart with woe.
They said she meets another man who holds my love in jest.
And yet I trusted Flora, the lily of the west.

'Way down in yonder shady grove, a man of low degree,
He spoke unto my Flora there and kissed her 'neath a tree.
The answers that she gave to him like arrows pierced my breast.
I was betrayed by Flora, the lily of the west.

I stepped up to my rival, my dagger in my hand.
I seized him by the collar and I ordered him to stand.
All in my desperation I stabbed him in his breast.
I'd killed a man for Flora, the lily of the west.

And then I had to stand my trial, I had to make my plea.
They placed me in a pris'ner's dock and then commenced on me.
Although she swore my life away, deprived me of my rest.
Still I love my faithless Flora, the lily of the west.

Foggy Foggy Dew traditional

D D7 G E
When I was a bachelor, I lived all alone,
A A7 D D
I worked at the weaver's trade.
D D7 G E
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong
A A7 D D
Was to woo a fair young maid.

A A D D A A D D
I wooed her in the wintertime, and part of the summer too.
D D7 G E
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong
A A7 D D
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she knelt close by my side
When I was fast asleep.
She threw her arms around my neck
And then began to weep.

She wept, she cried, she tore her hair, ah, me, what could I do?
So all night long I held her in my arms
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Again I'm a bachelor, I live with my son,
We work at the weaver's trade.
And every single time I look into his eyes,
He reminds me of the fair young maid.

He reminds me of the wintertime, and part of the summer too,
And the many, many times that I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Froggie Went a Courtin' traditional

D D D
 Froggie went a-courtin and he did ride, a - huh.
D D A7
 Froggie went a-courtin and he did ride, a - huh.
D D
 Froggie went a - courtin and he did ride,
G G D A7 A
 Sword and pistol by his side, a -huh, a - huh, fare thee well.

Well he rode down to Miss Mouse's door
Where he had often been before

What will the wedding supper be
A fried misquito and a roasted flea

He took Miss Mousie on his knee
Said "Miss Mousie will you marry me"

First to come in were to little ants
Fixing around to have a dance

I'll have to ask my Uncle Rat
See what he will say to that

Next to come in was a bumble bee
Bouncing a fiddle on his knee

Well, Uncle Rat laughed and shook his fat
sides
To think his niece would be a bride

Next to come in was a fat sassy lad
Thinks himself as big as his dad

Well, Uncle Rat rode off to town
To buy his niece a wedding gown

Thinks himself a man indeed
Because he chews the tobacco weed

Where will the wedding supper be
Way down yonder in a hollow tree

And next to come in was a big tomcat
He swallowed the frog and the mouse and
the rat

Musical notation for the first part of the song. It consists of five staves of music in G major (one sharp). The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staves: D, A, G, D, A, D.

D
 Frog-gie went a court-in' and he did ride, Uh - huh,
 A
 Frog - gie went a court-in' and he did ride, Uh - huh,
 Frog - gie went a court - in' and
 G
 he did ride, Sword and pis - tol
 D A D
 By his side, Uh - huh, Uh - huh, Uh - huh.

Frozen Logger

traditional version by the Weavers

C C G7 G7 G7 G7 C C
As I sat down one evening 'twas in a small cafe,
C C7 F Dm7 G7 G7 C C
A forty year old waitress to me these words did say:

C C G7 G7 G7 G7 C C
"I see you are a logger and not just a common bum
C C7 F Dm7 G7 G7 C C
For nobody but a logger stirs his coffee with his thumb.

My lover was a logger, there's none like him today,
If you poured whiskey on it, he'd eat a bale of hay.

He never shaved his whiskers from off of his horny hide,
He's drive them in with a hammer and bite them off inside.

My lover came to see me, 'twas on a stormy day,
He held me in a fond embrace and broke three vertebrae.

He kissed me when we parted, so hard he broke my jaw
That I couldn't speak to tell him he forgot his mackinaw.

I saw my logger lover go sauntering through the snow,
A-goin' gaily homeward at forty-eight below.

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

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

They tried in vain to thaw him, and if you believe me, sir.
They cut him into to axe blades, to chop the Douglas fir.

And so I lost my lover, and to this cafe I've come,
To sit and wait for someone who stirs coffee with his thumb.

Frankie and Johnny traditional

C G7 C G7
 Frankie and Johnny were lovers
 C G7 C C7
 Oh Lordy, how they could love
 F F F7 F7
 Swore to be true to each other
 F F#dim7
 Just as true as the stars above
 C F#dim7 G7 G7 G7 G7 C F#dim7 G7 G7
 He was her man, but he done her wrong

Well, Frankie went down to the corner
 To get a bucket of beer
 She said to the fat bartender
 "Has my lovin' Johnny been here?
 He was my man; I think he's doing me wrong"

"Well, I don't want to cause you no trouble
 And I don't want to tell you no lies
 But I seen your man about an hour ago
 With that high-browed Nellie Bly
 If he's your man, he's a-doin' you wrong"

Frankie went down to the pawnshop;
 She bought herself a little forty-four.
 She aimed it at the ceiling,
 Shot a big hole in the floor.
 "Where's my man? He's doin' me wrong."

Frankie went down to the hotel;
 She rang the hotel bell.
 "Get outta my way, all you floozies,
 Or I'll blow you straight to hell.
 I want my man, who' is doin' me wrong."

Frankie peeked over the transom
 And there to her surprise
 That there in the room sat Johnny
 A-lovin' up Nellie Bly
 He was her man, and he was doing her wrong

Then Frankie threw her kimono
 And she pulled out a small .44
 And root-e-toot-toot three times she shot
 Right through that hardwood door
 She shot her man, cause he done her wrong

Johnnie he grabbed off his Stetson,
 "Oh good Lawd, Frankie, don't shoot."
 But Frankie put her finger on the trigger
 And the gun went roota-toot-toot.

He was her man, but she shot him down.
 "Well roll me over easy,
 Roll me over so slow,
 Roll me over easy, boys,
 's these holes, they hurt me so.
 I was your man, but I done you wrong"

Now, bring round your rubber-tired buggy
 And bring round your rubber-tired hack
 I'm taking my man to the graveyard
 I ain't gonna bring him back
 He was my man, but he done me wrong

This wasn't murder in the second degree,
 This wasn't murder in the third.
 Frankie simply dropped her man,
 Like a hunter drops a bird.
 He was her man, and she dropped him down.

"Oh bring 'round a thousand policemen,
 Bring 'em round today,
 To lock me in that dungeon
 And throw that key away.
 I shot my man 'cause he done me wrong."

Frankie mounted to the scaffold,
 As calm as a girl could be,
 And turning her eyes to heaven,
 Said; "Nearer my God to Thee."
 He was her man, and she's goin' home now.

Well this story has no moral
 And this story has got no end
 Well the story just goes to show you women
 That there ain't no good in men
 He was her man, but he done her wrong

Gilgarra Mountain traditional

C C Am Am
As I was a goin' over Gilgarra Mountain,
F F C C
I spied Colonel Farrell and his money he was countin'.
C C Am Am
First I drew me pistols, and then I drew me rapier, sayin'
F F C C
"Stand and deliver for I am your bold deceiver".

G G C C
Mush-a-ring-um dur-am da, whack fol the daddy-o,
Am F C(½) G7(½) C C
whack fol the daddy-o, there's whiskey in the jar.

He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,
I put it in me pocket to take home to darlin' Jenny.
She sighed and swore she loved me, and never would deceieve me,
but the devil take the women for they always lie so easy.
I went into me chamber all for to take a slumber,
to dream of gold and girls and o'course it was no wonder.
Me Jenny took me charges and she filled them up with water ,
called on Colonel Farrell to get ready for the slaughter.

Next mornin' early, before I rose to travel,
a' came a band o' footmen and likewise Colonel Farrell.
I goes to draw me pistol for she'd stole away me rapier,
but a prisoner I was taken, I couldn't shoot the water.
They put me into jail with the judge all a-writin' ,
for robbin' Colonel Farrell on Gilgarra Mountain.
But they didn't take me fists, so I knocked the jailer down,
and bid a farewell to this tight-fisted town.

I'd like to find me brother, the one that's in the army,
I don't know where he's stationed, in Cork or in Killarney.
Together we'd go roamin' o'er the mountains of Kilkenny,
and I swear he'd treat me fairer than me darlin' sportin' Jenny.
There's some takes delight in the carriages and rollin',
and some takes delight in the hurley or the bollin' .
But I takes delight in the juice of the barley,
courtin' pretty maids in the mornin' oh so early.

Girl I Left Behind (traditional)

C F_(½) G7_(½) C C
 I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill, and o'er the moorland sedy
C F G7 C
 Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill, since parting with my Betsey
C C C C_(½) G7_(½)
 I seek for one as fair and gay, but find none to remind me
C F G7 C_(½) G7_(½)
 How sweet the hours I passed away, with the girl I left behind me.

O ne'er shall I forget the night,
 the stars were bright above me
 And gently lent their silv'ry light
 when first she vowed to love me
 But now I'm bound to Brighton camp
 kind heaven then pray guide me
 And send me safely back again,
 to the girl I left behind me

The bee shall honey taste no more,
 the dove become a ranger
 The falling waters cease to roar,
 ere I shall seek to change her
 The vows we made to heav'n above
 shall ever cheer and bind me
 In constancy to her I love,
 the girl I left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
 her eyes like diamonds shining
 Her slender waist, her heavenly face,
 that leaves my heart still pining
 Ye gods above oh hear my prayer
 to my beauteous fair to find me
 And send me safely back again,
 to the girl I left behind me

Goin' Down the Road traditional

G *G* *G* *G7*
 Goin' down the road feeling bad
C *Cm* *G* *G7*
 Goin' down the road feeling bad
C *Cm* *G* *Em*
 Goin' down the road feeling bad
 G *D(½)* *Eb7(½)* *D7(½)* *G* *G*
 Lord I ain't gonna be treated this a way

Goin' where the water tastes like wine
 Goin' where the climate feels fine
 Goin' where the people treat me right
 Goin' where the chilly winds don't blow
 Goin' where the dust storms never blow
 I'm blowin' down this old dusty road,
 I'm a-goin' where the dust storms never blow,
 Yes, they say I'm a dust bowl refugee,
 I'm a-lookin' for a job at honest pay,
 My children need three square meals a day,
 It takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet,
 Your a-two-dollar shoe hurts my feet,
 Thought I heard a whistle blowin' low,

Doc Watson lyrics

I'm a-goin' down this old dusty road,
 I'm blowin' down this old dusty road,
 I'm a-blowin' down this old dusty road, Lord, Lord,
 An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way.

Oh, it's going down the road feeling bad
 Bad luck's all I've ever had
 Going down the road feeling bad, Lord, Lord
 And I aint' a-gonna be treated this a-way

Got me way down in jail on my knees
 This old jailer he sure is hrd to please
 Feed me corn, bread and peas, Lord, Lord
 And I ain't gonna be treated this a-way

(Sweet mama, won't you buy me no shoes
 Lord, she's left me with these lonesome
 jailhouse blues
 My sweet mama won't buy me no shoes, Lord,
 Lord
 And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

And these two-dollar shoes they hurt my feet
 The jailer won't gi'me enough to eat
 Lord, these two-dollar shoes they hurt my feet,
 Lord, Lord
 And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

I'm going where the climate suits my clothes
 Lord, I'm going where these chilly winds never
 blow (hmmhmm)
 Going where the climate suits my clothes, Lord,
 Lord
 And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

Yes, I'm going down the road feeling bad, Lord,
 Lord
 Lord, I'm going down this road feeling bad
 Bad luck is all I've ever had (it sure is)
 And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

Goober Peas traditional

C *C* *F* *C*
 Sitting by the roadside on a summer's day
C *C* *Dm*^(1/2) *F*^(1/2) *G*^(1/2) *G7*^(1/2)
 Chatting with my mess-mates passing time away
C *C* *F* *C*
 Lying in the shadows underneath the trees
C *F* *C*^(1/2) *G7*^(1/2) *C*
 Goodness how delicious eating goober peas

C^(1/2) *C7*^(1/2) *F* *G7* *C*
 Peas, peas, peas, peas, eating goober peas
C *F* *C*^(1/2) *G7*^(1/2) *C*
 Goodness how delicious eating goober peas

When a horse-man passes, the soldiers have a rule
 To cry out their loudest, "Mister, here's your mule!"
 But another custom, enchanting-er than these
 Is wearing out your grinders, eating goober peas

Just before the battle, the General hears a row
 He says "The Yanks are coming, I hear their rifles now"
 He looks down the roadway and what d'you think he sees
 The Georgia Militia eating goober peas

I think my song has lasted almost long enough
 The subject's interesting but the rhymes are mighty rough
 I wish this war was over so free from rags and fleas
 We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts, and gobble goober peas

Go Tell Aunt Rhody traditional

F *F* *C7* *F*
Go tell Aunt Rhody, go tell Aunt Rhody,
F *F* *Gm7*^(1/2) *C7*^(1/2) *F*
Go tell Aunt Rhody, that the old grey goose is dead.

The one she's been saving, the one she's been saving,
The one she's been saving to make a featherbed.

She died in the millpond, she died in the millpond,
She died in the millpond from standing on her head.

She left nine young goslings; she left nine young goslings;
She left nine young goslings to scratch for their own bread.

Her goslings are mourning, crying and peeping,
Her goslings are mourning, because their mammy's dead.

The old gander's weeping, the old gander's mourning,
The old gander's weeping because his wife is dead.

The barnyard's a-weeping, the barnyard's a-weeping,
The barnyard's a-weeping waiting to be fed.

Go tell Aunt Rhody, go tell Aunt Rhody,
Go tell Aunt Rhody, that the old grey goose is dead.

Great Silkie of Sule Skerrie traditional

An earth - ly nurse ___ sits and ___ sings. And aye she sings by li - ly ___

wean. And lit-tle ken I my bairn's fa - ther. Still less the land ___ that he dwells in.

G F F G G
 An earthly nurse sits and sings,
G Am F G G
 And aye, she sings by lily wean,
C G F G G
 And little ken I my bairn's father,
Am Am F G G
 Far less the land that he dwells in

An earthly nurse sits and sings,
 And aye, she sings by lily wean,
 And little ken I my bairn's father,
 Far less the land or sea where he dwells
 in.

For he came on night to her bed feet,
 And a grumbly guest, I'm sure was he,
 Saying "Here am I, thy bairn's father,
 Although I be not comely."

"I am a man upon the land,
 I am a silkie on the sea,
 And when I'm far and far frae land,
 My home it is in Sule Skerrie."

And he had ta'en a purse of gold
 And he had placed it upon her knee,
 Saying, "Give to me my little young son,
 And take thee up thy nurse's fee."

"And it shall come to pass on a summer's
 day,
 When the sun shines bright on every
 stane,
 I'll come and fetch my little young son,
 And teach him how to swim the faem."

"And ye shall marry a gunner good,
 And a right fine gunner I'm sure he'll be,
 And the very first shot that e'er he shoots
 Will kill both my young son and me."

Green Grow the Lilacs traditional Irish

E *E* *E* *E*
Green grow the lilacs, all sparkling with dew
E *E* *B* *B*
I'm lonely, my darling, since parting with you;
E *E7* *A* *A6*
But by our next meeting I'll hope to prove true
B7 *B7* *F#m(2)* *B7(1)* *E*
And change the green lilacs to the Red, White and Blue.

I once had a sweetheart, but now I have none
She's gone and she's left me, I care not for one
Since she's gone and left me, contented I'll be,
For she loves another one better than me.

I passed my love's window, both early and late
The look that she gave me, it makes my heart ache;
Oh, the look that she gave me was painful to see,
For she loves another one better than me.

I wrote my love letters in rosy red lines,
She sent me an answer all twisted and twined;
Saying, "Keep your love letters and I will keep mine
Just you write to your love and I'll write to mine.

Green Grow the Rashes, O

poetry by Sir Robert Burns,
(1784) traditional Scottish melody

C C Dm Dm
Green grow the rashes, O; Green grow the rashes, O;
F C Dm Am Am
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend, are spent among the lasses, O.

C C Dm Dm
There's nought but care on ev'ry han', in ev'ry hour that passes, O;
F C Dm Am Am
What signifies the life o' man, an' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest Man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O;
An' warly cares an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteeerie, O!

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

1 2 3 4 5 6

There's nought but care on ev'ry han', in ev'ry hour that pas ses, O: What sig ni fies the
The war' ly race may rich es chase, An' rich es still may flythem, O: An' tho' at last they
But gie me a cannie hour at e'en, My arms a bout my dear ie, O: An' war' ly cares, an'
For you sae douse, ye sneer at this; Ye're nought but sense less asses, O: The wis est man the
Auld Na ture swears, the love ly dears Her nobl est work she clas ses, O: Her pren tice han' she

7 8 9 10 11 12

life o' man, An' 'twere na for the las ses, O! Green grow the rash es, O: Green grow the
catch them fast, Their hearts can ne'er en joythem, O!
war' ly men, May a' gae tap sal tee rie, O!
warl' e'er saw, He dear ly lov'd the las ses, O!
try'd on man, An' then she made the las ses, O!

13 14 15 16 17

rashes, O: The sweet est hour that e'er I spend, are spent among the lasses, O!

Green Grow the Rashes, O

poetry by Sir Robert Burns,
(1784) traditional Scottish melody

C C Dm Dm F C Dm Am Am

C C Dm Dm
Green grow the rashes, O; Green grow the rashes, O;
F C Dm Am Am
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend, Are spent among the lasses, O.

C C
There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
Dm Dm
In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
F C
What signifies the life o' man,
Dm Am Am
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest Man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O;
An' warly cares an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsaltee-rie, O!

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

Musical notation for the song, showing the melody and chord progression. The notation is in 2/4 time and includes 17 numbered measures. The chords are: C, C, Dm, Dm, F, C, Dm, Am, Am, C, Dm, Am, C, C, Dm, Am, Dm, F, C, Dm, Am.

Greenland Whale Fisheries traditional

D *A* *A7* *D*
 When the whale get strike and the line runs out
G *Em* *A* *A*
 And the whale makes a flunder with its tail
D *Bm* *Em7* *A7*
 And the boat capsized and I lost my darlin' man
D *A7 D* *G* *Asus4* *A6* *Bm* *Em7* *A7*
 No more, no more Greenland for you, brave boys
D *A7 D* *G* *Asus* *A6* *D*
 No more, no more Greenland for you

D *A7* *D* *D*
 Twas in eighteen hundred and fifty three,
D *G(½)* *Em7(½)* *A7* *A7*
 on June the thirteenth day
D *Bm* *G(½)* *Em7(½)* *A7*
 That our gallant ship her anchor weighed

D *G(½)* *Em7(½)* *A7* *A7*
 And for Greenland sailed a way, brave boys,
D *Em(½)* *A7(½)* *D* *D*
 And for Greenland sailed a way.

The lookout on the crosstree stood
 With a spyglass in his hand
 There's a whale, there's a whale, there's a
 whalefish, he cried
 And she blows at every span, brave boys
 She blows at every span!

Oh, to lose that whale, my captain cried,
 It grieves my heart full sore
 But to lose four of my gallant men
 It grieves me ten times more, brave boys,
 It grieves me ten times more!

Well we struck that whale and the line played
 out
 But she gave a flunder with her tail
 And the boat capsized and four men were
 drowned
 And we never caught that whale,
 We never caught that whale.

Oh, Greenland is a dreadful place
 It's a land that's never green
 Where there's ice and snow and the whalefishes
 blow
 And daylight's seldom seen, brave boys
 And daylight's seldom seen

When the whale gets strike, and the line runs out
 And the whale makes a flunder with its tail
 And the boat capsized and I lost my darlin' man
 No more, no more Greenland for you, brave boys.
 No more, no more Greenland for you.

Greensleeves

traditional English folk song

Em ^(D) *G* *D* *Bm* ^(Cdim7)
Alas, my love, you do me wrong, to
Em *C* *B7* *B7*
cast me off discourteously. For
Em ^(D) *G* *D* *Bm* ^(Cdim7)
I have loved you well and long, De
Em *B7* *Em* *Em*
lighting in your company.

Chorus:

Bm *G* *D* *Bm* ^(Cdim7)
Greensleeves was all my joy
Em *C* *B7* *B7*
Greensleeves was my delight,
Bm *G* *D* *Bm* ^(Cdim7)
Greensleeves was my heart of gold, and
Em ^(Am) *B7* *Em* *Em*
Who but my lady Greensleeves?

Alas my love, ye do me wrong
to cast me off discourteously:
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your companie.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,
But still thou hadst it readily,
Thy musicke still to play and sing,
And yet thou wuldst not love me.

I have been readie at your hand,
to grant what ever you would crave
I have both waged life and land,
your love and good will for to have.

Greensleeves now farewell adieu
God I pray to prosper thee,
For I am still thy lover true
Come once again and love me.

Refrain:

The old year now away is fled, the new year it is entered;
Then let us all our sins down tread, and joyfully all appear.
Let's merry be this holiday, and let us run with sport and play,
Hang sorrow, let's cast care away -- God send us a merry new year!

And now with new year's gifts each friend unto each other they do send;
God grant we may our lives amend, and that truth may now appear.
Now like the snake cast off your skin of evil thoughts and wicked sin,
And to amend this new year begin -- God send us a merry new year!

Gypsy Rover

traditional English folk song, also known as The Whistling Gypsy Rover, Child ballad. #200

G D G D
A gypsy rover came over the hill
G D G D
Down through the valley so shady.
G D Em C
He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang
G C G C G D
And he won the heart of a la a dy.

G D G D
Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day
G D G D
Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee
G D G C
He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang
G C G C G D
And he won the heart of a la a dy.

She left her father's castle gate.
She left her own fine lover.
She left her servants and her state
To follow her gypsy rover.

She left behind her velvet gown
And shoes of Spanish leather
They whistled and they sang 'till the green
woods rang
As they rode off together

Last night, she slept on a goose feather bed
With silken sheets for cover
Tonight she'll sleep on the cold, cold ground
Beside her gypsy lover

Her father saddled up his fastest steed
And roamed the valley all over.
Sought his daughter at great speed
And the whistlin' gypsy rover.

He came at last to a mansion fine
Down by the river Claydee.
And there was music and there was wine
For the gypsy and his lady.

"Have you forsaken your house and home?
Have you forsaken your baby?
Have you forsaken your husband dear
For a whistling gypsy rover?"

"He is no gypsy, my Father," she cried
"but Lord of these lands all over.
And I shall stay 'til my dying day
with my whistlin' gypsy rover."

Hayseed Like Me

traditional to the Irish tune “Old Rosin the Beau”, these lyrics were written for a Populist campaign song by Arthur L. Kellogg, (1890)

D *D* *D* *D*
I once was a tool of oppression,
D *D* *Bm* *Bm*
As green as a sucker could be.
D *D* *D* *G*
When monopolies banded together,
D *A7* *D* *D*
To beat a poor hayseed like me

The railroad and old party bosses.
Together did sweetly agree
They thought there would be little trouble
In workin' a hayseed like me

D *D* *G* *G*
In workin' a hayseed like me
D *D* *Bm* *Bm*
In working a hayseed like me
D *D* *D* *G*
They thought there would be little trouble
D *A7* *D* *D*
In workin' a hayseed like me.

But now I've roused up a little,
their greed and corruption I see,
And the ticket we vote next November
will be made up of hayseeds like me!

Will be made up of hayseeds like me,
Will be made up of hayseeds like me.
And the ticket we vote next November
Will be made up of hayseeds like me.

He's Got the Whole World in His Hands

traditional

D *D_(1/2)* *D#dim7_(1/2)*
He's got the whole world, in His hands. He's got the
A *A7*
whole wide world, in His hands. He's got the
D *D_(1/2)* *D#dim7_(1/2)*
whole world, in His hands. He's got the
A_(1/2) *A7_(1/2)* *D_(1/4)* *A7_(1/4)* *D_(1/2)*
whole world in His hands.

He's got the wind and rain right in His hands
He's got stars and the moon right in His hands
He's got the wind and rain right in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got the fish of the sea in His hands
He's got the fish of the sea in His hands
He's got the fish of the sea in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got the little bitty baby in His hands.
He's got the little bitty baby, in His hands.
He's got the little bitty baby, in His hands.
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got the gamblin' man right in His hands
He's got the lyin' man right in His hands
He's got the crap shootin' man in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got you and me brother, in His hands.
He's got you and me sister, in His hands.
He's got you and me brother, in His hands.
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got everybody here, in His hands.
He's got everybody here right in His hands.
He's got everybody here, in His hands.
He's got the whole world in His hands.

High Germany traditional

D $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ A
Oh, woe be to the orders that marched my love away
 $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F\#m_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ A
And woe be to the bitter tears, I shed upon this day
 $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F\#m_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
And woe be to the bloody wars of High Germany
 D $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Em7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Em7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{4})}$
For they carried off my own true love, left a broken heart to me

The drums begin the mournin', afore the break of day
And the wee, wee fifes play loud and shrill while yet the morn was gray
And the bonny flags were a' unfurled 'twas a gallant sight to see
But sorrow for my soldier lad who marched to Germany

Long, long is the traveling to the bonny pier of Lieth
And bleak it was to gang there with a snowstorm in your teeth
And aye, the wind blew sharp and strong and a tear rose in my eyne
I gang there to see my love embark for Germany

As I gazed over the cruel, cruel sea for as long as could be seen
The wee small sails upon the ship my own true love was in
And aye, the wind blew sharp and strong and the ship sailed speedily
Cruel the raging wars have torn my bonny boy from me

Woe be to the orders that took my love away
And woe be to the cruel cause that bid my tears to fall
Woe be to the bloody wars of high Germany
They have taken my love and left a broken heart to me

Oh Colleen, love, oh Colleen, love, the rout has now begun
And I must go a marching, to the beating of a drum
Come dress yourself in all your best and come along with me
And I'll take you to the wars, me love, in High Germany

I'll buy for you a horse, my love, and on it you will ride
And all of my delight will be in riding by your side
We'll stop at every ale-house, and drink when we are dry
We'll be true to one another and get married by and by.

Oh cursed be those cruel wars that ever did they rise
And out of merry England, pass many a man likewise;
They took my true love from me, likewise my brothers three
And sent them to the wars m'love in High Germany.

My friends I do not value and my foes I do not fear
For now my fine love's left me and wanders far and near
But when my baby it is born and smiling on my knee
I'll think of handsome Willie in High Germany.

House of the Rising Sun traditional

Am C D Fma7 Am E7 Am E7

Am C D Fma7
There is a house in New Orleans

Am C E E7
They call the Rising Sun

Am C D Fma7
And it's been the ruin of many a poor girl

Am E7 Am C D Fma7 Am E7 Am E7
And God, I know, I'm one

My mother, she's a tailor
She sews them new blue jeans
My daddy, he's a gamblin' man
Down in New Orleans

If I had listened to my mama
I'd be at home today
But I was young and foolish, oh Lord
Let a gambler take me astray

Now the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time he's ever satisfied
Is when he's on a drunk

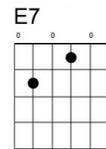
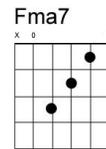
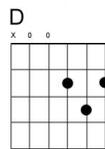
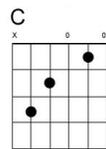
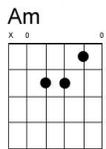
Gonna tell my baby sister
Not to do like I have done
But to shun that house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun

I'm going back to New Orleans,
My race is almost run
I'm going back to spend my days
Beneath the Rising Sun.

With one foot on the platform
An the other on the train
I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear the ball and chain

Oh, mother, tell your children
Not to do what I have done
Don't spend your life in mis'ry and sin
In the House of Rising Sun

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor girl
And god, I know, I'm one



Hush-A-By (All the Pretty Little Horses)

traditional

Am Am Dm Dm
Hush-a-bye, don't you cry,
G E7 Am Am
go to sleep you little ba by.
Am Am Dm Dm
When you wake you shall have
G E7 Am Am
all the pretty little hors es.

C C Am Am
Dapples and greys, pintos and bays,
G E Am Am
all the pretty little hors es.

Am Am Dm Dm
Way down yonder, in the meadow,
G E Am Am
Poor little baby cryin, "ma ma";
Am7 Am Dm Dm
Birds and the butterflies flutter round his eyes,
G E Am Am
Poor little baby cryin' "mama".

C C Am Am
Dapples and greys, pintos and bays,
G E Am Am
all the pretty little hors es.

Am Am Dm Dm
Hush-a-bye, don't you cry,
G E7 Am Am
go to sleep you little ba by.
Am Am Dm Dm
When you wake you shall have
G E7 Am Am
all the pretty little hors es.

Hush Little Baby

traditional, also Mocking Bird Song or Southern Lullaby)

C C G G
Hush little baby don't you say a word
G G C C
Poppa's gonna buy you a mockingbird
C C G G
And if that mockingbird don't sing
G G C C
Poppa's gonna buy you a diamond ring

And if that diamond ring is brass
Poppa's gonna buy you a looking glass
And if that looking glass is broke
Poppa's gonna buy you a billy goat

And if that billy goat won't pull
Poppa's gonna buy you a cart and bull
And if that cart and bull fall over

Poppa's gonna buy you a dog named
Rover

and if that dog named Rover won't bark
Poppa's gonna buy you a horse and cart
and if that horse and cart fall down
you'll still be the sweetest little baby in
town

C C G G
Hush little baby don't say a word
G G C C
Poppa's gonna buy you a mockingbird

MOUNTAIN chords

C Am7 Dm7 Dm7
Hush little baby don't say a word
G G7 C C
Poppa's gonna buy you a mockingbird

FOLK chords

Cma7 C#dim7 Dm7 Dm7
Hush little baby don't say a word
G9 G9+6 Cma7 Cma7
Poppa's gonna buy you a mocking bird

JAZZ chords

I—V progression or I—VIIm—IIIm—V7 progression

I Know an Old Lady Who Swallowed a Fly

lyrics by Rose Bonne and music by Alan Mills (1952)

D *Bm* *Em* *A* *G(½)* *A7(½)* *D*
I know an old lady who swallowed a fly. I dunno why she swallowed that fly, Perhaps she'll die.

D *Bm* *Em* *A*
I know an old lady who swallowed a spider, that wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside her.

D *D* *Em* *A*
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly, but I dunno why she swallowed that fly -

G(½) *A7(½)* *D*
Perhaps she'll die.

D *Bm* *Em* *A*
I know an old lady who swallowed a bird. How absurd, to swallow a bird!

D *D* *Em* *A*
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider that wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly. But I dunno why she swallowed that fly -
Perhaps she'll die.

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

She swallowed the cat to catch the bird ...

She swallowed the bird to catch the spider that wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside her.

She swallowed the spider to catch the fly. But I dunno why she swallowed that fly -

Perhaps she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a dog. What a hog! To swallow a dog!

She swallowed the dog to catch the cat... She swallowed the cat to catch the bird ...

She swallowed the bird to catch the spider That wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside her.

She swallowed the spider to catch the fly. But I dunno why she swallowed that fly -

Perhaps she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a goat. Just opened her throat and swallowed a goat!

She swallowed the goat to catch the dog ...She swallowed the dog to catch the cat...

She swallowed the cat to catch the bird ...

She swallowed the bird to catch the spider that wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside her.

She swallowed the spider to catch the fly. But I dunno why she swallowed that fly -

Perhaps she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a cow. I don't know how she swallowed a cow!

She swallowed the cow to catch the goat... She swallowed the goat to catch the dog ...

She swallowed the dog to catch the cat...She swallowed the cat to catch the bird ...

She swallowed the bird to catch the spider that wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside her.

She swallowed the spider to catch the fly. But I dunno why she swallowed that fly -

Perhaps she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a horse -

She's dead, of course.

Irish Lullaby

traditional Irish lullaby

D *D* *Bm* *D*^(1/2) *A7*^(1/2)
Over in Killarney, many years ago,
D *D* *E7* *A7*
Me Mither sang a song to me in tones so soft and low.
D *D* *Bm* *D*
Just a simple little ditty, in her good ould Irish way,
G *G*^(1/2) *D*^(1/2) *E7* *A7*^(1/2) *A7+5*^(1/2)
And I'd give the world if she could sing that song to me this day.

D *D* *G* *Ddim*
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
D^(1/2) *G*^(1/2) *D* *E7* *A7*
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, hush now, don't you cry!
D *D* *G* *Ddim*
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
D^(1/2) *G*^(1/2) *D*^(1/2) *A7*^(1/2) *E7*^(1/2) *G*^(1/4) *A7*^(1/4) *D*
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, that's an Irish lul la by.

D *D* *Bm* *D*^(1/2) *A7*^(1/2)
Oft in dreams I wander to that cot again,
D *D* *E7* *A7*
I feel her arms a-huggin' me as when she held me then.
D *D* *Bm* *D*
And I hear her voice a hummin' to me as in days of yore,
G *G*^(1/2) *D*^(1/2) *E7* *A7*^(1/2) *A7+5*^(1/2)
When she used to rock me fast asleep outside the cabin door.

I've Been Working on the Railroad traditional

C *C* *F* *C*
I've been working on the railroad all the livelong day.
C *C* *D* *G*
I've been working on the railroad, just to pass the time away.
G *C* *F* *E7*
Can't you hear the whistle blowing? Rise up so early in the morn.
F *C* *C(½)* *G(½)* *C*
Can't you hear the captain shouting, "Dinah blow your horn!"

C *F*
Dinah won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow,
G *C*
Dinah won't you blow your horn, your horn?
C *F*
Dinah won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow,
G7 *C*
Dinah won't you blow your horn?

C *C*
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
C *G*
Someone's in the kitchen I know,
C *F*
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
C(½) *G(½)* *C*
Strummin' on the old banjo, and singin'

C *C* *C* *G*
Fee fi fiddle-y-i-o, fee fi fiddle-y-i-o-o-o-o,
C *F* *G* *C*
Fee fi fiddle-y-i-o, strummin' on the old banjo.

Jambalaya

traditional

^A Goodbye, Joe, me gotta go, ^E me oh my oh.
^E Me gotta go, pole the pirogue down the bayou.
^A My yvonne, the sweetest one, ^E me oh my oh.
^E Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou. ^A

^A Well jambalaya and a crawfish pie and fillet gumbo ^E
^E Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio. ^A
^A Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gayo, ^E
^E Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou. ^A

^A Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin', ^E
^E Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen. ^A
^A We dress in style and go hog wild, me oh my oh. ^E
^E Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou. ^A

^A Well jambalaya and a crawfish pie and fillet gumbo ^E
^E Cause tonight i'm gonna see my ma cher amio. ^A
^A We dress in style and go hog wild, me oh my oh. ^E
^E Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou. ^A

Jesse James

traditional

^C Jesse James was a lad, he killed many a man,
^C He robbed the Glendale train.
^C He stole from the rich and he gave to the poor,
^C He'd a hand and a heart and a brain.

^F Oh, Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life.
^C Three children, they were brave.
^C But that dirty little coward that shot Mister Howard
^C Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

It was on a Saturday night, the moon was shining bright,
They robbed the Glendale train.
With the agent on his knees, he delivered up the keys
To the outlaws Frank and Jesse James.

The people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death,
They wondered how he ever came to fall.
Robert Ford, it was a fact, shot Jesse in the back
While Jesse hung a picture on the wall.

Oh, Jesse was a man, a friend of the poor,
He'd never rob a mother or a child.
He stole from the rich and he gave to the poor,
So they shot Jesse James on the sly.

Well, this song was made by Billy Gashade
As soon as the news did arrive.
He said there was no man with the law in his hand
Who could take Jesse James when alive.

Jimmy Whalen traditional

Bm F#m Bm F#7
All alone as I walked by the banks of the river,
D G Bm(2) F#m(1) Bm
watching the moonbeams as ev'ning drew nigh.
Bm F#m Bm F#7
All alone as I rambled I spied a fair damsel
D G Bm(2) F#m(1) Bm
weepin' and wailin' with many a sigh.

Weepin' for one who is now lyin' lonely,
mournin' for one who no mortal can save.
As the foaming dark waters flowed sadly about him,
onward they speed over young Jimmy's grave.

Oh Jimmy why can't you but tarry here with me,
not leave me alone distracted in pain.
But since death is the dagger that cut us asunder,
wide is the gulf, love, between you and I.

Lonely I strolled by the banks of a river,
Watching the sunbeams as evening drew nigh;
As onward I rambled I spied a fair damsel,
She's weeping and wailing with many a cry.

She is weeping for one who is now lying lonely,
Weeping for one that no mortal can save;
The dark mourning waters around her encircles,
Where the grass now grows green over young Jimmy's grave.

"Jimmy!" she cried, "Won't you come to me, darling?
Come to me here from your cold silent tomb;
You promised to meet me this evening, my darling,
Ere the cruel angel had stole your sad doom.

You promised we'd meet by the banks of the river,
You'd give me sweet kisses like often before;
You'd fold me again in your strong loving arms,
Now come to me, Jimmy dear, come as of yore.

Lowly arose from the banks of the river,
A vision of beauty more bright than the sun;
With his bright robes of crimson around him a-flowing,
And unto this maiden to speak he begun.

"Now, why did you call me from my realms of glory,
Back to this earth that I soon got to leave;
To hold you once more in my strong loving arms,
To see you once more, love, I came from my grave.

"One more embrace, love, and then I must leave you,
One more fond kiss, love, and then we must part."
Cold were the arms that did her encircle,
And cold was the bosom she pressed to her heart.

"Adieu," then he said and he vanished before her,
Back to his earth home his form seemed to go;
And leaving this maiden poor alone and distracted,
A weeping and wailing in sorrow and woe.

Throwing herself on the ground she wept sorely,
With wild words of sorrow this maiden did rail;
Saying, "Jimmy, my darling, my lost Jimmy Whalen,
I've sighed till I died by the side of your grave!"

John Henry traditional

John Henry

Amerikanisches Volkslied

When John Henry was a little baby, a - sit-tin' on his pa-pa's knee, he
 5 picked up a hammer and a little piece of steel and he said, "ham-mer's gonna be the death of
 8 me, Lord, Lord" and he said, "ham-mer's gon-na be the death of me."

When John Henry was a little baby, asittin' on his papa's knee,
 he picked up a hammer and a little piece of steel
 and he said, "hammer's gonna be the death of me,
 Lord, Lord"
 and he said, "hammer's gonna be the death of me."

Some say he's born in Texas. Some say he's born
 up in Maine.
 I just say he was a Louisiana man.
 Leader of a steel-driving chain gang.
 Leader on a steel-driving gang.

Well, the Captain said to John Henry
 "I'm gonna bring my steam drill around
 Gonna bring my steam drill out on the job.
 Gonna whup that steel on down, down, down
 Whup that steel on down"

John Henry said to the Captain:
 "You can bring your steam drill around.
 You can bring your steam drill out on the job
 I'll beat your steam drill down, down, down,
 Beat your steam drill down".

John Henry said to his Shaker
 "Shaker, you had better pray
 If you miss your six feet of steel
 It'll be your buryin' day, day, day,
 It'll be your buryin' day".

Now, the Shaker said to John Henry
 "Man ain't nothing but a man.
 But before I'd let that steam drill beat me down
 I'd die with an hammer in my hand, hand, hand,
 I'd die with an hammer in my hand".

John Henry had a little woman,
 Her name was Polly Ann.
 John Henry took sick and was laid up in bed
 While Polly drove steel like a man, man, man.
 Polly drove steel like a man.

They took John Henry to the graveyard
 Laid him down in the sand
 Every locomotive comin' a-rolling by hollered,
 there lies a steel-drivin' man, man, man .
 There lies a steel-drivin' man

There lies a steel-drivin' man, man, man .
 There lies a steel-drivin' man.

Johnny's Gone for a Soldier

traditional, "Gone the Rainbow," adaptation by Peter, Paul and Mary

Bm F#7 Bm Bm
Shule, shule, shule-a-roo,
D F#m Bm Bm
Shule-a-rak-shak, shule-a-ba-ba-coo.
D F#m G Bm
When I saw my Sally Babby Beal
F#m F#7 Bm Bm
Come bibble in the boo shy Lorey.

D F#7 Bm₍₁₎ F#7₍₁₎ Bm *interlude*

Bm A G Bm
Here I sit on Buttermilk Hill;
D F#m Bm Bm
Who could blame me, cry my fill;
D F#m Bm G
Every tear would turn a mill,
Bm F#m Bm Bm
Johnny's gone for a soldier.

I sold my flax, I sold my wheel,
To buy my love a sword of steel;
So it in battle he might wield,
Johnny's gone for a soldier.

I'll dye my petticoats crimson red
Through the world I'll beg my bread
I'll find my love alive or dead
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

Oh my baby, oh, my love,
Gone the rainbow, gone the dove.
Your father was my only love;
Johnny's gone for a soldier.

Johnny We Hardly Knew Yeh traditional Joseph B.

Geoghegan wrote this haunting song. Published in London in 1867, it used the same tune as the popular American song, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," written by Patrick Gilmore four years earlier. Gilmore's tune was not exactly original. It was based on a 17th century English ballad, "Three Ravens" (Child #26).

Em *Em* *Bm* *Bm*
While going the road to sweet Athy, Haroo! Haroo!
Em *Em* *G* *B7*
While going the road to sweet Athy, Haroo! Haroo!
Em *D* *C* *B7*
While going the road to sweet Athy, with a stick in my hand a tear in my eye,
Em^(½) *D*^(½) *C*^(½) *B7*^(½) *Em*^(½) *D*^(½) *Em*^(½) *Em*^(½) *Em* *Em*
A doleful damsel I heard cry, Johnny I hardly knew yeh.

Em *Em* *Bm* *Bm*
With drums and guns and guns and drums, Haroo! Haroo!
Em *Em* *G* *B7*
With drums and guns and guns and drums, Haroo! Haroo!
Em *D* *C* *B7*
With drums and guns and guns and drums the enemy nearly slew you,
Em^(½) *D*^(½) *C*^(½) *B7*^(½) *Em*^(½) *D*^(½) *Em*^(½) *Em*^(½)
You look so queer my darling dear, Johnny I hardly knew yeh

Where are the legs with which you run? Haroo! Haroo!
Where are the legs with which you run? Haroo! Haroo!
Where are the legs with which you run, when you went to shoulder a gun?
Indeed your dancing days are gone. Johnny I hardly knew yeh!

You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg. Haroo! Haroo!
You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg. Haroo! Haroo!
You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg; you're an eyeless, noseless, chickenless egg.
You'll have to be put with a bowl to beg. Johnny I hardly knew yeh!

I'm happy for to see you home Haroo! Haroo!
I'm happy for to see you home Haroo! Haroo!
I'm happy for to see you home, from the island of Sullon.
So low in the flesh so high in the bone, Johnny I hardly knew yeh!

They're rolling out their guns again. Haroo! Haroo!
They're rolling out their guns again. Haroo! Haroo!
They're rolling out their guns again, but they'll never take our sons,
No they'll never take our sons again, Johnny I hardly, knew, yeh

Kisses Sweeter Than Wine traditional

F C Dm C
When I was a young man and never been kissed,
Am Am Dm Dm
I got the thinkin' it over, what I had missed.

F C Dm C
I got me a girl and kissed her and then,
Am Am Dm Dm
oh Lord, I kissed her again.

F F Am(½) Dm Dm D D
Oh Kisses sweeter than wine.
F F Am(½) Dm Dm D D
Oh Kisses sweeter than wine.

He asked me to marry and be his sweet wife,
And we would be happy all of our lives.
He begged and he pleaded like a natural man,
And then, oh Lord, I gave him my hand.

I worked mighty hard and so did my wife,
Workin' hand in hand to make a good life.
Corn in the field and wheat in the bins,
I was, oh Lord, the father of twins.

Our children numbered just about four,
And they all had their sweethearts knockin' at the door.
They all got married and didn't hesitate,
I was, oh Lord, the grandfather of eight.

Now we are old and ready to go,
I get to thinkin' what happened a long time ago.
Had lots of kids and trouble and pain,
But then, oh Lord, I'd do it again.

Kumbaya traditional

A A (1/2) D (1/2) A A
Kumbaya, my Lord, kumbaya
C#m C#m (1/2) Bm (1/2) E E
Kumbaya, my Lord, kumbaya
A A (1/2) D (1/2) A A
Kumbaya, my Lord, kumbaya
D (1/2) A (1/2) E (1/2) A (1/2) Bm (1/2) C#m (1/2) E (1/2) A (1/2)
Oh, Lord, kumbaya

Someone's laughing, Lord

Someone's sleeping, Lord

Someone's singing, Lord

Someone's praying, Lord

Are you listening, Lord

Hear me crying, Lord, kum ba yah

Hear me singing, Lord, kum ba yah

Hear me praying, Lord, kum ba yah

Are you listening, Lord? kum ba yah

Oh I need you, Lord, kum ba yah

A A (1/2) D (1/2) A A
Kumbaya, my Lord, kumbaya
C#m C#m (1/2) Bm (1/2) E E
Kumbaya, my Lord, kumbaya
A A (1/2) D (1/2) A A
Kumbaya, my Lord, kumbaya
D (1/2) A (1/2) E (1/2) A (1/2) Bm (1/2) C#m (1/2) E (1/2) A (1/2)
Oh, Lord, kumbaya

