

# Folk—Post 1960—Minor

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# Abraham, Martin, and John

by Dick Holler (1968)

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

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

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

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

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

# All the Good People

by Ken Hicks (1987)

This is a song for all the good people,  
All the good people who touched up my life.  
This is a song for all the good people,  
People I'm thanking my stars for tonight.

This is a song for all the good women  
Who knew what I needed was something they had:  
Food on the table and a heart that was able,  
Able to keep me just this side of sad.

This is a song for all the good fellows  
Who shared of their time, some good and some bad.  
We drank in the kitchen, held no competition,  
Each knowing the other was a good friend to have.

And this is a song for all the good travelers  
Who passed through my life as they moved along:  
Gypsies and tinkers, rambles and thinkers—  
Each took the time to sing me a song.

This is a song for all the good people,  
All the good people who touched up my life.  
Some helped in all ways; some helped in small ways.  
Some always told me "you're doing all right."

This is a song I sing for my lady,  
I sing for my lady, who puts up with me,  
My ramblin', my roamin', my late-night come homin';  
She is the sunshine that flows down on me.

This is a song for the pickers and singers  
Whose tunes and whose voices have blended with mine  
On back steps and stages, for love and for wages,  
It's one kind of givin', and some kinda fine

This is a song for the friends who are leaving  
Smiling and crying we hold them farewell  
We pray for their safety until our next meeting  
When that shall happen time only will tell

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of three staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes.

Staff 1: G D C G C  
This is a song\_\_ for all the good peo- ple,\_\_ All the good

Staff 2: G C D7 G D  
peo- ple who touched up my life;\_\_\_\_\_ This is a song\_\_ for

Staff 3: C G C G D7 G  
all the good peo- ple,\_\_ Peo- ple I'm thank-in' my stars for to - night.\_\_\_\_

# And When I Die

by Laura Nyro (1966)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



*Em Em Em Em*  
colder, and the world got quiet. It was  
never quite day or quite night. And the  
sea turned the color of sky turned the color of  
sea turned the color of ice. After  
last all around us was vastness, one vast glassy  
desert of arsenic white. And the  
waves that once lifted us, shifted instead into  
drifts against Annabelle's sides, and the crew gathered

*Em Em Em Em*  
closer, at first for the comfort, but each  
morning would bring a new set, of  
tracks in the snow leading over the edge of the  
world, 'til I was the only one left. After  
that it gets cloudy, I feel like I lay there, for  
days, and maybe for months. Oh the  
Annabel held me, the two of us happy, just to  
think back on all we had done. *break*

But I  
told her of other other new worlds we'd discover, as she  
gave up her body to me. As I  
chopped up her mainmast for timber, I told her of  
all that we still had to see. As the  
frost turned her moorings to nine-tails, and the  
wind lashed her sides in the cold, and I  
burned her to keep me alive every night in the  
lover's embrace of her hold. I can't call it

*Em Em Em Em*  
rescue, what brought me back here, to this  
old world to drink and decline,  
pretend that the search for another new world was  
well worth the burning of mine But  
sometimes at night, in my dreams comes the singing, of  
some unheard tropical bird. And I  
smile in my sleep, thinking Annabelle Lee's finally  
made it another new world

sometimes at night, in my dreams comes the singing, of  
some unheard tropical bird. And I  
smile in my sleep, thinking Annabelle Lee's finally  
made it another new world. *Break to end*

# Band Played Waltzing Matilda By Eric Bogle (1980)

*G C G Em*  
When I was a young man I carried a pack  
*G D7 G G*  
and I lived the free life of a rover.  
*G C G Em*  
From the Murray's green banks to the dusty outback  
*G D7 G G*  
I waltzed my Matilda all over.  
*D D G G*  
Then in nineteen fifteen my country said "son",  
*D D G G*  
There's no time for rovin' there's work to be done!  
*G C G Em*  
And they gave me a tin hat and gave me a gun  
*G D7 G G*  
And they sent me away to the war.

*G C G G*  
And the band played Waltzing Matilda  
*G G D7 D7*  
As the ship pulled away from the quay,  
*C C G Em*  
and 'midst all the cheers, the flag waving and tears,  
*G D7 G G*  
We sailed off for Gallipoli

How well I remember that terrible day  
How our blood stained the sand and the water  
And how in that hell they called Suvla Bay  
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter  
Johnny Turk he was waiting, he'd primed himself well  
He showered us with bullets, and rained us with shell,  
And in five minutes flat, he'd blown us to hell  
Nearly blew us right back to Australia

And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda  
As we stopped to bury the slain  
We buried ours and the Turks buried theirs,  
Then we started all over again



They collected the crippled, the wounded and maimed  
And they shipped us back home to Australia  
The armless the legless, the blind and insane,  
All the brave heroes of Suvla  
And when our ship pulled in to Circular Quay,  
I looked at the place where my legs used to be,  
And thanked Christ there was nobody waiting for me -  
To grieve, to mourn and to pity.

And the band played Waltzing Matilda,  
As they carried us down the gangway,  
But nobody cheered, they just stood and stared -  
And they turned all their faces away.

And so now every April I sit on my porch,  
And I watch the parade pass before me,  
And I see my old comrades how proudly they march,  
Reviving old dreams and past glories,  
But the old men march slowly their bones stiff and sore,  
Tired old men from a tired old war,  
And the young people ask what are they marching for,  
And I ask myself the same question.

But the band played Waltzing Matilda  
And the old men still answer the call,  
But year by year more old men disappear  
Soon no one will march there at all.

# Boa Constrictor

by Shel Silverstein (1974)

*G* *G* *D* *D*  
I'm being swallowed by a Boa Constrictor

*D* *D* *G* *G*  
I'm being swallowed by a Boa Constrictor

*C* *C* *G* *G*  
I'm being swallowed by a Boa Constrictor

*D* *D7* *G* *G*  
and I don't like it very much

*D* *D* *G* *G*  
Oh no! Oh no! He swallowed my toe! He swallowed my toe!

*D* *D* *G* *G*  
Oh gee! Oh gee! He's up to my knee! He's up to my knee!

*D* *D* *G* *G*  
Oh fiddle! Oh fiddle! He's reached my middle! He's reached my middle!

*D* *D* *G* *G*  
Oh heck! Oh heck! He's up to my neck!. He's up to my neck!

*D* *D* *G*  
Oh dread! Oh dread! He's swallowed my (gulp!)

# Bojangles

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff shows guitar chords and a bass line with fret numbers and string numbers. The bottom staff shows a bass line with fret numbers and string numbers. The score is numbered 30 to 39.

# California Stars

words by Woodie Guthrie (1930xx) and music by Billie Bragg (1997)

G                    G                    D                    D  
 I'd like to rest my heavy head tonight on a bed of California stars  
C                    C                    G                    G  
 I'd like to lay my weary bones tonight on a bed of California stars  
G                    G                    D                    D  
 I'd love to feel your hand touching mine and tell me why I must keep working on  
C                    C                    G                    G  
 Yes, I'd give my life to lay my head tonight on a bed of California stars

G   G   D   D  
C   C   G   G

G                    G                    D                    D  
 I'd like to dream my troubles all away on a bed of California stars  
C                    C                    G                    G  
 Jump up from my starbed and make another day underneath my California Stars  
G                    G                    D                    D  
 They hang like grapes on vines that shine and warm the lover's glass like friendly wine  
C                    C                    G                    G  
 So, I'd give this world just to dream a dream with you, on our bed of California stars

The image shows two systems of musical notation for the song. Each system consists of a treble clef staff with a 4/4 time signature, a guitar tablature staff, and a bass clef staff. The first system is for the first two lines of lyrics, with chords G and D indicated above the staff. The second system is for the next four lines of lyrics, with chords C and G indicated above the staff. The tablature includes fret numbers and techniques like triplets and bends.

# Charlie

by Kenneth Pattengale and Joey Ryan (The Milk Carton Kids) (2011)

*C* *Am* *F* *C*  
Charlie, I'll make a deal with you  
*G/C* *G/C* *C* *C7*  
after which you can do anything you want to  
*F* *G/C* *Am* *C*  
I know I've got the leg up, as you're still only made up  
*F* *G/C* *C* *C*  
but baby you know I wrote this song for you

*C* *Am* *F* *C*  
Don't go kissing boys, don't make a lot of noise  
*G/C* *G/C* *C* *C7*  
let daddy sing his songs, and be real good  
*F* *G/C* *Am* *C*  
just treat your teachers nice and find a healthy appetite  
*F* *G/C* *C* *C*  
for what you really, really want to do

*C* *Am* *F* *C*  
And if in fact your married before the day I'm buried  
*E7* *E7* *Am* *Am*  
follow just my one and only rule  
*F* *G/C* *Am* *C*  
for everything you do just remember through and through  
*F* *G/C* *C* *C*  
to be my best friend 'cause i'll be one for you

*F* *F* *C/G* *C/G*  
Charlie, you'll be strong Charlie, you'll be smart  
*Am* *Am* *F* *F*  
Charlie, you'll be anything you want to from the start  
*Fmaj7* *G/C* *E7* *Am*  
Charlie, oh my baby, you'll be every bit the lady  
*F* *G/C* *C* *C*  
that'll go on breaking this old lonely heart

*C* *Am* *F* *C*  
I know just how you'll be cause you'll be just like me  
*G/C* *G/C* *C* *C7*  
charming, so alarming and a little crazy

*F* *G/C* *Am* *C*

the queen of some sand castle, an abrasive, rowdy hassle  
but kind and loving, fresh and bright, I know

C Am F C  
Come to me with problems, I swear, I won't go try to solve 'em  
G/C G/C C C7  
I'll only tell you everything I know  
F G/C Am C  
like standing tall was all I had, like boys are bad and love's a fad  
F G/C C C  
that no one ever learns to just let go

F F C/G C/G  
Charlie, you'll be strong Charlie, you'll be smart  
Am Am F F  
Charlie, you'll be anything you want to from the start  
Fmaj7 G/C E7 Am  
Charlie, oh my baby, you'll be every bit the lady  
F G/C C C  
that'll go on breaking this old lonely heart

C Am F C  
Charlie, there's just one little thing before we meet some lovely spring  
E7 E7 Am Am  
I have to go and you find you a nice momma  
F G/C Am C  
she'll be just like me and you, perfect in just what we do  
F G/C Am Am  
a love as strong as father and his daughter

F F C/G C/G  
Charlie, you'll be strong Charlie, you'll be smart  
Am Am F F  
Charlie, you'll be anything you want to from the start  
Fmaj7 G/C E7 Am  
Charlie, oh my baby, you'll be every bit the lady  
F G/C C C  
that'll go on breaking this old lonely heart

F G/C  
Oh, darling, Charlie  
C/G G/C C G/C C

# Christmas in the Trenches

by John McCutcheon (1984)

*D D/C# Bm Bm7 G D/F# Em D C# B A G F# E*  
My name is Francis Toliver, I come from Liverpool.  
*A7 A7 G/B A7/C# G D/F# D D A B C# G F# D*  
Two years ago the war was waiting for me after school.  
*D D/C# Bm Bm7 G D/F# Em Em*  
To Belgium and to Flanders, Germany to here.  
*A7 A7 G/B A7/C# D D D D*  
I fought for King and country I love dear.

*A7 A7 G/B A7/C# G D/F# D D*  
'Twas Christmas in the trenches, where the frost so bitter hung.  
*Bm Bm Bm/A Bm/A G D/F# A7sus A7*  
The frozen fields of France were still, no Christmas song was sung.  
*D D/C# Bm Bm/A G D/F# Em*  
Our families back in England were toasting us that day,  
*A7 A7 G/B A7/C# D D D D*  
Their brave and glorious lads so far away.

I was lying with my mess mate on the cold and rocky ground.  
When across the lines of battle came a most peculiar sound.  
Says I, "now listen up me boys." Each soldier strained to hear  
As one young German voice sang out so clear.  
"He's singing bloody well y'know," my partner says to me.  
Soon one by one each German voice joined in in harmony.  
The cannons rested silent, and the gas clouds rolled no more.  
As Christmas brought us respite from the war.

As soon as they were finished, and a reverent pause was spent,  
"God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" struck up some lads from Ghent.  
Oh the next they sang was "Stille Nacht", 'tis Silent Night says I.  
And in two tongues one song filled up that sky.  
"There's someone coming towards us", the front line sentry cried.  
All sights were fixed on one lone figure trudging from their side.  
His truce flag like a Christmas star shone on that plain so bright  
As he bravely strolled unarmed into the night.

Then one by one on either side walked into no-man's land.  
With neither gun nor bayonet we met there hand to hand.  
We shared some secret brandy and we wished each other well.  
And in a flare-lit soccer game we gave 'em hell.  
We traded chocolates, cigarettes and photographs from home.  
These sons and fathers far away from families of their own.  
Young Sanders played the squeezebox and they had a violin.  
This curious and unlikely band of men.

Soon daylight stole upon us and France was France once more.  
With sad farewells we each began to settle back to war.  
But the question haunted every heart that lived that wondrous night.  
"Whose family have I fixed within my sights?"  
'Twas Christmas in the trenches, where the frost so bitter hung.  
The frozen fields of France were warmed as songs of peace were sung.  
For the walls they kept between us to exact the work of war  
Had been crumbled and were gone forever more.

My name is Francis Toliver, in Liverpool I dwell.  
Each Christmas comes since World War I, I've learned its lessons well.  
For the ones who call the shots won't be among the dead and lame,  
And on each end of the rifle we're the same.

# City by Steve Earle (2011)

*D*                      *D*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *G*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *D*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
This city won't wash a way  
(slide into) *D*                      *A*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *D*<sup>(3/4)</sup>  
This city won't ever drown  
(slide into) *D*<sup>(3/4)</sup>                      *G*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *D*  
Blood in the water, and Hell to pay  
(slide into) *D*                      *A*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *D*<sup>(3/4)</sup>  
Sky tear open and pain rain down

*G*                      *D*  
Doesn't matter let come what may  
*Em*                      *A7*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *D*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *A7*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *D*<sup>(1/4)</sup>  
I ain't ever gonna leave this town  
*D*                      *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup>                      *D*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
This city won't wash away  
*D*                      *A*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *D*<sup>(3/4)</sup>  
This city won't ever drown

Ain't the river or the wind to blame  
As everybody around here knows  
Nothing holding back Pontchartrain  
'cept a prayer and a promise's ghost

This town's digging our graves  
In solid marble above the ground  
Maybe our bones will wash away  
But this city won't ever drown

This city won't ever die  
Just as long as our heart beats strong  
Like a second line steppin' high  
Raisin' hell as we roll along

Gentile to Vieux Carre  
Lower 9, Central City, Uptown  
Singing jockamo fee nané  
This city won't ever drown

Doesn't matter 'cause there ain't no way  
I'm ever gonna leave this town  
This city won't wash away  
This city won't ever drown.



# City of New Orleans

by Steve Goldman (1971)

*G*            *D*            *G*            *G*  
 Riding on the City of New Orleans  
*Em*            *C*                    *G*    *D* *D7*  
 Illinois Central Monday morning rail  
*G*                    *D*                    *G*            *G*  
 Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders  
                   *Em*            *D*                            *G*            *G*  
 Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.

*Em*                            *Em*            *Bm*                    *Bm*  
 All along the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee  
                   *D*                            *D*                            *A*            *A*  
 And rolls along past houses farms and fields  
*Em*                            *Em*                            *Bm*                            *Bm*  
 Passing trains that have no name, freight yards full of old black men  
                   *D*                            *D7*                            *G*            *G*  
 And graveyards of rusted automobiles.

*C*                            *D7*                            *G*            *G*  
 Good morning America, how are you?  
                   *Em*                            *C*                            *G*                            *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> (D9 for a train sound\_  
 Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.  
                   *G*                            *D*                            *Em*<sub>(½)</sub>            *Em7*<sub>(½)</sub>            *A7*  
 I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  
                   *Bb*<sub>(½)</sub>            *C*<sub>(½)</sub>                    *D*<sub>(½)</sub>                            *D7*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*            *G*  
 I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

Dealing card games with the old men in the club car  
 Penny a point ain't no one keeping score  
 Pass the paper bag but hold the bottle  
 Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor  
     And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers  
     Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel  
     Mothers with their babes asleep rocking to the gentle beat  
     And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.  
 Night time on the City of New Orleans  
 Changing cars in Memphis Tennessee  
 Half way home and we'll be there by morning  
 through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.  
     But all the towns and people seem to fade into a dark dream  
     And the steel rail still ain't heard the news  
     The conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain  
     This train's got the disappearing railroad blues.  
         Good morning America, how are you?  
         Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.  
         I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  
         I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

# Come on Up to the House

by Tom Waits (1999)

*A F#m D A*  
Well the moon is broken and the sky is cracked.

*A A F#m F#m*  
Come on up to the house. The only  
*A F#m D A*  
things that you can see, is all that you lack, you gotta

*A E7 A A*  
Come on up to the house  
All your cryin' don't do no good.  
Come on up to the house.  
Come down off the cross, we can use the wood.  
Come on up to the house.

*A A A A*  
Come on up to the house  
*A A F#m F#m*  
Come on up to the house The world is  
*A F#m D A*  
not my home I'm just passin' thru', you gotta  
*A E7 A A*  
Come on up to the house

There's no light in the tunnel, no irons in the fire,  
come on up to the house. And you're singin'  
lead soprano in a junkman's choir. You gotta  
come on up to the house. Does  
life seem nasty, brutish and short?  
Come on up to the house.  
The seas are stormy and you can't find no port.  
Come on up to the house

There's nothin' in the world that you can do. You gotta  
come on up to the house. And you've been  
whipped by the forces that are inside you.  
Come on up to the house. Well you're  
high on top of your mountain of woe.  
Come on up to the house. Well, you know you  
should surrender but you can't let go. You gotta  
come on up to the house.

# Coming of the Roads

by Billy Ed Wheeler (1964)

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

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

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

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

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

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



# Crow on the Cradle

by Sidney Carter (1962)

*Am Am7sus4 Am E7 Am Am Am Am Am*

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

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

And if it's a boy he'll carry a gun  
*D F Am Am\_sus4 Am E7* (last four bars of intro)  
 Sang the crow on the cradle

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

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

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

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

# Curra Road

by Ger Wolfe (1998)

*C F C C*  
In the summer we'll go walking, way down to the  
*Am7 Am7 C F*  
river, down the Curra Road.

*C F C C*  
There's a blue sky we'll walk under, listen to the  
*F F C C*  
humming bees and on we'll go  
*F G F G*  
We won't worry about the winter, worry about it  
*F G C C(½) F(½)*  
raining, worry about the snow.

*C F C C*  
In the summer we'll go walking, way down to the  
*F F C C*  
river, down the Curra Road.

Past the cattle at their grazing, through the woods of  
hazel, holly, birch and oak.

Past the robin on the gatepost, singing to the  
bluebells, sunlight is their host.

We won't worry about the traffic, worry about the radio,  
worry about the phone

In the summer we'll go waltzing, hand in hand to-  
gether, down the Curra Road.

There is music in the river, listen to it  
dancing underneath the bridge

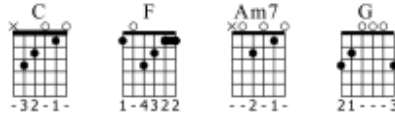
And the wind is hardly breathing words unto the  
willow, branches overhead

We won't worry about the government, worry about the video,  
Worry about the day,

In the summer we'll go laughing, way down to the  
river, down the dusty way.

# Curra Road

by Ger Wwolfe



Standard tuning

♩ = 120

N-Gt

1. C F C C Am7

*mf*  
In the summer we'll go walk ing, way down to the ri ver,  
There's a blue sky we'll walk un der, lis ten to the hum ming,

TAB

2	0	2	1	2	0	2	0	2	0	3	0	3	0	3
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

1. Am7 C C F 2. F C

6 down the Cur ra Road. bees and on we'll go

TAB

0	3	0	(0)	2	(2)	0	3	0	0	3	(3)	3
---	---	---	-----	---	-----	---	---	---	---	---	-----	---

2. C F G F G

11 We won't wo rry about the wi nter, wor ry about it

TAB

(3)	2	1	3	0	3	1	2	1	3	0	3	1
-----	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

16 F G C C F

rain ing, wo rry about the snow...

TAB

2	1	3	0	3	2	0	(0)	0	(0)
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	-----	---	-----

# Dark Turn of Mind

by Gillian Welch and David Rawlins (2011)

*F*            *Dm7*            *G7sus2/B*    *G7sus2/B*  
Take me and love me if you want me  
*Bb*            *Bbm*            *A7*    *A7*  
Don't ever treat me unkind  
              *F*            *F7/Eb*    *Bb*    *Bbm*  
'Cause I had that trouble already  
              *F*            *C7*            *F*    *F*  
And it left me with a dark turn of mind

Now I see the bones in the river  
And I feel the wind through the pine  
And I hear the shadows a-calling  
To a girl with a dark turn of mind

*F*    *Dm7*    *G7sus2/B*    *G7sus2/B*  
*Bb*    *Bbm*    *A7*            *A7*  
*F*    *F7/Eb*    *Bb*            *Bbm*  
*F*    *C7*        *F*                *F*

*Bb*            *Bbm(6)*    *Dm*    *Dm7/C*  
But oh ain't the nighttime so lovely to see?  
*Bb*            *Bbm(6)*    *Dm7*    *F*  
Don't all the nightbirds sing sweetly?  
*Bb*            *Bbm*        *F*            *F*  
you'll never know how happy I'll be  
*G7sus2/B*    *G7sus2/B*    *C7*    *C7*  
When the sun is going down

And leave me if I'm feeling too lonely  
Full as the fruit on the vine  
You know some girls are bright as the morning  
And some have a dark turn of mind

*F*        *Dm7*        *G7sus2/B*        *G7sus2/B*  
*Bb*        *Bbm*        *A7*                *A7*  
              *F*                *F7/Eb*        *Bb*                *Bbm*  
You know some girls are bright as the morning  
              *F*                                *C7*                *F*    *F*  
And some girls are blessed with a dark turn of mind



# Delta Momma Blues

by Townes Van Zandt (1971)

*E* *E7* *A* *A*  
Come away with me, my little delta boy  
*B7* *B7* *E7* *B7*  
I wanna be your delta mama for awhile  
*E* *E7* *A* *A*  
And if you stay, well you'll see that I can bring you lots of joy  
*B7* *B7* *E(½)* *A(½)* *E(½)* *B7(½)*  
I can turn those little teardrops to a smile

Well, if you're blue don't cry just wander right downtown  
You can find your delta mama waitin' there  
Well, I thought you knew that I would never let you down  
I can ease your mind and take away your cares

Come away with me, my little delta boy  
I wanna be your delta mama for awhile  
And if you stay you'll see that I bring you lots of joy  
I turn those little teardrops to a smile

Well, if the grass goes brown don't you hang your head too low  
Well, there ain't no need for you to sit and pine  
If you'll just ask around I'm sure someone will know  
just exactly what it takes to get you back to feelin' fine

Well, if you don't know by now what I've been tryin' so hard to say  
Well my delta boy I'm afraid you're up to tight  
but you take it slow and somehow you come meandering out my way  
and I'll take you in my arms and make it right

Ah, come away with me, my little delta boy  
I wanna be your delta mama for awhile  
And if you stay you'll see that I bring you lots of joy  
I turn those little teardrops to a smile

# Didn't Leave Nobody but the Baby

traditional,  
version by Gillian Welch for "Oh Brother Where Art Thou?", (2000)

*Single major chord throughout the song*

Go to sleep you little babe  
Go to sleep you little babe  
Your mama's gone away and your daddy's gonna stay  
Didn't leave nobody but the baby

Go to sleep you little babe  
Go to sleep you little babe  
Everybody's gone in the cotton and the corn  
Didn't leave nobody but the baby

You're sweet little babe  
You're sweet little babe  
Honey in the rock and the sugar don't stop  
Gonna' bring a bottle to the baby

Don't you weep pretty babe  
Don't you weep pretty babe  
She's long gone with her red shoes on  
Gonna' need another lovin' baby

Go to sleep you little babe  
Go to sleep you little babe  
You and me and the Devil makes three  
Don't need no other lovin' baby

Go to sleep you little babe  
Go to sleep you little babe  
Come and lay your bones on the alabaster stones  
And be my ever-lovin' baby

# Django's Lullaby

by Jerry Jeff Walker (1990)

*G* *G* *G* *Am* *Am*  
Most of the best music I'll ever play, comes out of being late at night  
*D* *Am* *D* *G* *G*  
When I'm singing the children to sleep in their bed, trying to get myself right

*G* *G* *G* *Am* *Am*  
The music that I do in my little Django's room, music that just rolls off the heart  
*D* *Am* *D* *G* *G* *G* *G*  
Where it's free and it's easy, made up to soothe him and always feels like a love song

*G* *G* *G* *Am* *Am*  
And the music that I play makes him feel warm and safe so watch him drift off on his way  
*D* *Am* *D* *G* *G*  
Now I hope the music that I play while he's dreaming stays with him, all the rest of his days

*C*<sup>(½)</sup> *C/B*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am/G*<sup>(½)</sup>  
Cause you got to have something, that makes us believe that the  
*D* *G* *G*  
world that we live in is right  
*C*<sup>(½)</sup> *C/B*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am/G*<sup>(½)</sup>  
Watching the future asleep with the baby, could  
*D* *C*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *G* *G*  
brighten my outlook, and make me play all through the night

*G* *G* *G* *Am* *Am*  
Say a man in his time, affects all mankind, if he does what he sees must be done  
*D* *Am* *D* *G* *G*  
Though I humbly ask for all your age little man, make a world that is safe for my son

*C*<sup>(½)</sup> *C/B*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am/G*<sup>(½)</sup>  
Cause we've got to have something, that makes us believe that the  
*D* *G* *G*  
world that we live in is right  
*C*<sup>(½)</sup> *C/B*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am/G*<sup>(½)</sup>  
Watching the future asleep with the children,  
*D* *C*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *G* *G*  
brightens your outlook, and makes you play all through the night

# Don't Dream It's Over

by Neil Finn (1986)

*Dadd2 Dadd2 Bm Bm*  
There is freedom within, there is freedom without  
*G G F# F#*  
Try to catch the deluge in a paper cup  
*D D Bm Bm*  
There's a battle ahead, many battles are lost  
*G G F# F#*  
But you'll never see the end of the road while you're travelling with me

*G A Dma7 Bm*  
Hey now, hey now, don't dream it's over  
*G A Dma7 Bm*  
Hey now, hey now, when the world comes in  
*G A Dma7 Bm*  
They come, they come to build a wall between us  
*G G G A*  
We know they won't win

Now I'm towing my car, there's a hole in the roof  
My possessions are causing me suspicion but there's no proof  
In the paper today tales of war and of waste  
But you turn right over to the T.V. page

Now I'm walking again to the beat of a drum  
And I'm counting the steps to the door of your heart  
Only the shadows ahead barely clearing the roof  
Get to know the feeling of liberation and relief

Hey now, hey now. don't dream it's over  
Hey now, hey now, when the world comes in  
They come, they come to build a wall between us  
| Don't ever let them win

# Don't Mess with My Toot Toot

by Count Rockin'

Sidney (Sidney Simien ). 1984 Zydeco hit: it contains both a drug and sex connotation while its real meaning is a Cajun term of endearment meaning sweet heart, as in 'mà chere tout-tout.'

G G  
Don't mess with my toot toot  
G G  
Don't mess with my toot toot  
G D  
Well you could have the other woman  
D G  
But don't mess with my toot toot

Well, she was born in her birth suit  
The doctor slap her behind  
He said, 'You're gonna be special  
A-you gonna be fine

A-you can look as much  
But if you much as touch  
You're gonna have yourself a case  
I'm gonna break your face

G G  
Don't mess with my toot toot  
G G  
Don't mess with my toot toot  
G D  
Well you could have the other woman  
D G  
But don't mess with my toot toot

Whoa, mama was the same way too,  
All the fellas didn't know what to do,  
And papa never had a chance,  
With a sweet little toot toot.

She was born in her birth suit,  
The doctor slap her behind, (slap!)  
Said you're gonna to be special,  
You sweet little toot toot.

# Eve of Destruction

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

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

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

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

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

# Falling Slowly

by Glen Hansard and Marketa Irglova (2007)

*C* *Fsus2* *C* *Fsus2*  
I don't know you, but I want you all the more for that  
*C* *F* *C* *F*  
Words fall through me and always fool me, and I can't react

*Am7(½)* *G(½)* *Fadd2(½)* *G(½)*  
And games that never amount to more than they're  
*Am7(½)* *G(½)* *Fsus9* *Fsus2*  
meant will play themselves out

*C* *Fsus2* *Am7* *Fsus2*  
Take this sinking boat and point it home. We've still got time.  
*C* *Fsus2* *Am7* *Fsus2* *Fsus2*  
Raise your hopeful voice, you have a choice, you've made it now

*C* *Fsus2* *C* *Fsus2*  
Falling slowly, eyes that know me, and I can't go back  
*C* *Fsus2* *C* *Fsus2*  
Moods that take me and erase me, and I'm painted black

*Am7(½)* *Em/G(½)* *Fadd2(½)* *G(½)*  
You have suffered enough, and warred with your  
*Am7(½)* *Em/G(½)* *Fsus9* *Fsus2*  
self; it's time that you won

*C* *Fsus2* *Am7* *Fsus2*  
Take this sinking boat and point it home. We've still got time.  
*C* *Fsus2* *Am7* *Fsus2* *Fsus2*  
Raise your hopeful voice, you have a choice, you've made it now

*C* *Fsus2* *C* *Fsus2*  
Falling slowly sing your melody and I'll sing aloud  
*C* *Fsus2* *Am7* *Fsus2*  
and I'll sing along.

# Far Away

by Ingrid Michaelson (2006)

A E A7

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

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

Far away far away, I want to go far away, to a new life on a new shoreline. Where the  
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.

I want to go far away, away, away. I want to go far away, away,  
ay ay, ay, uh, ay, uh, ay Where the  
water is blue and the people are new, to another island, in another life.



# Fisherman's Blues

by Waterboys (1988)

G G F F Am Am C C

G G F F  
I wish I was a fisherman, tumbling on the seas  
Am Am C C  
Far away from dry land, and it's bitter memories  
G G F F  
Casting you my sweet light with abandonment and love  
Am Am C C  
No ceiling staring down on me, just the starry sky above  
G G F F Am Am C C  
With light in my hair, you in my arms, woo woo ooh

G G F F  
I wish I was the brake man, on a Hartland diesel train  
Am Am C C  
Crashing headlong into the heartland, like a cannon in the rain  
G G F F  
With the beating of the sleepers, and the burning of the coal  
Am Am C C  
Counting towns flashing by me, in a night that's full of soul  
G G F F Am Am C C  
With light in my hair, you in my arms, woo woo ooh

G G F F  
Oh I know I will be loosened, from bonds that hold me fast  
Am Am C C  
And the chains all hung around me will fall away at last  
G G F F  
And on that fine and fateful day I will take thee in my arms  
Am Am C C  
I will ride the night train, and I will be the fisherman  
G G F F Am Am C C  
With light in my hair, you in my arms, woo woo ooh  
G G F F Am Am C C  
With light in my hair, you in my arms, woo woo ooh

# Five Hundred Miles

by Hedy West (1961)

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

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

Lord I'm one, Lord I'm two, Lord I'm three, Lord I'm four  
Lord I'm five hundred miles away from home  
Away from home, away from home, away from home, away from home  
Lord I'm five hundred miles away from home

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

My clothes are all worn, my shoes are all torn  
Lord I can't go back home this a-way  
This a-way, this a-way, this a-way, this a-way,  
Lord I can't go back home this a-way

Not a shirt on my back, not a penny to my name  
Lord I cannot go back home this-a way  
This-a way, this a-way, this a-way, this a-way  
Lord I can't go back home this a-way

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

# Four Strong Winds

by Ian Tyson (1963)

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

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

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

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

# Garbage

by Bill Steele(1969) (fourth verse by by Pete Seeger and Mike Agranoff (1977))

*Dm* *Dm* *Dm* *Dm*  
Mister Thompson calls the waiter, orders steak and baked potato  
*Dm* *Dm* *A7* *A7* *A7* *A7*  
Then he leaves the bone and gristle and he never eats the skin  
*A7* *A7* *A7* *A7*  
The busboy comes and takes it, with a cough contaminates it  
*A7* *A7* *Dm* *Dm* *Dm* *Dm*  
And he puts it in a can with coffee grinds and sardine tins  
*A7* *A7* *Dm* *Dm*  
Till the truck comes by on Friday and carts it all away  
*Gm* *Gm* *C* *C*  
And a thousand trucks just like it are converging on the Bay

*Dm* *Dm* *Dm* *Dm* *(add alternating Bb bass note to Dm and A7 chords)*  
Garbage, garbage!  
*Dm* *Dm* *A7* *A7*  
They're filling up the street with garbage.  
*A7* *A7* *A7* *A7*  
What will we do when there's no place left to put all the  
*Dm* *A7* *Dm* *Dm*  
Garbage?

Mr. Thompson starts his Cadillac and winds it up the freeway track  
Leaving friends and neighbors in a hydrocarbon haze  
He's joined by lots of smaller cars all sending gases to the stars  
There to form a seething cloud that hangs for thirty days  
While the sun looks down upon it with its ultraviolet tongues  
Till it turns to smog and settles down and ends up in our lungs

Garbage, garbage!  
We're filling up the air with garbage  
Garbage, garbage  
What will we do  
When there's nothing left to breathe but garbage?

# Garden Song

by Dave Mallet (1975)

D                    G<sub>(1/2)</sub>    D<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
Inch by inch, row by row  
G<sub>(1/2)</sub>    A<sub>(1/2)</sub>    D  
Gonna make this garden grow  
G<sub>(1/2)</sub> A<sub>(1/2)</sub>    D                    Bm  
All it takes is a rake and a hoe  
          Em7                    A7  
And a piece of fertile ground.

D                    G<sub>(1/2)</sub>    D<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
Inch by inch, row by row  
G<sub>(1/2)</sub>            A<sub>(1/2)</sub>            D  
Someone bless these seeds I sow,  
G<sub>(1/2)</sub>            A<sub>(1/2)</sub>            D  
Someone warm them from below  
          G<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    A7<sub>(1/2)</sub>    D            G<sub>(1/2)</sub>    D<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
'Till the rain comes tumbling down

Pullin' weeds and pickin' stones,  
Man is made of dreams and bones,  
Feel the need to grow my own,  
'Cause the time is close at hand.

Grain for grain, sun and rain,  
Find my way in Nature's chain,  
Tune my body and my brain  
To the music from the land.

Plant your rows straight and long,  
Temper them with prayer and song,  
Mother Earth will make you strong  
If you give her loving care.

An old crow watching hungrily  
From his perch in yonder tree,  
In my garden I'm as free  
As that feathered thief up there.

# Green Green

by Barry McGuire and Randy Sparks (1963)

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

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

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

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

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

# Happy Birthday

music by Franz Lehar (1905) and lyrics by Tom Chapin (1989)

*F F F F C7 F C7 C7*  
 Happy birthday, Happy Birthday, We love you.  
*C7 C7 C7 C7 F C7 F F*  
 Happy birthday and may all your dreams come true.  
*Bb C7 F Dm Gm Gm6 A7 A7*  
 When you blow out the candles, one light stays aglow.  
*C7 C7 F Bb Gm7 C7 F F*  
 It's the love light in your eyes, where'er you go.  
*C7 C7 F Bb Gm7 C7 F<sup>(hold)</sup>*  
 Yes, it's the love light in your eyes, where'er you go.

## Happy Birthday by Tom Chapin (1989)

**D** **G** **D**  
 Ha- py birth- day Ha- py birth- day We, love  
**A7**  
 you--- Ha- py birth- day and may all your  
**D G D D7 G A D**  
 dreams come true----- When you blow out the can-  
**Bm Em A7 F# Em A7**  
 dles, one will sta- -ay a- glow--- It's the love light  
**D Bm G A7 D**  
 in your eyes where- 'ere you--- go-----

# Hey Jimmy Joe John Jim Jack

by Joe Livingston and Ray Evans (1961)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



# Home

by Karla Bonoff (1976)

*D* *Em7* *G* *D*  
Traveling at night the headlights were bright  
*D* *D* *A* *A7*  
And we'd been up many an hour  
*D* *Em7* *G* *D*  
All thru my brain came the refrain  
*D* *Bm7* *A* *A7*  
Of Home and its warming fire

*Em or Em7*

*D* *D* *G* *D*  
And Home sings me of sweet things  
*D* *D* *A* *A7*  
My life there has its own wings  
*D* *D/F#* *G* *D*  
Fly over the mountain  
*F/C* *Em7* *A* *A7*  
Tho I'm standin still

*D* *Em7* *G* *D*  
The people I've seen they come in between  
*D* *D* *A* *A7*  
The cities of tiring light  
*D* *Em7* *G* *D*  
and the trains come and go but inside you know  
*D* *Bm7* *A* *A7*  
the struggle'll soon be a fight

*D* *Em7* *G* *D*  
Traveling at night the headlights were bright  
*D* *D* *A* *A7*  
And soon the sun came thru the trees  
*D* *Em7* *G* *D*  
Around the next bend the flowers will send  
*D* *Bm7* *A* *A7*  
The sweet smell of home in the breeze

# I'd Rather Be in Love

by Patrick Alger and Walter Carter-(1986)

*C* *Em*  
Ocean breeze, rum on ice  
*F* *C*  
Lazy days and party nights  
*F* *D*  
Here I am in paradise  
*F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*  
I'd rather be in love

*C* *Em*  
Golden sun, silver sand  
*F* *C*  
Careless touch of a stranger's hand  
*F* *D*  
I'll be rested, I'll be tanned  
*F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*  
I'd rather be in love

*Am* *Em*  
I've had more fun on one rainy night When  
*Dm* *F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
You were there to call my name and hold me tight  
*Em* *Am*  
Spent a lifetime in this postcard scene Just  
*D* *F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
Wishin' you were here with me

Miles and miles of clear blue skies  
Not a cloud in paradise  
Except the ones here in my eyes  
I'd rather be in love.

I remember those winter storms  
When you were all I needed to keep me warm  
Now those summer winds they blow so cold  
Make me wish I'd you here to hold

# If I Needed You

by Townes Van Zandt (1973)

<sup>C</sup>        <sup>C</sup>  
If I needed you, would you  
<sup>C</sup>        <sup>C</sup>  
Come to me? Would you  
<sup>C</sup>        <sup>F</sup>  
come to me, for to  
<sup>G</sup>        <sup>C</sup>  
ease my pain?

If you needed me, I would  
come to you. I would  
swim the seas, for to  
ease your pain

Well the night's forelorn, and the  
morning's born. And the  
morning shines, with the  
lights of love

And you'll miss sunrise, if you  
close your eyes. And  
that would break  
my heart in two.

If I needed you, would you  
Come to me? Would you  
come to me, for to  
ease my pain?

If you needed me, I would  
come to you. I would  
swim the seas, for to  
ease your pain

*solos*

Baby's with me now, since i  
showed her how, to  
lay her lilly  
Hand in mine

Who would ill agree? She's a  
sight to see. A  
treasure for the  
poor to find

If I needed you, would you  
Come to me? Would you  
come to me, for to  
ease my pain?

If you needed me, I would  
come to you. I would  
swim the seas, for to  
ease your pain

# I'm in Love with a Big Blue Frog

by Les Braunstein  
(1963)

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

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

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

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

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

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

# If I Were A Carpenter

by Tim Hardin (1967)

D C G D

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

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

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

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

D C G D

# I Got a Name

words by Norma Gimbel and music by Charles Fox (1973)

*D* Like the pine trees lining the winding road *A* *Bm* *Bm7*

*G* *A* *D* *D*  
I've got a name, I've got a name

*D* like the singing bird and the croaking toad *A* *Bm* *Bm*

*E7* *E7* *A* *A*  
I've got a name, I've got a name

*F#m* *G* *D* *F#*  
And I carry it with me like my daddy did but I'm living the

*Bm* *E7* *A* *A*  
dream that he kept hid

*F#m* *G* *F#m* *B7*  
Moving me down the highway, rolling me down the highway

*G* *A* *D* *D*  
moving ahead so life won't pass me by

Like the North wind whistling down the sky

I've got a song, I've got a song

like the whip-poor-will and the babies crying

I've got a song, I've got a song

And I carry it with me and I sing it proud

if it gets me nowhere, I'll go there proud

Moving me down the highway, rolling me down the highway

moving ahead so life won't pass me by

*instrumental (four lines followed by*

*A* *A7* *A7* *A7*

And I'm gonna go there free

Like the fool I am and I'll always be

I've got a dream, I've got a dream

They can change their minds but they can't change me

I've got a dream, I've got a dream

I know I could share it if you want me to

if your going my way I'll go with you

Moving me down the highway, rolling me down the highway

moving ahead so life won't pass me by



She's smart (for a woman)  
I wonder how she got that way  
You get no choice, you get no voice  
Just stay mum, pretend you're dumb  
That's how you come to be a lady today

Then Jimmy come along and we set up a conjugation  
We were busy every night with loving recreation  
I spent my day at work so he could get his education  
And now he's an engineer  
    He says, I know you'll always be a lady  
    It's the duty of my darling to love me all her life  
    How could an engineer look after or obey me  
    Remember, dear, that you're my wife

As soon as Jimmy got a job I began again  
Then, happy at my turret-lathe a year or so, and then  
The morning that the twins were born, Jimmy says to them  
Kids, your mother was an engineer  
    You owe it to the kids to be a lady  
    Dainty as a dish rag, faithful as a chow  
    Stay at home, you've got to mind the baby  
    Remember you're a mother now

Every time I turn around there's something else to do  
It's cook a meal or mend a sock or sweep a floor or two  
I listen in to Jimmy Young, it makes me want to spew  
I was gonna be an engineer  
    Now I really wish that I could be a lady  
    I could do the lovely things that a lady's s'posed to do  
    I wouldn't nearly mind if only they would pay me  
    And I could be a person too  
        What price - for a woman  
        You can buy her for a ring of gold  
        To love and obey (without any pay)  
        You get a cook and a nurse, for better or worse  
        No you don't need a purse when a lady is sold

But now that times are harder, and my Jimmy's got the sack  
I went down to Vickers, they were glad to have me back  
But I'm a third-class citizen, my wages tell me that  
And I'm a first-class engineer  
    The boss he says, We pay you as a lady  
    You only got the job cos' I can't afford a man  
    With you I keep the profits high as may be  
    You're just a cheaper pair of hands  
        You've got one fault, you're a woman  
        You're not worth the equal pay  
        A bitch or a tart, you're nothing but heart  
        Shallow and vain, you got no brain  
        You even go down the drain like a lady today

I listened to my mother and I joined a typing pool  
I listened to my lover and I put him through his school  
But if I listen to the boss, I'm just a bloody fool  
And an underpaid engineer  
    I've been a sucker ever since I was a baby  
    As a daughter, as a wife, as a mother and a dear  
    But I'll fight them as a woman, not a lady  
    I'll fight them as an engineer



# Is It Like Today? by Karl Wallinger (1993)

Many years ago he looked out through a glassless window  
All that he could see was Babylon  
Beautiful green fields and dreams and learn to measure the stars  
But there was a worry in his heart.. He said,

How could it come to this? I'm really worried about living  
How could it come to this? Yeah I really want to know about  
this . Then there came a

time, ehh, it moved out 'cross the Mediterranean.  
Came to western isles and the Greek young men.  
And with their silver beards they laughed at the unknown of the universe.  
They could sit and guess God's name. But they said

Then there came a time of kings, empires and revolutions.  
Blood just looks the same when you open the veins.  
But sometimes it was faith, power or reason as the cornerstone.  
But the furrowed brow has never left his face. He said

Then there came a day, man packed up, flew off from the planet.  
He went to the moon, to the moon,  
Now he's out in space, hey, fixing all the problems.  
He comes face to face with God. He said

How could it come to this? I'm really worried 'bout my creation.  
How did it come to this? Yeah I really want to know about this

Is it like today? eeeh, ohhh. Is it like today? heey, heeeey  
Is it like today? wooh, woo. Is it like today? Oh, ooh

# Island in the Sun

words and music by Harry Belafonte and Lord Burgess (Irving Louis Burgie) (1956)

*D* *G*  
This is my island in the sun, where my  
*A7* *D*  
People have toiled since time begun  
*D*<sub>(½)</sub> *Gma7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Em7*  
Tho I may sail on many a sea, her  
*D* *A7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *A7*<sub>(¼)</sub>  
Shores will always be home to me

*D* *G*  
Oh island in the sun  
*A7* *D*  
Willed to me by my father's hand  
*D(Bm)* *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *G/A*<sub>(½)</sub>  
All my days I will sing in praise of your  
*A7* *D* *A7* *Em7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D*<sub>(¾)</sub>  
Forest, waters, your shining sand

When morning breaks, the heaven on high, I  
Lift my heavy load to the sky  
Sun comes down with a burning glow  
Mingles my sweat with the earth below

I see woman on bended knee  
Cutting cane for her family  
I see man at the water-side  
Casting nets at the surging tide

I hope the day will never come  
When I can't awake to the sound of drum  
Never let me miss carnival  
With calypso songs philosophical

# It's a Small World

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

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

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

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

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

# Killing the Blues

by Rowland Salley (1977)

$E_{(3/4)}$   $Esus4_{(1/4)}$   $E_{(3/4)}$   $Esus4_{(1/4)}$   $E_{(3/4)}$   $Esus4_{(1/4)}$   $E_{(3/4)}$   $Esus4_{(1/4)}$

$E_{(3/4)}$   $Esus4_{(1/4)}$   $E_{(3/4)}$   $Esus4_{(1/4)}$   
Leaves were falling, just like embers,  
 $E$   $E7$   $A$

In colors; red and gold, they set us on fire  
 $Asus2$   $E_{(3/4)}$   $Esus4_{(1/4)}$   $E_{(3/4)}$   $Esus4_{(1/4)}$   $E_{(1/2)}$   $Esus4_{(1/2)}$   
Burning just like moonbeams in our eyes

$B7$   $B7$   $E$   $A_{(1/2)}$   $Asus2_{(1/2)}$   
Somebody said they saw me, swinging the world by the tail. bouncing over a  
 $E$   $B7$   $E_{(1/2)}$   $Esus4_{(1/2)}$   $E_{(1/2)}$   $Esus4_{(1/2)}$   
white cloud, killing the blues.

Now I am guilty of something...  
I hope you never do, because there is nothing  
Any sadder than losing yourself in love

$B7$   $B7$   $E$   $A_{(1/2)}$   $Asus2_{(1/2)}$   $E$   $B7$   $E_{(1/2)}$   $Esus4_{(1/2)}$   $E_{(1/2)}$   $Esus4_{(1/2)}$

And then you've asked me...just to leave you  
To set out on my own, and get what I needed.  
You want me to find what I've already had.

# La Chanson des Vieux Amants

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

*Bm Em(½) F#7(½)*

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

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

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

# Lady Come Down

lyric by Oscar Wilde (Serenade 1881) music by Charlie Mole (2002)

G A7 C D7 G A7 C D7  
 The western wind is blowing fair, across the dark Aegean Sea  
G A7 C D7 G A7 C D7  
 And at the secret marble stair, my Tyrian galley waits for thee

B7 B7 Em Em  
 Come down the purple sail is spread  
C C D D  
 The watchman sleeps within the town  
B7 B7 Em Em C C D7 D7  
 Oh leave thy lily flowerbed. Oh lady mine,

G A7 C D7 G A7 C D7  
 Come down Lady come down  
G A7 C D7 G A7 C D7  
 Come down Lady come down  
D7 G A7 C  
 Lady come down

The western wind is blowing fair  
 Across the dark Aegean sea,  
 And at the secret marble stair  
 My Tyrian galley waits for thee.  
 Come down! the purple sail is spread,  
 The watchman sleeps within the town,  
 O leave thy lily-flowered bed,  
 O Lady mine come down, come down!

She will not come, I know her well,  
 Of lover's vows she hath no care,  
 And little good a man can tell  
 Of one so cruel and so fair.  
 True love is but a woman's toy,  
 They never know the lover's pain,  
 And I who loved as loves a boy  
 Must love in vain, must love in vain.

O noble pilot tell me true  
 Is that the sheen of golden hair?  
 Or is it but the tangled dew  
 That binds the passion-flowers there?

Good sailor come and tell me now  
 Is that my Lady's lily hand?  
 Or is it but the gleaming prow,  
 Or is it but the silver sand?

No! no! 'tis not the tangled dew,  
 'Tis not the silver-fretted sand,  
 It is my own dear Lady true  
 With golden hair and lily hand!  
 O noble pilot steer for Troy,  
 Good sailor ply the labouring oar,  
 This is the Queen of life and joy  
 Whom we must bear from Grecian shore!

The waning sky grows faint and blue,  
 It wants an hour still of day,  
 Aboard! aboard! my gallant crew,  
 O Lady mine away! away!  
 O noble pilot steer for Troy,  
 Good sailor ply the labouring oar,  
 O loved as only loves a boy!  
 O loved for ever evermore!

# Let the Mystery Be

by Iris Dement (1992)

*D Dsus4 D Dsus2*

*D G A D*  
Everybody is wonderin' what and where they all came from  
*D G A D*  
Everybody is worryin' 'bout where they're gonna go when the whole thing's done  
*D G D G*  
But no one knows for certain, and so it's all the same to me  
*D A D D*  
I think I'll just let the mystery be.

*D G A D*  
Some say once gone you're gone forever and some say you're gonna come back  
*D G A D*  
Some say you rest in the arms of the Saviour if in sinful ways you lack  
*D G D G*  
Some say that they're comin' back in a garden bunch of carrots and little sweet peas  
*D A D D*  
And I think I'll just let the mystery be.

*D G A D*  
Some say they're goin' to a place called Glory and I ain't sayin' it ain't a fact  
*D G A D*  
But I've heard that I'm on the road to purgatory and I don't like the sound of that  
*D G D G*  
Cause I believe in love and I live my life accordingly  
*D A D D*  
But I choose to let the mystery be.

# Meet de Boys on the Battlefront

by George Landry  
(1976)

*D* *D*  
Oh, meet de boys on the Battlefront.  
*D* *A7*  
Meet de boys on the Battlefront.  
*A7* *A7*  
Meet de boys on the Battlefront.  
*N.C.*  
Yeah, the wild Tchopatoulas gonna stomp some rump!

Mardi gras comin' and it won't be long,  
Injuns comin', gonna carry on.  
They sew all night and they sew all day;  
Mardi gras mornin' went all the way.

Mardi Gras mornin' when the Indians come  
Spy Boy hollerin', he be havin' fun  
He take you down on that battlefield  
He die pippa noonie but nobdy kneel

Carry me fah no he noon nah day  
Flag boy hollerin' for the holiday  
The Spy Boy hollerin', say he don't know  
They jump and shout everywhere they go.

We I told my mama when I left home  
Jump and shout, I'm gonna carry on  
Flag Boy hollerin' when the mornin' come  
I shoot my pistol, might shoot my gun

The flag boy hollerin' when the mornin' come  
They be jumpin' and shoutin', they be carryin' on  
The Spy Boy hollerin' when the mornin' come  
We all get together, gonna have some fun

Indians comin' from all over town  
Big Chief's singin' gonna take them down.  
Jocky-Mo feeno a la ley  
Indians are rulers on the holiday!

Oh, the wild Tchopatoulas gonna stomp some rump!  
Yeah, the wild Tchopatoulas gonna stomp some rump!





# No Man's Land

by Eric Bogle, (1975)

*G* *G* *C* *Am*  
Well, how do you do, Private William Mc-Bride  
*D* *D* *G* *D*  
Do you mind if I sit here, down by your grave-side  
*G* *G* *C* *Am*  
And I'll rest for a while in the warm summer sun  
*D* *D* *C* *G*  
I've been walking all day; Lord, and I'm nearly done  
*G* *G* *Am* *Am*  
And I see by your gravestone, you were only nine-teen  
*D7* *D7* *G* *D*  
When you joined the glorious fallen in nineteen six-teen  
*G* *G* \* *Am* *Am*  
Well I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean  
*D* *D* *C* *G*  
Or Willie Mc-Bride, was it slow and ob-scene

*D* *D* *C* *G*  
Did they beat the drum slowly, did they sound the fife lowly  
*D* *D* *C* *G*  
Did the rifles fire o'er you as they lowered you down  
*C* *C* *D* *D*  
Did the bugles play the 'last post' in chorus  
*G* *G* *D* *G*  
Did the pipes play the "Flooers of the For-est"?

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart be-hind  
In some faithful heart is your memory en-shrined  
And though you died back in nineteen-six-teen  
To that loyal heart are you always nine-teen  
Or are you a stranger without even a name  
Enshrined for-ever be-hind a glass pane  
In an old photo-graph, torn and tattered and stained  
And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame

The sun's shining now on these green fields of France  
The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance  
The trenches have vanished, long under the plough  
No gas and no barbed-wire, no guns firing now  
But here in this graveyard, it's still No Man's Land  
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand  
To man's blind in-difference to his fellow man  
To a whole gener-ation who were butchered and damned

And I can't help but wonder now, Willie Mc-Bride  
Do all those who lie here know why they died  
Did you really be-lieve them when they told you the cause  
Did you really be-lieve that this war would end wars  
Well the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame  
The killing, the dying, it was all done in vain  
For Willie Mc-Bride, it's all happened a-gain  
And a-gain and a-gain and a-gain and a-gain

# Ol' 55 by Tom Waits (1973)

*C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Em7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Am*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Am7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G9*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
*C* *Em7* *F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *F/G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G9*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
 Well my time went so quickly I went lickety splitly, out to my ol' fifty - five  
*C* *Em7* *F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *F/G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*  
 As I pulled away slowly feelin so holy, God knows I was feelin alive

*C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Em7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *F/G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
 And now the sun's comin up  
*C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Em7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *F/G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
 I'm ridin' with lady luck  
*C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Em7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *F/G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
 Freeway cars and trucks  
*Dm*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Em7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Am*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
 Stars beginning to fade  
*Dm*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Am*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
 And I lead the parade  
*Dm*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Am*  
 Just a-wishin' I'd stayed a little longer  
*D* *F/G* *G7*  
 Lord, don't you know the feelin's gettin' stronger

Six in the morning gave me no warning, I had to be on my way  
 Now the cars are all passin' me, trucks are all flashin' me,  
 I'm headin' home from your place

Well my time went so quickly, I went lickety splitly, out to my old fifty-five  
 As I pulled away slowly, feelin' so holy, God knows I was feelin' alive

And now the sun's comin up (yes it is)	Freeway cars and trucks
I'm ridin' with lady luck	Ridin' with lady luck
Freeway cars and trucks	Freeway cars and trucks
Freeway cars and trucks	Ridin' with lady luck
Ridin' with lady luck	Freeway cars and trucks

# One Man's Hands

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Orphan Train

by Utah Phillips (2005)

C C G7 G7  
Once I had a darling mother, though I can't recall her name  
G7 G7 C C  
I had a baby brother who I'll never see again  
C C F F  
For the Children's Home is sending us out on the Orphan Train  
C G7 C C  
To try to find someone to take us in

C C C C  
Take us in, we have rode the Orphan Train  
G7 G7 G7 G7  
Take us in, we need a home, we need a name  
C C F F  
Take us in, oh won't you be our kin  
C G7 C C  
We are looking for someone to take us in

I have stolen from the poorbox, I've begged the city streets  
I've swabbed the bars and poolrooms for a little bite to eat  
In my daddy's old green jacket and these rags upon my feet  
I've been looking for someone to take me in

The Children's Home they gathered us, me and all the rest  
They taught us to sit quietly until the food was blest  
Then they put us on the Orphan Train and sent us way out West  
To try to find someone to take us in.

The farmers and their families they came from miles around  
We lined up on the platform of the station in each town  
And one by one we parted like some living lost-and-found  
And one by one we all were taken in

Now there's many a fine doctor or a teacher in your school  
There's many a good preacher who can teach the Golden Rule  
Who started out an orphan sleeping in the freezing rain  
Whose life began out on the Orphan Train.

# Our Town

by Iris Dement (1992)

G C G D  
And you know the sun's setting fast and just like they say, nothing good ever lasts  
G C G D  
Go on now, and kiss it goodbye, but hold on to your lover, 'cause your heart's bound to die  
G C G D  
Go on now, and say goodbye to our town, to our town  
G C G D  
Can't you see the sun setting down on our town, on our town, goodnight

Up the street beside the red neon light that's where I met my baby on one hot summer night  
He was the tender and I ordered a beer, it's been forty years and I'm still sitting here

But you know the sun's setting fast, and just like they say, nothing good ever lasts  
Go on now, and kiss it goodbye, but hold on to your lover, 'cause your heart's bound to die  
Go on now, and say goodbye to our town, to our town  
Can't you see the sun setting down on our town, on our town, goodnight

It's here I had my babies and I had my first kiss; I've walked down Main Street on the cold  
morning mist  
Over there is where I bought my first car, it turned over once, but then it never went far

And I can see the sun setting fast, and just like they say, nothing good ever lasts  
Well go on now, and kiss it goodbye, but hold on to your lover, 'cause your heart's bound to die  
Go on now, and say goodbye to our town, to our town  
Can't you see the sun setting down on our town, on our town, goodnight

I buried my Mama and I buried my Pa, they sleep up the street beside the pretty brick wall  
I bring 'em flowers about every day, but I just gotta cry when I think what they'd say

If they could see how the sun's setting fast, and just like they say, nothing good ever lasts  
Go on now, and kiss it goodbye, but hold on to your lover, 'cause your heart's bound to die  
Go on now, and say goodbye to our town, to our town  
Can't you see the sun setting down on our town, on our town, goodnight

Now I set on the porch and watch the lightning bugs fly, but I can't see too good, I got tears  
in my eyes  
I'm leaving tomorrow, but I don't wanna go, I love you, my town, you'll always live in my soul

But I can see the sun setting fast, and just like they say, nothing good ever lasts, well  
Go on now, I gotta kiss you goodbye, but I'll hold to my lover, 'cause my heart's bound to die  
Go on now, and say goodbye to my town, to my town  
I can see the sun has gone down on my town, on my town, goodnight  
Goodnight

# Pack Up Your Sorrows

by Richard Farina (1965)

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

*C* *F*  
Ah but if somehow, you could pack up your sorrows  
*C* *G*  
And give them all to me.  
*C* *F*  
You would lose them, I know how to use them.  
*C(½)* *G7(½)* *C*  
Give them all to me.

The image shows a musical score for the lyrics "No use crying". It consists of three staves. The top two staves are for guitar, with a 4/4 time signature. The first staff shows fret numbers (0, 1, 3, 0, 0, 1, 0) and the second staff shows chord shapes (3, 3, 3, 3, 3). The bottom staff is a treble clef with a melody line. The lyrics "No use crying" are written below the guitar staves, with "No" under the first measure, "use" under the second, "cry" under the third, and "ing" under the fourth. There are three red numbers (1, 2, 3) above the guitar staves, indicating measure numbers.

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

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

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

# Pancho and Lefty

written by Townes Van Zandt (1972)

C C G G  
 Living on the road my friend is gonna keep you free and clean  
 F F C G  
 Now you wear your skin like iron your breath as hard as kerosene  
 F F C F  
 Weren't your mama's only boy but her favorite one it seems  
 C F(½) C(½) G G F Am Am(½) G(¼) F(¼)  
 She began to cry when you said good bye and sank into your dreams

C C G G  
 Pancho was a bandit boys his horse was fast as polished steel  
 F F C G  
 He wore his gun outside his pants for all the honest world to feel  
 F F C F  
 Pancho met his match you know on the deserts down in Mexico  
 C F(½) C(½) G G F Am Am(½) G(¼) F(¼)  
 Nobody heard his dy ing words ah but that's the way it goes

F F C F  
 All the Federales say they could have had him any day  
 C F(½) C(½) G G F Am Am(½) G(¼) F(¼)  
 They only let him slip a way out of kindness I suppose

C C G G  
 Lefty he can't sing the blues all night long like he used to  
 F F C G  
 The dust that Pancho bit down south ended up in Lefty's mouth  
 F F C F  
 The day they laid poor Pancho low Lefty split for Ohio  
 C F(½) C(½) G G F Am Am(½) G(¼) F(¼)  
 Where he got the bread to go there ain't nobody knows

F F C F  
 All the Federales say they could have had him any day  
 C F(½) C(½) G G F Am Am(½) G(¼) F(¼)  
 They only let him slip a way out of kindness I suppose

C C G G  
 Poets tell how Pancho fell and Lefty's living in a cheap hotel  
 F F C G  
 The desert's quiet and Cleveland's cold, And so the story ends we're told  
 F F C F  
 Pancho needs your prayers it's true but save a few for Lefty too  
 C F(½) C(½) G G F Am Am(½) G(¼) F(¼)  
 He only did what he had to do and now he's growing old

F F C F  
 A few gray Federales say could have had him any day  
 C F(½) C(½) G G F Am Am(½) G(¼) F(¼)  
 We only let him go so wrong out of kindness I suppose.





# Place in the Choir

by Bill Staines (1983)

**G** **G**  
All God's critters got a place in the choir  
**D7** **G**  
Some sing low, some sing higher  
**C** **C(½)** **G(½)**  
Some sing out loud on the telephone wire  
**D7** **G** **G**  
And some just clap their hands or paws or anything they got, now ..

**G** **G**  
Listen to the bass, it's the one on the bottom  
**D7** **G**  
Where the bullfrog croaks and the hippopotamus  
**C** **C(½)** **G(½)**  
Moans and groans with a big t'- do  
**D7** **G**  
And the old cow just goes moo

The dogs and the cats, they take up the middle  
While the honeybee hums and the cricket fiddles  
The donkey brays and the pony neighs  
And the old coyote howls

Listen to the top where the little birds sing  
On the melody with the high notes ringing  
The hoot owl hollers over every-thing  
And the jay bird disa-grees

Singing in the night time, singing in the day  
The little duck quacks, then he's on his way  
The 'possum ain't got much to say  
And the porcupine talks to himself

It's a simple song of living sung everywhere  
By the ox and the fox and the grizzly bear  
The grumpy alligator and the hawk above  
The sly raccoon and the turtle dove

# Poor Old Dirt Farmer

by Tracy Schwartz (1965) 3/4

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

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

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

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

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

# Power

by John and Joanna Hall (1979)

Just give me the warm power of the sun  
Give me the steady flow of a waterfall  
Give me the spirit of living things as they return to clay.  
Just give me the restless power of the wind  
Give me the comforting glow of a wood fire  
But please take all of your atomic poison power away.

Everybody needs some power I'm told  
To shield them from the darkness and the cold  
Some may see a way to take control when it's bought and sold.

I know that lives are at stake  
Yours and mine and our descendants in time.  
There's so much to gain, so much to lose Everyone of us has to choose.

We are only now beginning to see  
How delicate the balance of nature can be  
The limits of her ways have been defined and we've crossed that line.  
Some don't even care or know that we'll pay  
But we have seen the face of death in our day.  
There's so little time to change our ways, if only we together can say

Please take all of your atomic poison power  
Just take all of your atomic poison power  
Won't you take all of your atomic poison power ...Away.



# Red Clay Halo

by Gillian Welch and David Rawlings (2001)

Oh the girls all dance with the boys from the city

And they don't care to dance with me.

Now it ain't my fault that the fields are muddy

And the red clay stains my feet.

And it's *under* my nails and it's *under* my collar

And it shows on my Sunday clothes.

I *do* my best with soap and water

But the *d*amned old *d*irt won't *go*.

But when I pass through the Pearly Gates, will my gown be gold instead?

Or just a red clay robe with red clay wings And a red clay halo for my head?

Now it's *mud* in the spring and it's *dust* in the summer

When it *blows* in a crimson *tide*,

Until the *trees* and the leaves and the cows are the color

Of the *d*irt on the *m*ountain side.

Now *Jordan's* banks, they're *red* and muddy

And the *rolling* water is *wide*,

But I got no *boat* so I'll be *good* and muddy

When I get to the *other* side.

But when I pass through the Pearly Gates, will my gown be gold instead?

Or just a red clay robe with red clay wings and a red clay halo for my heart?

I'll take a red clay robe with red clay wings and a red clay halo for my head.

# Redtail Hawk

by George A. Schroder (1975)

*Am G Am*

*Am G Am Am*  
The redtail hawk writes songs across the sky,  
*Am G Am Am*  
There's music in the waters flowing by,  
*Am G Am Am*  
And you can hear a song each time the wind sighs,  
*G G Am Am*  
In the golden rolling hills of California.  
*G G Am Am*  
In the golden rolling hills of California.

It's been so long love since you said goodbye,  
My cabin's been as lonesome as a cry,  
There's comfort in the clouds drifting by,  
In the golden rolling hills of California.

A neighbour came today to lend a hand,  
As I fixed the road as best as I can,  
It's just something that needs a man's hand,  
In the golden rolling hills of California,

The redtail hawk writes songs across the sky,  
There's music in the waters flowing by,  
And you can hear a song each time the wind sighs,  
In the golden rolling hills of California.  
In the golden rolling hills of California.

# Simple Song of Freedom

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

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

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

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

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

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

```
E-----0-----
B-0-1_0-1--1_3-3-3--3_1-1-1-----0-----0---0-
G-----0-----0---0---0-----0---
D-0-2_0-2--2_4-4-4--4_2-2-2---2-----2-----2-----
A-----
E-----0-----0-----0-----0-----
      p.o.    s1      s1
```

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



# Someday Soon

by Ian Tyson (1963)

*Am7 D7 G(½) Gsus4(½) G*

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

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

*D7 D7 C G*  
 But when he comes to call, my pa ain't got a good word to say  
*Em Em A7 D7(½) A7(½) D7*  
 Guess it's 'cause he's just as wild in his younger days

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

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

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

*Am7 D7 G(½)-G/F#(½) Em*  
 Someday soon, goin' with him someday soon.  
*Am7 D(½) Dsus4(½) G(½) G/F#(½) Em C(½) D7(½) G(½) .C(½) G*  
 Someday soon, goin' with him someday soon



# Summer Wages

by Ian Tyson (1967)

A D A E A

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

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

(Bridge)

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

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

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

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

# Tecumseh Valley

by Townes Van Zandt (1968)

*C*                    *C*<sub>(½)</sub>   *F*<sub>(½)</sub>   *C*   *C*  
The name she gave    was Caro   line  
*F*            *F*            *C*            *C*  
The daughter        of a miner  
*F*            *F*            *C*<sub>(½)</sub>   *C/B*<sub>(½)</sub>   *Am*  
And her ways were free and it se    emed to   me  
*G*            *G*                            *F*            *F*  
That the sunshine        walked beside her

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# That Kind of Grace

by Annie Hill and David Roth (1967)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

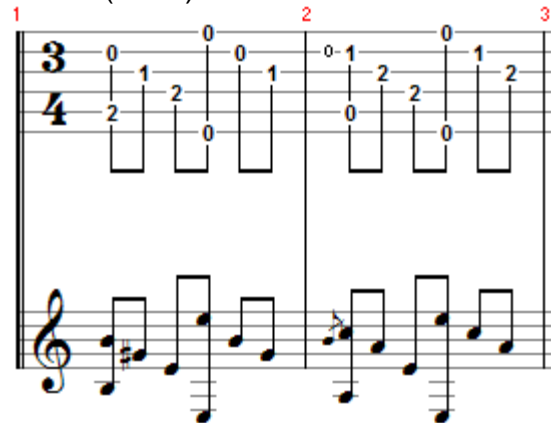
*G*            *G7*    *C*    *G*  
 And when I sing "Amazing Grace,"  
*G*            *Em* *D* *B7*  
 Your face is what I see  
       *Em*            *D*        *C*        *G*  
 I hope some day that kind of grace  
           *B*        *B*                    *Em* *Bm* *Em* *Bm*  
 Will find its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

# There but for Fortune

by Phil Ochs (1964)

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

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



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

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

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

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

# There's Anger in the Land

by Hedy West and Don West  
(1962)

*Amsus2*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am*<sup>(½)</sup> *Amsus4*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Am*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Am9sus2*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Am*<sup>(¼)</sup>  
*Amsus2*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Am*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Amsus4*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Am*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Am*<sup>(½)</sup> *Amsus2*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Am*<sup>(¼)</sup>

*Am* *Am* *Em - Em7* *Dm*  
There's grieving in the country, there's sorrow in the sand  
*Dm* *Am* *Em -* *Em7* *Am - Am9*  
There's sobbing in the shanty, and there's anger in the land.  
*Am - Am9, Am+D - Am*

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

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

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

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

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



# Traffic in the Sky

by Jack Johnson (2003)

D F#m C Em

D F#m  
There's traffic in the sky and it doesn't  
C Em  
seem to be getting much better. There's kids playing  
D F#m  
games on the pavement, drawing waves on the pavement mm-  
C Em  
hm, Shadows of the planes on the pavement mm-

D F#m  
hm , it's enough to make me cry but that don't  
C Em  
seem like it would make it feel better, maybe it's a  
D F#m  
dream and if i scream it will burst at the seams. This  
C Em  
whole place will fall into pieces and then they'd  
A G#(1/2) G(1/2)  
Say Well, how could we have

G(1/2) A D Bm  
Well how could we have known, I'll tell them it's not so hard to tell  
G A D Bm  
Nah nah nah You keep adding stones Soon the water will be lost in the well  
G A  
Mmmm mmmm

\_ Puzzle pieces in the ground but *no* one ever seems to be *digging*, instead they're looking *up* towards the heavens with their eyes on the heavens \_ Shadows on the way to the heavens, it's \_ enough to make me cry But that don't seem like it would make it feel *better* . the answers could be found we could learn from digging *down* but *no* one ever seems to be *digging* Instead they'll say

\_ Words of wisdom all *around* but *no* one ever seems to *listen*. They're talking about their *plans* on the paper Building *up* from the pavement . Shadows from the scrapers on the *pavement* \_ Its enough to make me sigh but that don't seem like it would make it feel *better*. The words are all *around* but the words are only sounds and *no* one ever seems to *listen* Instead they'll say

Ending Chords: G A D

# Train Carrying Jimmie Rodgers Home by

Greg Brown (1981)

*G* *G7* *C* *G*  
Come along my dear the time is growing near  
*Em* *A7* *D* *D7*  
I want you to walk down to where the field is over grown  
*G* *G7* *C* *G*  
Consumption's claimed his life and we dare not miss the sight  
*Em* *D* *G* *G*  
Of the train carrying Jimmie Rodgers home

*G* *G7* *C* *G*  
Well we've had some hard times these last few years  
*Em* *A7* *D* *D7*  
Lost our farm - almost lost our spirits, too  
*G* *G7* *C* *G*  
But it is the strangest thing when we hear that brakeman sing  
*Em* *D* *G* *G*  
we knew some how we'd make it through.

*C* *C* *G* *G*  
I can hear that whistle blow, that old train is rollin' slow  
*Em* *A7* *D* *D7*  
Sounds like its crying for the singing brakeman too  
*G* *G7* *C* *G*  
Down to the sunny south he'll go and he'll never roam no more  
*Em* *D* *G* *G*  
Here comes the train oh hold me close oh sweetheart, do

*G* *G7* *C* *G*  
Come my little son and let me hold you up  
*Em* *A7* *D* *D7*  
I want you to remember this day when you're grown  
*G* *G7* *C* *G*  
How your mama and your dad were so proud and so sad  
*Em* *D* *G* *G*  
Watching the train carrying Jimmie Rodgers home  
*Em* *D* *G* *G*  
There goes the train carrying Jimmie Rodgers home  
*Yodel away here ... C C G G D D D7 D7 G<sub>hold</sub>*

# Universal Soldier

by Buffy Saint-Marie (1965)

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Upward Over the Mountain

by Samuel Beam (2002)

Em                    C                    G                    D  
Mother don't worry, I killed the last snake that lived in the creek bed  
Em                    C                    G                    D  
Mother don't worry, I've got some money I save for the weekend  
Em                    C                    G                    D  
Mother remember being so stern with that girl who was with me?  
Em                    C                    G                    D  
Mother remember the blink of an eye when I breathed through your body?

Em                    C                    G                    D  
So may the sunrise bring hope where it once was forgotten  
Em                    C                    G                    D  
Sons are like birds flying upward over the mountain

Mother I *made* it up from the *bruise* of a floor of this *prison*  
Mother I *lost* it, all of the *fear* of the Lord I was *given*  
Mother forget me now that the creek drank the cradle you sang to  
Mother forgive me, I sold your car for the shoes that I gave you

Mother don't worry, i've got a coat & some friends on the corner  
Mother don't worry, she's got a garden we're planting together  
Mother remember the night that the dog had her pups in the pantry?  
blood on the floor & the fleas on their paws  
and you cried 'til the morning

# Wasteland of the Free

by Iris Dement (1996)

C      Am      G      C C  
Living in the wasteland of the free

C      G      C      C  
We got preachers dealin' in politics and diamond mines  
C      G      C      C  
And their speech is growing increasingly unkind

Am      Am      F      F  
They say they are Christ's disciples But they don't look like Jesus to me  
C      G      C      C  
And it feels like I am living in the wasteland of the free

We got politicians runnin' races on corporate cash  
Now don't tell me they don't turn around and kiss them people's ass  
Now you may call me old-fashioned but that don't fit my picture of a true democracy  
And it feels like I am living in the wasteland of the free

We got C E O's makin' two hundred times the workers pay  
But they'll fight like hell against raising the minimum wage  
And if you don't like it mister They'll ship your job 'cross the sea  
And it feels like I am living in the wasteland of free

F      G      C C  
Living in the wasteland of the free

E      E      Am Am  
Where the poor people are treated like the enemy

F      C      E      Am  
Let's blame our troubles on the weak ones Sounds like some kind of Hitler

F      G      C C  
remedy Living in the wasteland of the free

We got little kids with guns fighting inner-city wars  
So, what do we do, we put these little kids behind prison doors  
And we call ourselves the advanced civilisation  
But that sounds like crap to me  
And it feels like I am living in the wasteland of the free

We got high school kids runnin' 'round in Calvin Klein and Guess  
Who cannot pass a sixth grade reading test  
But if you ask them, they can tell you the name of every crotch on MTV  
And it feels like I am living in the wasteland of the free

We kill for oil then throw a party when we win  
Some guy refuses to fight and we call that the sin  
But he's standin' up for what he believes in  
And that seems pretty damned American to me  
And it feels like I am living in the wasteland of the free

Living in the wasteland of the free  
Where the poor have now become the enemy  
Let's blame our troubles on the weak ones  
Sounds like some kind of Hitler remedy  
Living in the wasteland of the free

*F*                    *G*                    *C*   *C*  
Whilst we sit gloating in our greatness  
Justice is sinking to the bottom of the sea  
*Am*                    *G*                    *C*   *C*  
    Living in the wasteland of the free  
Living in the wasteland of the free  
Living in the wasteland of the free

# Watching the River Run

by Kenny Loggins and Jim Messina  
(1973)

G G Dm Dm C C Am D7

G G C C  
If you've been thinkin' you were all that you've got  
D D G D7  
then don't feel alone anymore.

G G C C  
'Cause when we're together then you've got a lot  
D D7 D7 G C G G7  
'cause I am the river and you are the shore.

C C D D G D Em7 G  
And it goes on and on, watching the river run  
C C/B Am D  
further and further from things that we've done,  
G G G7 G7  
leaving them one by one.

C C D D G Dm E7 E7  
And we have just be gun watching the river run,  
Am Am7 D D7 G (repeat intro)  
listening and learning and yearning to run river run.

G G C C  
Winding and swirling and dancing along,  
D D G D7  
we passed by the old willow tree  
G G C C  
where lovers caress as we sing them our song,  
D7 D7 D7 G C G G7  
rejoicing together when we greet the sea.



The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is a guitar tablature in 3/4 and 4/4 time signatures, showing fret numbers and fingerings. The bottom staff is a standard musical notation in G major, showing the melody and accompaniment. The score is marked with a '1' at the beginning, indicating the start of the first measure.

# Way Down in the Hole

by Tom Waits (1987)

If you walk through the garden, you gotta watch your back.  
Well I beg your pardon; walk the straight and narrow track.  
If you walk with Jesus, he's gonna save your soul.  
You gotta keep the devil way down in the hole

He's got the fire and the fury, at his command  
Well you don't have to worry, if you hold on to Jesus' hand  
We'll all be safe from Satan, when the thunder rolls  
Just gotta help me keep the devil way down in the hole

All the angels sing about Jesus' mighty sword  
And they'll shield you with their wings, n' keep you close to the Lord  
Don't pay heed to temptation for his hands are so cold  
You gotta help me keep the devil way down in the hole





# Why Don't You Just Go Home?

by Greg Brown  
(1997)

There's a whippoorwill in the rolling hills,  
It'll drive you crazy, give you the chills.  
There's a barn that got smaller, and the blowed out cars,  
Beans climb up to the falling stars.

Why don't you just go home?  
Why don't you just go home?  
You've had enough wine and it's lamp lighting time,  
Why don't you just go home?

It's always too hot except when it's too cold,  
The dogs is all rascals and the chickens are old.  
God hung the moon way too low in the sky,  
You're always laughing except when you cry.

Company for supper when the day is through,  
People talk funny, just like you.  
New vines from the old dirt, now ain't that sweet,  
New songs from the old tunes, to tap our feet.

Why don't you just go home?  
Why don't you just go home?  
The trip has been fine, now it's lamp lighting time,  
Why don't you just go home?

# Wonderwall

by Noel Gallagher (1995)

*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb*  
Today is gonna be the day that they're gonna throw it back to you  
*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb*  
By now, you should've somehow realized what you gotta do  
*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb* *Dm* *F* *C* *Bb*  
I don't believe that anybody feels the way I do about you now

*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb*  
Backbeat the word is on the street that the fire in your heart is out  
*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb*  
I'm sure you've heard it all before but you never really had a doubt  
*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb* *Dm* *F* *C* *Bb*  
I don't believe that anybody feels the way I do about you now

*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb*  
Today was gonna be the day but they'll never throw it back to you  
*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb*  
By now you should've somehow realized what you'e not to do  
*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb* *Dm* *F* *C* *Bb*  
I don't believe that anybody feels the way I do about you now

*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb*  
I said maybe you're gonna be the one who saves me after  
*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb* *Dm* *F* *C* *Bb* *Dm* *F* *C* *Bb* *Dm*  
all you're my wonder wall

# Won't You Be My Neighbor

by Fred Rogers (1967)

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

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

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

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

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

# You're the One Who I Want When I'm Lonely

by Odessa Jorgensen (2008)

*D D G G*  
I sit alone on an empty street corner

*D D A A*  
The sky is a fiery glow

*D D G G*  
I thought of you many miles at home

*D A D D*  
I thought how you were alone

*D D G G*  
You're the one who I want when I'm lonely.

*D D A A*  
You're the one who I want when I'm blue

*D D G G*  
You're the one who I want when I'm lonely.

*D A D D*  
And at the end of the day, dear, it's you.

*D D G G*  
Well, it's all mixed up, I don't know where it's goin'

*D D A A*  
There doesn't seem to be a way

*D D G G*  
I know that I want you near me.

*D A D D*  
And I wish that you'd come home to day.

*D D G G*  
You're the one I want when I'm lonely.

*D D A A*  
You're the one I want when I'm blue

*D D G G*  
You're the one I want when I'm lonely.

*D A D D*  
And at the end of the day, dear, it's you.

*G G D D*  
I know that it won't be easy,

*A A D D*  
But the best things come through toil and pain

*G G D D*  
And I don't want to live life without you

*D A D D*  
When I know that you love me this way.

