

# Folk—Pre 1960

1913 Massacre.....	3
Ballad of SpringHill (Spring Hill Disaster) .....	4
Battle of New Orleans .....	5
Bells of Rhymney .....	6
Better World .....	7
Bury Me in My Overalls .....	8
California Stars.....	9
Deep River Blues .....	10
Deportees (Plane Wreck at Los Gatos).....	11
Do Re Mi .....	12
Feel Like Going Home.....	13
Five Hundred Miles .....	14
Freight Train.....	15
Goodnight Irene .....	16
Gotta Travel On.....	17
Guantanamo .....	18
Hard Ain't It Hard?.....	19
Hey Lolly Lolly .....	20
Hobo's Lullaby.....	21
I Ain't Got No Home .....	22
If I Had A Hammer.....	23
If You Love Me .....	24
Jamaica Farewell .....	25
Joe Hill .....	26
Last Night I Had the Strangest Dream.....	27
Lemon Tree.....	28
Little Boxes.....	29
Lollipop Tree .....	30
Lonesome Road (Look Down That Lonesome Road) .....	31
Long Black Veil .....	32
Louis Collins.....	33
Magic Penny .....	34
Morningtown Ride .....	35
MTA, Charlie on the .....	36
Oh, Babe, It Ain't No Lie.....	37
Oklahoma Hills .....	38
On the Rim of the World.....	39
Orange Blossom Special.....	40
Philadelphia Lawyer .....	41
Rock Island Line.....	42
Roll on Columbia .....	43
San Francisco Bay Blues .....	44
Seven Daffodils .....	45

Shake Sugaree .....	46
Sinking of the Reuben James .....	47
So Long It's Been Good to Know Yuh (Dusty Old Dust).....	48
Somewhere Between .....	50
They Call the Wind Maria .....	51
This Land is Your Land .....	52
This World .....	53
Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport,.....	54
Turn Around .....	55
Turn, Turn, Turn .....	56
Ukulele Lady .....	57
Union Maid .....	58
Union Miner.....	59
Waltzing Matilda.....	60
We Shall Overcome .....	61
What Have They Done To The Rain? .....	62
Where Have All The Flowers Gone? .....	63
Which Side Are You On? .....	64
You Are My Sunshine.....	65
You're Gonna Miss Me When I'm Gone.....	66

# 1913 Massacre

by Woody Guthrie (1946)

<sup>C</sup> Take a trip with me in nineteen thirteen,  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
to Calumet, Michigan, in the copper country.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
I will take you to a place called Italian Hall,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
and the miners are having their big Christmas ball.

I will take you in a door and up a high stairs,  
singing and dancing is heard everywhere.  
I will let you shake hands with the people you see,  
and watch the kids dance around the big Christmas tree.

There's talking and laughing and songs in the air,  
and the spirit of Christmas is there everywhere.  
Before you know it you're friends with us all,  
and you're dancing around and around in the hall.  
You ask about work and you ask about pay,  
they'll tell you they make less than a dollar a day,  
working the copper claims, risking their lives,  
so it's fun to spend Christmas with children and wives.

Well, a little girl sits down by the Christmas tree lights,  
to play the piano so you gotta keep quiet,  
to hear all this fun you would not realize,  
that the copper boss' thug men are milling outside.  
The copper boss' thugs stuck their heads in the door,  
one of them yelled and he screamed, "There's a fire!"  
A lady she hollered, "There's no such a thing,  
Keep on with your party, there's no such thing."

A few people rushed and it was only a few,  
"It's just the thugs and the scabs fooling you!"  
A man grabbed his daughter and carried her down,  
but the thugs held the door and he could not get out.  
And then others followed, a hundred or more,  
but most everybody remained on the floor.  
The gun thugs they laughed at their murderous joke,  
while the children were smothered on the stairs by the door.

Such a terrible sight I never did see,  
we carried our children back up to their tree.  
The scabs outside still laughed at their spree,  
and the children that died there were seventy-three.  
The piano played a slow funeral tune,  
and the town was lit up by a cold Christmas moon,  
The parents they cried and the miners they moaned,  
"See what your greed for money has done!"

# Ballad of Spring Hill (Spring Hill Disaster)

by Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl (1960)

*Dm C Dm C*  
In the town of Spring Hill, Nova Scotia,  
*Dm Dm G Dm*  
Down in the heart of the Cumberland Mine,  
*Dm G C Am*  
There's blood on the coal and the miners lie  
*Dm C Dm C*  
In the roads that never saw sun or sky  
*Dm C Dm C*  
Roads that never saw sun or sky.

*repeat last line each time*

In the town of Springhill, you don't sleep easy,  
Often the earth will tremble and roll,  
When the earth is restless, miners die,  
Bone and blood is the price of coal.

In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia,  
Late in the year of fifty-eight,  
Day still comes and the sun still shines,  
But it's dark as the grave in the Cumberland Mine.

Down at the coal face, miners working,  
Rattle of the belt, and the cutter's blade,  
Rumble of rock and the walls close round  
The living and the dead men two miles down.

Twelve men lay two miles from the pitshaft,  
Twelve men lay in the dark and sang,  
Long hot days in a miner's tomb,  
It was three feet high and a hundred long.

Three days passed and the lamps gave out,  
And Caleb Rushton, he up and said :  
"There's no more water nor light nor bread,  
So we'll live on songs and hope instead."

Listen for the shouts of the bareface miners,  
Listen through the rubble for a rescue team,  
Six hundred feet of coal and a slag,  
Hope imprisoned in a three foot seam.

Eight days passed and some were rescued,  
Leaving the dead to lie alone,  
Through all their lives they dug a grave,  
Two miles of earth for a marking stone

# Battle of New Orleans

by by Jimmy Driftwood (1959)

*D* *D* *G* *G*  
In eighteen fourteen we took a little trip  
*A7* *A7* *D* *D*  
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississip'  
*D* *D* *G* *G*  
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans  
*A7* *A7* *D* *D*  
And we met the bloody British near the town of New Orleans

*D* *D* *D* *D*  
We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'  
*D* *D* *D - A7* *D*  
But they wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago  
*D* *D* *D* *D*  
We fired once more and they began a-runnin'  
*D* *D* *D* *A7 D*  
On Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

Well we looked down the river and we seed the British come  
There musta been a hundred of 'em beating on the drums  
They stepped so high and they made their bugles ring  
While we stood beside our cotton bales and didn't say a thing

Old Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise  
If we didn't fire a musket 'til we looked 'em in the eyes  
We held our fire 'til we seed their faces well,  
Then we opened up our squirrel guns and really gave 'em hell

Well they ran through the briars and they ran through t he brambles,  
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit wouldn't go  
Ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em  
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

Well, we fired our cannon 'til the barrel melted down  
Then we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round  
We filled his head with cannon balls and powdered his behind  
And when we touched the powder off the gator lost his mind.

# Bells of Rhymney

lyrics by Idris Davies and music by Pete Seeger  
(1959)

A A D<sup>(1/2)</sup> A<sup>(1/2)</sup> B<sup>(1/2)</sup> A<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 Oh what will you give me? Say the sad bells of Rhymney  
A A A G<sup>(1/2)</sup> Bm<sup>(1/2)</sup> E  
 Is there hope for the future? Cry the brown bells of Merthyr.  
E A A G<sup>(1/2)</sup> Bm<sup>(1/2)</sup> E  
 Who made the mine owner? Say the black bells of Rhondda.  
E A D<sup>(1/2)</sup> A<sup>(1/2)</sup> Bm E7<sup>(1/2)</sup> A<sup>(1/2)</sup> A  
 And who robbed the miner? Cry the grim bells of Blaifina.

A A D<sup>(1/2)</sup> A<sup>(1/2)</sup> B<sup>(1/2)</sup> A<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 They will plunder willy-nilly, Cry the bells of Caerphilly.  
A A A G<sup>(1/2)</sup> Bm<sup>(1/2)</sup> E  
 They have fangs, they have teeth, Say the loud bells of Neath.  
E A A G<sup>(1/2)</sup> Bm<sup>(1/2)</sup> E  
 Even God is uneasy, Say the moist bells of Swansea.  
E A D<sup>(1/2)</sup> A<sup>(1/2)</sup> Bm E7<sup>(1/2)</sup> A<sup>(1/2)</sup> A  
 And what will you give me? Say the sad bells of Rhymney

A A D<sup>(1/2)</sup> A<sup>(1/2)</sup> B<sup>(1/2)</sup> A<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 Put the vandals in court; say the bells of Newport.  
A A<sup>(1/2)</sup> F#m<sup>(1/2)</sup> F#m G<sup>(1/2)</sup> Bm<sup>(1/2)</sup> E  
 All would be well if, if, cry the green bells of Cardiff.  
E A<sup>(1/2)</sup> G<sup>(1/2)</sup> F#m G<sup>(1/2)</sup> F#m<sup>(1/2)</sup> A  
 Why so worried, sisters, why? Sang the silver bells of Wye.  
A A Bm7 E7<sup>(1/2)</sup> A<sup>(1/2)</sup> A<sup>(hold)</sup>  
 And what will you give me? Say the sad bells of Rhymney

# Better World

by Woodie Guthrie (19xx entered 1940))

*C* *F* *C* *F*  
There's a better world that's a-coming, I'll tell you why why why  
*C* *F* *C* *C*

There's a better world that's a-coming, I'll tell you why  
We will beat'em on the land, on the sea and in the sky  
There's a better world that's a-coming, I'll tell you why

Well there's a better world that's a-coming, don't you see see see  
There's a better world that's a-coming don't you see  
When we'll all be union and we'll all be free,  
There's a better world that's coming, don't you see

There's a better world a-coming, don't you know, know, know  
Better world that's coming don't you know  
I'm a union man in a union boys, and it's a union world I'm fighting for  
There's a better world that's a-coming, don't you know

*C* *F* *C* *F*  
Now there's a better world that's a-coming, and there's a better world that's a-coming

*C* *F* *C* *F*  
And there's a better world that's a-coming, I'll tell you why why why

*C* *F* *C* *F* *C* *F*  
And don't you see, see, see, and don't you know, know, know. and don't you hey, hey, hey

*C* *F* *C* *F*  
There's a better world that's a-coming, I'll tell you why why why

*C* *F* *C* *C*  
There's a better world that's a-coming, I'll tell you why

There's a better world that's a-coming, tell you why why why  
Better world a-coming I'll tell you why  
Out of marching out of battling, you can hear the chains a-rattling  
There's a better world that's a-coming, I'll tell you why

# Bury Me in My Overalls

by Malvina Reynolds (1956)

*F*                    *F*                    *C7*                    *C7*  
Bury me in my overalls, don't use my gabardines,  
*C7*                    *C7*                    *F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *F*  
Bury me in my overalls or in my beat-up jeans.  
*Bb*                    *Bb*                    *F*                    *F*  
Give my suit to Uncle Jake, He can wear it at my wake,  
*C7* *C7*                    *F*                    *F*  
And bury me in my overalls.

The undertaker will get my dough, the grave will get my bones,  
And what is left will have to go, for one of those granite stones,  
But this suit cost me two weeks pay, so let it live another day,  
And bury me in my overalls.

The grave it is a quiet place, there is no labor there,  
And I will rest more easy, in the clothes I always wear.  
This suit was made for warmer climes, holidays and happy times,  
So bury me in my overalls.

I gave a hand to clear the land, and make the cities rise,  
I helped to bring the harvest in, and lay the railroad ties.  
I boomed about from east to west, it's time I had a little rest,  
So bury me in my overalls.

*F*                    *F*                    *C7*                    *C7*  
And when I get to heaven, where they tally work and sin,  
*C7*                    *C7*                    *F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *F*  
They'll open up those pearly gates, and holler, "Come on in!  
*Bb*                    *Bb*                    *F*                    *F*  
A workin' stiff like you, we know, has had his share of Hell below,  
*C7* *C7*                    *C7* *F*  
So come to glory in your overalls!"



# 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 the first two lines of musical notation for the song. The first line is for the G and D chords, and the second line is for the C and G chords. Each line includes a standard musical staff with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature, and a corresponding guitar tablature below it. The tablature uses numbers 0-5 to represent frets and includes a '3' for a triplet. The first line starts with a G chord and ends with a D chord. The second line starts with a C chord and ends with a G chord.

# Deep River Blues

by Alton Delmore and Rabon Delmore (originally  
*I've Got the Big River Blues*)(1933)

*E7*      *Edim*      *E7*      *A7*  
Let it rain, let it pour, let it rain a whole lot more,  
    *E*      *E*      *B7*      *B7#5*  
'Cause I got them deep river blues.

*E*      *Edim*      *E*      *A7*  
Let the waves drive right on, let that wind sweep along,  
    *E*      *B7*      *E<sub>(1/2)</sub>*      *E6<sub>(1/2)</sub>*      *E*  
'Cause I got them deep river blues.

My old gal, she's a good old pal, looks like a water fowl.  
When I get them deep river blues.  
Ain't no one to cry for me and the fish'll go out on a spree  
When I get them deep river blues.

I'm gonna take my old boat, I'm gonna sail if she'll float,  
'Cause I got them deep river blues,  
I'm goin' back to mussel shores, times are better there I'm told,  
'Cause I got them deep river blues.

If my boat sinks with me, I'll go down, don't you see?  
'Cause I got them deep river blues.  
Now I'm gonna say goodbye, and if I sink, just let me die  
'Cause I got them deep river blues.

# Deportees (Plane Wreck at Los Gatos) by

Woody Guthrie and lyrics by Martin Hoffman ( 1948)

*E*        *E*        *A*        *E*        *E*  
The crops are all in and the peaches are rottin',  
*E*        *E*        *A*        *E* *E*  
The oranges are packed in their creosote dumps.  
*A*        *A*        *E*        *E* (*C#m*)  
They're flyin' 'em back to the Mexico border,  
*E*        *E* (*C#m*)    *A*        *E*        *E*  
to take all their money to wade back again.

*A*        *A*        *E*        *E*  
Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita,  
*B*        *B*        *E*        *E*7  
adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria.  
*A*        *A*        *E*        *E* (*C#m*)  
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane,  
*E*        *E* (*C#m*)    *A*        *E*        *E*        *E*        *A*        *E*  
and all they will call you will be "deportees."

My father's own father, he waded that river,  
They took all the money he made in his life;  
My brothers and sisters come working the fruit trees,  
And they rode the truck till they took down and died.

Some of us are illegal, and some are not wanted,  
Our work contract's out and we have to move on;  
Six hundred miles to that Mexican border,  
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves.

We died in your hills, we died in your deserts,  
We died in your valleys and died on your plains.  
We died 'neath your trees and we died in your bushes,  
Both sides of the river, we died just the same.

The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon,  
A fireball of lightning, and shook all our hills,  
Who are all these friends, all scattered like dry leaves?  
The radio says, "They are just deportees"

Is this the best way we can grow our big orchards?  
Is this the best way we can grow our good fruit?  
To fall like dry leaves to rot on my topsoil  
And be called by no name except "deportees"?

# Do Re Mi

by Woody Guthrie and Martin Hoffman (1940)

*D* *D* *G* *G*  
Lot of folks back east they say, is leavin' home most every day  
*A* *A* *D* *D*  
Hitting the hard old dusty trail to the California line  
*D* *D* *G* *G*  
Well across the desert sands they rode, getting out outta of the old dust bowl  
*A* *A* *D* *D* *D* *D*  
Think they're going to a sugar bowl here's what they find

*A* *A* *A* *A*  
For the police at the port of entry say,  
*A* *A* *A* *A7*  
"You're number fourteen thousand for the day." Oh if you

*D* *D* *D* *D*  
ain't got the do re me boys  
*D* *D* *A* *A*  
You ain't got the do re me  
*A* *A* *A* *A* *A*  
Well you better go back to beautiful Texas  
*A* *A* *D* *D*  
Oklahoma, Kansas, Georgia, Tennessee

*D* *D* *D* *D*  
California's a garden of Eden  
*D7* *D7* *G* *G*  
It's paradise to live and see  
*G* *G* *D* *D*  
But believe it or not you won't find it so hot  
*D* *A* *D* *D*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *A7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
If you ain't got the do re me

You want to buy you a home or a farm, that can't deal nobody harm,  
Or take your vacation by the mountains or sea.  
Don't swap your old cow for a car, you better stay right where you are,  
Better take this little tip from me.

'Cause I look through the want ads every day  
But the headlines on the papers always say:

# Feel Like Going Home

by Muddy Waters (1948)

*G* *D* *Em* *G*  
Lord I feel like going home  
*C* *Am* *G* *D*  
I tried and I failed and I'm tired and weary  
*G* *D* *Em* *G*  
Everything I ever done was wrong  
*C* *Am* *G* *D*  
And I feel like going home

*G* *D* *Em* *G*  
Lord I tried to see it through  
*C* *Am* *G* *D*  
But it was too much for me  
*G* *D* *Em* *G*  
And now I'm coming home to you  
*C* *Am* *G* *D*  
And I feel like going home

*G* *D* *Em* *G*  
Cloudy skies are rolling in  
*C* *Am* *G* *D*  
And not a friend around to help me  
*G* *D* *Em* *G*  
From all the places I have been  
*C* *Am* *G* *E*  
And I feel like going home

*A* *E* *F#m* *A*  
Lord I feel like going home  
*D* *Bm* *A* *E*  
I tried and I failed and I'm tired and weary  
*A* *E* *F#m* *A*  
Everything I ever done was wrong  
*D* *Bm* *A* *E*  
And I feel like going home

# Five Hundred Miles

by Hedy West (1961)

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

*D* *Bm*  
A hundred miles, a hundred miles  
*Em* *G*  
A hundred miles, a hundred miles  
*Em* *A*  
You can hear the whistle blow  
*D* *D*  
A hundred miles

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

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

Not a shirt on 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 you miss the train I'm on  
You will know that I am gone  
You can hear the whistle blow  
Five hundred miles

A hundred miles, a hundred miles  
A hundred miles, a hundred miles  
You can hear the whistle blow  
Five hundred miles

# Freight Train

by Elizabeth "Libba" Cotten (1907)

C C G G7  
Freight train, freight train, run so fast  
G7 G7 C C  
Freight train, freight train, run so fast  
E7 E7 F F  
Please don't tell what train I'm on  
C G7 C  
So they won't know where I'm gone

*Interlude: E E7 F F C G7 C G7*

When I'm dead and in my grave  
No more good times here I crave  
Place the stones at my head and feet  
And tell them all I've gone to sleep

When I die, oh bury me deep  
Down at the end of old Chestnut Street  
So I can hear old Number Nine  
As she comes rolling by

There's one more train, I'm bound to ride  
One more time, before I die  
So that I can see those Blue Ridge Mountains rise  
Come ridin' in old number nine.

Freight train, freight train, goin' round the bend  
Freight train, freight train, comin' back again  
One of these days I'll turn that train around  
And go back to my home town.

When I die, oh bury me deep  
Down at the end of old Chestnut Street  
Place the stones at my head and feet  
And tell them all I've gone to sleep

Freight train, freight train, run so fast  
Freight train, freight train, run so fast  
Please don't tell what train I'm on  
So they won't know where I'm gone

# Goodnight Irene

by Huddie Ledbetter (1933)

*E*            *B*            *B*            *E*  
Irene goodnight, Irene. Irene goodnight  
*E7*            *A*            *B7*            *A*  
Goodnight Irene, goodnight Irene, I'll see you in my dreams.

Sometimes I live in the country, sometimes I live in town,  
Sometimes I have a great notion to jump in the river and drown.

I asked your mother for you, she told me you was too young  
I wish, dear Lord, I'd never seen your face; I'm sorry you was ever born.

I love Irene, God knows I do, I'll love her 'til the seas run dry.  
And if Irene turns her back on me, I'll take morphine and die.

Stop your rambling, stop your gambling, don't stay out late at night,  
Go home to your wife and family, sit down by the fireside bright.

You cause me to weep, you cause me to mourn, you cause me to leave my home.  
But the very last words I heard her say was "Please sing me one more song."



# Gotta Travel On

by Paul Clayton, Pete Seeger, Larry Ehrllich, Dave Lazer, Lee Hays, Fred Hellerman, and Ronnie Gilbert (1958) (traditional)

*A* *D* *A* *A*  
Done laid around, done stayed around this old town too long;  
*A* *A* *D* *A*  
Summer's almost gone, winter's coming on.  
*A* *A* *F#m* *F#m*  
Done laid around, done stayed around this old town too long;  
*Bm7* *E7* *A* *A*  
And I feel like I want to travel on,

I've waited here for almost a year, waitin' for the sun to shine  
Waitin' for the sun to shine, hopin' you'd change your mind  
Waited here for almost a year, hoping you'd change your mind  
Now I feel like I want to travel on

That chilly wind will soon begin and I'll be on my way,  
Going home to stay, going home to stay.  
That chilly wind will soon begin and I'll be on my way,  
And I feel like I just want to travel on.

There's a lonesome freight at 6:08 coming through the town,  
I'll be homeward bound, I'll be homeward bound.  
There's a lonesome freight at 6:08 coming through the town,  
And I feel like I just want to travel on.

# Guantanamera

by José Fernández Díaz (1929) (lyrics: Jose Marti and music adapted by Pete Seeger)

*D Em A A D Em A A*

*D Em A A D Em A A*  
Yo soy un hombre sincero, de donde crece la palma  
*D Em A A G G A A*  
Yo soy un hombre sincero, de donde crece la palma  
*D Em A A D Em A A*  
Y antes de morirme quie ro echar mis versos de al ma

*G G A A D Bm7 A A*  
Guantanamera, guajira guantanamera  
*D Em A A D Em A A*  
Guantaname ra, guajira guantaname ra

*D Em A A D Em A A*  
Mi verso es de un verde claro y de un carmin encendido  
*D Em A A G G A A*  
Mi verso es de un verde claro y de un carmin encendido  
*D Em A A D Em A A*  
Mi verso es un ciervo herido que busca en el monte amparo

*D Em A A D Em A A*  
Con los pobres de la tierra quiero yo mi suerte echar  
*D Em A A G G A A*  
Con los pobres de la tierra quiero yo mi suerte echar  
*D Em A A D Em A A*  
El arroyo de la sier ra me complace mas que el mar

# Hard Ain't It Hard?

by Woody Guthrie (1952)

*E*        *E7*        *A*        *A*  
There is a house in this old town,  
*E*        *E*        *B7*    *B7*  
That's where my true love lays around,  
      *E*        *E7*        *A*        *A*  
He takes other women right down on his knee,  
      *E*        *B7*        *E*        *E*  
And he tells them a little tale he won't tell me.

*E*        *E*        *A*    *A*  
Well it's hard and it's hard, ain't it hard,  
      *E*        *E*        *B7*    *B7*  
To love one that never did love you.  
      *E*        *E*        *A*        *A*  
It's hard and it's hard, ain't it hard, great God,  
      *E*        *B7*        *E*        *E*  
To love one that never will be true.

Well, the first time that I seen my true love,  
He was a-walkin' past my door,  
And the last time I seen his false-hearted smile,  
He was layin' dead and cold upon the floor.

Now don't go to drinkin' and a-gamblin'  
Don't go there your sorrows to drown,  
That hard-liquor place is a low-down disgrace,  
It's the meanest damn place in this town.

Now who's gonna kiss your ruby lips?  
And who's gonna hold you to their breast?  
Who's gonna talk the future over?  
While I'm out a-ramblin' in the West?

# Hey Lolly Lolly

by Woody Guthrie (1944)

*G*            *G*            *G*            *D*  
Hey lolly lolly, lolly,    hey lolly lolly low.

*D*            *D*            *D*            *G*  
Hey lolly lolly, lolly,    hey lolly lolly low.

*G*            *G*            *G*            *D*  
Hey lolly lolly, lolly,    hey lolly lolly low.

*D*            *D*            *D*            *G*  
Hey lolly lolly, lolly,    hey lolly lolly low.

*G*                            *G*                            *G*                            *D*  
A married man will keep your secret,    hey lolly lolly low,  
*D*                            *D*                            *D*                            *G*  
A single boy will talk about you,    hey lolly lolly low.

A playin' man will keep your secret  
a quiet man will talk about you

Well, a married man's an easy rider  
A single boy gets all excited

Single boy walks up and down the street  
Married man's in his stockin' feet

# Hobo's Lullaby

by Goebel Reeves (1953)

G G C C  
Go to sleep you weary hobo,  
D D G G  
let the towns drift slowly by,  
G G7 C C  
Can't you hear the steels rails humming?  
D D7 G  
that's the hobo's lullaby.

G G C C  
Don't you think about tomorrow,  
D D G G  
let tomorrow come and go,  
G G7 C C  
tonight you've got a nice warm boxcar,  
D D7 G G  
safe from all this wind and snow.

I know the police cause you trouble  
They cause trouble everywhere  
But when you die and go to heaven  
You won't find no policemen there

I know your clothes are torn and ragged  
And your hair is turning grey  
Lift your head and smile at trouble  
You'll find happiness some day

# I Ain't Got No Home

words by Woody Guthrie (1940, tune from Carter Family "Can't Feel at Home In this World Anymore")

*G*            *G*            *C*            *G*  
I ain't got no home, I'm just a ramblin' around  
*G*                    *Em*    *A*                    *D*  
Work when I can get it, I roam from town to town  
*G*                    *G*            *C*            *G*  
Police make it hard wherever I may go  
*G*                    *Em*            *D7*            *G*            *G* *G* *D7* *G*  
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore

I was farmin' shares and always I was down  
Guess there were so many of us, shares wouldn't go around  
Drought it got my crops and Mr. Banker's at my door  
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore

Six children I have raised, they're scattered and they're gone  
And my darling wife to heaven she has flown  
She died of the fever upon the cabin floor  
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore

I mined in your mines and I gathered in your corn  
I been workin' mister since the day that I was born  
I worry all the time like I never did before  
Cause I ain't got no home in this world anymore

My brothers and my sisters are stranded on this road,  
A hot and dusty road that a million feet have trod;  
Rich man took my home and drove me from my door  
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Now I just ramble around to see what I can see  
This wide wicked world is a funny place to be  
The Gamblin' man is rich and the workin' man is poor  
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore

I'm stranded on this road that goes from sea to sea  
A hundred thousand others are stranded here with me  
A hundred thousand others and a hundred thousand more  
I ain't got no home in this world anymore

# If I Had A Hammer

by Pete Seeger and Lee Hayes (1949)

A C#m Bm E A C#m Bm E

A C#m Bm E  
If I had a hammer I'd hammer in the  
A C#m Bm E  
morning I'd hammer in the  
A C#m Bm Bm E B7 E E7  
evening All over this land, I'd hammer out  
A A D E  
danger, I'd hammer out a  
F#m F#m D E  
warning, I'd hammer out  
A D A A E7  
love between my brothers and my sisters  
A D A E7 A C#m Bm E  
All... all over this land. If I had a

bell, I'd ring it in the morning, I'd ring it in the  
evening, all over this land, I'd ring out  
danger, I'd ring out a warning, I'd ring out  
love between my brothers and my sisters,  
all... all over this land. If I had a

song, I'd sing it in the morning, I'd sing it in the  
evening, all over this world, I'd sing out  
danger, I'd sing out a warning, I'd sing out  
love between my brothers and my sisters,  
all...all over this land. Oh I've got a

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

love between my brothers and my sisters,  
all... all over this land. If I had a

# If You Love Me

by Malvina Reynolds (1975)

*E* *B7* *E* *E*  
If you love me, if you love love love me  
*A* *A* *E* *E*  
Plant a rose for me and  
*A* *A* *E* *E*  
if you think ;you'll love me for a long long time  
*B7* *B7* *E* *E*  
plant an apple tree

*A* *A* *A* *A*  
The sun will shine, the wind will blow  
*E* *E* *E* *E*  
The rain will fall and the tree will grow, and  
*B7* *B7* *B7* *B7*  
Whether you comes or whether you goes  
*E* *B7* *E* *E7*  
I'll have and apple and I'll have a rose

*A* *A* *A* *A*  
Lovely to bite and nice to my nose  
*E* *B7* *E* *E*  
And every juicy nibble will be  
*Am* *Am* *E* *B7*  
A sweet reminder of the time you loved me  
*E* *F* *E* *E*  
And planted a rose for me  
*B7* *B7* *E* *E*  
And an apple tree

*Note: a different melody line on each stanza*



# Jamaica Farewell

by Lord Irving Burgess, Hit by Harry Belafonte  
(1956)

*A* *D*  
Down the way, where the nights are gay,  
*E<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *D<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *A*  
And the sun shines daily on the mountain top,  
*A* *D*  
I took a trip on a sailing ship,  
*E<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *D<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *E7<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *A<sub>(1/2)</sub>*  
And when I reached Jamaica, I made a stop.

*A* *D (or Bm7)*  
But I'm sad to say, I'm on my way,  
*E7* *A*  
Won't be back for many a day,  
*A<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *A7<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *D (or Bm7)*  
My heart is down, my head is turning around,  
*A<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *E7<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *A*  
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town.

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

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

# Joe Hill

by Alfred Hayes (1930)

*C*                      *Cma7*                      *F*                      *C*  
I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night, alive as you and me  
*Am*                      *Cma7*<sup>(½)</sup> *F*<sup>(½)</sup> *C*  
Says I, "but Joe, you're ten years dead"  
*D*                      *G*                      *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *F*<sup>(¼)</sup> *G7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *C*  
"I never died," says he. "I never died, says he."

"In Salt Lake, Joe," says I to him, hHim standing by my bed,  
"They framed you on a murder charge,"  
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead," Says Joe, "But I ain't dead."

"The copper bosses killed you, Joe, they shot you, Joe," says I.  
"Takes more than guns to kill a man,"  
Says Joe, "I didn't die," says Joe, "I didn't die."

And standing there as big as life and smiling with his eyes  
Joe says, "What they forgot to kill  
Went on to organize, went on to organize."

"Joe Hill ain't dead," he says to me, "Joe Hill ain't never died.  
Where working men are out on strike  
Joe Hill is at their side, Joe Hill is at their side."

"From San Diego up to Maine, in every mine and mill,  
Where workers strike and organize,"  
Says he, "You'll find Joe Hill," Says he, "You'll find Joe Hill."

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night, alive as you or me  
Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead,"  
"I never died," says he , "I never died," says he

# Last Night I Had the Strangest Dream

by Ed  
McCurdy (1950)

*D D D7 D7 G G D D*  
Last night I had the strangest dream, I'd ever dreamed before  
*A A7 D Bm Em A D D7*  
I dreamed the world had all agreed, to put an end to war

*G G D D A A7 D D7*  
I dreamed I saw a mighty room, filled with women and men  
*G G D Bm D A7 D D*  
and the paper they were signing said, they'd never fight again

*D D D7 D7 G G D D*  
And when the paper was all signed and a million copies made  
*A A7 D Bm Em A D D7*  
they all joined hands and bowed their heads, and grateful pray'rs were made

*G G D D A A7 D D7*  
And the people in the streets below were dancing' round and 'round  
*G G D Bm D A7 D D*  
while swords and guns and uni forms were scattered on the ground

*D D D7 D7 G G D D*  
Last night I had the strangest dream, I'd ever dreamed before  
*A A7 D Bm Em A D D*  
I dreamed the world had all agreed, to put an end to war

# Lemon Tree

by Will Holt (1960)

$D^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D$   $D^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D$   
When I was just a lad of ten, my father said to me,  
 $D^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Em7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
"Come here and take a lesson from the lovely lemon tree."  
 $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G$   $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G$   
"Don't put your faith in love, my boy," my father said to me,  
 $Eb$   $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Em^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Am7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G$   
"I fear you'll find that love is like the lovely lemon tree."

$C$   $C$   $C$   $G7$   
Lemon tree, very pretty, and the lemon flower is sweet,  
 $G7$   $G7$   $G7$   $C$   
But the fruit of the poor lemon is impossible to eat.  
 $C^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dm7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
Lemon tree, very pretty, and the lemon flower is sweet, but the  
 $Dm7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dm7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dm7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A7$   
fruit of the poor lemon is impossible to eat.

One day beneath the lemon tree, my love and I did lie,  
A girl so sweet that when she smiled, the stars rose in the sky.  
We passed that summer lost in love, beneath the lemon tree,  
The music of her laughter hid my father's words from me.

One day she left without a word, she took away the sun.  
And in the dark she left behind, I knew what she had done.  
She left me for another, it's a common tale but true,  
A sadder man, but wiser now, I sing these words to you.

# Little Boxes

by Malvina Reynolds (1962)

*E* *E* *A* *E*  
Little boxes on the hillside, little boxes made of ticky-tacky,

*E* *B7* *E* *B7*  
Little boxes on the hillside, little boxes all the same.

*E* *E*  
There's a green one, and a pink one,

*A* *E*  
and a blue one, and a yellow one,

*E* *B7*  
And they're all made out of ticky-tacky.

*E*<sub>(2)</sub> *B7*<sub>(1)</sub> *E*  
and they all look just the same.

And the people in the houses all went to the university,  
Where they were put in boxes and they came out all the same.  
And there's doctors, and there's lawyers,  
And there's business executives,  
And they're all made out of ticky-tacky,  
And they all look just the same.

And they all play on the golf course and drink their martini dry,  
And they all have pretty children and the children go to school,  
And the children go to summer camp,  
And then to the university,  
Where they all are put in boxes,  
And they come out all the same.

And the boys go into business,  
And they marry and raise a family,  
In boxes made of ticky-tacky,  
And they all look just the same.  
There's a green one, and a pink one, and a blue one, and a yellow one,  
And they're all made out of ticky-tacky, and they all look just the same.

# Lollipop Tree

by Burl Ives (1950)

C                    C                    F<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    G<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    C  
One fine day in early spring I played a funny trick  
C                    C                    C<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    G7<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    C  
Right in the yard behind our house I planted a lollipop stick  
G<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    C<sub>(1/2)</sub> G<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    C<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    G<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    G7<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    C  
Then every day I watered it well and watched it carefully  
C                    C                    C<sub>(1/2)</sub> G7<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    C  
I hoped one day that it would grow to be a lollipop tree!

C                    F                    G                    G7  
Ah ha ha! Oh ho ho! What a place to be  
C<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    G<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    C<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    F<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    C<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    G7<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    C  
Under my lollipop, lollipop, lollipop, lolly lolly lollipop tree  
C<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    G<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    C<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    F<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    C<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    G7<sub>(1/2)</sub>                    C  
Under my lollipop, lollipop, lollipop, lolly lolly lollipop tree

Then one day I woke to find a very lovely sight  
A tree all full of lollipops had grown in the dead of night  
So I sat beneath that wonderful tree and looked up with a grin  
And when I opened up my mouth a lollipop dropped right in!

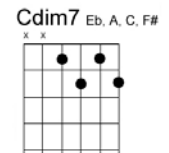
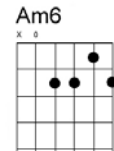
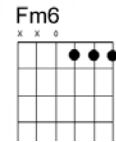
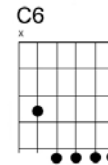
Winter came and days grew cold as winter days will do  
And on my tree my lovely tree not one little lollipop grew  
On every branch an icicle hung the leaves were bare as bones  
But when I broke those icicles off they turned into ice cream cones!

# Lonesome Road (Look Down That Lonesome Road)

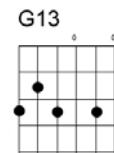
music by Nathaniel Shilkret and lyrics by Gene Austin (1929)

C6 F9 Dm7 Dm7/G<sup>(1/2)</sup> G13<sup>(1/2)</sup>

C6 C7 Fm6 Fm6  
 Look down, look down that lonesome road  
 C G7 C<sup>(1/2)</sup> Cdim7<sup>(1/2)</sup> Dm7<sup>(1/2)</sup> G9<sup>(1/4)</sup> G13<sup>(1/4)</sup>  
 Before you travel on  
 C6 C7 Fm6 Fm6  
 Look up, look up and seek your maker  
 C G7 C C  
 Before Gabriel blows his horn



Am6 B7b9 Em Em  
 Weary toting such a load  
 Am6 B7b9 Em7<sup>(1/2)</sup> Gdim7<sup>(1/2)</sup> Dm7sus4<sup>(1/2)</sup> G13<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 Trudging down the lone some road



C6 C7 Fm6 Fm6  
 Look down, look down that lonesome road  
 C G7 C<sup>(1/2)</sup> Cdim7<sup>(1/2)</sup> Dm7<sup>(1/2)</sup> G13<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 C G7 C<sup>(1/2)</sup> Cdim7<sup>(1/2)</sup> Dm7<sup>(1/4)</sup> Gdim7<sup>(1/4)</sup> C6<sup>(hold)</sup>  
 Before you travel on

C6 C7 Fm6 Fm6  
 True love, true love what have I done  
 C G7 C<sup>(1/2)</sup> Cdim7<sup>(1/2)</sup> Dm7<sup>(1/2)</sup> G9<sup>(1/4)</sup> G13<sup>(1/4)</sup>  
 That you should treat me so?  
 C6 C7 Fm6 Fm6  
 You caused me to walk and talk  
 C G7 C C  
 Like I never did before

# Long Black Veil

by Danny Dill with Marijohn Wilkin (1959)

*D*            *D*    *D*        *D*  
Ten years ago on a cold dark night  
*A*            *A7*            *G*        *D*  
Someone was killed 'neath the town hall light  
      *D*            *D*            *D* *D*  
The people who saw they all agreed  
      *A*            *A7*            *G*        *D*  
That the slayer who ran looked a lot like me

*D*            *D*            *D*        *D*  
The judge said "Son, what is your alibi  
*A*                            *A7*            *G*                            *D*  
If you were somewheres else, then you won't have to die"  
      *D*            *D*                            *D*        *D*  
I spoke not a word, though it meant my life  
      *A*            *A7*            *G*                            *D*  
For I'd been in the arms of my best friend's wife

*G*            *D*        *G*            *D* *D* *D* *D*  
She walks these hills in a long black veil  
      *G*            *D*                            *G*            *D* *D* *D* *D*  
She visits my grave while the night winds wail  
*D*    *Bm*        *G*        *D*  
Nobody knows, nobody sees,  
*G*    *A7*        *D*    *D*  
Nobody knows but me

*D*            *D*            *D*        *D*  
The scaffold was high, and eternity near  
*A*            *A7*            *G*                            *D*  
She stood in the crowd, but she shed not a tear  
      *D*            *D*                            *D*        *D*  
But sometimes at night, when the cold wind moans  
      *A*            *A7*            *G*                            *D*  
She visits my grave, and she cries o'er my bones



# Louis Collins

by Mississippi John Hurt (1928)

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$   $C$   
Miz Collins weeped and Miz Collins moaned  
 $C$   $C$   $F$   $F$   
To see her son Louis leaving home  
 $C$   $G$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$   
The angels laid him away

$G$   $C$   
The angels laid him away  
 $C$   $C$   $F$   $F$   
They laid him six feet under the clay  
 $C$   $G$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$   
The angels laid him away

Oh Bob shot one and Louis shot two  
Shot poor Collins, shot him through and through  
The angels have laid him away

Oh when they heard that Louis was dead  
All the people they dressed in red  
The angels laid him away

Oh kind friends, oh ain't it hard  
To see poor Louis in a new grave yard  
The angels laid him away

# Magic Penny

by Malvina Reynolds (1955)

G G  
Love is something if you give it away,  
D7 G  
Give it away, give it away.  
G G  
Love is something if you give it away,  
D7 G  
You end up having more.

C G  
It's just like a magic penny,  
D7 G  
Hold it tight and you won't have any.  
C G  
Lend it, spend it, and you'll have so many  
A7 D7  
They'll roll all over the floor.

C G  
Money's dandy and we like to use it,<sup>1</sup>  
D7 G  
But love is better if you don't refuse it.  
C G  
It's a treasure and you'll never lose it  
A7 D7  
Unless you lock up your door.

C G  
So let's go dancing till the break of day,  
D7 G  
And if there's a piper, we can pay.  
C G  
For love is something if you give it away,  
D7 G  
You end up having more.

# Morningtown Ride

by Malvina Reynolds (1962)

*G*                    *G*  
Train whistle blowin',  
*C*                    *G*  
Makes a sleepy noise;  
*C*                    *G*  
Underneath their blankets  
*Am*                *D*            7  
Go all the girls and boys.

*G*                    *G*  
Rockin', rol lin', ridin',  
*C*                    *G*  
Out along the bay,  
*C*                    *G*<sup>(½)</sup>            *Em*<sup>(½)</sup>  
All bound for Morningtown,  
*D*<sup>(½)</sup>   *D7*<sup>(½)</sup>   *G*<sup>(½)</sup>   *C*<sup>(½)</sup>   *G*  
Many miles a way.

Jenny's at the engine,  
Margot rings the bell,  
Cherrill swings the lantern  
To show that all is well.

Maybe it's raining  
Where our train will ride;  
All the little travellers  
Are warm and snug inside.

Somewhere there's sunshine,  
Somewhere there's day,  
Somewhere there is Morningtown,  
Many miles a way.

*G*                    *G*  
Rockin', rol lin', ridin',  
*C*                    *G*  
Out along the bay,  
*C*                    *G*<sup>(½)</sup>            *Em*<sup>(½)</sup>  
All bound for Morningtown,  
*D*<sup>(½)</sup>   *D7*<sup>(½)</sup>   *G*            *G*  
Many miles a way.

*Gm*                *Gm*  
All bound for Morningtown,  
*D*<sup>(½)</sup>   *D7*<sup>(½)</sup>   *G*<sup>(½)</sup>   *C*<sup>(½)</sup>   *G*<sup>(hold)</sup>  
Many miles a way.

# MTA, Charlie on the

by Jacqueline Steiner and Bess Hawes  
(1948)

<sup>C</sup> Let me tell you of a story 'bout a man named Charlie  
<sup>C</sup> On a tragic and fateful day. <sup>F</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his wife and family, <sup>F</sup>  
<sup>C<sub>(1/2)</sub></sup> Went to ride on the M T <sup>G7<sub>(1/2)</sub></sup> A. <sup>C</sup>

<sup>C</sup> But will he ever return? No he'll never return, <sup>F</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> And his fate is still unlearned. <sup>G7</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston, <sup>F</sup>  
<sup>C<sub>(1/2)</sub></sup> He's the man who never returned. <sup>G7<sub>(1/2)</sub></sup> <sup>C</sup>

Charlie handed in his dime at the Scully Square Station,  
And he changed for Jamaica Plain.  
When he got there the conductor told him, "One more nickel!"  
Charlie couldn't get off of that train.

Now all night long Charlie rides through the stations,  
Crying, "What will become of me?  
How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea,  
Or my brother in Roxbury?"

Charlie's wife goes down to the Scully Square Station,  
Every day at a quarter past two.  
And through the open window she hands Charlie his sandwich  
As the train goes rumbling through.

Now Charlie off the M T A!

# Oh, Babe, It Ain't No Lie

by Elizabeth "Libba" Cotton (1958)

*C C F F*  
One old woman, Lord, in this town

*C G7 C C*  
Keeps a- telling lies on me.

*C C F F*  
Wish to my soul that she would die, Lord,

*C G7 C C*  
She's telling lies on me.

*C F#dim(½) Fdim7(½) C C*

Oh, babe, it ain't no lie.

*E E7 F F*

Oh, babe, it ain't no lie.

*Fm Fm6 C C*

Oh, babe, it ain't no lie,

*C Fm(½) Ab7(½) G7(½) C C*

Lord! This life I'm livin' is ver y hard.

Been all around this whole round world,  
Lord, and I just got back today.  
Work all the week, honey and I give it all to you,  
Honey baby, what more can I do ?

# Oklahoma Hills

by Woody Guthrie (1945)

MANY A Month has  
 Come + gone  
 Since I wandered ... in those OG  
 MANY A page of life has turn  
 it a lesson I have learn  
 + I know how

Many months have come and gone, Since I wandered from my home  
 In those Oklahoma hills where I was born  
 Many a page of life has turned, many a lesson I have learned  
 Well I feel like in those hills I still belong  
 Way down yonder in the Indian Nation, ridin' my pony on a reservation  
 In those Oklahoma hills where I was born  
 Now way down yonder in the Indian Nation, a cowboy's life is my occupation  
 In those Oklahoma Hills where I was born

But as I sit here today, many miles I am away  
 From a place I rode my pony through the draw  
 While the oak and blackjack trees, kiss the playful prairie breeze  
 In those Oklahoma Hills where I was born

Now as I turn life a page to the land of the great Osage  
 In those Oklahoma hills where I was born  
 While the black oil rolls and flows and the snow white cotton grows  
 In those Oklahoma Hills where I was born

# On the Rim of the World

by Malvina Reynolds (1973)

          C      C          C      C  
She inches along on the rim of the world,  
F      F          C      C  
Always about to go over,  
F          F          C      C  
How she can manage I never will know,  
D7          D7          G7      G7  
To get from one day to the other.  
          C          G7      C      C  
Scrounging a buck or a bed  
          E7          E7          Am          Am  
Or the share of a roof for her head,  
          F          F          C      C  
This nobody's child, this precarious girl,  
          G7          G7          C      C  
Who lives on the rim of the world.

She looks like a princess in somebody's rags,  
She dreams of a world without danger,  
Climbing the stairs to a room of her own  
With someone who isn't a stranger.  
    But now she eats what she can,  
    And accepts what there is for a man,  
    This nobody's child, this precarious girl,  
    Who lives on the rim of the world

She inches along on the rim of the world,  
Always about to go over,  
How she can manage I never will know,  
To get from one day to the other.  
    Scrounging a buck or a bed  
    Or the share of a roof for her head,  
    This nobody's child, this precarious girl,  
    Who lives on the rim of the world.

# Orange Blossom Special

by Ervin Thomas Rouse (1938)

C C C C C C C7  
Look yonder coming a-coming down that railroad track  
F F F F F C C  
Hey look yonder coming a-coming down that railroad track  
G7 G7 G7 G7 G7 C C  
It's the Orange Blossom Special, bringing my baby back

C C C C C C C7  
Well I'm going down to Florida and get some sand in my shoes  
F F F F F C C  
Or maybe Californy and get some sand in my shoes  
G7 G7 G7 G7 G7 C C  
I'll ride that Orange Blossom Special and loose these New York blues

C C C C C C C7  
Say man when you going back to Florida back to Florida I don't know  
F F F F F C C  
I don't reckon I ever will but ain't you worried bout getting your own  
G7 G7 G7 G7 G7 C C  
Nourishment in New York, well I don't care if I do die do die do die do

C C C C C C C7  
Hey talk about her rambling, she's the fastest train on the line  
F F F F F C C  
Hey talk about her traveling, she's the fastest train on the line  
G7 G7 G7 G7 G7 C C  
It's that Orange Blossom Special rolling down the seaboard line



# Philadelphia Lawyer

by Woody Guthrie (1947)

Way out in Reno Nevada  
Where romance blooms and fades  
A great Philadelphia lawyer  
Was in love with a Hollywood maid.

“Come, love, and we will wander  
Out where the lights are bright  
I'll win you a divorce from your husband  
And we can get married tonight.”  
Now, Bill was a gun-totin' cowboy  
Ten notches were carved on his gun  
All the boys around Reno  
Left wild Bill's maiden alone.

One night when he was returning  
From riding the range in the cold  
He dreamed of his Hollywood sweetheart  
Her love was as lasting as gold.  
As he drew near her window  
A shadow he saw on the shade  
Was the great Philadelphia Lawyer  
Makin' love to his Hollywood maid.

The night was as still as the desert  
The moon was bright overhead  
Bill listened awhile to the lawyer  
He could hear ev'ry word that he said.  
"Your hands are so pretty and lovely  
Your form so rare and divine -  
Come, go with me to the city  
And leave this wild cowboy behind."

Now back in old Pennsylvania  
Among those beautiful pines  
There's one less Philadelphia Lawyer  
In old Philadelphia tonight.  
There's one less Philadelphia Lawyer in old Philadelphia tonight

**Rock Island Line** first recorded by Huddie Ledbetter ('Lead Belly') (1937). One of the great songs performed by Lead Belly and interpreted by numerous artists, over the years, such as the Weavers. Many interpreters have added their own humorous words, but these are the original lyrics created and sung by Lead Belly.

**G** **G**  
Oh the Rock Island Line is a mighty fine line  
**G** **D**  
Oh the Rock Island Line is the road to ride  
**G** **G**  
Oh the Rock Island Line is a mighty fine line  
**C7** **G**  
If you want to ride you gotta ride it like you're flyin'  
**C** **D(½)** **G(½)**  
Get you ticket at the station on the Rock Island Line

**G** **G**  
A-B-C double X-Y-Z  
**D7** **D7**  
Cat's in the cupboard and she cain't find me

Maybe I'm right, maybe I'm wrong  
Lawd you gonna miss me when I'm gone

Jesus died to save our sins  
Glory to God I'm gonna see Him again

Moses stood on the Red Sea shore  
Smotin' the water with a two-by-four

# Roll on Columbia

by Woodie Guthrie (1936)

*G G D7 D7 D7 D7 G G*  
Roll on, Columbia, roll on. Roll on, Columbia, roll on  
*G G C C D7 D7 G G*  
Your power is turning our darkness to dawn, so roll on, Columbia, roll on

*G G D7 D7*  
Green Douglas firs where the waters cut through  
*D7 D7 G G*  
Down her wild mountains and canyons she flew  
*G G C C*  
Canadian Northwest to the ocean so blue  
*D7 D7 G G*  
Roll on, Columbia, roll on

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

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

It's there on your banks that we fought many a fight  
[Sheridan's boys in the blockhouse](#) that night  
They saw us in death, but never in flight  
Roll on, Columbia, roll on

At [Bonneville](#) now there are ships in the locks  
The waters have risen and cleared all the rocks  
Shiploads of plenty will steam past the docks  
So roll on, Columbia, roll on

And on up the river is the Grand Coulee Dam  
The mightiest thing ever built by a man  
To run the great factories and water the land  
It's roll on, Columbia, roll on

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

# San Francisco Bay Blues

by Jesse Fuller (1955)

<sup>C</sup> I got the blues from my baby livin' by the San Francisco Bay  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>C7</sup>

The ocean liners not so far away

<sup>F</sup> I didn't mean to treat her so bad; she was the best girl I ever have had  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>D7/F#</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C(1/2)</sup> <sup>C/B(1/2)</sup> <sup>A7</sup>  
<sup>G7</sup>

I said goodbye; I can take a cry, I wanna lay down and die

<sup>C</sup> I ain't got a nickel and I ain't got a lousy dime  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>C7</sup>

If she don't come back; think I'm gonna lose my mind  
<sup>E</sup> <sup>E7</sup>

<sup>F</sup> If ya' ever get back to stay it's gonna be another brand new day  
<sup>D7/F#</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C(1/2)</sup> <sup>C/B(1/2)</sup> <sup>A7</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>

Walkin' with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay

<sup>C(1/2)</sup> <sup>F(1/2)</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>C(1/2)</sup> <sup>F(1/2)</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Sittin' down lookin' from my back door wondrin' which way to go  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup>

The woman I'm so crazy 'bout she don't love me no more

<sup>F</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C(1/2)</sup> <sup>C/B(1/2)</sup> <sup>A7</sup>  
 Think I'll catch me a freight train cause I'm feelin' blue  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>D7/F#</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>G7</sup>

Ride all the way to the end of the line thinkin' only you

<sup>C(1/2)</sup> <sup>F(1/2)</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>C(1/2)</sup> <sup>F(1/2)</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Meanwhile livin' in the city just about to go in sane

<sup>F</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>E</sup> <sup>E7</sup>  
 Thought I heard my baby Lord wishin' you would call my name

<sup>F</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C(1/2)</sup> <sup>C/B(1/2)</sup> <sup>A7</sup>  
 If I ever get her back to stay it's gonna be another brand new day  
<sup>D7/F#</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>A7</sup>

Walkin with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay

<sup>D7/F#</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>A7</sup>

Walkin with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay

<sup>D7/F#</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C(1/2)</sup> <sup>F(1/2)</sup> <sup>C</sup>

Yeah, walkin with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay

# Seven Daffodils

by Lee Hays and Fran Mosely (1957)

*Am*            *Am*            *Am*            *Am*  
 I may not have mansion, I haven't any land  
       *Am*            *Am*            *Dm/G*            *G7*  
 Not even a paper dollar to crinkle in my hands  
       *C*                    *F/G*    *G*    *C*    *Cma7*    *Em*    *Em*  
 But I can show you morning on a thousand hills  
       *F*                    *Fm*                    *C*    *G7*    *C*    *C*  
 And kiss you and give you seven daffodils.

I do not have a fortune to buy you pretty things  
 But I can weave you moonbeams for necklaces and rings  
 And I can show you morning on a thousand hills  
 And kiss you and give you seven daffodils.

Oh, seven golden daffodils all shining in the sun  
 To light our way to evening when our day is done  
 And I will give you music and a crust of bread  
 And a pillow of piney boughs to rest your head.

A pillow of piney boughs to rest your head...

By Lee Hays and Fran Mosely (his sister)

I do not have a man - sion I have-n't an - y land Not one pap - er dol - lar To crink - le in my  
 hand, But I will show you morn - ing On a thous - and hills And kiss you, and give you Sev - en daf - fo - dils.

# Shake Sugaree

by Elizabeth (Libba) Cotton (1967)



I have a lit - tle song, Won't take long, Sing it right,



Once or twice, Oh Lord, oh me, \_\_\_ did-n't I shake, Su-ga - ree,



Wv - 'ry-thing\_ I got is done in pawn.



C            C C            C7  
 I have a little song, won't take long  
F    F F            F  
 Sing it right, once or twice  
F                            F7            C            C  
 Oh lord oh me, didn't I shake sugaree  
G                            G7                            C C  
 Everything I got is down in pawn  
G                            G                            C C  
 Everything I got is down in pawn

I pawned my watch, pawned my chain  
 Pawned everything that was in my name

Pawned everything that I own

I pawned my buggy, house and cot  
 Pawned everything that was on my lot

I pawned my tobacco, I pawned my pipe  
 Pawned everything that was in my sight

I pawned my chair, I pawned my bed  
 Don't have nowhere to lay my head

I know something, I ain't gonna tell  
 I'm goin' to heaven and I ain't goin' to ...

I have a little secret I ain't gonna tell  
 I'm goin' to heaven in a ground pea shell

I pawned my hat, I pawned my shoes  
 Pawned everything that I could use

I pawned my house, I've pawned my  
 home

I chew my tobacco, spit my juice  
 I would raise cain but it ain't no use

# Sinking of the Reuben James

by Woody Guthrie  
(1945)

<sup>C</sup>  
Have you heard of a ship called the good Reuben James  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7(½)</sup> <sup>C(½)</sup>  
Manned by hard fighting men both of honor and fame?  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>F(½)</sup> <sup>C(½)</sup>  
She flew the Stars and Stripes of the land of the free  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7(½)</sup> <sup>C(½)</sup>  
But tonight she's in her grave at the bottom of the sea.

<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
Tell me what were their names, tell me what were their names  
<sup>G7(½)</sup> <sup>G(½)</sup> <sup>F7(½)</sup> <sup>C(½)</sup>  
Did you have a friend on the good Reuben James?  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>FD</sup>  
Tell me what were their names, tell me what were their names?  
<sup>G7(½)</sup> <sup>G(½)</sup> <sup>F7(½)</sup> <sup>C(½)</sup>  
Did you have a friend on the good Reuben James?

One hundred men were drowned in that dark watery grave  
When that good ship went down only forty-four were saved.  
'Twas the last day of October we saved the forty-four  
From the cold icy waters off that cold Iceland shore.

It was there in the dark of that uncertain night  
That we watched for the U-boats and waited for a fight.  
Then a whine and a rock and a great explosion roared  
And they laid the Reuben James on that cold ocean floor.

Now tonight there are lights in our country so bright  
In the farms and in the cities they're telling of the fight.  
And now our mighty battleships will steam the bounding main  
And remember the name of that good Reuben James.

# So Long It's Been Good to Know Yuh (Dusty Old Dust) by Woody Guthrie (1940)

*D D A7 A7*  
I've sung this song, but I'll sing it again,  
*D D A7 A7*  
Of the place that I lived on the wild windy plains,  
*D D7 G G#dim7*  
In the month called April, county called Gray,  
*D D A7 D*  
And here's what all of the people there say:

*D D D D*  
So long, it's been good to know yuh;  
*Em7 A7 A7 D*  
So long, it's been good to know yuh;  
*D D G G#dim7*  
So long, it's been good to know yuh.  
*D D A7 A7*  
This dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home,  
*A7 A7 A7 D*  
And I got to be driftin' along.

A dust storm hit, an' it hit like thunder;  
It dusted us over, an' it covered us under;  
Blocked out the traffic an' blocked out the sun,  
Straight for home all the people did run, Singin'

We talked of the end of the world, and then  
We'd sing a song an' then sing it again.  
We'd sit for an hour an' not say a word,  
And then these words would be heard:

Sweethearts sat in the dark and sparked,  
They hugged and kissed in that dusty old dark.  
They sighed and cried, hugged and kissed,  
Instead of marriage, they talked like this: Honey

I went to your fam'ly and asked them for you.  
They all said, "Take her, oh take her, please do!"  
"She can't cook or sew and she won't scrub your floor,;  
So I put on my hat and tiptoed out the door, saying

I walked down the street to the grocery store.  
It was crowded with people, both rich and both poor.



I asked the man ;how his butter was sold;  
He said, "One pound of butter for two pounds of gold." I said

Now, the telephone rang, an' it jumped off the wall,  
That was the preacher, a-makin' his call.  
He said, "Kind friend, this may the end;  
An' you got your last chance of salvation of sin!"

The churches was jammed, and the churches was packed,  
An' that dusty old dust storm, it blowed so black.  
Preacher could not read a word of his text,  
An' he folded his specs, an' he took up collection, Said

*D D A7 A7*  
I've sung this song, but I'll sing it again,  
*D D A7 A7*  
Of the people I knowed and the places I've been.  
*D D7 G G#dim7*  
Of some of the troubles that bothered my mind,  
*D D A7 D*  
And a lot of good people that I'm leaving behind

*D D D D*  
So long, it's been good to know yuh;  
*Em7 A7 A7 D*  
So long, it's been good to know yuh;  
*D D G G#dim7*  
So long, it's been good to know yuh.  
*D D A7 A7*  
This dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home,  
*A7 A7 A7 D*  
And I got to be driftin' along.

# Somewhere Between

by Malvina Reynolds (1959)

*E*      *E*      *E*      *E*  
On Monday I think I'm a sinner,  
*B7*      *B7*      *B7*      *B7*  
On Tuesday I think I'm a saint,  
*B7*      *B7*      *E*      *E*  
On Wednesday I don't know what I am,  
*B7*      *B7*      *E*      *E*  
But I know that a saint I ain't.

*A*      *A*      *G#m*  
Somewhere between the good and the evil,  
*G#m*      *F#m*      *F#m*      *E*  
Somewhere between the right and the wrong,  
*E*      *A*      *A*      *E*  
Somewhere between the kind and the mean,  
*E*      *B7*      *B7*      *B7*      *B7*      *E*      *E*      *E*      *E*  
Somewhere between                  is where I belong.

On Monday I'd steal from a baby,  
On Tuesday I'd give you my shirt,  
On Wednesday I lie on my couch and moan,  
'Cause my conscience is doing me dirt.

On Monday I rail at my kinfolk,  
On Tuesday I'm gentle and good,  
On Wednesday I wonder, and count every blunder,  
And wish that I knew where I stood.

If I could just peek at the record,  
I'd know if it's mucky or clean,  
I'd know if I'm destined for heaven or hell,  
Or to float like a bird in between.

# They Call the Wind Maria

words by Alan Jay Lerner and  
music by Frederick Loewe , from "Paint Your Wagon" (1951)

*C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub>  
 Away out west, they have a name, for rain and wind and fire,  
*C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *C* *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *Dm7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *G7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub>  
 The rain is Tess, the fire's Joe, and they call the wind Ma ria.  
*C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*  
 Maria blows the stars around and sets the clouds a-flying;  
*Am* *Em* *Fma7*<sub>(½)</sub> *G7*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub>  
 Maria makes the mountains sound like folks up there were dyin'.

*Am Am Em Em*  
 Ma ria Ma ria  
*Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *Em*<sub>(½)</sub> *Fma7*<sub>(½)</sub> *G7*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub>  
 They call the wind Ma ria

Before I knew Maria's name or heard her wail and whinin',  
 I had a gal and she had me, and the sun was always shinin'.  
 And then one day I left that gal, I left her far behind me;  
 And now I'm lost, I'm gone and lost, not even God can find me.

Maria Maria  
 They call the wind Maria

Out here, they've got a name, for rain, for wind and fire only,  
 And when you're lost and all alone, there ain't no word for lonely.  
 Well I'm a lost and lonely man, without a star to guide me,  
 Maria blow my love to me, I need my gal beside me

*Am Am Em Em*  
 Maria Maria  
*Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *Em*<sub>(½)</sub> *Fma7*<sub>(½)</sub> *G7*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub>  
 They call the wind Ma ria  
*Am Am Em Em*  
 Maria Maria  
*Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *Em*<sub>(½)</sub> *Fma7*<sub>(½)</sub> *G7*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(hold)</sub>  
 Blow my love to me

# This Land is Your Land

by Woody Guthrie (1944)

C            F            F            C  
This land is your land, this land is my land,  
C            G7    G7            C  
From California to the New York Island,  
C            F            F            C  
From the redwood forests to the Gulf Stream waters;  
G7            G7            C    C  
This land was made for you and me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway,  
I looked above me, there in the skyway,  
I saw below me, the Golden Valley;  
This land was made for you and me.

I roamed and rambled, and followed my footsteps  
Through the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,  
And all around me this voice kept saying,  
"This land was made for you and me."

As the Sun was shining, and I was strolling  
Through the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling,  
I could feel inside me and see all around me,  
This land was made for you and me.

In the square of the city, under shadow of the steeple  
At the relief office, I saw my people  
As they stood there hungry, I stood there whistling  
This land was made for you and me.

A great high wall there, tried to stop me  
A great big sign there, said private property.  
But on the other side, it don't say nothing  
That side was made for you and me.

Nobody ever, can ever stop me  
As I go walking, my freedom highway  
Nobody ever, can make me turn back  
This land was made for your and me

# This World

by Malvina Reynolds (1961)

*D* *D7*  
Baby I ain't afraid to die.  
*G* *G7*  
It's just I hate to say goodbye  
*D* *A7* *D* *A7*  
To this world, this world, this world

*D* *D7*  
This old world is mean and cruel  
*G* *G7*  
But still I love it like a fool  
*D* *A7* *D* *D*  
This world, this world, this world

*G* *G7* *D* *D7*  
I'd rather go to the corner store, than sing hosanna on that golden shore  
*G* *G7* *A7* *A7*  
I'd rather live on Parker Street , than fly around where the angels meet  
*D* *D7*  
Oh this old world is all I know  
*G* *G7*  
It's dust to dust when I have to go  
*D* *A7* *D* *D*  
From this world, this world, this world.

*G* *G7* *D* *D7*  
Somebody else will take my place Some other hands, some other face  
*G* *G7* *A7* *A7*  
Some other eyes will look around and find the things I've never found  
*D* *D7*  
Don't weep for me when I am gone,  
*G* *G7*  
just keep this old world rolling on  
*D* *A7* *D* *D*  
This world, this world, this world.

# Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport, by Rolf Harris (1957)

## Spoken

There's an old Australian stockman, lying, dying,  
and he gets himself up on one elbow, and he turns to his mates,  
who are gathered 'round him, and he says:

$F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Gm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$   $F$   
Watch me wallabys feed mate. watch me wallabys feed.

$F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Gm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$   $F$   
They're a dangerous breed mate., so watch me wallabys feed. Altogether now!

$F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Gm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$   $F$   
Tie me kangaroo down sport, tie me kangaroo down.

$F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Gm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C$   $F$   
Tie me kangaroo down sport, tie me kangaroo down.

Keep me cockatoo cool, Curl, keep me cockatoo cool.  
Don't go acting the fool, Curl, just keep me cockatoo cool. Altogether now!

Take me koala back, Jack, take me koala back.  
He lives somewhere out on the track, Mac, so take me koala back. Altogether now!

Let me Abos go loose, Lou, let me Abos go loose.  
They're of no further use, Lou, so let me Abos go loose. Altogether now!

Mind me platypus duck, Bill, mind me platypus duck.  
Don't let him go running amok, Bill, mind me platypus duck. Altogether now!

Play your digeridoo, Blue, play your digeridoo.  
Keep playing 'til I shoot thro' Blue, play your digerydoo. Altogether now!

Tan me hide when I'm dead, Fred, tan me hide when I'm dead.  
So we tanned his hide when he died Clyde, (*Spoken*) And that's it hanging on the shed.  
Altogether now!

# Turn Around

by Malvina Reynolds (1958)

*C Bm D7 G G*

*G Bm C D7*  
Where are you going, my little one, little one?

*Em Bm C D7*  
Where are you going, my baby, my own?

*G G7 C Cm*  
Turn around and you're two, turn around and you're four

*G Am D7 G*  
Turn around and you're a young girl going out of my door

*G G C C*  
Turn around, turn around

*Bm Am D7 G*  
Turn around and you're a young girl going out of my door

*G Bm C D7*  
Where are you going, my little one, little one?

*Em Bm C D7*  
Little dirndls and petticoats, where have you gone?

*G G7 C Cm*  
Turn around and you're tiny, turn around and you're grown

*G Am D7 G*  
Turn around and you're a young wife with babes of your own

*G G C C*  
Turn around, turn around

*Bm Am D7 G*  
Turn around and you're a young wife with babes of your own

*G Bm C D7*  
Where are you going, my little one, little one?

*Em Bm C G.*  
Where are you going, my baby, my own?

*G G7 C Cm*  
Turn around and you're two, turn around and you're four

*G Am D7 G*  
Turn around and you're a young girl going out of my door

# Turn, Turn, Turn Pete Seeger (1962)

D G D A  
 To everything, turn, turn, turn,  
D G D A  
 There is a season, turn, turn, turn,  
G A7 D A  
 And a time to every purpose under heaven  
A7 D  
 A time to be born, a time to die,  
A7 D  
 A time to plant, a time to reap,  
A7 D  
 A time to kill, a time to heal,  
G A7 D D  
 A time to laugh, a time to weep.

D    Em7                    Bm A    D    Em7                    Bm A    D    Em7    D

Bm A    D    Em7    D            G    Bm A    G            D    Em7    D

A time to build up, a time to break down,  
 A time to dance, a time to mourn,  
 A time to cast away stones,  
 A time to gather stones together.  
     A time of love, a time of hate,  
     A time of war, a time of peace,  
     A time that you may embrace,  
     A time to refrain from embracing.  
 A time to gain, a time to lose,  
 A time to rend, a time to sew,  
 A time to love, a time to hate,  
 A time for peace, I swear it's not too late



# Ukulele Lady

by Richard Whiting & Gus Kahn (1925)

*D* I saw the splendor of the moonlight  
*Ddim7(1/2)* *A7(1/2)* *D*  
 On Honolu lu Bay

*D* There's something tender in the moonlight  
*Ddim7(1/2)* *A(1/2)7* *D*  
 On Honolu lu Bay

*Bm* And all the beaches are filled with  
 peaches

*Bm* Who bring their ukes along

*D* And in the glimmer of the moonlight  
*E7* *A7*  
 They love to sing this song

*D(1/2)* *Dma7(1/2)* *D(1/2)* *Dma7(1/2)*  
 If you like Ukulele Lady  
*D(1/2)* *Dma7(1/2)* *D(1/2)* *Ddim7(1/2)*  
 Ukulele Lady like a'you  
*A7* *A*  
 If you like to linger where it's shady  
*A7* *D*  
 Ukulele Lady linger too

*D(1/2)* *Dma7(1/2)* *D(1/2)* *Dma7(1/2)*  
 If you kiss Ukulele Lady  
*D(1/2)* *Dma7(1/2)* *D(1/2)*  
*Ddim7(1/2)*  
 While you promise ever to be true  
*A7* *A*  
 And she sees another Ukulele  
*A7* *D*  
 Lady foolin' 'round with you

She used to sing to me by moonlight  
 On Honolulu Bay  
 Fond memories cling to me by moonlight  
 Although I'm far away

Some day I'm going, where eyes are glowing  
 And lips are made to kiss  
 To see somebody in the moonlight  
 And hear the song I miss

*G* *G*  
 Maybe she'll sigh (an awful lot)  
*G* *G*  
 Maybe she'll cry (and maybe not)  
*E7* *E7*  
 Maybe she'll find somebody else  
*A* *A7*  
 By and by

*D* *D*  
 To sing to when it's cool and shady  
*D* *D* *Ddim7*  
 Where the tricky wicky wacky woo  
*A* *A7*  
 If you like Ukulele Lady  
*A7* *D*  
 Ukulele Lady like a'you

# Union Maid

by Woody Guthrie (1940)

<sup>C</sup> There once was a union maid, she never was afraid,  
<sup>G</sup> of goons and ginks and company finks and the deputy sheriffs who made the raid.  
<sup>C</sup> She went to the union hall when a meeting it was called,  
<sup>G</sup> and when the Legion boys come 'round, she always stood her ground.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>F(1/2)</sup> <sup>G(1/2)</sup> <sup>C(1/2)</sup> <sup>C7(1/2)</sup>

<sup>F</sup> Oh, you can't scare me, I'm sticking to the union,  
<sup>G</sup> I'm sticking to the union, <sup>G</sup> I'm sticking to the union.  
<sup>F</sup> Oh, you can't scare me, I'm sticking to the union,  
<sup>G</sup> I'm sticking to the union <sup>G7</sup> 'til the day I die.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>C7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup>

This union maid was wise to the tricks of company spies,  
She couldn't be fooled by a company stool, she'd always organize the guys.  
She always got her way when she struck for better pay.  
She'd show her card to the National Guard and this is what she'd say:

You gals who want to be free, just take a tip from me;  
Get you a man who's a union man and join the ladies' auxiliary.  
Married life ain't hard when you got a union card,  
A union man has a happy life when he's got a union wife.

# Union Miner

by Frank Hamilton, Fred Hellerman, Lee Hays, and , Ronnie Gilbert (19xx)

*E* *E* *A* *E*  
Miner's life is like a sailor's, 'board a ship to cross the wave  
*E* *E* *F#7* *B7*  
Everyday, his life's in danger, still he ventures, being brave

*E* *E* *A* *E*  
Watch the rocks, they're falling daily, careless miners always fail  
*E* *E* *E*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *B7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *E*  
Keep your hand upon the dollar and your eye upon the scale

*A* *E* *E* *B7*  
Union miners stand together, heed no operator's tale  
*E* *A* *E*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *B7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *E*  
Keep your hand upon the dolla,r and your eye upon the scale

You've been docked and docked again, boys, you've been loading two for one  
What have you to show for working since this mining has begun?

Just worn-out boots and worn-out miners, and your children growing pale  
Keep your hand upon the dollar and your eye upon the scale

Union miners stand together, heed no operator's tale  
Keep your hand upon the dollar, and your eye upon the scale

In conclusion, bear in memory, keep this password in your mind  
God provides for every worker when in union, they combine

Then by honest weight, we labor, union miners will prevail  
So keep your hand upon the dollar and your eye upon the scale

Union miners stand together, heed no operator's tale  
Keep your hand upon the dollar, and your eye upon the scale

Keep your hand upon the dollar, and your eye upon the scale

# Waltzing Matilda (1903) lyrics by Andrew Barton (Banjo) Paterson

(1895). Christina Macpherson (1903) played the tune 'Craiglea' for the guests at Dagworth Station. Paterson liked the tune and inquired about the words. Macpherson explained that she did not know of any words. This was enough to inspire Paterson. The lyrics which he wrote were an intermingling of a series of events which occurred while he was staying at Dagworth Station. Play the verses in 4/4—the chorus can either be in 3/4 or 4/4 time

*C*                    *E7*      *Am*            *F*  
Once a jolly swagman camped beside a billabong  
*C*            *C*            *F+2*      *G*  
Under the shade of coolibah tree  
                  *C*            *E7*            *Am*            *Dm7*  
And he sang as he watched and waited 'til his billy boiled  
*C*                    *C*            *G7*            *C*  
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me

*C*                    *C*      *F*            *F*  
Waltzing matilda, waltzing matilda  
*C*                    *Am*            *Dm7*      *G*  
You'll come a waltzing matilda with me  
                  *C*            *E7*            *Am*            *Dm7*  
And he sang as he watched and waited 'til his billy boiled  
*C*                    *C*            *G7*            *C*  
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me

Down came a jumbuck to drink beside the billabong  
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee  
And he sang as he stuffed that jumbuck in his tucker-bag  
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me

Up rode the stockman, mounted on his thoroughbred  
Up rode the troopers, one, two, three  
"Free that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker-bag"  
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into that billabong  
"You'll never take me alive!" said he  
And his ghost may be heard as you pass beside that billabong  
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me.

# We Shall Overcome

adapted from Charles Albert Tindley "I'll Overcome Someday" (1900) by the Highlander Folk School (1947) and published in *People's Songs Bulletin* (1948)

C      F C C C      F C C  
 We shall overcome, we shall overcome,  
C      F<sup>(1/2)</sup> G<sup>(1/2)</sup> Am D7    G D G Dm7<sup>(1/2)</sup> G<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 We shall o    ver    come, some day.      Oh,

C    F    C C F G7    Am    F  
 deep in my heart, I    do believe  
C      F    C      G7    C    C    C    C  
 We shall overcome, some day.

We'll walk hand in hand, we'll walk hand in hand,  
 We'll walk hand in hand, some day.

We shall live in peace, we shall live in peace,  
 We shall live in peace, some day.

We shall all be free, we shall all be free,  
 We shall all be free, some day.

We are not afraid, we are not afraid,  
 We are not afraid, TODAY.

We are not alone. We are not alone.  
 We are not alone, some day.

The whole wide world around, the whole wide world around,  
 The whole wide world around, some day.

# What Have They Done To The Rain? by

Malvina Reynolds (1962)

*C* *Dm*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
Just a little rain, falling all around.  
*Em*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
The grass lifts its head to the heavenly sound.  
*Am* *Em*  
Just a little rain, just a little rain,  
*F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Dm*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G*  
What have they done to the rain?

*C* *Dm*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
Just a little boy, standing in the rain,  
*Em* *Dm*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
The gentle rain that falls for years.  
*Am* *Em*  
And the grass is gone, the boy disappears,  
*F* *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *A7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
And rain keeps falling like helpless tears,  
*F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Dm*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G*  
And what have they done to the rain?

*C* *Dm*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
Just a little breeze, out of the sky.  
*Em*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G*  
The leaves nod their heads as the breeze blows by.  
*Am* *Em*  
Just a little breeze, with some smoke in its eye.  
*F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Dm*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G*  
What have they done to the rain?

# Where Have All The Flowers Gone?

by Pete Seeger (1956)

*A* *F#m* *Bm* *E*  
Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?  
*A* *F#m* *Bm* *E*  
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?  
*A* *F#m* *D* *E*  
Where have all the flowers gone? Young girls have picked them every one.  
*D* *A*  
Oh when will they ever learn?  
*m (D)* *E* *A* *A*  
Oh when will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the young girls gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the young girls gone? Gone for husbands every one.  
Oh will they ever learn?  
Oh when will they ever learn?

Where have all the husbands gone, long time passing? ...  
Where have all the husbands gone, long time passing? ...  
Where have all the husbands gone? Gone for soldiers, every one ...  
Oh will they ever learn?  
Oh when will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the soldiers gone? Gone to graveyards, every one ...  
Oh will they ever learn?  
Oh when will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the graveyards gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the graveyards gone? Gone to flowers, every one . . .  
Oh will they ever learn?  
Oh when will they ever learn?

# Which Side Are You On?

by Florence Reese (1931) (music from the Baptist hymn "Lay the Lily Low")

*Am*            *Am*            *Am*            *Am*  
Come all you good workers, good news to you I'll tell  
*Am*            *Am*            *E7*            *Am*  
Of how the good old union has come in here to dwell

*Am*                    *Am*            *E7*                    *Am*  
Which side are you on boys? Which side are you on?  
*Am*                    *Am*            *E7*                    *Am*  
Which side are you on boys? Which side are you on?

My daddy was a miner, he's now in the air and sun  
He'll be with you fellow workers until the battle's won

They say in Harlan County, there are no neutrals there  
You'll either be a union man or a thug for J. H. Blaire

Oh, workers can you stand it? Oh, tell me how you can?  
Will you be a lousy scab or will you be a man?

Don't scab for the bosses, don't listen to their lies  
Poor folks ain't got a chance unless they organize

Which Side Are You On?





# You Are My Sunshine

by Paul Rice (1939)

The other night dear as I laid sleeping  
I dreamed I held you in my arms  
But when I woke dear I was mistaken  
And I hung my head and I cried

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine  
You make me happy when skies are gray  
You'll never know dear, how much I love you  
Please don't take my sunshine away

I'll always love you and make you happy  
If you will only say the same  
But if you leave me and love another  
You'll regret it all some day

You told me once dear you really loved me  
And no one could come between  
But now you've left me to love another  
You have shattered all of my dreams

In all my dreams you seem to leave me  
When I awake my poor heart pains  
So won't you come back and make me happy  
I'll forgive dear I'll take all the blame

# You're Gonna Miss Me When I'm Gone

by A.P. Carter (recorded 1928, from a mountain tune) and Luisa Gerstein (2009)

*C* I got my ticket for the long way 'round  
*F* Two bottle 'a whiskey for the way  
And I sure would like some sweet company  
And I'm leaving tomorrow, wha-do-ya say?

*Am* When I'm gone, when I'm gone  
*F* You're gonna miss me when I'm gone. You're gonna  
*F* miss me by my hair, you're gonna *C(½)* miss me everywhere, oh *Am(½)*  
*C(½)* you're gonna *G(½)* miss me when I'm gone *C*

I've got my ticket for the long way 'round  
The one with the prettiest of views  
It's got mountains, it's got rivers, it's got sights to give you shivers  
But it sure would be prettier with you

When I'm gone, when I'm gone  
You're gonna miss me when I'm gone You're gonna  
miss me by my walk, you're gonna miss me by my talk, oh  
Yeah I know you're gonna miss me when I'm gone

## Mountaineers 1937 lyrics

You're gonna miss me when I'm gone, You're gonna miss me when I'm gone  
You're gonna miss me by my walk, you're gonna miss me by my talk  
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone

When I'm gone (when I'm gone), when I'm gone (when I'm gone)  
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone  
You're gonna miss me by my prayers, your're gonna miss me every where  
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone

When I'm gone (when I'm gone), when I'm gone (when I'm gone)  
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone  
You're gonna miss me by my song, you're gonna miss me all day lone  
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone.