

# Folk-Traditional Songs

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# Ain't No Bugs on Me

traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

# All My Trials traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# All Through the Night

traditional Welsh lullaby

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

*C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bm*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bm*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bm*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bm*<sub>(½)</sub>  
Soft the drow sy hours are creep ing  
*Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *Bm*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am* *A7* *D7*  
Hill and vale in slumber sleeping,  
*G* *Em* *A* *D*  
I my loving vigil keeping  
*C* *D* *G* *G* *G* *Em* *A* *D* *C* *D* *G* *G*  
All through the night.

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

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

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

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

# Annie Laurie

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

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

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

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

# A Soalin' traditional

*Em Bm Em Bm*

Soal, soal, soal cake,

*Em Bm Em Bm*

please good missus a soal cake.

*Em Bm Em Bm*

An apple, a pear, a plum, a cherry,

*Em Bm Em Bm*

Any good thing to make us all merry

*Em Bm Em Bm*

One for Peter, two for Paul,

*Em Bm Em Em*

three for Him who made us all.

*Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm*

Hey ho, nobody home, meat nor drink nor money have I none

*Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm*

Yet shall we be merry, hey ho, nobody home.

*Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm*

Hey ho, nobody home, meat nor drink nor money have I none

*Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm*

Yet shall we be merry, hey ho, nobody home. Hey ho, nobody home.

God bless the master of this house, and the mistress also

And all the little children that round your table grow.

The cattle in your stable and the dog by your front door

And all that dwell within your gates

We wish you ten times more.

Go down into the cellar and see what you can find

If the barrels are not empty we hope you will be kind

We hope you will be kind with your apple and strawber

For well come no more a soalin till this time next year.

The streets are very dirty, my shoes are very thin.

I have a little pocket to put a penny in.

If you havent got a penny, a ha penny will do.

If you havent got a ha penny then God bless you.

Now to the lord sing praises all you within this place,

And with true love and brotherhood each other now embrace..

This holy tide of christmas of beauty and of grace,

Oh tidings of comfort and joy.



# Banana Boat Song (Day-O) traditional Jamaican

*D* *A7*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub>  
Day-o, Day-ay-ay-o  
*D* *A7*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub>  
Daylight come and me wan' go home  
*D* *A*<sub>(¼)</sub> *G*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D*<sub>(¼)</sub> *A7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D*  
Day, me say day, me say day, me say day, me say day me say day-ay-ay-o  
*D* *A7*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub>  
Daylight come and me wan' go home

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

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

It's six foot, seven foot, eight foot BUNCH!  
Daylight come and me wan' go home  
Six foot, seven foot, eight foot BUNCH!  
Daylight come and me wan' go home

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

A beautiful bunch a' ripe banana  
Daylight come and me wan' go home  
Hide the deadly black tarantula  
Daylight come and me wan' go home

It's six foot, seven foot, eight foot BUNCH!  
Daylight come and me wan' go home  
Six foot, seven foot, eight foot BUNCH!  
Daylight come and me wan' go home  
Day, me say day-ay-ay-o

Daylight come and me wan' go home  
Day, me say day, me say day, me say day...  
Daylight come and me wan' go home  
  
Come, Mister tally man, tally me banana  
Daylight come and me wan' go home  
Come, Mister tally man, tally me banana  
Daylight come and me wan' go home  
  
Day-o, day-ay-ay-o  
Daylight come and me wan' go home  
Day, me say day, me say day, me say day  
Me say day, me say day-ay-ay-o  
Daylight come and me wan' go home

# Barbara Allen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Bamboo traditional

*D*  
You take a stick of bamboo,

*C*  
You take a stick of bamboo,

*D*  
You take a stick of bamboo,

*C*  
You throw it in the water.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms

traditional Irish song of the early 1800s

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

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

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

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

# Bell Bottom Trousers traditional

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

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

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

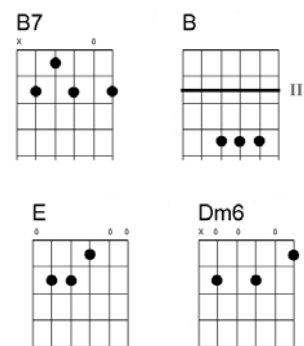
(Oh, bell bottom trousers, coat of navy blue  
 She loves her sailor and he loves her too)

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Blackest Crow traditional

As time draws near, my dearest dear,  
When you and I must part,  
What little you know of the grace and awe  
Of my poor aching heart.  
Each night I suffer for your sake,  
You're the one I love so dear;  
I wish that I was going with you,  
Or you were staying here.

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

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

The elements will mourn,  
If ever I prove false to you  
The seas will rage and burn.  
/76543

And when you're on some distant shore,  
Think of your absent friend,  
And when the wind blows high and clear,  
A line to me, pray send.  
And when the wind blows high and clear,  
Pray send a note to me,  
That I might know by your handwriting  
How time has gone with thee.

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

## The Blackest Crow

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

# Blue traditional

<sup>C</sup>  
Well, I had an old dog and his name was Blue,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G<sub>(1/2)</sub></sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Had an old dog and his name was Blue.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Had an old dog and his name was Blue...  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G<sub>(1/2)</sub></sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Betcha five dollars he's a good dog too... sayin'  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>G<sub>(1/2)</sub></sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
"Here old Blue" you're a "Good dog you"

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

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

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

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

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



# Blue-Tail Fly/Jimmie Crack Corn traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Boston Come All Ye Traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Careless Love traditional



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Careless Love

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Careless Love

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

*G7 D9 G7 C9(½) G7(½)*  
Well I said love, oh love, oh careless love  
*G7 D9 G7 C9(½) G7(½)*  
Well I said love, oh love, oh careless love  
*G7 D#9 A7 D9*  
I said love, Woh love, Woh careless love.  
*G7 C9 F#7 G7 G7*  
love, please tell me what have I done  
*G7 D9 G7 C9(½) G7(½)*  
for you to hurt me all in fun

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

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

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

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

# Cielito Lindo

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

De la Sier - ra Mo - re - nos Cie - li - to Lin - do vie - ven bu - jan - do, Un\_\_

\_ par de o - ji - tos ne - gros, Cie - li - to Lin - do, los con - tra ban - dos.\_\_

Ay, ay, ay, ay, Can - - - to no llo - res. Por - que can -

- tan - do se'al - le - gran, Cie - li - to Lin - dos los co - ra - zo\_\_ nes.\_\_

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Clementine

traditional

<sup>C</sup> In a cavern, <sup>C</sup> in a canyon, <sup>C</sup> excavating for a mine <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>G7</sup> Dwelt a miner, <sup>C</sup> forty-niner, <sup>G7</sup> and his daughter <sup>C</sup> Clementine.

<sup>C</sup> Oh my darling, <sup>C</sup> oh my darling, <sup>C</sup> oh my darling <sup>G7</sup> Clementine  
<sup>G7</sup> You are lost and gone forever, <sup>C</sup> dreadful sorry, <sup>G7</sup> Clementine. <sup>C</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Crawdad Song traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



# Cruel War

traditional

*D* *Bm* *Em* *F#7*  
The cruel war is raging, Johnny has to fight  
*G* *Em* *A<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *G<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *D*  
I want to be with him from morn ing 'til night.  
*D* *Bm* *Em* *F#7*  
I want to be with him, it grieves my heart so,  
*G* *Em* *A<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *G<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *D*  
and won't you let me go with you? No, my love, no.

*D* *Bm* *Em* *F#7*  
Tomorrow is Sunday, Monday is the day  
*G* *Em* *A<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *G<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *D*  
That your captain will call you and you must obey.  
*D* *Bm* *Em* *F#7*  
Your captain will call you it grieves my heart so,  
*G* *Em* *A<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *G<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *D*  
Won't you let me go with you? No, my love, no.

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

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

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

# Cuckoo traditional

*C<sub>(Am)</sub>* *Am* *Em<sub>(G)</sub>* *Am*  
Oh the cuckoo, she's a pretty bird, and she warbles, as she flies  
*C<sub>(Am)</sub>* *Am* *Em<sub>(G)</sub>* *Am*  
And she never, holler cuckoo until the 4th day of July

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Danny Boy

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

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

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

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

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

# Darling Nellie Gray

by Benjamin Russell. Hanby (1856)

$D$   $G$   
There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,

$D$   $A7$   
There I've whiled many happy hours away.

$D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Ddim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
A sitting and a singing by the little cottage door,

$D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D$   
where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

$A7$   $D$   
Oh! My poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,

$D_{(\frac{3}{4})}$   $E7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $A_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $E7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
And I'll never see my darling any more.

$D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Ddim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
I'm a sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,

$D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D$   
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

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

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

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

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

# Dona Dona Dona traditional

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

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

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

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

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

# Dona Nobis Pacem (Give Us Peace) traditional

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

3-part round attributed to  
Palestrina 1525-1594

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

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

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

# Down by the Riverside traditional

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

<sup>C</sup>                    <sup>C</sup>                    <sup>G</sup>                    <sup>G</sup>  
I ain't gonna study war no more, I ain't gonna study war no more  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>D7</sup>                    <sup>G</sup>                    <sup>G7</sup>  
Study war no more  
<sup>C</sup>                    <sup>C</sup>                    <sup>G</sup>                    <sup>G</sup>  
I ain't gonna study war no more, I ain't gonna study war no more  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>D7</sup>                    <sup>G</sup>                    <sup>G</sup>  
Study war no more

Gonna stick my sword in the golden sand

Gonna put on my long white robe

Gonna put on my starry crown

Gonna put on my golden shoes

Gonna talk with the Prince of Peace

Gonna shake hands around the world

# Down in the Valley

Traditional (9/8 time)

<sup>A</sup>  
Down in the valley, the valley so low  
<sup>E7</sup>  
Hang your head over, hear the winds blow  
<sup>A</sup>  
Hear the winds blow, dear, hear the winds blow  
<sup>E7</sup>  
Hang your head over, hear the winds blow  
<sup>A</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



# Drill Ye Terriers traditional

*Am* *Am*  
Every mornin' 'bout seven o'clock,  
*E* *E*  
There were twenty terriers a-workin' on the rock.  
*Am* *Am*  
The boss comes along and he says, "Keep still!  
*E* *E*  
And come down heavy on the cast-iron drill!"

*Am* *E* *Am* *Am*  
And drill ye terriers, drill,  
*Am* *G* *Am* *Am*  
Drill ye terriers, drill.  
*Am* *E* *E* *E*  
For it's work all day for the sugar in your tay, Down behind the railway.  
*Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *E*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am* *(E)* *Am* *(E)* *Am*  
And drill ye terriers, drill, and blast, and fire.

Our boss was a fine man to the ground,  
But he married a lady six-feet 'round.  
She baked good bread and she baked it well.  
But she baked it hard as the holes in hell.

Our new foreman was Jim McCann.  
By God, he was a damn mean man.  
Last week a premature blast went off.  
A mile in the sky went big Jim Goff.

The next time payday came around,  
A dollar short Jim Goff was found.  
When he asked what for came this reply,  
"You're docked for the time you was up in the sky."

# Drunken Sailor traditional



*Dm* *Dm*  
 What shall we do with the drunken sailor?  
*C* *C*  
 What shall we do with the drunken sailor?  
*Dm* *Dm*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Bdim7*<sub>(¼)</sub>  
 What shall we do with the drunken sail or?  
*Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(¼)</sub> *C*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Dm*  
 Earl-aye in the morning?

*Dm* *Dm*  
 Way hay and up she rises  
*C* *C*  
 Way hay and up she rises  
*Dm* *Dm*<sub>(½)</sub> *Am*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Bdim7*<sub>(¼)</sub>  
 Way hay and up she rises  
*Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(¼)</sub> *C*<sub>(¼)</sub> *Dm*  
 Earl-aye in the morning

Put him in the long boat till he's sober,  
 Give him a hair of the dog that bit him,  
 Pull out the plug and wet him all over  
 Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him  
 Hoist him up to the topsail yardarm  
 Take 'im and shake 'im and try an' wake 'im.  
 Give 'im a dose of salt and water.  
 Heave him by the leg in a running bowline  
 Keep him there and make 'im bale 'er.  
 Shave his belly with a rusty razor.  
 Put him in bed with the captain's daughter.

# Dry Bones traditional

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

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

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

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

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

# East Virginia Blues

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

Key of E

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

na I did go, There I met a fair young  
were rosy red, On her breast she wore white  
might ever be, If she says no, come back and

maiden, Though her age, I did not know  
linen, Where I longed to lay my head  
tell me, And I'll run a way with thee

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# East Virginia

1. I was born in East Vir\_\_ gin\_\_ ia, North Car - o -

lin - - - a I did roam, and there I

met a\_\_ fair pret - ty mai - den, her name and

age I do not\_\_ know.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Eh' Cumpari

traditional Italian

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Eh La Bas! Traditional Creole song

**G**

Eh la bas! Eh la bas! Eh la

**D7** **G**

bas chère - ri! Kom - on sa va? Eh la

**G**

bas Eh la bas! Eh la

**D7** **G**

bas chère - ri! Kom - on sa va?

**G** **D7**

1. Mo chère kou - zen, mo chère kou - zin, mo len - me la kizin!  
 2. Ye tchwe koch - on, ye tchwe lap - en, e mo man - je plen

**G**

Mo man - je plen, mo bwa div - en, e sa pa kout a - rry - en  
 Ye fe gonm - ba, mo man - je tra, e sa fe mon ma - lad

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# Far Away

by Ingrid Michaelson (2006)

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

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

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

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

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

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



# Femme-là Dit Creole traditional

Femme-là dit mo malèrè  
Femme-là dit mo malèrè  
Oh yé yaille mo malèrè  
Femme-là dit mo malèrè

The woman says, "I'm so sad."  
The woman says, "I'm so sad."  
"Aiyé, I'm so sad."  
The woman says, "I'm so sad."

Mois fais cinq sous yé vole li  
Mois fais dix inq sous yé vole li  
Oh yé yaille mo malèrè  
Femme-là dit mo malèrè

"I earn five cents, they steal it."  
"I earn ten cents, they steal it."  
"Aiyé, I'm so sad."  
The woman says, "I'm so sad."

Samedi matin la procession  
Dimanch matin devan l'église  
L's demandéde composer  
C'est mon garçon Napoléon

"Saturday morning there's a procession"  
"Sunday morning they go to church"  
"They made my man calm down."  
"I am the son of Napoleon"

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

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

Bm A F#7 Bm F#7 Bm

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

# Flora traditional

Am Em7 Am Em7 Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am Am

Am Am Am C G G C C<sub>(1/2)</sub> D<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em<sub>(1/2)</sub>

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

Am Am Am C Em Em F<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em7<sub>(1/2)</sub>

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

Am Am Am C Em Em Am Em<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em7<sub>(1/2)</sub>

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

Am Am Am C D Dm Dm Am Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> G<sub>(1/2)</sub>

The name she bore was Flora, the lily of the

Am Em7 Am Em7 Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am Am  
west.

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

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

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

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

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

# Foggy Foggy Dew traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Froggie Went a Courtin' traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thinks himself a man indeed  
Because he chews the tobacco weed

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

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



# Frozen Logger

traditional version by the Weavers

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Frankie and Johnny

traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Gilgarra Mountain traditional

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

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

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

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

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

# Girl I Left Behind (traditional)

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



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

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

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



# Goin' Down the Road traditional

*G*                      *G*                      *G*                      *G7*  
 Goin' down the road feeling bad  
*C*                      *Cm*                      *G*                      *G7*  
 Goin' down the road feeling bad  
*C*                      *Cm*                      *G*                      *Em*  
 Goin' down the road feeling bad  
          *G*                      *D(½)*                      *Eb7(¼)*                      *D7(¼)*                      *G*                      *G*  
 Lord I ain't gonna be treated this                      a                      way

Goin' where the water tastes like wine

Goin' where the climate feels fine

Goin' where the people treat me right

Goin' where the chilly winds don't blow

Goin' where the dust storms never blow

I'm blowin' down this old dusty road,

I'm a-goin' where the dust storms never blow,

Yes, they say I'm a dust bowl refugee,

I'm a-lookin' for a job at honest pay,

My children need three square meals a day,

It takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet,

Your a-two-dollar shoe hurts my feet,

Thought I heard a whistle blowin' low,

## Doc Watson lyrics

I'm a-goin' down this old dusty road,

I'm blowin' down this old dusty road,

I'm a-blowin' down this old dusty road, Lord, Lord,

An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way.

Oh, it's going down the road feeling bad

Bad luck's all I've ever had

Going down the road feeling bad, Lord, Lord

And I aint' a-gonna be treated this a-way

Got me way down in jail on my knees

This old jailer he sure is hrd to please

Feed me corn, bread and peas, Lord, Lord

And I ain't gonna be treated this a-way

(Sweet mama, won't you buy me no shoes

Lord, she's left me with these lonesome

jailhouse blues

My sweet mama won't buy me no shoes, Lord,

Lord

And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

And these two-dollar shoes they hurt my feet

The jailer won't gi'me enough to eat

Lord, these two-dollar shoes they hurt my feet,

Lord, Lord

And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

I'm going where the climate suits my clothes

Lord, I'm going where these chilly winds never

blow (hmmhmm)

Going where the climate suits my clothes, Lord,

Lord

And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

Yes, I'm going down the road feeling bad, Lord,

Lord

Lord, I'm going down this road feeling bad

Bad luck is all I've ever had (it sure is)

And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

# Goober Peas traditional

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

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

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

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

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

# Go Tell Aunt Rhody traditional

*F*                *F*        *C7*                *F*  
Go tell Aunt Rhody, go tell Aunt Rhody,  
*F*                *F*                *Gm7*<sub>(½)</sub> *C7*<sub>(½)</sub>        *F*  
Go tell Aunt Rhody, that the old grey goose is dead.

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

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

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

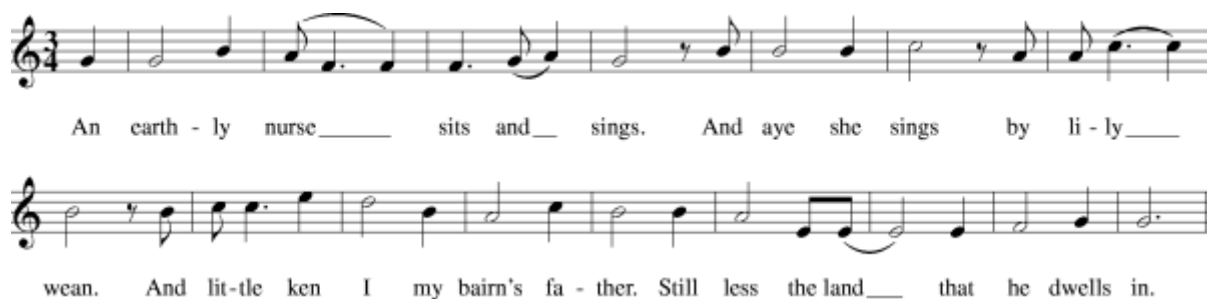
Her goslings are mourning, crying and peeping,  
Her goslings are mourning, because their mammy's dead.

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

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

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

# Great Silkie of Sule Skerrie traditional



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Green Grow the Lilacs

traditional Irish

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

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

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

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

# Greenland Whale Fisheries traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Greensleeves

traditional English folk song

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

Chorus:

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

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

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

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

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

Refrain:

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

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

# Gypsy Rover

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



# Hayseed Like Me

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

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

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

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

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

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

# High Germany traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# House of the Rising Sun traditional

*Am C D Fma7 Am E7 Am E7*

*Am C D Fma7*  
There is a house in New Orleans

*Am C E E7*  
They call the Rising Sun

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

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

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

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

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

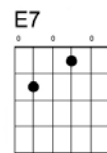
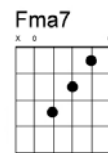
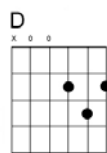
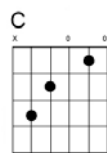
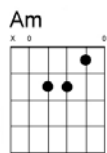
Gonna tell my baby sister  
Not to do like I have done  
But to shun that house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun

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

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

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

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



# Hush Little Baby

traditional, also Mocking Bird Song or Southern Lullaby)

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

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

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

Poppa's gonna buy you a dog named  
 Rover

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

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

*MOUNTAIN chords*

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

*FOLK chords*

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

*JAZZ chords*

*I—V progression or I—VIm—IIIm—V7 progression*

# Irish Lullaby

traditional Irish lullaby

*D* *D* *Bm* *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *A7*<sub>(½)</sub>  
Over in Killarney, many years ago,  
*D* *D* *E7* *A7*  
Me Mither sang a song to me in tones so soft and low.  
*D* *D* *Bm* *D*  
Just a simple little ditty, in her good ould Irish way,  
*G* *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *E7* *A7*<sub>(½)</sub> *A7+5*<sub>(½)</sub>  
And I'd give the world if she could sing that song to me this day.

*D* *D* *G* *Ddim*  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
*D*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *D* *E7* *A7*  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, hush now, don't you cry!  
*D* *D* *G* *Ddim*  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
*D*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *A7*<sub>(½)</sub> *E7*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(¼)</sub> *A7*<sub>(¼)</sub> *D*  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, that's an Irish lul la by.

*D* *D* *Bm* *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *A7*<sub>(½)</sub>  
Oft in dreams I wander to that cot again,  
*D* *D* *E7* *A7*  
I feel her arms a-huggin' me as when she held me then.  
*D* *D* *Bm* *D*  
And I hear her voice a hummin' to me as in days of yore,  
*G* *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *E7* *A7*<sub>(½)</sub> *A7+5*<sub>(½)</sub>  
When she used to rock me fast asleep outside the cabin door.

# I've Been Working on the Railroad traditional

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

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

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

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

# Jambalaya traditional

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

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

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

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

# Jesse James

traditional

<sup>C</sup> Jesse <sup>C</sup> James <sup>F</sup> was <sup>C</sup> a lad, he killed many a man,  
<sup>C</sup> He <sup>C</sup> robbed <sup>G</sup> the <sup>G7</sup> Glendale train.  
<sup>C</sup> He <sup>C</sup> stole <sup>F</sup> from <sup>F</sup> the rich and he gave to the poor,  
<sup>C</sup> He'd <sup>G7</sup> a hand <sup>C</sup> and a heart <sup>C</sup> and a brain.

<sup>F</sup> Oh, <sup>F</sup> Jesse <sup>C</sup> had <sup>C</sup> a wife <sup>G</sup> to <sup>G7</sup> mourn <sup>C</sup> for his life.  
<sup>C</sup> Three <sup>C</sup> children, <sup>C7</sup> they <sup>F</sup> were <sup>C</sup> brave.  
<sup>C</sup> But <sup>G7</sup> that <sup>C</sup> dirty <sup>C</sup> little <sup>C</sup> coward <sup>F</sup> that <sup>C</sup> shot <sup>C</sup> Mister Howard  
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

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

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

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

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



# Jimmy Whalen traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Johnny's Gone for a Soldier

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

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

*D F#7 Bm<sub>(1)</sub> F#7<sub>(1)</sub> Bm* *interlude*

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

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

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

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

# Johnny We Hardly Knew Yeh traditional

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

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

Where are the legs with which you run haroo, haroo  
Where are the legs with which you run haroo, haroo  
Where are the legs with which you run  
When you went to shoulder a gun, indeed your dancing days are gone  
Johnny I hardly knew yeh!

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

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

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

# Kisses Sweeter Than Wine traditional

*F* *C* *Dm* *C*  
When I was a young man and never been kissed,  
*Am* *Am* *Dm* *Dm*  
I got the thinkin' it over, what I had missed.  
*F* *C* *Dm* *C*  
I got me a girl and kissed her and then,  
*Am* *Am* *Dm* *Dm*  
oh Lord, I kissed her again.

*F* *F* *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *Dm* *Dm* *D* *D*  
Oh ..... Kisses sweeter than wine.  
*F* *F* *Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *Dm* *Dm* *D* *D*  
Oh ..... Kisses sweeter than wine.

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

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

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

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

# Kumbaya traditional

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

Someone's laughing, Lord  
Someone's sleeping, Lord  
Someone's singing, Lord  
Someone's praying, Lord  
Are you listening, Lord

Hear me crying, Lord, kum ba yah  
Hear me singing, Lord, kum ba yah  
Hear me praying, Lord, kum ba yah  
Are you listening, Lord? kum ba yah  
Oh I need you, Lord, kum ba yah

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

# La Bamba

traditional

$G7$   $C_{(1/2)}$   $F_{(1/2)}$   $G7$   $C_{(1/2)}$   $F_{(1/2)}$   
Para bailar la bamba. Para bailar la bamba se necesita  
 $G7$   $C_{(1/2)}$   $F_{(1/2)}$   $G7$   $C_{(1/2)}$   $F_{(1/2)}$   
Una poca de gracia Una poca de gracia para mi para ti  
 $G7$   $C_{(1/2)}$   $F_{(1/2)}$   $G7$   $C_{(1/2)}$   $F_{(1/2)}$   
arriba y arriba arriba y arriba por ti seré  
 $G7$   $C_{(1/2)}$   $F_{(1/2)}$   
por ti seré seré

$G7$   $C_{(1/2)}$   $F_{(1/2)}$   
Yo no soy marinero  
 $G7$   $C_{(1/2)}$   $F_{(1/2)}$   
Yo no soy marinero, soy capitán  
 $G7$   $C_{(1/2)}$   $F_{(1/2)}$   $G7$   
Soy capitán Soy capitán

$C_{(1/2)}$   $F_{(1/2)}$   $G7$   $C_{(1/2)}$   $F_{(1/2)}$   $G7$   
Bamba, bamba, bamba, bamba  
 $C_{(1/2)}$   $F_{(1/2)}$   $G7$   $C_{(1/2)}$   $F_{(1/2)}$   $G7$   
Bamba, bamba, bamba, bamba. Para bailar la

In order to dance the Bamba,  
In order to dance the Bamba a little humor is needed;

A little humor for me and for you  
Higher and higher, higher and higher  
For you I will be, by you I will be

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

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

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

Bamba, bamba, bamba, bamba  
Bamba, bamba Bamba

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# La Cucaracha by traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



# La Llorona

traditional Mexican folk song

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# La Llorona

traditional Mexican folk song

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Limerick Rake

traditional English folk song

**THE LIMERICK RAKE**

♩ = 76      KEY C#m

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

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

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

# Little Brown Jug traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Loch Lomond

traditional

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

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

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

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

# Lonesome Traveler traditional

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

Traveled in the mountains, traveled in the valley,

Traveled cold the then I traveled hungry

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

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

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

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

# Lonesome Valley

traditional Appalachian folk song

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

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

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

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

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

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

traditional bluegrass

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

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

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

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

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

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



# Mama Don't Allow traditional

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

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

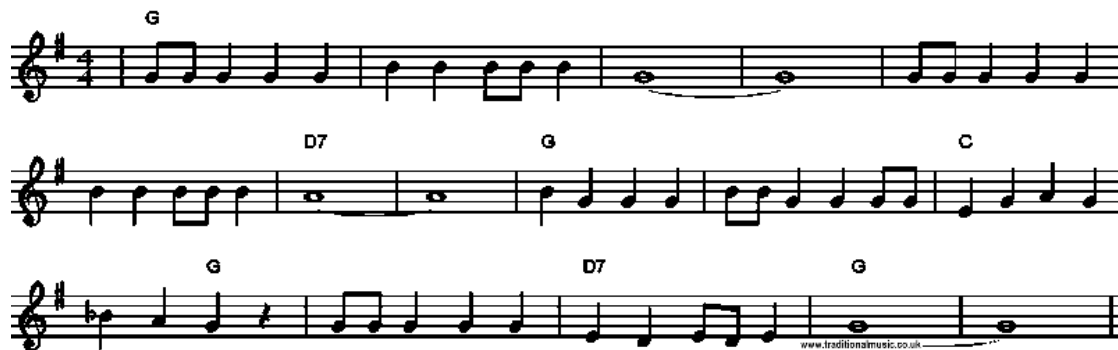
Mama don't 'low no bass playin' round here, etc.  
Gonna play my bass anyhow

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

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

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

TML #006505 Key G Major



# Man Of Constant Sorrow traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Minstrel Boy

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

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

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

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

## Additional American Civil War Verse

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

# Molly Malone

traditional

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

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

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

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

# Monday Morning traditional

*Dm E Am*

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Morning Has Broken

traditional, original lyrics by Eleanor Farjeon  
(1931)

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

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

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

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

# Motherless Child traditional spiritual

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

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

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

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

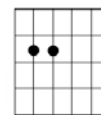
Sometimes I feel like it's close at hand  
 And sometimes I feel like it's close at hand  
 Sometimes I feel like the freedom is so near  
 But we're so far away from home But we're so far away from home

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

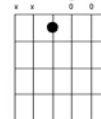
Sometimes I feel like I'm almos' gone  
 Sometimes I feel like I'm almos' gone  
 Sometimes I feel like I'm almos' gone  
 Way up in the heavenly land, Way up in the heavenly land

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

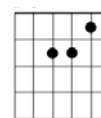
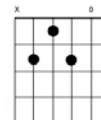
Em



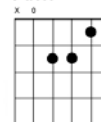
D#aug (D#aug, D#aug)



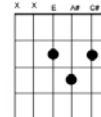
B7



Am7



Edim7 C#, G, A#



# New River Train traditional

American Folk Song

Refrain

D D D A7

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

D G A7 D

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

9 Verse

D D D A7

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

D G A7 D

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

D D  
I'm riding on that new river train  
D A7  
Riding on that new river train  
D G  
Same old train that brought me here  
A7 D  
Gonna carry me me away again

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

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

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

Darling you can't love three

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

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

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

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



# Nine Pound Hammer traditional

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

1

The Nine Pound Ham - mer is a li - ttle to hea - vy

5

for my size bud-dy for my size

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen

traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

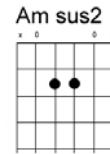
*C* *G7* *C* *C*  
He promised to buy me a trinket to please me  
*Dm* *Dm* *G7* *G7*  
And then for a smile, oh, he vowed he would tease me  
*C* *G7* *C* *C*  
He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbons  
*Dm* *G7* *C* *C*  
To tie up my bonnie brown hair.

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

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

# Oh, Sinner Man traditional

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



or *Am(sus2)*

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Old Coat traditional

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

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

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

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

# On Top of Old Smokey traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Parting Glass traditional English

**THE PARTING GLASS** KEY Dm

♩ = 120

Dm C Dm F C

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

Dm C Dm C Dm

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

F Gm F

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

Dm C Dm C Dm

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

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

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



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

# Plaisir d'Amour

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

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

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

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

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

## The Pleasure Of Love

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

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

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

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

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

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



# Polly Von

traditional (adapted by Peter Paul and Mary)

*Am Am Dm Dm Dm*  
I shall tell of a hunter, whose life was undone  
*Am Am Am E E*  
By the cruel hand of evil, at the setting of the sun.  
*Am Am Dm Dm Dm*  
His arrow was loosed, and it flew through the dark,  
*Am Am7 F E7 Am Am(½) Dm(½) Am Am(½) Dm(½) Am*  
And his true love was slain as the shaft found its mark

*C C C E E*  
she'd her apron wrapped about her, and he took her for a swan  
*Am Am7 F E7 Am Am(½) Dm(½) Am Am(½) Dm(½) Am*  
And it's oh and alas, it was she Polly Von

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

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

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

*C C C E E*  
she'd her apron wrapped about her, and he took her for a swan  
*Am Am7 F E7 Am Am(½) Dm(½) Am Am(½) Dm(½) Am*  
And it's oh and alas, it was she Polly Von

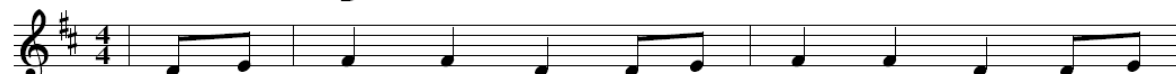
# Polly Wolly Doodle traditional

## Polly Wolly Doodle

♩ = 200


*Traditional Kids Tune*

**D**



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

**A**

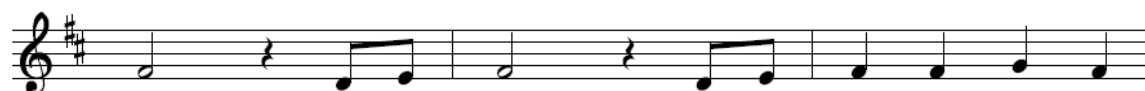


"Pol - ly Wol - ly Doo - dle" all the day. My Sal she is a  
 "Pol - ly Wol - ly Doo - dle" all the day. With laugh - ing eyes and  
 "Pol - ly Wol - ly Doo - dle" all the day. A pick - in' his teeth with a  
 "Pol - ly Wol - ly Doo - dle" all the day. My feet stuck out like a  
 "Pol - ly Wol - ly Doo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

**D** **CHORUS**



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



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

**A**



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

**D**



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

# Pretty Mary traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Red Is the Rose

traditional

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

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

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

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

# Riddle Song

traditional

*D*                      *G*              *G*              *D*  
I gave my love a cherry that had no stone  
*A*                      *D*                      *D*              *A*  
I gave my love a chicken that had no bone  
*A*                      *D*                      *D*              *A*  
I told my love a story that had no end  
*G*                      *G*                      *G*              *D*  
I gave my love a baby with no cry ing.

*D*                                      *G*              *G*              *D*  
How can there be a cherry that has no stone?  
How can there be a chicken that has no bone?  
How can there be a story that has no end?  
How can there be a baby with no cry ing?

A cherry when it's blooming, it has no stone  
A chicken when it's pippin', it has no bone  
The story of how I love you, it has no end  
A baby when it's sleeping, has no cry ing.

I gave my love a cherry that had no stone  
I gave my love a chicken that had no bone  
I told my love a story that had no end  
I gave my love a baby with no cry ing.

# Rising of the Moon

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Rye Whiskey

traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Saint James Infirmary Blues Traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



# Salee Dame

Creole traditional with phonetic lyrics

**G** **D7**

Mam-selle Jo - se - phine i - gris - te dans la rue Dau-phine li -

**G**

-gris - te aussi é beaux bean cas - sé sau - ti jam - ping

**G** **D7**

Sa - lee Dame Sa - lee Dame Sa-lee Da-me bon- jour

**G**

Sa - lee Dame lais - sé mon roi to - go mo - i to - to

**D7**

Sa - lee Dame Sa - lee Dame Sa - lee Da-me bon- jour

**G**

Sa - lee Dame lais - sé mon roi to - go mo - i to - to.

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

**sally gardens** KEY C

$\text{♩} = 76$

C G7 F C F G7 C

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

G7 F C F G7 C

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

Am F Em F G7 C

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

G7 F C F G7 C

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

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

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



*Geo. Buchanan delin. 1811.*

# Scarborough Fair

traditional

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

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
Without no seam nor needlework  
Then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to find me an acre of land  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme  
Between the salt water and the sea strand  
Then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to reap it in a sickle of leather  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
And to gather it all in a bunch of heather  
Then she'll be a true love of mine

Are you going to Scarborough Fair  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
Remember me to one who lives there  
She once was a true love of mine

# Seeing Nellie Home traditional

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

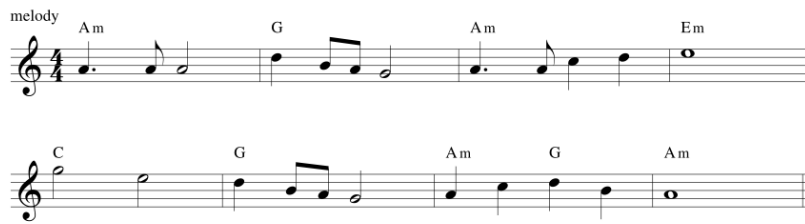
*A* *D* *A* *A*  
I was seeing Nellie home  
*D* *D* *A* *A*  
I was seeing Nellie home  
*A* *A7* *D* *D*  
It was from Aunt Dinah's quilting party  
*E7* *E7* *A* *A*  
I was seeing Nellie home

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

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

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

# Shady Grove traditional



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Short'nin' Bread traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Si Me Quieras Escribir traditional



*Em* *B<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *B7<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *Em* *B*  
 .. Si me quieres escribir, ya sabes mi paradero,  
*Em* *B<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *B7<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *Em<sub>(1/2)</sub>*  
 Si me quieres escribir, ya sabes mi paradero: -  
*Em<sub>(1/4)</sub>* *D<sub>(1/4)</sub>* *Em<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *D<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *C<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *B*  
 en el frente de Gandeza, primera línea de fuego  
*Em* *D<sub>(1/2)</sub>* *C* *B*  
 en el frente de Gandeza, primera línea de fuego

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

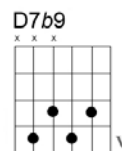
En la entrada de la fonda, hay un moro Mohamed (2x)  
 Que te dice, "Pasa! Pasa! ¿Qué quieres para comer?" (2x)

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

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

# Single Girl traditional

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



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



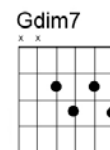
When I was a single girl, had shoes the very best kind  
 Now I am a married girl, go barefoot all the time

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



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

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



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



# Sinner Man traditional

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

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

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

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

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



# Skip to My Lou traditional

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

Gone again, skip to my Lou (3x)

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

Little red wagon painted blue (3x)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Soldier, Soldier, Marry Me traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Song for Ireland

traditional Irish folk song

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

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

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

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

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

# Sourwood Mountain (traditional)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Spanish Is a Loving Tongue traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Spent Youth

traditional (music by Pete Seeger)

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

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

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

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

# Steal Away traditional

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

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

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

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

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



# Stewball

traditional

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Sweet Betsy from Pike

traditional, melody is from a traditional English music hall song

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

<sup>C</sup> Sing too rali oorali oorali ay. <sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup> Sing too rali oorali oorali ay <sup>C</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

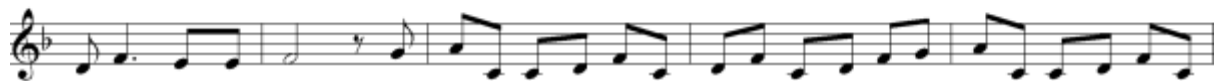
Long Ike and Sweet Betsy got married, of course,  
But Ike, getting jealous, obtained a divorce,  
While Betsy, well satisfied, said with a shout,  
"Goodbye, you big lummo, I'm glad you backed out!"

# There's a Hole in the Bucket traditional

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



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



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



Hen-ry\_\_ Fix it!

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

# There Is a Tavern in the Town traditional

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

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

<sup>C</sup> Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> I can no longer stay with you, stay with you <sup>G7</sup>

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

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

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

# Times Are Getting Hard traditional

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

*F* *Gm7*  
Take my true love by the hand  
*C7* *F*  
Lead her thru the town  
*F*<sub>(½)</sub> *Fma7*<sub>(½)</sub> *Gm7*  
Say good-bye to everyone  
*C7* *F*  
Good-bye to everyone

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Tom Dooley

traditional

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

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

You left her by the roadside  
Where you begged to be excused;  
You left her by the roadside,  
Then you hid her clothes and shoes.

You took her on the hillside  
For to make her your wife;  
You took her on the hillside,  
And ther you took her life.

You dug the grave four feet long  
And you dug it three feet deep;  
You rolled the cold clay over her  
And tromped it with your feet.

"Trouble, oh it's trouble  
A-rollin' through my breast;  
As long as I'm a-livin', boys,  
They ain't a-gonna let me rest.

I know they're gonna hang me,  
Tomorrow I'll be dead,  
Though I never even harmed a hair  
On poor little Laurie's head."

"In this world and one more  
Then reckon where I'll be  
Down in a lonesome valley  
Hangin' from a tree

If it wasn't for Sheriff Grayson,  
I'd be in Tennessee.  
Roaming through the valleys  
Free as I can be

You can take down my old violin  
And play it all you please.  
For at this time tomorrow, boys,  
It'll be of no use to me."

"At this time tomorrow  
Where do you reckon I'll be?  
Away down yonder in the holler  
Hangin' on a white oak tree.

Hang your head, Tom Dooley,  
Hang your head and cry;  
You killed poor Laurie Foster,  
And you know you're bound to die.

Hang down your head Tom Dooley  
Hang down your head and cry  
Hang down your head Tom Dooley  
Poor boy you're bound to die

# Vive L'Amour traditional

$G$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G$   
Let every good fellow now fill up his glass, Vive la compagne!  
 $G$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G$   
And drink to the health of his glorious class, Vive la compagne!

$G$   $C$   $D$   $G$   
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour! Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour!  
 $Em$   $Am$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{2}{3})}$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{3})}$   $G$   
Vive l'amour, vive l'amour, Vive la com pag nie!

Let every married man drink to his wife, Vive la compagne!  
The joy of his bosom and plague of his life, Vive la compagne!

Let's fill up our glasses and we'll have a toast, Vive la compagne!  
A health to our friend, our kind worthy host, Vive la compagne!

Let every good fellow, now join in our song, Vive la compagne!  
Success to each other, and pass it along, Vive la compagne!

A friend on your left, and a friend on your right, Vive la compagne!  
In love and good fellowship, let us unite, Vive la compagne!

Now wider and wider, our circle expands, Vive la compagne!  
We'll sing to our comrades, in far away lands, Vive la compagne!

With friends all around us, we'll sing out our song, Vive la compagne!  
We'll banish our troubles, it won't take us long, Vive la compagne!

Should time or occassion, compel us to part, Vive la compagne!  
These days shall forever, enliven our heart, Vive la compagne!



# Wabash Cannonball

traditional (Carter Family 1929 lyrics)

<sup>G</sup> From the <sup>G</sup> Great <sup>G</sup> Atlantic <sup>C</sup> Ocean, to the wide Pacific shore  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
From the queen of flowing rivers, to the Southland's verdant door  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
She's tall dark and handsome and known quite well by all  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
She's the regular combination, the Wabash Cannonball.

<sup>G</sup> Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumor and the roar  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
As she glides along the woodland, o'r hills and by the shore  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
She climbs the flowery mountain, hear the merry hobos squall  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
She glides along the woodland, the Wabash Cannonball.

Out from the wide Pacific Ocean to the broad Atlantic shore  
She climbs flowery mountain, o'r hills and by the shore  
Although she's tall and handsome, and she's known quite well by all  
She's a regular combination of the Wabash Cannonball.

Oh, the Eastern states are dandy, so the Western people say  
Chicago, Rock Island, St. Louis by the way  
To the lakes of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall  
No changes to be taken on the Wabash Cannonball.

Oh, here's to daddy Claxton, let his name forever be  
And long be remembered in the courts of Tennessee  
For he is a good old rounder 'til the curtain 'round him fall  
He'll be carried back to victory on the Wabash Cannonball.

I have rode the I.C. Limited, also the Royal Blue  
Across the Eastern countries on Elkhorn Number Two  
I have rode those highball trains from coast to coast that's all  
But I have found no equal on the Wabash Cannonball.

# Water Is Wide traditional

*D*                      *D* *G*                      *D*  
There is a ship, and she sails the sea.  
*D*                      *Bm* *Em7*                      *A*  
She's loaded deep, as deep can be,  
*A7*                      *F#m* *Em7*                      *F#*  
But not as deep as the love I'm in.  
*G*                      *D* *A7*                      *D*  
I know not if I sink or swim.

I leaned my back against an oak  
Thinking it was a trusty tree  
But first it bent and then it broke  
Just as my love proved false to me

I reached my finger into some soft bush  
Thinking the fairest flower to find  
I pricked my finger to the bone  
And left the fairest flower behind

Oh, love is gentle, and love is kind  
The sweetest flower when first it's new  
But love grows old and waxes cold  
And fades away like the mornin' dew

Must I go bound while you go free  
Must I love a man who doesn't love me  
Must I be born with so little art  
As to love a man who'll break my heart

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er  
Neither have I the wings to fly  
Give me a boat that can carry two  
And both shall row my love and I

When cockle shells turn silver bells  
Then will my love come back to me  
When roses bloom in winter's gloom  
Then will my love return to me  
Then will my love return to me

# Water Is Wide JT (James Taylor )

*(Also uses A7sus for A and G for Em)*

$G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D$   
The water is wide  
 $G$   $D$   
I can't cross over  
 $D/C\#$   $Bm$   
And neither have  
 $Em$   $Asus4$   
I wings to fly  
 $A$   $F\#m$   
Build me a boat  
 $D7sus4_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Bm$   
That can carry two  
 $G6$   $F\#m$   
And both shall row  
 $A$   $D$   
My love and I

There is a ship  
And she sails the sea  
She's loaded deep  
As deep can be  
But not so deep  
As the love I'm in  
I know not how  
I sink or swim

Oh love is handsome  
And love is fine  
The sweetest flower  
When first it's new  
But love grows old  
And waxes cold  
And fades away  
Like summer dew

The water is wide  
I can't cross over  
And neither have  
I wings to fly  
Build me a boat  
That can carry two  
And both shall row  
My love and I

And both shall row  
My love and I

# Wayfaring Stranger Traditional

<i>Dm A7</i>	<i>Dm Dm</i>	<i>Am E7 Am Am</i>
I'm a poor wayfaring stranger		
<i>Gm Gm</i>	<i>Dm A7</i>	<i>Dm Dm Am E7</i>
While traveling thru this world of woe		
<i>F Dm(½) A7(½) Bb Dm</i>	<i>C Am(½) E7(½) F Am</i>	
Yet there's no sickness, toil, or danger		
<i>G(½) Gm(½) Am Dm Dm</i>	<i>D(½) Dm(½) Em Am Am</i>	
In that bright world to which I go		

<i>Dm Am Gm Dm</i>	<i>Am Em Dm Am</i>
I'm going there to see my Father	
<i>Bb C F A7</i>	<i>F G C E7</i>
I'm going there no more to roam	
<i>Dm G Dm Dm</i>	<i>Am D Am Am</i>
I'm just a going over Jordan	
<i>G(½) Gm(½) Am Dm Dm</i>	<i>D(½) Dm(½) Em Am Am</i>
I'm only going over home	

I know dark clouds will hover on me,  
 I know my pathway is rough and steep  
 But golden fields lie out before me  
 Where weary eyes no more will weep  
     I'm going home to see my mother  
     I'm going home no more to roam  
     I am just going over Jordan  
     I am just going over home

I'll soon be free of earthy trials  
 My body rest in the old church yard  
 I'll drop this cross of self-denial  
 And I'll go singing home to God  
     I'm going there to meet my Savior  
     Dwell with Him and never roam  
     I'm only going over Jordan  
     I'm only going over home

# Wearing of the Green

traditional Irish

*D* *Bm* *A* *A*  
Oh! Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?  
*G* *D* *A* *D*  
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground  
*D* *Bm* *A* *A*  
St. Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his color can't be seen,  
*G* *D* *A* *D*  
for there's a bloody law agin' the wearin' o' the green.

*D* *Bm* *A* *A*  
And I met the napper Tandy and he took me by the hand  
*G* *D* *A* *D*  
And he said: "How's poor old Ireland and how does she stand?"  
*D* *Bm* *A* *A*  
She's the most distressful country this world has yet to see  
*G* *D* *A* *D*  
For they're hangin' men and women there for wearin' o' the green

Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red  
Sure Ireland's sons will neer forget the blood that they have shed.  
You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod,  
But 'twill take root and flourish still tho' underfoot 'tis trod.

When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,  
And when the leaves in summer time their verdure dare not show,  
Then I will change the color I wear in my caubeen,  
But till that day I'll stick for aye to wearing of the green.

But if at last our color should be torn from Ireland's heart,  
Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear old sod will part.  
I've heard a whisper of a country that lives far beyond the say,  
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.

Oh, Erin! Must we lave you, driven by the tyrant's hand?  
Must we ask a mother's welcome from a strange but happy land?  
Where the cruel cross of England's thralldom never shall be seen  
And where in peace we'll live and die a-wearing of the green?

# We Wish You a Merry Christmas

version by The Weavers

*E* *C#m* *F#7* *B7*  
Once in a year, it is not thought amiss  
*E* *C#m* *F#7* *B7*  
To visit our neighbors and sing out like this.

*E* *A*  
We wish you a merry Christmas  
*F#7* *B7*  
We wish you a merry Christmas  
*E (G#7)* *A (C#m)*  
We wish you a merry Christmas  
*B7* *E*  
And a happy New Year.

And a cup of good cheer.

And we won't go until we get some  
We won't go until we get some,  
We won't go until we get some.  
So bring it right here.

We all want some figgy pudding  
We all want some figgy pudding  
We all want some figgy pudding

Good tidings we bring  
to you and your kin.  
Good tidings for Christmas  
And a happy New Year.

*E* *C#m* *F#7* *B7*  
Once in a year, it is not thought amiss  
*E* *C#m* *F#7* *B7*  
To visit our neighbors and sing out like this.  
*E* *C#m* *F#7* *B7*  
Of friendship and love, good neighbors abound  
*E* *A* *B7* *E*  
And peace and goodwill the whole year around.

*E* *A* *B7* *E*  
(Pace!) (Shanti!) (Salud!) (Shalom!)  
*E* *C#m* *F#7* *B7*  
The words mean the same, whatever your home.  
*E* *A* *B7* *E*  
Why can't we have Christmas the whole year around?  
*C#m* *F#m* *B7* *E*  
Why can't we have Christmas the whole year around?

*E* *A*  
We wish you a merry Christmas  
*F#7* *B7*  
We wish you a merry Christmas  
*E* *E7* *A*  
We wish you a merry Christmas  
*E* *A* *B7* *E*  
And a happy New Year..

# Wild Rover traditional



I've been a wild rover for many a year,  
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer,  
But now I'm returning with gold in great store,  
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

*And it's no, nay, never , No, nay, never, no more,  
Will I play the rover , No never, no more.*

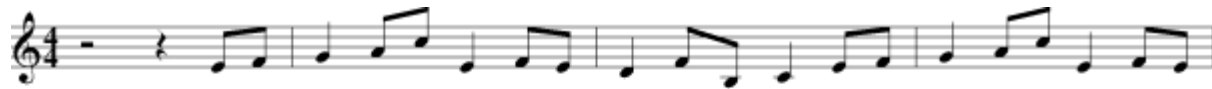
I went down to an ale house I used to frequent,  
And I told the landlady my money was spent.  
I asked her for credit, but she answered me "Nay.  
Such custom like yours I could have any day."

So I pulled from my pocket a handful of gold  
And upon the round table, it glittered and rolled  
She said, "We have whiskey and beer of the best,  
What I told you before twas only in jest!"

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done,  
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.  
And if they caress me as oft times before,  
I never will play the wild rover no more!

# Wildwood Flower (I'll Twine 'Mid the Ringlets)

words by Maud Irving and music by Joseph Philbrick Webster (1860)



I will twine and will min - gle my wav - ing black hair with the ros - es so red and the



li - ly so fair. The myr - tle so green of an em - er - ald hue, the pale em - a - nit - a and vi - let of blue.

Oh, I will twine 'mid the ringlets of my raven black hair  
 The li lies so pale and the roses so fair  
 the myr tle so bright with an emerald hue  
 The pale aronatus and eyes of bright blue.

I'll sing and I'll dance, my laugh shall be gay  
 I'll cease this wild weeping, drive sorrow away.  
 Tho' my heart is now breaking, he never shall know  
 That his name made me tremble and my pale cheeks to glow.

I'll think of him never, I'll be wildly gay  
 I'll charm ev'ry heart, and the crowd I will sway.  
 I'll live yet to see him regret the dark hour  
 When he won, then neglected, the frail wildwood flower.

He told me he loved me, and promised to love  
 Through ill and misfortune, all others above  
 Another has won him, ah! mis'ry to tell  
 He left me in silence, no word of farewell.

He taught me to love him, he call'd me his flower  
 That blossom'd for him all the brighter each hour  
 But I woke from my dreaming, my idol was clay  
 My visions of love have all faded away.



# Will You Go, Lassie, Go? (Wild Mountain Thyme)

a traditional Irish lament first recorded by Francis McPeake in 1957

*D* *G* *D* *D*  
Oh the summer time is coming  
*G* *A* *D* *D*  
and the trees are sweetly blooming,  
*G* *D* *Bm* *Bm*  
And the wild mountain thyme grows  
*Em* *Em* *G* *G*  
all around the blooming heather

*D* *G* *D* *D*  
Will you go lassie, go?  
*G* *A* *D* *D*  
And we'll all go together  
*G* *D* *Bm* *Bm*  
to pluck wild mountain thyme  
*Em* *Em* *G* *G*  
All around the blooming heather,  
*D* *G* *D* *D*  
Will you go lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower  
near the pure crystal fountain,  
And on it I will pile  
all the flowers of the mountain,

Well, the summertime has gone,  
and the leaves are gently turnin'  
And my love I wanna take you,  
to the place my heart 's a yearnin'

If my true love she were gone,  
I would surely find another  
Where the wild mountain thyme  
grows around the blooming heather

Will you go lassie go?  
and we'll all go together  
To pluck wild mountain thyme  
all around the blooming heather

Will you go lassie go?  
and we'll all go together  
To pluck wild mountain thyme  
all around the blooming heather  
Will you go lassie, go?

# Will the Circle Be Unbroken? traditional

*D* *D* *D* *D7*  
I was standing by my window,  
*G* *G* *D* *D*  
On a cold and cloudy day.  
*D* *D* *D* *r Bm*  
When I saw that hearse come rolling,  
*D* *A7* *D* *D*  
For to carry my mother away.

*D* *D* *D* *D7*  
Will the circle be unbroken?  
*G* *G* *D* *D*  
By and by, Lord, by and by?  
*D* *D* *D* *Bm*  
There's a better home a-waiting,  
*D*<sub>(½)</sub> *A7*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*  
In the sky, Lord, in the sky.

Lord, I told that undertaker,  
"Undertaker, please drive slow.  
For the body you are hauling,  
Lord, I hate to see her go."

Lord, I followed close behind her,  
Tried to hold up and be brave.  
But I could not hide my sorrow,  
When they laid her in the grave.

Went back home, Lord, my home was lonesome,  
Since my mother, she was gone.  
All my brothers, sister cryin',  
What a home so sad and lone.

We sang the songs of childhood  
Hymns of faith that made us strong  
Ones that mother maybelle taught us  
Hear the angels sing along

# Wimoweh

traditional

*G* *C*  
In the jungle, the mighty jungle  
*G* *D7*  
The lion sleeps tonight  
*G* *C*  
In the jungle the quiet jungle  
*G* *D7*  
The lion sleeps tonight

Near the village the peaceful village  
The lion sleeps tonight  
Near the village the quiet village  
The lion sleeps tonight

Hush my darling don't fear my darling  
The lion sleeps tonight  
Hush my darling don't fear my darling  
The lion sleeps tonight

*G* *C*  
Hey- yup boy wimoweh  
*G* *D7*  
Wimoweh, wimoweh

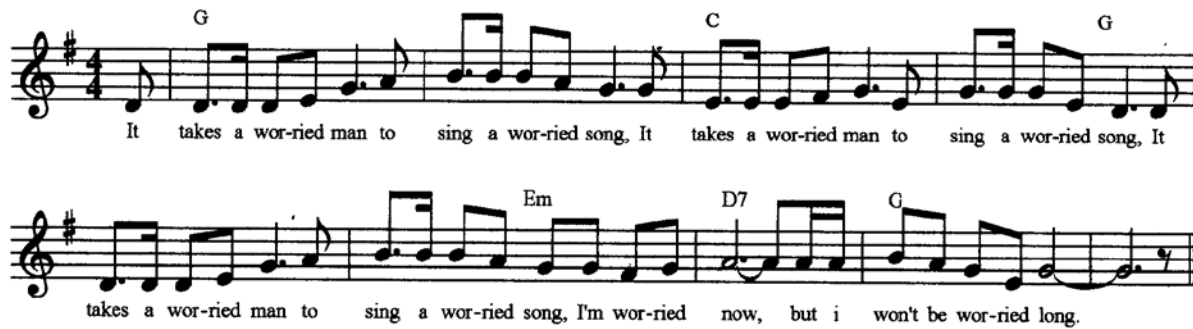
*G* *C*  
Wimoweh, oowimoweh oowimoweh oowimoweh oo  
*G* *D7*  
Wimoweh, oowimoweh oowimoweh oowimoweh

*G* *C* *G* *D7* *G* *C* *G* *D7*  
Oo.....li la la la Oo, li la la

*G* *C* *G* *D7*  
Ah, ah,,,ah, ah,,,ah,,, la la la la .....

# Worried Man Blues traditional

Traditional folk song



G                      G                      G                      G7  
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.  
C                      C                      C                      G  
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.  
G                      G                      G                      Em  
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.  
D7 D7                      G                      G                      G                      G  
I'm worried now,                      but I won't be worried long.

I went 'cross the river, and I lay down to sleep  
When I awoke, there were shackles on my feet.

Twenty-nine links of iron chain around my leg  
And on each one, an initial of my name.

I asked the judge what would be my fine  
He said, Twenty-one years on the Rocky Mountain line.

Twenty-one years to pay for my awful crime  
Twenty-one years, and I've still got ninety-nine.

Then the train arrived, sixteen coaches long  
The girl I loved is on that train and gone.

I looked down the track, far as I could see  
Little bitty hand was a-wavin' after me.

If anyone should ask you, who composed this song  
Tell 'em it was I, and I sing it all day long.  
It takes a worried man...

# Wreck of the Sloop John B

traditional West Indies folk  
song about a fishing boat sunk in about 1900 in the Bahamas

*E* *(A)* *E* *E* *(A)* *E*  
We come on the Sloop John B, my grandfather and me.  
*E* *E* *B7* *B7*  
Around Nassau town we did roam,  
*E* *E7* *A* *Am*  
Drinking all n[ight], Got into a fight,  
*E* *B7* *E* *E*  
Well I feel so break up, I wanta go home.

*E* *(A)* *E* *E* *(A)* *E*  
So hoist up the John B's sail, see how the mains'l sets,  
*E* *E* *B7* *B7*  
Send for the captain ashore, let me go home.  
*E* *E7* *A* *Am*  
Let me go home, I wanta go home,  
*E* *B7* *E* *E*  
Well I feel so break up, I wanta go home.

First Mate, he got drunk, broke up the people's trunk,  
Constable had to come and take him away.  
Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me alone?  
Well I feel so break up, I wanta go home.

The poor cook he caught the fits, threw away all my grits,  
Then he took and ate up all of my corn.  
Let me go home, I wanta go home,  
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

Words and music adapted by Lee Hays from a collection by Carl Sandburg

# Yellow Bird traditional Caribbean tune

G      G      D7                      G  
 Yellow bird, up high in banana tree.  
 G      G      D7                      G  
 Yellow bird, you sit all alone like me.  
           C                                      G  
 Did your lady friend leave the nest again?  
           D7                                      G  
 That is very bad, Makes me feel so sad.  
           C                                      G  
 You can fly away, In the sky away  
           D7                                      G  
 You more lucky than me.

          G                      C              D7                      G  
 I also have a pretty girl she not with me today  
           G                                      C  
 They all the same them pretty girls  
           D7                                      D7                      G  
 Make 'em the nest then they fly away

Yellow bird, up high in banana tree.  
 Yellow bird, you sit all alone like me.

Better fly away, In the sky away,  
 Picker coming soon, Pick from night to noon.  
 Black and yellow you, Like banana too  
 They may pick you some day.

Wish that I was a yellow bird, I fly away with you.  
 But I am not a yellow bird  
 So I sit, nothing else to do.

G    F#   G    G#dim7   D7                      G  
 Yell ow bird, up high in banana tree.  
 G    F#   G    G#dim7   D7                      G  
 Yell ow bird, you sit all alone like me.  
 C(Am7)                      G  
 Did your lady friend leave the nest again?  
 D7                      G  
 That is very bad, Makes me feel so sad.  
 C(Am7)                      G  
 You can fly away, in the sky away  
 D7                      G  
 You more lucky than me.

# You Old Fool

traditional

*D* *D* *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *A7*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*  
Now, I came home the other night as, drunk as I could be;  
*D* *D* *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *A7*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*  
Found a horse in the stable where my horse ought to be.  
*D* *D* *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *A7*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*  
Oh, come my wife, my pretty little wife, explain this thing to me,  
*D* *D* *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *A7*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*  
How come that horse's in the stable where my horse ought to be?  
*G* *D* *G* *D*  
You blind fool, you drunken fool, can't you never see?  
*G* *D* *E7* *A*  
That's nothing but a milk cow that my granny sent to me.  
*D* *D* *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *A7*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*  
I've traveled this wide world over, a hundred miles or more,  
*D* *D* *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *A7*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*  
But a saddle on a milk cow I never did see before.

Well, I came home the other night, drunk as I could be;  
Found a hat on my hat rack where my hat ought to be.  
Oh, come my wife, my pretty little wife, explain this thing to me,  
How come that hat on the hat rack where my hat ought to be?  
You blind fool, you drunken fool, can't you never see?  
That's only a chamberpot my granny sent to me.  
I've traveled this wide world over, a hundred miles or more,  
But a sweatband on a chamberpot, I never did see before.

Now, I came home the other night, drunk as I could be;  
Found a coat on the coat-rack where my coat ought to be.  
Oh, come my wife, my pretty little wife, explain this thing to me,  
How come that coat on the coat-rack where my coat ought to be?  
You blind fool, you drunken fool, can't you never see?  
That's only a blanket my granny sent to me.  
I've traveled this wide world over, a hundred miles or more,  
But pockets on a blanket I never did see before.

Now, I came home the other night, drunk as I could be;  
Found some boots under my bed where my boots ought to be.  
Oh, come my wife, my pretty little wife, explain this thing to me,  
How come those boots under my bed where my boots ought to be?

You blind fool, you drunken fool, can't you never see?

That's only a bed pan my granny sent to me.

I've traveled this wide world over, a hundred miles or more,  
But spurs on a bed pan I never did see before.

Now, I came home the other night, drunk as I could be;  
Found some pants on the dresser where my pants ought to be.  
Oh, come my wife, my pretty little wife, explain this thing to me,  
How come those pants on the dresser where my pants ought to be?

You blind fool, you drunken fool, can't you never see?

That's only a dish rag my granny sent to me.

I've traveled this wide world over, a hundred miles or more,  
But a zipper on a dish rag I never did see before.

Now, I came home the other night, drunk as I could be;  
Found a head on the pillow where my head ought to be.  
Oh, come my wife, my pretty little wife, explain this thing to me,  
How come that head on the pillow where my head ought to be?

You blind fool, you drunken fool, can't you never see?

That's only a mush melon my granny sent to me.

I've traveled this wide world over, a hundred miles or more,  
But whiskers on a mush melon I never did see before.

.....Spoken.....It's a good thing I'm not of a suspicious nature

**####.... Author unknown. Variant of an 18th century English traditional ballad, *Four Nights Drunk* (Child Ballad #274) *The English And Scottish Popular Ballads* (1882-1898) edited by Francis James Child [1825-1896] (Dover, 1965)**



