

Times Are Getting Hard

traditional from Carl Sandburg's
"American Songbag" (1927)

D6 *G*^(1/2) *Em*^(1/2) *A*^(1/2) *A7*^(1/2) *D*
Times are getting hard boys, money's getting scarce
D6 *G*^(1/2) *Em*^(1/2) *A*^(1/2) *A7*^(1/2) *D*
If times don't get no better boys, gonna leave this place

D6 *G*^(1/2) *Em*^(1/2) *A*^(1/2) *A7*^(1/2 /A /G) *D*
Take my true love by her hand, lead her through the town
*D*_{(/D /C# C /A} *G*^(1/2) *Em*^(1/2) *A*^(1/4) *G*^(1/4) *A*^(1/4) *A7*^(1/4) *D*
Say goodbye to everyone, goodbye to ev' ry - one.

Had a job a year ago, had a little home
Now I've got no place to go, guess I'll have to roam

Every wind that blows boys, every wind that blows
Carries me to some new place, heaven only knows

Times are getting hard boys, money's getting scarce
Times don't get no better boys, gonna leave this place

D6 *G*^(1/2) *Em*^(1/2) *A*^(1/2) *A7*^(1/2 /A /G) *D*
Take my true love by her hand, lead her through the town
*D*_{(/D /C# C /A} *G*^(1/2) *Em*^(1/2) *A*^(1/4) *G*^(1/4) *A*^(1/4) *A7*^(1/4) *D*
Say goodbye to everyone, goodbye to ev' ry - one.
n.c. *A7* *D*
Say goodbye to everyone
n.c. *D*
Goodbye to everyone

Times Are Getting Hard

traditional from Carl Sandburg's "American Songbag" (1927 Lyrics adapted by Lee Hays)

Times are getting hard, boys,
Money's getting scarce
If things don't get no better, boys,
Gonna leave this place

Take my true love by the hand
Lead her thru the town.
Saying good-bye to everyone
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.

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.

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

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