

# "Acony Bell"

G  
The fairest bloom the mountain knows

Is not an iris or a wild rose G7

C  
But the little flower of which I'll tell G

D7 G  
Known as the brave acony bell

TURN AROUND - D7-G

G  
Just a simple flower so small and plain

With a pearly hue and a little known name G7

C  
But the yellow birds sing when they see it bloom G

D7 G  
For they know that spring is coming soon

INSTRUMENTAL

G  
Well it makes its home mid the rocks and the rills

Where the snow lies deep on the windy hills G7

C  
And it tells the world "why should i wait G

D7 G  
This ice and snow is gonna melt away"

C  
And so I'll sing that yellow bird's song G

D7 G  
For the troubled times will soon be gone

INSTRUMENTAL - OUT

# ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE (CAPO 2)

I'VE BEEN WALKING ----- IN MY SLEEP COUNT-ING  
TROU—BLES-----'STEAD OF COUNTIN SHEEP WHERE THE  
YEARS WENT I CAN'T SAY I JUST  
TURNED AROUND AND THEY'VE GONE A-WAY

BUT I'VE BEEN SIFTING THROUGH THE LAYERS  
OF DUSTY BOOKS AND FADED PAPERS.  
THEY TELL A STORY I USED TO KNOW;  
ONE THAT HAPPENED SO LONG AGO

IT'S GONE AWAY IN YESTERDAY  
AND I FIND MYSELF ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE  
WHERE THE RIVERS CHANGE DIRECTION ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE

WELL I HEARD THE OWL CALLING  
SOFTLY AS THE NIGHT WAS FALLING  
WITH A QUESTION, AND I REPLIED  
BUT HE'S GONE ACROSS THE BORDERLINE.

(CHORUS)

THE FINEST HOUR, THAT I HAVE SEEN  
IS THE ONE THAT COMES BETWEEN  
THE EDGE OF NIGHT AND BREAK OF DAY,  
WHEN THE DARKNESS ROLLS AWAY

(CHORUS)

# ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE (CAPO 2)

I'VE BEEN WALKING ----- IN MY SLEEP      COUNT-ING  
TROU—BLES-----'STEAD OF COUNTIN SHEEP      WHERE THE  
YEARS WENT    I CAN'T SAY      I JUST  
TURNED AROUND      AND THEY'VE GONE A-WAY

BUT I'VE BEEN SIFTING THROUGH THE LAYERS  
OF DUSTY BOOKS    AND FADED PAPERS.  
THEY TELL A STORY    I USED    TO KNOW;  
ONE THAT HAPPENED SO LONG AGO

IT'S GONE AWAY      IN YESTERDAY  
AND I FIND MYSELF ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE  
WHERE THE RIVERS CHANGE DIRECTION ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE

WELL I HEARD      THE OWL CALLING  
SOFTLY AS    THE NIGHT WAS FALLING  
WITH A QUESTION,    AND I REPLIED  
BUT HE'S GONE    ACROSS THE BORDERLINE.

(CHORUS)

THE FINEST HOUR,    THAT I HAVE SEEN  
IS THE ONE    THAT COMES BETWEEN  
THE EDGE OF NIGHT    AND BREAK OF DAY,  
WHEN THE DARKNESS    ROLLS AWAY

(CHORUS)

## Aint No Ash Will Burn

C F G C  
I have seen snow that fell in May

F G C  
And I have seen rain on cloudless days

F G AM  
Somethings are always bound to change

F G C  
There ain't no ash will burn

*CHORUS:* C F G C  
Love is a precious thing I'm told

F G C  
Burns just like West Virginia coal

F G AM  
But when the fire dies down it's cold

F G C  
There ain't no ash will burn

C F G C  
You say this life is not your lot

F G C  
Well I can't be something that I'm not

F G AM  
We can't stoke a fire that we ain't got

F G C  
There ain't no ash will burn

C F G C  
In every life there comes a time

F G C  
Where there are no more tears to cry

F G AM  
We must leave something dear behind

F G C  
There ain't no ash will burn

C F G AM  
There is one lesson I have learned

F G C  
There ain't no ash will burn

**AMBER WALTZ**  
By Mick Doherty

**G**      **Em**      **C**      **G**      **Bm**      **C**  
///-///    ///-///    ///    ///    ///    ///

**C**      **G**      **Am**      **Bm**      **C**      **G**      **C**      **G**  
///      ///      ///      ///      ///      ///      ///      ///

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

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

(2<sup>nd</sup> time)  
**D**  
///

**"Annabelle"**  
by Steve Einhorn

Inst:           D    G       C       D    G       D    G       C    D    G  
              // - / - /// - / - // - // - / - /// - / - //

Verse:           D                   G               C               D               G  
Annabelle won't you come back home, there's supper on the stove  
D                   G               C       D       G  
Been away such a long long time, I hardly know you

Chorus:           G                   C-D                   C-G  
Won't you come back home, there's supper on the stove  
G                   C-D                   C-G  
Won't you come back home, there's supper on the stove

Inst:           D    G       C       D    G       D    G       C    D    G  
              // - / - /// - / - // - // - / - /// - / - //

Verse           D                   G       C               D               G  
Precious children grow so fast, then they leave us all alone  
D                   G               C               D               G  
Got to love them while we can, before we're dead and gone

Chorus:           G                   C-D                   C-G  
Won't you come back home, there's supper on the stove  
G                   C-D                   C-G  
Won't you come back home, there's supper on the stove

Yodel:           D    G       C       D    G       D    G       C    D    G  
              // - / - /// - / - // - // - / - /// - / - //

                  D                   G               C               D               G  
Annabelle won't you come back home, there's supper on the stove  
D                   G               C       D       G  
Been away such a long long time, I hardly know you

Chorus:           G                   C-D                   C-G  
Won't you come back home, there's supper on the stove  
G                   C-D                   C-G - x2 + Yodel  
Won't you come back home, there's supper on the stove

"ARAGON MILL"

-Si Kahn & Pete Seeger

CHORUS: C And the only tune I hear Is the sound of the wind, Am C  
G  
As it blows through the town,  
F C  
Weave and spin, weave and spin

C  
At the east end of town, at the foot of the hill  
G F C  
Stands a chimney so tall that says "Aragon Mill."  
C  
But there's no smoke at all coming out of the stack  
G F C  
The mill has shut down and it ain't a-coming back.

CHORUS

C  
Well, I'm too old to work, and I'm too young to die.  
G F C  
Tell me, where shall we go, My old gal and I?  
C  
There's no children at all in the narrow empty street.  
G F C  
The mill has closed down; it's so quiet I can't sleep.

C  
Yes, the mill has shut down; it's the only life I know  
G F C  
Tell me, where will I go, Tell me, where will I go?  
C Am C  
And the only tune I hear, is the sound of the wind  
G  
As it blows through the town,  
F C  
Weave and spin, weave and spin.





"Bottle Of Wine"

CHORUS

<sup>C</sup>  
Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine  
<sup>G C</sup>  
When you gonna let me get sober?  
  
Let me alone, let me go home  
<sup>GC</sup>  
Let me go back to start over

<sup>C G F C</sup>  
Ramblin' around this dirty old town  
<sup>C G C</sup>  
Singin' for nickels and dimes.  
<sup>C G F C</sup>  
Times getting tough, I ain't got enough  
<sup>G C</sup>  
To buy a little bottle of wine  
<sup>C</sup>  
Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine  
When you gonna let me get sober?  
Let me alone, let me go home  
Let me go back to start over

<sup>C G F C</sup>  
Little hotel, older than Hell  
<sup>D G C</sup>  
Dark as a coal in a mine  
<sup>C G F C</sup>  
Blanket too thin, I lay there and grin  
<sup>C G C</sup>  
'Cause I got a little bottle of wine  
<sup>C</sup>  
Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine  
When you gonna let me get sober?  
Let me alone, let me go home  
Let me go back to start over

<sup>C G F C</sup>  
Pain in my head and bugs in my bed  
<sup>C G C</sup>  
Pants are so old that they shine  
<sup>C G F C</sup>  
Out on the street tell the people I meet  
<sup>C G C</sup>  
"Won'tcha buy me a bottle of wine?"  
<sup>C</sup>  
Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine  
When you gonna let me get sober?  
Let me alone, let me go home  
Let me go back to start over

<sup>C G F C</sup>  
Well, a preacher would preach, teacher would teach  
<sup>C G C</sup>  
A miner would dig in a mine  
<sup>C G F C</sup>  
I ride the rods trustin' in God  
<sup>C G C</sup>  
A-huggin' my bottle of wine

BRANDY TREE (Otter's Song) Gordon Bok

I go down to the brandy tree, Take my nose and my tail with me,  
 All for the world and the wind to see, And never come back no more.

Down in the meadowmarsh, deep and wide, Tumble the tangle by my side,  
 All for the westing wind to run, And slide in the summer rain.

Sun, come follow my happy way, Wind, come walk beside me.  
 Moon on the mountain, go with me, A wondrous way I know.

I go down to the windy sea, And the little grey seal will play with me;  
 Slide on the rock and dive in the bay, And sleep on the ledge at night.

But the seal don't try to tell me, How to fish in the windy blue:  
 Seals been fishing for a thousand years, And he knows that I have too.

When the frog goes down to the mud to sleep, And the lamprey hide in the  
 boulders deep,  
 I take my nose and my tail and go, A hundred thousand hills.

Someday, down by the brandy tree, I'll hear the Shepherd call for me;  
 Call me to leave my happy ways, And the shining world I know.

Sun on the hill, come go with me, My days have all been free.  
 The pipes come laughing down the wind, And that's the way I go, That's the way  
 for me.



Buckets of Rain

Bob Dylan

<sup>C</sup>  
Buckets of rain

Buckets of tears

Got all them buckets coming out of my ears

<sup>F</sup>  
Buckets of moonbeams in my <sup>C</sup> hand

<sup>G</sup>  
You got all the love honey baby

<sup>C</sup>  
I can stand.

<sup>C</sup>  
I been meek

And hard like an oak

I seen pretty people disappear like smoke

<sup>F</sup> Friends will arrive friends will disappear

<sup>G</sup> If you want me honey baby

I'll be here.<sup>C</sup>

<sup>C</sup>  
I like your smile

And your fingertips

I like the way that you move your hips

<sup>G</sup> I like <sup>F</sup> the cool way you look at me <sup>C</sup>

Everything about you is bringing me

Misery.<sup>F</sup>

Little red wagon

Little red bike

I ain't no monkey but I know what I like

I like the way you love me strong and slow

I'm taking you with me honey baby

When I go.

Life is sad

Life is a bust

All ya can do is do what you must

You do what you must do and ya do it well

I'll do it for you honey baby

Can't you tell?

## CANDY MAN

F

Candy Man, (Salty Dog)

C

F

Candy Man, (Salty Dog)

F

Candy Man, (Salty Dog)

Bb

F

C

F

You won't be my Candy Man, won't be your Salty Dog.

Little Red Light, (Little Green Light) x3

Stop on the red, go on the green, don't you mess with Mrs. In  
between

F

Run and fetch the bucket get the baby some beer, run and fetch the  
bucket get the baby some beer

C

F

Run and fetch the bucket get the baby some beer, go on, get outta  
here!

F

Run and fetch the bucket get the baby some beer, run and fetch the  
bucket get the baby some beer

Bb

F

C

F

Do anything in this God almighty world, to keep my Candy Man home

Gingerbread Man, (Santa Claus) x3

Gingerbread Man's got raisins for his eyes, gonna eat 'em just as fast  
as I can.

Candy Man, (Been here and gone) x3

Wish I was in New Orleans, just sittin' on a Candy Stand

Can't Help Falling in Love  
Elvis Presley

1

C Em Am F C G  
Wise men say only fools rush in  
F G Am Dm C G C  
But I can't help falling in love with you

2

C Em Am F C G  
Shall I stay? Would it be a sin  
F G Am Dm C G C  
If I can't help falling in love with you?

REFRAIN

Em B Em B  
Like a river flows surely to the sea  
Em B Em Dm-G  
Darling so it goes, some things are meant to be

3

C Em Am F C G  
Take my hand, take my whole life too  
F G Am Dm C G C  
For I can't help falling in love with you [x2 ending]

REFRAIN  
Repeat 3

AM<sup>c</sup>  
ending

Cape Cod Girls

1                      1                      4                      5

Cape Cod girls aint got no combs  
4                      1

Haul away, haul away

They brush their hair with codfish bones

5 1  
we're bound away for Australia

1  
heave away me bully bully boys

1                      4                      1  
Haul away, haul away

Heave her up and don't you make a noise

5 1  
we're bound away for Australia

1    4-1  
Cape Cod kids aint got no sleds, h.a., h.a.

They slide down hills on codfish heads, And we're...

1    4-1  
Cape Cod girls aint got no frills, h.a., h.a.

They tie their hair with codfish gills, and we're....

1    4-1  
Cape Cod cats aint got no tails, h.a., h.a.

They lost them all in the northeast gales, and we're....

## "Catfish John"

<sup>C</sup> Mama said, 'Don't go near that river'  
<sup>F</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> 'Don't be hanging around old Catfish John'  
<sup>G</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> 'Come the morning, I'd always be there'  
<sup>F</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> 'Walking in his footsteps in the sweet Delta dawn'.  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>

<sup>C</sup> Born a slave in the town of Vicksburg, traded for a chestnut mare  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Still, he never spoke in anger, though the load was hard to bear.  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>

<sup>C</sup> Mama said: 'Don't go near that river'  
<sup>F</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> 'Don't be hanging around old Catfish John'  
<sup>G</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> 'Come the morning, I'd always be there'  
<sup>F</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> 'Walking in his footsteps in the sweet Delta dawn'.  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>

<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Catfish John was a river hobo, livin' down by the river bend  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Lookin' back, I can still remember, I was proud to be his friend.

Mama said: 'Don't go near that river'  
'Don't be hanging around old Catfish John'  
'Come the morning, I'd always be there'  
'Walking in his footsteps in the sweet Delta dawn'.

<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Let me dream in another morning, of a time so long ago  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
When the sweet magnolia blossomed, cotton fields as white as snow.

Mama said: 'Don't go near that river'  
'Don't be hanging around old Catfish John'  
'Come the morning, I'd always be there'  
'Walking in his footsteps in the sweet Delta dawn'.

'Come the morning, I'd always be there'  
'Walking in his footsteps in the sweet Delta dawn'.

# "Crossing the Bar"

Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for me  
And may there be no moaning of the bar, When I put out  
to sea,

When I put out to sea, When I put out to sea,  
And may there be no moaning of the bar, When I put out  
to sea.

Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark  
And may there be no sadness of farewell, When I embark  
When I embark, When I embark,  
And may there be no sadness of farewell, When I embark

But such a tide as moving seems asleep, Too full for  
sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep,  
Turns again home

Turns again home, Turns again home,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,  
Turns again home.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place, The flood  
may bear me far

I hope to see my Pilot face to face, When I have crossed  
the bar.

When I have crossed the bar, When I have crossed the  
bar,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face, When I have crossed  
the bar

When I have crossed the bar, When I have crossed the  
bar,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face, When I have crossed  
the bar

Lyrics: Alfred Lord Tennyson, Music: Rani Berbo



# Crush

(Kate Power & Steve Einhorn)

<sup>C</sup>  
Tell me honey, whatcha doin'?

<sup>C7</sup>  
Workin' day and night doin' nothing but

<sup>F</sup>  
Ridin' high without a clue

<sup>G7</sup> While I'm sittin' over here with a sunny side up crush on you <sup>C</sup>

<sup>C</sup>  
Fancy drink, fancy car,

<sup>C7</sup>  
High heels under shooting stars

<sup>F</sup>  
Red lips kissin' me

<sup>G7</sup>  
I just can't let you go

<sup>C</sup>  
Let you go and leave old me

<sup>C</sup>  
I got no wine, no PBR

<sup>C7</sup>  
We're sitting here at the bar

<sup>F</sup>  
Look at 'em checkin' us out makin' time

<sup>G7</sup>  
Tell me baby, baby

<sup>C</sup>  
Tell me, tell me one more time

<sup>C</sup>  
Tell me honey, what you think?

<sup>C7</sup> Is it for the money or the way that you wink at me <sup>F</sup>

<sup>C</sup>  
Tell me once, tell me every time

<sup>G7</sup>  
That you'd rather be my honey than

<sup>C</sup>  
Lookin' at the good old times

So, tell me honey, whatcha doin'?

Workin' day and night doin' nothing but

Ridin' high without a clue

While I'm sittin' over here with a sunny side up crush on you

"DEPORTEES" The crops are all in and the peaches are rott'ning,  
WOODY GUTHRIE The oranges piled in their creosote dumps;  
They're flying 'em back to the Mexican border  
To pay all their money to wade back again

CHORUS: Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye, Rosalita,  
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria;  
You won't have your names when you ride the big airplane,  
All they will call you will be "deportees"

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

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

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

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

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

CHORUS

DILLAN BAY

G            C  
Dillan Bay, laddie-o  
G            C        D7  
Dillan dau, laddie-ay  
G            C  
Dillan Bay, laddie-o  
G            D7            G  
All the boats are gone

Gone away, laddie-o  
gone away, laddie-ay  
gone away, laddie-o  
With their topsails high

Topsails high, laddie-o  
topsails high, laddie-ay  
topsails high, laddie-o  
When the wind's away

Wind's away, laddie-o  
Wind's away, laddie-ay  
wind's away, laddie-o  
Down in Dillan Bay

Dillan Bay, laddie-o  
Dillan dau, laddie-ay  
Dillan Bay, laddie-o  
All the boats are gone

recorded by Gordon Bok

## Don't Fence Me In

**D**

Oh give me land, lots of land under starry skies  
above,

**A7**

Don't fence me in.

Let me ride through the wide open country that I  
love,

**D**

Don't fence me in.

**D7**

Let me be by myself in the evening breeze,

**G**

Listen to the murmur of the cotton wood trees.

**D**

**B7**

**Gm**

Send me off forever, but I ask you please,

**D**

**A7**

**D**

Don't fence me in.

VERSE 2:

**G**

Just turn me loose let me straddle my old saddle,  
(Ooooh)

**D**

Underneath the western skies. (Oooo-Ooooh)

**G**

On my Cayuse let me wander over yonder, (Oooo-  
Ooooh)

**D**

Till I see the mountains rise. (Aaaah-aaah)

**D7**

I want to ride to the ridge where the west  
commences,

**G**

And gaze at the moon till I loose my senses.

**D**

**B7**

**Gm**

I can't look at hovels and I can't stand fences,

**D**

**A7**

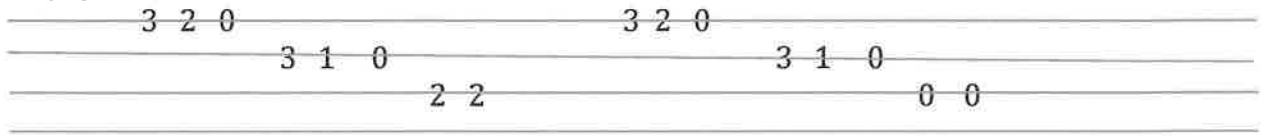
**D**

Don't fence me in.

El Belle (ukalaliens songbook/by steve einhorn ©1998)

A Part

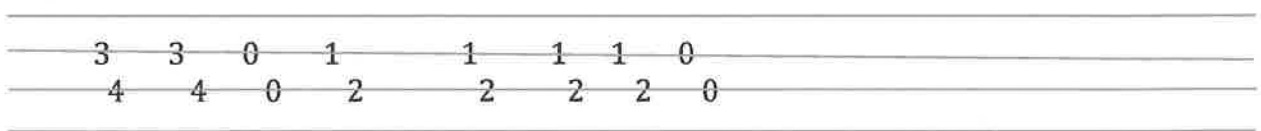
(2x)



Musical notation for the A Part, consisting of two staves. The first staff contains the notes 3 2 0, followed by a space, then 3 1 0, followed by a space, then 3 2 0, followed by a space, then 3 1 0. The second staff contains the notes 2 2, followed by a space, then 0 0.

B Part - Pinch 2nd & 3rd strings in pairs below (staccato)

(2x)



Musical notation for the B Part, consisting of two staves. The first staff contains the notes 3 3 0 1, followed by a space, then 1 1 1 0. The second staff contains the notes 4 4 0 2, followed by a space, then 2 2 2 0.

# El Belle

**C**

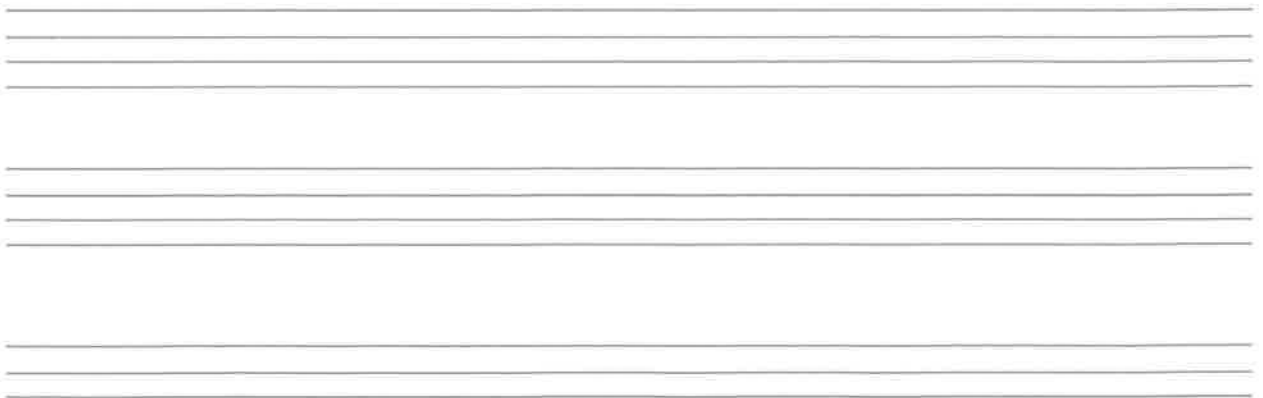
**/-/**

**Dm**

**/-/-/-/**

**C**

**/-/**



Five sets of empty musical staves for practice.

# Far Away in Australia

G C G  
Sweetheart I'm bidding you fond farewell  
D  
I will be yours someday  
Em Bm C G  
I'm bound for a new land, my fortune to try  
D G  
And I'm ready to sail away

## CHORUS:

G D  
Far away in Australia  
Em Bm C  
Soon will fate be kind  
Em Bm C G  
And I will be ready to welcome at last  
D G  
The girl I left behind

G C G  
"Oh, you can't leave me," this poor maid said  
D  
"I will not let you go"  
Em Bm C G  
"But I must leave you," he gently replied  
D G  
"If only for a while, you know"

## -CHORUS-

G C G  
"Now in success or in failure  
D  
I will always be true,  
Em Bm C G  
And proudly each day in the land far away  
D G  
I'll be building a home for you."

## -CHORUS-

G C G  
Daily she waits at the old cottage gate  
D  
Watching the whole day through  
Em Bm C G  
Then one day a message from over the sea  
D G  
And I'm hoping these words are true

Far away in Australia  
Now has come the time  
When I am ready to welcome at last  
The girl I left behind

# "Five Hundred Miles"

*C* *Am* *DM*  
If you missed the train I'm on, You will know that I am gone

*G* *C*  
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles

*C* *Am* *DM*  
A hundred miles, a hundred miles, A hundred miles, a hundred miles

*G* *C*  
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles

*C* *Am* *DM*  
Lord, I'm one, Lord, I'm two, Lord, I'm three, Lord, I'm four

*G*  
Lord, I'm five hundred miles away from home

*C* *Am* *DM*  
Away from home, away from home, Away from home, away from  
home

*G* *C*  
Lord, I'm five hundred miles away from home

*C* *Am* *DM*  
Not a shirt on my back, Not a penny to my name

*G*  
Lord, I can't go back home this ole way

*C* *Am* *DM*  
This ole way, this ole way, This ole way, this ole way,

*G* *C*  
Lord, I can't go back home this ole way

*C* *Am* *DM*  
If you missed the train I'm on, You will know that I am gone

*G*  
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles

*C* *Am* *DM*  
A hundred miles, a hundred miles, A hundred miles, a hundred miles

*G* *C*  
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles

*DM* *G* *C*  
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles

*DM* *G* *C*  
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles

"FLORA de SANTA CRUZ"  
TRAD. MEXICO

"A" PART: <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
||| ||| ||| |||

<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
||| ||| ||| |||

<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
||| ||| ||| |||

<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
||| ||| ||| |||

"B" PART: <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
||| ||| ||| |||

<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
||| ||| ||| |||

<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
||| ||| ||| |||

<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
||| ||| ||| |||



# FORESTYNE'S WALTZ

BY BILL GRAHAM

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C G  
It's Saturday night at the Mettier Ball  
F G  
All of the ladies twirl round the hall  
C G  
And off in the corner sits Forestyne Loyles  
F G  
Watching a man swing another girl  
C G  
When moments before he stood so near  
F G F C  
The words that he whispered still ring in her ear

Am Em  
Dance with me, Forestyne, dance with me, girl  
F G  
Give me your hand and I'll show you the world  
Am Em  
All that matters is love that is true  
F G F C  
Give me your ~~hand~~ <sup>heart</sup> and I'll give mine to you.

Her feet said "Yes!" but her voice said "No."  
She remembered hearing her mother go  
"Yes, daughter, dear daughter, you can go to the dance  
But make no mistake, give no man a chance  
He'll capture your heart and he'll break it some day  
Better to win his than toss it away."

Waltzes pass quickly and so do the years  
Frail white-haired Forestyne chokes back the tears  
As the cleaning girl dusts off her dear mama's desk  
She remembers a "no" that should have been "yes"

Oh, girl, if a good man ever whispers in your ear  
Hold him close, hold him dear  
For your heart it will ache and your body will burn  
Say no to true love, it never returns

Four Strong Winds  
Ian Tyson

CHORUS:

C F G C  
Four strong winds that blow lonely, Seven seas that run high  
F G  
All those things that don't change come what may  
C Dm G C  
But our good times are all gone, And I'm bound for moving on  
DM Am G  
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way

C F G C  
Think I'll go out to Alberta, Weather's good there in the fall  
F G  
I got some friends that I can go to working for  
C Dm G C  
Still I wish you'd change your mind, If I asked you one more time  
Dm Am G  
But we've been through that a hundred times or more

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

INTRO: 

Gentle Arms of Eden  
Dave Carter

In a sleepy endless ocean when the world lay in a dream  
There was rhythm in the splash and roll, but not a voice to sing  
So the moon shone on the breakers and the morning warmed the waves  
Till a single cell did jump and hum for joy as though to say

This is my home, this is my only home  
This is the only sacred ground that i have ever known  
And should i stray in th dark night alone  
Rock me goddess in the gentle arms of eden

Then the ~~day~~<sup>ONE</sup> shone bright and rounder til the one turned into two  
And the two into ten thousand things, and old things into new  
And on some virgin beach head one lonesome critter crawled  
And he looked about and shouted out in his most astonished drawl

This is my home ...

Then all the sky was ~~buzzin'~~<sup>HUMMIN'</sup> and the ground was carpet green  
And the wary children of the woods went dancin in between  
And the people sang rejoicing when the fields ~~was~~<sup>WERE</sup> glad with grain  
This song of celebration from their cities on the plain

This is my home ...

Now there's smoke across the harbor, there's factories on the shore  
And the world is ill with greed and will and enterprise of war  
But i will lay my burden in the cradle of your grace  
And the shining beaches of your love and the sea of your embrace

This is my home ...

# Gill Finn's Waltz ©Kasper

C - G<sup>7</sup> - C - G<sup>7</sup> - C - G<sup>7</sup> - C - G<sup>7</sup> - C  
 ||| ||| ||| ||| ||| ||| ||| ||| x2

F - C - G<sup>7</sup> - C - G<sup>7</sup> - C - G<sup>7</sup> - C  
 ||| - ||| ||| ||| ||| ||| ||| ||| x2

Am - E<sup>7</sup> - Am - E<sup>7</sup> - Am - E<sup>7</sup> - Am - E<sup>7</sup> - Am  
 ||| ||| ||| ||| ||| ||| ||| ||| x2

Dm - Am - E<sup>7</sup> - Am - E<sup>7</sup> - Am - E<sup>7</sup> - Am  
 ||| - ||| ||| ||| ||| ||| ||| ||| x2

"Girl From the North Country" Bob Dylan

intro: G C  
// //

UKE B<sup>m</sup>

Em11

D7

G-C-G

If you're traveling in the north country fair

Em11

D7

G-C-G

Where the winds hit heavy on the borderline

Em11

D7

G-C-G

Remember me to one who lives there

Em11

D7

G-C-G

She once was a true love of mine.

If you go when the snowflakes storm

When the rivers freeze and summer ends

Please see if she's a coat so warm

To keep her from the howlin' winds.

Please see if her hair hangs long

If it rolls and flows all down her breast

Please see from me if her hair hangs long

That's the way I remember her best.

I'm a-wonderin' if she remember me at all

Many times I've often prayed

In the darkness of my night

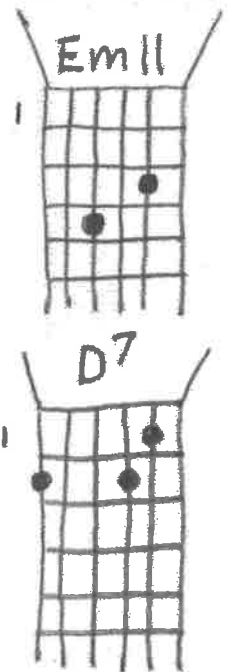
In the brightness of my day.

So if you're travelin' in the north country fair

Where the winds hit heavy on the borderline

Remember me to one who lives there

She once was a true love of mine.



## GIT ALONG, LITTLE DOGIES

As I was out walking one morning for pleasure  
I spied a cowpuncher a-riding along  
His hat was thrown back and his spurs were a-jingling  
And as he approached he was singing this song

[Chorus]

Whoopie-ti-yi-yo

Get along little dogies

It's your misfortune and none of my own

Whoopie-ti-yi-yo

Get along little dogies

You know that Wyoming will be your new home

Early in spring we round up all the dogies

Mark them and brand them and bob off their tails

Round up the horses and load the chuck wagon

And throw all them dogies right out on the trail

# "The Glory Of Love"

*C* You've got to give a little, take a little, *G7*  
*C* and let your poor heart break a little. *C7* *F*  
*C* That's the story of, that's the glory of love. *G7* *C* *G7*

*C* You've got to laugh a little, cry a little, *G7*  
*C* until the clouds roll by a little. *C7* *F*  
*C* That's the story of, that's the glory of love. *G7* *C* *C7*

*BRIDGE* *F* As long as there's the two of us,  
*C* we've got the world and all its charms. *G7* *C*  
*F* And when the world is through with us, *FM*  
*D7* we've got each other's arms. *G7*

*C* You've got to win a little, lose a little, *G7*  
*C* yes, and always have the blues a little. *C7* *F*  
*C* That's the story of, that's the glory of love. *G7* *C*  
That's the story of, that's the glory of love *G7* *C*

Going Away  
By Utah Phillips

Tempo 108 4/4 Intro D D G G

D G  
Is that the moon I see  
D  
Over there in the west?  
G  
Our just a headlight beam  
D  
C & O express?

-----Chorus-----

G D  
I know she's gone Whatever I say  
G D G  
And it won't be long 'Til I make up my mind  
D  
And go away

-----  
D G  
Is that the sun coming up  
D  
On that Eastern shore?  
G  
Or just a coal fire glow  
D  
behind the firebox door?

Chorus

-----Bridge-----

G  
See that man? He can't hear the whistle  
D  
Damned old fool's caught out on the trestle  
G  
He can't go forward and he can't go back  
E A  
The train kept a-rollin', brushed him off the track.  
G  
Other winds may blow  
D  
And the storm will rise  
G  
Still I long to go  
D  
Where the fast mail flies

Chorus

Instrumental

Bridge to fini



GOODNIGHT LOVING TRAIL

Utah Phillips

3/4

<sup>C</sup>Too old to wrangle or <sup>G</sup>ride on the swing  
You beat the triangle and you <sup>C</sup>curse everything  
If dirt was a kingdom, then <sup>F</sup>you'd be the king  
Refrain: On the <sup>C</sup>goodnight <sup>G</sup>trail on the <sup>C</sup>Loving <sup>F</sup>trail  
Our <sup>C</sup>old woman's lonesome <sup>G</sup>tonight  
Your <sup>C</sup>french harp <sup>G</sup>blows like a loneballing <sup>F</sup>calf  
It's a <sup>C</sup>wonder the <sup>Am</sup>wind don't <sup>G</sup>tear off your <sup>G</sup>skin  
Get in <sup>G</sup>there and blow out the <sup>F-C</sup>light.

<sup>C</sup>With your snake oil and herbs and your <sup>G</sup>liniments, too  
You can do anything that a <sup>C</sup>doctor can do  
Except find a cure for your own <sup>F</sup>God damned stew

Refrain:

<sup>C</sup>The campfire's gone out and the <sup>G</sup>coffee's all gone  
The boys are all up and they're <sup>C</sup>raising the dawn  
You're still sitting there <sup>F</sup>lost in a song

Refrain:

<sup>C</sup>I know that someday I'll <sup>G</sup>be just the same  
wearing an apron instead of a name  
There's <sup>F</sup>nothing can change it there's no one to blame  
For the <sup>C</sup>desert's a book writ in lizards and sage  
Easy to look like an <sup>C</sup>old torn out page  
Faded and cracked with the <sup>F</sup>colors of age.

Refrain:

**F**                      **Bb**                      **F**  
Guabi Guabi cooz wan lay tom byami  
                                 **C7**                                      **F**  
Ee-so-lay gambay shoo-ee ahn tan-na  
2X

**F**                      **Bb**                      **F**                      **F**  
N'yay zon tengee la ma banza  
                                 **C7**                                      **F**  
Easy weetchie lay banana  
2X

Guabi Guabi, guzwangle notamb yami  
(Hear, Guabi, Guabi, I have a girlfriend)

Ihlale nkamben', shu'ngyamtanda  
(She lives at Nkamben, sure I love her)

Ngizamtenge la mabanzi, iziwichi le banana  
(I will buy her buns, sweets and bananas)

Hobo's Lullaby  
Woody Guthrie

D G  
Go to sleep you weary hobo  
A D  
Let the towns drift slowly by  
D G  
Listen to the steel rails hummin'  
A D  
That's the hobo's lullaby

D G  
Do not think 'bout tomorrow  
A D  
Let tomorrow come and go  
D G  
Tonight you're in a nice warm boxcar  
A D  
Safe from all that wind and snow

D G  
I know the police cause you trouble  
A D  
They cause trouble everywhere  
D G  
But when you die and go to Heaven  
A D  
You'll find no policemen there

D G  
So go to sleep you weary hobo  
A D  
Let the towns drift slowly by  
D G  
Listen to the steel rails hummin'  
A D  
That's a hobo's lullaby

## **How Can I Keep From Singing?**

Traditional

My life goes on in endless song  
Above earth's lamentation  
I hear the real, though far-off hymn  
That hails the new creation

Above the tumult and the strife  
I hear its music ringing  
It sounds an echo in my soul  
How can I keep from singing?

What though the tempest loudly roars  
I hear the truth, it liveth  
What though the darkness 'round me close  
Songs in the night it giveth

No storm can shake my inmost calm  
While to that rock I'm clinging  
Since love is Lord of heaven and earth  
How can I keep from singing?

When tyrants tremble sick with fear  
And hear their death knell ringing  
When friends rejoice both far and near  
How can I keep from singing?

In prison cell and dungeon vile  
Our thoughts to them are winging  
When friends by shame are undefiled  
How can I keep from singing?

**"I Can't Help But Wonder Where I'm Bound"**

<sup>C</sup> It's a long and a dusty road, a <sup>F</sup> hot and a heavy <sup>DM</sup> load

<sup>G</sup> The folks I meet ain't always <sup>C</sup> kind

<sup>C</sup> Some are bad, some are good, some have <sup>F</sup> done the best they <sup>DM</sup> could

<sup>G</sup> Some have tried to ease my <sup>C</sup> troublin' mind

<sup>DM</sup> And I can't help but <sup>G</sup> wonder where I'm <sup>C</sup> bound, where I'm <sup>AM</sup> bound

<sup>DM</sup> Can't help but <sup>G</sup> wonder where I'm <sup>C</sup> bound

<sup>C</sup> I've been wanderin' through this land, <sup>F</sup> doin' the best I can <sup>DM</sup>

<sup>G</sup> Tryin' to find what I was meant to <sup>C</sup> do

<sup>C</sup> And the people that I see look as <sup>F</sup> worried as can be <sup>DM</sup>

<sup>G</sup> And it looks like they are <sup>C</sup> wonderin' too

<sup>DM</sup> And I can't help but <sup>G</sup> wonder where I'm <sup>C</sup> bound, where I'm <sup>AM</sup> bound

<sup>DM</sup> Can't help but <sup>G</sup> wonder where I'm <sup>C</sup> bound

<sup>C</sup> Now I had a little girl one time, she had lips like <sup>F</sup> sherry wine <sup>DM</sup>

<sup>G</sup> And she loved me till my head went <sup>C</sup> plumb insane

<sup>C</sup> But I was too blind to see she was <sup>F</sup> driftin' away from me <sup>DM</sup>

<sup>G</sup> And my good gal went off on a <sup>C</sup> morning train

<sup>DM</sup> And I can't help but <sup>G</sup> wonder where I'm <sup>C</sup> bound, where I'm <sup>AM</sup> bound

<sup>DM</sup> Can't help but <sup>G</sup> wonder where I'm <sup>C</sup> bound

<sup>C</sup> And I had a buddy way back home, but he started out to <sup>F</sup> foam <sup>DM</sup>

<sup>G</sup> And I hear he's out by <sup>C</sup> Frisco Bay

<sup>C</sup> And sometimes when I've had a few, his old <sup>F</sup> voice comes a-ringin' through <sup>DM</sup>

<sup>G</sup> And I'm goin' out to see him some <sup>C</sup> old day

<sup>DM</sup> And I can't help but <sup>G</sup> wonder where I'm <sup>C</sup> bound, where I'm <sup>AM</sup> bound

<sup>DM</sup> Can't help but <sup>G</sup> wonder where I'm <sup>C</sup> bound

<sup>C</sup> Well, if you see me passin' by and you sit and you wonder why, <sup>DM</sup>  
And you wish that you were a rambler too  
Nail your shoes to the kitchen floor, lace 'em up and bar the door  
Thank your stars for the roof that's over you

<sup>DM</sup> And I can't help but <sup>G</sup> wonder where I'm <sup>C</sup> bound, where I'm <sup>AM</sup> bound

<sup>DM</sup> Can't help but <sup>G</sup> wonder where I'm <sup>C</sup> bound

# I CAN'T WAIT

by Kieran Kane, Kevin Welch, Fats Kaplin

F      Bb    F      Dm   C    F  
////   //    //    /     /     //

F  
Someday we'll roll away the stone  
Bb  
We have carried for so long  
F  
And all our burdens will be gone  
    Dm C    F  
And I can't wait

F  
We will find our way to  
Bb  
An understanding of all views  
F  
No prayer shall be refused  
    Dm C    F  
And I can't wait

F  
Seems we have gone too far  
Bb  
Now we don't know where we are  
F  
I believe we'll find a guiding star  
    Dm C    F  
And I can't wait

F  
The faith is the final place  
Bb  
Where all fears have been erased  
F  
The locks have fallen from the gates  
    Dm C    F  
And I can't wait

**"If I Could Only Win Your Love"**

by Ira & Charlie Louvin

C F-G-C  
||| - || - || - ||

C G C  
If I could only win your love  
F C  
I'd make the most of everything  
F C  
I'd proudly wear your wedding ring

My heart would never stray when you're away G

C G C  
If I could only win your love  
F C  
I'd give my all to make it live  
F C  
You'll never know how much I give  
G C  
If I could only win your love

G  
Oh how can I ever say  
C F C  
How I crave your love when your gone away

G  
Oh how can I ever show  
C G  
How I burn inside when you hold me tight

C G C  
If I could only win your love  
F C  
I'd give my all to make it live  
F C  
You'll never know how much I give  
G C  
If I could only win your love

① G INST. - PLAY ① & ② INST. / SING ① & ② / OUT

C F C  
How I crave your love when you're gone away

G  
Oh how can I ever show  
C G  
How I burn inside when you hold me tight

② C G C  
If I could only win your love  
F C  
I'd give my all to make it live  
F C  
You'll never know how much I give  
G C  
If I could only win your love

OUT → F-G-C

# IF I ONLY HAD A BRAIN

Lyrics by E. Y. Harburg, Music Harold Arlen

C F C (F-C)  
I could while away the hours, conferrin' with the flowers, consultin' with the rain  
F G F C (F-C)  
& my head, I'd be scratchin' while my thoughts were busy hatchin', if I only had a brain.

C F C (F-C)  
I'd unravel every riddle for any individdle, in trouble or in pain.  
F G F C (F-C)  
With the thoughts I'd be thinkin', I could be another Lincoln if I only had a brain.

F Em Dm G C  
O I could tell you why the ocean's near the shore.  
Dm G Am D7 G7  
I could think of things I never thunk before, and then I'd sit & think some more.

C F C (F-C)  
I would not be just a nuffin, my head all full of stuffin' my heart all full of pain  
F G F C (F-C)  
And perhaps I'd deserve you & be even worthy of you if I only had a brain.

C F C (F-C)  
When a man's an empty kettle he should be on his mettle, and yet I'm torn apart  
F G F C (F-C)  
Just because I'm presumin' that I could be kinda human if I only had a heart.

C F C (F-C)  
I'd be tender I'd be gentle & awful sentimental, regarding love & art.  
F G F C (F-C)  
I'd be friends with the sparrows & the boy that shoots the arrows, if I only had a heart.

F Em Dm G C  
Picture me, a balcony, above a voice sings low  
Dm G Am D7 G7  
Wherefore art thou, Romeo? I hear a beat - how sweet!

C F C (F-C)  
Just to register emotion, Jealousy, Devotion, and really feel the part  
F G F C (F-C)  
I would stay young & chipper & I'd lock it with a zipper, if I only had a heart.

C F C (F-C)  
Life is sad believe me missy, when you're born to be a sissy, without the vim & verve  
F G F C (F-C)  
But I could change my habits, never more be scared of rabbits, if I only had the nerve.

C F C (F-C)  
I'm afraid there's no denyin', I'm just a dandelion, a fate I don't deserve  
F G F C (F-C)  
But I could show my prowess, be a lion, not a mowess, if I only had the nerve.

F Em Dm G C  
Oh I'd be in my stride, a king down to the core  
Dm G Am D7 G7  
I'd roar the way I never roared before, and then I'd rroof & roar some more

C F C (F-C)  
I would show the dinosaur, who's king around the forres', a king they better serve  
F G F C (F-C)  
Why with my regal beezer I could be another Caesar, if I only had the nerve,



# IMAGINE

by John Lennon

[Intro] C Em F x4  
// // ////

1.

C Em F  
Imagine there's no Heaven  
C Em F  
It's easy if you try  
C Em F  
No hell below us  
C Em F  
Above us only sky

[Chorus]

F Am Dm  
Imagine all the people  
G7  
Living for today

2.

C Em F  
Imagine there's no countries  
C Em F  
It isn't hard to do  
C Em F  
Nothing to kill or die for  
C Em F  
And no religion too

[Chorus]

F Am Dm  
Imagine all the people  
G7  
Living life in peace

[Bridge]

F G7 C E7  
You may say I'm a dreamer  
F G7 C E7  
But I'm not the only one  
F G7 C E7  
I hope someday you'll join us  
F G7 C Em F  
And the world will be as one  
C Em F

3.

C Em F  
Imagine no possessions  
C Em F  
I wonder if you can  
C Em F  
No need for greed or hunger  
C Em F  
A brotherhood of man

[Chorus]

F Am Dm  
Imagine all the people  
G7  
Sharing all the world

[Outro]

F G7 C E7  
You may say I'm a dreamer  
F G7 C E7  
But I'm not the only one  
F G7 C E7  
I hope someday you'll join us  
F G7 C  
And the world will be as one

In a Town This Size

Kieran Kane

<sup>F</sup>  
In a town this size there's <sup>Bb</sup> no place to hide  
 Everywhere <sup>F</sup> you go, you meet <sup>C</sup> someone you know  
 You can't <sup>F</sup> steal a kiss in a <sup>Bb</sup> place like this  
 How the <sup>F</sup> rumors do fly in a <sup>C</sup> town this <sup>F</sup> size

<sup>F</sup>  
In a smoky bar  
 In the <sup>Bb</sup> backseat of your car  
 In your own <sup>F</sup> little house  
 Someone's <sup>C</sup> sure to find you out

<sup>F</sup>  
What you do and what you think  
 What you <sup>Bb</sup> eat and what you drink  
 If you <sup>F</sup> smoke a cigarette  
 They'll be <sup>C</sup> talkin' about your breath

<sup>F</sup> <sup>Bb</sup>  
In a town this size there's no place to hide  
 Everywhere <sup>F</sup> you go, you meet <sup>C</sup> someone you know  
 You can't <sup>F</sup> steal a kiss in a <sup>Bb</sup> place like this  
 How the <sup>F</sup> rumors do fly in a <sup>C</sup> town this <sup>F</sup> size

<sup>F</sup> <sup>Bb</sup>  
Oh, I had a fight with my girlfriend last night  
 Before the <sup>F</sup> moon went down, it was all over town  
 How he made me cry, how I said good-bye  
 If it's <sup>F</sup> true or not doesn't seem to count a lot

<sup>F</sup> <sup>Bb</sup>  
In a town this size there's no place to hide  
 Everywhere <sup>F</sup> you go, you meet <sup>C</sup> someone you know  
 You can't <sup>F</sup> steal a kiss in a <sup>Bb</sup> place like this  
 How the <sup>F</sup> rumors do fly in a <sup>C</sup> town this <sup>F</sup> size

<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
In a town this size  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
In a town this size



## Isle au Haut Lullaby

© 1965 Gordon Bok, BMI

C    Dm  
If I could give you three things,  
G7    C  
I would give you these:  
C    Dm  
Song and laughter and a wooden home  
G7    C  
In the shining seas.

C    Dm  
When you see old Isle au Haut  
G7    C  
Rising in the dawn,  
C    Dm  
You will play in yellow fields  
G7    C  
In the morning sun.

Sleep where the wind is warm  
And the moon is high.  
Give sadness to the stars,  
Sorrow to the sky.

Do you hear what the sails are saying  
In the wind's dark song?  
Give sadness to the wind  
Blown alee and gone.

Sleep now: the moon is high  
And the wind blows cold,  
For you are sad and young  
And the sea is old.

If I could give you three things,  
I would give you these:  
Song and laughter and a wooden home  
In the shining seas.

"JUG BAND MUSIC"  
Memphis Jug Band

G G7  
Way down south, Memphis, Tennessee, Jug Band Music sound so sweet to me

C7 G  
Because it sounds so sweet (sounds so sweet), it's hard to beat (hard to beat)

D7 G  
Jug Band Music certainly was a treat to me

G  
I was with my gal, put my hand on her knee, said if you can't play the jug,

G7  
you can't play with me

C7 G  
Because it sounds so sweet (sounds so sweet), it's hard to beat (hard to beat)

D7 G  
Jug Band Music certainly was a treat to me

G G7  
I took off my socks, I took off my shoes, I danced all night to the Jug Band Blues

C7 G  
Because it sounds so sweet (sounds so sweet), it's hard to beat (hard to beat)

D7 G  
Jug Band Music certainly was a treat to me

G G7  
I went back home, turned on my radio, Jug Band Music made me stop and slow

C7 G  
Because it sounds so sweet (sounds so sweet), it's hard to beat (hard to beat)

D7 G  
Jug Band Music certainly was a treat to me

Repeat 1<sup>st</sup> Verse-

**"The Last Thing On My Mind" by Tom Paxton**

A D A  
It's a lesson too late for the learning,  
D A-E A  
Made of sand, made of sand.  
A D A  
In the wink of an eye my soul is turning  
D A-E A  
In your hand, in your hand.

CHORUS

A E CHORUS: D A  
Are you going away with no word of farewell,  
D A E  
Will there be not a trace left behind?  
A D A  
I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind.  
E A  
You know that was the last thing on my mind.

A D A  
As I walk all my thoughts are a tumblin'  
D A-E A  
Round and round, round and round  
A D A  
Underneath our feet the subway's rumbling  
D A-E A  
Underground, underground

Chorus

A D A  
You've got reasons a-plenty for going—  
D A-E A  
This I know, this I know—  
D A A  
For the weeds have been steadily growing.  
D A E A  
Please don't go, please don't go.

Chorus

A D A  
As I lie in my bed in the morning  
D A E A  
Without you, without you,  
A D A  
Each song in my breast dies a-borning  
D A E A  
Without you, without you.

Chorus

# Lay Down Your Weary Tune

Written by: Bob Dylan

<sup>D</sup> Lay down your weary tune, lay down <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> Lay down the song you strum <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
And rest yourself 'neath the strength of strings <sup>G</sup>  
No voice can hope to hum <sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup> Struck by the sounds before the sun <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
I knew the night had gone <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
The morning breeze like a bugle blew <sup>G</sup>  
Against the drums of dawn <sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup> The ocean wild like an organ played <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
The seaweed's wove its strands <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
The crashin' waves like cymbals clashed <sup>G</sup>  
Against the rocks and sands <sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup> I stood unwound beneath the skies <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
And clouds unbound by laws <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
The cryin' rain like a trumpet sang <sup>G</sup>  
And asked for no applause <sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup> The last of leaves fell from the trees  
And clung to a new love's breast  
The branches bare like a banjo played  
To the winds that listened best

<sup>D</sup> I gazed down in the river's mirror  
And watched its winding strum  
The water smooth ran like a hymn  
And like a harp did hum

"Let The Mermaids Flirt With Me" by Mississippi John Hurt

F C7 F Bb F  
Blues all on the ocean, blues all in the air.

Bb F C7 C  
Can't stay here no longer, I have no steamship fare.

F Bb F  
When my earthly trials are over, carry my body out in the sea.

Bb F C7 F  
Save all the undertaker bills, let the mermaids flirt with me.

F C7 F Bb F  
I do not work for pleasure, earthly peace I'll see no more.

Bb F C7 C  
The only reason I work at all, is drive the wolf from my door.

F Bb F  
When my earthly trials are over, carry my body out in the sea.

Bb F C7 F  
Save all the undertaker bills, let the mermaids flirt with me.

F C7 F Bb F  
My wife controls our happy home, a sweetheart I can not find.

Bb F C7 C  
The only thing I can call my own, is a troubled and a worried mind.

F Bb F  
When my earthly trials are over, carry my body out in the sea.

Bb F C7 F  
Save all the undertaker bills, let the mermaids flirt with me.

F C7 F Bb F  
Blues all in my body, my darling has forsaken me.

Bb F C7 C  
If I ever see her face again, I have to swim across the sea.

F Bb F  
When my earthly trials are over, carry my body out in the sea.

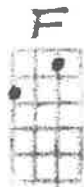
Bb F C7 F  
Save all the undertaker bills, let the mermaids flirt with me.

F C7 F Bb F  
Blues all on the ocean, blues all in the air.

Bb F C7 C  
Can't stay here no longer, I have no steamship fare.

F Bb F  
When my earthly trials are over, carry my body out in the sea.

Bb F C7 F  
Save all the undertaker bills, let the mermaids flirt with me.



Mail Myself to You by Woody Guthrie

<sup>D</sup> I'm a-gonna wrap myself in paper,

<sup>D</sup> I'm gonna daub myself with glue,

<sup>D</sup> Stick some stamps on top of my head;

<sup>D</sup> I'm gonna mail myself to you.

<sup>D</sup> I'm a gonna tie me up in a red string,

<sup>D</sup> I'm gonna tie blue ribbons too,

<sup>D</sup> I'm a-gonna climb up in my mail box;

<sup>D</sup> I'm gonna mail myself to you.

<sup>D</sup> When you see me in your mail box,

<sup>D</sup> Cut the string and let me out;

<sup>D</sup> Wash the glue off my fingers,

<sup>D</sup> Stick some bubble gum in my mouth.

Take me out of my wrapping paper,

Wash the stamps off my head;

Pour me full of ice cream sodies,

Put me in my nice warm bed



## Merle's Waltz

written by Kate Power

INTRO: D G A D G D A

///-///-///-///-///-///-///-///

D G A D  
Won't you play that song that makes us fall in love again

G D A  
I need to hold a hand and let my heart go

D G A D  
It's been a year and 10, since I heard my name that way

G D A D  
Whisper of yesterdays and the sweet night ahead

G D A D  
I don't know what makes a stranger of sweet love and time

G D A  
But my soul knows the dangers of living out of rhyme

D G A D  
So won't you play that song that makes me fall in love again

G D A D  
I need to hold a hand and let my heart go

INSTRUMENTAL: G D A D G D A

///-///-///-///-///-///-///-///

D G A D  
So won't you play that song that makes us fall in love again

G D A  
I need to hold a hand and let my heart go

D G A D  
It's been a year and 10, since I heard my name that way

G D A D  
Whisper of yesterdays and the sweet night ahead

G D A D  
It's so easy to dance to, no need to pretend

G D A  
That life was made for lovin' one another until the end

D G A D  
So won't you play that song that makes us fall in love again

G D A D  
I need to hold a hand and let my heart go

G D A D G A D  
I need to hold a hand and let my heart go

# MIDNIGHT

BOULEVARD BRYANT / CHET ATKINS

F F7  
Midnight, I've spent another lonely day, Thinkin' of you

Bb F C F  
Midnight, Tomorrow is on its way, Empty and blue

C SOME SOME F  
I'm so lonely, So lonely at midnight for you

F C F7  
Midnight, Oh, what a lonely time to weep, I oughta know

Bb F C F  
Midnight, I should have been fast asleep, Hours ago

C F  
Still I'm cryin', I'm cryin' 'cause I miss you so

(Instrumental Break) <sup>OUTW.</sup> C

F F7  
Midnight I lie in bed awake and stare At nothin' at all

Bb F C F  
Wond'rin', Wond'rin' why you don't care, Wishin' you'd call

C F  
Tears keep flowin', Like drops from a waterfall  
fallin'

Midnight, I've spent another lonely day, Thinkin' of you

Midnight, Tomorrow is on its way, Empty and blue

I'm so lonely, So lonely at midnight for you

F Bb C F  
MIDNIGHT, SO LONESOME AT MIDNIGHT FOR YOU

"Mississippi You're on My Mind" by Jesse Winchester

<sup>D G D</sup>  
I think I see a wagon rutted road

With the weeds growing tall between the tracks <sup>A</sup>

<sup>D G D</sup>  
And along one side runs a rusty barbed wire fence

<sup>A D</sup>  
And beyond that sits an old tar paper shack.

<sup>G</sup>  
Mississippi, you're on my mind

<sup>D</sup>  
Mississippi, you're on my mind

<sup>GD A D</sup>  
Oh, Mississippi, you're on my mind.

<sup>D G D</sup>  
I think I hear a noisy old John Deere

In a field specked with dirty cotton lint <sup>A</sup>

<sup>D G D</sup>  
And below the field runs a little shady creek

<sup>A D</sup>  
And there you'll find the cool green leaves of mint.

<sup>G</sup>  
Mississippi, you're on my mind.....

<sup>D G D</sup>  
I think I smell the honeysuckle vine

The heavy sweetness like to make me sick <sup>A</sup>

<sup>D G D</sup>  
And the dogs, my God, they're hungry all the time

<sup>A D</sup>  
And the snakes are sleeping where the weeds are thick.

<sup>G</sup>  
Mississippi, you're on my mind.....

<sup>D G D</sup>  
I think I feel an angry oven heat

The southern sun just blazes in the sky <sup>A</sup>

<sup>D G D</sup>  
In the dusty weeds a fat grasshopper jumps

<sup>A D</sup>  
I want to make it to that creek before I fry

<sup>G</sup>  
Mississippi, you're on my mind.....

# NIGHT RIDER'S LAMENT

by Mike Burton

While I was out ridin'  
 The graveyard shift, midnight 'til dawn  
 The moon was bright as a readin' light  
 For a letter from an old friend back home

And he asked me  
 Why do you ride for your money  
 Tell me why do you rope for short pay  
 You ain't gettin' nowhere  
 And you're losin' your share  
 Boy, you must have gone crazy out there

He said last night I run into Jenny  
 She's married and has a good life  
 Son you sure missed the track  
 When you never come back  
 She's the perfect professional's wife

And she asked me  
 Why does he ride for his money  
 Tell me why does he rope for short pay  
 He ain't gettin' nowhere  
 And he's losin' his share  
 Boy he must've gone crazy out there

Ah but they've never seen the Northern Lights  
 They've never seen a hawk on the wing  
 Never seen the spring hit the Great  
 Divide  
 And they never heard ole' coyote sing

Well I read up the last of my letter  
 And I tore off the stamp for black Jim  
 And when Billy rode up to relieve me  
 He just looked at my letter and grinned

He asked me  
 Why do they ride for their money  
 Tell me why do they ride for short pay  
 They ain't a'gettin' nowhere  
 And they're losin' their share  
 Boy, they must've gone crazy out there

Ah but they've never seen the Northern Lights  
 They've never seen a hawk on the wing  
 They've never seen the spring on the Great  
 Divide  
 And they've never heard ole' Camp Cookie  
 sing

Spoken: He sings something like this...

YODEL:

A D A E A  
 III-III III-III III-III III-III x2  
 A B7 D E A  
 III-III III-III III-III III

**"Nova Scotia" by Kate Power**

G D C  
Never saw a day lovelier

G D C D  
Takes my heart astray to my own true love

Em D CD Em  
He, so far away on over the sea

D Am  
So far from me

D G C D G  
It's out with the tide, we'll haul away, Sully

D Em Am D  
Bound for Nova Scotia, my sweet love

Em C D G  
Is standing by the dockside for me to be greeting

Em G Am D  
So haul away to my laddie-o

G D CD  
Aye, to hear his voice softly calling

G D C D  
My sails would I hoist, to his land would I go.

Em Bm CD  
Aye, but if he was waiting

Em Bm Am D G  
Freely would I go (Out with the tide)

G D CD  
Aye, it's been a year since we parted

G D C D  
Woe, how the tears in my breast do arise

Em Bm CD  
Aye, but to know he'd be wanting

Em Bm Am D  
Me, there by his side (OUT WITH THE TIDE)

G D C D  
Standing here, where the ships do meet

G D C D  
For the captain's cheer, a good word for me

Em Bm CD  
"There's a cabin free for the lady;

Em Bm Am D  
We sail for the northern sea".

# Old Bullfrog

Kate Power ©1977

<sup>C</sup> Old bullfrog, <sup>F</sup> sitting by the river

<sup>C</sup> Lizard on a log, <sup>G</sup> whatcha gonna give her?

<sup>C</sup> Flies all around, <sup>F</sup> grab a few for dinner

<sup>G</sup> Polywogs swimming along-o, long-o, long-o <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>//</sup> <sup>//</sup> <sup>//</sup> <sup>//</sup>

<sup>C</sup> Old bullfrog, <sup>FC</sup> old bullfrog, <sup>GG</sup> old bullfrog! <sup>FGC</sup>

<sup>C</sup> Bees in a hive, <sup>F</sup> makin' up some honey

<sup>C</sup> Turtle takes a dive, <sup>G</sup> sure do look funny

<sup>C</sup> Never need to try to make a little money <sup>F</sup>

<sup>G</sup> Livin' in the heart o' little eden, eden, eden! <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>//</sup> <sup>//</sup> <sup>//</sup> <sup>//</sup>

<sup>C</sup> Old bullfrog, <sup>FC</sup> old bullfrog, <sup>GC</sup> old bullfrog! <sup>FGC</sup>

<sup>C</sup> Sip a-clear water, <sup>F</sup> easy on your liver

<sup>C</sup> Watch a lily pod or a hummingbird a-quiver <sup>G</sup>

<sup>C</sup> Sweet afternoon on the sunny Sandy River <sup>F</sup>

<sup>G</sup> Salmon do a dosy-doe, dosy-doe, dosy do! <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>//</sup> <sup>//</sup> <sup>//</sup> <sup>//</sup>

<sup>C</sup> Old bullfrog, <sup>FC</sup> old bullfrog, <sup>GC</sup> old bullfrog! <sup>FGC</sup> (x2)

-The Old Cook Pot-  
Shawn Byrne & Chuck McCarthy

Am E7  
Mama gonna bargain with the 'ol cook pot  
Try to get more than what that bowler (that woman's) got Am  
Don't fix (trim) no fat, pull potatoes from a box E  
Mama gonna bargain with the 'ol cook pot Am

Mama gonna water that gravy down  
Got to make enough to go around  
With five mouths to feed and Papa in the ground  
Mama gonna water that gravy down

F Am  
Well, thank the Lord and sit up straight  
E Am  
Mind your manners and clean your plate  
F Am  
Don't ask for seconds savor every drop  
E Am  
'Cause there's nothin' more comin' from that ol' cook pot

Now Mama's gonna bargain with the ol' cook pot  
Pray to the Maker, make the hunger stop  
And ask a little more than what we've got  
Oh, Mama gonna bargain with the ol' cook pot  
Thank the Lord and sit up straight.....

Mama gonna bargain with the 'ol cook pot.....

# "OLD MOTHER MOON" · CAMILLE PACK ·

<sup>C</sup> All through the night when wee birdies are sleeping,

<sup>C</sup> in the sky old mother moon <sup>G</sup>

<sup>Dm</sup> sings into slumber her little star babies <sup>Am</sup>

<sup>Dm</sup> a soothing and beautiful tune. <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>

<sup>C</sup> Lullaby, lullaby, little star babies <sup>G</sup>

<sup>C</sup> into your cloud-beds creep. <sup>C7</sup> <sup>F</sup>

<sup>Fm</sup> Furry star babies,

<sup>C</sup> now sleep in your cradle. <sup>Am</sup>

<sup>Dm7</sup> Lullaby, lullaby, sleep. <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>

<sup>C</sup> Why does the mother moon sing until morning? <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>

<sup>C</sup> Don't the star babies obey? <sup>G</sup>

<sup>Dm</sup> Yes, but how many she croons into slumber. <sup>A</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>

<sup>Dm</sup> No wonder it takes her 'til day. <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>

Lullaby, lullaby, little star babies  
into your cloud-beds creep.

Lovely star babies,  
now sleep in your cradle.

Lullaby, lullaby, sleep.



# ONE VOICE

RUTH MOODY

6 - 5 - 1 (x2)

F#m

E A

6m

5 1

This is the sound of one voice

1A D4 1A

One spirit, one voice

1A

D4 A1-5E

The sound of one who makes a choice

F#m

D4 A1-5E

This is the sound of one voice

F#m

D4 A1

This is the sound of one voice

6m

5 1

This is the sound of voices two

1 4 1

The sound of me singin' with you

1 4 1-5

Helping each other to make it through

6m 4 1-5

This is the sound of voices two

6m 4 1

This is the sound of voices two

6m - F#m

5 - E

1 - A

4 - D

6m

5 1

This is the sound of voices three

1 4 1

Singin' together in harmony

1 4 1-5

Surrendering to the mystery

6m 4 1-5

This is the sound of voices three

6m 4 1

This is the sound of voices three

6m

5 1

This is the sound of all of us

1 4 1

Singin' with love and the will to trust

1 4 1-5

Leave the rest behind, it'll turn to dust

6m 4 1-5

This is the sound of all of us

6m 4 1

This is the sound of all of us

1 4 1-5

Oo oo Oo Oo

4 1-5 1-7-1

Oo oo Oo Oo Oo

6m

5 1

This is the sound of one voice

1 4 1

One people, one voice

1 4 1-5

A song for every one of us

6m 4 1-5

This is the sound of one voice

6m 4 1

This is the sound of one voice

## Opening Chant

I am opening up in deep surrender

To the luminous love light of the One (2x)

I am opening

I am opening

I am opening

I am opening

I am opening up in deep surrender

To the numinous darkness of my shadow (2x)

I am opening

I am opening

I am opening

I am opening

I am opening up in deep surrender

To the powerful wholeness of myself (2x)

I am opening

I am opening

I am opening

I am opening

I am opening up in deep surrender, I am opening up (3x)



**Pack Up Your Sorrows**  
Richard Farina

C F  
There's no use crying, talking to a stranger  
C G7  
Naming the sorrow you've seen  
C F  
Too many sad times, too many bad times  
C G7 C  
Nobody knows what you mean

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

There's no use rambling, walking in the shadows  
Trailing a wandering star  
No one beside you, no one to guide you  
Nobody knows who you are

Ah, but if somehow you could pack up your sorrows  
And give them all to me  
You would lose them, I know how to use them  
Give them all to me

Oh, no use roaming, lying by the roadside  
Seeking a satisfied mind  
Too many highways, too many byways  
Nobody's walking behind

Oh, if somehow you could pack up your sorrows  
And give them all to me, oh  
You would lose them, I know how to use them  
Give them all to me  
Somehow you could pack up your sorrows

**Pancho & Lefty**  
**Townes van Zandt**

C G  
Living on the road my friend/Is gonna keep you free and clean  
F C G  
Now you wear your skin like iron/Your breath's as hard as kerosene  
F C F  
Weren't your mama's only boy/ But her favorite one it seems  
Am F C G F Am  
She began to cry when you said goodbye/And sank into your dreams

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

F C F  
All the Federales say they could have had him any day  
Am F C G F Am  
They only let him slip away out of kindness I suppose

C G  
Lefty he can't sing the blues all night long like he used to  
F C G  
The dust that Pancho bit down south ended up in Lefty's mouth  
F C F  
The day they laid poor Pancho low Lefty split for Ohio  
Am F C G F Am  
Where he got the bread to go there ain't nobody knows  
F C F  
All the Federales say could have had him any day  
Am F C G F Am  
They only let him slip away out of kindness I suppose

Break

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

F C F F  
All the Federales say they could have had him any day  
Am F C G F Am G  
We only let him slip away out of kindness I suppose  
F C F  
A few gray Federales say they could have had him any day  
Am F C G F Am  
We only only let him go so long out of of kindness I suppose

# Peace Call by Woody Guthrie

<sup>D</sup> Open your hearts to the paradise, to the <sup>G</sup> peace of the heavenly <sup>D</sup> angels,  
<sup>A</sup> Takes away that woeful shadow <sup>D</sup> dancing on your wall;  
<sup>D</sup> Take to the skies of peace, oh friends, of <sup>G</sup> peace of the heavenly <sup>D</sup> Father;  
<sup>A</sup> Get ready for my bugle call of <sup>D</sup> peace. *one great spirit*

## CHORUS:

<sup>D</sup> Peace, peace, peace, I can hear the <sup>G</sup> bugle <sup>D</sup> sounding,  
<sup>A</sup> Roaming around my land, my <sup>D</sup> city and my town;  
<sup>D</sup> Peace, peace, peace, I can hear the <sup>G</sup> voices <sup>D</sup> ringing  
<sup>A</sup> Louder, while my bugle calls for <sup>D</sup> peace.

<sup>D</sup> Thick war clouds will throw its shadows, <sup>G</sup> Darkening the world <sup>D</sup> around you,  
<sup>A</sup> But in my life of peace your <sup>D</sup> dark illusions fall;  
<sup>D</sup> Think and pray my union way, <sup>G</sup> embrace the ones <sup>D</sup> around you;  
<sup>A</sup> Get ready for my bugle call of <sup>D</sup> peace.

If these war storms fill your heart, with a thousand kinds of worry,  
Keep to my road of peace, you'll never have to fear;  
Keep in the sun and look around, in the face of peace and plenty;  
Get ready for my bugle call of peace.

I'll clear my house of the weeds of fear, and turn to the friends around me,  
With my smile of peace, I'll greet you one and all;  
I'll work, I'll fight, I'll sing and dance, of peace of the youthful spirit;  
Get ready for my bugle call of peace.

# REDWOOD

By Kate Power & Steve Einhorn

C G7 C F C G7 C G7  
// // // // // // /// /

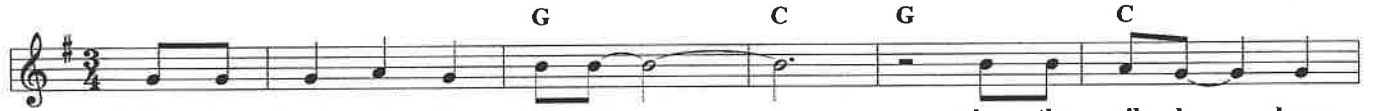
C G7 C F C G7 C G7 C  
// // // // // // / / //

Am F C G7 C  
///// ///// // // /////

Am F C G7  
///// ///// ///// /////

# ROCK, SALT AND NAILS

by Bruce "Utah" Phillips



1. By the banks of the riv - er \_\_\_\_\_ where the wil - lows hang  
 2. If the young man were black - birds \_\_\_\_\_ the young man were  
 3. Now I lie in my bed \_\_\_\_\_ and I see your sweet  
 4. Lord I lie here each night \_\_\_\_\_ all a - lone and I  
 5. If the la - dies were black - birds \_\_\_\_\_ and the young men were



down. \_\_\_\_\_  
 thrush - es. \_\_\_\_\_  
 face. \_\_\_\_\_  
 weep. \_\_\_\_\_  
 thru - shes. \_\_\_\_\_  
 And the wild birds all war - ble \_\_\_\_\_  
 I would lay by the hou - rs \_\_\_\_\_  
 The past I re - mem - ber \_\_\_\_\_  
 Noth - ing ain't worse \_\_\_\_\_  
 I'd lie there for hours \_\_\_\_\_



with their high lone - some sound. \_\_\_\_\_ Down in some  
 in the cold rain - y marsh - es. \_\_\_\_\_ If the young men were  
 time can - not e - raise. \_\_\_\_\_ The let - ters you  
 than a night with - out sleep. \_\_\_\_\_ I walk out a -  
 in the cold rain - y marsh - es. \_\_\_\_\_ If the la - dies were



hol - low \_\_\_\_\_ where the wa - ters run cold. \_\_\_\_\_  
 squir - rels \_\_\_\_\_ with high bu - shy tails. \_\_\_\_\_  
 wrote me \_\_\_\_\_ were writ - ten in shame. \_\_\_\_\_  
 lone \_\_\_\_\_ un - der the sky. \_\_\_\_\_  
 squir - rels \_\_\_\_\_ with high bu - shy tails. \_\_\_\_\_



It was there I first lis - tened \_\_\_\_\_  
 I'd fill up my shot - gun \_\_\_\_\_  
 And I know that your con - science \_\_\_\_\_  
 Too emp - ty to sing \_\_\_\_\_  
 I'd fill up my shot - gun \_\_\_\_\_



to the lies that you told. \_\_\_\_\_  
 with rock, salt and nails. \_\_\_\_\_  
 ech - oes my name. \_\_\_\_\_  
 too lone - some to cry. \_\_\_\_\_  
 with rock, salt and nails. \_\_\_\_\_

## Rosa Lucy's Waltz

Lyrics & Arrangement by Kate Power ©2017

Traditional Sicilian folksong adaptation *Cu ti lu Dissi*

Am Dm Am  
As you wander in the world, finding your way

E7 Am - E  
From your mother's little girl, in the cottage by the bay

Dm Am  
Where the salmon run their run, and eagles do soar

E7 Am  
Forest branches swing and sway, high above the ocean's roar

Am E7/Am E7  
Try to remember how far we've come

Dm E7  
There in the distance, the place we come from

Am Dm Am  
Look to the stars, your dreams they do burn

E7 Am  
Like embers in the night, await your return

Tag: Am E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am

Travel far and travel wide, all the world 'round  
When you feel a little lost, when the troubles get you down  
Listen for the tune of wind whistling round  
Every stick and brick and bend, cannot hold it to the ground

I have been where you now go, when I was young  
That was many years ago, given in my mother tongue  
There was so much more to know than I could see  
And the words I sing you now are the ones she gave to me



Shake Sugaree by Elizabeth Cotton

<sup>C</sup>  
Have a little song Won't take long

<sup>F</sup>  
Sing it right , Once or twice

<sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Oh, lordy me, Didn't I shake sugaree?

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Everything I got is done and pawnd, Everything I got is done and pawnd

<sup>C</sup>  
Pawnd my watch, Pawnd my chain

<sup>F</sup>  
Pawnd everything that was in my name

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Oh, lordy me, Didn't I shake sugaree?

<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Everything I got is done and pawnd, Everything I got is done and pawnd

Pawnd by buggy. Horse and cart  
Pawnd everything that was on my lot

Pawnd my chair, Pawnd my bed  
Ain't got nowhere to lay my head

Pawnd my tobacco, Pawnd my pipe  
Pawnded everything that was in my sight

Have a little secret, I ain't gonna tell  
I'm going to heaven in a split pea shell

Pawnd my farm, Pawnd my plough  
Pawnded everything, even pawnded my old cow

Pawnd my hat, Pawnd my shoes  
Pawnded everything that I could use

Have a little secret., I ain't gonna tell  
I'm goin' to heaven and I ain't goin' no...

Chew my tobacco, Spit my juice  
We raise cain but it ain't a bit 'a use

Sitting on Top of the World  
By Doc Watson

<sup>D</sup>  
Was in the spring one sunny day  
My sweetheart <sup>G</sup> left me, she went <sup>D</sup> away  
And now she's gone and I don't <sup>A</sup> worry  
Cause I'm <sup>D</sup> sittin on <sup>A</sup> top of the <sup>D</sup> world

<sup>D</sup>  
That big old river so deep and wide  
I saw her <sup>G</sup> standing on the other <sup>D</sup> side  
Now she's gone, I don't <sup>A</sup> worry  
Cause I'm <sup>D</sup> sittin on <sup>A</sup> top of the <sup>D</sup> world

<sup>D</sup>  
The levee broke, the water rose  
Near flooded out my happy <sup>D</sup> home  
Now she's gone, and I don't <sup>A</sup> worry cause  
<sup>D</sup> I'm <sup>A</sup> sittin on <sup>D</sup> top of the world

<sup>D</sup>  
I went up to higher ground  
She was <sup>G</sup> nowhere no where to be <sup>D</sup> found  
Now she's gone, and I don't <sup>A</sup> worry  
Cause I'm <sup>D</sup> sittin on <sup>A</sup> top of the <sup>D</sup> world

And now she's gone and I don't <sup>A</sup> worry  
<sup>D</sup> Cause I'm <sup>A</sup> sittin on <sup>D</sup> top of the world

SOME KIND OF LOVE- John Stewart

① C G Am C7 F G C  
 Some kind of love is like gold, And that is the hardest to hold  
 E7 Am F  
 For it catches the eye Of each thief passing by  
 C G Am G  
 Some kind of love is like gold

② C G Am C7 F G C  
 Some kind of love comes too soon, That kind of love heals your wounds  
 E7 Am F  
 When your wounds are all healed, And you're back on your wheels  
 C G Am G  
 You say that kind of love came too soon

CHORUS:

Am G C F C D G  
 Some kind of love, some kind of love, Everyone's looking for some kind of love  
 Am G C F C G C  
 Some kind of love, some kind of love, Everyone's looking for some kind of love

③ C G Am C7 F G C  
 Some kind of love starts as friends. That kind of love never ends  
 E7 Am F  
 For it comes on as slow, As a flower in snow  
 C G Am G  
 Some kind of love starts as friends

④ C Am C7 F G C  
 Some kind of love tears your heart, When you knew it was wrong from the start  
 E7 Am F  
 Try to explain, A moth to a flame  
 C G Am G  
 Some kind of love tears your heart

CHORUS

⑤ C Am C7 F G C  
 Some kind of love never dies. That is the hardest to find  
 E7 Am F  
 Through laughter and rage, It mellows with age  
 C G Am G  
 Some kind of love never dies

⑥ C G Am C7 F G C  
 Some kind of love is like gold, And that is the hardest to hold  
 E7 Am F  
 For it catches the eye, Of each thief passing by  
 C G Am G  
 Some kind of love is like gold

CHORUS - Am  
 - some kind of love....

# SPEED OF THE SOUND OF LONLINESS

C (G)A JOHN PRINE

C (G)A F (C) D  
YOU COME HOME LATE AND YOU COME HOME EARLY  
G (D)E C (G)A  
YOU COME HOME BIG WHEN YOU'RE FEELING SMALL  
C (G)A F (C) D  
YOU COME HOME STRAIGHT AND YOU COME HOME CURLY  
G (D)E C (G)A  
SOMETIMES YOU DON'T COME HOME AT ALL

C (G)A F (C) D  
SO WHAT IN THE WORLD HAS COME OVER YOU  
G (D)E C (G)A  
WHAT IN HEAVENS NAME HAVE YOU DONE  
C (G)A F (C) D  
YOU'VE BROKEN THE SPEED OF THE SOUND OF LONELINESS  
G (D)E C (G)A  
YOU'RE OUT THERE RUNNING JUST TO BE ON THE RUN

WELL I'VE GOT A HEART THAT BURNS WITH A FEVER  
AND I'VE GOT A WORRIED AND A JEALOUS MIND  
HOW CAN A LOVE THAT WILL LAST FOREVER  
GET LEFT SO FAR BEHIND

## CHORUS

IT'S A MIGHTY MEAN AND A DREADFUL SORROW  
CROSSED THE EVIL LINE TODAY  
HOW CAN YOU ASK ABOUT TOMORROW  
WE AIN'T GOT ONE WORD TO SAY

## CHORUS

# STORMS ARE ON THE OCEAN

(as learned from Jean Ritchie)

C F C  
I'm going away for to leave you love

G C  
I'm going away for a while

C F C  
But I'll return to you sometime

G C  
Though I go 10 thousand miles

Refrain:

F C  
The storms are on the ocean

C G C  
The heavens may cease to be

F C  
This world may lose it's motion, love

G C  
Should I prove false to thee

C F C  
Who's gonna shoe your pretty little feet

C G C  
And who's gonna glove your hand

C F C  
Who's gonna kiss your red rosy cheeks

C G C  
Till I come back again?

Papa will shoe my pretty little feet  
And Mama will glove my hand  
And you may kiss mu red rosy cheeks  
When you come home again

See that lonesome turtle dove  
As he flies from pine to pine  
He's moaning for his own true love  
Just the way I moan for mine

I'll never go back on the ocean, love  
I'll never go back on the sea  
I'll never go back on my blue-eyed girl  
Till she goes back on me

# THESE ARE MY MOUNTAINS

Trad.

A D  
For fame and for fortune I wandered the earth  
A E7  
But now I return to the land of my birth  
A D  
I brought back my treasures but only to find  
A E7 ADA  
They're less than the pleasures I first left behind

## CHORUS:

E7 A D  
For these are my mountains, this is my glen  
A E7  
The days of my childhood, I'll see them again  
A D  
No land will ever tempt me, nor far will I roam  
A E7 ADA  
For these are my mountains & I'm going home  
E7 A D  
Just been by the road sign and I'm going back  
A E7  
The lark overhead wings a welcoming cry  
A D  
No longer the droll plight; once more will I see  
A E7 ADA  
Sure, it's there that my heart lies, there I would be  
E7 A D  
Kind faces will meet me and welcome me in  
A E7  
And oh, how they'll greet me back home again  
A D  
This night round the fireside, sad songs will be sung  
A E7 ADA  
At last I'll be speaking in my old mother tongue

"Tomorrow is a Long Time"

Bob Dylan

    A                    D        A  
If today was not an endless highway,  
A                    D        A  
if tonight was not a crooked trail,  
A  D        E                A  
If tomorrow wasn't such a long time,  
    A    D                    E                A  
Then lonesome would mean nothing to you at all.

Chorus:

    A        D        E                A  
Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin',  
                D                E                A  
Yes, and if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin',  
D        E                A  
Only if she was lyin' by me,  
                D        E        A  
Then i'd lie in my bed once again.

I can't see my reflection in the waters,  
I can't speak the sounds that show no pain,  
I can't hear the echo of my footsteps,  
Or can't remember the sound of my own name.  
Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin',  
Yes, and if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin',  
Only if she was lyin' by me,  
Then i'd lie in my bed once again.

There's beauty in the silver, singin' river,  
There's beauty in the sunrise in the sky,  
But none of these and nothing else can touch the beauty  
That I remember in my true love's eyes.  
Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin',  
Yes, and if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin',  
Only if she was lyin' by me,  
Then i'd lie in my bed once again.

Travis John  
by Kate Power

C G C  
Under a foreign sky, My fate awaits me  
G C  
There but for God go I, Do not forsake me.  
Em F G Am-G-F  
I am a boy, full of promise, Full of freedom  
C G  
And now the joy is dead and done  
C G C  
I am gone...

C G C  
Before the western sea, My home was in the valley  
C G C  
There with my family, I took to manhood early.  
Em F G Am G F  
I was the one, My brother called, My mother looked to me, Her fine, strong son;  
C G  
And now the joy is dead and done  
C G C  
I am gone...

C G C  
Finding my way to go, the call that I should answer  
C G C  
My country's own hero, like music to the dancer.  
Em F G Am-G F  
I am a boy, full of promise, full of freedom  
C G  
And now the joy is dead and done  
C G C  
I am gone...

C G C  
Under a weeping willow tree, you planted roses.  
C G C  
There in my memory, where my eternal ghost is.  
Em F G Am-G F  
I was a boy, full of promise, full of freedom;  
C G  
And now the joy is dead and done  
F G  
I am gone...  
C G  
And now the joy is dead and done  
C G C  
I am gone



**“Vanhaa Valssia”**  
**(Recorded by “TROKA” (Finland))**

A Part x2	G	C	G	D	G	C	G	D	G
	///	///	///	///	///	///	///	//	/
B Part x2	G	D	G	D	G	D	G	C	D
	/	/	//	//	/	///	//	///	///

# WATERLINE

Kate Power ©1988

          D                  G  
In the garden of my heart-o,  
          C          D                  G  
I can hear your whistle while I'm walking  
          C          D                  G  
Yes, I feel the ripple in my shoes now  
          C                          D  
As I wander through these hills

          G                  C  
Given time, storms roll over  
          G                  C  
Lord, every hero and rover  
          G                  Em  
Here's a health to one another  
          Am                  D  
As we carry on and go

          G                  C  
Heave away, let your sheets go  
          G                  C  
I can feel the wind on my cheek  
          G                  Em  
Blow a kiss to reach your lips, oh  
          Am                  D  
As you take to the tide and go

          D                  G  
I can tell by the roll of the rainbow  
          C          D                  G  
How the colors change and fade-o  
          C          D          G  
With a promise as it goes, oh  
          C                          D  
I don't mind the walk at all  
          G                  C  
Won't you go, the ship is ready  
          G                  C  
Ah, the tide is right as any  
          G                          Em  
Sure, I'll watch from this rocky jetty  
          Am                          D  
Till my eyes and the waterline meet

          G                  C  
Then I'll turn and walk and wander  
          G                  C  
Through this rolling world of wonders  
          G                          Em  
Ah, my heart has much to ponder  
          Am                          D  
As my eyes and the waterline meet [back to verse 1]

Well May the World Go

Pete Seeger



C F C G7  
Well may the world go, the world go, the world go

C F C G7 C { CHORUS  
Well may the world go, when I'm far away

C F C G7  
Well may the skiers turn, the swimmers churn, the lovers burn

C F  
Peace may the generals learn

C G7 C  
When I'm far away

CHORUS

C F C G7  
Sweet may the fiddles sound, the banjo play, the old hoe down

C F  
Dancers swing round & round

C G7 C  
When I'm far away

CHORUS

C F C G7  
Fresh may the breezes blow, clear may the streams flow

C F  
Blue above, green below,

C G7 C  
when I'm far away

CHORUS

CHORUS (a cappella)

CHORUS (+ repeat last line)

★-Dm-C5-Dm-C5-C5-Bb-C5-Dm "When I Go"

by Dave Carter

Dm C5 Dm C5 Dm Bb C Dm  
Come, lonely hunter, chieftain and king, I will fly like the falcon when I go  
Dm C5 Dm C5 Dm Bb C Dm  
Bear me my brother under your wing, I will strike fell like lightnin' when I go

F C  
I will bellow like the thunder drum, invoke the storm of war  
Gm Dm  
A twistin' pillar spun of dust and blood up from the prairie floor

F C5  
I will sweep the foe before me like a gale out on the snow  
Gm Bb C Dm ★  
And the wind will long recount the story, reverence and glory, when I go

Dm C5 Dm C5 Dm Bb C Dm  
Spring, spirit dancer, nimble and thin, I will leap like coyote when I go  
Dm C5 Dm C5 Dm Bb C Dm  
Tireless entrancer, lend me your skin, I will run like the gray wolf when I go

F C5  
I will climb the rise at daybreak, I will kiss the sky at noon  
Gm Dm  
Raise my yearnin' voice at midnight to my mother in the moon  
F C5  
I will make the lay of long defeat and draw the chorus slow  
Gm Bb C5  
I'll send this message down the wire and hope that someone wise is listenin' when I  
Dm ★  
go

F C5  
And when the sun comes trumpets from his red house in the east  
Gm Dm  
He will find a standin' stone where long I chanted my release  
F C5  
He will send his mornin' messenger to strike the hammer blow  
Gm Bb C5 Dm ★  
And I will crumble down uncountable in showers of crimson rubies when I go

Dm C5 Dm C5 Dm Bb C5 Dm  
Sigh, mournful sister, whisper and turn, I will rattle like dry leaves when I go  
Dm C5 Dm C5 Dm Bb C5  
Stand in the mist where my fire used to burn, I will camp on the night breeze when I  
Dm ★  
go

F C5  
And should you glimpse my wand'rin form out on the borderline  
Gm Dm  
Between death and resurrection and the council of the pines  
F C5  
Do not worry for my comfort, do not sorrow for me so  
Gm Bb C5 Dm ★  
All your diamond tears will rise up and adorn the sky beside me when I go

Do not worry for my comfort, do not sorrow for me so  
All your diamond tears will rise up and adorn the sky beside me when I go

**"Whole World Round"**

**-The Dillards**

**Am**

I heard my neighbor's rooster crow, Early in the day

**G**

I heard his axe beyond the hill

**Am G Am**

And now I'm bound away

**Am**

For some may love the city life , Some may crave the town

**G**

But I'll be bound for the lonesome woods

**Am G Am**

And there I'll settle down

**CHORUS:**

**Am**

**G**

Fiddle and a bow and the fire light's glow

**Am**

You can hear that lonesome sound

**C**

**G**

I'll leave behind my troublin' mind

**Am G**

**Am**

And go the whole world 'round

**Am**

The red squirrel leaves when the gray squirrel comes, The eagle nests alone

**G**

A hundred miles from a wagon track

**Am**

**G**

**Am**

Is where I'll make my home

**CHORUS: Fiddle and a bow.....**

**Am**

I've seen the old man whittlin' wood, I've seen the streets of town

**G**

I'll pack my goods for the Arkansas woods

**Am**

**G**

**Am**

And there I'll settle down

**CHORUS x2**

# WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

Scottish traditional

**C F C F C**  
O the summertime is coming and the trees are sweetly blooming  
**F C Am Dm F**  
And the wild mountain thyme grows among the purple heather

**Chorus:**

**C F C F C**  
Will you go, lassie go and we'll all go together  
**F C Am Dm F**  
To pick wild mountain thyme all among the blooming heather  
**C F C**  
Will you go, lassie, go?

**C F C F C**  
I will build my love a bower by yon crystal flowing fountain  
**F C Am Dm F**  
And on it I will pile all the wildflowers of the mountain

**(chorus)**

**C F C F C**  
If my true love will not go, I can surely find another  
**F C Am Dm F**  
Where the wild mountain thyme grows among the purple heather

**(chorus)**

**C F C F C**  
I will build my love a shelter on yon high mountain green  
**F C Am Dm F**  
And my love shall be the fairest that the summer sun has seen

**(chorus)**