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1 Angel from Montgomery - John Prine

G C G C
I am an old woman named after my mother
G C D G
My old man is another child that's grown old
G C G G
If dreams were lightning thunder was desire
G C D G
This old house would have burnt down a long time ago

Chorus

G F C G
Make me an angel that flies from Montgom'ry
G F C G
Make me a poster of an old rodeo
G F C G
Just give me one thing that I can hold on to
G F D G
To believe in this living is just a hard way to go

When I was a young girl well, I had me a cowboy
He weren't much to look at, just free rambling man
But that was a long time and no matter how I try
The years just flow by like a broken down dam.

There's flies in the kitchen I can hear 'em there buzzing
And I ain't done nothing since I woke up today.
How the hell can a person go to work in the morning
And come home in the evening and have nothing to say.

2 Annabel - Kat Goldman

Bm G D
Annabel, Annabel where did you go
Bm G D
I've looked high and I've looked low
Bm G D
I've looked low and I've looked high
Bm G D
Tell me where does the spirit go when you die
G D
Oh where does the spirit go when you die

I have packed your satin gloves and lace
All the pictures of your pretty face
And I kept the ones of you on skates
And a picture from your wedding day

Annabel, Annabel way up high
Are you kissing starry birds in the sky
Will you come and visit us down below
Oh Annabel, Annabel, where did you go
Annabel where did you go

You will miss the humming of the spring
And the winter won't mean anything
And the summer is a lonesome dale
I am lost without you Annabel
I have lost my faith in everything

Annabel, Annabel are you free
Will your wrap me in your legacy
In a blanket with your sweet perfume
I am always thinking thoughts of you

Annabel, Annabel where did you go
I've looked high and I've looked low
I've looked low and I've looked high
Tell me where does the spirit go when you die
Oh where does the spirit go when you die?

3 Babylon - David Gray

capo 1

D/F

Friday night I'm going nowhere

G D/F G

All the lights are changing green to red

D/F

Turning over TV stations

G D/F
Situations running through my head

D/F
Well looking back through time

G
You know it's clear that I've been blind

D/F
I've been a fool

D
To ever open up my heart

G D G
To all that jealousy, that bitterness, that ridicule

Saturday I'm running wild

And all the lights are changing red to green

Moving through the crowd I'm pushing

Chemicals all rushing through my bloodstream

Only wish that you were here

You know I'm seeing it so clear

I've been afraid

To tell you how I really feel

Admit to some of those bad mistakes I've made

chorus

D A
If you want it

Em
Come and get it

A
Crying out loud

The love that I was

Giving you was

Never in doubt

Let go your heart

Em
Let go your head

And feel it now

Let go your heart

Let go your head

And feel it now

Babylon, Babylon

Babylon, Babylon

Sunday all the lights of London
Shining , Sky is fading red to blue
I'm kicking through the Autumn leaves
And wondering where it is you might be going to
Turning back for home
You know I'm feeling so alone
I can't believe
Climbing on the stair
I turn around to see you smiling there
In front of me
repeat chorus

4 Brown Mountain Light - Scott Wiseman

Spoken: In the hills of North Carolina, since the times of the early settlers, a strange light has been witnessed near the top of Brown Mountain. To this day, no one can explain the mystery of the Brown Mountain Light.

chorus:

High on the mountain and down in the valley below.
It shines like the crown of an angel,
And fades as the mist comes and goes.
Way over yonder, night after night until dawn.
A faithful old slave, come back from the grave (searchin')
For his master who is long, long gone.

In the days of the old covered wagon,
When they camped on the flats for the night.
With the stars growing dim on the old high gorge rim,
They would watch for the Brown Mountain Light.

chorus

Long years ago a southern planter
Came hunting in this wild land alone,
And here, so they say, the hunter lost his way
And never returned to his home.
His trusty old slave brought a lantern,
And searched, but in vain, day and night.
The old slave is gone but his spirit wanders on
And the old lantern still casts its light.

chorus

5 Caleb Meyer - Gillian Welch

Am
Caleb Meyer he lived alone
G
In them hollering pines
D
And he made a little whiskey for himself
Am
Said it helped to pass the time

Long one evening in back of my house
G
Caleb come around
D
And he called my name 'til I went out
Am
With no one else around

Caleb Meyer your ghost is gonna
G
Wear them rattling chains
D
But when I go to sleep at night
Am
Don't you call my name

"Where's your husband, Nellie Cane
G
Where's your darlin' gone?
D
Did he go on down the mountainside
Am
And leave you all alone?"

"Yes my husband's gone to Bowling Green
G
To do some business there"
D
And Caleb threw that bottle down
Am
And grabbed my by my hair

Caleb Meyer your ghost is gonna
G
Wear them rattling chains
D
But when I go to sleep at night
Am
Don't you call my name

He threw me in the needle bed
G
Across my dress he lay
D
Then he pinned my hands above my head
Am
And I commenced to pray

I cried my God I am your child

Send your angels down

Then feeling with my fingertips

The bottle neck I found

I drew that glass across his neck

Fine as any blade

Then I felt his blood pour fast and hot

Around me as I laid

Caleb Meyer your ghost is gonna

Wear them rattling chains

But when I go to sleep at night

Don't you call my name

Caleb Meyer your ghost is gonna

Wear them rattling chains

But when I go to sleep at night

Don't you call my name

6 Cam Ranh Bay - Si Kahn

Walking down the road
Night too dark to travel
Rifle in my hands
Following the track
17 years old
Scared to death of dying
But there ain't, but there ain't
No turning back

chorus

Going down the road
Road too dark to travel
Down that road again
No matter what they say
Going down that road
Straight into the darkness
Going back, going back
To Cam Ranh Bay

Sergeant back at Bragg
Clapped us on the shoulder
"You're leaving here as boys
Coming home men"
Body made it back
Soul got left behind me
She won't come, she won't come
To me again

Friends all say my son
Looks just like his father
Rifle in his hands
Swelled up with pride
Say he'll be like me
Too lucky to get wounded
But the wounds, but the wounds
Are all inside

Lying in the grass
Night too dark to travel
Sky lights up
It's the 4th of July
Lying on my back
Listening to the rockets
I break down, I break down
And start to cry

7 The Christians And The Pagans - Dar Williams

Intro: G C Am D D(F)

A C Am D
Amber called her uncle, said "We're up here for the holiday,
G C Am D
Jane and I were having solstice, now we need a place to stay."
Em C Am D
And her Christ-loving uncle watched his wife hang Mary on a tree,
Em C Am D
He watched his son hang candy canes all made with red dye number three.
G C Am D
He told his niece, "It's Christmas eve, I know our life is not your style,"
G C Am D
She said, "Christmas is like Solstice, and we miss you and it's been awhile,"

G C Em D
So the Christians and the Pagans sat together at the table,
G C Em D
Finding faith and common ground the best that they were able,
Em C Am D
And just before the meal was served, hands were held and prayers were said,
Em C Am D G
Sending hope for peace on earth to all their gods and goddesses.

The food was great, the tree plugged in, the meal had gone without a hitch,
Till Timmy turned to Amber and said, "Is it true that you're a witch?"
His mom jumped up and said, "The pies are burning," and she hit the kitchen,
And it was Jane who spoke, she said, "It's true, your cousin's not a Christian,"
"But we love trees, we love the snow, the friends we have, the world we share,
And you find magic from your God, and we find magic everywhere."

So the Christians and the Pagans sat together at the table,
Finding faith and common ground the best that they were able,
And where does magic come from, I think magic's in the learning,
Cause now when Christians sit with Pagans only pumpkin pies are burning.

When Amber tried to do the dishes, her aunt said, "Really, no, don't bother."
Amber's uncle saw how Amber looked like Tim and like her father.
He thought about his brother, how they hadn't spoken in a year,
He thought he'd call him up and say, "It's Christmas and your daughter's here."
He thought of fathers, sons and brothers, saw his own son tug his sleeve, saying,
"Can I be a Pagan?" Dad said, "We'll discuss it when they leave,"

So the Christians and the Pagans sat together at the table,
Finding faith and common ground the best that they were able,
Lighting trees in darkness, learning new ways from the old, and
Making sense of history and drawing warmth out of the cold.

8 The Crawdad Song - Big Bill Broonzy

G
You'll get a line an' I'll get a pole, now, honey

D
You'll get a line an' I'll get a pole, babe

G
You'll get a line an' I'll get a pole,

C
now, let's go down to that crawdads hole

G D G
Honey, baby, mine

Yond'r come a man with a sack on his back, now, honey

Yond'r come a man with a sack on his back, oh, babe

Yond'r come a man with a sack on his back,

he's got him all crawdads he can pack

Honey, baby, mine

Man fell down and he broke that sack, honey

Man fell down and he broke that sack, oh, babe

Man fell down and he broke that sack,

you'd better see them crawdads goin' back

Honey, baby, mine

What you gonna do when the pond goes dry, now, honey

What you gonna do when the pond goes dry, oh, babe

What you gonna do when the pond goes dry,

I'm gonna stand on the bank and watch the crawdads die

Honey, baby, mine

Sat on the pond, to my feet got cold, now, honey

Sat on the pond, to my feet got cold, babe

Sat on the pond, to my feet got cold,

I was lookin' right down that crawdads hole

Honey, baby, mine

9 Daddy Sang Bass - Carl Perkins

I remember when I was a lad
Times were hard and things were bad
But there's a silver linin' behind every cloud
Just poor people that's all we were
Tryin' to make a livin' out of blackland earth
But we'd get together in a family circle singin' loud ...

chorus:

Daddy sang bass, Mama sang tenor
Me and little brother would join right in there
Singin' seems to help a troubled soul

One of these days and it won't be long
I'll rejoin them in a song
I'm gonna join the family circle at the throne ...

No, the circle won't be broken
Bye and bye, Lord, bye and bye ...
Daddy'll sing bass, Mama'll sing tenor
Me and little brother will join right in there
In the sky, Lord, in the sky.

Now I remember after work,
Mama would call in all of us
You could hear us singin' for a country mile
Now little brother has done gone on
But I'll rejoin him in a song
We'll be together again up yonder in a little while.

CHORUS

Daddy sang bass, Mama sang tenor
Me and little brother would join right in there
Singin' seems to help a troubled soul

One of these days and it won't be long
I'll rejoin them in a song
I'm gonna join the family circle at the throne ...

No, the circle won't be broken
Bye and bye, Lord, bye and bye ...
Daddy'll sing bass, Mama'll sing tenor
Me and little brother will join right in there
In the sky, Lord, in the sky.
In the sky, Lord, in the sky.

10 Dark as a Dungeon - Merle Travis

 D G A
Come and listen you fellows, so young and so fine,
 D G D
And seek not your fortune in the dark, dreary mines.
 D G A
It will form as a habit and seep in your soul,
 D G D
'Till the stream of your blood is as black as the coal.

chorus:

 A G D
It's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew,
 A G D
Where danger is double and pleasures are few,
 D G A
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines
 D G D
It's dark as a dungeon way down in the mine.

It's a-many a man I have seen in my day,
Who lived just to labor his whole life away.
Like a fiend with his dope and a drunkard his wine,
A man will have lust for the lure of the mines.

I hope when I'm gone and the ages shall roll,
My body will blacken and turn into coal.
Then I'll look from the door of my heavenly home,
And pity the miner a-diggin' my bones.

additional stanza rarely performed by Merle Travis:

The midnight, the morning, or the middle of day,
Is the same to the miner who labors away.
Where the demons of death often come by surprise,
One fall of the slate and you're buried alive.

11 Deportee w: Woody Guthrie m: Martin Hoffman

D G D
The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting
D G D
The oranges piled up in their creosote dumps
G D
You're flying'em back to the Mexican border
D G D
To spend all their money to wade back again

chorus:

G D
Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita
A D
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria,
G D
You won't have a name when you fly the big airplane
G D
All they will call you will be deportee

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 others not wanted
Our work contracts up and we have to move on
600 miles to that Mexican border
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers like thieves

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

The skyplane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon
A fireball of lightning, shook all our hills
Who are all these friends who are scattered like dry leaves
The radio said they were 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"?

12 Diesel and Shale - w: Cyril Tawney m: Tom Lewis

shanty style

On the fifth of November back in '53
The big man at Dolphin, sure he sent for me
We've brought you here boy 'cause we want you to know
We've booked you a berth in the water below

Chorus

With the diesel and shale
Diesel and shale
We've booked you a berth
With the diesel and shale

But when I protested I'm no volunteer
He says "We ain't had one in many's the year
But that's a wee secret, between you and me:
There's many's the pressed man down under the sea
With the diesel and shale...

Oh doctor, dear doctor, I don't think I'm well
Well never mind sonny, we'll very soon tell
Try holding your breath while I count up to three
There! That shows your fit to go under the sea
With the diesel and shale...

I went to the store room to gather me rig
They gave me a sweater ten sizes too big
And I crawled down that boat, like an old polar bear
I says to meself there's a smell in the air
And its diesel and shale...

We circled the "Med" for a summer or two
Where the water's so warm and the sky is so blue
At least that's what they tell me... I wouldn't know
You don't see much sun when you're stuck down below
With the diesel and shale...

Oh Suzy, dear Suzy, won't you be mine?
Submariner's wives have a hell of a time
You'll live like a Duchess, with cash on the nail
If you don't mind the stink of the diesel and shale
Diesel and shale...

The big man at Dolphin, he called me at last
It's time you went back to your ship with a mast
I'll feel just like Jonah, leaving his whale

But you know where to stick all your diesel and shale
Diesel and shale...

13 The Early Days - as performed by Jon Singleton

B \flat F C

B \flat F C

C
tell me a tale of the early days and the times like they used to be^F
C
a pillar of fire and shakespeare's plays are most too deep for me^F
F C G
i want plain facts and i want plain words the good old-fashioned ways
C B \flat F G C
when speech was free like song of the birds, way back in the early day

tell me the tale of the timberlands and the old time pioneers
something a poor man understands with his feeling as well as ears
talk about the old log house, about the loft and the puncheon floor.
the old fireplace with the crane swung out,
and the latch string through the door

talk about things just like they was, they don't need no excuse
Don't dress em' like a poet does, till their all too fine for use
say there was eleven in a family, two beds and a chest full of wool,
trundle beds tat each held three and a clock in the old buraue

then blow the horn out the old back door, and the echoes all
and the children gather and are home once more, just like they used to do
blow four a paps and elias too... ?
marchin home with the fife and drum and the old red white and blue

blow and blow til the sound drafts low, like the moan of a whipporrwill
wake up mother and ruth and joe sleeping at bethel hill
blow and call till the face is all shine out in the backlog blaze
and the shadows dance off the ol jude wall like it did in the early days

first verse

speech was free like the song of the birds, way back in the early days.

14 Erin Go Bragh - from SixMileBridge

Am C G Am
My name is Duncan Campbell, from the shire of Argyle
C Em
And I've traveled this country for many's the mile
C Am G
I've wandered through Scotland, Ireland and all
Am G Am
And the name I go under's bold Erin Go Bragh

One night in old Greky, as I walked down the street
A saucy great police I chanced for to meet
He glared in me face and he give me some jaw
Sayin' when come you over fr'old Erin Go Bragh

Well I am not a pat, though in Ireland i've been
Nor am I a paddy, though Ireland i've seen
But were I a paddy, that's nothing at all
For there's many's the bold hero from Erin Go Bragh

Well I know you're a pat by the cut of your hair
But you all turn to Scotsmen as soon as you're here
You left your own country for breaking the law
And we're seizing all stragglers from Erin Go Bragh

Oh and were I a pat, and you knew it were true
Oh and if I were the devil, then what's that to you
Were it not for the stick that you hold in your paw
I'd show you a game played in Erin Go Bragh

Then a lump of black thorn that I held in my fist
Oh about his big body I made with a twist
And the blood from his naffer I quickly did draw,
And paid him stock and interest from Erin Go Bragh

Then the people came around, like a flock of wild geese,
Saying catch that daft rascal, he's killed the police,
And for every friend I had, I swear he had four,
It was terrible hard times for old Erin Go Bragh

So come all you young people, from wherever you're from,
Who don't give a damn from what place you belong
I come from Argyle, in the highlands of ra?
But I never took a til being called Erin Go Bragh

But I come on a wee boat, it sails on the fourth
And I've packed up my gear and steered for the north
Farewell to old Greky, your police and all
And the devil g'ain with you, say's Erin Go Bragh.

15 Fall on My Knees - as performed by the Freight Hoppers

chorus

C F
Well I fall on my knees,
C F
Beggin' you please,
C G C F
Come and stay with me, little girl,
C G C
Won't you come and stay with me.

C F C F G
Well I'm going down the line, where the sun don't never shine
C G C F
Gonna skid on that cold ice and snow, little girl
C G C
Gonna skid on that cold ice and snow.

If I had as many dollars as the sands in the sea
Well I'd give it all to you to marry me, little girl
Well I'd give it all to you to marry me.

Well I wish to the Lord, I'd never been born
or died when I was a baby, little girl
or died when I was a baby .

I never would have kissed your ruby red cheeks,
or eaten that salty gray meat, little girl,
or eaten that salty gray meat.

You told me one, you told me two,
you told me ten thousand lies, little girl,
you told me ten thousand lies.

G
You told me more lies than there stars in the sky.
You'll never get to heaven when you die, little girl
you'll never get to heaven when you die.

Well the longest train I ever saw,
it was 99 coaches long, little girl
it was 99 coaches long.

And the only girl I ever loved,
She's on that train done gone, my little girl,
She's on that train done gone.

16 Field Holler - as recorded by Bruce Molsky

If the times don't get much better here
I'm going down the road, I'm going for to leave ya
Times don't get much better here, on down the road I'm gone

If the times don't get much better here,
I'm going back Virginia, my baby's waiting for me
She's not there when I get home, on down the road I'm gone

If the time's don't get much better,
Down the road I'm gone.

17 Folsom Prison Blues - Johnny Cash

I hear the train a comin'; it's rollin' 'round the bend,
And I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when.
I'm stuck at Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on.
But that train keeps rollin' on down to San Antone.

When I was just a baby, my mama told me, "Son,
Always be a good boy; don't ever play with guns."
But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die.
When I hear that whistle blowin' I hang my head and cry.

I bet there's rich folk eatin' in a fancy dining car.
They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars,
But I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free,
But those people keep a movin', and that's what tortures me.

Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine,
I bet I'd move on over a little farther down the line,
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay,
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away.

18 Ford Econoline - Nanci Griffith

She drove west from Salt Lake City to the California coastline
She hit the San Diego Freeway doing sixty miles an hour
She had a husband on her bumper
She had five restless children
She was singing sweet as a mockingbird in that Ford Econoline

chorus:

She's the salt of the earth
Straight from the bosom of the Mormon church
With a voice like wine
Cruising along in that Ford Econoline

Now her husband was a gambler, he was a Salt Lake City Rambler
He built a golden cage around his silver-throated wife
Too many nights he left her crying with his cheating and his lying
But his big mistake was him buying her that Ford Econoline

Now she sings her songs around this country
From Seattle to Montgomery
Those kids are grown and that rounder knows
You cannot cage your wife
Along the back roads of our nation, she's become a living legend
She drives a Coupe DeVille but her heart rides still
In that Ford Econoline
She drives a Coup DeVille but her heart rides still
In that Ford Econoline

19 Friend of the Devil - w: Robert Hunter, m: Jerry Garcia and John Dawson

Chords (and intro):

G' xx5430

G/f# xx4030

C/e xx2010

G/d xx000(0)

C x32010

G/b x20010 (at least this is how he plays it, with the index finger left on the second string)

Am x02210

G C
I lit out from Reno
G C G Am
I was trailed by twenty hounds
G C G
Didn't get to sleep last night
C G Am
Till the morning came around

D
I set out running but I take my time
Am
A friend of the Devil is a friend of mine
D
If I get home before daylight
Am C D
I just might get some sleep tonight

I ran into the Devil, babe
He loaned me twenty bills
I spent that night in Utah
In a cave up in the hills

I set out running but I take my time
A friend of the devil is a friend of mine
If I get home before daylight
I might get some sleep tonight

I ran down to the levee
But the Devil caught me there
He took my twenty dollar bill
And he vanished in the air

I set out running but I take my time
A friend of the Devil is a friend of mine
If I get home before daylight
I might get some sleep tonight

D
Got two reasons why I cry away each lonely night
Am
First one's named sweet Anne Marie and she's my heart's delight
D
Second one is prison, babe the sheriff's on my trail
Am
If he catches up with me
C D
I'll spend my life in jail

Got a wife in Chino, babe
And one in Cherokee
First one says she's got my child
But it don't look like me

I set out running but I take my time
A friend of the Devil is a friend of mine
If I get home before daylight
I might get some sleep tonight

20 God Bless That Moonshiner - from Salamander Crossing

I've been a poor moonshiner for many long years,
I've spent all my money, on whiskey and beer

Now my breath smells as sweet, as the dew on the vine,
God bless that moonshiner, making whiskey and wine

He tore out the pockets and she sewed up the seam
She fed that moonshiner on sweet milk and cream
Now my breath . . . how I wished he were mine

Her parents don't allow him to mention her door
Good morning corn whiskey, I'll try you once more
Now my breath . . . how I wished he were mine.

21 Handsome Molly - from the Konnarock Critters

Well I wish I was in London, or some other seaport town,
I'd set my foot on steamboat, and I'd sail the ocean round.

chorus

Sailing around the ocean, sailing around the sea,
I think of handsome Molly wherever she may be

Well her hair was black as a raven, her eyes were dark as coal
Her cheeks looked like the lilies out in the morning snow
Don't you remember Molly, when you gave me your right hand
You said that if you ever married, that I'd be your man

She go'd to church last Sunday, she passed me on by
I could tell her mind was changing, by the roving of her eye
Well now you broke your promise, well onwards be you please(?)
While my poor hear tis breaking, your lying at your knees

22 Hard Times Come Again No More - Stephen Foster

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears;
Oh Hard times come again no more.

Chorus

Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard Times, hard times, come again no more
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;
Oh hard times come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say
Oh hard times come again no more.

There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away,
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er:
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,
Oh hard times come again no more.

Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore
Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave
Oh hard times come again no more.

23 Hard Times (E=D/2) - Si Kahn

It's hard times in Washington
Hard times in Tennessee
Hard times for everyone
Hard times for you and me
It's hard times in the public places
Hard times in the factories
Hard times on the corporate farms
Hard times on the company seas
Hard times
It's hard times

It's hard to watch it all go down
Drowning like the setting sun
Hard to watch our freedoms taken
Hard to lose what we had won
It's hard to watch the towers tumble
Hard to watch the struggling town
Hard to watch the bastards smile
While they tear the Constitution down
Hard times
It's hard times

But it's hardly time to take a seat
Hardly time to lose your voice
Hardly fair to just complain
As if we never had a choice
For we are born to work and choose
We are born to rip and mend
We are born to win and lose
We are born to lose and win
Hard times
It's hard times
Hard times
It's our time

24 The Humors of Whiskey

Let your quacks and newspapers be cuttin' their capers
And curing the Vapours, the Scratch and the Gout.
With their medical potions, their pills and their lotions,
Upholdin' their notions, they're mighty put out.
Who can tell the true physic of all things pathetic
And pitch to the Devil Cramp, Colic and Spleen?
Oh you'll find them I think if you take a big drink
With your mouth to the brink of a jug of Poteen.

Then stick to the Cratur the best thing in nature
For drowning your sorrows and raisin' your joys.
Oh what botherations no bolt to the nation
Can bring consolation like Poteen me boys.

No liquid cosmetic to lovers athletic
Or ladies pathetic can bring such a bloom
As the sweet, by the powers to the garden of flowers
Never brought it own powers such a darlin' perfume.
And this liquid's so rare if you're willin' to share
To be takin' your hair when its grizzled and dead.
Oh the Sod has the merit to yield the true spirit
So strong it'll shake all the hairs from your head.

Then stick to the Cratur the best thing in nature
For drowning your sorrows and raisin' your joys.
Oh since its perfection no doctor's direction
Can cleanse the complexion like Poteen me boys.

As a child in my cradle the nurse from her ladle
Was swillin' her mouth with a notion of "Pep"
When a drop from her bottle fell into me throttle.
I capered and scrambled right out of her lap.
On the floor I lay crawlin' and screamin' and bawlin'
Till Father and Mother soon came to the fore.
Conceived I lay dying, all wailing and crying
They found I was only a-cryin' for more.

Then stick to the Cratur the best thing in nature
For drowning your sorrows and raisin' your joys.
Oh Lord how I'd chuckle if babes in their truckle
Could only be suckled on Poteen me boys.

Through youthful digressions and times of depression
My childhood impression still clung to me mind.
In school and in college the basis of knowledge
I never could gulp 'till with whiskey combined.

Now as older I'm growin', time's ever bestowin'
On Erin's potation a flavour so fine
And how e're they may lecture on Jove and his nectar
Itself is the only true liquid divine.

Then stick to the Cratur the best thing in nature
For drowning your sorrows and raisin' your joys.
Oh Lord it's the right thing for courtin' and fightin'
There's nought so exciting as Poteen me boys.

Come guess me this riddle what beats pipes and fiddle
What's hotter than mustard and wilder than cream?
What best wets your whistle, what's clearer than crystal
Smoother than honey and stronger than steam?
What'll make the dumb talk, what'll make the lame walk –
The elixir of life and philosopher's stone?
And what helped Mr. Brunell to dig the Thames tunnel
Wasn't it Poteen me boys from old Innishowen.

Then stick to the Cratur the best thing in nature
For drowning your sorrows and raisin' your joys.
Oh Lord knows I wonder if lightning and thunder
Was made from the plunder of Poteen me boys!

25 I Am the Bravest Cowboy

D G
I am the greatest cowboy, that ever road the west,
A D
I've been all around the rockies got bullets in my breast
D G
In eighteen hundred and six three, lord joined the indian band
A D
i went on down to san antone, down by the rio grand

I went out on the prairie, I learned to rope and ride,
I learned to pocket money, but my clothes were not much finer,
I went out on the prairie, lord, learned to rob and steal,
And when I rob them cowboys, how happy I do feel

Heard the Indians coming, I heard the Indian yell,
My feelings at that moment, no human word can tell
Now sixty of the greatest cowboys, that ever rode the west,
Lay dying on the prairie, with arrows in their breasts,

I wear a white brimmed hat, and don't you know just fine,
And when I court them pretty girls, don't you know I call them mine
Yes I courted pretty Nancy, but my love was all in vain,
So take me back to san antone, for to wear the ball and chain

You know I am the greatest cowboy, that ever did ride the West
I been all around the rockies, got bullets in my breast.

26 I'll Go to My Grave Loving You - Don Reid

I will go, to my grave loving you

I will give, all I've saved, loving you

And if I live again

Even then, it won't end

For I'll go to my grave lovin' you

Oh to take his place forever

There's nothin' I wouldn't give

I'd prove to you daily what a man really is

I'll lay, down my life loving you

I'd work, day and night loving you

and when, life calls us both above

Honey you would know that you'd been loved

For I'll go to my grave lovin' you

and when life calls us up above

honey you would know that you'd know

that you'd been loved

for i'll go to my grave loving you.

27 I Still Miss Someone - Johnny Cash

At my door the leaves are falling
A cold wild wind has come
Sweethearts walk by together
And I still miss someone

I go out on a party
And look for a little fun
But I find a darkened corner
because I still miss someone

Oh, no I never got over those blues eyes
I see them every where
I miss those arms that held me
When all the love was there

I wonder if she's sorry
For leavin' what we'd begun
There's someone for me somewhere
And I still miss someone

28 I Truly Understand - as recorded by Bruce Molsky

A D
I wish to the lord, I'd never been born

A
Died when I was a baby

A D
Never would've seen your two brown eyes,

G
Or eaten the salty gravy,

A D
Or eaten the salty gravy

chorus

D A G D
I truly understand that you love another man

D A D
And your heart shall no longer be mine

D A G D
I truly understand that you love another man

D A D
And your heart shall no longer be mine

Who's gonna shoe your pretty little feet

Who will glove your hand

Who's gonna kiss your ruby red lips

When I'm in a foreign land, dear love,

When I'm in a foreign land

Papa will shoe my pretty little feet

Mamma will glove my hand

Sister will kiss my ruby red lips,

When I'm in a foreign land, dear love,

When I'm in a foreign land

Never will take another one's hand,

That her hair be black or brown

Rather be standing on the top of some mountain,

Where the rain come tumbling down, dear love,

Where the rain come tumbling down

repeat first verse

29 It's a Hard Life Wherever You Go - Nanci Griffith

I am a backseat driver from America

We drive to the left on Falls Road

And the man at the wheel's name is Seamus

We pass a child on the corner he knows

And Seamus says, now what chance has that kid got

And I say from the back, I don't know

He says there's barbed wire at all of these exits

And there ain't no place in Belfast for that kid to go

chours:

'Cause it's a hard life, it's a hard life, it's a very hard life

It's a hard life wherever you go

And if we poison our children with hatred

Then the hard life is all that they'll know

And there ain't no place in Belfast for that kid to go

Cafeteria line in Chicago

The fat man in front of me

Is calling black people trash to his children

And he's the only trash here I see

And I am thinking this man wears a white hood

In the night when his children should sleep

But they'll slip to their windows and they'll see him

And they'll think that white hood's all they need

chorus:

'Cause it's a hard life, it's a hard life, it's a very hard life

It's a hard life wherever you go

And if we poison our children with hatred

Then the hard life is all that they'll know

And there ain't no place in Chicago for those kids to go

I was a child in the Sixties

When dreams could be held through T.V.

With Disney and Cronkite and Martin Luther

And I believed, I believed, I believed

Now I am the backseat driver from America

And I am not at the wheel of control

And I am guilty, I am war, and I am the root of all evil
Lord, and I can't drive on the left side of the road

chorus:

'Cause it's a hard life, it's a hard life, it's a very hard life
It's a hard life wherever you go
And if we poison our children with hatred
Then the hard life is all that they'll know
And there ain't no place in this world for those kids to go
'Cause it's a hard life wherever you go

30 John Henry

^D
John Henry was about two days old
^A
Sittin on his papa's knee,
^D
He picks up a hammer and a little piece of steel,
Cried hammer's gonna be the death of me, lord lord
^A ^D
Hammer's gonna be the death of me

The captain he said to John Henry,
I'm gonna bring that steam drill round,
Gonna bring that steam drill out on the job
I'm gonna whop that steel on down, down, down
Gonna whop that steel on down

John Henry said to his captain
Lord a man ain't nothing but a man
But before I let that steam drill beat me down,
I'll die with a hammer in my hand, Lord, Lord
I'll die with a hammer in my hand

John Henry said to his shaker,
Shaker, why don't you sing?
I'm swingin 30 pounds from my hips on down
Just listen to the cold steel ring, Lord Lord
Just listen to the cold steel ring

The man that invented the steam drill
He thought he was mighty fine
But John Henry drove 15 feet
The steam drill only made 9, Lord, Lord
The steam drill only made 9

John Henry hammered in the morning
His hammer was strikin fire
He worked so hard, he broke his poor heart,
He laid down his hammer and he died, Lord, Lord,
He laid down his hammer and he died

John Henry had a little woman,
Her name was Polly Ann
John Henry took sick and he went to his bed
Polly Ann drove steel like a man, Lord, Lord
Polly Ann drove steel like a man

John Henry had a little baby
You could hold him in the palm of your hand

The last words I heard that poor boy say
“My daddy was a steel drivin’ man”, Lord, Lord
“My daddy was a steel drivin’ man”

Well every Monday morning
When the bluebirds begin to sing
You can hear John Henry, from a mile or more,
You can hear John Henry’s hammer ring, Lord, Lord
You can hear John Henry’s hammer ring

31 Legs Like Elephants' - Tilly Hatcher

G E Am D⁷
If the earth rotated faster, so our days were half as long,
would half hours be called hours? would we all take faster showers?
would it cause disaster? what would happen to the moon?
would we all work twice as hard? would we all die twice as soon?

whistling (same chords)

if gravity were stronger, cause the earth was twice as dense,
would walking be a struggle? would it be hard the juggle?
would everyone be stronger? or would we just be tired?
would we have legs like elephants'? would thinness be admired?

whistling (same chords)

if the earth were cool cause it was further from the sun,
would people stick together to survive the colder weather?
we'd have to find a fuel that we'd be able to sustain
a world where everyone knows how to drive in snow, but not in rain.

whistling (same chords + —G —C —D — —)

32 La Llorona - anonymous

Salí as del templo un día llorona
cuando al pasar yo te vi,
tan lindo güibil llevabas, llorona,
que la virgen te creí.

No sé que tienen las flores llorona,
las flores del camposanto,
que cuando las besa el viento, llorona,
parece que están llorando...

Ay de mí , llorona,
llorona: tú eres mi chunga
me quitarán de quererte, llorona,
pero olvidarte nunca.

A un Santo Cristo de hierro, llorona,
mis penas le conté yo.
Cuán grandes serí an mis penas, llorona
que el Santo Cristo llor.

Ay mi llorona,
Llorona, de un campo lirio,
El que no sabe de amores, llorona
No sabe lo que es martirio.

Dos besos llevo en el alma llorona
que no se apartan de mí
el último de mi madre, llorona,
y el primero que te di.

Ay de mi llorona
llorona, llévame al río
tápame con tu rebozo llorona,
porque me muero de frio.

Ay de mí , llorona
llorona de azul celeste.
Aunque me cueste la vida, llorona
no dejaré de quererte.

33 Lonesome Road Blues

aka Going down the road feeling bad

G
I'm going down the road feeling bad
C G
I'm going down the road feeling bad
C G D
I'm going down the road feeling bad, Lord, Lord
G D G
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.

I'm down in the jail on my knees *etc.*

They feed me on cornbread and beans *etc.*

Two dollar shoes hurt my feet *etc.*

Ten dollar shoes fit me fine *etc.*

New York water tastes like turpentine *etc.*

Goin' where the water tastes like wine *etc.*

34 Miner's Lullaby - w: Utah Philips, m: Jody Stecher

D A G
Once, long ago, he was handsome and tall
D A
And fit to be called to the wars
D A G
We left our village, family and all
D A D
To never return anymore
G D
Now he takes his coat, his bucket and lamp.
A
And whistles away to the gate
D A G
Where men, young and old, from all over the camp
D A D
Gather in search of a wage.

Chorus

D A
Husband, sleep,
G
Lay your head back and dream
D
A slow falling leaf
A
Borne down to the stream
D A G
And carried away on the wings of morphine
D A D, last time G
Homeward far over the sea

My husband and I, we are rolling in faith
But we have a secret to keep.
If ever his life is taken away
Then gentle and long will he sleep
Now, some men pass with family around
With linens and blankets so clean
But seldom a miner goes underground
Without a tin of morphine

Then there is word, an explosion is heard
The miners are trapped far below
If any survive, down there alive
I'm certain we never will know
Although our families have vainly appealed
No rescue attempts can be seen
Our hopes for our loved ones in the dark earth sealed
Now lies in a tin of morphine.

35 One more dollar - Gillian Welch

Intro: Am G F G C

^C A long time ago I left my home
^F For a job in the fruit trees
^G But I missed those hills with the windy pines
^C For their song seemed to suit me

^C So I sent my wages to my home
^F And said we'd soon be together
^G For the next good crop would pay my way
^C And I would come home forever

Chorus

Am G F G C
One more dime to show for my day
Am G F G C
One more dollar and I'm on my way
Am G F G C
When I reach those hills, boys, I'll never roam
Am G F G C
One more dollar and I'm going home

Am G F G C

^C No work said the boss at the bunk house door
^F There's a freeze on the branches
^G So when the dice came out at the bar downtown
^C I rolled and I took my chances

^C A long time ago I left my home
^F Just a boy passing twenty
^G Could you spare a coin and a Christian prayer
^C For my luck has turned against me

Am G F G C
One more dime to show for my day
Am G F G C
One more dollar and I'm on my way
Am G F G C
When I reach those hills, boys, I'll never roam

Am G F G C
One more dollar and I'm going home
Am G F G C
One more dollar, boys, I'm going home

36 the Opeongo Line - Karen Taylor

She plays it in F minor.

On the ^{Em}Opeongo line,
I ^Ddrove a ^{Em}span of bays
One ^{Em}summer ^Donce ^{Bm}upon ^Da time,
For ^{Bm}Hoolihan ^{Em}and Hayes
Now ^Gthat the ^Dbays are dead and gone,
And ^{Em}grim ^{Bm}old age is mine

chorus

^{Em}A phantom team and teamster
Leave ^{Bm}Renfrew ^{Em}rain or shine
^GDreaming ^DI was ^{Em}teaming
On the [Ⓞ]Opeongo ^{Em}Line

On the Opeongo Line
I wore a steady trail each day
Hauling lumber from the camps
And looking for my pay
The years went by and my dreams they left me
Poor as a cut jack pine
Now a ...

On the Opeongo Line
I cursed the heat and flies
I cursed the endless winding road
The bosses and their lies
But I knew each tree and rock and hill
Like they were friends of mine
Now a ...

Now the Opeongo Line
Still winds its weary way
But the logs go by as fast as flight
And the trail is paved with grey
And now I set here all alone
Just waiting for my time
To join ...

On the Opeongo Line
I drove a span of bays

One summer once upon a time
For Hoolihan and Hayes
Now that they bays are dead and gone
And grim old age is mine,
A phantom team and teamster
Come to take this soul of mine.

37 The Origin of Love - Stephen Trask

intro

D D/B Asus4 G . . .

When the Earth was still flat
And clouds made of fire
And mountains stretched up to the sky
sometimes higher

Folks roamed the Earth
Like big rolling kegs

They had two sets of arms

They had two sets of legs

They had two faces peering

Out of one giant head

So they could watch all around them

As they talked while they read

And they never knew nothing of love

It was before

The origin of love

The origin of love

The origin of love

The origin of love

And there was three sexes then one that looked
Like two men glued up back to back
they call the children of the sun

And similar in shape and girth
Were the children of the earth

They look like two girls rolled up in one

And the children of the moon

Were like a fork shoved on a spoon

They were part sun part earth

part daughter part son

D G D G
the origin of love

Now the gods grew quite scared

Of our strength and defiance

And thor said I'm gonna kill them all with my hammer
Like i killed the giants

But zeus said no you better let me
Use my lightning like scissors

Like I cut the legs off the whales,
Dinosaurs into lizards

And then he grabbed up some bolts

And he let out a laugh

Said I'll split them right down the middle

Gonna cut them right up in half

And then storm clouds gathered above

Into great balls of fire

And then fire shot down

From the sky in bolts like shining blades of a knife

And it ripped right through the flesh

Of the children of the sun and the moon and the earth

And some indian god sewed the wound up to a hole

Pulled it round to our belly to remind us

Of the price we pay

And osiris and the gods of the Nile

Gathered up a big storm

To blow a hurricane

To scatter us away

In a flood of wind and rain

And a sea of tidal waves

To wash us all away

And if we don't behave ^G
They'll cut as down again ^E
And we'll be hoppin' round on one foot ^{Ab} ^G
D ^A ^G
and looking through one eye

guitar solo

D ^{Bm}
Last time I saw you we just split in two
You were looking at me ^G
I was looking at you, you ^A
You had a way so familiar ^D
I could not reconcile ^{Bm}
'cause you had blood on your face ^G
I had blood in my eyes ^A
But I could swear by your expression ^D
That the pain down in your soul ^{Bm}
Was the same, as the one down in mine ^G ^A
Oh that's the pain ^D

That cuts a straight line down through the heart ^{Bm} ^G
We call it love ^A

We wrapped our arms around each other ^D
Trying to shove our selves back together ^{Bm}
We were making love making love ^G ^A
It was a cold dark evening ^D
Such a long time ago ^{Bm}
When by the mighty hand of jove ^G ^A
It was a sad story ^D
How we became lonely two legged creatures ^{Bm}
The story of the origin of ^G ^A
That's the origin of love ^D ^G
The origin of love ^D ^G
The origin of love ^D ^G
The origin of love ^D
D/B Asus4 D

38 Orphan Girl - Gillian Welch

I am an orphan^G
On God's highway^D
But I'll share my troubles^G
If you'll go my way^C

I have no mother^G
No father, no sister^{D G}
No brother^C
I am an orphan girl^{G D G}

I have had friendships^D
Pure and golden^D
But the ties of kinship^G
I have not known them^C

I know no mother^G
No father, no sister^{D G}
No brother^C
I am an orphan girl^{G D G}

But when he calls me^D
I will be able^D
To meet my family^G
At God's table^C

I'll meet my mother^G
My father, my sister^{D G}
My brother^C
No more an orphan girl^{G D G}

Blessed savior^D
Make me willing^D
And walk beside me^G
Until I'm with them^C

Be my mother^G
My father, my sister^{D G}
My brother^C
I am an orphan girl^{G D G}
I am an orphan girl^{D C G}

39 Paradise - John Prine

waltz time

When I was a child my family would travel
Down to Western Kentucky where my parents were born
And there's a backwards old town that's often remembered
So many times that my memories are worn.

Chorus

And daddy won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay
Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking
Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it away

Well, sometimes we'd travel right down the Green River
To the abandoned old prison down by Adrie Hill
Where the air smelled like snakes and we'd shoot with our pistols
But empty pop bottles was all we would kill.

Then the coal company came with the world's largest shovel
And they tortured the timber and stripped all the land
Well, they dug for their coal till the land was forsaken
Then they wrote it all down as the progress of man.

When I die let my ashes float down the Green River
Let my soul roll on up to the Rochester dam
I'll be halfway to Heaven with Paradise waitin'
Just five miles away from wherever I am.

40 Peggy - Tradition/Jen Hamel

^G
Oh where've you been young Peggy —
^F ^C
Peggy, where've you been?
^G ^C
In the garden, among the gillieflowers
^G
You've not been there, you're lyin', Peggy,
^F ^C
You've not been there, you're lyin',
^G ^C
Your father saw you in Jamie's arms

^F ^C
My father saw me in Jamie's arms
^G ^F ^C
He'll see me there again;
^F ^C
For I will lie in Jamie's arms
^G ^C
when his grave is growing green

Your Jamie is a rogue, Peggy
Your Jamie is a rogue
For trysting out our daughter,
And her so very young

Lay not the blame on Jamie, Mother,
The blame all lies on me;
For I have slept in Jamie's arms
When your eyes could not see

And she has to her bower gone
He's waiting there for her
She says, I'm blythe to see you Jamie,

But we cannot meet no more

She takes the wine glass in her hand
And pours the clean wine out
She says I'm blythe to see you Jamie,
but we cannot meet no more

She takes him in her arms
And gives him kisses five
She says I'm blythe to see you, Jamie,
I wish you a fine life

Your father has a bonny clock,
Divides the night and day
And at the middle strike of night
In the woods you will find me

When bells have rung and Mass is sung
And men are bound for bed
It's up she kilts her green dress,
And rises from her be

When bells have rung and Mass is sung,
About the hour of two —
It's up jumps her father
With "Peggy is away"

Go saddle me the black, the black,
Go saddle me the gray
But before they come to the top of the hill,
Peggy is away.

41 Please Forgive Me - David Gray

♬

C E
Please forgive me
A G
If I act a little strange
C E A G
For I know not what I do.
C E A A
Feels like lightning running through my veins
F G
Everytime I Clook at you
F C ♬
Everytime I look at you

Help me out here
All my words are falling short
And there's so much I want to say
Want to tell you just how good it feels
When you look at me that way
When you look at me that way

Throw a stone and watch the ripples flow
Moving out across the bay
Like a stone I fall into your eyes
Deep into that mystery
Deep into some mystery

I got half a mind to scream out loud
I got half a mind to die
So I won't ever have to lose you girl
Won't ever have to say goodbye
I won't ever have to lie
Won't ever have to say goodbye

Yeah na na na na
Yeah na na na na

Please forgive me
If I act a little strange
For I know not what I do
It's like my head is filled with lightning girl
Everytime I look at you
Everytime I look at you
Everytime I look at you
Everytime I look at you

42 The Poor Cowboy - as recorded by Bruce Molsky

Oh the poor cowboy he's got no home
He's here today, and tomorrow gone
He's got no poke he's forced to roam
Where he hangs his hat is his home sweet home

Roll on boys, roll, don't you roll so slow
Roll on boys roll, don't you roll so slow
Hi ho ho oh-oh, hi ho oh oh
You roll like cows never rolled before

if i was rich, as diamond joe,
i'd work today then i'd work no more
for the work day's so hard, and the pay so slow,
that i don't give a durn if i work or no.

I'll follow the herd, till the reach the end
Then I'll draw my time and I'll blow it in
Just one more tree, and one more jail
Then I'll head straight back to the Texas trail

I'll cross old red, and the Texas line
Then I'll head striaght back to the gal of mine
I'll sit in the shde, and I'll sing a song
And I'll watch the herds as theyd rift along

43 Pretty Boy Floyd - Woody Guthrie

If you'd ^Ggather around me people,
The ^Cstory I will ^Gtell
About ^Gpretty Boy Floyd that ^DOutlaw
Oklahoma ^Gknew him well

It was in the town of Shawnee
On a Saturday afternoon
His wife beside him in a wagon
And into town they rode

The deputy sheriff approached him
In a manner rather rude
Using vulgar words of language
And his wife she overheard

Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain
And the deputy grabbed his gun
And in the fight that followed
He laid that deputy down

He took to the trees and timber
To live the life of shame
Every crime in Oklahoma
Was added to his name

He took to the trees and timber
On the Canadian river shore
And Pretty Boy found a welcome
At every farmer's door

There's many a starving farmer
The same ol' story told
How the outlaw paid the mortgage
And saved their little homes

Others tell you of a stranger
That comes to beg a meal
And underneath a napkin
He left a thousand dollar bill

Was in Oklahoma city
Was on a Christmas day
There come a whole car load of groceries
And a letter that did say

You say that I'm an outlaw
You say that I'm a thief
Well here's a Christmas dinner
For the families on relief

Well it's through this world I've rambled
I've seen lots of funny men
Some will rob you with a six-gun
And some with a fountain pen

But it's through this world you'll ramble
It's through this world you'll roam
You won't never see an outlaw
Drive a family from their home.

44 Pretty Polly

Am G Am
Polly, Pretty Pol ly, come go along with me
Am
Polly, Pretty Polly, come go along with me
Before we marry, some pleasure to see

She jumped on behind him, and away they did ride *2x*
Over the hills, and the valley so wide

Oh Willie, oh Willie, I'm afraid of your ways *2x*
I'm afraid you've gone and lead me astray.

Polly, pretty Polly, you've guessed just about right *2x*
I dug on your grave the best part of last night.

She threw her arms around him and trembled with fear *2x*
How can you kill the poor girl that loves you so dear.

There's no time to talk and there's no time to stand *2x*
Then he drew his knife all in his right hand.

He stabbed her to the heart and her heart's blood did flow, *2x*
And into the grave pretty Polly did go.

Then he threw a little dirt o'er her and started for home *2x*
Leaving no one behind but the wild birds to mourn.

45 Red clay halo - Gillian Welch

Intro: G

Oh the girls all dance with the boys from the city

And they don't care to dance with me

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

And the red clay stains my feet

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

And it shows on my Sunday clothes

I do my best with soap and water

But the damned old dirt won't go

But when I pass through the pearly gates

Will my gown be gold instead

Or just a red clay robe with red clay wings

And a red clay halo for my head

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

When it blows in a crimson tide

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

Of the dirt on the mountainside

But when I pass through the pearly gates

Will my gown be gold instead

Or just a red clay robe with red clay wings

And a red clay halo for my head

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

And the rolling water is wide

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

When I get to the other side

But when I pass through the pearly gates

Will my gown be gold instead
Or just a red clay robe with red clay wings
And a red clay halo for my head
I'll take a red clay robe with red clay wings
And a red clay halo for my head

46 Redemption Song — Bob Marley

G Em
Old pirates yes they rob I
C G Am
Sold I to the merchant ships
G Em C G Am
Minutes after they took I from the bottom-less pit
G Em
But my hand was made strong
C G Am
By the hand of the almighty
G Em C D
We forward in this generation triumphantly
G D G
Won't you help to sing these songs of freedom
C D EmD G
Cause all I ever had redemption songs,
C D G
redemption songs

D...
Emancipate yourselves from mental slavery
None but ourselves can free our minds
Have no fear for atomic energy
Cause none of them can stop the time
How long shall they kill our prophets
While we stand aside and look
Some say it's just a part of it
We've got to fulfill the book

Won't you help to sing, these songs of freedom
Cause all I ever had, redemption songs, redemption songs, redemption songs

Emancipate yourselves from mental slavery
None but ourselves can free our minds
Have no fear for atomic energy
Cause none of them can stop the time
How long shall they kill our prophets
While we stand aside and look
Yes some say it's just part of it
We've got to fulfill the book

Won't you help to sing, these songs of freedom
Cause all I ever had, redemption songs
All I ever had, redemption songs
These songs of freedom, songs of freedom

47 Rhapsody - Soul Miner's Daughter

^E
In the rumors of my broken hearted ^Bjesters yesterday
^{G#} ^A
They say your voice can carry across the seven seas

^E
And the people to the east,
^B
They say you bring good magic strong enough
^{G#} ^A
To force some man of power to his knees

So i've been digging through my mind
To find some other kind of creature comfort
Different from the ones i always seem to feel

^E ^B
'Cause i've been filling empty rooms with nothing but my breath,
^{G#} ^A
for far too long before you came to harmonize your notes with me
^B ^A
and bring your life into my poetry, the reason for my rhapsody

like a cherub, call you muse when you come down on wind that shakes the trees
and interrupts the state that i am in

bring me medicine and now to chase away my ghost
that i might think of something deeper than my skin
i call you cherub call you muse
when you come down and straighten out the words i twist
dare to think but never dare to say outload

paint my soul a wild red
you bring enough to scare a man of god away

and chase the blues out of my head back to the sky
where they can stay and watch you jealously,
the reason for my rhapsody

so take me down on rhythm dancin' take me up on my disease
and fill my coffeecup with riddles when i find it hard to speak
bring your colors to my canvas when my inspiration's done.
and paint a picture worth a thousand words when all i need is one.

so now my pencil won't lay down for rest or better thinkin'
and i a slave to tender notes i keep
i lie awake in bed, not leaving well enough alone
forshadow dancing and this is not a night for sleep

this is a starry night of monster institutions

the broken-hearted jester's song and those that go away
and gentlemen blow saxophones, announcing the departure
to break this state of mind i'm in i'll be with those who stay to taste
the magic of your melodies, the reason for my rhapsody.

48 Rocky Top - Boudleaux Bryant and Felice Bryant

G C G
Wish that I was on ol' Rocky Top
G D G
Down in the Tennessee hills;
G C G
Ain't no smoggy smoke on Rocky Top
G D G
Ain't no telephone bills.
G C G
Once I had a girl on Rocky Top
G D G
Half bear, other half cat
G C G
Wild as a mink and sweet as soda pop
G D G
I still dream about that

Chorus

Em D
Rocky Top, you'll always be
F C
Home sweet home to me;
C G
Good ol' Rocky Top
G F G
Rocky Top, Tennessee
G D G
Rocky Top, Tennessee.

Once two strangers climbed ol' Rocky Top
Lookin' for a moonshine still,
Strangers ain't come down from Rocky Top
Reckon they never will.
Corn won't grow at all on Rocky Top
Dirt's too rocky by far;
That why all the folks on Rocky Top
Get their corn from a jar.

I've had years of cramped-up city life
Trapped like a duck in a pen.
All I know is it's a pity life
Can't be simple again.

49 Rove Riley Rove - as recorded by Bruce Molsky

A
Went upon a mountain,
Give my horn a blow
Thought I heard my true love say,
Yonder comes my beau

chorus

A
Rove Riley, Rove
A D
Rove Riley, Rove
Rove Riley, poor boy
A
Ain't got nowhere to go

Mamma give me meat
Mother give me bread,
Pretty girl give me one sweet kiss,
Like to done kill me dead

Went up on the mountain
Done strip me load of cane
Make me bare molasses,
Sweet miss Liza Jane

Daddy had a great big house
Hundred stories high,
Every story in that house
Was filled with chicken pie

Possum is a pretty thing,
Rambles in the dark
Only time you know he's round
When you hear old Ranger bark

51 Snow in New Orleans - Mike West

Seen wind tear trees up by their roots
Seen hail the size of my fist smash windows and put holes in the street

chorus:

Seen the river run high, seen it run low
Seen it rain, I've seen it flood, and I've seen it snow.
I've seen some things you would not believe
Snow in New Orleans on Christmas eve
Seen some things you would not believe
Snow in New Orleans on Christmas eve

I've seen a child arrested, only twelve years old
For playing the trombone on Jackson square, not doing what he's told

Saw a man kill a cop in a bar in Decatur
And saw the man get shot, by whom I won't say, only two hours later

chorus

There was ice on the bayou, take an axe to break it
If I had me some skates, could've skated it
On the banks of the bayou was a fine white powder
If I had me a sled, could've sled down it
It was colder than Lafayette, Indiana,
It was a white christmas... in Louisiana

Seen wind tear trees up by their roots
Seen hail the size of my fist smash windows and put holes in the street

chorus x2

Snow in New Orleans, on Christmas eve
Snow in New Orleans

52 Sweet Sunny South

Take me ^A back to the place where I first saw the light
My sweet sunny south, take me ^D home
Where the mocking birds sang me to sleep in the night
Oh why was I ^G tempted to ^A roam

Oh, I think with regret of the dear friends I left
Of the dear hearts that sheltered me there
Of my wife and my family of whom I'm bereft
For the old place again do I sigh

The path to our cottage they say has grown green
And the cabin quite mossy around
And I know that the faces and the forms I have loved
Now lie in the cold mossy ground

But still I'll return to the place of my birth
For the children have played around the door
So I know that no matter how long I may live
They will echo our footsteps no more

Take me back to the place where the orange trees grow
To me plot in the evergreen shade
Where the floweres from river's green margin did grow
And spread their sweet scent thru the glade

Take me back to the place where my little ones sleep
Poor Massa lies buried close by
O'er the graves of my loved ones I long for to weep
And among them to rest when I die

53 Swimming to the other side - Pat Humphries

Chorus

We are living 'neath the great Big Dipper
We are washed by the very same rain
We are swimming in the stream together
Some in power, some in pain
We can worship this ground we walk on
Cherishing the beings that we live beside
Loving spirits will live forever
We're all swimming to the other side.

I am alone, and I am searching, hungering for answers in my time
I am balanced at the brink of wisdom, I'm impatient to receive a sign
I move forward with my senses open, imperfection will be my crime
In humility I will listen, we're all swimming to the other side

On this journey of thoughts and feelings, finding intuition: my head, my heart
I am gathering the tools together, I'm preparing to do my part
All of those who have come before me, band together to be my guides
Loving lessons that I will follow, we're all swimming to the other side

When we get there we'll discover, all of the gifts we've been given to share
Have been with us since life's beginning and we never noticed they were there
We can balance at the brink of wisdom, never recognize that we've arrived
Loving spirits will live forever, we're all swimming to the other side

54 Sylvie - Daniel Littleton and Elizabeth Mitchell (author?)

D
Bring me little water, Sylvie

A
Bring me little water, now

D
Bring me little water, Sylvie,

A D
Every little once in a while

Bring it in a bucket, Sylvie

Bring it in a bucket, now

Bring it in a bucket, Sylvie

Every little once in a while

Here we come running

Here we come on down

I will bring you water

Every little once in a while

Bring me little water, Sylvie

Bring me little water, now

Bring me little water, Sylvie,

Every little once in a while

Sylvie come a running

Bucket in her hand,

I will bring you water,

As fast as I can

Bring me little water, Sylvie

Bring me little water, now,

Bring me little water, Sylvie,

Every little once in a while.

Notes from the source:

When playing the (D) chord, rock back and forth by hammering on the (C) note on the fifth string (third fret) with the middle finger of your fretting hand (the one that normally frets the second fret on the first string). Do this for all the (D) chords except the first one in the last line of each verse . . . play along with the CD and you'll hear what I mean.

55 Tear my stillhouse down - Gillian Welch

Intro: D

^D
Put no stone at my head

^G
No flowers on my tomb

^D
No gold plated sign

^A
In a marble pillared room

^D
The one thing I want

^G
When they lay me in the ground

^{D A D}
When I die tear my stillhouse down

Chorus:

^G
Oh tear my stillhouse down

Let it go to rust

^D
Don't leave no trace of the hiding place

Where I made that evil stuff

^G
For all my time and money

No profit did I see

^{D A D}
That old copper kettle was the death of me

When I was a child

^G
Way back in the hills

^D
I laughed at the men

^A
Who tended those stills

^D
But that old mountain shine

^G
It caught me somehow

^{D A D}
When I die tear my stillhouse down

^D
Oh tell all your children

^G
That Hell ain't no dream

^D
'Cause Satan he lives

^A
In my whiskey machine

^D
And in my time of dying

^G
I know where I'm bound

^{D A D}
So when I die tear my stillhouse down

56 Tennessee Stud - Jimmy Driftwood

Along about eighteen and twenty-five
I left Tennessee very much alive
I never would have made it through the Arkansas mud
If I hadn't been a-riding on the Tennessee Stud

The Tennessee Stud was long and lean
The color of the sun and his eyes were green
He had the nerve and he had the blood
And there never was a horse like the Tennessee Stud

I had some trouble with my sweetheart's pa
One of her brothers was a bad outlaw
I sent her a letter by my Uncle Thud
And I rode away on the Tennessee Stud

One day I was riding in a beautiful land
I run smack into an Indian band
They jumped their nags with a whoop and a yell
And away we rode like a bat out of Hell

I circled their camp for a time or two
Just to show what a Tennessee horse can do
The redskin boys couldn't get my blood
'Cause I was a-riding on the Tennessee Stud

I drifted on down into no man's land
I crossed the river called the Rio Grande
I raced my horse with the Spaniards bold
'Til I got me a skinful of silver and gold

Me and a gambler, we couldn't agree
We got in a fight over Tennessee
We jerked our guns, he fell with a thud
And I got away on the Tennessee Stud

Well I got as lonesome as a man can be
A-dreaming of my girl in Tennessee
And the Tennessee Stud's green eyes turned blue
'Cause he was a-dreaming of a sweetheart too

I loped on back across Arkansas
And I whipped her brother and I whipped her pa
I found that girl with the golden hair
And she was a-riding on a Tennessee Mare

Stirrup to stirrup and side by side

We crossed the mountains and the valleys wide
We came to Big Muddy and we forded the flood
On the Tennessee Mare and the Tennessee Stud

Pretty little baby on the cabin floor
And a little horse colt playing 'round the door
I love the girl with the golden hair
And the Tennessee Stud loves the Tennessee Mare.

57 Time Is Like Money That You Don't Have To Earn - Tilly Hatcher

C I hear so many people say, "that seems like yesterday.
Csus2 C

Am C Am AAm
was that really so long ago?"

C Csus2 C
i think i'd rather say. "was that really yesterday?"

Am C Am E
that seems like so long ago."

G C
cause time can stretch, and time can shrink a bit.

F C
it all depends on how you think of it.

F C
why spend half your life wishing you were older

G C
the other half looking back over your shoulder.

—C⁹ C —C⁷ C— 2

15 years ago, i know i could think,
cause i told my mom, "i wish i were a kitchen sink."
she stood there a minute, then asked me why,
i said, "cause then i wouldn't have to grow or die."

interlude 1

but i must have resloved that fear when i was 4,
cause i don't really feel it anymore.
time is like money; the point is to spend it.
it belongs to you. you don't have to defend it.

interlude 2

in france they use the verb, avoir
to say how many years they've been living for.
instead of, "i'm 19" it's, "i have 19 years"
i think they've got the right idea.

interlude 1

i think their expression aptly conveys
the way your years accumulate as you age.
they don't disappear. they don't go up on a shelf.
they all contribute to make you yourself.

interlude 2

time is like money that you don't have to earn.

it takes time to grow. it takes time to learn.
and now is the only time we can live in,
so why not enjoy this time we are given?

interlude 2

repeat first line

58 Waterbound

Chickens crowing in the old plowed field
Chickens crowing in the old plowed field
Chickens crowing in the old plowed field
Down in North Carolina

chorus

Waterbound, and I can't get home
Waterbound, and I can't get home
Waterbound, and I can't get home
Down in North Carolina

Me and Tom and Dave Goin' home
Me and Tom and Dave Goin' home
Me and Tom and Dave Goin' home
Before the water rises

The old man's mad and I don't care
The old man's mad and I don't care
The old man's mad and I don't care
I'm gonna get his daughter

If he don't give her up we're gonna run away
If he don't give her up we're gonna run away
If he don't give her up we're gonna run away
Down in North Carolina

I'm going home to the one I love,
I'm going home to the one I love,
I'm going home to the one I love,
Down in North Carolina.

Wheelbarrow's sittin' in the old cowshed,
Wheelbarrow's sittin' in the old cowshed,
Wheelbarrow's sittin' in the old cowshed,
Down in North Carolina.

59 The Weight - J.R.Robertson, the Band

A C#m D A
I pulled into Nazareth, was feelin' about half past dead;

C#m D A
I just need some place where I can lay my head.

C#m D A
"Hey, mister, can you tell me where a man might find a bed?"

C#m D A
He just grinned and shook my hand, and "No!", was all he said.

chorus

A E D A E D
Take a load off Fanny, take a load for free;

A E D A
Take a load off Fanny, And (and) (and) you can put the load right on me.

A E D A D

I picked up my bag, I went lookin' for a place to hide;
When I saw Carmen and the Devil walkin' side by side.

I said, "Hey, Carmen, come on, let's go downtown."

She said, "I gotta go, but m'friend can stick around."

Go down, Miss Moses, there's nothin' you can say
It's just ol' Luke, and Luke's waitin' on the Judgement Day.

"Well, Luke, my friend, what about young Anna Lee?"

He said, "Do me a favor, son, woncha stay an' keep Anna Lee company?"

Crazy Chester followed me, and he caught me in the fog.

He said, "I will fix your rack, if you'll take Jack, my dog."

I said, "Wait a minute, Chester, you know I'm a peaceful man."

He said, "That's okay, boy, won't you feed him when you can."

Catch a cannon ball now, t'take me down the line

My bag is sinkin' low and I do believe it's time.

To get back to Miss Fanny, you know she's the only one.

Who sent me here with her regards for everyone.

60 When The War Is Done - Si Kahn

So many times in history
We've watched them march away
Some cry out for victory
Some just stand and pray
For this father's daughter
For this mother's son
What will happen to the rest of us
When the war is done

What will happen to the rest of us
When the war is over
What will happen to the rest of us
When the war is done

Some are quick to honor
Some are quick to blame
Few can face the truth
That this all happens in our name
Before the first shot's fired
Our battle has begun
What will happen to the rest of us
When the war is done

Those who fight the battles
Are not those who make the laws
But bravery is still bravery
Even in an unjust cause
From the hand that signs the order
To the hand that fires the gun
What will happen to the rest of us
When the war is done

Some lie solitary
Beneath a hero's stone
Some return to loved ones
But will always be alone
Something sacred will be lost
Even when the war is won
What will happen to the rest of us
When the war is done

61 When You Say Nothing At All - Ronan Keating

It's amazing how you Can speak right to my heart Without saying a word You can light up the dark Try as I ma

62 Who'll Rock the Cradle? - John McCutcheon

There's a star in the east
In the still of the night
There's 200 miles on this old road
Before the morning light
There's a hole in this heart of mine
And I don't know what to do
But I swear that I would drive all night
Just to wake up next to you

Chorus

Who'll rock the cradle when I'm gone, my darling?
Who'll rub your tired feet? Who'll sing the song?
Tell me, who's gonna rock the cradle when I'm gone?
Who'll rock the cradle when I'm gone?

There's a point on the horizon
I never seem to find
There's a vision in my rear view mirror
I just can't leave behind
There's ain't no way to change
No word that I might say
I try to hide it deep in inside
It just won't go away

I hear the highway humming
I can feel the diesel roll
I'm southern bound for the higher ground
And there's a headlight in my soul
It shines there like a beacon
Amidst this steel and chrome
A slender thread it beams ahead
And points the way back home

The wind blows through this valley
It trembles in the trees
It can thrill you with its gentleness
Or bring you to your knees
And love is like a wellspring
That feeds the hungry heart
It can satisfy your longing

Or can tear you clean apart

63 Wild Bill Jones - trad. Konnarock Critters

It's one Friday evening I was rambling 'round
When I met with that Wild Bill Jones
He was walking and talking with my little don-e-gal
And I bade him to leave her alone
Some say that love is pleasure, lord, no pleasure do I see
For today was the last of that Wild Bill Jones
And tomorrow's gonna be the last of me

C G Em

Well I got mixed up in an awful fight
And I fell into the county jail
And the saddest words that ever i heard
Was when she wouldn't come and go my bail
I wrote my love a letter, lord
Asking her to pay my fine
She wrote me back in a week or so
Saying darling do come home sometime

Now it's one dollar in my pocketbook
And a forty gun in my hand
I'm gonna go get that gal that I love
Or I'm gonna go get her man
Some say my age it is twenty-one
Too old for to be controlled
So I took my revolver from my side
And destroyed that poor boy's soul

Well he strangled and he struggled, all over the ground
And he gave one dying moan
He threwed his arms around her neck
Saying darling you are left all alone
Some say that love is pleasure, lord
No pleasure do I see
For today was the last of that wild bill jones
And tomorrow's gonna be the last of me

repeat second half

Say, pass around that long neck bottle,
And we'll all get out on a spree
For today's was the last of that Wild Bill Jones
And tomorrow's gonna be the last of me.

64 Wild Rose of the Mountain - Si Kahn

G D C G
If I had my life to live

C G
I'd sure to live it over

G D C G
Only walk in brand new shoes

C G
And just lay down in clover

C G
Only work on Christmas Day

C D
All the rest for sportin'

G D C G
Spend my days down at the creek

C G
And ev'ry night go courtin'

Chorus

G C G
Honey from the honey comb

G C G
Water from the fountain

G C G
Sugar from the sugar cane

G D C
And my wild rose of the mountain

When I think of home sweet home

It makes my eyes grow misty

Poppa singing gospel songs

And Momma sippin' whiskey

Whiskey from a white oak barrel

Sure does make good liquor

Makes the nights seem twice as bright

And the days go by much quicker

If I had a pickup truck

I'd fill it up with water

Paint a catfish on the side

And make believe I'd caught her

Drive it slowly down the road

Try to keep from bumpin'

Park it down beside the creek

And watch those fish come jumpin'

If I had a new made quilt

I'd fill it up with feathers

Take my Rosie by the hand

And lay down there together

Oh the days that I was young

Thoughts that keep returning

Drive the winter night away

Just like a log fire burning

65 Will the Circle Be Unbroken

I was standing by my window
On a cold and cloudy day,
When I saw the hearse come rollin'
For to take my mother away.

chorus

Will the circle be unbroken?
By and by Lord, by and by,
There's a better home a-waitin'
In the sky Lord, in the sky.

I told the undertaker,
"Undertaker, please drive slow,
For this body you are haulin'
Lord, I hate to see her go."

Well 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

I went back home, my home was lonesome,
missed my mother she was gone.
All my brothers and sisters crying
in our home so sad and alone.

We sang the songs of childhood,
hymns of faith that made us strong,
Ones that our mother had taught us,
hear the angels sing along

One by one the seats were empty,
One by one they went away,
Now my family, they are parted,
Will they meet again someday?

66 Winter's Come and Gone — Gillian Welch

G C G
Oh little red bird, come to my window sill
G Em
Been so lonesome, shaking that morning chill
G C G
Oh little red bird, open your mouth and sing
G Em
Been so lonesome, just about flown away

chorus

C G C G
So long now I've been out in the rain and snow
But winter's come and gone, a little bird told me so

Oh little bluebird, pearly feathered breast
Five cold nickles all that i've got left
Oh little blurbird, what am i gonna do?
Five cold nickels ain't gonna see me through

Oh litte blackbird, on my wireline
Dark as trouble, in this hear of mine
Oh little blackbird, sings a worried song
Dark as trouble, till winter's come and gone

67 A World Turned Upside Down - Leon Rosselson

^C
In 1649 to St. ^GGeorge's hill,

^F
A ragged band they called the Diggers
^C came to show the people's ^Gwill.

^C They defied the landlords, they ^Gdefied the law.

^F They were the dispossessed ^Creclaiming ^Gwhat was ^Ctheirs.

We come in peace, they said, To dig and sow-

We come to work the land in common
and to make the wastelands grow.

This earth divided, we will make it whole;

So it can be a common treasury for all.

The sin of property we do disdain

No man has any right to buy and sell

the earth for private gain.

By theft and murder, they steal the land;

Now everywhere the walls rise up at their command

They make the laws that chain us well.

The clergy dazzles us with heaven

or they damn us into hell

We will not worship the gods they serve:

The god of greed that feeds the rich while poor men starve

We work, we eat together, we need no swords.

We will not bow to the masters

or pay rent to the lords.

We are free men, though we are poor.

You Diggers all stand up for glory, stand up now.

From the men of property the order came:

They sent the hired men and troopers

to wipe out the Diggers' claim;

Tear down their cottages! Destroy their corn!

They were dispersed, but still the vision carries on.

You poor, take courage, you rich, take care.

This earth was made a common treasury

for everyone to share.

All things in common, all people one.

"We come in peace," the order came to cut them down.

68 Yellow Rose of Texas

She's the ^DYellow ^GRose of ^DTexas that I am going to see
There ain't no other soldier that loves her quite like me
When I get back to Austin how happy I will be
With the ^GYellow ^DRose of ^ATexas ^Dsittin' on my knee

She's the sweetest little rose bud this soldier ever knew
With eyes as bright as diamonds and they sparkled like the dew
When I get back to Austin how happy I will be
With the Yellow Rose of Texas sittin' on my knee

She cried so when I left her it like to broke my heart
And if I ever find her we never more will part
When I get back to Austin how happy I will be
With the Yellow Rose of Texas sittin' on my knee

69 Your Daughters and Your Sons - Tommy Sands

G
They wouldn't hear your music
D
And they tore your paintings down
G
They wouldn't read your writing
D G
And they banned you from the town
G
But they couldn't stop your dreaming
D
And a victory you have won
G
For you sowed the seeds of freedom
D G
In your daughters and your sons

chorus:

D
In your daughters and your sons
G D
Your daughters and your sons
G
You sowed the seeds of freedom
D G
In your daughters and your sons

Your weary smile it proudly hides
The chainmarks on your hands
As you bravely strive to realise
The rights of everyman
And though your body's bent and low
A victory you have won
For you sowed the seeds of justice
In your daughter and your sons

I don't know your religion
But one day I heard you pray
For a world where everyone can work
And children they can play
And though you never got your share
Of the victories you have won
You sowed the seeds of equality
In your daughters and your sons

They taunted you in Belfast
And they tortured you in Spain
And in that Warsaw ghetto
Where they tied you up in chains
In Vietnam and in Chile
Where they came with tanks and guns

It's there you sowed the seeds of peace

70 You Were The One (the yogurt song) - Tilly Hatcher

A D
You were the one who hit me with a frisbee
E A
in a midsummer night's dream you played the role of thisbee

A E
YWTOW stepped on my toe,
D A
to apologize, you quoted Thoreau.

A D
YWTOW spilled yogurt on my shirt.
E D D⁹
i was beginning to think this was how you liked to flirt.

A D
YWTOW taught me how to spit far,
E D A
and when i left my lights on, you jump-started my car.

cause...

A D E A D E A
you were the one. you WERE the one. you were the ONE. YOU were the one.

...made me an iced mocha. then, in turn, you reupolstered my sofa.
...daring did distress me, when you drank motor oil to impress me.
...ate all my eggos. when they were all gone you chewed on my legos.
...put me in a quandry, so i took a bath and you folded my laundry.

...always has toilet paper. your favorite movie was the great muppet caper.
...always used my toothbrush. you'd touch my head and remind me not to rush.
...sang in the shower. on roadtrips you'd stop to romp in the wildflowers.
...always rubbed my shoulders in the winter, while we watched the fire smolder.

you are the one who got a job offer in pittsburgh, and left me waving in
my pjs on the curb.

YATOW always comes to mind, when i used the shampoo that you left behind.
YATOW fills my message tape. you're on my mind everytime i awake.
you played with my hair, though you couldn't braid, and YATO for whom my
love will never fade.

chorus x2

Chords to Various Fiddle Tunes

71 Angeline the Baker — D major

A part

D / D / D / G / D / D / D A D /

B part

D / D / D / G / D / D / D A D /

72 Bus Stop Reel — A minor

Definitely open to interpretation ...

A part

Am / Am G Am / Am G Am / Am G F / F /

B part

Am / Am / G / G / Am / Am / F / G /

73 Shenandoah Falls — A major

The second Bm in the B part can also be a D.

A part

A / A / A / D / A / A / A / E /

A / A / A / D / A / E / A / A /

B part

Bm / Bm / A / A / Bm / Bm / A / E / A /

74 Elzic's Farewell — A minor

A part

Am / Am / Am / G / G / Am / Am / Am / G / Am /

B part

D / D / D / D / Am / D / D / Am /

75 Scotland — A major

A part

A D A / A D A / A D A / A D A /

B part

A / G A A / G E A / G A A D A /

76 Colerain — A minor jig

A part

Am / E / Am / E / Am / E / Am E Am /

B part

C / G / Am / E / Am E Am Dm Am E Am /

77 the Basso — A minor

Slow tune - play each part only once.

A part

Dm / Am / E / Am / Dm / Am / E / Am /

B part

Dm / Am / E / Am / Dm / Am / E / Am /

78 Catharsis — G minor

Umm, something like this:

A part

Gm / Gm F Gm / Gm F Eb Gm / Gm / Gm / F / Gm

B part

Gm / Gm / F / F / Eb / Eb / Gm F Gm /

79 Over the Waterfall — D major

A part

D / D /

B part