

Banks of the Ohio

Traditional

Medium Tempo

Musical score for 'Banks of the Ohio' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of three staves. The first staff is the vocal line, the second is the guitar accompaniment, and the third is the bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chords are indicated by letters G, D, D7, and C above the notes.

I asked my love to take a walk
Just a walk a little way
As we walked along we talked
All about our wedding day

Chorus

Only say that you'll be mine
And our home will happy be
Down beside where the waters flow
Down on the banks of the Ohio

I held a knife close to her breast
As into my arms she pressed
She cried, "Oh, Willie, don't murder me,
I'm not prepared for eternity."

I took her by her lily white hand
Led her down where the waters stand
There I pushed her in to drown
And watched her as she floated down

I started home tween twelve and one
I cried, "My God, what have I done."
I murdered the only woman I loved
Because she would not be my bride

The very next morning about half-past four
The sheriff came knocking at my door
He said, "Young man, come with me and go
Down to the banks of the Ohio"

Bile Them Cabbage Down

M: G; F: C or D, capo 5 or 7
 CD 1-Track 14, medley pt. 1

Traditional

1. Pos - sum in the 'sim-mon tree, Rac - coon on the ground, Rac - coon said, "You
 2. Bob - white in the mea - dow, Buck - wheat turn-ing brown, Bro - ther pos - sum,

orn' - ry cuss, fat and fine, Shake them 'sim-mons down." Cho: Bile them cab-bage down boys,
 Bile them cab - bage down.

Make the hoe cake brown, The on - ly song that I can sing, Is bile them cab bage down.

G C
 3. Pork roast in the oven
 G D
 Taters turning brown,
 G C
 Buttermilk and cornbread too,
 G D G
 Bile them cabbage down.

4. Corn blades rustling in the breeze,
 Pumpkins on the ground,
 Squirrels chirping in the trees,
 Bile them cabbage down.

5. I bought my gal a bicycle,
 She learned to ride it well,
 She ran into a telephone pole,
 And broke it all to pieces.

6. Grandpa had a muley cow,
 She was muley when she was born,
 It took the jaybird forty years,
 To fly from horn to horn.

7. Grandpa had a setting hen,
 He set her as you know,
 Set her on three buzzard eggs,
 Hatched out one old crow.

Bury Me Beneath the Willow

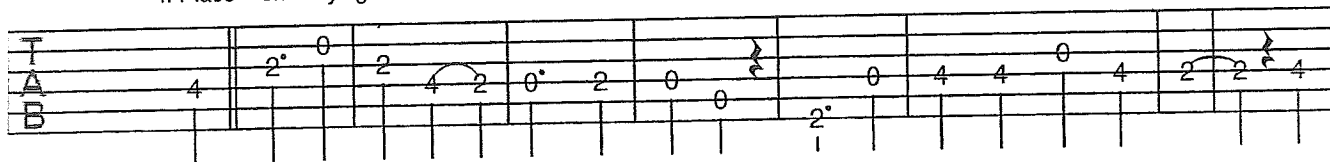
Traditional

D: F·G or A, capo 5 or 7

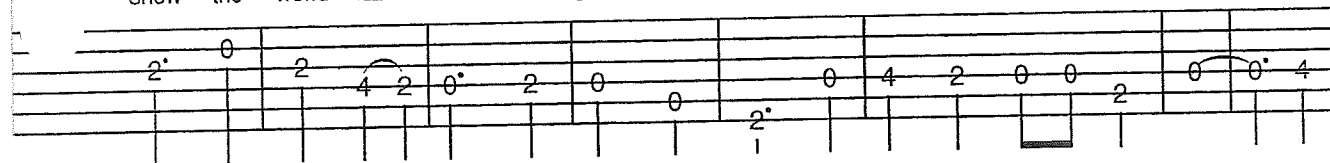
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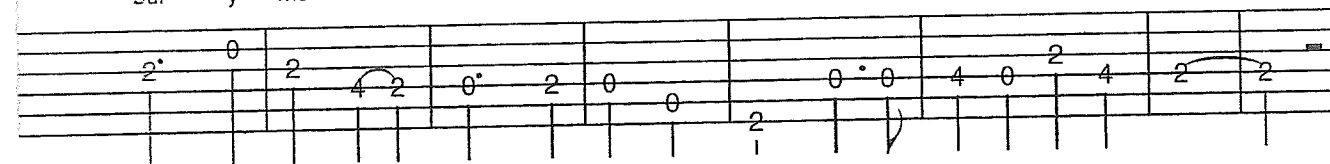
1. My heart is sad and I am lone-ly, For the on-ly one I love, When
 2. To-mor-row was to be our wed-ding, God, oh God where can she be? She's
 3. She told me that she did not love me, I could not be-lieve 'twas true, Un-
 4. Place on my grave a snow white li-ly, To prove my love for her was true, To



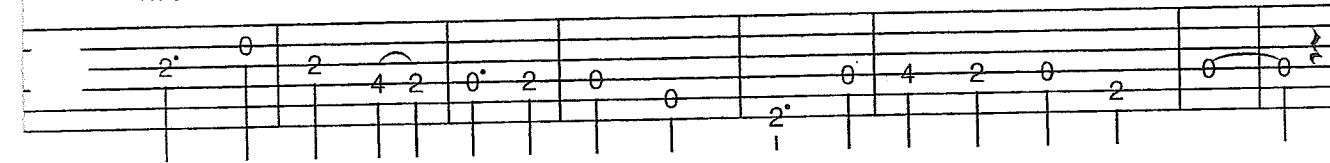
shall I see her oh no nev-er, 'Til we meet in hea-ven a-bove. Choro: So
 gone a' court-ing with an-oth-er, And no lon-ger cares for me.
 til an an-gel soft-ly whis-pered, "She no lon-ger cares for you."
 show the world I died of griev-ing, For her love I could not win.



bur-y me be-neath the wil-low, Un-der the weep-ing wil-low tree,



When she hears that I am sleep-ing, Then per-haps she'll weep for me.



Dark Hollow

I'D RATHER BE IN SOME DARK HOLLOW
WHERE THE SUN DON'T EVER SHINE
THEN TO BE AT HOME ALONE KNOWIN THAT YOUR GONE
WOULD CAUSE ME TO LOSE MY MIND

CHORUS:

SO BLOW YOUR WHISTLE FREIGHT TRAIN
TAKE ME FAR ON DOWN THE TRACK
I'M GOING AWAY, I'M LEAVING TODAY
I'M GOING, BUT I AIN'T COMIN' BACK

VERSE 2:

I'D RATHER BE IN SOME DARK HOLLOW
WHERE THE SUN DONT EVER SHINE
THEN TO BE IN SOME BIG CITY,
IN A SMALL ROOM, WITH YOU ON MY MIND

CHORUS

VERSE 3:

I'D RATHER BE IN SOME DARK HOLLOW
WHERE THE SUN DON'T EVER SHINE
THEN TO SEE YOU ANOTHER MANS DARLIN',
AND TO KNOW THAT YOU'LL NEVER BE MINE

5

Down in the Willow Garden

Traditional

M: E, capo 4; F: A, capo 9 or transpose from C to A

CD 1-Track 48

G
C
Em
Am
G
C
Em
Am

1. Down- in the wil - low gar - den, where me and my love— did meet, — And—
 2. I— drew my sa - ber through her, which was— a blood - y knife, — I—
 3. Now he sits by his cabin door, a' wip-ing his tear-brimmed eyes, —

C
C
Em
Am
G
C
D
G
G
C
G7
C7

9 there we sat— a - court - ing, my love fell off— to sleep. — I
 threw her in to the riv - er, which was a dread - ful sight. — My
 Mourn-ing for— his only son, out on the scaf - fold high. — My

C
C
G
C
Em
Am
G
C
Em
Am

17 had a bot - tle of bur - glar's wine, which my true love did not know, — And
 fa - ther of - ten told — me, that money would set — me free, — If
 race is run be - neath — the sun, the devil is wait-ing for me, — For

G
C
Em
Am
G
C
D
G
G
C

25 there I poi-soned that dear lit-tle girl, down by the banks — be - low. —
 I would mur-der that dear lit-tle miss, whose name was Rose — Connel - ly. —
 I did mur-der that dear lit-tle girl, whose name was Rose — Connel - ly. —

6

House of the Rising Sun

Am C D F
There is a house in New Orleans,
Am C E7
They call the "Rising Sun",
Am C D F
It's been the ruin of many a poor boy
Am E7 Am C D F Am E7 Am E7
And God, I know, I'm one.

My mother was a tailor,
She sewed my new blue jeans
My father was a gambling man
Down in New Orleans

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

Oh, mother, tell your children
Not to do what I have done -
Spend your lives in sin and misery
In the House of Rising Sun

I've got one foot on the platform,
The other's on the train,
I'm going back to New Orleans,
To wear that ball and chain.

Am C D F
There is a house in New Orleans,
Am C E7
They call the "Rising Sun",
Am C D F
It's been the ruin of many a poor boy
Am E7 Am C D F Am E7 Am E7
And God, I know, I'm one.



I Know You Rider

M: A mixolydian; F: D or E mixolydian, capo 5 or 7
CD 1-Track 80

Traditional

1. I know you rid - er, gon - na miss me when I'm gone,
2. Laid down last night, Lord, I could not take my rest,

4
- I know you rid - er, Gon - na miss me when I'm gone, Gon - na
- Laid down last night, Lord, I could not take my rest, My

9
miss your ba - by, from roll - ing in your arms.
mind was wan - d'ring like the wild geese in the West.

3. I'm going down to the river, set in my rockin' chair, (2X)
And if the blues don't find me, gonna rock away from here.
4. I know my baby sure is bound to love me some, (2X)
Throws her arms around me like a circle 'round the sun.
5. The sun's gonna shine in my back door some day, (2X)
The wind's gonna rise and blow my blues away.

6. I wish I was a headlight on a northbound train, (2X)
I'd shine my light through the cold Colorado rain.
7. Just as sure as the bird flies in the sky above, (2X)
Life ain't worth living if you ain't with the one you love.

I'll Fly Away

M: G: F: C or D, capo 5 or 7
 1-Track 84

A.E. Brumlet, 1932

5

1. Some glad morn - ing when this life is o'er, I'll fly a - way,
 2. When the shad - ows of this life have gone, I'll fly a - way,
 3. Just a few more wear - y days and then, I'll fly a - way,

T
A
B

5

To a home on God's ce - les - tial shore, I'll fly a - way.
 Like a bird from these pri - son walls I'll fly, I'll fly a - way.
 To a land where joys will nev - er end, I'll fly a - way.

9

Cho: I'll fly a - way, Oh glo - ry, I'll fly a - way,

13

When I die hal - le - lu - jah by and by, I'll fly a - way.

10

Little Maggie

G F D
Oh yonder stands little Maggie
G D G
With a dram glass in her hands
G F D
She's drinking away her troubles
G D G
She's a courting some other man

Oh how can I ever stand it
Just to see them two blue eyes
A shining in the moonlight
Like two diamonds in the sky

Last time a saw little Maggie
She was sitting on the banks of the sea
With a forty-four around her
And a banjo on her knee

Lay down your last gold dollar
Lay down your gold watch and chain
Little Maggie's gonna dance for daddy
Listen to that old banjo ring

Pretty flowers were made for blooming
Pretty stars were made to shine
Pretty women were made for loving
Little Maggie was made for mine

Louis Collins

G G7 C
Ms Collins weep, Ms Collins moan
C G G7 F
What made her son Louis leave his home?
C G G C C
Angels laid him away

CHORUS:

G C
Angels laid him away
C F
Laid him six feet under the clay
C G
Angels laid him away

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

-CHORUS-

Bob shot one and Louis shot two
Shot poor Collins, shot him through and through
Angels laid him away

-CHORUS-

When they heard that Louis was dead
All the women folks they dressed in red
Angels laid him away

-CHORUS-

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

-CHORUS-

Mrs Collins weep, Mrs Collins moan
What made her son Louis leave his home?
Angels laid him away

Nine Pound Hammer

G
This nine pound hammer
C7
Is a little too heavy
G D
Buddy for my size
G
Buddy for my size
G
So I'm going on the mountain
C7
Just to see my baby
G D
And I ain't coming back
G
No I ain't coming back

Chorus:

G
Roll on buddy
C7
Don't you roll so slow
G D
Well, tell me how can I roll roll
G
When the wheels won't go
G
Roll on buddy
C7
Pull you load of coal
G D
Tell me how can I pull
G
When the wheels won't roll

G
It's a long way to Harlan
C7
It's a long way to Hazard
G D
Just to get a little brew brew brew
G
Just to get a little brew

G
And when I die
C7
You can make my tombstone
G D
Out of number nine coal
G
Out of number nine coal

Rocky Top

M: G: F: C or D, capo 5 or 7
 7-Track 49

Boudeleau & Felice Bryant

G C G Em D G

1. Wish that I was on old Rock-y Top, Down in the Ten - nes - see hills,
 2. Once I had a girl on Rock-y Top, Half bear, the oth - er half cat,
 3. Once two stran - gers climbed old Rock-y Top, Look - ing for a moon - shine still,
 4. Corn won't grow at all on Rock-y Top, Dirt's too rock - y by far,
 5. I've had' years of cramped-up ci - ty life, Trapped like a duck in a pen,

C G Em D G

Ain't no smog - gy smoke on Rock - y Top, Ain't no tel - e - phone bills.
 Wild as a mink, but sweet as so - da pop, I still dream a - bout that.
 Stran-gers ain't come down from Rock - y Top, Reck - on they nev - er will.
 That's why all the folks on Rock - y Top, Get their corn from a jar.
 All I know is it's a pit - y life, Can't be sim - ple a - gain.

Em D F C

Chorus: Rock - y Top, you'll al - ways be, Home sweet home to me,

G F G F G

Good old Rock - y Top, Rock - y Top, Ten - nes - see, Rock - y Top, Ten - nes - see.

15

Roll in My Sweet Baby's Arms

G
I ain't gonna work on the railroad

D
Ain't gonna work on the farm

G
Lay A round the shack

C
Till the mail train comes back

G D G
And roll in my sweet baby's arms

G
Roll in my sweet baby's arms

D
Roll in my sweet baby's arms

G
Lay round the shack

C
Till the mail train comes back

G D G
And roll in my sweet baby's arms

G
Now where were you last Friday night

D
While I was lyin' in jail

G C
Walking the streets with another man

D G
Wouldn't even go my bail

G
I know your parents don't like me

D
They turn me away from your door

G C
Had my life to live over

D G
Wouldn't go there any more

There is a Time (written by Rodney Dillard and Mitch Jayne)

Em

There is a time for love and laughter,

G Em

The days will pass like summer storms;

G Em

The winter winds will follow after,

C D Em

But there is love and love is warm.

Chorus:

Em

There is a time for us to wander,

G Em

When time is young and so are we;

G Em

The woods are greener over yonder;

C D Em

The path is new and the world is free.

There is a time when leaves are fallin',
The woods are gray, the paths are old;
The snow will come when geese are calling',
We need a fire against the cold.

Chorus

So do your roamin' in the springtime,
You'll find your love and a summer sun;
The frost will come and bring a harvest,
And you can rest when the day is done.

Chorus

Truck Driving Man

G C
I wheeled into a truckstop in Texas
G D
A little place called Hamburger Dan's
G C
I heard that jukebox a playin'
D G
song about a truck drivin' man

G C
Pour me another cup of coffee
G D
For it is the best in the land
G C
I'll put another quarter in the jukebox
D G
and play the Truck Drivin' Man

That waitress done brought me some coffee
I thanked her then called her back again
I said you know that song it sure does fit me
cause I'm a truck drivin' man

Pour me another cup of coffee for it is the best in the land
I'll put another quarter in the jukebox and play the Truck Drivin' Man

Well I climbed back aboard my old semi
then like a flash I was gone
I got them old truck wheels a rollin'
now I'm on my way to San Antone

When I get my call up to glory
they'll take me away from this land
I'll head this old rig up to heaven
cause I'm a truck drivin' man

Pour me another cup of coffee for it is the best in the land
I'll put another quarter in the jukebox and play the Truck Drivin' Man
and play the Truck Drivin' Man

Turn Your Radio On

INTRO: G C D G Gsus-G

G C G

Well come and listen in to a radio station where the mighty hosts of heaven sing

D7

Turn your radio on (turn your radio), turn your radio on (turn your radio on)

G C G

If you want to feel those good vibrations comin' from the joy His love can bring

D7 G Gsus-G

Turn your radio on (turn your radio on), turn your radio on

G C G

Turn your radio on (oh yes turn your radio on) and listen to the music in the air

D7

Turn your radio on, and glory share (and glory, glory share)

G C G

Turn your lights down low and listen to the Master's radio

D7 G Gsus-G

Get in touch with God (get in touch with God), turn your radio on

INTRO

G C G

Don't you know that everybody is a radio receiver all ya gotta do is listen for the call

D7

Turn your radio on (turn your radio), turn your radio on (turn your radio on)

G C G

If you listen in you will be a believe leanin' on the truth that will never fall

D7 G Gsus-G

Get in touch with God (get in touch with God), turn your radio on

Wabash Cannonball

Traditional

♩p Tempo

From the great At - lan - tic O - cean to the wide Pa - ci - fic shore from the
green & rol - ling moun - tains to the South down a - long the shore she's
migh - ty tall & hand - some She's known quite well by all a
re - gu - lar com bi na - tion on the Wa bash Can - non ball

From the ^Ggreat Atlantic Ocean to the ^{G7}wide Pacific shore
From the ^Dgreen & rolling mountains to the South down along the shore ^G
She's mighty tall and handsome, she's ^{G7}known quite well by ^Call
A ^Dregular combination on the ^GWabash Cannonball

She came down from Birmingham one cold December day
As she rolled into the station, you could hear all the people say
There's a girl from Tennessee, she's long and she's tall
She came down from Birmingham on the Wabash Cannonball

Our Eastern states are dandy, so the people always say
From New York to St. Louis and Chicago by the way
From the hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall
No changes can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball

Here's to Daddy Claxton, may his name forever stand
And always be remembered round the courts of Alabam
His Earthly race is over and the curtains round him fall
We'll carry him home to victory on the Wabash Cannonball

Listen to the jingle, the rumble, and the roar
As she glides along the woodlands through the hills and by the shore
Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear the lonesome hobo's call
As she rambles across the country on the Wabash Cannonball

Wildwood Flower

M: C; F: F or G, capo 5 or 7
 CD 2-Track 94

Traditional

1. I will twine 'mid the ring-lets of my ra - ven black hair, The li - lies so
 2. I will sing and I'll dance, my laugh shall be gay, I will cease this wild
 3. I will think of him nev - er, I'll be wild - ly gay, I will charm ev - ery
 4. He told me he loved me, and prom - ised to love, Through ill and mis-
 5. He taught me to love him, he called me his flower, That blos-somed for

pale and the ros - es so fair, The myr - tle so bright with an
 weep - ing, drive sor - row a - way, Though my heart is now break - ing, he
 heart, and the crowd I will sway, I'll live yet to see him re -
 for - tune, all oth - ers a - bove, An - oth - er has won him, ah,
 him all the bright - er each hour, But I woke from my dream - ing, my

em - er - ald hue, And the pale ar - o - nat - us with eyes of bright blue.
 nev - er shall know, That his name made me trem - ble and my pale cheek to glow.
 gret the dark hour, When he won, then ne - glect - ed, the frail wild - wood flower.
 miser - y to tell, He left me in si - lence, no word of fare - well.
 i - dol was clay, My vi - sions of love have all fad - ed a - way.

Will The Circle Be Unbroken

Traditional

Medium Tempo

Will the circle be unbroken
bye and
bye Lord bye and bye
There's a better home a
waiting in the sky Lord in the sky

I was standing by my window
On one cold and cloudy day
When I saw that hearse come rolling
For to carry my Mother away

Chorus
Will the circle be unbroken
By and by, Lord, by and by
There's a better home a waiting
In the sky, Lord, in the sky

Well, I told that undertaker
Undertaker please drive slow
For this body you are hauling
Lord, I hate to see it go
Chorus

I will follow close behind her
Try to hold on and be brave
But I could not hide my sorrow
When they laid her in her grave
Chorus

I went back home, Lord, home was lonesome
Miss my Mother she was gone
All my brothers, sisters crying
What a home so sad and alone
Chorus

Worried Man Blues

Traditional

M: C: F: F or G, capo 5 or 7
CD 2-Track 97, medley pt. 1

Chorus 1: It takes a worried man to sing a worried song, it
1. I went a-cross the river, And I lay down to sleep, I

Chorus 2: takes a worried man to sing a worried song, I'm worried
went a-cross the river, And I lay down to sleep, when I a-

Chorus 3: now, But I won't be worried long.
woke, I had shackles on my feet.

2. Twenty nine links of chain around my leg,
Twenty nine links of chain around my leg,
And on each link an initial of my name.

3. I asked the judge, what might be my fine,
I asked the judge, what might be my fine,
Twenty one years on the R.C. Mountain Line.

4. If anyone should ask you, who composed this song,
If anyone should ask you, who composed this song,
Tell them 'twas I, and I sing it all day long.

5. I looked down the track, as far as I could see,
I looked down the track, as far as I could see,
A little hand was waving after me.

Country Roads

G Em D C G
 Almost heaven West Virginia Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River

G Em
 Live is old there, older than the trees,
 D C G
 Younger than the mountains, blowing like a breeze

G D Em C
 Country Roads take me home To the place I belong

G D C G
 West Virginia, Mountain Mama, Take me home Country Roads

G Em D C G
 All my memories, gather round her, Miner's lady, stranger to blue water

G Em
 Dark and dusky, painted on the sky,
 D C G
 Misty taste of Moonshine, teardrop in my eye.

Em D G G
 I hear her voice in the morning hour, she calls me

C G D D7
 The radio reminds me of my home far away.

Em F C
 And driving down the road I get a feeling that

G D D7
 I shoulda been home yesterday, yesterday.

G D Em C
 Country Roads take me home To the place I belong

G D C G
 West Virginia, Mountain Mama, Take me home Country Roads

G D Em C
 Country Roads take me home To the place I belong

G D C G
 West Virginia, Mountain Mama, Take me home Country Roads

D G C G
 Take me home Country Roads Take me home Country Roads

You Are My Sunshine

c
The other night dear, as I lay sleeping
I dreamed I held you in my arms *c*
But when I awoke, dear, I was mistaken *c am*
So I hung my head and I cried.

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

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

[Chorus]

You told me once, dear, you really loved me
And no one else could come between.
But now you've left me and love another;
You have shattered all of my dreams:

[Chorus]

In all my dreams, dear, you seem to leave me
When I awake my poor heart pains.
So when you come back and make me happy
I'll forgive you dear, I'll take all the blame.

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

OLD JOE CLARK

Verse

Chorus

Fare thee well Old Joe Clark Fare thee well I say
Fare thee well Old Joe Clark I'm going a way to stay

I went down to Old Joe Clark's
Didn't mean no harm
He grabbed up his 44
And shot me in the arm

Old Joe Clark, the preacher's son
Preached all over the plain
Only time I saw him wash
Was when he got in the rain

Chorus

Old Joe Clark he had a house
Fifteen stories high
Every story in that house
Was filled with chicken pie

I went down to Old Joe's house
Never been there before
He slept on a feather bed
I slept on the floor

Chorus

Old Joe Clark's a fine old man
Tell you the reason why
He keeps good liquor 'round his house
Good old Rock n Rye

Old Joe Clark was married
His wife was ten feet tall
And when her head was in the bed
Her feet were in the hall

Kansas City

I'm going to Kansas City
Kansas City, here I come
I'm going to Kansas City
Kansas City, here I come
They got some crazy little women there
And I'm gonna get me one

I'm gonna be standing on the corner
12th Street and Vine
I'm gonna be standing on the corner
12th Street and Vine
With my Kansas City baby
And a bottle of Kansas City wine

Well, I might take a train I might take a plane
But if I have to walk I'm going just the same
I'm going to Kansas City
Kansas City, here I come
They got some crazy little women there
And I'm gonna get me one

I'm gonna pack my clothes
Leave at the break of dawn
I'm gonna pack up my clothes
Leave at the break of dawn
Everybody will be sleeping, nobody will know where I've gone

Well, if I stay here in town I know I'm gonna die.
Got to find a friendly city and that's the reason why
I'm going to Kansas City, Kansas City here I come.
They got a crazy way of loving there
And I'm gonna get me some

Delilah

Em B
I saw the light on the night that I passed by her window

Em B
I saw the flickering shadows of love on her blind

E E7 Am Em B Em D
She was my woman As she betrayed me I watched, and went out of my mind

G D D G
My, my, my, Delilah Why, why, why, Delilah

G G7 C Am G D Em B7
I could see that girl was no good for me But I was lost like a slave that no one could free

Em B
At break of day when that man drove away I was waiting

Em B
I crossed the street to her house and she opened the door

E E7 Am Em B Em D
She stood there laughing I felt the knife in my hand, and she laughed no more

G D D G
My, my, my, Delilah Why, why, why, Delilah

G G7 C Am G D Em B7
So before they come to break down the door Forgive me, Delilah, I just couldn't take any more

G D D G
My, my, my, Delilah Why, why, why, Delilah

G G7 C Am
So before they come to break down the door

G D G Em Em
Forgive me, Delilah, I just couldn't take any more

Em Am Em
Forgive me, Delilah, I just couldn't take any more

"Paradise"

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Sun, May 18, 2014 at 8:51 AM

"Paradise"

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

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
ut empty pop bottles was all we would kill

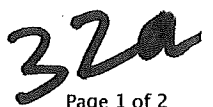
And daddy won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay
Well I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking
Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it away

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

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

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

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
And daddy won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay...

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Don't Think Twice, It's All Right

- | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---------------------------------------|----|--------------------------------------|--------|---|
| | G | D | Em | C | G | D |
| 1. It ain't no use to | | sit and wonder why, babe. | | It don't matter, any- | how. | |
| 2. It ain't no use in | | turnin' on your light, babe, | | that light I never | knowed | |
| 3. It ain't no use in | | callin' out my name, gal, | | like you never did be- | fore. | |
| 4. I'm walkin' down that long, lonesome road, babe. | | Where I'm bound, I can't tell | | | | |
| | G | D | Em | A | D | |
| 1. An' it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe, | | if you don't know by | | now. | | |
| 2. An' it ain't no use in turnin' on your light, babe | | I'm on the dark side of the road | | | | |
| 3. An' it ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal. | | I can't hear you any | | more. | | |
| 4. But goodbye's too good a word, gal | | So I'll just say fare thee | | well | | |
| | G | G7 | C | A | | |
| 1. When your rooster crows at the <u>break</u> of dawn, _____ | | look out your window n | | I'll be gone. | | |
| 2. Still I wish there was somethin' you would <u>do</u> or say to <u>try</u> n make me change my | | mind and stay | | | | |
| 3. I'm a- thinkin' and a- wond'rin' all the <u>way</u> down the road, I <u>once</u> loved a woman, a child I'm told | | I don't mind | | | | |
| 4. I ain't sayin' ya'treat'd <u>me</u> unkind | | You <u>could</u> have done better but | | | | |
| | G | D | Em | C, G | D | G |
| 1. You're the reason I'm trav'lin' | | on | | Don't think twice, it's all right | | |
| 2. We never did too much talkin' any- | | way | | So don't think twice, it's all right | | |
| 3. I gave her my heart but she wanted my soul | | But don't think twice, it's all right | | | | |
| 4. You just kinda wasted my precious time | | But don't think twice, it's all right | | | | |

FOLSOM PRISON BLUES

E (8)

1. 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,

A (4)

E (4)

I'M STUCK IN FOLSOM PRISON, AND TIME KEEPS DRAGGIN' ON,

B7 (4)

E (2)

BUT THAT TRAIN KEEPS A-ROLLIN', ON DOWN TO SAN ANTONE.

E (8)

2. WHEN I WAS JUST A BABY, MY MAMA TOLD ME, "SON,
ALWAYS BE A GOOD BOY, DON'T EVER PLAY WITH GUNS,"

A (4)

E (4)

BUT I SHOT A MAN IN RENO, JUST TO WATCH HIM DIE,

B7 (4)

E (2)

WHEN I HEAR THAT WHISTLE BLOWIN', I HANG MY HEAD AND CRY.

SOLO (INSTRUMENTAL VERSE)

E (8)

3. I BET THERE'S RICH FOLKS EATIN', IN A FANCY DINING CAR,
THEY'RE PROBABLY DRINKIN' COFFEE, & SMOKIN' BIG CIGARS,

A (4)

E (4)

BUT I KNOW I HAD IT COMIN', I KNOW I CAN'T BE FREE, BUT

B7 (4)

E (2)

THOSE PEOPLE KEEP A-MOVIN', & THAT'S WHAT TORTURES ME.

SOLO (INSTRUMENTAL VERSE)

E (8)

4. IF THEY FREED ME FROM THIS PRISON, IF THAT RAILROAD TRAIN WAS MINE
I BET I'D MOVE ON A LITTLE, FARTHER DOWN THE LINE,

A (4)

E (4)

FAR FROM FOLSOM PRISON, THAT'S WHERE I WANT TO STAY,

B7 (4)

E (2)

AND I'D LET THAT LONESOME WHISTLE, BLOW MY BLUES AWAY.

/ B7 ... / ... / E ... / E (HOLD) /

Margaritaville

INTRO:

D Bm G F#m Em D

D A
Nibblin' on spongecake, watchin' the sun bake all those tourists covered in oil
A D
Strummin' my 6-string on my front porch swing, smell the shrimp they're beginnin' to boil

G A D G A D
Wasted away again in Margaritaville. Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.
G A D A G A D D G D A D
Some people say that there's a woman to blame but I know it's nobody's fault.

D A
Don't know the reason I stayed here all season. Nothin' to show but this brand new tattoo.
A D
But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie, and how it got here, hell, I haven't a clue.

D A D G A D
Wasted away again in Margaritaville. Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.
G A D A G A D D G D A D
Some people say that there's a woman to blame but I think it could be my fault.

D A
Blew out my flip-flop, stepped on a pop-top. Cut my heel, had to cruise on back home.
A D
But there's booze in the blender & soon it will render that frozen concoction that helps me hang on.

G A D G A D
Wasted away again in Margaritaville. Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.
G A D A G A D
Some people say that there's a woman to blame but I know it's my own damn fault.

D7
Yes'n...

G A D A G A
Some people say that there's a woman to blame but I know
D D G D A D A D.....
it's my own damn fault.

Runaway

Am G
As I walk along I wonder what went wrong
F E7
with our love a love that was so strong

Am G
And as I still walk on I think of things we'd done
F E7
together while our hearts were young

A F#m
I'm a-walkin' in the rain Tears are fallin' and I feel the pain
A F#m
Wishin' you were here with me to end this misery
A F#m A F#m
& I wonder, I wa-wa-wa-wa-wonder why wi-wi-wi-wi-why she ran away
D E
& I wonder where she will stay, my little
A D A E
Runaway, a-run-run-run-run-Runaway

A F#m
I'm a-walkin' in the rain Tears are fallin' and I feel the pain
A F#m
Wishin' you were here with me to end this misery
A F#m A F#m
& I wonder, I wa-wa-wa-wa-wonder why wi-wi-wi-wi-why she ran away
D E
& I wonder where she will stay, my little
A D A E
Runaway, a-run-run-run-run-Runaway,
D A D A
a-run-run-run-run-Runaway, a-run-run-run-run-Runaway

Teach Your Children

D **G** **D** **A**
 You who are on the road must have a code that you can live by

D **G** **D** **A**
 And so become yourself because the past is just a good bye

D **G** **D** **A**
 Teach your children well; their parents' hell will slowly go by

D **G** **D** **A**
 And feed them on your dreams, the ones they fix, the ones you know by

D **G** **D**
 Don't you ever ask them why; if they told you you would cry;
Bmi G A **D** **G** **A** **A**
 so just look at them and sigh— and know they love you.

D **G** **D** **A**
 And you of tender years can't know the fears that your elders grew by

D **G** **D** **A**
 And so please teach them with your youth; they seek the truth before they can die

D **G** **D** **A**
 Teach your parents well; their children's hell will slowly go by

D **G** **D** **A**
 And feed them on your dreams, the ones they fix, the ones you know by

D **G** **D**
 Don't you ever ask them why; if they told you you would cry;
Bmi G A **D** **G** **D A D AD**
 so just look at them and sigh— and know they love you.

"Down To The River To Pray"
Doc Watson's Grandmother's Version - Traditional

1) As I went down in the valley to pray
Studyin' about that good old way
And who shall wear the starry crown
Good Lord, show me the way

Chorus:

Oh fathers let's go down
Let's go down come on down
Oh fathers let's go down
Down in the valley to pray

2) As I went down in the valley to pray
Studyin' about that good old way
And who shall wear the robe and crown
Good Lord, show me the way

Chorus:

Oh mothers let's go down
Come on down don't you wanna go down
Come on mothers and let's go down
Down in the valley to pray

3) As I went down in the valley to pray
Studyin' about that good old way
And who shall wear the starry crown
Good Lord, show me the way

Chorus:

Oh brothers let's go down
Let's go down come on down
Come on brothers and let's go down
Down in the valley to pray

4) As I went down in the valley to pray
Studyin' about that good old way
And who shall wear the robe and crown
Good Lord, show me the way

Chorus:

Come on sinners and let's go down
Let's go down oh, come on down
Come on sinners and let's go down
Down in the valley to pray

5) As I went down in the valley to pray
Studyin' about that good old way
And who shall wear the starry crown
Good Lord, show me the way

Maple on the Hill

^C In a quiet country village stood a ^F Maple On The ^C Hill
^C Where I sat with my ^G Geneva long ago
^C As the stars were shining brightly we could ^F hear the whippoorwill ^C
^C As we sat beneath that ^{G7} Maple On The ^C Hill

Fiddle solo

^C We would sing love songs together while the ^F birds had gone to ^C rest
^C We would listen to the murmur o'er the ^G hill
^C Will you love me little darling as you did those ^F starry nights ^C
^C As we sat beneath that ^{G7} Maple On The ^C Hill

guitar solo

^C Don't forget me, little darling when they ^F lay me down to ^C die
^C Just one little wish, darling that I ^G pray
^C As you linger there in sadness thinking ^F darling, of the ^C past
^C Let your teardrops kiss the ^{G7} flowers on my ^C grave

banjo solo

^C I will soon be with the angels on that ^F bright and peaceful ^C shore
^C Even now I hear them coming o'er the ^G hill
^C So goodbye my little darling, it is ^F time for us to ^C part
^C I must leave you and that ^{G7} Maple On The ^C Hill

Body and Soul

Bill Monroe

G F G
See that train coming round the bend,

G F D
Carrying the one that I love

G C G
Her beautiful body is still here on earth,

G D G
But her soul has been called up above

G F C G D
Body and Soul, Body and Soul,
G D G
That's how she loved me, with Body and Soul

Her beautiful hair was the purest of gold,
Her eyes were as blue as the sea,
Her lips were the color of summer's red rose,
And she promised she would always love me

Tomorrow as the sun sinks low
The shadows will cover her face
As her last sun goes down, she's laid beneath the ground
And my teardrops are falling like rain

*Corretta
Turns You Round*

Handle with Care

D C G
----2-2---0-0---0-0-----|
----3-3---3-3---3-3-----|
----2-2---2-2---0-0-----|
--0---0---0-0---0-0-----|
-----3---3--2---2-----2-3-|
-----3-3-----3-3-----|

D C G
----2-2---0-0---0-0-----|
----3-3---3-3---3-3-----|
----2-2---2-2---0-0-----|
--0---0---0-0---0-0-----|
-----3---3--2---2-----0-2-|
-----3-3-----3-3-----|

D C G D C G
Been beat up and battered around been set up and i've been shut down
C G (Em) C D G
you're the best thing that i ever found handle me with care

Reputations changeable, situations tolerable

C G (Em) C D
but baby you're adorable handle me with care

G B7 C D G B7 C D
I'm so tired of being lonely I still have some love to give
G B7 C D G
wont you show me that you really care

C G C D
everybody's got somebody to lean on put your body next to mine and dream on

D C G D C G
i've Been fucked up and i've been fooled i've been robbed and ridiculed
C G (Em) C D G
in daycare centers and night schools handle me with care

Solo (2x)

D C G D C G
Been stuck in airports terrorized sent to meetings hypnotized
C G (Em) C D
overexposed commercialized handle me with care

bridge and chorus

G B7 C D G B7 C D
I've been uptight and made a mess but i'm cleaning up myself i guess
C G (Em) C D G
oh the sweet smell of success handle me with care

Deal -- Grateful Dead (Hunter, Garcia)

A C#7 F#m D7 Adeg
Since it costs a lot to win, and even more to lose,

A F# B D
You and me got to spend more time wonderin' what to
choose.

A C#7
Just goes to show, you don't ever know,

F#m D7 Adim
Watch each card you play and play it slow.

A G D
Wait until that deal come 'round,

A G D A
Don't you let that deal go down, no no.

I've been gamblin' hereabouts for ten good solid years,
And if I told you all that went down it would burn off both
your ears.

Since you poured the wine for me and tightened up my
shoes,
I hate to leave you sittin' there composing lonesome blues.

The Foggy Mountain Top

M: G; F: C or D, capo 5 or 7
CD 1-Track 55

Traditional

1. If I was on some fog - gy moun - tain top, I'd
 2. Now if you see that girl ___ of ___ mine, There's
 3. She caused me to weep, she caused ___ me to mourn, She
 4. If I had listened to what my ___ ma - ma said, I

3
 sail a - way to the West, I'd sail all a - round this
 some - thing you must ___ tell her, She need not to fool her
 caused me to leave my ___ home, To the lone - some ___ pines and the
 would not be here to - day, Just ly - ing a - round this

6
 whole wide world, To the girl I love the best
 time a - way, To ___ court some oth - er feller.
 good old times, I'm ___ on my way back home.
 old jail - house, A' ___ weep - ing my poor life a - way.

Verse 1 often used as chorus

44

Great Speckled Bird

M: G; F: C or D, capo 5 or 7
CD 1-Track 60

Traditional

1. What a beau - ti - ful thought I am think - ing, _____ Con - cern - ing the
2. De - sir - ing to low - er her stan - dard, _____ They watch ev - ery

T
A
B

0 1 | 0 0 0 1 0 | 2 2 2 1 | 0 1 2

6
great speck - led bird. _____ Re - mem - ber her name is re -
move that she makes, _____ They long to find fault with her

4 2 0 | 4 4 0 0 | 0 1 0

11
cord - ed, _____ In the pag - es of God's Ho - ly Word. _____
teach - ing, _____ But real - ly they find no mis - take. _____

2 2 0 | 1 2 4 0 2 | 0 0

G C
3. I am glad to have learned of her meekness,
D G
I'm proud that my name is in her book,
G C
For I want to be one never fearing,
D G
The face of my Saviour's to look.

the other birds flocking 'round her,
she is despised by the squad,
But the great speckled bird in the Bible,
Is one with the great church of God.

5. In the presence of all her despisers,
With a song never uttered before,
She will rise and be gone in a moment,
'Til the great tribulation is o'er.

6. When He cometh descending from heaven,
On the clouds as He writes in His word,
I'll be joyfully carried to meet Him,
On the wings of the great speckled bird.

7. She is spreading her wings for a journey,
She's going to leave by and by,
When the trumpet shall sound in the morning,
She'll rise and go up in the sky.

45

Hand Me Down My Walking Cane

M: G; F: C or D, capo 5 or 7
 CD 1-Track 64, medley pt. 1

Traditional

G D7

1. Hand me down my walk - ing cane, Hand me down
 2. Hand me down my bottle of corn, Hand me down

T
A
B

6 G C

— my walk - ing cane, Oh, hand me down my walk - ing cane, I'm gon-na
 — my bottle of corn, Oh, hand me down my bottle of corn, I'll get—

11 G D7 G

catch that mid - night train, For all my sins are tak - en - a - way.
 drunk as sure's you're born, For all my sins are tak - en a - way.

3. Oh, I got drunk and I landed in jail,
 Oh, I got drunk and I landed in jail,
 Oh, I got drunk and I landed in jail,
 With no one to go my bail,
 * all my sins are taken away.

4. The meat is tough, and the beans are bad,
 (3X)
 Oh, my God, I can't eat that,
 For all my sins are taken away.

5. The devil chased me 'round a stump, (3X)
 I thought he'd catch me at every jump,
 For all my sins are taken away.

Milwaukee Blues

Traditional

T: C; **F:** F or G, capo 5 or 7

D: 2-Track 20

C
 2. Way down in Georgia on a tramp,
G
 The roads are getting muddy and the leaves are getting damp,
C **F**
 Got to catch a freight train, leave this town
C **G** **C**
 Cause they don't 'low no hobo's a' hanging around.
F **C**
 Hanging around, hanging around,
G **C**
 They don't 'low no hobo's a' hanging around.

3. Left Atlanta one morning 'fore day,
 The brakeman said, "You'll have to pay."
 Had no money so I pawned my shoes,
 I want to go west, I've got the Milwaukee blues.
 Got the Milwaukee blues, got the Milwaukee blues,
 I want to go west, I got the Milwaukee blues.

4. Old Bill Jones said before he died,
 "Fix the road so the 'boes can ride.
 When they ride, they will ride the rods,
 Put all their trust in the hands of God.
 In the hands of God, in the hands of God,
 Put all their trust in the hands of God.

5. Old Bill Jones said before he died,
 There's two more roads he'd like to ride.
 Fireman said, "What can it be?"
 "The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe.
 Santa Fe, yes, the Santa Fe,
 The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe."

Amazing Grace

M: G; F: C or D, capo 5 or 7

John Newton, ca. 1779

1-Track 2

1. A - maz - ing_ grace how sweet the sound, That saved a_

2. 'Twas grace that_ taught my heart to fear, And grace my_

3. Through man - y_ dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al -

4. When we've been_ there ten thou - sand years, Bright shin - ing_

T
A
B

6

wretch like me, I once was lost but
fears re - lieved, How pre - cious did that
read - y come, 'Twas grace that brought me
as the sun, We've no less days to

11

now I'm found, Was blind but now I see.
grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved.
safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
sing God's praise, Then when we first be - gun.

Blue Ridge Mountain Blues

M: G; F: C or D, capo 5 or 7
CD 1-Track 15

Cliff Hess

1. When I was young and in my prime, I left my home in Car-o - line, - Now
2. I see a win-dow with a light, I see two heads of snow-y white, - I

5 all I do is sit and pine, For all those folks I left be-hind. Cho. 1: I've got those
seem to hear them both re-cite, "Where is my wan-dering boy to - night?"

9 Blue Ridge Moun-tain blues, Want to hear those hound dogs bay, I want to

13 hunt the poss-um when the corn tops bloss-om, In that Blue Ridge far a - way.

3. I'll always do right by my Ma,
I always do right by my Pa,
I'll hang around that cabin door,
No work, no worry anymore.

Cho. 2: I've got those Blue Ridge Mountain blues,
I want to stand right here and say,
My grip is packed to travel and I'm scratching gravel,
To the Blue Ridge far away.

50

Buffalo Gals

M: C; F: F or G, capo 5 or 7
CD 1-Track 20

Traditional

1. As I was walk - ing down the street, Down the street, Down the street, A
pret - ty girl I chanced to meet, Oh, she was fair to see.

9
Cho: Buff-a - lo gals won't you come out to-night, Come out to-night, Come out to-night,

13
Buff-a - lo gals won't you come out to-night, And dance by the light of the moon.

C
I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin',
G7 C
er I kept a-rockin', her knees kept a-knockin',
da. I with a gal with a hole in her stockin',
G7 C
I danced by the light of the moon.

4. I asked her if she'd have a dance, (have a dance 2X)
I thought that I might have a chance,
To shake a foot with her.

5. I asked her if she'd be my wife, (be my wife 2X)
Then I'd be happy all my life,
If she'd marry me.

I asked her if she'd like to talk, (like to talk 2X)
er feet took up the whole sidewalk,
h, she was fair to see.

51

Don't Let Your Deal Go Down

M: G; F: C or D, capo 5 or 7
 1-Track 43

Traditional

E7 A7 D7 G

1. Well I've been all a - round this whole wide world, I've done most ev - ery thing, — I've
 2. When I left my — love be - hind, — She was stand - ing in the door, — She
 3. Now — who's gon-na shoe your pretty little feet? And who's gonna glove your hand? —
 4. Pa - pa will shoe my pretty little feet, And Mama will glove my hand. —
 5. Where'd. you get them high top shoes, The dress you wear so fine? —

TAB

9 E7 A7 D7 G

played cards with the king and the queen, The ace and the deuce and the trey. —
 threw her arms a - round — my neck said, "Daddy, — please don't — go." —
 Who's gonna kiss your ru - by — lips? — Who's gon-na be your — man? —
 You can kiss my red ru - by lips, — When you get back a - gain. —
 Got them shoes from an en - gin - eer, Got the dress from a driver in the mine. —

17 E7 A7 D7 G

Chorus: Don't let your deal go down, — Don't let your deal go down, —

25 E7 A7 D7 G

Don't let your deal go down, — 'Til the last gold dol - lar is gone. —

BLUE BAYOU (Roy Orbison)

A A E E
I feel so bad, I got a worried mind; I'm so lonesome all the time
E E A A
Since I left my baby behind on Blue Bayou

A A E E
Saving nickels, saving dimes; working till the sun don't shine
E E A A
Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou

A A E E
I'm going back someday, come what may to Blue Bayou
A A E E
Where the folks are fine, and the world is mine on Blue Bayou
A A7 D Dm6
Where those fishing boats with their sails afloat, if I could only see
A E A A
That familiar sunrise through sleepy eyes, how happy I'd be

Gonna see my baby again
Gonna be with some of my friends
Maybe I'll feel better again on Blue Bayou
Saving nickels, saving dimes
Working till the sun don't shine
Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou

I'm going back someday, come what may to Blue Bayou
Where the folks are fine, and the world is mine on Blue Bayou
Where those fishing boats with their sails afloat, if I could only see
That familiar sunrise through sleepy eyes, how happy I'd be

A A E E E E A A
[instrumental]

A A7 D Dm6
Oh that boy of mine by my side, the silver moon and the evening time
A E A A
Oh, some sweet day, gonna take away this hurtin' inside
E E E E
Well I'd never be blue, my dreams come true
E E A A A A.
On Blue Bayou

Fishers of Men

Rise and follow me
I'll make you worthy
Rise and follow me
I'll make you fishers of men.

Rise and follow me
I'll make you worthy
Rise and follow me
I'll make you fishers of men.

Peter, John, and James
Could never be the same
After they heard him say
I'll make you fishers of men.

He said, Rise and follow me
I'll make you worthy
Rise and follow me
I'll make you fishers of men.
He said, Rise and follow me
I'll make you worthy
Rise and follow me
I'll make you fishers of men.

Cast your nets aside
and join the battle tide
He will be your guide
To make you fishers of men.

