

Seit 1990



Walter Erhardt   Klaus Klötzer   Ulrich Skrabak

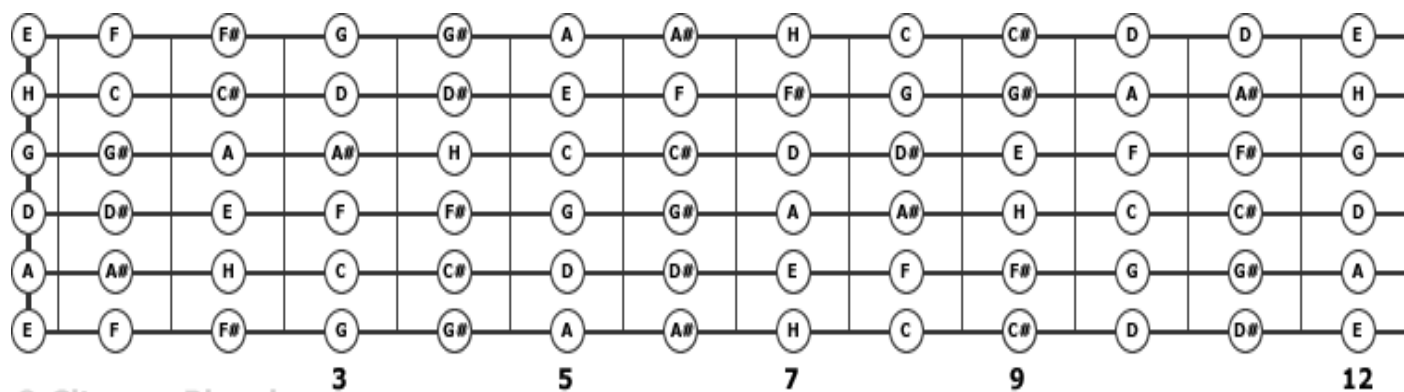
# Gitarre- SONGBOOK

Transponieren:

Tonart	Db	Ab	Eb	Bb	C	D	E	F	G	A	H	F#
Stufe 2	Eb	Bb	F	C	D	E	F#	G	A	H	C#	G#
Stufe 3	F	C	G	D	E	F#	G#	A	H	C#	D#	A#
Stufe 4	<i>Gb</i>	<i>Db</i>	<i>Ab</i>	<i>Eb</i>	F	G	A	<i>Bb</i>	C	D	E	H
Stufe 5	Ab	Eb	Bb	F	G	A	H	C	D	E	F#	C#
Stufe 6	Bb	F	C	G	A	H	C#	D	E	F#	G#	D#
Stufe 7	C	G	D	A	H	C#	D#	E	F#	G#	A#	<i>E#</i>
					Bb	C	D	Eb	F	G	A	

g gis a ais h c cis d dis e f fis g gis a ais h c cis d

Standard-Stimmung in einer Griffbrett-Grafik:



# Inhaltsverzeichnis 1 - 200

1 Blowin' in the Wind  
 2 If I Had a Hammer  
 3 Five Hundred Miles  
 4 Scarborough Fair  
 5 Whiskey in the Jar  
 6 Mingulay Boat Song  
 7 The Wild Rover  
 8 All around my hat  
 9 Dirty Old Town  
**10 Hobo's Lullaby**  
 11 The Road to Dundee  
 12 Never Wed an Old Man  
 13 Fiddler's Green  
 14 The Flower of Scotland  
 15 The Leaving of Liverpool  
 16 Colours  
 17 The Town I Loved So Well  
 18 Will the Circle Be Unbroken  
 19 Where Have All the Flowers Gone  
**20 Roddy McCorley**  
 21 Ye Jacobites by Name  
 22 All For Me Grog  
 23 Spanish Lady  
 24 Last Thing on My Mind  
 25 Lord Franklin  
 26 Skye Boat Song  
 27 Rambling Boy  
 28 I Know Where I'm Going  
 29 Teach Your Children  
**30 Puff, the Magic Dragon**  
 31 Will You Go, Lassie, Go  
 32 Nancy Spain  
 33 The Keeper  
 34 From Clare to Here  
 35 John B. Sails  
 36 Oh No, John  
 37 Cockles and Mussels  
 38 The Ash Grove  
 39 This Land Is Your Land  
**40 The Bog Down in the Valley**  
 41 Take Me Home, Country Roads  
 42 Roll in My Sweet Baby's Arms  
 43 Southbound Passenger Train  
 44 Jug o' Punch  
 45 Come, Landlord  
 46 John Peel  
 47 City of New Orleans  
 48 Bye-bye, Love  
 49 Island in the Sun  
**50 Bottle of Wine**  
 51 Last Night I Had  
 52 Turn, Turn, Turn  
 53 Streets of London  
 54 Sailing  
 55 Dona, Dona  
 56 Mull of Kintyre  
 57 Early One Morning  
 58 Leavin' on a Jet Plane  
 59 Irene, Good Night  
**60 Surrounded by Water**  
 61 Ye Banks and Braes  
 62 Amazing Grace  
 63 Charlie Is My Darling  
 64 Come by the Hills  
 65 The Shearin's No for You  
 66 Crooked Jack  
 67 Rogues in a Nation

68 Westering Home  
 69 Twa Recruitin' Sairgeants  
**70 I'm a Rover**  
 71 Springhill Mining Disaster  
 72 Jock Stewart  
 73 Mairi's Wedding  
 74 Greensleeves  
 75 Both Sides the Tweed  
 76 Loch Lomond  
 77 The Rose of Allendale  
 78 Only Our Rivers  
 79 A Bunch of Thyme  
**80 Four Green Fields**  
 81 Sally Gardens  
 82 The Cliffs of Dooneen  
 83 The Rare Ould Times  
 84 The Nightingale  
 85 Yarmouth Town  
 86 The Wabash Cannonball  
 87 Long Hard Road  
 88 I Can't Help But Wonder  
 89 Leaving London  
**90 Winds Are Singing Freedom**  
 91 The Wind in the Willows  
 92 All the Children  
 93 The Times They Are A-changing  
 94 Help Me Make it Through the  
 95 Killing Me Softly with His Song  
 96 Freight Train  
 97 Way Downtown  
 98 Me and Bobby McGhee  
 99 My Old Kentucky Home  
**100 San Francisco Bay Blues**  
 101 Drugstore Truck Driving Man  
 102 Nine-Pound Hammer  
 103 The Night They Drove Old Dixie  
 104 Blue Moon of Kentucky  
 105 Hard Ain't it Hard  
 106 Columbus Stockade  
 107 Bonnie Dundee  
 108 MacPherson  
 109 The Whistling Gypsy Rover  
**110 A-roving**  
 111 A Man's a Man  
 112 Carrickfergus  
 113 On Ilkley Moor Baht 'At  
 114 My Walking Shoes  
 115 The Foggy Dew  
 116 Botany Bay  
 117 Spencil Hill  
 118 Black Velvet Band  
 119 Home Boys Home  
**120 Dark As a Dungeon**  
 121 Lord of the Dance  
 122 Hello, Mary Lou  
 123 Little Boxes  
 124 Cottonfields  
 125 Black Is the Colour  
 126 For Baby (For Bobby)  
 127 Midnight Special  
 128 Weave Me the Sunshine  
 129 When I'm Gone  
**130 Who Will Sing For Me**  
 131 What Have They Done to the Rain  
 132 When the Fiddler Has Played  
 133 Stewball

134 Walk Right in  
 135 There But For Fortune  
 136 Pastures Of Plenty  
 137 Sing Me Back Home  
 138 Early Morning Rain  
 139 I Am a Pilgrim  
**140 Pack Up Your Sorrows**  
 141 Long Black Veil  
 142 Careless Love  
 143 Troubled And I Don't Know Why  
 144 Aragon Mill  
 145 Both Sides Now  
 146 Green, Green  
 147 Joe Hill  
 148 Star Of the County Down  
 149 Thirsty Boots  
**150 Long Time Friends**  
 151 Down in Your Mines  
 152 Knockin' on Heaven's Door  
 153 Farewell tae the Haven  
 154 If I Only Knew How  
 155 I'm Sad and I'm Lonely  
 156 Sixteen Tons  
 157 Oklahoma Hills  
 158 Nut-Brown Maiden  
 159 Age  
**160 I'll Tell Me Ma**  
 161 Copper Kettle  
 162 Catch the Wind  
 163 Shady Grove  
 164 Universal Soldier  
 165 Place in the Choir  
 166 The House of the Rising Sun  
 167 Bonnie Ship the Diamond  
 168 Garden Song  
 169 Spin, Spin, Spin  
**170 No Man's Land**  
 171 Old Woman Who Swallowed ..  
 172 Now I'm Easy  
 173 It's Good to See You  
 174 Song for Ireland  
 175 Blue Tail Fly  
 176 Caledonia  
 177 The Sounds of Silence  
 178 Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore  
 179 Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye  
**180 Banks of the Ohio**  
 181 Fair And Tender Ladies  
 182 John O' Dreams  
 183 Crazy Man Michael  
 184 Jock O' Hazeldean  
 185 My Irish Molly-O  
 186 Mothers, Daughters, Wives  
 187 Daughters And Sons  
 188 Johnny Lad  
 189 Rolling Home  
**190 Tae the Beggin'**  
 191 Shining River  
 192 Jamie Raeburn's Farewell  
 193 The Hills of Connemara  
 194 Work o' the Weavers  
 195 Blow, Boys, Blow  
 196 The Boxer  
 197 Pub With No Beer  
 198 Yesterday's People  
 199 Fields of Athenry  
**200 Passin' Through**

# Inhaltsverzeichnis A - Z

<b>Age</b> ...159	Hills of Connemara, the ...193	Place in the Choir, A ...165
All Around My Hat ...8	Hobo's Lullaby ...10	Pub with No Beer ...197
All for Me Grog ...22	Home Boys Home ...119	Puff, the Magic Dragon ...30
All the Children ...92	House of the Rising Sun ...166	<b>Rambling Boy</b> ...27
A Man's a Man ...111	<b>I Am a Pilgrim</b> ...139	Rare Ould Times, the ...83
Amazing Grace ...62	I Can't Help But Wonder ...88	Road to Dundee, the ...11
Aragon Mill ...144	If I Had a Hammer ...2	Roddy McCorley ...20
A-roving ...110	If I Only Knew ...154	Rogues in a Nation ...67
Ash Grove, the ...38	I Know Where I'm Going ...28	Roll in My Sweet Baby's Arms ...42
<b>Banks of the Ohio</b> ...180	I'll Tell Me Ma ...160	Rolling Home ...189
Black Is the Colour ...125	I'm a Rover ...70	Rose of Allandale ...77
Black Velvet Band ...118	I'm Sad and I'm Lonely ...155	<b>Sailing</b> ...54
Blow Boys Blow ...195	Irene, Good Night ...59	Sally Gardens ...81
Blowin' in the Wind ...1	Island in the Sun ...49	San Francisco Bay Blues ...100
Blue Moon of Kentucky ...104	It's Good to See You ...173	Scarborough Fair ...4
Blue Tail Fly ...175	<b>Jamie Raeburn's Farewell</b> ...192	Shady Grove ...163
Bog Down in the Valley-o ...40	Jock O' Hazeldean ...184	Shearin's No for You, the ...65
Bonnie Dundee ...107	Jock Stewart ...72	Shining River ...191
Bonnie Ship the Diamond ...167	Joe Hill ...147	Sing Me Back Home ...137
Botany Bay ...116	John B Sails (Sloop John B) ...35	Sixteen Tons ...156
Both Sides Now ...145	Johnny Lad ...188	Skye Boat Song ...26
Both Sides the Tweed ...75	John O' Dreams ...182	Song for Ireland ...174
Bottle of Wine ...50	John Peel ...46	Sounds of Silence, the ...177
Boxer, the ...196	Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye ...179	Southbound Passenger Train ...43
Bunch of Thyme, a ...79	Jug o' Punch ...44	Spancil Hill ...117
Bye-Bye Love ...48	<b>Keeper, the</b> ...33	Spanish Lady ...23
<b>Caledonia</b> ...176	Killing Me Softly With His Song...95	Spin, Spin, Spin ...169
Careless Love ...142	Knockin' on Heaven's Door ...152	Springhill Mining Disaster ...71
Carrickfergus ...112	<b>Last Night I Had</b> ...51	Star of the County Down ...148
Catch the Wind ...162	Last Thing on My Mind ...24	Stewball ...133
Charlie Is My Darling ...63	Leaving London ...89	Streets of London ...53
City of New Orleans ...47	Leaving of Liverpool, the ...15	Surrounded by Water ...60
Cliffs of Dooneen, the ...82	Leavin' on a Jet Plane ...58	<b>Tae the Beggin'</b> ...190
Cockles and Mussels ...37	Little Boxes ...123	Take Me Home Country Roads...41
Colours ...16	Loch Lomond ...76	Teach Your Children ...29
Columbus Stockade ...106	Long Black Veil ...141	There But for Fortune ...135
Come by the Hills ...64	Long Hard Road ...87	Thirsty Boots ...149
Come Landlord ...45	Long Time Friends ...150	This Land Is Your Land ...39
Copper Kettle ...161	Lord Franklin ...25	Times They Are A-changing ...93
Cottonfields ...124	Lord of The Dance ...121	Town I Loved So Well, the ...17
Crazy Man Michael ...183	<b>MacPherson's Farewell</b> ...108	Troubled And I Don't Know Why...143
Crooked Jack ...66	Mairi's Wedding ...73	Turn, Turn, Turn ...52
<b>Dark As a Dungeon</b> ...120	Me and Bobby McGhee ...98	Twa Recruitin' Sairgeants ...69
Daughters and Sons ...187	Midnight Special ...127	<b>Universal Soldier</b> ...164
Dirty Old Town ...9	Mingulay Boat Song ...6	<b>Wabash Cannonball</b> ...86
Dona, Dona ...55	Mothers, Daughters, Wives ...186	Walk Right in ...134
Down in Your Mines ...151	Mull of Kintyre ...56	Way Downtown ...97
Drugstore Truck Driving ...101	My Irish Molly-O ...185	Weave Me the Sunshine ...128
<b>Early Morning Rain</b> ...138	My Old Kentucky Home ...99	Westering Home ...68
Early One Morning ...57	My Walking Shoes ...114	What Have They Done to ...131
<b>Fair and Tender Ladies</b> ...181	<b>Nancy Spain</b> ...32	When I'm Gone ...129
Farewell tae the Haven ...153	Never Wed an Old Man ...12	When the Fiddler Has Played ...132
Fiddler's Green ...13	Nightingale, the ...84	Where Have All the Flowers ...19
Five Hundred Miles ...3	Night They Drove Old Dixie... 103	Whiskey in the Jar ...5
For Baby (For Bobby) ...126	Nine-Pound Hammer ...102	Whistling Gypsy Rover,the ...109
Freight Train ...96	No Man's Land ...170	Who Will Sing for Me ...130
Fields of Athenry ...199	Now I'm Easy ...172	Wild Rover, the ...7
Flower of Scotland, the ...14	Nut-Brown Maiden ...158	Will the Circle Be Unbroken ...18
Foggy Dew, the ...115	<b>Oh No, John</b> ...36	Will You Go, Lassie, Go ...31
Four Green Fields ...80	Oklahoma Hills ...157	Wind in the Willows, the ...91
From Clare to Here ...34	Old Woman Who Swallowed a...171	Winds Are Singing Freedom,the ...90
<b>Garden Song</b> ...168	On Ilkley Moor Baht 'At ...113	Work o' the Weavers, the ...194
Green, Green ...146	Only Our Rivers ...78	<b>Yarmouth Town</b> ...85
Greensleeves ...74	<b>Pack up Your Sorrows</b> ...140	Ye Banks and Braes ...61
<b>Hard Ain't It Hard</b> ...105	Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore..178	Ye Jacobites by Name ...21
Hello, Mary Lou ...122	Passin' Through ...200	Yesterday's People ...198
Help Me Make It Through ...94	Pastures of Plenty ...136	

## 001 BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

(K:C, W: G5=C Intro: D G e C D G G; Picking)

1. <sup>G</sup> How <sup>C</sup> many <sup>G</sup> roads <sup>e</sup> must a man walk down

<sup>G</sup> Before <sup>C</sup> you <sup>D</sup> call him a man?

<sup>G</sup> How <sup>C</sup> many <sup>G</sup> seas <sup>e</sup> must a white dove sail

<sup>G</sup> Before <sup>C</sup> she <sup>D</sup> sleeps in the sand?

<sup>G</sup> How <sup>C</sup> many <sup>G</sup> times <sup>e</sup> must the cannonballs fly

<sup>G</sup> Before <sup>C</sup> they're <sup>D</sup> forever banned?

*Ch: <sup>C</sup> The <sup>D</sup> answer, <sup>G</sup> my friend, <sup>e</sup> is blowin' in the wind,*  
*<sup>C</sup> The <sup>D</sup> answer <sup>G</sup> is blowin' in the wind.*

2. <sup>G</sup> How <sup>C</sup> many <sup>G</sup> years <sup>e</sup> can a mountain exist

<sup>G</sup> Before <sup>C</sup> it is <sup>D</sup> washed to the sea?

<sup>G</sup> How <sup>C</sup> many <sup>G</sup> years <sup>e</sup> can some people exist

<sup>G</sup> Before <sup>C</sup> they're <sup>D</sup> allowed to be free?

<sup>G</sup> How <sup>C</sup> many <sup>G</sup> times <sup>e</sup> can a man turn his head

<sup>G</sup> Pretending <sup>C</sup> he <sup>D</sup> just doesn't see?

3. <sup>G</sup> How <sup>C</sup> many <sup>G</sup> times <sup>e</sup> can a man look up

<sup>G</sup> Before <sup>C</sup> he <sup>D</sup> can see the sky?

<sup>G</sup> How <sup>C</sup> many <sup>G</sup> ears <sup>e</sup> must one man have

<sup>G</sup> Before <sup>C</sup> he <sup>D</sup> can hear people cry?

<sup>G</sup> How <sup>C</sup> many <sup>G</sup> deaths <sup>e</sup> will it take till he knows

<sup>G</sup> That <sup>C</sup> too <sup>D</sup> many people have died?

## 002 IF I HAD A HAMMER

(K: C W: G5=C

Intro: C e F G, 4x "ooh-ooh")

1. If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning,  
I'd hammer in the evening, all over this land,  
I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out warning,  
I'd hammer out love between my brothers  
And my sisters, all over this land.

2. If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning,  
I'd ring it in the evening, all over this land,  
I'd ring out danger, I'd ring out warning,  
I'd ring out love between my brothers  
And my sisters, all over this land.

3. If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning,  
I'd sing it in the evening, all over this land,  
I'd sing out danger, I'd sing out warning,  
I'd sing out love between my brothers  
And my sisters, all over this land.

4. Well, I got a hammer, and I got a bell,  
And I got a song to sing, all over this land,  
It's a hammer of justice, it's a bell of freedom,  
It's a song about love between my brothers  
And my sisters, all over this land. Ooh-ooh...

# 003 FIVE HUNDRED MILES

(K: G

W: C7=G

Intro: 4 Takte G, Baez-Picking)

1. If you miss the train I'm on,  
You will know that I am gone,  
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.  
A hundred miles, a hundred miles,  
A hundred miles, a hundred miles,  
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

2. Lord, I'm one, Lord, I'm two,  
Lord, I'm three, Lord, I'm four,  
Lord, I'm five hundred miles from my home.  
Five hundred miles, five hundred miles,  
Five hundred miles, five hundred miles  
Lord, I'm five hundred miles from my home.

3. Not a shirt on my back,  
Not a penny to my name,  
Lord, I can't go a-home this-a-way  
This-a-way, This-a-way,  
This-a-way, this-a-way,  
Lord, I can't go a-home this-a-way.

4. = 1.

# 004 SCARBOROUGH FAIR

(a3=c Arpeggio) 6/8 3/4 Doppelgriff

a G a  
1. Are you going to Scarborough fair,  
C a D a a  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
a C G  
Remember me to one who lives there,  
a G a  
She once was a true love of mine.

a G a  
2. Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,  
C a D a a  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
a C G  
Without any seam or needlework,  
a G a  
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

a G a  
3. Tell her to wash it on yonder dry well,  
C a D a a  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
a C G  
Where water ne'er sprung nor drop of rain fell,  
a G a  
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

a G a  
4. Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,  
C a D a a  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
a C G  
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born,  
a G a  
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

a G a  
5. Oh, will you find me an acre of land,  
C a D a a  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
a C G  
Between the sea foam and the sea sand,  
a G a  
Or never be a true lover of mine.



<sup>a</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
 6. Oh, will you plough it with a lamb's horn,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
<sup>a</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 And sow it all over with one peppercorn  
<sup>a</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
 Or never be a true lover of mine.

<sup>a</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
 7. Oh, will you reap it with a sickle of leather,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
<sup>a</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 And tie it all up with a peacock's feather,  
<sup>a</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
 Or never be a true lover of mine.

<sup>a</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
 8. And when you have done and finished your work,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
<sup>a</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 Then come to me for your cambric shirt,  
<sup>a</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
 Or never be a true lover of mine.

<sup>a</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
 9. Are you going to Scarborough fair,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
<sup>a</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 Remember me to one who lives there,  
<sup>a</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
 She once was a true love of mine.

Zusatz:

Der Refrain „Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme“ heißt wörtlich übersetzt „Petersilie, Salbei, Rosmarin und Thymian“.

Petersilie wurde als Verdauungsmittel gegessen und sollte gleichzeitig die Bitterkeit in der Nahrung entfernen. Salbei galt als ein Symbol für Kraft. Rosmarin stellt Treue, Liebe und Erinnerung dar. Das Lyrische Ich im Lied wünschte sich mit der Nennung dieser vier Pflanzen Milde, um die Bitterkeit in der Beziehung zu lindern, seelische Kraft, wenn sie voneinander getrennt sind, Treue, um mit ihr zusammen zu bleiben, wenn er alleine ist; und auch Ermutigung, damit sie wieder zurück kommen kann.

# 005 WHISKEY IN THE JAR

(K: C W: G5=C PPM-Picking; Intro: G e C D) 4/4 schnell

1. As I was a-going over the far-famed Kerry mountains,  
 I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was counting.  
 I first drew my pistol and then drew my rapier saying  
 'Stand and deliver, for you are my bold deceiver'

*Ch: Musha ringum a-durum a-dah, whack fo! the daddy-o*  
*whack fo! the dady-o, there's whiskey in the jar.*

2. He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,  
 I put it in my pocket and I gave it to my Jenny.  
 She sighed and swore she loved me and she never would deceive me  
 But the devil take the women for they always lie so easy.

3. I went into my chamber all for to take a slumber,  
 I dreamt of gold and jewels, and sure it was no wonder.  
 But Jenny took my pistols and she filled them up with water  
 And sent for Captain Farrell to get ready for the slaughter

4. 'Twas early in the morning before I rose to travel,  
 The guards were all around me and likewise Captain Farrell.  
 I then drew my pistol for she stole away my rapier,  
 But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.



## 006 MINGULAY BOAT SONG

(C4=E; Corries-Picking)

Ch: Heelya ho, boys, let her go, boys,  
Swing her head round and draw together,  
Heelya ho, boys, let her go, boys,  
Sailing homeward to Mingulay. (last: F F F F C)

Sailors:

What care we though white the Minch,  
What care we for wind and weather,  
Heelya ho, boys, and we'll anchor,  
As the sun sets in Mingulay. Heelya ho...

Women:

We are waiting by the harbour,  
We've been waiting since break of day-o,  
We are waiting by the harbour  
As the sun sets on Mingulay. Heelya ho...

Die Seefahrer von der sturmumtosten schottischen Insel Mingulay sind harte Kerle, die nicht nach Wind und Wetter fragen. Doch wenn der Dudelsack ihr Lied spielt, erwacht die Sehnsucht nach der Heimat. Sie stellen sich dann vor, daß die Frauen an der Mole sitzen, hinaus auf das Meer schauen und nur auf den Einen warten ...

(C4=E, Corries-Picking)

1. I've been a wild rover for many a year  
 And I spent all my money on whiskey and beer.  
 But now I'm returning with gold in great store  
 And I swear I will play the wild rover no more.

*Ch: And it's no, nay, never, No, nay, never, no more,  
 will I play the wild rover No, never, no more.*

2. I went into an ale-house I used to frequent  
 And I told the landlady my money was spent.  
 I asked her for credit but she answered me 'nay,  
 such custom as yours I can get any day.'

3. So I took from my pocket a handful of gold  
 And on the round table it glittered and rolled.  
 She said 'we have whiskeys and wines of the best,  
 what I told you before, it was only in jest.'

4. I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done  
 And ask them to pardon their prodigal son.  
 And if they forgive me as oft times before  
 Then I swear I will play the wild rover no more.

# 008 ALL AROUND MY HAT

(K: C2=D

W:G7=D

schlagen / Picking)

*Ch: All around my hat I will wear a green willow, and*  
*All around my hat, for a twelve-month and a day,*  
*And if anyone should ask me the reason why I'm wearing it,*  
*It's all for my true love who's far, far away.*

1. Fare thee well cold winter and fare thee well cold frost,  
 Nothing have I gained, but my own true love I've lost.  
 I'll sing and I'll be merry when occasion I do see,  
 He's a false deluding young man, let him go, farewell he.  
 And its..

2. The other night he brought me a fine diamond ring,  
 But he thought to have deprived me for a far, far better thing  
 But I being careful like lovers ought to be,  
 He's a false deluding young man, let him go, farewell he.

3. The quarter pound of reason and a half a pound of sense,  
 A small sprig of time and as much of prudence,  
 You mix them all together and then you will plainly see:  
 He's a false deluding young man, let him go, farewell he.

*(last chorus: 1x a capella, 1x mit Gitarre)*

# 009 DIRTY OLD TOWN

(W: C2=D K: G7; Baez-Picking)

G C  
1. I met my love by the gas works door,  
F C  
Dreamea a dream by the old canal,  
F a C  
Kissed my boy by the factory wall,  
d G a G-  
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

- C  
2. The moon is shifting behind a cloud,  
F C  
Cats are crawling along the beat,  
F a C  
Springs a girl in the street at night,  
d G a  
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

- C  
3. I heard a whistle coming from the docks  
F C  
And a train set the night on fire,  
F a C  
Smelled the spring on a smoke-filled air,  
d G a  
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

- C  
4. I'm gonna get me a nice sharp axe,  
F C  
Shining steel tempered in a fire,  
F a C  
Cut you down like an old dead tree,  
d G a  
Dirty old town, dirty old town.  
d G C  
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

# 010 HOBO'S LULLABY

(C4=E; Picking)

*Ch: Go to sleep you weary hobo,*  
*Let the towns drift slowly by,*  
*Can't you hear the steel rails humming,*  
*That's the hobo's lullaby.*

1. I know your clothes are torn and ragged  
And your hair is turning gray  
Lift your head and smile at trouble,  
You'll find peace and rest some day.

2. Now don't you worry 'bout tomorrow  
Let tomorrow come and go,  
Tonight you're in a nice warm boxcar  
Safe from all the wind and snow.

3. I know the police cause you trouble,  
They cause you trouble everywhere,  
But when you die and go to heaven  
You'll find no policeman there.

*(Chorus 1x gesungen, 1x gesummt)*



1. Cold winter was howling o'er moor and o'er mountain  
 And wild was the surge of the dark rolling sea,  
 when I met about daybreak a bonnie wee lassie  
 who asked me the road and the miles to Dundee.

2. Says I, 'my young lassie, I canna weel tell ye  
 The road and the distance I canna weel gie,  
 But if ye permit me to gang a wee bittie  
 I'll show ye the road and the miles tae Dundee.'

3. At once she consented and gave me her arm  
 Ne'er a word did I spier wha the lassie might be.  
 She appeared like an angel in feature and form  
 As she walked by my side on the road to Dundee.

4. At length wi' the Howe o' Strathmartine behind us  
 And the spires of the toon in full view we could see,  
 She said, 'gentle sir, I'll never forget ye,  
 For showing me so far on the road to Dundee.'

5. I took the gowd pin from the scarf on my bosom  
 And said, 'keep ye this in remembrance o' me,'  
 Then bravely I kissed the sweet lips o' the lassie  
 Ere I parted wi' her on the road to Dundee.

6. So here's to the lassie, I ne'er will forget her  
 And ilka young laddie that's listening to me,  
 And never be sweer to convoy a young lassie  
 Though it's only to show her the road to Dundee. (2x)

# 012 NEVER WED AN OLD MAN

(K: E

W: C4=E

schlagen)

auch ¾ möglich

1. An old man came courting me, hey ding doorum di,  
 An old man came courting me, me being young,  
 An old man came courting me, saying 'would you marry me  
 Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

*Ch: 'Cause he's got no faloorum, fal diddle-i-oorum,  
 He's got no faloorum, fal diddle fal day  
 He's got no faloorum, he's lost his ding doorum,  
 Maids when you're young never wed an old man.*

2. When we went to church, hey ding doorum di,  
 When we went to church, me being young,  
 When we went to church, he left me on the lurch  
 Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

3. When *we sat down* for tea , hey ding doorum di,  
 When we sat down for tea, me being young,  
 When we sat down for tea, he started teasing me  
 Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

4. When we went to bed, hey ding doorum di,  
 When we went to bed, me being young,  
 When we went to bed, he lay like he was dead Maids...

<sup>C</sup> 5. So I threw my leg over him, <sup>G</sup> hey ding doorum di,  
<sup>C</sup> So I threw my leg over him, <sup>G</sup> me being young,  
<sup>C</sup> So I threw my leg over him, <sup>F</sup> damn well <sup>C</sup> near <sup>G</sup> smothered him  
<sup>C</sup> Maids when you're young <sup>F</sup> never <sup>G</sup> wed <sup>C</sup> an old man.

<sup>C</sup> 6. When he went to sleep, <sup>G</sup> hey ding doorum di,  
<sup>C</sup> When he went to sleep, <sup>G</sup> me being young,  
<sup>C</sup> When he went to sleep, <sup>F</sup> out of bed <sup>C</sup> I did <sup>G</sup> creep  
<sup>C</sup> Into the arms of a handsome <sup>F</sup> young <sup>G</sup> man. <sup>C</sup>

<sup>C</sup> *Ch: 'And I found his faloorum, <sup>G</sup> fal diddle-i-oorum,*  
<sup>C</sup> *And I found his faloorum, <sup>G</sup> fal diddle fal day*  
<sup>C</sup> *And I found his faloorum, <sup>F</sup> he got <sup>C</sup> my <sup>G</sup> ding doorum,*  
<sup>C</sup> *Maids when you're young <sup>F</sup> never <sup>G</sup> wed <sup>C</sup> an old man.*

<sup>C</sup> 7. A young man is my delight, <sup>G</sup> hey ding doorum di,  
<sup>C</sup> A young man is my delight, <sup>G</sup> me being young,  
<sup>C</sup> A young man is my delight, <sup>F</sup> he'll kiss you <sup>C</sup> day and <sup>G</sup> night  
<sup>C</sup> Maids when you're young <sup>F</sup> never <sup>G</sup> wed <sup>C</sup> an old man.

<sup>C</sup> *Ch: 'cause he's got no faloorum, <sup>G</sup> fal diddle-i-oorum,*  
<sup>C</sup> *He's got no faloorum, <sup>G</sup> fal diddle fal day*  
<sup>C</sup> *He's got no faloorum, <sup>F</sup> he's got <sup>C</sup> his <sup>G</sup> ding doorum,*  
<sup>C</sup> *Maids when you're young <sup>F</sup> never <sup>G</sup> wed <sup>C</sup> an old man.*

# 013 FIDDLER'S GREEN

(K: C2=D, W: G7; Corries-Picking) 6/8

1. As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair  
To view the stil water and take the sea air  
I heard an old fisherman singing a song:  
won't you take me away, boys, my time isn't long;

*Ch: Wrap me up in my oil skin and jumper,  
No more on the docks I'll be seen,  
Just tell me ould ship-mates I'm taking a trip, mates,  
And I'll see you some day in Fiddler's Green.*

2. Now Fiddler's Green is a place I heard tell  
where fishermen go if they don't go to hell,  
where the skies are all clear and the dolphins do play  
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away.

3. When you get on the docks and the long trip is through  
There's pubs, there's clubs and there's lassies there, too  
where the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free  
And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree.

4. Now, I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me,  
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea,  
I'll play my old squeeze-box as we sail along  
with the wind in the rigging to sing me a song.

# 014 THE FLOWER OF SCOTLAND

(K: C4=E, W: D2; Corries-Picking)

1. Oh Flower of Scotland when will we see your like again  
That fought and died for your wee bit hill and glen  
And stood against him, proud Edward's army,  
And sent him homeward tae think again.

2. The hills are bare now and autumn leaves lie thick and still  
O'er land that is lost now which those so dearly held  
That stood against him, proud Edward's army,  
And sent him homeward tae think again.

3. Those days are passed now and in the past they must remain  
But we can still rise now, and be the nation again  
That stood against him, proud Edward's army,  
And sent him homeward tae think again.

4. Oh Flower of Scotland when will we see your like again  
That fought and died for your wee bit hill and glen  
And stood against him, proud Edward's army,  
And sent him homeward tae think again, tae think again.

## 015 THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

(K: C      W: G5=C      , schlagen)

1. Farewell to you, my own true love,  
I am going far, far away,  
I am bound for California  
And I know that I'll return some day.

Ch: So fare thee well, my own true love,  
For when I return united we will be,  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,  
But my darling when I think of thee.

2. I have shipped on a Yankee sailing ship  
Davey Crockett was her name,  
And her captain's name was Burgess  
And they say she is a floating hell.

3. Oh, the sun is on the harbour, love,  
And I wish I could remain,  
For I know it will be a long, long time  
Before I see you again.

## 016 COLOURS

(C4=E, Picking)

auch C2=D

<sup>C</sup>  
1. Yellow is the colour of my true love's hair  
<sup>F</sup> In the mornin' when we <sup>C</sup>rise,  
<sup>F</sup> In the mornin' when we <sup>C</sup>rise,  
<sup>G</sup> That's the time, that's the <sup>F</sup>time I <sup>C</sup>love the best.

<sup>C</sup>  
2. Blue is the colour of the sky  
<sup>F</sup> In the mornin' when we <sup>C</sup>rise,  
<sup>F</sup> In the mornin' when we <sup>C</sup>rise,  
<sup>G</sup> That's the time, that's the <sup>F</sup>time I <sup>C</sup>love the best.

<sup>C</sup>  
3. Green's the colour of the sparkling corn  
<sup>F</sup> In the mornin' when we <sup>C</sup>rise,  
<sup>F</sup> In the mornin' when we <sup>C</sup>rise,  
<sup>G</sup> That's the time, that's the <sup>F</sup>time I <sup>C</sup>love the best.

<sup>C</sup>  
4. Mellow is the feeling that I get  
<sup>F</sup> when I see her, <sup>C</sup>mm-hmm, when I see her, <sup>F</sup>uh-huh, <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> That's the time, that's the <sup>F</sup>time I <sup>C</sup>love the best.

<sup>C</sup>  
5. Freedom is a word I rarely use  
<sup>F</sup> without thinking, <sup>C</sup>mm-hmm without thinking, <sup>F</sup>mm-hmm <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> of the time, of the <sup>F</sup>time, when I've been <sup>C</sup>loved.

## 017 THE TOWN I LOVED SO WELL

(G2=A; Arpeggio)

1. In my memory I will always see  
The town that I have loved so well  
where our school played ball by the gas-yard wall,  
And we laughed through the smoke and the smell.  
Going home in the rain, running up the dark lane,  
Past the jail and down behind the fountain.  
Those were happy days in so many, many ways  
In the town I loved so well.

2. In the early morning the Shirt Factory horn  
Called women from Craigeen, The Moor and The Bog,  
while the men on the dole played the mother's role,  
Fed the children and then walked the roads.  
And when times got rough there was just about enough,  
But they saw it through without complaining.  
For deep inside was a burning pride  
For the town I love so well.

3. There was music there in the Derry air  
Like a language that we could all understand,  
I remember the day that I earned my first pay  
As I played in a small pick-up band.



Then I spent my youth and to tell you the truth  
I was sad to leave it all behind me;  
For I'd learned about life and I found me a wife  
In the town I loved so well.

4. But when I returned how my eyes were burned  
To see how a town could be brought to its knees  
By the armoured cars and the bombed-out bars  
And the gas that hangs on to every breeze.  
Now the army's installed by the old gas-yard wall  
And the dammed barbed-wire gets higher and higher.  
With their tanks and their guns  
Oh, my God, what have they done  
To the town I love so well.

5. Now the music's gone but they still carry on,  
Though their spirit's been bruised, never broken.  
They will not forget for their hearts are all set  
On tomorrow and peace once again.  
For what's done is done, and what's won is won,  
And what's lost is lost and gone forever;  
I can only pray for a bright brand-new day  
In the town I love so well.

**1. In meiner Erinnerung werde ich immer die Stadt sehen, die ich so geliebt habe, wo ich nach der Schule Fussball spielte vor der Mauer des Gaswerks und wo wir lachten in Gestank und Rauch, heimgehen im Regen, die dunklen Straßen rauf rennen, am Gefängnis vorbei und runter hinter dem Brunnen, das waren glückliche Tage in so vielen Beziehungen in der Stadt, die ich so liebte.**

**2. Frühmorgens rief die Sirene der Hemdenfabrik die Frauen aus Creggan, dem Moor und der Bogside zur Arbeit, während die Männer, die von der Stütze leben, die Rolle der Mutter übernahmen, die Kinder fütterten und mit dem Hund raus gingen. Und wenn die Zeiten schlimm wurden, wie es oft war, stand man es durch ohne Jammern, denn tief drinnen gab es einen brennenden Stolz in der Stadt, die ich so liebte.**

**3. Es lag Musik in der Luft von Derry wie eine Sprache, die wir alle verstanden. Ich erinnere mich an meinen ersten Verdienst in einer kleinen Band. Dort habe ich meine Jugend verlebt, und um die Wahrheit zu sagen, ich war traurig, das alles zurückzulassen, denn ich lernte zu leben und fand eine Frau in der Stadt, die ich so liebte.**

**4. Doch als ich wiederkam, wie haben mir da meine Augen gebrannt als ich sah, wie sehr man eine Stadt in die Knie zwingen kann, mit bewaffneten Fahrzeugen und ausgebrannten Pubs und dem (Tränen-)Gas, das in jedem Lufthauch spürbar ist. Jetzt hat sich die (britische) Armee eingerichtet an der Mauer des Gaswerks, und der verdamnte Stacheldrahtzaun wird immer höher. Mit ihren Panzern und ihren Gewehren, mein Gott, was haben sie der Stadt, die ich so liebte, angetan.**

**5. Die Musik ist fort, aber das Leben geht weiter, denn ihr Lebensgeist wurde beschädigt, doch nicht gebrochen. Sie werden nichts vergessen, aber ihre Herzen sind auf ein Morgen und einen neuen Frieden gerichtet. Denn was getan ist, ist getan, und was gewonnen ist, ist gewonnen, und was verloren ist, ist verloren und weg für immer. Ich kann nur beten um einen strahlenden, neuen Tag für die Stadt, die ich so liebte.**

### **«Stroke City»**

Der Ortsname als Politikum: Wer sich dieser Stadt im Auto nähert, bemerkt immer wieder Schilder, auf denen «London» im offiziellen Namen Londonderry von militanten Nationalisten weggekratzt oder übermalt worden ist. Oft haben dann eifrige Loyalisten auch das verbliebene «Derry» zum Verschwinden gebracht.

Im Gälischen, «Doire» geschrieben, bedeutet Derry, unschuldig genug, Eichenhain.

Vor den «Troubles», als der Gebrauch von «Derry» oder «Londonderry» noch keine politische Stellungnahme bedeutete, hatten Katholiken und Protestanten ohne Bedenken die ältere Kurzform verwendet. Seither haben vor allem Radiosprecher, die niemanden vor den Kopf stoßen wollen, ein Problem. Viele lösen es mit der Waffe der politischen Korrektheit, dem Schrägstrich; die Stadt heißt dann «Derrystrokelondonderry», möglichst in einem Atemzug gesprochen. Witzbolde haben dafür wiederum eine neutrale Kurzform gefunden: «Stroke City».

(C4=E schlagen)

*Ch: 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.*

1. I was standing by the window

On a cold and cloudy day

When I saw the hearse come rolling

For to carry my mother away.

2. Lord, I told the undertaker,

'Undertaker, please drive slow

For this body you are hauling,

Lord, I hate to see her go.'

3. For I followed close behind her,

Tried to cheer up and be brave;

But my sorrows, I could not hide them

When they laid her in the grave.

4. Went back home, Lord, my home was lonesome,

Since my mother she was gone.

All my brothers and sisters crying

What a home, so sad and lone.

## 019 WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE

(G3=B

Baez-Picking)

G e C D  
1. where have all the flowers gone, long time passing,  
G e C D  
where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?  
G e  
where have all the flowers gone?  
C D  
Young girls picked them everyone,  
C G  
when will they ever learn,  
C D G  
when will they ever learn?

G e C D  
2. where have all the young girls gone long time passing,  
G e C D  
where have all the young girls gone long time ago?  
G e  
where have all the young girls gone  
C D  
They've taken husbands everyone,  
C G  
when will they ever learn,  
C D G  
when will they ever learn?

G e C D  
3. where have all the young men gone, long time passing,  
G e C D  
where have all the young men gone, long time ago?  
G e  
where have all the young men gone,  
C D  
They're all in uniforms,  
C G  
when will they ever learn,  
C D G  
when will they ever learn?

G e C D  
 4. where have all the soldiers gone, Long time passing,  
 G e C D  
 where have all the soldiers gone, long time ago?  
 G e  
 where have all the soldiers gone?  
 C D  
 They've gone to graveyards everyone  
 C G  
 when will they ever learn,  
 C D G  
 when will they ever learn?

G e C D  
 5. where have all the graveyards gone long time passing,  
 G e C D  
 where have all the graveyards gone, Long time ago?  
 G e  
 where have all the graveyards gone  
 C D  
 They're covered with flowers everyone  
 C G  
 when will they ever learn,  
 C D G  
 when will they ever learn?

G e C D  
 6. where have all the flowers gone, long time passing,  
 G e C D  
 where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?  
 G e  
 where have all the flowers gone?  
 C D  
 Young girls picked them everyone,  
 C G  
 when will they ever learn,  
 C D G  
 when will they ever learn?

(C3=Es Picking)

1. See the host of fleet-foot men who sped with faces wan  
 From farmstead and from fisher's cot along the banks of Bann.  
 They come with vengeance in their eyes too late, too late are they,  
 For young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome today.

2. When he last stepped up that street his shining pike in hand,  
 Behind him marched in grim array a stalwart earnest band.  
 For Antrim town, for Antrim town, he led them to the fray,  
 And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome today.

3. Up the narrow street he steps smiling proud and young.  
 About the hemp-rope on his neck the golden ringlets clung,  
 There was never a tear in his blue eyes,  
 Both sad and bright are they,  
 For young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome today.

(additional verse)

4. There is never a one of all your dead More bravely fell in fray,  
 Than he who marches to his fate On the Bridge of Toome today.  
 True to the last, true to the last, He treads the upward way,  
 And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome today.  
 Yes, young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome today

( w: d2=e schlagen)

in a7 nächste Seite ---&gt;

Ch: Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear, lend an ear,

Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear.

Ye Jacobites by name, yer faults I will proclaim,

Yer doctrines I maun blame, you will hear, you will hear,

Yer doctrines I maun blame, I maun blame.

1. what is right and what is wrong by the law, by the law,

what is right and what is wrong by the law,

what is right and what is wrong, the weak airm and the strong

The short sword and the long for to draw, for to draw,

The short sword and the long for to draw.

2. what makes heroic strife famed afar, famed afar,

what makes heroic strife famed afar;

what makes heroic strife, tae whet the assassin's knife,

And haunt a parent's life with bloody war, bloody war,

And haunt a parent's life with bloody war.

3. So let yer schemes alone in the state, in the state,

Let yer schemes alone in the state;

So let yer schemes alone, adore the rising sun,

And leave a man undone tae his fate, tae his fate,

And leave a man undone tae his fate.

( w: a7=e    schlagen)

- a
C
G  
 Ch: Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear, lend an ear,  
a
e
a  
 Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear.  
C
G  
 Ye Jacobites by name, yer faults I will proclaim,  
a
e
a
G  
 Yer doctrines I maun blame, you will hear, you will hear,  
a
e
a  
 Yer doctrines I maun blame, I maun blame.
- a
C
G  
 1. what is right and what is wrong by the law, by the law,  
a
e
a  
 what is right and what is wrong by the law,  
C
G  
 what is right and what is wrong, the weak airm and the strong  
a
e
a
G  
 The short sword and the long for to draw, for to draw,  
a
e
a  
 The short sword and the long for to draw.
- a
C
G  
 2. what makes heroic strife famed afar, famed afar,  
a
e
a  
 what makes heroic strife famed afar;  
C
G  
 what makes heroic strife, tae whet the assassin's knife,  
a
e
a
G  
 And haunt a parent's life with bloody war, bloody war,  
a
e
a  
 And haunt a parent's life with bloody war.
- a
C
G  
 3. So let yer schemes alone in the state, in the state,  
a
e
a  
 Let yer schemes alone in the state;  
C
G  
 So let yer schemes alone, adore the rising sun,  
a
e
a
G  
 And leave a man undone tae his fate, tae his fate,  
a
e
a  
 And leave a man undone tae his fate.



Ch: And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog,  
 All for me beer and tobacco,  
 Well, I spent all my tin on the lassies drinking gin  
 Across the western ocean I must wander.

1. Where are me boots, me noggin', noggin' boots,  
 They're all gone for beer and tobacco,  
 For the heels they are worn out  
 And the toes are kicked about,  
 And the soles are looking out for better weather.

2. Where is me shirt, me noggin', noggin' shirt,  
 It's all gone for beer and tobacco,  
 For the collar is all worn  
 And the sleeves they are all torn,  
 And the tail is looking out for better weather.

3. I'm sick in the head and I haven't gone to bed  
 Since first I came ashore from me slumber,  
 For I spent all me dough  
 On the lassies, don't you know,  
 Far across the western ocean I must wander.

## 023 THE SPANISH LADY

(C4=E; Picking mit Bass-Lauf)

1. As I came down through Dublin City  
At the hour of twelve at night,  
who should I spy but a Spanish Lady  
washing her feet by the candlelight.  
First she washed them, then she dried them,  
Over a fire of amber coal,  
In all my life I ne'er did see  
A maid so sweet about her soul.

Ch: whack for the toora loora laddie,  
whack for the toora loora lay,  
whack for the toora loora laddie,  
whack for the toora loora lay.

2. As I came back through Dublin City  
At the hour of half past eight,  
who should I spy but the Spanish Lady  
Brushing her hair in the broad daylight.  
First she tossed it then she brushed it,  
On her lap was a silver comb,  
In all my life I ne'er did see  
A maid so fair since I did roam.

3. As I went back through Dublin City  
As the sun began to set,  
who should I spy but the Spanish Lady  
Catching a moth in a golden net.  
When she saw me then she fled me  
Lifting her petticoat over her knee,  
In all my life I ne'er did see  
A maid so shy as the Spanish Lady.

4. I've wandered north and I've wandered south  
Through Stonybattery and Patrick's Close,  
Up and around by the Gloucester Diamond  
And back by Napper Tandy's house.  
Old Age has laid her hand on me,  
Cold as a fire of ashy coals,  
In all my life I ne'er did see  
A maid so sweet as the Spanish Lady.

Ch: whack for the toora loora laddie,  
whack for the toora loora lay,  
whack for the toora loora laddie,  
whack for the toora loora lay.

## 024 LAST THING ON MY MIND

(K: C W: G5 Picking)

1. It's a lesson too late for the learnin',  
Made of sand, made of sand.

In the wink of an eye my soul is turnin'  
In your hand, in your hand.

Ch: Are you going away with no word of farewell,  
will there be not a trace left behind?

I could have loved you better,  
Didn't mean to be unkind,  
You know that was the last thing on my mind. (CCG)

2. You've got reasons a-plenty for going,  
This I know, this I know.

For the weeds have been steadily growing,  
Please don't go, please don't go.

3. As I lie in my bed in the mornin'  
Without you, without you.

Each song in my breast dies a-mournin'  
Without you, without you.

4. As we walked on my thoughts went on tumblin'  
Round and round, round and round.

Underneath our feet the subway's grumblin'  
Underground, underground.

# 025 LORD FRANKLIN

(K: D2=E W: C4=E ; Picking)

1. 'Twas homeward bound one night on the deep  
 In my hammock I fell asleep,  
 I dreamed a dream and I thought it true  
 Concerning Franklin and his gallant crew.

2. With a hundred seamen he sailed away  
 To the frozen ocean in the month of May,  
 To seek a passage around the pole  
 Where we poor seamen do sometimes go.

3. Through cruel hardships they mainly strove,  
 The ship on mountains of ice was drove,  
 Only the Eskimo in his skin canoe  
 Was the only one who ever came through.

4. From Baffin Bay where the whalefishes blow  
 The fate of Franklin no man may know,  
 The fate of Franklin no man can tell,  
 Where Lord Franklin and his sailors dwell.

5. And now my burden it gives me pain  
 For my long lost Franklin I would sail the main  
 Ten thousand pounds would I freely give  
 Just to know if Franklin on earth does live.

026 SKYE BOAT SONG
--------------------

(C4=E; Corries-Picking) 6/8

Ch: Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing,

Onward', the sailors cry.

Carry the lad that's born to be king over the sea to Sky

1. Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,

Thunderclaps rend the air;

Baffled our foes stand by the shore

Follow they will not dare.

2. Though the waves leap soft shall ye sleep,

Ocean's a royal bed;

Rocked in the deep Flora will keep

Watch by your weary head.

3. Many's the lad fought on that day,

Well the claymore could wield;

When the night came, silently lay

Dead on Culloden's field.

4. Burned are our homes, exile and death

Scatter the loyal men;

Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath

Charlie will come again.

# 027 RAMBLING BOY

(W: A1=B

K: G3=B

Picking, Intro Mel.-Picking)

G D7 G  
1. He was a man, and a friend always,  
D7 G  
He stuck with me in the hard old days;  
G C G  
He never cared if I had no dough,  
D7 G  
We rambled round in the rain and snow.

G C G  
Ch: And here's to you, my rambling boy,  
D7 G  
May all your rambling bring you joy.  
G C G  
Here's to you, my rambling boy,  
D7 G  
May all your rambling bring you joy.

D7 G  
2. In Tulsa town we chanced to stray,  
D7 G  
We thought we'd try to work one day;  
G C G  
The boss said he had room for one,  
D7 G  
Said my old pal we'd rather bum.

D7 G  
3. Late one night in a jungle camp,  
D7 G  
The weather it was cold and damp,  
G C G  
He got the chills, and he got them bad,  
D7 G  
They took the only friend I had.

D7 G  
4. He left me here to ramble on,  
D7 G  
My rambling pal is dead and gone;  
G C G  
If when you die you go somewhere  
D7 G  
I bet you a dollar he's a-ramblin' there.

028 I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING
----------------------------

(K: C2=D

W: G7

Baez-Picking)

Ch: I know where I'm going,  
And I know who's going with me;  
I know who I love,  
But the de'il knows who I'll marry.

1. I wear stockings of silk  
And shoes of bright green leather,  
Combs to buckle my hair  
And a ring for every finger.

2. Feather beds are soft  
And painted rooms are bonnie,  
But I would trade them all  
For my handsome winsome Johnny

3. Some say he is bad  
And some say he is bonnie,  
Fairest of them all  
Is my handsome winsome Johnny.



(K: G7=D

W=D

schlagen)

G C  
1. You who are on the road

G D  
Must have a code that you can live by;

G C  
And so become yourself

G D  
Because the past is just a good-bye.

G C  
Teach your children well

G D  
Their father's hell did slowly go by;

G C  
And feed them on your dreams

G D  
The one they picks the one you'll know by.

G C  
Ch: Don't you ever ask them why

C G  
If they told you, you would cry,

G e C D C G  
so just look at them and sigh and know they love you

G C  
2. And you of tender years

G D  
Can't know the fears that your elders grew by;

G C  
And so please help them with your youth

G D  
They seek the truth before they can die.

G C  
Teach your parents well

G D  
Their children's hell did slowly go by,

G C  
And feed them on your dreams

G D  
The one they picks and the one you'll know by.

(M:C9=A W: A, K: G2; Picking; Intro Mel.-Picking)

C e F C  
 1. Puff, the magic dragon, lived by the sea  
 F C a  
 And frolicked in the autumn mist  
 F G  
 In a land called Honalee.  
 C e F C  
 Little Jacky Paper loved that rascal Puff  
 F C a  
 And bought him strings and sealing wax  
 D7 G7 C G7  
 And other fancy stuff.

C e F C  
 Ch: Puff, the magic dragon, lived by the sea  
 F C a  
 And frolicked in the autumn mist  
 F G  
 In a land called Honalee.  
 C e F C  
 Puff, the magic dragon, lived by the sea  
 F C a  
 And frolicked in the autumn mist  
 D7 G7 C G7-  
 In a land called Honalee. (last: C F C)

C e  
 2. Together they would travel  
 F C  
 On a boat with billowed sails,  
 F C a  
 Jacky kept a lookout perched  
 F G  
 On Puff's gigantic tail.  
 C e  
 Noble kings and princes  
 F C  
 would bow whenever they came,  
 F C a  
 Pirate ships would lower their flags  
 F G C G7  
 when Puff roared out his name.

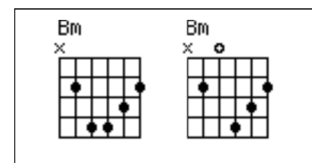
3. A dragon lives forever,  
But not so little boys,  
Painted wings and giant's rings  
Make way for other toys.  
One grey night it happened,  
Jacky Paper came no more,  
And Puff, that mighty dragon,  
He ceased his fearless roar.

4. His head was bent in sorrow  
Green scales fell like rain,  
Puff no longer went to play  
Along that Cherry Lane.  
Without his life-long friend  
Puff could not be brave,  
So Puff, that mighty dragon,  
Sadly slipped into his cave.

## 030 PUFF, THE MAGIC DRAGON

(M:G2=A W: A, K: C9; Picking; Intro Mel.-Picking)

G h C G  
1. Puff, the magic dragon, lived by the sea  
C G e  
And frolicked in the autumn mist  
C D  
In a land called Honalee.  
G h C G  
Little Jacky Paper loved that rascal Puff  
C G e  
And bought him strings and sealing wax  
A7 D7 G D7  
And other fancy stuff.



G h C G  
Ch: Puff, the magic dragon, lived by the sea  
C G e  
And frolicked in the autumn mist  
C D  
In a land called Honalee.  
G h C G  
Puff, the magic dragon, lived by the sea  
C G e  
And frolicked in the autumn mist  
A7 D7 G D7-  
In a land called Honalee. (last: G C G)

G h  
2. Together they would travel  
C G  
On a boat with billowed sails,  
C G e  
Jacky kept a lookout perched  
C D  
On Puff's gigantic tail.  
G h  
Noble kings and princes  
C G  
would bow whenever they came,  
C G e  
Pirate ships would lower their flags  
C D G D7  
when Puff roared out his name.

3. A dragon lives forever,  
 But not so little boys,  
 Painted wings and giant's rings  
 Make way for other toys.  
 One grey night it happened,  
 Jacky Paper came no more,  
 And Puff, that mighty dragon,  
 He ceased his fearless roar.

4. His head was bent in sorrow  
 Green scales fell like rain,  
 Puff no longer went to play  
 Along that Cherry Lane.  
 Without his life-long friend  
 Puff could not be brave,  
 So Puff, that mighty dragon,  
 Sadly slipped into his cave.

031 WILL YOU GO, LASSIE, GO
-----------------------------

(K: C2=D

W: G7; Corries-Picking)

1. Oh, the summertime is coming  
And the trees are sweetly blooming  
And the wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the blooming heather, will you go, lassie, go  
Ch: And we'll all go together to pull wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather, will you go, lassie, go
2. I will build my love a bower  
By yon cool crystal fountain,  
And round it I will pile  
All the flowers of the mountain, will you go, lassie, go
3. I will range through the wild  
And the deep glen so dreary  
And return wi' all the spoils  
To the bower of my dearie, will you go, lassie, go
4. If my true love she'll not come  
Then I'll surely find another  
To pull wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather,  
will you go, lassie, go

(K: A1=H

W: G3=H

Picking)

<sup>G</sup>1. Of all the stars that ever shone not <sup>C</sup>one  
 Does <sup>G</sup>twinkle like your pale blue <sup>D</sup>eyes,  
 Like <sup>C</sup>golden corn at harvest time your <sup>G</sup>hair.  
<sup>G</sup>Sailing in my boat the wind <sup>C</sup>Gently <sup>G</sup>blows and fills my <sup>D</sup>sail  
 Your <sup>C</sup>sweet scented breath is <sup>D</sup>everywhere.

*Ch:* <sup>G</sup>No matter where I wander I'm still <sup>C</sup>haunted by your <sup>D</sup>name  
 The <sup>C</sup>portrait of your beauty stays the <sup>D</sup>same.  
<sup>G</sup>Standing by the ocean wondering  
<sup>C</sup>where you've gone, if you'll <sup>G</sup>return <sup>D</sup>again,  
<sup>C</sup>where is the ring I <sup>D</sup>gave to <sup>G</sup>Nancy Spain.

<sup>G</sup>2. Daylight peeping through the curtains  
<sup>C</sup>Of the passing nighttime is your <sup>D</sup>smile,  
<sup>C</sup>The sun in the sky is like your <sup>G</sup>laugh.  
<sup>G</sup>Come back to me, Nancy, <sup>C</sup>linger for just a little <sup>D</sup>while  
<sup>C</sup>since you left these shores I know no <sup>D</sup>peace nor <sup>G</sup>joy

<sup>G</sup>3. On the day in spring when the <sup>C</sup>snow  
<sup>G</sup>Starts to melt and streams to <sup>D</sup>flow,  
<sup>C</sup>with the birds I'll sing to you a <sup>G</sup>song.  
<sup>G</sup>In the while I wander down by  
<sup>G</sup>Bluebell Grove where wild flowers <sup>D</sup>grow,  
<sup>C</sup>And I'll hope that lovely <sup>D</sup>Nancy will <sup>G</sup>return.

(K: C W: G5; schlagen)

1. A keeper would a-hunting go  
 And under his cloak he carried a bow,  
 All for to shoot a merry little doe  
 Among the leaves so green-o.

*Ch: Jacky boy! Master? Sing ye well? very well!*

*Hey down! Ho down! Derry, derry, down!*  
 Among the leaves so green-o.

*To my hey, down, down! To my ho, down, down!*  
*Hey down! Ho down! Derry, derry, down!*  
 Among the leaves so green-o.

2. The first doe he shot at he missed  
 The second doe he trimmed he kissed,  
 The third doe went where nobody wist  
 Among the leaves so green-o.

3. The fourth doe she did cross the plain,  
 The keeper fetched her back again,  
 Where she is now she may remain,  
 Among the leaves so green-o.

4. The fifth doe she did cross the brook,  
 The keeper fetched her back with his crook,  
 Where she is now you may go and look,  
 Among the leaves so green-o.



(K: a W: e5=a Picking)

1. Oh, there's four who share the room  
 As we work hard for the crack;  
 And getting up late on Sunday I never get to mass.  
 Ch: It's a long, long way from Clare to here,  
 It's a long, long way from Clare to here,  
 Oh, it's a long, long way, it gets further day by day  
 It's a long, long way from Clare to here.
2. When Friday night comes around  
 And he's only in the fighting,  
 My Ma would like a letter home  
 But I'm too tired for writing.
3. And the only time I feel alright  
 Is when I'm into drinking,  
 It eases off the pain a bit and levels out my thinking
4. Well, it almost breaks my heart  
 When I think of Josephine,  
 I promised to be coming back with pockets full of green
5. I dream I hear the piper play but maybe it's a notion  
 I dream I see white horses play upon that other ocean

1. We come on the sloop John B. my grandfather and me,  
 Round Nassau town we did roam,  
 Drinking all night we got into a fight,  
 I feel so break-up, I wanna go home.

Ch: So hoist up the John B. sails,  
 See how the main sail sets,  
 Send for the captain ashore, let me go home,  
 Let me go home, I wanna go home,  
 I feel so break-up, I wanna go home.

2. Well, the first mate he got drunk,  
 And destroyed all the people's trunk,  
 A constable came aboard, take him away,  
 Sheriff Johnstone, please let me alone,  
 I feel so break-up, I wanna go home.

3. Well, the poor cook he got fits,  
 Throw 'way all the grits,  
 Then he took and eat up all my corn,  
 Let me go home, I wanna go home,  
 Oh, this is the worst trip since I been born.

# 036 OH NO, JOHN!

(C2=D; Arpeggio)

1. On yonder hill there stands a creature, who she is I do not know  
 I'll go and court her for her beauty she must answer 'yes' or 'no'.  
 Oh, no John, no John, no John, no!

2. My father was a Spanish captain went to sea a month ago.  
 First he kissed me then he left me bid me always answer 'no'.  
 Oh, no John, no John, no John, no!

3. Oh Madam, in your face is beauty, on your lips red roses grow  
 will you take me for your lover, Madam, answer 'yes' or 'no'.  
 Oh, no John, no John, no John, no!

4. Oh Madam, I will give you jewels, I will make you rich and free  
 I will give you silken dresses, Madam, will you marry me?  
 Oh, no John, no John, no John, no!

5. Oh Madam, since you are so cruel, and that you do scorn me so  
 If I may not be your lover, Madam, will you let me go?  
 Oh, no John, no John, no John, no!

6. Then I will stay with you forever If you will not be unkind,  
 Madam, I have vowed to love you, would you have me change my mind  
 Oh, no John, no John, no John, no!

# 037 COCKLES AND MUSSELS

(C4=E; schlagen) 6/8

1. In Dublin's fair city where the girls are so pretty  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.

She wheels her wheelbarrow  
Through streets broad and narrow  
Crying 'cockles and mussels, Alive, alive-o.'

Ch: Alive, alive-o, alive, alive-o,  
Crying 'cockles and mussels, Alive, alive-o.'

2. She was a fishmonger And sure 'twas no wonder  
For so were her father And mother before.

And they both wheeled their barrow  
Through streets broad and narrow  
Crying 'cockles and mussels, Alive, alive-o.'

3. She died of a fever and no one could save her  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.

But her ghost wheels her barrow  
Through streets broad and narrow  
Crying 'cockles and mussels,  
Alive, alive-o.'

## 038 THE ASH GROVE

(C4=E; Arpeggio) 6/8

1. Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander  
 When twilight is fading I pensively rove.

Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander  
 Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash Grove.

'Twas there while the blackbird was cheerfully singing  
 I first met that dear one, the joy of my heart!

Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing  
 Ah, then little thought I how soon we should part.

2. Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain  
 Still warbles the blackbird its note from the tree.

Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,  
 But what are the beauties of nature to me.

With sorrow, deep sorrow my bosom is laden,  
 All day I go mourning in search of my love.

Ye echoes, oh tell me where is the sweet maiden?  
 She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash Grove

# 039 THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

(W: C2=D

K: G7

Travis- / Flatpicking)

Ch: This land is your land, this land is my land,  
From California to the New York Island,  
From the redwood forests to the gulfstream waters,  
This land was made for you and me.

1. As I went walking that ribbon of highway  
I saw above me that endless skyway,  
I saw below me that endless valley,  
This land was made for you and me.

2. I roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps  
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,  
All around me a voice was sounding  
This land was made for you and me.

3. When the sun was shining and I was strolling  
And the wheat fields waving  
And the dust clouds rolling  
A voice was chanting as the fog was lifting  
This land was made for you and me.

(M: D2=E K: E, W: C4; schlagen)

Ch: <sup>D</sup>0-ro, <sup>G</sup>the rattling bog, <sup>D</sup>the bog down in the <sup>A7</sup>valley-o  
<sup>D</sup>0-ro, <sup>G</sup>the rattling bog, <sup>D</sup>the bog down in the <sup>A7</sup>valley-o <sup>D</sup>

1. <sup>D</sup>And in that bog <sup>A7</sup>there was a tree,  
<sup>D</sup>A rare tree and a <sup>A7</sup>rattling tree,  
<sup>D</sup>with a tree in the <sup>A7</sup>bog,  
<sup>D</sup>And the bog down in the <sup>A7</sup>valley-o. <sup>D</sup>

2. <sup>D</sup>And on that tree <sup>A7</sup>there was a limb,  
<sup>D</sup>A rare limb, a <sup>A7</sup>rattling limb,  
<sup>D</sup>with a limb on the <sup>A7</sup>tree,  
<sup>D</sup>And the tree in the <sup>A7</sup>bog,  
<sup>D</sup>And the bog down in the <sup>A7</sup>valley-o. <sup>D</sup>

3. <sup>D</sup>And on that limb <sup>A7</sup>there was a branch,  
<sup>D</sup>A rare branch, a <sup>A7</sup>rattling branch,  
<sup>D</sup>with a branch on the <sup>A7</sup>limb,  
<sup>D</sup>And the limb on the <sup>A7</sup>tree,  
<sup>D</sup>And the tree in the <sup>A7</sup>bog,  
<sup>D</sup>And the bog down in the <sup>A7</sup>valley-o. <sup>D</sup>

4. <sup>D</sup>And on that branch <sup>A7</sup>there was a twig ... <sup>D</sup> <sup>A7</sup>

5. And on that twig there was a nest ...

6. And in that nest there was an egg ...

7. And in that egg there was a bird ...

8. And on that bird there was a feather ...

9. And on that feather there was a flea ...

041 TAKE ME HOME, COUNTRY ROADS

(K: G, W: C7; Picking)

1. Almost heaven, West Virginia,  
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River,  
Life is old there, older than the trees,  
Younger than the mountains growin' like the breeze.

Ch: Country roads take me home to the place I belong  
West Virginia, mountain momma take me home, country roads

2. All my mem'ries gather round her,  
Miner's lady stranger to blue water.

Dark and dusty, painted on the sky,  
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye.

I hear her voice, in the mornin' hours she calls me,  
The radio reminds me of my home far away,  
And drivin' down the road I get a feelin'

That I should have been home yesterday, yesterday.

Ch: Country roads take me home to the place I belong  
West Virginia, mountain momma take me home, country roads  
Country roads take me home to the place I belong  
West Virginia, mountain momma take me home, country roads  
Take me home, country roads, take me home, country roads



# 042 ROLL IN MY SWEET BABY'S ARMS

(G; schlagen)

G

1. Ain't gonna work on the railroad,

G D7 G G7  
Ain't gonna work on the farm, lay 'round the shack

C (Cis°)  
Till the mail train comes back

D7 G  
Then I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms.

G

Ch: Roll in my sweet baby's arms,

G D7 G G7  
Roll in my sweet baby's arms, lay 'round the shack

C (Cis°)  
Till the mail train comes back

D7 G  
Then I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms.

G

2. Can't see what's the matter with my own true love,

G D7  
She done quit writing to me,

G G7 C (Cis°)  
She must think I don't love her like I used to,

D7 G  
Ain't that a foolish idea.

G

3. Now where were you last Friday night

G D7  
while I was locked up in jail,

G G7 C (Cis°)  
walking the streets with another man

D7 G  
wouldn't even try to go my bail.

G

4. Mama's a ginger-cake baker,

G D7  
Sister can weave and can spin,

G G7 C (Cis°)  
Dad's got an interest in that old cotton mill,

D7 G  
Just watch that old money roll in.

## 043 SOUTHBOUND PASSENGER TRAIN

(G; Sock-Rhythm)

G6

I'm gonna ride, gonna ride, I mean, I mean,

A7

That southbound passenger train,

That southbound passenger train,

D7

I'm gonna buy me a ticket just as long as my arm,

G-

I'm gonna ride that train, babe, all night long.

G6

I'm gonna ride, gonna ride, I mean, I mean,

A7

That southbound passenger train,

That southbound passenger train,

C

D

G

Till I hear that old conductor say 'all out for Birmingham

-

D

G

I got a letter from my doll babe, way down from Birmingham

-

D

G

She's the cutest little doll babe that lives in Birmingham

G-

Cause she's so sweet, Daddy, she's so neat, Daddy,

when she walk-a she knock-a you off your feet,

D

G

She is some mama, way down from Birmingham.

G6

I'm gonna ride, gonna ride, I mean, I mean,

A7

That southbound passenger train,

That southbound passenger train,

D7

I hear the engineer say 'put your shovel in the coal'

G-

Stick your head out the window, watch the drivers roll.

G6  
I'm gonna ride, gonna ride, I mean, I mean,

A7  
That southbound passenger train,  
That southbound passenger train,

C D G  
Till I hear that old conductor say 'all out for Birmingham

D G  
when I hear that whistle blow woohooo it's music to my ear

D G  
And when I'm with my doll babe, I don't shed no lonesome tear

G-  
'Cause she's so sweet, Daddy, she's so neat, Daddy,

when she walk-a she knock-a you off your feet,

D G  
She is some mama, way down from Birmingham.

G6  
I'm gonna ride, gonna ride, I mean, I mean,

A7  
That southbound passenger train,  
That southbound passenger train,

D7  
I'm gonna buy me a ticket just as long as my arm,

G-  
I'm gonna ride that train, babe, all night long.

G6  
I'm gonna ride, gonna ride, I mean, I mean,

A7  
That southbound passenger train,  
That southbound passenger train,

C D G  
Till I hear that old conductor say 'all out for Birmingham

1. As I was sitting with jug and spoon  
 On one fine morn' in the month of June  
 A birdie sang on an ivy bunch  
 And the song he sang was a jug of punch.

Ch: Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-loo,  
 Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-loo,  
*A birdie sang on an ivy bunch*  
*And the song he sang was a jug of punch.*

2. What more diversion could a man desire  
 Than to court a girl by a winter fire,  
 A Kerry pippin to crack and crunch  
 Aye and on the table a jug of punch.

Ch: Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-loo,  
 Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-loo,  
*A Kerry pippin to crack and crunch*  
*Aye and on the table a jug of punch.*

3. And when I'm dead and in my grave  
 No costly tombstone will I crave,  
 Just lay me down in my native peat  
 With a jug of punch at my head and feet.

Ch: Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-loo,  
 Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-loo,  
*Just lay me down in my native peat*  
*With a jug of punch at my head and feet.*

Auch hier gibt es zahlreiche Varianten und zusätzliche Verse

One pleasant evening in the month of June

As I was sitting with my glass and spoon

A small bird sat on an ivy bunch

And the song he sang was the jug of punch

What more diversion can a man desire

Than to sit him down by a snug turf fire

Upon his knee a pretty wench

Aye, and on the table a jug of punch

**Let the doctors come with all their art**

**They'll make no impression upon my heart**

**Even the cripple forgets his hunch**

**When he's snug outside of a jug of punch**

**And if I get drunk, well the money's me own**

**And them don't like me they can leave me alone**

**I'll tune my fiddle and I'll rosin my bow**

**And I'll be welcome wherever I go**

And when I'm dead and in my grave

No costly tombstone will I have

Just lay me down in my native peat

With a jug of punch at my head and feet

045 COME LANDLORD
-------------------

(K: G, W: C7; schlagen)

G

1. Come, landlord fill the flowing bowl

D

G

Until it doth run over, (2x)

G

D

For tonight we'll merry, merry be

D

G

For tonight we'll merry, merry be

e

a

For tonight we'll merry, merry be

D

G

Tomorrow we'll be sober.

G

Ch: Wake for the fal-lal-lal-lal-lido

D

wake for the fal-lal-lal-lal-lido

G

C

wake for the fal-lal-lal-lal-lay

D

G

Tomorrow is a holiday.

G

2. The man who drinketh small beer

D

G

And goes to bed quite sober (2x)

G

D

Fades as the leaves do fade

D

G

Fades as the leaves do fade

e

a

Fades as the leaves do fade

D

G

That fall off in October.

G

3. The man who drinketh strong beer

D

And goes to bed quite mellow (2x)

G                    D  
Lives as he ought to live  
D                    G  
Lives as he ought to live  
e                    a  
Lives as he ought to live  
    D                    G  
And dies a jolly good fellow.

    G  
4. But he who drinks just what he likes  
    D                    G  
And getteth half seas over (2x)  
    G                    D  
will live until he die, perhaps  
    D                    G  
will live until he die, perhaps  
    e                    a  
will live until he die, perhaps  
    D                    G  
And then lie down in clover.

    G  
5. The man who kisses a pretty girl  
    D                    G  
And goes to tell his mother (2x)  
G                    D  
Ought to have his lips cut off  
D                    G  
Ought to have his lips cut off  
e                    a  
Ought to have his lips cut off  
    D                    G  
And never kiss another.

    G  
6. Whiskey is the remedy  
    D                    G  
For every kind of evil (2x)  
    G                    D                    D                    G  
But in the course of time but in the course of time  
e                    a                    D                    G  
But in the course of time it sends you to the deevil.

(C; schlagen)

C  
 1. D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,  
 G  
 D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day,  
 C F C  
 D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away  
 F C G C  
 with his hounds and his horn in the morning.

C  
 Ch: For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed  
 G  
 And the cry of his hounds which he ofttimes led,  
 C F C  
 Peel's 'view halloo' would awaken the dead  
 F C G C  
 Or the fox on his lair in the morning.

C  
 2. Yes, I ken John Peel and Ruby, too,  
 G  
 Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True,  
 C F C  
 From a find to a check, from a check to a view,  
 F C G C  
 From a view to a death in the morning.

C  
 3. Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul,  
 G  
 Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl,  
 C F C  
 we'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul  
 F C G C  
 If we want a good hunt in the morning.

C  
 4. D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,  
 G  
 He lived at Troutbeck once on a day  
 C F C  
 Now he has gone far, far away  
 F C G C  
 we shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.



Ich fahre mit dem "City of New Orleans",  
Abfahrt Montag früh von Hauptbahnhof  
Chicago. 15 Waggonen und 15 nervöse  
Passagiere, drei Schaffner und 25 Postsäcke.  
Auf seiner Odyssee nach Süden passiert der  
Zug Kankakee, rollt an Häusern, Höfen und  
Feldern vorbei, begegnet anderen namenlosen  
Zügen, sieht Lagerhäuser mit vielen  
schwarzen alten Männern und rostige  
Autofriedhöfe.

Guten Morgen, Amerika, wie geht's denn so?  
Kennst du mich denn nicht, ich bin doch so  
was wie dein leiblicher Sohn! Ich bin der Zug  
mit dem Namen "The City of New Orleans"  
und heute Abend bin ich schon wieder 500  
Meilen weiter.

Ich spiele mit den alten Männern im  
Gesellschaftswagen Karten. Bei nur einem  
Penny pro Stich kann man schon mal was  
riskieren. Lass mal die Tüte mit der  
Schnapsflasche überwachsen und fühl, wie  
die Räder unter uns rattern!  
Die Söhne der Lokführer und der Erste-Klasse-  
Schaffner fliegen mit auf dem stählernen  
Zauberteppich ihrer Väter. Mütter mit  
schlafenden Babies auf dem Schoß schaukeln  
im sanften Rhythmus des Zugs, und das ist  
alles, was sie spüren.

Spätabends im "City of New Orleans".  
Waggonwechsel in Memphis, Tennessee, die  
Hälfte ist geschafft, morgen früh sind wir da.  
Wir rollen durchs nächtliche Mississippi  
Richtung Golfküste. All die Städte und  
Menschen scheinen in einen bösen Traum  
wegzudämmern.  
Die stählernen Räder haben die Nachricht  
noch nicht gehört. Der Schaffner kann ein Lied  
davon singen, und die Passagiere dürfen  
gerne einstimmen: Dieser Zug singt den Blues  
von der aussterbenden Eisenbahn.

Gute Nacht, Amerika, wie geht's denn so?  
Kennst du mich denn nicht, ich bin doch so  
was wie dein leiblicher Sohn!  
Ich bin der Zug mit dem Namen "The City of  
New Orleans" und heute Abend bin ich schon

Wir brauchten früher keine grosse Reise  
Wir wurden braun auf Borkum und auf Sylt  
Doch heute sind die Braunen nur noch Weisse  
Denn hier wird man ja doch nur tiefgekuhlt  
Ja - früher gab's noch Hitzefrei  
Da war das Freibad auf im Mai  
Ich sass bis in die Nacht vor unserem Haus  
Da hatten wir noch Sonnenbrand  
Und Riesenquallen an dem Strand, und Eis  
Und jeder Schutzmann zog die Jacke aus

Wann wird's mal wieder richtig Sommer \_  
Ein Sommer wie er früher einmal war?  
Ja - mit Sonnenschein von Juni bis September  
Und nicht so nass und so sibirisch  
Wie im letzten Jahr

Und was wir da für Hitzewellen hatten  
Pulloverfabrikanten gingen ein  
Da gab es bis zu 40 Grad im Schatten  
Wir mussten mit dem Wasser sparsam sein  
Die Sonne knallte ins Gesicht  
da brauchte man die Sauna nicht  
Ein Schaf war damals froh wenn man es schor  
Es war hier wie in Afrika  
Wer durfte machte FKK  
Doch heut', heut' summen alle Mücken laut im  
Chor

Der Winter war der Reinfall des Jahrhunderts  
Nur über tausend Meter gab es Schnee  
Mein Milchmann sagt: Dies Klima hier wen  
wundert's  
Denn Schuld daran ist nur die SPD  
Ich find das geht ein bisschen weit  
Doch bald ist wieder Urlaubszeit  
Und wer von uns denkt da nicht dauernd dran  
Trotz allem glaub ich unbeirrt  
Dass unser Wetter besser wird  
Nur wann, und diese Frage geht uns alle an

Wann wird's mal wieder richtig Sommer \_  
Ein Sommer wie es früher einmal war?  
Ja - mit Sonnenschein von Juni bis September  
Und nicht so nass und so sibirisch  
Wie im letzten Jahr

(K: C

W: G5=C

Picking)

1. Riding on the City of New Orleans,  
 Illinois Central, Monday morning rail;  
 Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,  
 Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.

All along on a southbound odyssee

The train pulls out of Kankakee,

Rolls along past houses, farms, and fields;

Passing trains that have no name

And freightyards full of old black men

And the graveyards full of rusted automobiles.

Ch: Good morning, America, how are you,

Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son,

I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans

And I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done.

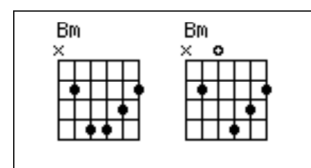
2. Dealin' card games with the old men in the club-car

Penny a point and no one's keeping score;

Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle,

You can feel the wheels grumblin' neath the floor.

And the sons of pullman porters and the sons of engineers



Ride their father's magic carpet made of steel,  
Mothers with their babes asleep are rocking to the gentle beat  
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

3. Nighttime on the City of New Orleans  
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee;  
Halfway home and we'll be there by morning,  
Through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea  
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream

And the steel rail still ain't heard the news;  
The conductor sings his songs again,  
The passengers will please refrain,  
This train's got the disappearing railroad blues.

Ch: Good night, America, how are you,  
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son,  
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  
And I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done.

Good morning, America, how are you,  
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son,  
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  
And I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done.

(K: C

W: G5=C

Picking)

<sup>C</sup> 1. Riding on the <sup>G</sup> City of New Orleans,  
<sup>a</sup> Illinois Central, Monday morning rail;  
<sup>C</sup> Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,  
<sup>a</sup> Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.

<sup>a</sup> All along on a southbound odyssee

<sup>e</sup> The train pulls out of Kankakee,

<sup>G</sup> Rolls along past houses, farms, and fields;

<sup>a</sup> Passing trains that have no name

<sup>e</sup> And freightyards full of old black men

<sup>G</sup> And the graveyards full of rusted automobiles.

<sup>F</sup> Ch: Good morning, America, how are you,

<sup>a</sup> Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son,

<sup>G</sup> I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans

<sup>Hb</sup> And I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done.

<sup>C</sup> 2. Dealin' card games with the old men in the club-car

<sup>a</sup> Penny a point and no one's keeping score;

<sup>C</sup> Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle,

<sup>a</sup> You can feel the wheels grumblin' neath the floor.

<sup>a</sup> And the sons of pullman porters and the sons of engineers

Ride their father's magic carpet made of steel,  
Mothers with their babes asleep are rocking to the gentle beat  
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

3. Nighttime on the City of New Orleans  
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee;  
Halfway home and we'll be there by morning,  
Through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea  
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream

And the steel rail still ain't heard the news;  
The conductor sings his songs again,  
The passengers will please refrain,  
This train's got the disappearing railroad blues.

Ch: Good night, America, how are you,  
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son,  
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  
And I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done.

Good morning, America, how are you,  
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son,  
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  
And I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done.

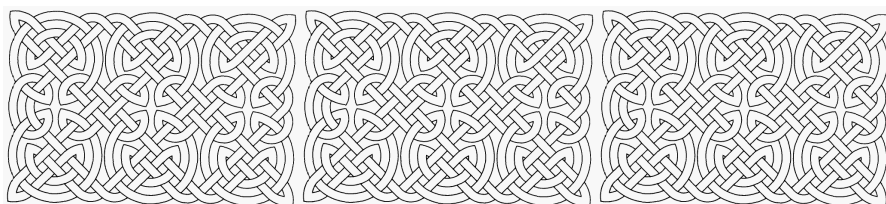
## 048 BYE-BYE, LOVE

(G; schlagen; Intro: G..FC..FG G G G)

Ch: <sup>C</sup> Bye-bye <sup>G</sup> love, <sup>C</sup> bye-bye <sup>G</sup> happiness,  
<sup>C</sup> Hello <sup>G</sup> loneliness, I think I'm <sup>D</sup> gonna <sup>G</sup> cry;  
<sup>C</sup> Bye-bye <sup>G</sup> love, <sup>C</sup> bye-bye <sup>G</sup> sweet <sup>D</sup> caress,  
<sup>C</sup> Hello <sup>G</sup> emptiness, I feel like I could <sup>D</sup> die,  
<sup>G</sup> Bye-bye <sup>D</sup> my <sup>G</sup> love, <sup>G-</sup> bye-bye.

1. <sup>-</sup> There goes my baby with someone <sup>D</sup> new,  
She sure looks <sup>D</sup> happy, I sure am <sup>G</sup> blue,  
She was my baby <sup>C</sup> till he <sup>D</sup> stepped in,  
<sup>D7</sup> Good-bye to romance that might have <sup>G</sup> been.

2. <sup>-</sup> I'm through with <sup>D</sup> romance,  
I'm through with <sup>G</sup> love,  
I'm through with <sup>D</sup> counting the stars <sup>G</sup> above.  
And here's the reason why I'm <sup>C</sup> so <sup>D</sup> free:  
<sup>D7</sup> My lovin' baby is <sup>G</sup> through with me.



(W: C

K: G5=C

schlagen)

1. This is my island in the sun  
 where my people have toiled since time begun,  
 Tho' I may sail on many a sea  
 Her shores will always be home to me.

Ch: Oh island in the sun  
 willed to me by my father's hand,  
 All my days I will sing in praise  
 of your forests, waters, your shining sand.

2. When morning breaks the heaven on high  
 I lift my heavy load to the sky,  
 Sun comes down with a burning glow  
 Mingles my sweat with the earth below.

3. I see woman on bended knee  
 Cutting cane for her family,  
 I see man at the water's side  
 Casting nets at the surging tide.

4. I hope the day will never come  
 That I can't awake of the sound of drum  
 Never let me miss carnival  
 with calypso songs philosophical.

# 050 BOTTLE OF WINE

(C; Picking)

C

Ch: Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine,

C

G

C

When you going to let me get sober.

C

Let me alone, let me go home,

C

G

C

Let me go back to start over.

F

G

F

C

1. Rambling around this dirty old town,

C

G

C

C7

Singing for nickles and dimes.

F

G

F

C

Time's getting tough and I ain't got enough

C

G

C

To buy a little bottle of wine.

F

G

F

C

2. Little hotel, over the hill,

C

G

C

C7

Dark as the coal in the mine.

F

G

F

C

Blankets are thin I just lay there and grin

C

G

C

'Cause I got a little bottle of wine.

F

G

F

C

3. Pain in my head and bugs in my bed,

C

G

C

C7

Pants are so old that they shine.

F

G

F

C

Out on the street tell the people I meet

C

G

C

Won't you buy me a bottle of wine.

F

G

4. Well, the preacher will preach,

F

C

The teacher will teach,

C

G

C

C7

The miner will dig in the mine.

F

G

F

C

I ride the rods trusting in God

C

G

C

Hugging my bottle of wine.



051 LAST NIGHT I HAD

(K: C, W: G5; Corries-Picking)

C C7  
Last night I had the strangest dream  
F C  
I ever dreamed before,  
G C a  
I dreamed that all the world agreed  
d G7 C  
To put an end to war.

F C  
I dreamed I saw a mighty room  
d G C C7  
And the room was filled with men  
F C a  
And the paper they were signing said  
d G7 C  
They'd never fight again.

C C7  
And when the paper was all signed  
F C  
And a million copies made,  
G C a  
They all joined hands and circled round  
d G7 C  
And grateful prayers were made.

F C  
And the people on the streets below  
d G C C7  
were dancing round and round  
F C a  
with swords and guns and uniforms,  
d G7 C  
All scattered on the ground.

C C7  
Last night I had the strangest dream  
F C  
I ever dreamed before,  
G C a  
I dreamed that all the world agreed  
d G7 C  
To put an end to war.

(K: C

W: G5=C

Baez-Picking)

1. To everything (turn, turn, turn)

There is a season (turn, turn, turn)

And a time to every purpose under heaven.

A time to be born, a time to die,

A time to plant, a time to reap,

A time to kill, a time to heal,

A time to laugh, a time to weep.

2. To everything (turn, turn, turn)

There is a season (turn, turn, turn)

And a time to every purpose under heaven.

A time to build up, a time to break down,

A time to dance, a time to mourn,

A time to cast away stones,

A time to gather stones together.

3. To everything (turn, turn, turn)

There is a season (turn, turn, turn)

And a time to every purpose under heaven. (4. bis hier)

A time of love, a time of hate,

A time of war, a time of peace,

A time you may embrace,

A time to refrain from embracing.

## 053 STREETS OF LONDON

(C2=D; Picking) doppelt schnell zupfen, langsam singen Intro CGaeFCGC

1. Have you seen the old man in the closed down market  
 Kicking up the papers with his worn-out shoes?  
 In his eyes you see no pride hand held loosely at his side,  
 Yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news.

Ch: So how can you tell me you're lonely  
 And say for you that the sun don't shine?  
 Let me take you by the hand  
 And lead you through the streets of London  
 I'll show you something to make you change your mind.

2. Have you seen the old girl who walks the streets of London  
 Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags?  
 She's no time for talking, she just keeps right on walking  
 Carrying her home in two carrier bags.

3. In the all-night cafe at a quarter past eleven  
 Same old man sitting there on his own,  
 Looking at the world over the rim of his tea-cup,  
 Each tea lasts an hour then he wanders home alone

4. Have you seen the old man outside the seamen's mission  
 Memory fading with the medal ribbons that he wears?  
 In our winter city the rain cries a little pity  
 For one more forgotten hero and a world that doesn't care.

# 054 SAILING

(K: C2=D, W: G7; schlagen)

1. I am sailing, I am sailing home again 'cross the sea,  
I am sailing stormy waters to be near you, to be free.

2. I am flying, I am flying like a bird 'cross the sky,  
I am flying, passing high clouds  
To be near you, to be free.

3. Can you hear me, can you hear me,  
Through the dark night far away?  
I am dying, forever trying  
To be near you, to be free.

4. We are sailing, we are sailing  
Home again 'cross the sea,  
We are sailing stormy waters  
To be near you, to be free.

5. I am sailing, I am sailing  
Home again 'cross the sea,  
I am sailing stormy waters  
To be near you, to be free.  
To be near you, to be free.

055 DONA, DONA

(a2=h; Intro a E7 a E7)

a E7 a E7  
1. On a wagon bound for market  
a d G E7  
There's a calf with a mournful eye,  
a E7 a E7  
High above him there's a swallow  
a d E7 a  
winging swiftly through the sky.

G C a  
Ch. How the winds are laughing  
G C  
They laugh with all their might,  
G C a  
Laugh and laugh the whole day through  
E a  
And half the summer's night.  
E a d G C  
Dona dona dona dona, dona dona dona don,  
E a d E a  
Dona dona dona dona, dona dona dona don.

a E7 a E7  
2. 'Stop complaining', said the farmer,  
a d G E7  
who told you a calf to be,  
a E7 a E7  
why don't you have wings to fly with  
a d E7 a  
Like the swallow so proud and free?'

a E7 a E7  
3. Calves are easily bound and slaughtered  
a d G E7  
Never knowing the reason why,  
a E7 a E7  
But whoever treasures freedom  
a d E7 a  
Like the swallow has learned to fly.

# 056 MULL OF KINTYRE

(M: D2=E E/A; schlagen)

Ch: Mull of Kintyre, oh mist rolling in from the sea,  
My desire is always to be here, oh Mull of Kintyre.

1. Far have I travelled and much have I seen,  
Dark distant mountains and valleys of green,  
Past painted deserts the sunset's on fire  
As he carries me home to the Mull of Kintyre.

Ch: Mull of Kintyre, oh mist rolling in from the sea,  
My desire is always to be here, oh Mull of Kintyre.

D→ G

Mull of Kintyre, oh mist rolling in from the sea,  
My desire is always to be here, oh Mull of Kintyre.

2. Smiles in the sunshine and tears in the rain  
Still take me back where my memories remain,  
Flickering embers grow higher and higher  
As they carry me back to the Mull of Kintyre.

3. Sweep through the heather like deer in the glen,  
Oh carry me back to the days I knew then,  
Nights when we sang like a heavenly choir  
Of the life and the times of the Mull of Kintyre.

057 EARLY ONE MORNING
-----------------------

(M: C2=D      D; a capella)

C

1. Early one morning

F

G

Just as the sun was rising,

C

I heard a maid sing

F

G

C

In the valley below.

G

C

G

C

Ch: 'Oh, don't deceive me, oh, never leave me,

C

F

G

C

How could you use a poor maiden so.'

C

2. 'Remember the vows that

F

G

You gave to your Mary,

C

Remember the bow'r

F

G

C

where you vow'd to be true.'

C

3. 'Oh, gay is the garland

F

G

And fresh are the roses

C

I've culled from the garden

F

G

C

To bind on thy brow.'

C

4. Thus sung the maiden

F

G

Her sorrows bewailing,

C

Thus sung the poor maiden

F

G

C

In the valley below.

(C2=D; schlagen)

1. All my bags are packed, I'm ready to go,  
 I'm standing here outside the door,  
 I hate to wake you up and say good-bye;  
 But the dawn is breaking, it's early morn',  
 The taxi's waiting, he's blowing his horn,  
 Already I'm so lonesome I could cry.

Ch: so kiss me and smile for me,  
 Tell me that you'll wait for me,  
 Hold me like you'll never let me go;  
 I'm a-leavin' on a jet plane,  
 Don't know when I'll be back again, Ooh babe, I hate to go

2. There's so many times I've let you down,  
 So many times I've played around,  
 I'll tell you now they don't mean a thing.  
 Every place I go I'll think of you,  
 Every song I sing I'll sing for you,  
 When I come back I'll wear your wedding ring.

3. Now the time has come to leave you,  
 One more time let me kiss you,  
 Then close your eyes, I'll be on my way.  
 Dream about the days to come,  
 When I won't have to leave you alone,  
 About the times I won't have to say.



059 IRENE, GOOD NIGHT

(K: C2=D, W: G7; schlagen)

Ch: Irene, good night, Irene,  
Irene, good night,  
Good night, Irene, good night Irene,  
I'll see you in my dreams.

1. Last Saturday night I got married,  
Me and my wife settled down.  
Now me and my wife are parted,  
I'm gonna take a little trip downtown.

2. Sometimes I live in the country,  
Sometimes I live in the town,  
Sometimes I have a great notion  
To jump in the river and drown.

3. Stop your ramblin', stop your gamblin',  
Stop stayin' out late at night.  
Go home to your wife and your fam'ly  
And sit by the fireside bright.

1. They <sup>C</sup> say that the lakes of Killarney <sup>G</sup> are fair,  
 That no stream like the Liffey can <sup>G7</sup> ever compare;  
 If it's <sup>C</sup> water you want you'll find <sup>G</sup> nothing more rare  
 Than the <sup>G</sup> stuff they make <sup>G7</sup> down by the <sup>C</sup> ocean.

Ch: The <sup>C</sup> sea, oh the sea is <sup>½F</sup> gradh <sup>½C</sup> geal mo croide\*,  
<sup>G</sup> Long may it stay between England and me.

It's a <sup>C</sup> sure guarantee that some hour <sup>G</sup> we'll be free,  
 Oh, <sup>G7</sup> thank God we're <sup>C</sup> surrounded by water.

2. Tom <sup>C</sup> Moore made his "waters" <sup>G</sup> meet fame and renoun,  
<sup>G</sup> A great lover of anything <sup>G7</sup> dressed in a crown.  
 In <sup>C</sup> brandy the bandy old <sup>G</sup> Saxon he'd drown  
 But <sup>G7</sup> throw ne'er a one in the <sup>C</sup> ocean.

3. The <sup>C</sup> Scots have their whiskey, the <sup>G</sup> Welsh have their speech  
<sup>G</sup> Their poets are paid about <sup>G7</sup> tenpence a week,  
<sup>C</sup> Provided no hard word on <sup>G</sup> England they speak,  
<sup>G7</sup> Oh Lord, what a price <sup>C</sup> for devotion.

4. The <sup>C</sup> Danes came to Ireland with <sup>G</sup> nothing to do  
<sup>G</sup> But dream of the plundered old <sup>G7</sup> Irish they slew,  
<sup>C</sup> Ye will in your vikings', said <sup>G</sup> Brian Boru  
<sup>G7</sup> And threw them back into the <sup>C</sup> ocean.

5. Two <sup>C</sup> foreign old monarchs in <sup>G</sup> battle did join,  
<sup>G</sup> Each wanting their head on the <sup>G7</sup> back of a coin,  
<sup>C</sup> If the Irish had sense they'd drowned <sup>G</sup> both in the Boyne  
<sup>G7</sup> And partition <sup>C</sup> thrown into the ocean.

061 YE BANKS AND BRAES
------------------------

(C2=D; Arpeggio) 6/8

1. Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
 How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,  
 And I'm sae weary, fu' o' care?

Ye break my heart, ye warbling bird,  
 That warbles on the flow'ry thorn.  
 Ye mind me o' departed joys,  
 Departed never to return.

2. Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon  
 By morning and by ev'ning shine  
 To hear the birds sing o' their loves  
 As fondly once I sang o' mine,

wi' lightsome heart I stretch'd my hand  
 And pu'd a rosebud from the tree;  
 But my fause lover stole the rose  
 And left, and left the thorn wi' me.

3. = 1.

## 062 AMAZING GRACE

(M: D2=E K: E, W: C4; Arpeggio)

1.           D                                   G                   D  
1. Amazing grace, how sweet the sound

          D                                   A7  
That saved a wretch like me.

      D               A7               G               D  
I once was lost, but now I'm found,

          D               A7               D  
was blind, but now I see.

                  D                                   G                   D  
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,

          D                                   A7  
And grace my fears relieved;

          D               A7               G               D  
How precious did that grace appear

          D               A7               D  
The hour I first believed.

                  D                                   G                   D  
3. Through many dangers, toils, and snares

          D                                   A7  
we have already come,

          D               A7               G               D  
'Twas grace that brought us safe thus far,

          D               A7               D  
And grace will lead us home.

          D                                   G                   D  
4. Amazing grace, how sweet the sound

          D                                   A7  
That saved a wretch like me.

      D               A7               G               D  
I once was lost, but now I'm found,

          D               A7               G//D  
was blind, but now I see.

(a; zupfen)

Ch: Oh, Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,  
 Charlie is my darling the young chevalier.

1. 'Twas on a Monday morning  
 Right early in the year  
 when Charlie came to our town, the young chevalier.

2. As he came marching up the street  
 The pipes played loud and clear,  
 And all the folk came running out to meet the chevalier.

3. wi' highland bonnets on their heads  
 And claymores bright and clear,  
 They came to fight for Scotland's rights  
 And the young chevalier.

4. They've left their bonnie Highland hills,  
 Their wives and bairnies dear  
 To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord the young chevalier

5. Oh, there were many beating hearts  
 And many a hope and fear,  
 And many were the prayers put up for the young chevalier

# 064 COME BY THE HILLS

(C4=E; Arpeggio) 6/8

1. Oh come by the hills to the land  
where fancy is free,  
And stand where the peaks meet the sky  
And the lochs meet the sea,  
where the rivers run clear  
And the bracken is gold in the sun,  
Ah, but cares of tomorrow can wait till this day is done

2. Oh come by the hills to the land  
where life is a song,  
And sing while the birds fill the air  
with their joy all day long,  
where the trees sway in time  
And even the winds sing in tune,  
Ah, but cares of tomorrow can wait till this day is done

3. Oh come by the hills to the land  
where legend remains,  
where stories of old fill the heart  
And may yet come again,  
where our past has been lost  
And a future has still to be won,  
Ah, but cares of tomorrow can wait till this day is done

4. = 1.

# 065 THE SHEARIN'S NO FOR YOU

(W: a2=h, K: G4; Baez-Picking, Intro Mel.-Picking)

1. It was in the month of May, my bonnie lassie-o,  
 It was in the month of May, my bonnie lassie-o,  
 It was in the month of May when the floo'ers they are gay,  
 And the lambs they sport and play, my bonnie lassie-o.

Ch: Oh the shearin's no for you, my bonnie lassie-o,  
 Oh the shearin's no for you, my bonnie lassie-o,  
 Oh the shearin's no for you, for yer back it winna boo,  
 And yer belly's roarin' fu', my bonnie lassie-o.

2. Do you mind on yonder hill, my bonnie laddie-o,  
 Do you mind on yonder hill, my bonnie laddie-o,  
 Do you mind on yonder hill, when you swore you would me kill  
 If you dinna hae yer will, my bonnie laddie-o.

3. Oh it's I'll no kill you deid, my bonnie lassie-o,  
 Oh it's I'll no kill you deid, my bonnie lassie-o,  
 Oh it's I'll no kill you deid, nor mak' yer body bleed,  
 Nor marry you with speed, my bonnie lassie-o.

4. Oh the pipes do loudly play, my bonnie lassie-o,  
 Oh the pipes do loudly play, my bonnie lassie-o,  
 Oh the pipes do loudly play and the troops they march away,  
 And it's here I cannot stay, my bonnie lassie-o.

## 066 CROOKED JACK

( K: e W: a7=e schlagen)

1. Come Irishmen both young and stern  
with adventure in your soul,  
There are better ways to spend your days  
Than working down a hole.

Ch: I was tall and true, all of six foot two  
But they broke me across the back,  
By a name I'm known and it's not my own,  
They call me Crooked Jack.

2. The ganger's blue-eyed boy was I  
Big Jack could do no wrong,  
And the reason simply was because  
I could work hard hours and long.

3. I've seen men old before their time,  
Their faces drawn and grey,  
I've never thought so soon would mine  
Be lined the self-same way.

4. And I've cursed the day that I went away  
To work on the Hydro-Dams  
For sweat and tears or hope and fears  
Bound up in shuttering jams.

5. And they say that honest toil is good  
For the spirit and the soul,  
But believe me, boys, it's for sweat and blood  
That they want you down a hole.



(e; a capella)

1. Farewell to all our Scottish fame,  
 Farewell our ancient glory,  
 Farewell even tae our Scottish name  
 So famed in martial story.

Now Sark runs over the Solway sands  
 And Tweed runs tae the ocean,  
 Tae mark where England's province stands:  
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

2. What force or guile could ne'er subdue  
 Through many warlike ages  
 Is wrought now by a coward few for hireling traitors wages  
 The English steel we could disdain  
 Secure in valour's station,  
 But English gold has been our bane:  
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

3. I would that ere I saw the day  
 That treason thus should sell us,  
 My old grey head had lain in clay  
 With Bruce and loyal Wallace!  
 But pith and power, till my last hour  
 I'll make this declaration:  
 We were bought and sold for English gold,  
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

G

Ch: Westering home, and a song in the air,

C

G

C

D

Light in the eye, and it's good-bye to care,

G

e

Laughter o' love and a welcoming there,

G

D

C

G

Isle of my heart, my own one!

G

D

1. Tell me o' lands o' the Orient gay,

G

C

D

Speak o' the riches and joys of Cathay!

G

D

Eh, but it's grand to be wakin' ilk day

G

D

C

To find yourself nearer to Isla. And it's...

G

D

2. Where are the folk like the folk o' the west,

G

C

D

Canty, and couthy, and kindly, the best?

G

D

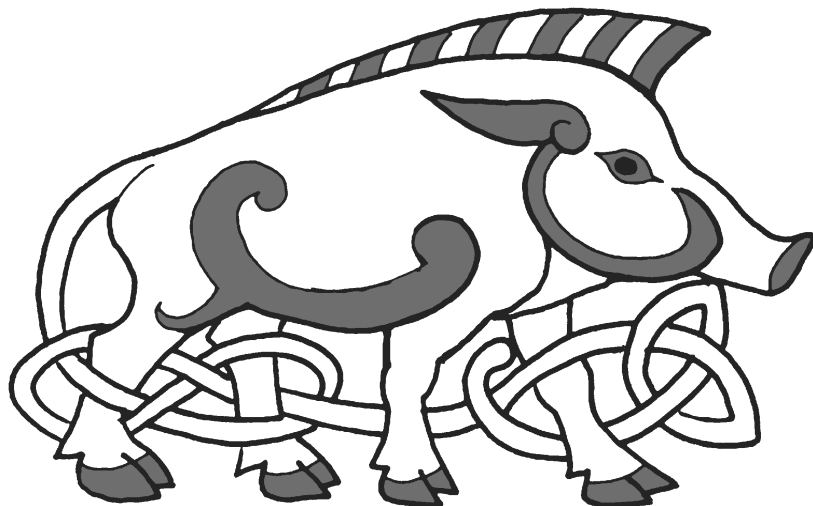
There I would hie me and there I would rest

G

D

C

At hame with my ain folk in Isla. And it's...



# 069 TWA RECRUITIN' SAIRGEANTS

(M: D2=E E; 12/8-Picking)

1. Twa recruitin' sairgeants came frae the Black watch  
To markets and fairs some recruits for to catch,  
But a' that they listed was forty and twa  
So list my bonnie laddie an' come awa'.

Ch: For it's over the mountain and over the main  
Through Gibraltar to France and to Spain,  
Put a feather tae yer bonnet and a kilt aboon yer knee  
And list my bonnie laddie an' come awa' wi' me.

2. Wi' yer tattie poorins an' yer meal an' kail,  
Yer soor sowen so'ens an' yer ill-brewed ale,  
Wi' yer buttermilk an' whey an' yer bread fired raw,  
So list my bonnie laddie an' come awa'.

3. Laddie oh ye dinna ken the danger that ye're in,  
If yer horses wis tae fleg an' yer ousen wis tae rin,  
This greedy old fairmer he winna pay yer fee,  
So list my bonnie laddie an' come awa' wi' me.

4. It is intae the barn an' it's oot o' the byre,  
This old fairmer thinks we'll never tire,  
For it's a slavery job of a very low degree,  
So list my bonnie laddie an' come awa' wi' me.

5. Oh laddie if ye've got a sweetheart an' a bairn,  
Ye'll easily get rid of that ill-spun yarn,  
Twa rattles o' the drum an' that'll pay it a',  
So list my bonnie laddie an' come awa'.

070 I'M A ROVER
-----------------

(C4=E; schlagen)

Ch; I'm a rover and seldom sober,  
I'm a rover o' high degree,  
It's when I'm drinking I'm always thinking  
How to gain my love's company.

1. Though the night be as dark as dungeon,  
No' a star to be seen above,  
I will be guided without a stumble  
Into the airms o' my ain true love.

2. He steppit up to her bedroom window  
Kneelin' gently upon a stone,  
He rappit at her bedroom window:  
Darlin' dear, do you lie alone?'

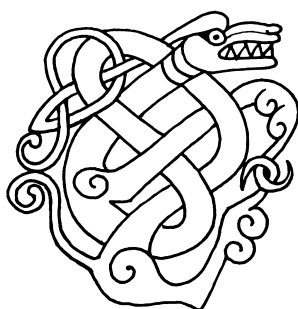
3. She raised her head from her snow-white pillow,  
wi' her airms aboot her breast:  
'Wha is that at my bedroom window  
Disturbin' me at my lang night's rest?'

4. 'It's only me, your ain true lover,  
 Open the door and let me in,  
 For I hae come on a lang, lang journey  
 And I'm near drenched to the skin.

5. She opened the door wi' the greatest pleasure,  
 She openend the door and she let him in,  
 They baith shook hands and embraced each other,  
 Until the mornin' they lay as one.

6. The cocks were crawin', the birds were whistlin',  
 The burns ran free abune the brae,  
 'Remember, lass, I'm a ploughman laddie  
 And the fairmer I must obey.'

7. 'Noo, my lass, I must gang an' leave thee,  
 And though the hills they are high above  
 I will climb them wi' greater pleasure  
 Since I been in the airms o' my love.



## 071 SPRINGHILL MINING DISASTER

(a5=d; nur Akkorde schlagen)

1. In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia,  
Deep in the dark of the Cumberland Mine,  
There's blood on the coal and the miners lie  
(In) roads that never saw sun nor sky. (2x)

2. In the town of Springhill you don't sleep easy,  
Often the earth will tremble and roll;  
When the earth is restless miners die,  
Bone and blood is the price of coal. (2x)

3. In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia,  
Late in the year of fifty-eight,  
The day still comes and the sun still shines  
(But it's) dark as the grave in the Cumberland Mine. (2x)

4. Three days passed when the lamps gave out  
And Cailab rushed and got up and said:  
We've no more water or light or bread,  
(So) we'll live on songs and hope instead. (2x)

5. Listen for the shouts of the black-faced miners  
Listen through the rubble for the rescue teams;  
Three hundred tons of coal and slag,  
Hope imprisoned in a three-foot seam. (2x)

6. Twelve days passed and some were rescued  
Leaving the rest to lie alone,  
Through all their day they dug a grave,  
Two miles of earth is a marking stone. (2x)

1. Oh, my name is Jock Stewart,  
 I'm a canny gaun man,  
 And a roving young fellow I've been.

Ch: So be easy and free  
 when you're drinking with me,  
 I'm a man you don't meet ev'ry day.

2. I have acres of land,  
 I have men at command,  
 I have always a shilling to spare.

3. Now I took out my gun,  
 with my dog I did shoot  
 All down by the river Kildare.

4. So come fill up your glass  
 with brandy and wine  
 And whatever the cost I will pay.

5. Let us catch well the hours  
 And the minutes that fly  
 Let us share them say well while my way

073 MAIRI'S WEDDING
---------------------

(C4=E; schlagen)

C  
Ch: Step we gaily, on we go,  
F G  
Heel for heel and toe for toe  
C  
Arm in arm and row in row,  
F G  
All for Mairi's wedding.

C  
1. Over the hillways, up and down,  
F G  
Myrtle green and bracken brown,  
C  
Past the sheiling through the town,  
F G  
All for the sake of Mairi.

C  
2. Red her cheeks like rowans are,  
F G  
Bright her eyes as any star,  
C  
Fairest of them all by far  
F G  
Is our darling Mairi.

C  
3. Plenty herring, plenty meal,  
F G  
Plenty peat to fill her creel,  
C  
Plenty bonnie bairns as weel,  
F G  
That's our toast for Mairi.



# 074 GREENSLEEVES

(a5=d; Mel.-Picking) ¾ 6/8

1. Alas, my love, you do me wrong  
To cast me off discourteously,  
And I have loved you so long  
Delighting in your company.

Ch: Greensleeves was all my joy,  
Greensleeves was my delight,  
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,  
And who but my lady Greensleeves.

2. If you intend thus to disdain  
It does the more enrapture me,  
And even so I still remain  
A lover in captivity.

3. Alas, my love, that you should own  
A heart of wanton vanity,  
So I must meditate alone  
Upon her insincerity.

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

1. Daß du mich meidest, tut mir weh  
Und bringt mir Not und Herzeleid.  
Ich war so lang in deiner Näh  
Und kannte nichts als Seligkeit.

*Refrain:*

Du warst mir all mein Licht,  
Du warst mein Freudenquell.  
Du, du, mein Herzensgut,  
Und lieber als du war mir keine

2. Du stellst dich fremd und unbekannt,  
So geh ich meinen Weg allein  
Und werde dennoch unverwandt  
In Lieb zu dir gefangen sein.

3. Der liebe Gott dich segnen mag-  
Leb wohl, mir ist der Abschied schwer,  
Doch wart ich bis zum letzten Tag  
Getreu auf deine Wiederkehr.

1. what's the spring, breathing jasmine and rose,  
 what's the summer with all its gay train,  
 Or the splendour of autumn to those  
 who've bartered their freedom for gain?

Ch: Let the love of our land's sacred rights  
 To the love of our people succeed,  
 Let friendship and honour unite  
 And flourish on both sides the Tweed.

2. No sweetness the senses can cheer  
 which corruption and bribery bind,  
 No brightness that gloom can e'er clear,  
 For honour's the sum of the mind.

3. Let virtue distinguish the brave,  
 Place riches in lowest degree,  
 Think them poorest who can be a slave,  
 Them richest who dare to be free.

1. By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,  
 where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,  
 where me and my true love were ever wont to go  
 on the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

Ch: Oh, you'll take the high road  
 And I'll take the low road  
 And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,  
 But me and my true love will never meet again  
 on the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

2. 'Twas then that we parted in yon shady glen  
 on the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,  
 where in purple hue the Highland hills we view  
 And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

3. The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring  
 And in sunshine the flowers are sleeping,  
 But the broken heart kens nae second spring again  
 Though the woeful may cease from their greeting.

<b>077 THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE</b>
----------------------------------

(C4=E; schlagen)

1.           C   F                         C  
The morn was fair, the skies were clear,  
                C                         a                         G  
No breath came o'er the sea,  
                C   F                         C  
When Mary left her Highland home  
                F                         G                         C  
And wandered forth with me.  
                G   C  
Though flowers decked the mountainside  
                F                         C                         G  
And fragrance filled the vale

C F C  
 By far the sweetest flower there  
 F G C  
 was the Rose of Allandale.  
 C F  
 was the Rose of Allandale,  
 d G  
 was the Rose of Allandale,  
 F C  
 By far the sweetest flower there  
 F G C  
 was the Rose of Allandale.

2. C F C  
Where'er I wandered, east or west,  
C a G  
Though fate began to lour,  
C F C  
A solace still she was to me  
F G C  
In sorrow's lonely hour.  
G C  
When tempests lashed our lonely barque  
F C G  
And rent her shivering sail,  
C F C  
One maiden form withstood the storm,

'Twas the Rose of Allandale.  
 'Twas the Rose of Allandale,  
 'Twas the Rose of Allandale,  
 One maiden form withstood the storm,  
 'Twas the Rose of Allandale.

3. And when my fevered lips were parched  
 On Afric's burning sands,  
 She whispered hopes of happiness  
 And tales of distant lands.  
 My life has been a wilderness  
 Unblest by fortune's gale,

Had fate not linked my lot to hers,  
 The Rose of Allandale.

The Rose of Allandale,  
 The Rose of Allandale,  
 Had fate not linked my lot to hers,  
 The Rose of Allandale.

The Rose of Allandale,  
 The Rose of Allandale,  
 Had fate not linked my lot to hers,  
 The Rose of Allandale.

## 078 ONLY OUR RIVERS

(M:C11=h K: a2=h, w e7=h; Arpeggio) 6/8

1. When apples still grow in November,  
when blossoms still grow on each tree,  
when leaves are still green in December,  
It's then that our land will be free.

I wander her hills and her valleys  
And still through my sorrow I see  
A land that has never known freedom,  
And only her rivers run free.

2. I drink to the death of her manhood,  
Those men who would rather have died  
Than to live in the cold chains of bondage,  
To bring back their rights where denied.

Oh where are you now when we need you,  
what burns where the flame used to be,  
Are you gone like the snows of last winter  
And will only our rivers run free?

3. How sweet is life, but we're crying,  
How mellow the wine that we're dry,  
How fragrant the rose, but it's dying,  
How gentle the wind, but it sighs.

what good is in youth when it's ageing,  
what joy is in eyes that can't see  
when there's sorrow in sunshine and flowers,  
And still only our rivers run free?

4. repeat 1.

# 079 A BUNCH OF THYME

(K: C, W: G5; Baez-Picking)

schnell 4/4

1. Come all you maidens young and fair,  
 All you that are blooming in your prime,  
 Always beware and keep your garden fair,  
 Let no man steal away your thyme.

2. For thyme, it is a precious thing,  
 And thyme brings all things to my mind,  
 Thyme with all its flavours along with all its joys,  
 Thyme brings all things to my mind.

3. Once I had a bunch of thyme,  
 I thought it never would decay;  
 Then came a lusty sailor who chanced to pass my way  
 And stole my bunch of thyme away.

4. The sailor gave to me a rose,  
 A rose that never would decay,  
 He gave it to me to keep me reminded  
 Of when he stole my thyme away.

5. Come all you maidens young and fair,  
 All you that are blooming in your prime,  
 Always beware and keep your garden fair,  
 Let no man steal away your thyme.

6. For thyme, it is a precious thing,  
 And thyme brings all things to my mind,  
 Thyme with all its flavours along with all its joys,  
 Thyme brings all things to an end.

(G; schlagen)

1. 'What did I have?' said the fine old woman,  
 'What did I have?' this proud old woman did say.  
 'I had four green fields, each one was a jewel,  
 But strangers came and tried to take them from me.  
 But my fine strong sons, they fought to save my jewels,  
 They fought and they died, and that was my grief', said she.

2. 'Long time ago', said the fine old woman,  
 'Long time ago', this proud old woman did say,  
 'There was war and death, plundering and pillage,  
 My children starved by mountain, valley and stream,  
 And their wailing cries, they reached the very heavens,  
 And my four green fields ran red with the blood', said she.

3. 'What have I now?' said the fine old woman,  
 'What have I now?' this proud old woman did say,  
 'I have four green fields, one of them's in bondage,  
 In stranger's hands who tried to take it from me,  
 But my sons have sons as brave as were their fathers,  
 And the four green fields will bloom once again', said she.  
 (last: C G)



# 081 SALLY GARDENS

(K: C W: G5=C Baez-Picking)

1. It was down by the Sally Gardens

My love and I did meet.

She passed the Sally Gardens

with her little snow-white feet.

She bid me take love easy

As the leaves grow on the tree.

But I being young and foolish with her did not agree.

2. In a field down by the river

My love and I did stand.

And on my leaning shoulder

she laid her snow-white hand.

She bid me take life easy

As the grass grows on the weirs.

But I was young and foolish And now I am full of tears.

3. Down by the Sally Gardens

My love and I did meet.

She passed the Sally Gardens

with her little snow-white feet.

She bid me take love easy

As the leaves grow on the tree.

But I being young and foolish with her did not agree.

1. You may travel far, far from your own native home,  
 Far away o'er the mountains, far away o'er the foam,  
 But of all the fine places that I've ever seen  
 There's none to compare with the Cliffs of Dooneen.

2. Take a view o'er the mountains, fine sights you'll see there  
 You'll see the high rocky mountains on the west coast of Clare,  
 Oh, the towns of Kilkee and Kilrush can be seen  
 From the high rocky slopes of the Cliffs of Dooneen.

3. It's a nice place to be on a fine summer's day  
 watching all the wild flowers that ne'er do decay,  
 Oh, the hare and lofty pheasant are quite plain to be seen  
 Making homes for their young round the Cliffs of Dooneen.

4. Fare thee well to Dooneen, fare thee well for a while,  
 And to all the fine people I'm leaving behind,  
 To the streams and the meadows where late I have been,  
 And the high rocky slopes of the Cliffs of Dooneen.

5. = 1

## Freie Übersetzung:

Du kannst weit weit reisen aus deiner Heimat zu Hause  
Fernab über die Berge weit weg über das Meer  
Von all den schönen Orten, die ich je gesehen habe,  
Gibt es keinen vergleichbaren mit den Cliffs of Dooneen

Werfe einen Blick über das Wasser feine Dinge wirst du erblicken,  
Du wirst die hohen felsigen Hänge an der Westküste von Clare sehen  
Die Städte Kilrush und Kilkee  
Von den hohen felsigen Hängen an den Klippen von Dooneen

Es ist ein schöner Ort, um an einem schönen Sommertag  
All die wilden Blumen zu beobachten, die nie vergehen werden  
Der Hase und Fasan können dort gesehen werden  
Bauen Nester für ihre Jungen rund um die Cliffs of Dooneen

Lebe wohl Dooneen leb wohl für eine Weile  
Und alle die feinen Leute, die ich hinter mir lasse  
Um den Bächen und Wiesen, an die ich mich erinnern werde  
Sowie die hohen, felsigen Hänge der Cliffs of Dooneen

(G4=H; Baez-Picking)

1. Raised on songs and stories, heroes of renown,  
 The passing tales and glories that once was Dublin Town,  
 The hallowed halls and houses, the haunting children's rhymes  
 That once was part of Dublin in the rare ould times.

*Ch: Ring a-ring a-rosey, as the light declines  
 I remember Dublin City in the rare ould times.*

2. Oh, my name is Sean Dempsey, as Dublin as could be,  
 Born hard and late in Pimlico in a house that ceased to be.  
 By trade I was a cooper, lost out to redundancy,  
 Like my house that fell to progress my trade's a memory.

And I courted Peggy Dignan, as pretty as you please,  
 A rogue and a child of Mary, from the Rebel Liberties.  
 I lost her to a student chap with skin as black as coal,  
 when he took her off to Birmingham she took away my soul.

3. Oh, the years have made me bitter, the gargle dims my brain,  
 Cause Dublin keeps on changing and nothing seems the same,  
 The Pillar and the Met have gone, the Royal long since pulled down  
 As the great unyielding concrete makes a city of my town.

4. Fare thee well, sweet Anna Liffey, I can no longer stay  
 And watch the new glass cages that spring up along the Quay  
 My mind's too full of memories, too old to hear the chimes,  
 I'm a part of what was Dublin in the rare ould times.

1. As I went a-walking one morning in May,  
 I spied a young couple who fondly did stray,  
 And one was a young maid so sweet and so fair  
 And the other was a soldier and a bold grenadier.  
 Ch: And they kissed so sweet and comforting  
 As they clung to each other,  
 They walked arm in arm along the road like sister and brother,  
 They walked arm in arm along the road Till they came to a stream  
 And they both sat down together To hear the nightingale sing
2. From out of his knapsack he took a fine fiddle  
 And he played her such merry tunes that you ever can hear,  
 And he played her such merry tunes that the valley did ring,  
 And they both sat down together to hear the nightingale sing.
3. 'Oh soldier, oh soldier, will you marry me?'  
 Oh no, my sweet maiden, that never can be,  
 For I have my own wife at home in my own countree,  
 And she is the sweetest little thing that you ever did see.'
4. 'Now I'm off to India for seven long years  
 Drinking wines and strong whiskeys instead of cool beers,  
 And if ever I return again it'll be in the spring  
 And we'll both sit down together, love,  
 To hear the nightingale sing.

(G2=A; schlagen)

1. In Yarmouth town there lived a man  
 And he kept a little tavern down by the strand,  
 The landlord had a daughter fair  
 A pretty little thing with the golden hair.

Ch: Won't you come down, won't you come down,  
 Won't you come down to Yarmouth town. (2x)

2. At night there came a sailor man  
 And he asked the daughter for her hand.  
 'Oh, why should I marry you,' she said,  
 'I have all I want without being wed.'

3. 'But if with me you do want to linger  
 I'll tie a piece of string all around my finger  
 And as you pass by just pull on the string  
 And I'll come down and let you in.'

4. At closing time the sailor man,  
 He is gone to the tavern down by the strand,  
 And as he passed by he's pulled on the string  
 And she's come down and she's let old Jack in.

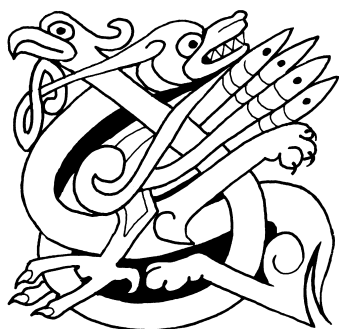
5. Now he's never seen such a sight before  
'Cause the string round her finger was all she wore.

Ch: Won't you come down, won't you come down,  
Won't you come down to Yarmouth town. (2x)

6. The sailor stayed the whole night through  
And early in the morning went back to his crew,  
And then he told them about the maiden fair,  
The pretty little thing with the golden hair.

7. Well the news it soon got around  
And the very next night in Yarmouth town  
There was fifteen sailors pulling on the string  
And she's come down and she's let them all in.

8. So all young men that to Yarmouth go  
If you see a little girl with her hair hanging low,  
Well, all you got to do is pull on the string  
And she'll come down and she'll let you in.



<b>086 WABASH CANNONBALL</b>
------------------------------

**(K: G, w: C7; Flatpicking)**

1. From the great Atlantic Ocean to the wide Pacific shore,  
From sunny California to ice-bound Labrador,  
She's mighty tall and handsome, She's known quite well by all  
She's the mighty combination Of the wabash Cannonball.

2.           GC  
This train, she runs to Memphis, Mattoon and Mexico,  
               DD7G  
She rolls through East St. Louis and she never does it slow  
               GC  
As she flies through Colorado she gives an awful squall,  
               DD7G  
They tell her by the whistle, the wabash Cannonball.

Ch: G C  
Oh, listen to the jingle, to the rumble and the roar,  
D D7 G  
As she glides along the woodlands, Through the hills and by the shore  
G C  
Hear the mighty rush of engine, Hear those lonesome hobo's squall  
D D7 G  
while travelling through the jungle On the wabash Cannonball.

3. G C  
Our eastern states are dandy, So the people always say,  
D D7 G  
From New York to St. Louis And Chicago by the way,  
G C  
From the hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall  
D D7 G  
No changes can be taken On the wabash Cannonball.

4. G C  
Now here's to Boston Blackey, May his name forever stand,  
D D7 G  
And always be remembered By hoboes in this land.  
G C  
His earthly days are over And the curtains round him fall,  
D D7 G  
we'll carry him home to victory On the wabash Cannonball.



# 087 LONG HARD ROAD

(K: C      W: G5=C      Picking)

1. When you wake up in the mornin' and you ain't got a dime  
It's a hard road that you're on,  
And the sun is shinin' but it feels like rain,  
It's a hard road that you're on.

Ch: It's a long hard road from the east to the west,  
Gotta keep on travelling, you've gotta do your very best,  
'Cause most of us are stopping to take a rest  
It's a long hard road that you're on.

2. If your skin is black and the others' is white,  
It's a hard road that you're on,  
You gotta keep your hands beside you but you still got to fight  
It's a hard road that you're on.

3. If you happen to be born on the wrong side of town  
It's a hard road that you're on,  
You gotta learn how to swim else you're bound to drown,  
It's a hard road that you're on.

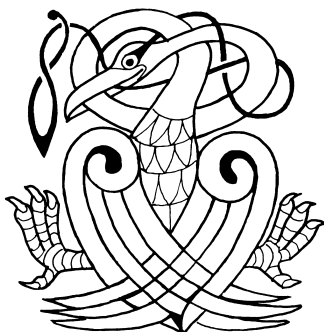
4. When you've tried all the kicks Till you're on the main line  
It's a hard road that you're on,  
If you're not made of steel it's the end of the line,  
It's a hard road you were on.

(K: C W: G5=C Picking)

<sup>G</sup>  
 1. It's a long and dusty road,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
 It's a hot and heavy load,  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 And the folks I meet ain't always kind.  
<sup>G</sup>  
 Some are bad and some are good,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
 Some have done the best they could,  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 Some have tried to ease my troublin' mind.

<sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 Ch: And I can't help but wonder  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>e</sup>  
 where I'm bound, where I'm bound,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 Can't help but wonder where I'm bound.

<sup>G</sup>  
 2. I have been around this land  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
 Just a-doin' the best I can  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 Tryin' to find what I was meant to do.  
<sup>G</sup>  
 And the faces that I see  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
 Are as worried as can be  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 And it looks like they are wonderin', too.



3. I had a little gal one time,  
She had lips like sherry wine,  
And she loved me till my head went plumb insane.  
But I was too blind to see  
She was driftin' away from me  
And one day she left on the mornin' train.

4. I've got a buddy from home  
But he started out to roam,  
And I hear he's out by Frisco Bay.  
And sometimes when I've had a few  
His voice comes ringin' through,  
And I'm goin' out to see him some old day.

5. If you see me passin' by  
And you sit and wonder why  
And you wish that you were a rambler, too.  
Nail your shoes to the kitchen floor,  
Lace them up and lock the door,  
Thank your stars for the roof that's over you.

## 089 LEAVING LONDON

(e3=g; Intro Mel.-Picking:

G e G e G D7 G G )

1. With a dark and rolling sea  
Between my true love and me  
I keep walking through this cold, hard town.  
While I wait for better days  
I could use a place to stay,  
Or a floor where I could lay my blanket down.
- Ch: If I could beg, steal or borrow  
A ticket on some ship or plane  
I'd be leaving London tomorrow to fly to my own love again
2. Up at dawn to change my shirt  
And to wash away the dirt,  
Then it's over to American Express.  
Not one letter did I find,  
No, she didn't send one line  
Though I know she has my forwarding address.
3. Last night the Troubador  
Was so full they barred the door  
And I sang a song she knows quite well.  
But it wouldn't take too long  
To make up another song  
For a lonesome and a last farewell.

## Frei übersetzt:

Eine dunkle und rollende See,  
Liegt zwischen mir und meiner Liebe,  
Ich laufe durch diese kalte harte Stadt.  
Während ich auf bessere Zeiten warte,  
Ich könnte ein Ort brauchen,  
Oder ein Platz, wo ich meine Decke hinlegen könnte.

Wenn ich betteln könnte, stehlen oder borgen,  
für ein Ticket auf einem Boot oder Flugzeug,  
Würde Ich London schon morgen verlassen  
Um zu meiner jungen Liebe zu fliegen.

Bis im Morgengrauen will ich mein Hemd wechseln,  
Um den Schmutz weg zu waschen,  
Dann ist es vorbei mit American Express.  
Keinen einzigen Brief hab ich bekommen.  
Nein, nicht einmal eine Zeile hat sie mir gesendet,  
Obwohl ich weiß, dass sie meine Adresse hat.

Letzte Nacht als Troubadour,  
Hinter verschlossener Türe,  
Sang ich ein Lied und das weiß sie recht gut.  
Aber es wird nicht lange dauern,  
Um einen weiteren Song zu schreiben,  
Für ein einsames und ein letztes Lebewohl.

# 090 THE WINDS ARE SINGING FREEDOM

(C4=E, schlagen; Intro C F G C a F G C C )

Ch: The winds are singing freedom,

They sing it everywhere,

They sing it on the mountainside

And in the city square.

They sing of a new day dawning

When our people shall be free,

Come and join us all for freedom,

Let it ring from sea to sea.

1. In the battle streets of Belfast

You can hear the people cry

For justice long denied them

And the cry will fill the sky.

But the winds of change are blowing

Bringing hope from dark despair,

A new day is dawning

You can feel it in the air

2. Too long our people suffered  
The misery and the tears  
And foreign rulers used our land  
For about eight hundred years.  
It's a long road has no turning  
And I know it soon will be  
A day of justice dawning  
When our people shall be free.

3. There's a time laid out for laughing,  
And there's a time laid out to weep,  
There's a time laid out for sowing,  
And a time laid out to reap.  
There's a time to love your brothers,  
There's a time for hate to cease,  
If you sow the seeds of justice  
Then you'll reap the fruits of peace.

1. As I was a-walking one mornin' in spring  
 I met with some travellers in an old country lane.  
 One was an old man, the second a maid,  
 And the third was a young boy who smiled as he said:

Ch: 'with the wind in the willows and the birds in the sky  
 There's a bright sun to warm us wherever we lie.  
 we have bread and fishes and a jug of red wine  
 To share on our journeys with all of mankind.'

2. I asked them to tell me their name and their place  
 That I might remember their kindness and grace.  
 'My name is Joseph, this is Mary, my wife,  
 And this is our young son who is a delight.'

Ch. with the wind in the willows and the birds in the sky  
 There's a bright sun to warm us wherever we lie.  
 we travelled the whole world by land and by sea  
 To tell all the people how they can be free.

3. So sadly I left them in that old country lane  
 For I knew that I never would see them again.  
 One was an old man, the second a maid,  
 And the third was young Jesus who smiled as he said:

Ch: 'with the wind in the willows and the birds in the sky  
 There's a bright sun to warm us wherever we lie.  
 we have bread and fishes and a jug of red wine  
 To share on our journeys with all of mankind.'



4. I don't suppose a man will stop his struggling  
If he's lying with his back upon the ground,  
It's only when every man is standing  
That peace and justice can be found.

(K: C2=D, W: G7=D; schlagen)

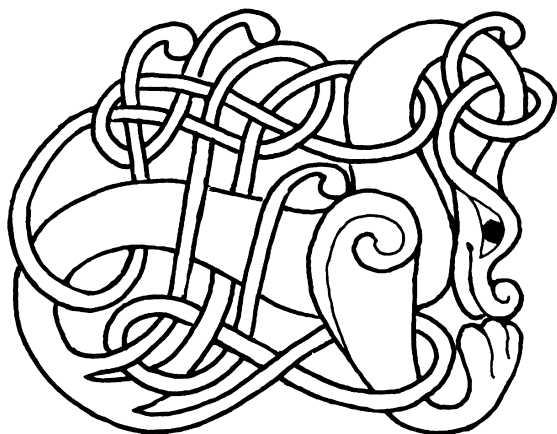
1. Come gather round, people, wherever you roam  
 And admit that the waters around you have grown,  
 And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone  
 If your time to you is worth saving,  
 Then you better start swimming or you'll sink like a stone  
 For the times they are a-changing.

2. Come writers and critics who prophesize with your pen  
 And keep your eyes wide, the chance won't come again,  
 And don't speak too soon for the wheel's still in spin  
 And there's no tellin' who that it's namin',  
 For the loser now will be later to win,  
 For the times they are a-changing.

3. Come senators, congressmen, please heed the call,  
 Don't stand in the doorway, don't block up the hall,  
 For he who gets hurt will be he who has stalled,  
 There's a battle outside and it's ragin',  
 It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls,  
 For the times they are a-changing.

4. Come mothers and fathers throughout the land  
 And don't criticize what you can't understand,  
 Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command,  
 Your old road is rapidly agein',  
 Please get out of the new one if you can't lend a hand  
 For the times they are a-changing.

5. The line it is drawn, the curse it is cast,  
 The slow one now will later be fast,  
 And the present now will later be past  
 The order is rapidly fadin',  
 And the first one now will later be last,  
 For the times they are a-changing.



(D; schlagen)

- D  
1. Take that ribbon from your hair,  
G e  
Shake it loose and let it fall,  
A7  
Laying soft upon your skin  
D  
Like the shadows on the wall.

- D  
2. Come and lay down by my side  
G e  
Till the early morning light,  
A7  
All I'm taking is your time,  
D  
Help me make it through the night.

D7 G  
Ch: I don't care what's right or wrong,  
D  
I don't try to understand,  
E7  
Let the devil take tomorrow,  
A7  
Lord, tonight I need a friend.

- D  
3. Yesterday is dead and gone  
G e  
And tomorrow's out of sight,  
A7  
And it's sad to be alone,  
D  
Help me make it through the night.

# 095 KILLING ME SOFTLY WITH HIS SONG

(e3=g K: Picking, W: PPM-strum)

Ch: <sup>e</sup>Strumming my pain with his <sup>a</sup>fingers,  
<sup>D</sup>Singing my life with his <sup>G</sup>words,  
<sup>e</sup>Killing me softly with his <sup>A</sup>song,  
<sup>D</sup>Killing me softly with his <sup>C</sup>song,  
<sup>G</sup>Telling my whole life with his <sup>C</sup>words,  
<sup>F</sup>Killing me softly with his <sup>E</sup>song.

1. <sup>a</sup>I heard he sang a good song, I heard he had a style, <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>a</sup>And so I came to see him and listen for a while. <sup>e</sup>  
<sup>a</sup>And there he was, this young boy, a stranger to my eyes <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>H7</sup>

2. <sup>a</sup>I felt all flushed with fever, <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup>Embarrassed by the crowd, <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>a</sup>I felt he found my letters and read each one out loud. <sup>D</sup> <sup>e</sup>  
<sup>a</sup>I prayed that he would finish but he just kept right on <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>H7</sup>

3. <sup>a</sup>He sang as if he knew me in all my dark despair, <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>a</sup>And then he looked right through me As if I wasn't there <sup>D</sup> <sup>e</sup>  
<sup>a</sup>But he was there, this stranger, singing clear and strong <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>H7</sup>

## 096 FREIGHT TRAIN

(C4=E, Picking; Intro Mel.-Picking)

1. Freight train, freight train, going so fast,  
Freight train, freight train, going so fast,  
Please don't tell 'em what train I'm on  
So they won't know what route I've gone.

2. When I die, Lord, bury me deep  
Way down on old Chestnut Street,  
So I can hear old Number Nine  
As she comes a-rolling by.

3. When I'm dead and in my grave,  
No more good times here I'll crave,  
Place the stones at my head and feet  
And tell them I'm gone to sleep.

*1 Chorus instrumental*

4. When I die, Lord, bury me deep  
Way down on old Chestnut Street,  
Place the stones at my head and feet  
And tell them I'm gone to sleep.

5. Freight train, freight train, going so fast,  
Freight train, freight train, going so fast,  
Please don't tell 'em what train I'm on  
So they won't know what route I've gone.

## 097 WAY DOWNTOWN

(C2=D; Flatpicking)

Ch: <sup>F</sup>Way <sup>C</sup>downtown, <sup>G</sup>foolin' around, <sup>C C7</sup>took me to the jail  
<sup>F</sup>Oh me, and it's <sup>C</sup>oh my, <sup>G</sup>Ain't no one to go <sup>C</sup>my bail

1. <sup>F</sup>It was late last night  
<sup>C</sup>when willie came home,  
<sup>G</sup>I heard him a-rappin' <sup>C C7</sup>at the door.  
<sup>F</sup>He's a-slippin' and a-slidin'  
<sup>C</sup>with his new shoes on,  
<sup>G</sup>Poppa said 'willie don't you rap <sup>C C7</sup>no more.'

2. <sup>F</sup>I wish I was over at my  
<sup>C</sup>sweet Sally's house  
<sup>G</sup>A-sittin' <sup>C C7</sup>in that big armchair.  
<sup>F</sup>One arm <sup>C</sup>around my old guitar  
<sup>G</sup>And the other one <sup>C C7</sup>around my dear.

3. <sup>F</sup>Well, this old shirt <sup>C</sup>is about all I got,  
<sup>G</sup>And a dollar <sup>C C7</sup>is all that I crave.  
<sup>F</sup>Cause I brought nothing with me  
<sup>C</sup>Into this old world,  
<sup>G</sup>Gonna take nothing <sup>C C7</sup>into my grave.

(K: C W: G5 schlagen) G5=C G2=A

G

1. Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waiting for the train,

D

I was feeling near as faded as my jeans,

D

Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained,

D7

G

It rode us all the way to New Orleans.

G

I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana

G7

C

And was playing soft while Bobby sang the blues,

C

with the windshield wipers slapping time

G

I was holding Bobby's hand in mine

D

And we sang every song the driver knew.

C

G

Ch: Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose

D

G

Nothing ain't worth nothing, but it's free,

C

G

Feeling good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues,

D

And feeling good was good enough for me,

D

G

Good enough for me and my Bobby McGhee.

G → A



2. From the coalmines of Kentucky to the California sun  
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul,  
Through all kinds of weather, through everything we've done  
You know, Bobby baby kept me from the cold.

One day out near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away,  
She's looking for the home I hope she'll find,  
And I'll trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday,  
To be holding Bobby's body next to mine.

Ch: Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose  
Nothing ain't worth nothing, but it's free,  
Feeling good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues,  
And feeling good was good enough for me,  
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGhee.

(C4=E; Flatpicking)

1. The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home,  
 'Tis summer, the folks there are gay.  
 The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,  
 while the birds make music all the day.  
 The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,  
 All merry, all happy and bright.  
 By 'n' by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,  
 Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

Ch: Weep no more, my lady, oh weep no more today,  
 we will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
 For the old Kentucky home far away.

2. They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon  
 On meadow, the hill, and the shore,  
 They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,  
 On the bench by that old cabin door.  
 The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart  
 with sorrow where all was delight.  
 The time has come when the darkies have to part  
 Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend  
 wherever the poor folks may go,  
 A few more days and the trouble will end  
 In the field where sugar-canes may grow.  
 A few more days for to tote the weary load,  
 No matter, 't will never be light,  
 A few more days till we totter on the road  
 Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

Ch: Weep no more, my lady, oh weep no more today,  
 we will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
 For the old Kentucky home far away.

# 100 SAN FRANCISCO BAY BLUES

(G2=A; schlagen)

I got the blues from my baby  
 Left me by the San Francisco Bay  
 The ocean liner took her far away,  
 Didn't mean to treat her so bad,  
 She was the best girl I ever have had,  
 She said good-bye, made me cry, I wanna lay down and die  
 Haven't got a nickel, ain't got a lousy dime,  
 If she don't come back,  
 I think I'm gonna lose my mind,  
 If she ever comes back to stay  
 It's gonna be another brand new day,  
 Walking with my baby Down by the San Francisco Bay.

*Instrumental Break:* G C G G C C G G  
 C C G E A7 A7 D7 D7  
 G C G G C C H7 H7  
 C C G E A7 D7 G G

Sittin' down lookin' from the back door,  
 Wonderin' which way to go, this woman I'm so crazy about  
 She don't want me no more; Got to take a freight train  
 'Cause I'm feelin' blue,  
 Ride all the way to the end of the line,  
 Thinkin' only of you.

G C G  
 Meanwhile in another city,  
 G C G  
 Just about to go insane,  
 C  
 Seems like I heard my baby,  
 H7  
 The way she used to call my name,  
 C (Co)  
 If she ever comes back to stay  
 G (Fis F) E  
 It's gonna be another brand new day,  
 A7  
 Walking with my baby  
 D7 G  
 Down by the San Francisco Bay.

Instrumental Break (1 + 2 bis ...mind)

C (Co)  
 If she ever comes back to stay  
 G (Fis F) E  
 It's gonna be another brand new day,  
 A7  
 Walking with my baby  
 D7 G Fis F E  
 Down by the San Francisco Bay, hey-hey-hey,  
 A7  
 Walking with my baby  
 D7 G Fis F E-  
 Down by the San Francisco Bay, hey-hey-hey,  
 A7(rit./R'n'R) D7 A7 D7  
 Walking with my baby, walking with my baby  
 G  
 Down by the San Francisco Bay.

## 101 DRUGSTORE TRUCK DRIVING MAN

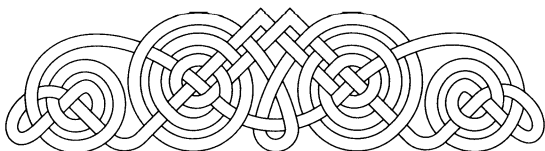
(G3=H; schlagen)

Ch: He's a drugstore truck driving man  
He's a head of the Ku-Klux-Klan,  
When summer comes rollin' round  
we'll be lucky to get out of town. (last:CG)

1. He's been like a father to me,  
He's like the only D.J. you can hear after three,  
I'm an all-night singer in a country band  
And if he don't like me he don't understand.

2. He's got him a house on the hill,  
And he can play country records till you've had your fill  
And he's a lawman's friend, he's an all-night D.J.,  
Sure don't think much like the records he plays.

3. He don't like resistance, you know,  
And he sat in last night in a big TV show,  
And he's got him a medal that he won in the war,  
weighs five hundred pounds and it sleeps by the door.



## 102 NINE-POUND HAMMER

(M:G; K: E3, W: C7=G Flatpicking / Mel.-Picking)

1. This nine-pound hammer is a little too heavy,  
For my size, well, for my size.

Ch: Roll on, Buddy, (roll on, Buddy)  
Don't you roll so slow (don't you roll so slow)  
Just how can I roll (how can I roll)  
When the wheels won't go.  
Roll on, Buddy, (roll on, Buddy)  
Put your load of coal (put your load of coal)  
How can I pull (how can I pull)  
When the wheels won't go.

2. It's a long way to Harlan, it's a long way to Hazard,  
Just to get a little booze, just to get a little booze.  
Now when I'm long gone you can make my tombstone  
Out of number nine coal, out of number nine coal.

3. This nine-pound hammer killed John Henry,  
But it won't kill me, but it won't kill me.

4. Well, I'm goin' up the mountain, just to see my baby,  
And I ain't a-comin' back, and I ain't a-comin' back.

# 103 THE NIGHT THEY DROVE OLD DIXIE DOWN

(C4=E; Intro C C<sub>H</sub> C<sub>A</sub> C<sub>G</sub>, 2x)

a C F a  
1. Virgil Caine is my name And I drove on the Danville train,  
C a F a  
Till so much cavalry came And tore up the tracks again.  
F C a F  
In the winter of sixty-five we were hungry, just barely alive,  
a F  
I took the train to Richmond that fell,  
C a D  
It was the time I remember oh so well.

C F C  
*Ch: The night they drove old Dixie down*

a  
*And all the bells were ringing,*

C F C  
*The night they drove old Dixie down*

a C a  
*And all the people were singing, They went na, na-na na-na-na,*

D F  
*Na-na na-na, na na-na-na-na. (C C<sub>H</sub> C<sub>A</sub> C<sub>G</sub>, 2x + Überleitung)*

a C F a  
2. Back with my wife in Tennessee And one day she said to me,

C a F a  
'Virgil, quick come and see, There goes Robert E. Lee.'

F C  
Now I don't mind going chopping wood

a F  
And I don't care if the money's no good,

a F  
Just take what you need and leave the rest

C a D  
But they should never have taken the very best.

a C F a  
3. Like my father before me I'm a working man,

C a F a  
And like my brother before me I took a rebel stand.

F C  
Well, he was just eighteen, proud 'n' brave,

a F  
But a Yankee laid him in his grave,

a F  
I swear by the blood below my feet

C a D  
You can't raise a Caine back up when he's in defeat.



(C2=D; schlagen)

<sup>C</sup> Blue <sup>C7</sup> moon of Kentucky, <sup>F</sup> keep on shining,  
<sup>C</sup> shine on, the woman's <sup>G</sup> gone and left me blue,  
<sup>C</sup> Blue moon of Kentucky, <sup>C7</sup> just a-keep on shining, <sup>F</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> shine on, the woman's <sup>G</sup> gone and left me blue. <sup>C C7</sup>  
<sup>F</sup> It was on one moonlit night with the stars <sup>C</sup> shining <sup>C7</sup> bright  
<sup>F</sup> The wind blowing high, my love <sup>C</sup> said good-bye. <sup>G</sup> (2x)

<sup>C</sup> Blue moon of Kentucky, <sup>C7</sup> keep on shining, <sup>F</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> shine on, the woman's <sup>G</sup> gone and left me blue. <sup>C -</sup>

*(Rhythmuswechsel auf 4/4, skiffle)*

<sup>C</sup> Blue moon, well, blue <sup>F</sup> moon,  
<sup>C</sup> Blue moon keep on shining <sup>G</sup> bright,  
<sup>C</sup> well, blue moon keep on shining <sup>C7</sup> bright,  
<sup>F</sup> Bring my baby back tonight,  
<sup>C G</sup> Blue moon keep on shining <sup>C</sup> bright.  
<sup>C</sup> I say blue moon of Kentucky <sup>C7</sup>  
<sup>F</sup> Just a-keep on shining,  
<sup>C</sup> shine on, the woman's <sup>G</sup> gone and left me blue.  
<sup>C</sup> well, blue moon of Kentucky <sup>C7</sup>  
<sup>F</sup> Just a-keep on shining,  
<sup>C</sup> shine on, the woman's <sup>G</sup> gone and left me blue. <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> shine on, the woman's <sup>G</sup> gone and left me blue. <sup>C F C</sup>

(C2=D; Flatpicking)

Ch: And it's hard, and it's hard, ain't it hard  
 To love one that never did love you,  
 And it's hard, and it's hard,  
 Ain't it hard, great God,  
 To love one that never will be true.

1. There is a house in this town  
 That's where my true love lays around,  
 Takes other women right down on his knee  
 Tells them a tale he won't tell me.

2. Well, don't you go to drinkin' and gamblin',  
 Don't go there your sorrows to drown.  
 That hard-liquor place is a low-down disgrace,  
 The meanest old place in this town.

3. Well, the first time I've seen my true love  
 He was a-walking by my door,  
 The last time I've seen his false-hearted smile  
 He was dead on his coolin' board.

(M: C2=D, W: G7; Flatpicking)

1. <sup>C</sup>Way down in Columbus Georgia,  
<sup>G</sup>Want to be back in Tennessee.

<sup>C</sup>Way down in Columbus Stockade  
<sup>G</sup>where my friends all turned  
<sup>C</sup>Their backs on me.

<sup>F</sup>Ch: You can go and leave me if you want to,  
<sup>F</sup>Never let me cross your mind.

<sup>C</sup>In your heart you love another  
<sup>G</sup>Leave me, darlin', I don't mind.

2. <sup>C</sup>Last night as I lay sleeping  
<sup>G</sup>I dreamed I held you in my arms.  
<sup>C</sup>When I woke I was mistaken,  
<sup>G</sup>I was peeping through the bars.

3. <sup>C</sup>Many hours with you I've rambled,  
<sup>G</sup>Many nights with you  
<sup>C</sup>I've spent alone.  
<sup>C</sup>Now you've gone,  
 You've gone and left me,  
<sup>G</sup>And broken up our happy home.

(C2=D; Corries-Picking; Intro 2. Teil Chorus)

1. To the Lords o' Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke  
 'Ere the king's crown go down, there are crowns to be broke  
 So each cavalier who loves honour and me  
 Let him follow the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.'

Ch: Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,  
 Come saddle my horses and call out my men,  
 Unhook the west port and let us gae free,  
 For it's up wi' the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.

2. Dundee he is mounted and he rides up the street,  
 The bells they ring backward and the drums they are beat,  
 But the provost douce man says 'just let it be,  
 For the town is well rid o' that devil Dundee.

3. There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth,  
 There are lords in the South, there are chiefs in the North  
 There are brave downie wassles three thousand times three  
 Cryin' hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.

4. So away to the hills, to the lee and the rocks,  
 Ere I own a usurper I'll couch with the fox,  
 So tremble, false whigs, in the midst o' yer glee,  
 For ye no seen the last o' my bonnets and me.

(M: C4=E, W: G9; schlagen)

1. Fareweel ye dungeons dark and strong,  
Fareweel, fareweel to thee.

MacPherson's time will no be long on yonder gallows tree  
Ch: Sae rantin'ly, sae wantonly sae dauntin'ly gaed he  
He played a tune and danced it a-roond  
Below the gallows tree.

2. It was by a woman's treacherous hand  
That I was condemned to dee.

Below a ledge at a window she stood,  
A blanket she threw o'er me.

2a.

The Laird o' Grant, that Highland sanfr,  
That first laid hands on me.  
He played the cause on Peter Broon  
To let MacPherson dee.

3. There's some come here to see me hanged  
And some to buy my fiddle.

But before that I do part wi' her  
I'll break her through the middle.

2b.

Untie these bands from off my hands  
And gie to me my sword,  
An' there's no' a man in all Scotland  
But I'll brave him at a word.

4. He took the fiddle into his hands  
And he broke it o'er a stone.

Says 'there's no other hand shall play on thee  
when I am dead and gone.'

5. Oh, little did my mother think  
when first she cradled me  
That I would turn a rovin' boy  
And die on the gallows tree.

6.

The reprieve was comin' o'er the brig o' Ban  
To let MacPherson free;  
But they pit the clock a quarter afore  
And hanged him to the tree.

## 109 THE WHISTLING GYPSY ROVER

(C4=E; zupfen; Intro pfeifen)

1. The gypsy rover came over the hill,  
Down through the valley so shady,  
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang  
And he won the heart of the lady.

Ch: Hah dee doo, ah dee doo dah day,  
Ah dee doo, ah dee day dee;  
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang  
And he won the heart of the lady.

2. She left her father's castle gate,  
She left her own true lover;  
She left her servants and her estate  
To follow the gypsy rover.

3. Her father saddled his fastest steed,  
Roamed in the valleys all over;  
He sought his daughter at great speed  
And the whistling gypsy rover.

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

5. 'He's no gypsy, my father', said she,  
But Lord of these lands all over,  
And I will stay till my dying day  
With my whistling gypsy rover.

(C2=D; schlagen)

C G7 C G7 C  
 1. In Amsterdam there lived a maid, mark well what I do say,  
 F C  
 In Amsterdam there lived a maid,  
 G C  
 And she was mistress of her trade,  
 C F C G7 C  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

F C G C  
*Ch: A-roving, a-roving, since roving's been my ru-i-in,*  
 G C C G7 C  
*I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.*

C G7 C G7 C  
 2. Her eyes are like two stars so bright mark well what I do say  
 F C  
 Her eyes are like two stars so bright  
 G C  
 Her face is fair, her step is light  
 C F C G7 C  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

C G7 C G7 C  
 3. Her cheeks are like the rosebuds red, mark well what I do say  
 F C  
 Her cheeks are like the rosebuds red,  
 G C  
 There's wealth of hair upon her head,  
 C F C G7 C  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

C G7 C G7 C  
 4. I love this fair maid as my life, mark well what I do say,  
 F C  
 I love this fair maid as my life,  
 G C  
 And soon she'll be my little wife,  
 C F C G7 C  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

C G7 C G7 C  
 5. And if you'd know this maiden's name, mark well what I do say  
 F C  
 And if you'd know this maiden's name,  
 G C  
 why, soon like mine 'twill be the same,  
 C F C G7 C  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

(C4=E; schlagen)

1.       C                               F       G  
 Is there for honest poverty  
           C               a               F  
 That hangs his head and a' that,  
           C                               F               G  
 The coward slave, we pass him by,  
           C               a               G  
 we dare be poor for a' that;  
           C                               F       G  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
           C                               F  
 Our toils obscure and a' that  
           C                               F       G  
 The rank is but a guinea stamp,  
           C               a               G  
 we dare be poor for a' that.

2.       C                               F       G  
 What though on homely fare we dine,  
           C               a               F  
 wear hodden grey and a' that  
           C                               F               G  
 Give fools their silk and knaves their wine,  
           C               a               G  
 A man's a man for a' that.  
           C                               F       G  
 For a' that and a' that,  
           C                               F  
 Their tinsel show and a' that,  
           C                               F       G  
 The honest man though e'er so poor  
           C               a               G  
 Is king o' men for a' that.

3.       C                               F       G  
 You see yon birkie called a lord,  
           C               a               F  
 who struts and stares and a' that  
           C                               F       G  
 Though hundreds worship at his word  
           C               a               G  
 He's but a fool for a' that.



For a' that and a' that,  
His ribband, star and a' that,  
The man of independent mind  
He looks and laughs at a' that.

4. A prince can make a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that,  
But an honest man's above that might  
Good faith he keeps for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,  
Their dignities and a' that,  
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth  
Are higher rank than a' that.

5. Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense and worth o'er all the earth  
Shall win the fight for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,  
It's comin' yet for a' that,  
That man to man the whole world o'er  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

## 111 A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

*Nach Robert Burns, St. Goar, Dez. 1843*

Ob Armut euer Los auch sei,  
Hebt hoch die Stirn, trotz alledem!  
Geht kühn den feigen Knecht vorbei;  
Wagt's, arm zu sein trotz alledem!  
Trotz alledem und alledem,  
Trotz niederm Plack und alledem,  
Der Rang ist das Gepräge nur,  
Der Mann das Gold trotz alledem!

Und sitzt ihr auch beim kargen Mahl  
In Zwilch und Lein und alledem,  
Gönnt Schurken Samt und Goldpokal  
Ein Mann ist Mann trotz alledem!  
Trotz alledem und alledem,  
Trotz Prunk und Pracht und alledem!  
Der brave Mann, wie dürftig auch,  
Ist König doch trotz alledem!

Heißt »gnäd'ger Herr«  
das Bürschchen dort,  
Man sieht's am Stolz und alledem;  
Doch lenkt auch Hunderte sein Wort,  
's ist nur ein Tropf trotz alledem!  
Trotz alledem und alledem!  
Trotz Band und Stern und alledem!  
Der Mann von unabhängigem Sinn  
Sieht zu, und lacht zu alledem!

Ein Fürst macht Ritter, wenn er spricht,  
Mit Sporn und Schild und alledem:  
Den braven Mann kreiert er nicht,  
Der steht zu hoch trotz alledem:  
Trotz alledem und alledem!  
Trotz Würdenschnack und alledem -  
Des innern Wertes stolz Gefühl  
Läuft doch den Rang ab alledem!

Drum jeder fleh', daß es gescheh',  
Wie es geschieht trotz alledem,  
Daß Wert und Kern, so nah wie fern,  
Den Sieg erringt trotz alledem!  
Trotz alledem und alledem,  
Es kommt dazu trotz alledem,  
Daß rings der Mensch die Bruderhand  
Dem Menschen reicht trotz alledem!

## 112 CARRICKFERGUS

Ich wünscht ich wär - in Carrickfergus  
Für eine Nacht nur in Ballygrand  
Ach könnt ich schwimmen über den Ozean  
Durchs tiefste Wasser zur schwarzen Felsenwand.  
Doch die See ist weit und ich kann nicht  
schwimmen,  
Hab keine Flügel und auch kein Boot.  
Ich wollt, ein Fährmann bringt mich herüber  
Zu meiner Liebe und zu meinem Tod.

Gedanken bringen zurück die Kindheitstage  
die schönen Zeiten sind schon lang passé .  
Und meine Freunde und meine Bindungen,  
sie sind verflossen wie geschmolzener Schnee.  
Doch ich verschwende endlos meine Tage  
weich ist das Gras und mein Bett ist leer  
Oh, jetzt daheim zu sein in Carrickfergus,  
auf der langen Straße zum salzigen Meer.

Und in Kilkenny wird es berichtet  
„Schwarz auf Weiß" und in Stein ist es zu sehn  
Mit Gold und Silber würde ich zahlen  
doch ich sing nicht mehr neig´ eher trinken zu gehn.  
Täglich betrunken und selten nüchtern,  
so wandre ich stetig von Ort zu Ort.  
Doch ich bin es leid und meine Tage  
sind gezählt so lasst mich fort.

(G3=B, Arpeggio)

1. I wish I was in Carrickfergus,  
 only for nights in Ballygrand.  
 I would swim over the deepest ocean,  
 The deepest ocean for my love to find.  
 But the sea is wide and I cannot swim over  
 And neither have I the wings to fly.  
 I wish I had a handsome boatman  
 To ferry me over to my love and die.

2. My childhood days bring sad reflections  
 of happy times I spent long ago.  
 My boyhood friends and my own relations  
 Have all passed on now like melting snow.  
 But I'll spend my days in endless roaming,  
 Soft is the grass, my bed is free.  
 Ah, to be back now in Carrickfergus,  
 On that long road down to the sea.

3. Now in Kilkenny it is reported  
 On marble stones there as black as ink,  
 with gold and silver I would support her  
 But I'll sing no more now till I get a drink.  
 For I'm drunk today and I'm seldom sober,  
 A handsome rover from town to town.  
 Ah, but I'm sick now, my days are numbered,  
 So come all you young men and lay me down.

# 113 ON ILKLEY MOOR BAHT 'AT

(M: G2=A A; a capella)

G

1. where hast tha been since I saw thee

G C G D

On Ilkley Moor baht 'at,

D

G

where hast tha been since I saw thee?

D

A7

D

where hast tha been since I saw thee?

G

fis

On Ilkley Moor baht 'at, on Ilkley Moor baht 'at,

C

D

G

On Ilkley Moor baht 'at.

G

2. I've been a-courting Mary Jane,

G

C

G D

On Ilkley Moor baht 'at,

D

G

I've been a-courting Mary Jane,

D

A7

G

I've been a-courting Mary Jane,

G

fis

On Ilkley Moor baht 'at, on Ilkley Moor baht 'at,

C

D

G

On Ilkley Moor baht 'at.

3. Tha'll go and catch thy death of cold...

4. Then we shall have to bury thee...

5. Then 'tworms will come and eat thee oop...

6. Then 'tdooks will come and eat oop 'tworms...

7. Then we will come and eat oop 'tdooks...

8. The we will all have eaten thee...

9. Then we will have our loved ones back...

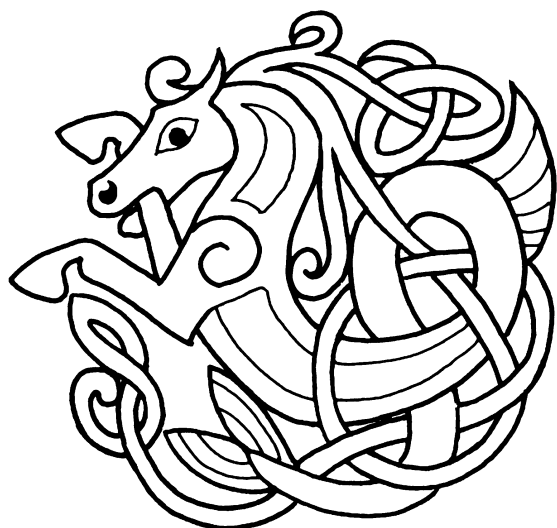
## 114 MY WALKING SHOES

(K: G W:C7; Flatpicking)

Ch: <sup>G</sup>My walking shoes don't fit me any more,  
<sup>G</sup>My walking shoes don't fit me any more, <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup>Stay on your side of town, <sup>G7</sup>  
<sup>C</sup>Honey, I won't get around, <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>G</sup>My walking shoes don't fit me any more. <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>

1. <sup>G</sup>It's a long way from here to over yonder,  
<sup>G</sup>My feet they are getting mighty sore, <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup>I ain't coming back you may demand and wonder <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>G</sup>My walking shoes don't fit me any more. <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>

2. <sup>G</sup>I'll be a long time gone from my baby,  
<sup>G</sup>You'll never hear me knock upon your door, <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup>For it's you who's the cause that I am crazy, <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>G</sup>My walking shoes don't fit me any more. <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>



## 115 THE FOGGY DEW

(a3=c; schlagen)

1. As down the glen one Easter morn'  
To a city fair rode I,  
There armed lines of marching men  
In squadrons passed me by.  
No pipe did hum, no battle drum  
Did beat out its wild tattoo,  
But the Angelus bell over Liffey's swell  
Rang out in the foggy dew.

2.'T was Britannia bade our wild geese go  
That small nations might be free.  
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves  
Or the shore of the great North Sea.  
Oh had they died by Pearse's side  
Or fallen by Cathlan Brugha,  
Their names we would keep where the Fenians sleep  
Who fell in the foggy dew.

3. Right proudly high over Dublin town  
We flung out our flag of war.

It was better to die 'neath an Irish sky  
Than at Suvla or Sude1 Barr.

And from the plains of Royal Meath  
Strong men come hurrying through,

while Britannia's Huns with their long-range guns  
Hailed in hell through the foggy dew.

4. As back through the glen I rode again  
My heart with grief was sore.

For the gallant band of fighting men  
I never would see no more.

And to and fro in my grief I go,

I think gallant comrades of you,

For slavery fled, oh glorious dead

when you fell in the foggy dew.

For slavery fled, oh glorious dead

when you fell in the foggy dew.

# 116 BOTANY BAY

(C4=E, Flat-Picking)

<sup>C</sup>  
*Ch: Farewell to your bricks and mortar, farewell to your dirty lies*  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
*Farewell to your gangways and your gang planks*  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
*And to hell with your overtime.*  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
*For the good ship Ragamuffin is lying at the quay*  
<sup>a</sup>  
*For to take old Pat with a shovel on his back*  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> (last: F G C)  
*To the shores of Botany Bay.*

<sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 1. While on my way down to the quay where the ship at anchor lay  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 To command a gang of navvies that I was told to engage.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 I stopped in for to drink awhile before I go away  
<sup>a</sup>  
 For to take a trip on an emigrant ship  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 To the shores of Botany Bay.

<sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 2. Well, the boss came up this morning, and he said, well Pat, you know  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 If you didn't get those navvies out I'm afraid you'll have to go  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 So I asked him for my wages and demanded all my pay  
<sup>a</sup>  
 And I told him straight we would all emigrate  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 To the shores of Botany Bay.

<sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 3. And when I reach Australia, I'll go and search for gold,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 There's plenty there for digging up, or so I have been told.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Or else I'll go back to my trade and a hundred bricks I'll lay,  
<sup>a</sup>  
 Because I live for an eight hour shift  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 On the shores of Botany Bay.



# 117 SPANCIL HILL

(a2=h; Arpeggio; Intro a G a G)

1. Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by,  
Me mind bein' bent on rambling, to Ireland I did fly,  
I stepped on board a vision and followed with a will,  
Till next I came to anchor at the cross near Spancil Hill.
2. Delighted by the novelty, enchanted by the scene  
where in my early boyhood so often I had been,  
I thought I heard a murmur, I think I hear it still,  
It's that little stream of water that flows down Spancil Hill.
3. Being on the twenty-third of June, the day before the fair,  
when Ireland's sons and daughters in crowds assembled there,  
The young, the old, the brave and the bold, their duty to fulfill,  
At the parish church of Clooney, a mile from Spancil Hill.
4. I went to see my neighbours, to hear what they might say,  
The old ones were all dead and gone and the young ones turning grey  
I met the tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still,  
Sure he used to make my britches when I lived in Spancil Hill.
5. I paid a flying visit to my first and only love,  
She's as fair as any lily and gentle as a dove.  
She threw her arms around me, saying 'Johnny, I love you still'  
Ah, she's Nell, the farmer's daughter, the pride of Spancil Hill
6. I dreamt I held and kissed her as in the days of yore,  
She said 'Johnny you're only joking, as many's the time before'  
The cock he crew in the morning, he crew both loud and shrill,  
I awoke in California, many miles from Spancil Hill.

## 118 BLACK VELVET BAND

(C4=E; Arpeggio)

auch 6/8

1. As I went walking down Broadway,  
Not intending to stay very long,  
I met with a frolicksome damsel  
As she came a-tripping along.  
A watch she pulled out of her pocket  
And slipped it right into my hand  
On the very first day that I met her,  
Bad luck to the Black Velvet Band.

Ch: Her eyes they shone like diamonds,  
You'd think she was queen of the land,  
with her hair thrown over her shoulders  
Tied up with a black velvet band.

2.'Twas in the town of Tralee  
An apprentice to trade I was bound  
with a-plenty of bright amusement  
To see the days go round  
Till misfortune and trouble came over me,  
which caused me to stray from my land,  
Far away from my friends and relations  
To follow the Black velvet Band.

3. Before judge and jury next morning

Both of us had to appear,

A gentleman claimed his jewellery

And the case against us was clear.

Seven long years transportation,

Right down to Van Dieman's Land

Far away from my friends and relations

Betrayed by the Black Velvet Band.

4. Oh, all you brave young Irish lads,

A warning take by me:

Beware of the pretty young damsels

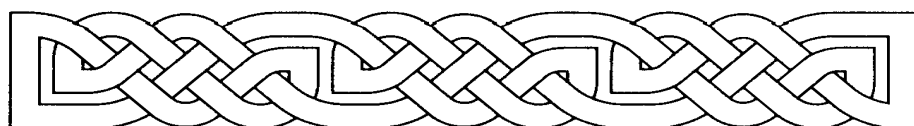
That are knocking around in Tralee.

They'll treat you to whiskey and porter

Until you're unable to stand,

And before you have time for to leave them,

You are unto Van Dieman's Land.



## 119 HOME BOYS HOME

(M: C2=D, W: G7; schlagen)

1. Oh when I was a young boy  
Sure I longed to see the world,  
To sail around the sea in ships  
And see the sails unfurled.  
I went to seek my fortune  
On the far side of the hill,  
I've wandered far and wide  
And of travel I've had my fill.

Ch: And it's home boys home, home I'd like to be  
Home for a while in the old counteree,  
where the oak and the ash and the bonnie rowan tree  
Are all growing greener in the old counteree.

2. Well I left my love behind me and I sailed across the tide  
I said that I'd be back again and take her for my bride.  
But many years have passed and gone and still I'm far away,  
I know she is a fond true-love and waiting for the day.

3. Now I've learned there's more to life than to wander and to roam  
Happiness and peace of mind can best be found at home,  
For money can't buy happiness and money cannot bind,  
So I'm going back tomorrow to the girl I left behind.

## 120 DARK AS A DUNGEON

(G3=B; schlagen)

1. Come and <sup>G</sup>listen, you fellows, so <sup>C</sup>young and so <sup>D</sup>fine,  
And seek not your fortune in the dark dreary mine,  
It will form as a habit and seep in your soul  
Till the stream of your blood runs as dark as the coal.

Ch: where it's <sup>D</sup>dark as a dungeon and <sup>C</sup>damp as the <sup>G</sup>dew,  
where the danger is double and the pleasures are few,  
where the rain never falls and the sun never shines,  
well, it's dark as a dungeon way down in the mines.

2. There's many a man I have known in my day  
who lived just to labour 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 mine.

Zusätzlich:

The midnight, the morning, or the middle of the day,  
It's the same to the miners who labors away,  
where the daimons of the death often come by surprise,  
One fall of the slate and you're buried alive.

3. 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 men who dig in my bones.

## 121 LORD OF THE DANCE

(C2=D; schlagen)

1. I <sup>C</sup>danced in the morning when the world was young,  
<sup>d</sup>I danced in the moon, the stars, and the sun.  
<sup>C</sup>I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth,  
<sup>G</sup>At Bethlehem I had my birth.

<sup>C</sup>Ch: Dance, dance, wherever you may be,  
<sup>C</sup>I am the Lord of the dance, said he,  
<sup>C</sup>And I lead you all wherever you may be,  
<sup>G</sup>I lead you all in the dance, said he.

2. I <sup>C</sup>danced for the Scribes and the Pharisees,  
<sup>d</sup>They wouldn't dance, they wouldn't follow me.  
<sup>C</sup>I danced with the fishermen James and John,  
<sup>G</sup>They came with me, so the dance went on.

3. I <sup>C</sup>danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame,  
<sup>d</sup>The holy people said it was a shame.  
<sup>C</sup>They gripped, they stripped, they hung me high,  
<sup>G</sup>Left me there on the cross to die.

4. I <sup>C</sup>danced on the Friday when the world turned black,  
<sup>d</sup>It's hard to dance with the devil on your back.  
<sup>C</sup>They buried my body and they thought I was gone,  
<sup>G</sup>But I am the dance, and the dance goes on.

5. They <sup>C</sup>cut me down and they leapt up high,  
<sup>d</sup>I am the life that will never, never die,  
<sup>C</sup>I live in you and you live in me,  
<sup>G</sup>I am the Lord of the dance, said he.

## 122 HELLO, MARY LOU

(G; schlagen)

Ch: <sup>G</sup> Hello, <sup>C</sup> Mary-Lou, goodbye heart,  
<sup>G</sup> Sweet Mary-Lou I'm so in love with you, <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> I knew, <sup>H7</sup> Mary-Lou, we'd never part, <sup>e</sup>  
<sup>A7</sup> So hello, <sup>D7</sup> Mary-Lou, <sup>G C G</sup> goodbye heart.

<sup>G</sup> 1. Passed me by one sunny day,  
<sup>C</sup> Flashed those big brown eyes my way,  
<sup>G</sup> And ooh, I wanted you forever more. <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> I'm not the one that gets around  
<sup>C</sup> I swear my feet stuck to the ground,  
<sup>G</sup> And though I never did meet you before. <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>

<sup>G</sup> 2. I saw your lips, I heard your voice,  
<sup>C</sup> Believe me, I just had no choice  
<sup>G</sup> Wild horses couldn't make me stay away. <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> I thought about a moonlit night  
<sup>C</sup> My arms around you good and tight  
<sup>G</sup> That's all I had to see for me to say: <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>

Ch: <sup>G</sup> Hey, hey, <sup>C</sup> hello, Mary-Lou, goodbye heart,  
<sup>G</sup> Sweet Mary-Lou I'm so in love with you, <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> I knew, <sup>H7</sup> Mary-Lou, we'd never part, <sup>e</sup>  
<sup>A7</sup> So hello, <sup>D7</sup> Mary-Lou, <sup>G C G</sup> goodbye heart,  
<sup>A7</sup> So hello, <sup>D7</sup> Mary-Lou, <sup>G C G</sup> goodbye heart,  
<sup>A7</sup> Yes hello, <sup>D7</sup> Mary-Lou, <sup>G C G</sup> goodbye heart.

## 123 LITTLE BOXES

(W: G4=H, K: A2; schlagen)

1.                   G                   e  
Little boxes on the hillside,  
                  G                   e  
Little boxes made of ticky tacky,  
                  G                   C  
Little boxes, little boxes,  
                  G                   D  
Little boxes, all the same.  
                  G                   e  
There's a green one, and a pink one,  
                  G                   e  
And a blue one, and a yellow one,  
                  G                   C  
And they're all made out of ticky tacky  
                  G                   D                   G  
And they all look just the same

2.                   G                   e  
And the people in the houses  
                  G                   e  
All went to the university  
                  G                   C  
where they were put in boxes  
                  G                   D  
And they all came out the same.  
                  G                   e  
And there's doctors, and lawyers,  
                  G                   e  
And business executives,  
                  G                   C  
And they're all made out of ticky tacky  
                  G                   D                   G  
And they all look just the same





(W: G4=H, K: A2; schlagen)

G e G e  
 kloine Kische, auf'm Sonnaberg, kloine Kische aus Betonbabbe  
 G C G D  
 kloine Kische, kloine Kische, kloine Kische alle gleich  
 G e G e  
 ,S geit greane ond blaue ond raute ond lilane  
 G C G D G  
 On alle sen se aus Betonbabbe ond aussäa den se gleich

G e G e  
 On die Leit en dene Heiser, hen alle mol ihr Abi gmacht  
 G C G D  
 On ma steckt se en dia Kischtla, en dia Kischtla, alle gleich  
 G e G e  
 S'geit Beamte on Gschäftsleit, on Doktor, on Akademiker  
 G C G D G  
 Ond alle sen se aus Betonbabbe ond aussäa den se gleich

G e G e  
 On se fahret iebers Wochenend zu ihre Heisla ens Engadin  
 G C G D  
 On de hen nette liabe Kend'r, on de Kendr kommet end Schua  
 G e G e  
 On se kommet end Oberschul ond später auf Uni no  
 G C G D G  
 On ma sperrt se en die Kischtla on wenn se rauskommet sen se gleich

G e G e  
 On die Buaba hend Berufe, on die schaffet wieder Frau on Kendr o  
 G C G D  
 Alle kommet se in sell Kischtla, en dui Kischtla alle gleich  
 G e G e  
 ,S geit greane ond blaue ond raute ond lilane  
 G C G D G  
 On alle sen se aus Betonbabbe ond aussäa den se gleich

! Urheberrecht beachten !

der Originaltext ist geschützt, und es liegt vom Urheber keine Zusage zur Änderung vor

im privaten Bereich sicher kein Problem, aber bitte nicht bei öffentlichen Auftritten mit Eintritt

## 124 COTTONFIELDS

(K: C2=D, W: G7; schlagen)

C  
 When I was a little bittle baby  
 F C  
 My mama would rock me in the cradle  
 C a d G  
 In them old cottonfields back home,  
 C  
 It was down in Louisiana  
 F C  
 Just about a mile from Texarcana  
 C G C F C  
 In them old cottonfields back home.

F  
 Oh when them cottonballs get rotten  
 C  
 You can't pick very much cotton  
 C a d G  
 In them old cottonfields back home.  
 C  
 It was down in Louisiana  
 F C  
 Just about a mile from Texarcana  
 C G C F G  
 In them old cottonfields back home.

*repeat from beginning, > last bit skiffle rhythm*

C  
 When I was a little bittle baby  
 F C  
 My mama would rock me in the cradle  
 C a d G  
 In them old cottonfields back home,  
 C  
 It was down in Louisiana  
 F C  
 Just about a mile from Texarcana  
 C G C F C  
 In them old cottonfields back home.  
 C G C F C-  
 In them old cottonfields back home.

(W: a, K: e5; Baez-Picking

1. Black is the colour of my true love's hair,  
 Her lips are like some roses fair.  
 She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands,  
 I love the ground whereon she stands.

2. I love my love and well she knows  
 I love the ground whereon she goes.  
 I wish the day it soon would come  
 When she and I could be as one.

3. Black is the colour of my true love's hair,  
 Her lips are like some roses fair.  
 She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands,  
 I love the ground whereon she stands.

4. I go to the Clyde and I mourn and weep  
 For satisfied I ne'er can be.  
 I write her a letter, just a few short lines,  
 And suffer death a thousand times.

5. Black is the colour of my true love's hair,  
 Her lips are like some roses fair.  
 She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands,  
 I love the ground whereon she stands.

(C4; Picking)

1. I'll walk in the rain by your side,  
 I'll cling to the warmth of your hand,  
 I'll do anything to keep you satisfied,  
 I'll love you more than anybody can.

*And the wind will whisper your name to me,*  
*Little birds will sing along in time,*  
*The leaves will bow down when you walk by*  
*And morning bells will chime.*

2. I'll be there when you're feeling down  
 To kiss away the tears if you cry.  
 I'll share with you all the happiness I've found,  
 A reflection of the love in your eyes.

3. I'll walk in the rain by your side,  
 I'll cling to the warmth of your tiny hand,  
 I'll do anything to help you understand,  
 I'll love you more than anybody can.

# 127 MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

(K: G, W: E3; schlagen)

1. Well, you wake up in the morning,  
 You hear the work-bell ring,  
 And a-marching to the table you see the same old thing.  
 Ain't no food upon the table and a fork up in the pan,  
 But you better not complain, boy,  
 You get in trouble with the man.

Ch: Let the midnight special shine a light on me,  
 Let the midnight special shine a light on me.  
 Let the midnight special shine a light on me,  
 Let the midnight special shine a everlovin' light on me

2. Yonder comes Miss Rosie, how in the world did you know  
 By the way she wears her apron and the cloak she wore.  
 Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand,  
 She comes to see the governor, she wants to free her man

3. If you're ever in Houston, well, you better do right  
 You better not gamble, and you better not fight.  
 For the Sherriff will grab you,  
 And the boys will bring you down,  
 The next thing you know, boy, oh, you're prison bound.

## 128 WEAVE ME THE SUNSHINE

(K: C, W: G5; schlagen; Intro 2. Strophe langsam)

F G C a  
Ch: Weave, weave, weave me the sunshine

F G C  
Out of the falling rain

F G C a  
Weave me the hope of a new tomorrow

D7 G7  
And fill my cup again. *Last: ...my cup once again)*

a e  
1. Well, I've seen the steel and the concrete crumble,

F G C  
Shine on me again,

a D7  
The proud and the mighty, all have stumbled,

G G7  
Shine on me again.

a e  
2. They say that the tree of loving,

F G C  
Shine on me again,

a D7  
Grows on the banks of the river of suffering,

G G7  
Shine on me again.

a e  
3. If only I can heal your sorrow,

F G C  
Shine on me again,

a D7  
I'll help you to find a new tomorrow,

G G7  
Shine on me again.

a e  
4. Only you can climb the mountain,

F G C  
Shine on me again,

a D7  
If you want to drink at the golden fountain,

G G7  
Shine on me again.

## 129 WHEN I'M GONE

(C4=E: Picking)

1. There's no place in the world I belong, when I'm gone  
I won't know the right from the wrong, when I'm gone,  
You won't find me singing these songs, when I'm gone,  
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here,  
Yes, I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

2. I won't see the passing of the time, when I'm gone,  
The pleasures of love will not be mine, when I'm gone,  
My hand can't pour the red wine, when I'm gone,  
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here,  
Yes, I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

3. And I can't breathe the freezing air, when I'm gone,  
And I can't even worry 'bout my cares, when I'm gone,  
I won't be asked to do my share, when I'm gone,  
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here,  
Yes, I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.



C a  
 4. I can't be running from the rain, when I'm gone,  
 d G  
 I can't even suffer from the pain, when I'm gone,  
 C a  
 Can't say who's to praise or who's to blame, when I'm gone  
 F G C a  
 So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here,  
 F G C  
 Yes, I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

C a  
 5. I can't see the gold of the sun, when I'm gone,  
 d G  
 The mornings and the evenings will be one, when I'm gone  
 C a  
 I can't be singing louder than the guns, when I'm gone,  
 F G C a  
 So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here,  
 F G C  
 Yes, I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

C a  
 6. I can't tell the foolish from the wise, when I'm gone  
 d G  
 I can't question how, when or why, when I'm gone,  
 C a  
 I can't be laughing at their lies, when I'm gone,  
 F G C a  
 So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here,  
 F G C  
 Yes, I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.  
 F G C a  
 Oh I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here,  
 F G C (FFC)  
 Yes, I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

## 130 WHO WILL SING FOR ME

(G: schlagen)

G

1. oft' I sing with my friends

C

G

when death's cold form I see.

G

C

when I reach my journey's end,

G

D

G

Tell me who will sing for me.

D

G

D

G

Ch: I wonder who will sing for me,

G

when I come to the cross

C

By the silent sea,

G

D

G

Tell me who will sing for me.

G

2. when my friends have gathered round

C

G

And they look down on me,

G

C

will they turn and walk away

G

D

G

Or will they sing one song for me?

G

3. And so I'll sing until the end

C

G

And helpful try to be,

G

C

Ever knowing there are some

G

D

G

who will sing one song for me.

(G2=A: Baez-Picking)

1. Just a little rain falling all around,  
 The grass lifts its head to the heavenly sound,  
 Just a little rain, just a little rain,  
 what have they done to the rain?

Ch: Just a little boy standing in the rain,  
 The gentle rain that falls for years,  
 And the grass is gone, the boy disappears,  
 And rain keeps falling like helpless tears,  
 And what have they done to the rain?

2. Just a little breeze out of the sky,  
 The leaves nod their heads as the breeze blows by,  
 Just a little breeze with some smoke in its eye,  
 what have they done to the rain?

*Ch: Just a little boy standing in the rain,*  
*The gentle rain that falls for years,*  
*And the grass is gone, the boy disappears,*  
*And rain keeps falling like helpless tears,*  
*And what have they done to the rain?*  
*And what have they done to the rain?*

## 131 WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO THE RAIN

(C9=A: Baez-Picking)

1. <sup>C</sup> Just a <sup>d</sup> little rain <sup>G</sup> falling all around,  
<sup>e</sup> The grass <sup>G</sup> lifts its head to the <sup>C</sup> heavenly sound,  
<sup>a</sup> Just a little rain, <sup>e</sup> just a little rain,  
<sup>F</sup> what have they done to the <sup>G</sup> rain?

Ch: <sup>C</sup> Just a little boy <sup>d</sup> standing in the <sup>G</sup> rain,  
<sup>e</sup> The gentle rain that falls for years,  
<sup>a</sup> And the grass is gone, <sup>e</sup> the boy dissappears,  
<sup>F</sup> And rain keeps falling like <sup>C</sup> helpless tears,  
<sup>d</sup> And what have they done to the <sup>G</sup> rain?

2. <sup>C</sup> Just a little breeze <sup>d</sup> out of the <sup>G</sup> sky,  
<sup>e</sup> The leaves <sup>G</sup> nod their heads as the breeze <sup>C</sup> blows by,  
<sup>a</sup> Just a little breeze with some <sup>e</sup> smoke in its eye,  
<sup>F</sup> what have they done to the <sup>G</sup> rain?

*Ch: <sup>C</sup> Just a little boy <sup>d</sup> standing in the <sup>G</sup> rain,*  
*<sup>e</sup> The gentle rain that falls for years,*  
*<sup>a</sup> And the grass is gone, <sup>e</sup> the boy dissappears,*  
*<sup>C</sup> And rain keeps falling like <sup>C</sup> helpless tears,*  
*<sup>d</sup> And what have they done to the <sup>G</sup> rain?*  
*<sup>d</sup> And what have they done to the <sup>G</sup> rain?*

## 132 WHEN THE FIDDLER HAS PLAYED HIS LAST TUNE ...

(K: C, W: G5; schlagen)

1. When the fiddler has played his last tune for the night  
And the singer has sung his last song,  
All the mandolins and guitars and banjos are quiet,  
And the loud, noisy crowd has gone home.

Ch: There's nothing as quiet as a night with no music,  
Or as dark as a night with no stars,  
And nothing as lonesome as a cold lonely room,  
Wondering all night where you are.

2. As we walked together the music was playing  
Whispering soft through the trees,  
With your arms around me I whispered 'I love you',  
The words seemed to float on the breeze.

3. Now (Chris) has played her last tune for the night  
And (Brian) has sung his last song,  
All the flutes and guitars and harmonicas are quiet,  
And all the good friends have gone home.

# 133 STEWBALL

(K: G W: D5 schlagen; Intro G G a a D D G C D-) 6/8

1. Oh, Stewball was a race horse, and I wish he were mine  
He never drank water, he always drank wine.

2. His bridle was silver, his mane it was gold,  
And the worth of his saddle has never been told.

3. Oh the fair grounds were crowded and Stewball was there  
But the betting was heavy on the bay and the mare.

4. And away up yonder, ahead of them all  
Came a-prancin' and a-dancin' my noble Stewball.

5. I bet on the gray mare and I bet on the bay  
If I bet on old Stewball I'd be a free man today.

6. Oh, the looner she hollered, and the turtle dove moaned  
I'm a poor boy in trouble I'm a long way from home.

7. Oh, Stewball was a race horse, and I wish he were mine  
He never drank water, he always drank wine.

(M: C7=G G: Flatpicking; Intro 1x Chorus)

C A  
1. walk right in, set back down,

D G C  
Daddy, let your mind roll on.

C A  
walk right in, set back down,

D G  
Daddy, let your mind roll on.

C  
Everybody's talking

C  
'Bout a new way of walking

F D  
Do you wanna lose your mind;

C A  
walk right in, set back down,

D G C  
Daddy, let your mind roll on.

C A  
2. walk right in, set back down,

D G C  
Baby, let your hair hang down.

C A  
walk right in, set back down,

D7 G7  
Baby, let your hair hang down.

C  
Everybody's talking

C  
'Bout a new way of walking

F D  
Do you wanna lose your mind;

C A  
walk right in, set back down,

D G C  
Baby, let your hair hang down.

(1x Chorus instrumental, + repeat 1.)

## 134 WALK RIGHT IN

(M: G K: C7=G: Flatpicking; Intro 1x Chorus)

G E  
1. Walk right in, set back down,

A D G  
Daddy, let your mind roll on.

G E  
Walk right in, set back down,

A D  
Daddy, let your mind roll on.

G  
Everybody's talking

G  
'Bout a new way of walking

C A  
Do you wanna lose your mind;

G E  
Walk right in, set back down,

A D G  
Daddy, let your mind roll on.

G E  
2. Walk right in, set back down,

A D G  
Baby, let your hair hang down.

G E  
Walk right in, set back down,

A7 D7  
Baby, let your hair hang down.

G  
Everybody's talking

G  
'Bout a new way of walking

C A  
Do you wanna lose your mind;

G E  
Walk right in, set back down,

A D G  
Baby, let your hair hang down.

*(1x Chorus instrumental, + repeat 1.)*



## 135 THERE BUT FOR FORTUNE

(K: D3=F, W: C5, Picking; Intro C f C f)

C f C f  
1. Show me the prison, show me the jail,  
C a D G  
Show me the prisoner whose life has gone stale.

C a  
Ch: And I'll show you a young man  
F d  
With so many reasons why,  
e C  
And there but for fortune  
D G C f C f  
Go you or I, you or I.

C f C f  
2. Show me the alley, show me the train,  
C a D G  
Show me the hobo who sleeps out in the rain.

C f C f  
3. Show me the whiskey stains on the floor,  
C a D G  
Show me the drunkard as he stumbles out the door.

C f C f  
4. Show me the country where the bombs had to fall,  
C a D G  
Show me the ruins of the buildings once so tall.

C a  
*Ch: And I'll show you a young land*  
F d  
*With so many reasons why,*  
e C  
*And there but for fortune*  
D G C f C f C  
*Go you or I, you or I.*

## 136 PASTURES OF PLENTY

(a5=c; schlagen)

1. It's <sup>a</sup> a mighty hard row that my poor hands have hoed,  
<sup>C</sup> My poor feet have travelled one hot dusty road, <sup>E7</sup>  
<sup>a</sup> Out of your Dust Bowl and westward we rolled,  
<sup>a</sup> And your deserts was hot, and your mountains was cold. <sup>G</sup> <sup>a</sup>

2. I have <sup>a</sup> worked in your orchards of peaches and prunes,  
<sup>C</sup> I've slept on the ground in the light of the moon, <sup>E7</sup>  
<sup>a</sup> On the edge of your city you will see us and then  
<sup>a</sup> we come with the dust and we go with the wind. <sup>G</sup> <sup>a</sup>

3. California, Arizona, we make all your crops, <sup>a</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> And it's up north to Oregon to gather your hops, <sup>E7</sup>  
<sup>a</sup> Dig the beets from your ground, take the grapes from your vines  
<sup>a</sup> You place on your tables your light, sparkling wine. <sup>G</sup> <sup>a</sup>

4. Green <sup>a</sup> pastures of plenty from dry desert ground,  
<sup>C</sup> From the Grand Coulee Dam where the water runs down, <sup>E7</sup>  
<sup>a</sup> Every state in this Union us migrants has been,  
<sup>a</sup> And we'll work in this fight and we'll fight till we win. <sup>G</sup> <sup>a</sup>

5. Well, <sup>a</sup> it's always we ramble, this river and I,  
<sup>C</sup> All along your green valley I'll work till I die, <sup>E7</sup>  
<sup>a</sup> My land I'll defend with my life, need it be,  
<sup>a</sup> 'Cause my pastures of plenty must always be free. <sup>G</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
<sup>a</sup> Yes, my pastures of plenty must always be free. <sup>G</sup> <sup>a</sup>

## 137 SING ME BACK HOME

(K: D2=E, W: C4; schlagen)

1. The warden led a prisoner Down the hallway to his doom  
I stood up to say good-bye like all the rest.  
And I heard him tell the warden  
Just before they reached my cell:  
'Let my guitar play and a friend do my request'

Ch: Let him sing me back home a song I used to hear,  
Make my old memories come alive;  
Just take me away and turn back the years,  
Sing me back home before I die.

(C) → D A  
2. I recall last Sunday morning  
When a choir from down the street  
Came in to sing a few old gospel songs.  
And I heard him tell the singers  
There's a song my daddy knew  
Can I hear it once before you move along.

Ch: Won't you sing me back home a song I used to hear,  
Make my old memories come alive;  
Just take me away and turn back the years,  
Sing me back home before I die.

*(1 chorus instrumental, 1x gesungen)*

## 138 EARLY MORNING RAIN

(K: C4=E, W: G9; schlagen)

1. In the early mornin' rain with a dollar in my hand,  
with an achin' in my heart, and my pockets full of sand.  
I'm a long way from home, Lord, I miss my loved one so,  
In the early morning rain with no place to go.

2. Out on runway number nine, big '707' set to go.  
And I'm out here in the grass with a pain that ever grows.  
Now, the liquor tasted good, and the women all were fast,  
(-) There she goes, my friend, she'll be rolling down at last.

3. Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver wing on high.  
She's away and westward bound far above the clouds she'll fly.  
Where the mornin' rains don't fall, and the sun always shines,  
she'll be flyin' o'er my home in about three hours time.

4. This old airport's got me down, it's no earthly good to me,  
'Cause I'm stuck here on the ground as cold and drunk as I could be  
You can't jump a jet plane like you can a freight train,  
So I'll best be on my way in the early mornin' rain.  
So I'll best be on my way in the early mornin' rain.

(K: G W: C7 Intro Mel.-Picking)

1. I am a pilgrim and a stranger

Travelling through this wearisome land.

I've got a home in that yonder city, good Lord,

And it's not, not made by hand.

2. I've got a mother, a sister and a brother

who have gone this way before.

I am determined to go and see them, good Lord,

Over on that other shore.

3. I'm going down to the river of Jordan

Just to bathe my wearisome soul.

If I can just touch the hem of his garment, good Lord,

Then I'd know he'd take me home.

4. Now when I'm dead, lying in my coffin,

All of my friends all gather round

They can say that he's just lying there sleeping, good Lord

Sweet peace his soul has found.

5. I am a pilgrim and a stranger

Travelling through this wearisome land.

I've got a home in that yonder city, good Lord,

And it's not, not made by hand.

## 140 PACK UP YOUR SORROWS

(M: C2=D, W: G7; schlagen)

C F  
1. No use crying, talking to a stranger,

C G  
Naming the sorrows you've seen,

C F  
Too many bad times, too many sad times,

C G C  
Nobody knows what you mean.

C F  
Ch: But if somehow you could pack up your sorrows,

C G C  
And give them all to me, you would lose them,

F C G C  
I know how to use them, give them all to me.

C F  
2. No use rambling, walking in the shadows,

C G  
Trailing a wandering star,

C F  
No one beside you, no one to guide you,

C G C  
And nobody knows what you are.

C F  
3. No use gambling, running in the darkness,

C G  
Looking for a spirit that's free,

C F  
Too many wrong times, too many long times,

C G C  
Nobody knows what you see.

C F  
4. No use roaming, lying by the roadside,

C G  
Seeking a satisfied mind,

C F  
Too many highways, too many byways,

C G C  
And nobody's walking behind.

## 141 LONG BLACK VEIL

(K: E1=F, W: C5=F; schlagen)

C  
1. Ten years ago, on a cold dark night,  
G F C  
Someone was killed 'neath the town hall light.

C  
The people that saw they all agreed  
G F C  
That the slayer who ran looked a lot like me.

C  
2. The judge said: Son, what is your alibi?  
G F C  
If you were somewhere else, then you won't have to die.  
C  
I spoke not a word though it meant my life,  
G F C  
For I had been in the arms of my best friend's wife.

F C F C  
Ch: She walks these hills in a long black veil,  
F C F C  
She visits my grave when the night winds wail,  
C F C F G F C  
Nobody knows, nobody sees, nobody knows, but me.

C  
3. The scaffold was high and eternity near,  
G F C  
She stood in the crowd and shed not a tear.  
C  
But sometimes at night when the cold winds moan,  
G F C  
In a long black veil, she cries o'er my bones.

F C F C  
Ch: She walks these hills in a long black veil,  
F C F C  
She visits my grave when the night winds wail,  
C F C F G F C  
Nobody knows, nobody sees, nobody knows, but me,  
F G F C-  
Nobody knows, but me.

## 142 CARELESS LOVE

(K: E, W: D2; schlagen)

D A7 D  
1. Careless love, oh careless love,  
D A7  
Careless love, oh careless love,  
D D7 G  
Careless love, oh careless love,  
D A7 D  
You see what careless love has done.

D A7 D  
2. When I wore my apron low,  
D A7 D D7 G  
When I wore my apron low, when I wore my apron low,  
D A7 D  
You'd follow me through rain and snow.

D A7 D  
3. Now my apron strings won't pin,  
D A7 D D7 G  
Now my apron strings won't pin, now my apron strings won't pin  
D A7 D  
You pass my door and you won't come in.

D A7 D  
4. You pass my door, you pass my gate,  
D A7  
You pass my door, you pass my gate,  
D D7 G  
You pass my door, you pass my gate,  
D A7 D  
But you won't get by my '38'.

D A7 D  
5. How I wished that train would come,  
D A7  
How I wished that train would come,  
D D7 G  
How I wished that train would come,  
D A7 D  
And take me back where I come from.

D A7 D  
6. You see what careless love can do,  
D A7  
You see what careless love can do,  
D D7 G  
You see what careless love can do,  
D A7 D  
Make you kill yourself and your sweetheart, too. 7.= 1.



## 143 TROUBLED AND I DON'T KNOW WHY

(G2=A, schlagen)

Ch: I'm troubled and I don't know why,  
I'm troubled and I don't know why,  
well the trouble on my mind is drivin' me blind,  
I'm troubled and I don't know why.

1. Oh, what did the morning say, oh, what did the morning say  
when it rose from the night with a dark, dreary light  
Seein' another old weary day.

2. what did the newspaper tell, what did the newspaper tell  
when it rolled in the door, and it lay on the floor  
sayin' things even aren't so well.

3. what did the television squall,  
what did the television squall,  
when it roared and it boomed,  
And it bounced around the room,  
And it never said nothing at all.

4. what did the movie screen lecture,  
what did the movie screen lecture,  
well it heated and it froze,  
And it took off all its clothes,  
And I laughed in the middle of the picture.

## 144 ARAGON MILL

(C4=E; Baez-Picking)

C

1. At the east end of town

a

At the foot of the hill

d

G

There's a chimney so tall

F

C

That says Aragon Mill.

C

2. But there s no smoke at all

a

Coming out of the stack

d

G

For the mill has shut down

F

C

It ain't never coming back.

C

Ch: And the only tune I hear

a

Is the sound of the wind

d

G

As it blows through the town

F

C

Weave and spin, weave and spin.

C

3. There's no children at all

a

In the narrow empty streets

d

G

For the looms have all stopped

F

C

It's so quiet I can't sleep.

C

Ch: And the only tune I hear

a

Is the sound of the wind

d

G

As it blows through the town

F

C

Weave and spin, weave and spin.

4. Now the mill has shut down  
It's the only life I know  
Tell me where will I go,  
Tell me where will I go.

5. For I'm too old to work  
And I'm too young to die  
There's no place to go  
For my family and I.

6. At the east end of town  
At the foot of the hill  
There's a chimney so tall  
That says Aragon Mill.

7. But there's no smoke at all  
Coming out of the stack  
For the mill has shut down  
It ain't never coming back.

Ch: And the only tune I hear  
Is the sound of the wind  
As it blows through the town  
Weave and spin, weave and spin.

(M: C9=A W: G2=A, K: D7 open; schlagen)

C F C  
 1. Bows and flows of angel hair,  
 C e F C  
 And ice cream castles in the air,  
 C F d  
 And feather canyons everywhere,  
 F<sub>c</sub> G  
 I've looked at clouds that way.  
 C F C  
 But now they only block the sun,  
 C e F C  
 They rain and snow on everyone,  
 C F d  
 So many things I would have done,  
 F<sub>c</sub> G  
 But clouds got in my way.

C F C  
 Ch: I've looked at clouds from both sides now,  
 F C F C  
 From up and down and still somehow  
 e F C  
 It's clouds illusions I recall,  
 F G C  
 I really don't know clouds at all.

C F C  
 2. Moons and Junes and ferris wheels,  
 C e F C  
 The dizzy dancing way you feel  
 C F d  
 As every fairy tale comes real,  
 F<sub>c</sub> G  
 I've looked at love that way.  
 C F C  
 But now it's just another show,  
 C e F C  
 You leave them laughing when you go,  
 C F d  
 And if you care don't let them know,  
 F<sub>c</sub> G  
 Don't give yourself away.

Ch: I've looked at love from both sides now,  
From give and take and still somehow  
It's love's illusions I recall,  
I really don't know love at all.

3. Tears and fears and feeling proud  
To say I love you right out loud,  
Dreams and schemes and circus crowds,  
I've looked at life that way.  
But now old friends are acting strange,  
They shake their heads, they say I've changed,  
Well, something's lost, but something's gained  
In every living day.

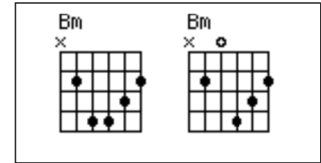
Ch: I've looked at life, from both sides now,  
From win and lose and still somehow  
It's life's illusions I recall,  
I really don't know life at all.

I've looked at clouds from both sides now,  
From up and down and still somehow  
It's clouds illusions I recall,  
I really don't know clouds at all.

## 145 BOTH SIDES NOW

(W: G2=A, M:C9=A K: D7 open; schlagen)

1. Bows and flows of angel hair,  
 And ice cream castles in the air,  
 And feather canyons everywhere,  
 I've looked at clouds that way.  
 But now they only block the sun,  
 They rain and snow on everyone,  
 So many things I would have done,  
 But clouds got in my way.



Ch: I've looked at clouds from both sides now,  
 From up and down and still somehow  
 It's clouds illusions I recall,  
 I really don't know clouds at all.

2. Moons and Junes and ferris wheels,  
 The dizzy dancing way you feel  
 As every fairy tale comes real,  
 I've looked at love that way.  
 But now it's just another show,  
 You leave them laughing when you go,  
 And if you care don't let them know,  
 Don't give yourself away.

Ch: I've looked at love from both sides now,  
From give and take and still somehow  
It's love's illusions I recall,  
I really don't know love at all.

3. Tears and fears and feeling proud  
To say I love you right out loud,  
Dreams and schemes and circus crowds,  
I've looked at life that way.  
But now old friends are acting strange,  
They shake their heads, they say I've changed,  
Well, something's lost, but something's gained  
In every living day.

Ch: I've looked at life, from both sides now,  
From win and lose and still somehow  
It's life's illusions I recall,  
I really don't know life at all.

I've looked at clouds from both sides now,  
From up and down and still somehow  
It's clouds illusions I recall,  
I really don't know clouds at all.

146	GREEN, GREEN
-----	--------------

**(G3=H, schlagen)**

Ch: Green, green, it's green they say,  
On the far side of the hill,  
Green, green, I'm going away,  
To where the grass is greener still.

1. Oh, I told my mama on the day I was born  
Don't you cry when you see I'm gone.  
You know, there ain't no woman gonna settle me down  
I just gotta be travellin' on.

2. Now there ain't nobody in this whole wide world  
Gonna tell me how to spend my time,  
I'm just a good lovin' ramblin' man  
Say, Buddy, can you spare me a dime.

3. Yeah I don't care when the sun goes down  
where I lay my weary head  
Green, green valley or rocky road  
It's there I'm gonna make my bed.



(M:C9=A G2=A, Baez-Picking)

C  
 1. I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night,  
 F C  
 Alive as you or me,  
 F e  
 Says I 'But Joe, you're ten years dead'  
 D G  
 'I never died' said he,  
 G7 C  
 'I never died' said he.

C  
 2. 'The Copper Bosses killed you, Joe,  
 F C  
 They shot you, Joe' says I,  
 F e  
 'Takes more than guns to kill a man'  
 D G  
 Says Joe, 'I didn't die',  
 G7 C  
 Says Joe 'I didn't die.'

C  
 3. And standing there as big as life  
 F C  
 And smiling with his eyes,  
 F e  
 Says Joe 'what they can never kill  
 D G  
 Went on to organize,  
 G7 C  
 Went on to organize.'

C  
 4. From San Diego up to Maine,  
 F C  
 In every mine and mill,  
 F e  
 Where workers stand up for their rights  
 D G  
 It's there you find Joe Hill,  
 G7 C  
 It's there you find Joe Hill.

(K: e, w: a7=e schlagen; Intro G a G a)

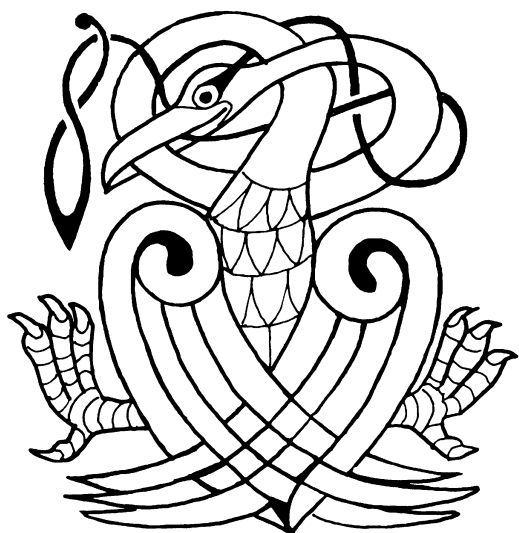
G a C G  
 1. Close to Bambridge Town in the county Down  
 a G  
 One morning last July  
 a C G  
 Down the boren green came a sweet colleen  
 a G a  
 And she smiled as she passed me by.  
 C G  
 She looked so neat from her two bare feet  
 a G  
 To the sheen of her nut-brown hair,  
 a C G  
 Such a coaxing elf I'd to pinch myself  
 a G a  
 To make sure I was really there.

C G  
 Ch: Crom Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay  
 a G  
 And from Galway to Dublin Town  
 a F G  
 No maid I've seen like the brown colleen  
 a G a G a G a  
 That I met in the County Down.

G a F G  
 2. As she onward sped sure I shook my head  
 a G  
 And I gazed with a feeling rare,  
 a F G  
 And I says, says I, to a passer-by  
 a G a  
 'who's the girl with the nut-brown hair.'

C G  
He smiled at me and he says to me  
a G  
'That's the gem of Ireland's crown,  
a F G  
Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,  
a G a  
She's the star of the County Down.'

G a F G  
3. At the harvest fair she'll be surely there  
a G  
So I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,  
a  
With my shoes shone bright  
F G  
And my hat cocked right  
a G a  
For a smile from the nut-brown rose.  
C G  
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke,  
a G  
Till my plow is a rust-coloured brown,  
a F G  
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside  
a G a  
Sits the star of the County Down.



# 148 STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN

(K: e, w: a7=e schlagen; Intro D e D e)

D e C D  
 1. Close to Bambridge Town in the county Down  
 e D  
 One morning last July  
 e C D  
 Down the boren green came a sweet colleen  
 e D e  
 And she smiled as she passed me by.  
 G D  
 She looked so neat from her two bare feet  
 e D  
 To the sheen of her nut-brown hair,  
 e C D  
 Such a coaxing elf I'd to pinch myself  
 e D e  
 To make sure I was really there.

G D  
 Ch: From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay  
 e D  
 And from Galway to Dublin Town  
 e C D  
 No maid I've seen like the brown colleen  
 e D e D e D e  
 That I met in the County Down.

D e C D  
 2. As she onward sped sure I shook my head  
 e D  
 And I gazed with a feeling rare,  
 e C D  
 And I says, says I, to a passer-by  
 e D e  
 'who's the girl with the nut-brown hair.'

He smiled at me and he says to me  
'That's the gem of Ireland's crown,  
Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,  
She's the star of the County Down.'

3. At the harvest fair she'll be surely there  
So I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,  
With my shoes shone bright  
And my hat cocked right  
For a smile from the nut-brown rose.  
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke,  
Till my plow is a rust-coloured brown,  
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside  
Sits the star of the County Down.

## 149 THIRSTY BOOTS

(K: C, W: G5=C ; Picking)

1. You've long been on the open road,  
You've been sleeping in the rain,  
From dirty words and muddy cells  
Your clothes are soiled and stained,  
But the dirty words and muddy cells  
will soon be judged insane,  
So only stop to rest yourself till you go off again.

Ch: So take off your thirsty boots and stay for a while  
Your feet are hot and weary from a dusty mile,  
And maybe I can make you laugh, maybe I can try  
I'm just looking for the evenin',  
And the mornin' in your eyes.

2. But tell me of the ones you saw  
As far as you could see,  
Across the plains from field to town  
A-marchin' to be free,  
And of the rusted prison gates  
That tumbled by degree,  
Like laughing children one by one  
They look like you and me.

3. I know you are no stranger down  
The crooked rainbow trails,  
From dancing cliff-edged shattered sills  
Of slandered shackled jails.

But the voices drift up from below  
As the walls they're being scaled,  
Yes, all of this and more, my friend,  
Your song shall not be failed.

Ch: So take off your thirsty boots and stay for a while  
Your feet are hot and weary from a dusty mile,  
And maybe I can make you laugh, maybe I can try  
I'm just looking for the evenin',  
And the mornin' in your eyes.

## 150 LONG TIME FRIENDS

(K: C2=D, W: G7; Picking)

Ch: I'm looking for some long time friends,

I'm looking for some long time friends,

Life's a long and twisting road,

Many curves and unseen bends,

so I'm looking for some long time friends.

last: 1x a F + 1x C)

1. Good friends tend to slip out of your reach

If you walk too tall and keep too straight a path,

with your eyes so far ahead

That you can't see by your side

You will never find your long time friends.

2. There are women that I hold close to my heart,

And men I hope will always be part of my life.

You've got to know each heart is real

And each life can touch your own,

And the world will be your long time home.

3. It's a wide world with many ways to live,

Many ways to love and many ways to give,

I'm not so sure I want to find

Just one soul to blend with mine,

so I'm looking for some long time friends.



## 151 DOWN IN YOUR MINES

(K: a2=h, w: e7=h; schlagen)

Ch: No, you won't get me down underground in your mines  
Away from the trees and the flowers so fine,  
Down in the dark where the sun never shines,  
No, you won't get me down in your mines.

1. They dig for the coal for the most of their lives  
Away from the children, away from their wives  
They make others rich in the heat and the dark  
But who's going to work when they're too old to work?

2. There's many a miner has died underground  
He's died all alone when the roof tumbled down,  
Down in the dark underneath the great beams,  
And he's choked out his life in the gas-filled old seams

3. I'll work in the factories, I'll work on your farms,  
Of the broke stone the muscles stand out on me arms,  
I've been in your army, and I've been out to sea,  
But, by Christ, you won't make a coal miner of me.

## 152 KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR

(K: G, W: D5; Intro: uh, uh)

G D a  
1. Mama, take this badge off of me,  
G D C  
I can't use it any more.  
G D a  
It's gettin' dark, too dark to see,  
G D C  
And I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

G D a  
Ch: Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door,  
G D C  
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door,  
G D a  
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door,  
G D C  
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door.

G D a  
2. Mama, put my guns in the ground,  
G D C  
I can't shoot them anymore.  
G D a  
That long black cloud is comin' down,  
G D C  
And I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

G D a  
3. Mama, wipe the blood from my face,  
G D C  
I can't see to it any more.  
G D a  
It's a feelin' I just can't trace,  
G D C  
And I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

# 153 FAREWELL TAE THE HAVEN

(M:C C3 → C schlagen)

evt 1.+ Ref in E dann Wechsel nach G

C G F C  
1. I'm leavin' the fishin', the life I have known,  
F C F G  
The battles with nature that nobodys won,  
C G F C  
The fish stocks are dwindle' and the shoals hard to find,  
F C G F C  
I'm leavin' the fishin' tae work on the land.

C G F C  
Ch: Farewell tae the haven, my heart it is sad,  
F C G F C  
The drifters I'm leavin' tae work on the land.

C G F C  
2. My fathers were drifters, my grandfathers tae  
F C F G  
My brother's the skipper on the 'Elena Mae',  
C G F C  
And I worked at the fishin', just as soon as I could,  
F C G F C  
So leavin's no easy, the sea's in my blood.

C G F C  
3. I'll miss the wee boats though, my thoughts are there yet,  
F C F G  
Wi' the lads on the Jeannie, a-haulin' the nets.  
C G F C  
We worked hard together, we laughed hard as well,  
F C G F C  
Cursin' the weather and ridin' the swell.

C G F C  
Ch: Farewell tae the haven, my heart it is sad,  
F C G F C (FFC)  
The drifters I'm leavin' tae work on the land.

C G F C  
4. I'll work in the wire mill, it's a good job they say,  
F C F G  
I'll start and I'll finish the same time every day,  
C G F C  
The money is constant, and my wife she seems pleased,  
F C G F C  
But I'll miss the fishin', and I'll miss the sea.

## 154 IF I ONLY KNEW HOW

(K: C, M: G5=C, Picking; Intro G G D9 D9)

G e a D  
1. If I only knew how to turn the tide of time back  
G e a D  
If I only knew how to take those words I sad back,  
C D G e  
I could write a different story with a happy end,  
a D  
I could make amends,  
C D G e C D G  
*If I only knew how, if I only knew. (2x)*

G e a D  
2. If I only knew how to restrain a heart that's wandered  
G e a D  
If I only knew how to regain a love I squandered,  
C D G e  
Like the spendthrift sailor I'd just let it slip away,  
a D  
I'd begin with yesterday,  
C D G e C D G  
*If I only knew how, if I only knew. (2x)*

*Zwischenspiel: (G G D9 D9, 2x)*

G e a D  
3. If I only knew how to phrase my feelings dearly  
G e a D  
If I only knew why the words I write are merely  
C D G e  
Shadows of the sonnets I here singing in my mind  
a D  
I'd reveal them, unconfined,  
C D G e C D G  
*If I only knew how, if I only knew. (2x)*

G e a D  
4. If I only knew how to heal the hurt that haunts you  
G e a D  
If I only knew how to ease the ache that haunts you  
C D G e  
I could take you in my arms and purge you of your pain,  
a D  
I could win your love again,  
C D G e C D G  
*If I only knew how, if I only knew. (2x)*

(K: C, M: G5=C, Picking; Intro G G D9 D9)

G e a D  
Hätt' ich nur die Kraft, das Rad der Zeit zurückzudrehen  
G e a D  
Hätt' ich nur die Kraft, vieles macht ich ungeschehen,  
C D G e  
dem Roman über dich und mich schrieb ich ein happy end,  
a D  
wie's noch keiner kennt.

C D G e C D G  
wüsste ich nur wie, wüsste ich nur wie (2x)

G e a D  
wüsste ich nur wie, kann man ein Herz zurückgewinnen  
G e a D  
wüsste ich nur wie, eine Liebe neu beginnen  
C D G e  
Achtlos und gedankenlos hab ich dein Herz vertan  
a |----| D  
wie fang ich's jetzt nur an

C D G e C D G  
wüsste ich nur wie, wüsste ich nur wie (2x)

G e a D  
Könnte ich doch nur den Gefühlen Ausdruck geben  
G e a D  
Könnte ich doch nur, das was mich bewegt im Leben  
C D G e  
In Musik verwandeln, die selbst Stein zum schmelzen bringt  
a D  
kaum dass sie erklingt

C D G e C D G  
wüsste ich nur wie, wüsste ich nur wie (2x)

*Zwischenspiel: (G G D9 D9, 2x) oder 1x instrumental*

G e a D  
wüsste ich nur wie, kann ich all dein Leid beenden  
G e a D  
wüsste ich nur wie, alles noch zum Guten wenden  
C D G e  
Und in meinen Armen findest du ein neues Glück  
a D  
Und die L i e b e käm zurück

C D G e C D G  
wüsste ich nur wie, wüsste ich nur wie

C D G e C D C C G  
wüsste ich nur wie, wüsste ich nur wie

## 155 I'M SAD AND I'M LONELY

(C4=E; Intro)

1. I'm sad and I'm lonely, my poor heart will break,  
My sweetheart loves another, Lord, I wished I was dead

2. My cheeks once was red as the buds on a rose,  
But now they are whiter than the lilies that grow.

3. Young ladies take warning, take warning from me,  
Don't place your affections in a young man so free.

4. He'll hug you and kiss you  
And he'll tell you more lies  
Than there's cross-ties on a railroad  
Or stars in the skies.

5. Well, I'll build me a cabin,  
In the mountain so high,  
Where the blackbirds can't see me  
Nor hear my sad cry.

6. I'm sad and I'm lonely, my poor heart will break,  
My sweetheart loves another, Lord, I wished I was dead.

# 156 SIXTEEN TONS

(K: e, w: a7=e schlagen)

a C F E7  
1. Some people say a man is made out of mud

a C F E7  
A poor man's made out of muscle and blood,

a d  
Muscle and blood and skin and bone

a F E7  
A mind that's weak and d back that's strong.

a C F E7  
Ch: You load sixteen tons and what do you get:

a C F E7  
Another day older and deeper in debt,

a d  
St. Peter don't you call me, 'cause I can't go,

a E7 C F E7 a C F E7  
I owe my soul to the company store.

a C F E7  
2. I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine,

a C F E7  
I picked up my shovel and walked to the mine,

a d  
I loaded sixteen tons of number one coal

a F E7  
And the straw boss hollered 'well bless my soul!'

a C F E7  
3. I was born one morning in the drizzeling rain

a C F E7  
Fighting and trouble are my middle name.

a d  
I was raised in the bottoms by a momma hound,

a F E7  
I'm mean as a dog, but I'm gentle as a lamb.

a C F E7  
4. If you see me coming, you better step aside,

a C F E7  
A lot of men didn't and a lot of men died.

a d  
I got a fist of iron and a fist of steel,

a F E7  
If the right one don't get you then the left one will.

# 156 SIXTEEN TONS

(K: e, w: a7=e schlagen)

- e D C H7  
1. Some people say a man is made out of mud  
e D C H7  
A poor man's made out of muscle and blood,  
e e  
Muscle and blood and skin and bone  
e C H7  
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong.
- e D C H7  
Ch: You load sixteen tons and what do you get:  
e D C H7  
Another day older and deeper in debt,  
e e  
St. Peter don't you call me, 'cause I can't go,  
e H7 D C H7 e D C H7  
I owe my soul to the company store.
- e D C H7  
2. I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine,  
e D C H7  
I picked up my shovel and walked to the mine,  
e e  
I loaded sixteen tons of number one coal  
e C H7  
And the straw boss hollered 'well bless my soul!'
- e D C H7  
3. I was born one morning in the drizzeling rain  
e D C H7  
Fighting and trouble are my middle name.  
e e  
I was raised in the bottoms by a momma hound,  
e C H7  
I'm mean as a dog, but I'm gentle as a lamb.
- e D C H7  
4. If you see me coming, you better step aside,  
e D C H7  
A lot of men didn't and a lot of men died.  
e e  
I got a fist of iron and a fist of steel,  
e C H7  
If the right one don't get you then the left one will.



## 157 OKLAHOMA HILLS

(K: C2=D, W: D; schlagen)

1. Many a month has come and gone,  
Since I wandered from my home  
In those Oklahoma Hills where I was born.  
Many a page my life has turned,  
Many lessons I have learned,  
And I feel like in those hills where I belong.

Ch: Way down yonder on the Indian Nation  
Ride my pony on the reservation  
In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born.  
Way down yonder on the Indian Nation,  
A Cowboy's life is my occupation  
In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born.

2. But as I sit here today, many miles I am away  
From the place I rode my pony through the draw,  
where the oak and the black jack trees  
Kiss the playful prairie breeze,  
And I feel back in those hills where I was born.

3. As I turn life a page, to the land of the great Osage,  
In those Oklahoma Hills where I was born,  
where the black oil rolls and flows  
And the snow white cotton grows,  
And I feel back in those hills where I was born.

158 NUT-BROWN MAIDEN
----------------------

(C2=D, schlagen)

                  C  
Ch: Ho-ro, my nut-brown maiden,  
          C                                  G  
He-ree, my nut-brown maiden,  
          C                          e  
Ho-ro, ro, maiden,  
          C                  G                  C  
For she's the maid for me.

                  C  
1. Her eyes so brightly beaming,  
          C                                  G  
Her look so frank and free,  
          C                                  a  
In wakin and in in dreaming,  
          C      G                  C  
She's evemore with me.

                  C  
2. Oh Mary, mild-eyed Mary,  
          C                                  G  
By land and on the sea,  
          C                                  a  
Though time and tide may vary,  
C                                  G                  C  
My heart beats true to thee.

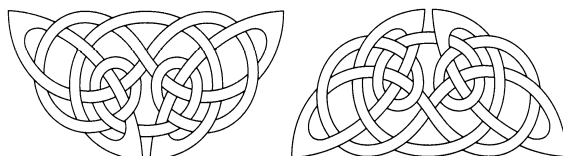
                  C  
3. And when with blossom laden  
          C                                  G  
Bright summer comes again,  
          C                                  a  
I'll fetch my nut-brown maiden  
          C                                  G                  C  
Down from the bonnie glen.

1. I've been up and down and around and 'round and back again  
 I've been in so many places I can't remember where or when,  
 And my only boss was the clock on the wall and my only friend  
 Never really was a friend at all.

Ch.: I've traded love for pennies, sold my soul for less  
 Lost my ideals in that long tunnel of time.  
 I've turned inside out and around about and back again  
 Found myself right back where I started again.

2. Once I had myself a million now I've only got a dime,  
 The difference don't seem quite as bad today.  
 With a nickel or a million I was searching all the time  
 For something that I've never lost - or left behind.

3. And now I'm in my second circle and I'm heading for the top,  
 I've learned a lot of things along the way.  
 I'll be careful while I'm climbing 'cause it hurts a lot to drop,  
 When you're down nobody gives a damn anyway.



## 160 I'll tell me Ma

(C4; schlagen)

Ch.: I'll tell my ma when I go home

The boys won't leave the girls alone.

They pulled my hair, they stole my comb,

But that's all right till I go home.

She is handsome, she is pretty she is the belle of Belfast city

She is courting one, two, three hey, won't you tell me, who is she

1. Albert Mooney says he loves her,

All the boys are fighting for her.

Knock at the door and they ring the bell,

Say, my only true love, are you well.

Out she comes as white as snow,

Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes,

Our Jenny Murry says she will die

If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

2. Let the wind and the rain and the hail go high

And snows come tumbling through the sky.

She's as sweet as apple pie, she'll get her own one by and by

When she gets a lad of her own

She won't tell her ma when she comes home

Let them all come as they will

For it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

<b>161 Copper Kettle</b>
--------------------------

(a3=C      w:C    6/8-Picking / schlagen)

1. Get you a copper kettle, Get you a copper coil,  
Cover with new made corn mash  
And never more you'll toil.

Ch.: You just lay there by the juniper (jitterbox)  
while the moon is bright,  
watch them jugs a-filling in the pale moon light.

2. <sup>C</sup> My <sup>G</sup> granddaddy <sup>C</sup> made <sup>C</sup> whiskey <sup>G</sup> my <sup>C</sup> daddy <sup>G</sup> made <sup>C</sup> it too,  
<sup>E7</sup> We <sup>a</sup> ain't <sup>a</sup> paid <sup>a</sup> no <sup>a</sup> whiskey <sup>a</sup> tax  
<sup>D</sup> Since <sup>G</sup> seventeen <sup>a</sup> ninety-two. <sup>a</sup> We <sup>a</sup> just <sup>a</sup> lay...

3. Build you your fire of hickory, Hickory and ash and oak  
And don't use no green or rotten wood  
As they'll get you by the smoke. As you lay...

$$4. = 1.$$

**Zus:**

C G C  
God bless you copper Kettle  
C G C  
May you never stop  
E7 a  
Just let us hear the whiskey  
D G  
Going drop drop drop

(C2=D

**schlagen)**

*(Harmonica solo 1 chorus)*

## 163 Shady Grove

(K:d; w: a5=d schlagen / Picking)

a G a  
1. Peaches in the summertime, apples in the fall,  
C G a G a  
If I can't get the girl I love I don't want none at all.

a G a  
Ch.: Shady grove, my little love, Shady grove, I know,  
C G a G a  
Shady grove, my little love, I'm bound for shady grove.

a G a  
2. I wish I had a banjo string made of golden twine,  
C G a G a  
Every tune I'a play on it I wished that girl was mine.

a G a  
3. I wish I had a needle and a thread fine as I could sew,  
C G a G a  
I'a sew that pretty girl to my side and down the road I'a go.

a G a  
4. Some come here to fiddle and to dance, some come here to tarry  
C G a G a  
Some come here to fiddle and to dance, I come here to marry

a G a  
5. Every night when I go home, my wife, I try to please her  
C G a G a  
The more I try the worse she gets, damned if I don't leave her

a G a  
6. Shady grove, my little love, shady grove, my darlin',  
C G a G a  
Shady grove, my little love, I'm going back to Harlan.

## 164 Universal Soldier

(K: C, W: G5=C schlagen)

1. He's five foot two and he's six feet four,  
He fights with missiles and with spears,  
He's all of thirty-one and he's only seventeen,  
He's been a soldier for a thousand years.
2. He's a Catholic, a Hindu, an atheist, a Jain,  
A Buddhist, and a Baptist, and a Jew,  
And he knows he shouldn't kill, and he knows he always will,  
Kill you for me, my friend, and me for you.
3. And he's fighting for Canada, he's fighting for France,  
He's fighting for the USA,  
And he's fighting for the Russians, he's fighting for Japan,  
And he thinks we'll put an end to war this way.
4. And he's fighting for democracy, he's fighting for the Reds,  
He says it's for the peace of all,  
He's the one who must decide who's to live and who's to die;  
And he never sees the writing on the wall.
5. But without him how would Hitler have condemned them at Dachau  
Without him Caesar would have stood alone,  
He's the one who gives his body as a weapon of the war,  
And without him all this killing can't go on.
6. He's the universal soldier and he really is to blame,  
His orders come from far away, no more;  
They come from here and there and you and me  
And brothers can't you see,  
This is not the way we put the end to war.



(C4=E schlagen)

The sly old weasel and the turtle-dove. (*Chorus*)

## 166 The House of the Rising Sun

(a3=C, 1. + 6. Arpeggio, 2.-5. schlagen; Intro: a C D F a E a E)

1. There is a house in New Orleans, they call the Rising Sun,  
It's been the ruin of many poor girl and God, I know I'm one.

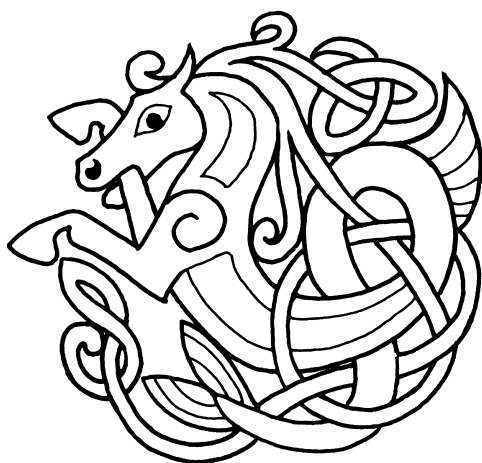
2. My mother was a tailor, she sewed my new blue jeans.  
My father was a gamblin' man, way down in New Orleans.

3. Now the only thing a gambler needs is a suitcase and a trunk  
And the only time he is satisfied is when he's gone a-drunk.

4. Oh, mothers tell your children not to do what I have done,  
And spend their lives in sin and misery, in the house of the Rising Sun

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

6. There is a house in New Orleans, they call the Rising Sun,  
It's been the ruin of many poor girl and God, I know I'm one.



## 167 Bonnie Ship 'The Diamond'

(K: a2=h w: e7; schlagen; Intro: aaaa aGaa Mel. 2x; sehr schnell)

1. The Diamond is a ship, my lads, for the Davis Strait she's bound  
And the quay it is all garnished with bonnie lassies round.  
Captain Thompson gives the order to sail the ocean wide  
where the sun it never sets, my lads, nor darkness dims the sky.  
Ch.: And it's cheer up, my lads, let your hearts never fail,  
For the bonnie ship 'The Diamond' Goes a-fishing for the whale.

2. Along the quay at Peterhead the lassies stand around,  
wi' their shawls all pulled about them and the salt tears running down  
Don't you weep, my bonnie lass, though you be left behind,  
For the rose will grow on Greenland's ice before we change our mind.

3. Here's a health to 'The Resolution' likewise 'The Eliza Swan'  
Here's a health to 'The Battler of Montrose' and 'The Diamond' ship of fame  
we wear the trousers of the white and the jackets o' the blue,  
when we return to Peterhead we'll hae sweethearts enoo.

4. It will be bright both day and night when Greenland lads come hame  
with a ship that's full of oil, my lads, and money to our name;  
we'll make the cradles for to rock and the blankets for to tear,  
And every lass in Peterhead sing 'Hushabye, my dear.'

*Chorus a capella +Chorus*

## 168 Garden Song

(K: C2=D w: G7; schlagen; langsam anfangen)

Ch.:

C F C F G C e  
Inch by inch, row by row, I'm going to make this garden grow,  
F G C a D7 G  
All it takes is a rake and a hoe and a piece of fertile ground.  
C F C F G C e  
Inch by inch, row by row, someone bless these seeds I sow,  
F G C a D7 G C  
Someone warm them from below till the rain comes tumb(e)ling down

C F C  
1. Pulling weeds and picking stones,  
F G C e  
We are made of dreams and bones,  
F G C a  
I feel the need to grow my own  
D7 G  
'Cause the time is close at hand.

C F C  
Grain for grain, sun and rain,  
F G C e  
I find my way in nature's chain,  
F G C a  
I tune my body and my brain  
D7 G C  
To the music of the land.

C F C  
2. So plant your rows straight and long,  
F G C e  
And tend to them with care and song,  
F G C a  
Mother earth can keep you strong  
D7 G  
If you give her love and care.  
C F C  
An old crow watching hungrily  
F G C a  
From his perch in yonder tree,  
F G C a  
In my garden I'm as free  
D7 G C  
As that feathered thief up there.

## 168 Garden Song

(K: C2=D w: G7; schlagen; langsam anfangen)

Ch: Ookraut g<sup>C</sup>nua, Kä<sup>F</sup>fer, Schne<sup>C</sup>cka, ond dazua dann no dia Ze<sup>e</sup>cka  
Ä<sup>F</sup>lle vie<sup>G</sup>cher wellet schle<sup>C</sup>cka an ä<sup>a</sup>llem, was i p<sup>D7</sup>flanz.  
s G<sup>C</sup>'sicht v'rbrän<sup>F</sup>nt, d' knia v'rkratz<sup>C</sup>t, z'viel zuc<sup>F</sup>chini ond koi Pl<sup>G</sup>atz  
Ab näggschter woch, 's isch g<sup>C</sup>'wies, mei Schatz kauf i beim Aldi ai.

1. D' Bren<sup>C</sup>nessla wachset, Discht<sup>F</sup>la, Klee<sup>C</sup>,  
D'r Broccoli isch längscht schao hee,  
s' oinzig, was i jetzt no see  
Send drei Rettich ond en Kohl.  
Koi gelbe Riabla, i sag's eich, Leit,  
's Häsla hopft ond singt vor Fraid,  
Wer ned acht Schdond uff'm Boda kneit  
Dem isch doch gar 'et wohl.

2. Friamorgens raus, schpoot nachts ins Bett,  
D' Mäus ond Maulwurf dia send fett,  
I leg 'na alles uff's Tablett  
Sie fresset's mit Pläsir.  
D'r Rescht v'rbrennt dann d' Sommersonne  
Ond i stink wia'r'a Komposcht-Tonne,  
Leit, mei Gärtla isch ä Wonne  
G'wiss wohr, des sag i dir.

auf keinen Fall bei öffentlichen Veranstaltungen mit Eintritt ( da vom Autor keine Zustimmung zu dieser Vers.  
vorliegt!). Original: "Garden Song" von Dave Mallet 1975, Parodie: "Anti-Garden Song" von Eric Kilburn 1982,  
ins Schwäbische übertragen von Walter Erhardt 2002 (Gälfiaßler) mit 'Anpassungs'hilfen und Ideen von Klaus Klötzer  
Wichtiger Hinweis betreffs GEMA-Probleme: Dieses Lied darf nur in privatem Rahmen aufgeführt werden,

(K: G2=A, w: C9=a Flatpicking)

1. Spin, spin, spin, spin around, spin around,  
 The harlekin dances in a costume of green, spin around,  
 But under his make-up his age can't be seen, spin around,  
 But where are you spinnin', when will you know  
 That life is for livin', that it isn't a show.

2. Spin, spin, spin, spin around, spin around,  
 You look out on the city  
 From your penthouse so high, spin around,  
 But your pedestal's your prison  
 And so is your hide, spin around,  
 But where are you spinnin', when will you know  
 That life is for livin', that it isn't a show.

3. Spin, spin, spin, spin around, spin around,  
 Your views are your conscience  
 They make everything seem alright, spin around,  
 Take a white one, go to sleep,  
 Take a red one, stay up all night to spin around,  
 But where are you spinnin', when will you know  
 That life is for livin', that it isn't a show.

Spin, spin, spin, spin around, spin around,  
 Spin, spin, spin, spin away, spin away,  
 Spin, spin, spin, spin around, spin around ... (fade out)

## 169 Spin, Spin, Spin

(K: G2=A, W: C9=A Flatpicking)

1. Spin, spin, spin, spin around, spin around,  
The harlekin dances in a costume of green, spin around,  
But under his make-up his age can't be seen, spin around,  
But where are you spinnin', when will you know  
That life is for livin', that it isn't a show.

2. Spin, spin, spin, spin around, spin around,  
You look out on the city

From your penthouse so high, spin around,

But your pedestal's your prison

And so is your hide, spin around,

But where are you spinnin', when will you know

That life is for livin', that it isn't a show.

3. Spin, spin, spin, spin around, spin around,

Your views are your conscience

They make everything seem alright, spin around,

Take a white one, go to sleep,

Take a red one, stay up all night to spin around,

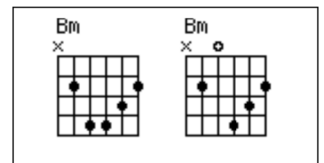
But where are you spinnin', when will you know

That life is for livin', that it isn't a show.

Spin, spin, spin, spin around, spin around,

Spin, spin, spin, spin away, spin away,

*Spin, spin, spin, spin around, spin around ... (fade out)*



## 170 No Man's Land

(K: G, schlagen; W: C7, Corries-Picking)

G C a  
1. Well how do you do Private William McBride  
D G D  
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside.  
G C a  
And I rest for a while in the warm summer sun  
D C G  
I've been walking all day, Lord, and I'm nearly done.  
G a  
And I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen  
D G D  
When you joined the glorious fallen in 1916  
G a  
Well, I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean  
D C G  
Or Willie McBride was it slow and obscene?

Ch.: D C G  
Did they beat the drum slowly, did they sound the fife lowly?  
D C G  
Did the rifles fire o'er you as they lowered you down?  
C D  
Did the bugles sing the 'Last Post' in chorus?  
G C D G  
Did the pipes play the 'Flowers of the Forest'?

G C a  
2. Did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind,  
D G D  
In some faithful heart is your memory enshrined,  
G C a  
And tho' you died back in 1916  
D C G  
To that loyal heart are you forever nineteen.  
G a  
Or are you a stranger without even a name,  
D G D  
Forever enclosed behind some glass pane,  
G a  
In an old photograph torn and tattered and stained,  
D C G  
And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame?



Ch.:           D   C   G  
Did they beat the drum slowly, did they sound the fife lowly?  
  
                D   C   G  
Did the rifles fire o'er you as they lowered you down?  
  
                C   D  
Did the bugles sing the 'Last Post' in chorus?  
  
                G   C   D G  
Did the pipes play the 'Flowers of the Forest'?

3. Well the sun's shining now on these green fields of France  
The warm wind blows gently, the red poppies dance.  
The trenches have vanished long under the plow,  
No gas and no barbed wire, no guns firing now.  
But here in this graveyard it's still no man's land  
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand  
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man  
And a whole generation who were butchered and damned.

4. And I can't help but wonder, Willie McBride,  
Do all those who lie here know why they died,  
Did you really believe them when they told you the cause  
Did you really believe that this war would end wars?  
Well, the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame,  
The killing, the dying, it was all done in vain,  
For Willie McBride it all happened again,  
And again and again and again and again.

(K: G, schlagen; w: C7, Corries-Picking)

G e C a  
 Weit in der Champagne im Mittsommergrün  
 D G C G  
 dort wo zwischen Grabkreuzen Mohnblumen blüh'n,  
 e C a  
 da flüstern die Gräser und wiegen sich leicht  
 D7 G D7 G  
 im wind, der sanft über das Gräberfeld streicht.  
 e a  
 Auf deinem Kreuz finde ich toter Soldat,  
 D7 G D7  
 Deinen Namen nicht, nur ziffern und jemand hat  
 G e C a  
 die Zahl neunzehnhundertundsechzehn gemalt,  
 D7 G D7 G  
 und du warst nicht einmal neunzehn Jahre alt.  
  
 D C G  
 Ja, auch Dich haben sie schon genauso belogen  
 D C G  
 so wie sie es mit uns heute immer noch tun,  
 C D  
 und du hast ihnen alles gegeben:  
 G a D G  
 Deine Kraft, Deine Jugend, Dein Leben.  
  
 G e C a  
 Hast du, toter Soldat, mal ein Mädchen geliebt?  
 D G C G  
 Sicher nicht, denn nur dort, wo es Frieden gibt,  
 e C a  
 können Zärtlichkeit und Vertrauen gedei'n,  
 D7 G D7 G  
 warst Soldat, um zu sterben, nicht um jung zu sein.  
 e a  
 Vielleicht dachtest du Dir, ich falle schon bald,  
 D7 G D7  
 nehme mir mein Vergnügen, wie es kommt, mit Gewalt.  
 G e C a  
 Dazu warst du entschlossen, hast dich aber dann  
 D7 G D7 G  
 vor dir selber geschämt und es doch nie getan.

Ch: Ja, auch Dich haben sie schon genauso belogen....

<sup>G</sup> <sup>e</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
Soldat, gingst du gläubig und gern in den Tod?  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Oder hast du verzweifelt, verbittert, verroht,  
<sup>e</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
Deinen wirklichen Feind nicht erkannt bis zum Schluß?  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Ich hoffe, es traf dich ein sauberer Schuß?  
<sup>e</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
Oder hat ein Geschloß dir die Glieder zerfetzt,  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D7</sup>  
hast du nach deiner Mutter geschrien bis zuletzt,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>e</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
bist du auf deinen Beinstümpfen weitergerannt,  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
und dein Grab, birgt es mehr als ein Bein, eine Hand?

<sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Ja, auch Dich haben sie schon genauso belogen  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
so wie sie es mit uns heute immer noch tun,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
und du hast ihnen alles gegeben:  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>D G</sup>  
Deine Kraft, Deine Jugend, Dein Leben.

<sup>G</sup> <sup>e</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
Es blieb nur das Kreuz als die einzige Spur  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
von deinem Leben, doch hör' meinen Schwur,  
<sup>e</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
für den Frieden zu kämpfen und wachsam zu sein:  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Fällt die Menschheit noch einmal auf Lügen herein,  
<sup>e</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
dann kann es gescheh'n, daß bald niemand mehr lebt,  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D7</sup>  
niemand, der die Milliarden von Toten begräbt.  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>e</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
Doch finden sich mehr und mehr Menschen bereit,  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
diesen Krieg zu verhindern, es ist an der Zeit.

## 171 Old Woman Who Swallowed A Fly

(K:G, w:C7; schlagen)

1. I know an old woman who swallowed a fly;  
I don't know why she swallowed the fly; perhaps she'll die.

2. I know an old woman who swallowed a spider  
That wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside her.  
She swallowed the *spider* that caught the *fly*  
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly, perhaps she'll die.

3. I know an old woman who swallowed a bird;  
Now how absurd to swallow a bird.  
She swallowed the *bird* to catch the *spider*  
That wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside her,  
She swallowed the *spider* to catch the *fly*,  
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly, perhaps she'll die.

4. I know an old woman who swallowed a cat  
Now fancy that, to swallow a cat.  
She swallowed the *cat* to catch the *bird*,  
She swallowed the *bird* to catch the *spider*  
That wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside her;  
She swallowed the *spider* to catch the *fly*,  
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly, perhaps she'll die.

5. I know an old woman who swallowed a dog  
What a hog, to swallow a dog.  
She swallowed the *dog* to catch the *cat*,

She swallowed the *cat* to catch the *bird*,  
She swallowed the *bird* to catch the *spider*  
That wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside her;  
She swallowed the *spider* to catch the *fly*,  
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly, perhaps she'll die.

6. I know an old woman who swallowed a goat  
She just opened her throat, and swallowed a goat.  
She swallowed the *goat* to catch the *dog*,  
She swallowed the *dog* to catch the *cat*,  
She swallowed the *cat* to catch the *bird*,  
She swallowed the *bird* to catch the *spider*  
That wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside her;  
She swallowed the *spider* to catch the *fly*,  
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly, perhaps she'll die.

7. I know an old woman who swallowed a cow  
I don't know how she swallowed a cow.  
She swallowed the *cow* to catch the *goat*,  
She swallowed the *goat* to catch the *dog*,  
She swallowed the *dog* to catch the *cat*,  
She swallowed the *cat* to catch the *bird*,  
She swallowed the *bird* to catch the *spider*  
That wiggled and jiggled and tickled inside her;  
She swallowed the *spider* to catch the *fly*,  
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly, perhaps she'll die.

8. I know an old woman who swallowed a *horse*: she's dead ... of course!

# 172 Now I'm Easy

(K: C2=D

Picking W: dropped D)

1. For nearly sixty years I've been a Cocky,  
 of droughts and fires and floods I've lived through plenty.  
 This country's dust and mud have seen my tears and blood,  
 But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy. (c)  
 5. ...now I'm easy

2. I married a fine girl when I was twenty,  
 But she died when giving birth when she was thirty.  
 No flying doctor then, just a gentle old black gin,  
 But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy.

3. She left me with two sons and a daughter  
 On a bone-dry farm whose soil cried out for water.  
 So my care was rough and ready,  
 But they grew up fine and steady,  
 But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy.

4. My daughter married young and went her own way,  
 My sons lie buried by the Burma railway.  
 So on this land I've made my own I have carried on alone  
 But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy.

5. = 1.

## 173 It's Good To See You

(W: Dropped (D) D2,

M: (C2) C4, schlagen)

Ch.: It's good to see you, so good to see you,

Oh how I missed you since I've been gone.

'Cause I've crossed the oceans,

Travelled through many lands,

It's good to see you, to be in your home.

1. There's something in me that needs to wander,

There's many a land I have to see.

When I am far away in a land of strangers

I know my good friends think of me.

2. When a man is down, down on his fortune,

He stands alone, sometimes alone.

He looks around him, looking for an open hand,

Sometimes there's one, sometimes there's some.

3. Oh it's a wonder, when it comes to friendship,

No matter how far away, no matter how long,

There's a constant thread that's never broken,

It ties me to my friends at home.

## 174 Song For Ireland

(K: C2=D

Picking, Intro: ||: C G<sub>H</sub> F<sup>0</sup> G<sup>d</sup> :||)

1. walking all the day by tall towers  
where falcons build their nests.  
In silver winged they fly, they know the call  
of freedom in their breasts.  
Saw Black Head against the sky  
where twisted rocks they run down to the sea.

Ch.: Living on your western shore  
Saw summer sunsets, asked for more,  
I stood by your Atlantic Sea  
And sang a song for Ireland.

*Zwischenspiel: ||: C G<sub>H</sub> F<sup>0</sup> G<sup>d</sup> : //*

2. Talking all the day with true friends  
who try to make you stay,  
Telling jokes and news, singing songs  
To pass the time away.  
We watched the Galway salmon run  
Like silver darting, dancing in the sun.



F G C  
 Ch.: Living on your western shore  
 C a F G  
 Saw summer sunsets, asked for more,  
 F C G  
 I stood by your Atlantic Sea  
 d a F G C  
 And sang a song for Ireland.

C G d a  
 3. Drinking all the day, in old pubs  
 F G C  
 where fiddlers love to play.  
 C G d a  
 Saw one touch the bow, he played a reel  
 F G C  
 which seemed so grand and gay.  
 F G  
 Stood on Dingle beach and cast,  
 C a F C G  
 In wild foam we found Atlantic bass.

C G d a  
 4. Dreaming in the night, I saw a land  
 F G C  
 where no one had to fight.  
 C G d a  
 But waking in your dawn, I saw you crying  
 F G C  
 in the morning light.  
 F G  
 while lying where the falcons fly,  
 C a F C G  
 They twist and turn all in your air blue sky.

*Outro: //: C G<sub>H</sub> F<sup>0</sup> G<sup>d</sup> :// C*

## 175 Blue Tail Fly

(C4 = E; schlagen)

1. When I was young, I used to wait  
On the boss and give him his plate,  
And pass the bottle when he got dry,  
And brush away the blue-tail fly.

Ch.: Jimmy, crack corn, and I don't care,  
Jimmy, crack corn, and I don't care,  
Jimmy, crack corn, and I don't care, My master's gone away

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

3. One day he rides around the farm,  
The flies so numerous they did swarm,  
One chanced to bite him on the thigh,  
'The Devil take the blue-tail fly!'

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

5. They laid him under a 'simmon tree,  
His epitaph is there to see,  
Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie Victim of a blue-tail fly

Ich weiß nicht, was ist los mit mir,  
Veränderungen sind es, die ich in mir spür.  
In den letzten paar Tagen war ich voller Angst,  
dass mich eine Strömung fort trägt.  
Ich habe Lieder gesungen und Geschichten erzählt,  
dachte nach, wo ich herkomme und was mir fehlt.  
Das ist der Grund, warum es mir scheint -  
heut so weit weg zu sein.

**Refrain:**

Lass mich sagen, dass ich dich liebe,  
dass ich allzeit an dich denk.  
Caledonia, du rufst mich,  
jetzt komme ich nach Haus.  
Wenn ich wieder heim kehr als Fremder,  
weiß ich, dass mich die Traurigkeit quält.  
Caledonia ist alles, was für mich zählt.

Jetzt bin ich gezogen, um mich zu finden.  
Versuchte die Punkte, die ich brauch, zu ergründen,  
verlorenen Freunden, die ich brauch, zu entgehen.  
Fand Andere auf meinem Weg.  
Ich küsste die Mädchen und ließ sie weinend zurück.  
Gestohlene Träume, ja und ich bestreite kein Stück.  
Ich war schwer unterwegs, manchmal mit Gewissen  
geflogen irgendwo in den Wind.

Jetzt sitz ich hier vor der Feuerstatt  
Der leere Raum keine Geborgenheit hat.  
Die Flamen sind kühler und werden klein,  
verkriechen sich und gehn jetzt ein.  
Und ich denke beständig, mein Weg steht fest  
und ich weiß, was ich morgen tun will als Rest.  
Wenn die Hände geschüttelt, die Küsse geküsst,  
dann will ich abgereist sein!

## 176 Caledonia

(K: C4=E 6/8 zupfen; Intro: ||: C C G C :|| d e F -)

1. I don't know if you can see  
The changes that have come over me,  
In these last few days I've been afraid  
That I might drift away.  
So I've been telling old stories, singing songs  
That make me think about where I came from,  
And that's the reason why I seem so far away today.

Ch.: Let me tell you that I love you  
That I think about you all the time,  
Caledonia you're calling me and now I'm going home.  
For if I should become a stranger,  
You know that it would make me more than sad,  
Caledonia's been everything I've ever had.

2. I have moved and I've kept on moving,  
Proved the points that I needed proving,  
Lost the friends that I needed losing,  
Found others on the way.

I have kissed the ladies and left them crying,  
Stolen dreams, yes there's no denying,  
I have travelled hard sometimes with conscience flying,  
Somewhere in the wind.

3. Now I'm sitting here before the fire,  
The empty room, the forest choir,  
The flames that couldn't get any higher,  
They've withered now they've gone.  
But I'm steady, thinking my way is clear,  
And I know what I will do tomorrow,  
When the hands are shaken and the kisses flow,  
Well, I will disappear.

Ch.: Let me tell you that I love you  
That I think about you all the time,  
Caledonia you're calling me and now I'm going home.  
For if I should become a stranger,  
You know that it would make me more than sad,  
Caledonia's been everything I've ever had.

## 177 The Sounds of Silence

(a, Picking)

1. Hello darkness, my old friend,  
I've come to talk with you again,  
Because a vision softly creeping  
Left its seeds while I was sleeping,  
And the vision that was planted in my brain  
Still remains within the sound of silence.

2. In restless dreams I walked alone  
Narrow streets of cobblestone,  
'Neath the halo of a street lamp  
I turned my collar to the cold and damp  
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light  
That split the night and touched the sound of silence.

3. And in the naked light I saw  
Ten thousand people, maybe more,  
People talking without speaking,  
People hearing without listening,  
People writing songs that voices never shared,  
And no one dared disturb the sound of silence.

4. 'Fools', said I 'you do not know,  
 silence like a cancer grows,  
 Hear my words that I might teach you,  
 Take my arms that I might reach you,  
 But my words like silent raindrops fell  
 And echoed in the wells of silence.

5. And the people bowed and prayed  
 To the neon god they made,  
 And the sign flashed its warning  
 In the words that it was forming,  
 And the sign said the words of the prophets  
 Are written on the subway walls and tenement halls,  
 And whispered in the sounds of silence.

Ich erzähle dir, mein Freund,  
 was mir oft im Traum erscheint,  
 was mich stets wie Angst umfängen hält,  
 wenn des Nachts mich Einsamkeit befällt:  
 Visionen, die mich bedrängen immerzu,  
 ohne Ruh - das ist das Lied der Stille.

In jedem Traum geh ich allein  
 auf endlos langen Straßen heim,  
 bleib unter kalten Straßenleuchten stehen,  
 versuche in die dunkle Nacht zu sehen,  
 die dann plötzlich durchzuckt ein greller Blitz  
 Neonlicht - ich hör das Lied der Stille.

Und meine Augen blicken leer  
 auf 1000 Menschen, vielleicht mehr,  
 doch alle sprechen sich nur flüsternd an,  
 so dass kein Mensch sie richtig hören kann.

Sie singen Lieder, die doch keiner singen will.  
 Alles bleibt still - man hört das Lied der Stelle.

Vielleicht sieht man nun endlich ein:  
 auch Friede kann nur leise sein.  
 Kann denn niemand mehr mein Wort verstehen?  
 Kann denn niemand meine Gesten sehn?  
 Meine Worte fallen wie der Regen still.  
 Wie ich auch will - ich sing das Lied der Stille.

Und hoheitsvoll der Neongott  
 setzt in die Augen sein Gebot,  
 lässt die Lichtreklamen predigen,  
 lässt sein Wort in allen Fenstern stehn.  
 Seine Propheten künden blendend grell  
 ihr Soll, mahnungsvoll -  
 ich flüster das Lied der Stille.

## 178 Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore

(A3=C, W: G5=C

K: Wazi 5; schlagen; Intro: G G G G F C G)

G  
1. From Derry quay we sailed away  
F C G  
On the twenty-third of May,  
C G  
We were taken on bord by a pleasant crew  
F  
Bound for Americay  
C G  
Fresh water we did take on  
F C  
Five thousand gallons or more,  
G  
In case we'd run short going to New York  
F C G (Instr.:) F C G G F C G G  
Far away from the Shamrock shore.

G  
2. We sailed three days we were all sea sick  
F C G  
Not a man on bord was free,  
C G  
We were all confined unto our bunks  
F F  
And no one to pity poor me.  
C G  
No father kind nor mother dear  
F C  
To lift up my head it was sore,  
G  
which makes me think more on the lassie I left  
F C G (Instr.:) F C G G F C G G  
On Paddy's green Shamrock shore.



3.           G  
 so fare thee well, sweet Liza dear,  
           F                   C           G  
 Likewise unto Derry town,  
           C                   G  
 And twice farewell to my comrades brave  
    F     F  
 who do dwell on that sainted ground,  
           C                   G  
 If fame or fortune shall favour me  
    F     C  
 And I have money in store,  
           G  
 I'll go back and I'll wed the wee lassie I left  
           F                           C           G (*Instr.:*) F C G G F C G G  
 On Paddy's green Shamrock shore.

4.           G  
 we safely reached the other side  
           F                           C           G  
 After fifteen and twenty days,  
           C                   G  
 We were taken as passengers by a man  
    F     F  
 And led round in six different ways.  
           C                           G  
 So each of us drank a parting glass  
    F     C  
 In case we'd never meet more,  
           G  
 And we bad farewell to old Ireland  
           F                           C           G (*Instr.:*) F C G G F C G G  
 And Paddy's green Shamrock shore

5 = 3

179 Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye
-----------------------------

(K:e,                      W: a7=e                      schlagen)

1. while going the road to sweet Athy, haroo, haroo,  
while going the road to sweet Athy, haroo, haroo,  
while going the road to sweet Athy,  
A stick in my hand and a tear in my eye,  
A doleful damsel I heard cry:  
"Johnny I hardly knew ye."

Ch.: with drums and guns and guns and drums, haroo, haroo  
with drums and guns and guns and drums, haroo, haroo,  
with drums and guns and guns and drums  
The enemy nearly slew you,  
My darling dear you look so queer,  
Johnny I hardly knew ye.  
(last: F – F G a)

2. where are your eyes that looked so mild, haroo, haroo  
where are your eyes that looked so mild, haroo, haroo,  
where are your eyes that looked so mild  
when my poor heart you first beguiled,  
why did you run from me and the child,  
Johnny I hardly knew ye.



## 180 Banks of the Ohio

(K: C, W: G5=C; schlagen / Picking)

1. I asked my love to take a walk,  
To take a walk, just a little walk,  
Down beside where the waters flow,  
Down by the banks of the Ohio.

Ch.: And only say that you'll be mine,  
In no other's arms entwine,  
Down beside where the waters flow,  
Down by the banks of the Ohio.

2. I held a knife against his breast  
As into my arms he pressed,  
He cried "My love, don't you murder me,  
I'm not prepared for eternity."

3. I wandered home 'tween twelve and one,  
I cried "My God, what have I done,  
I killed the only man I loved,  
He would not take me for his bride."

## 181 Fair And Tender Ladies

(K: C2

W: G7; schlagen / Picking)

1. Come all you fair and tender ladies,  
Take warning how you court young men,  
They're like the stars on a summer morning,  
First they'll appear and then they're gone.

2. They'll tell to you some loving story,  
They'll make you think that they love you well,  
Straight 'way they'll go and court some other,  
And leave you there in grief to dwell.

3. Love is handsome, love is charming,  
Love will grieve you while it's new,  
But love grows cold as love grows older,  
Fades away like morning dew.

4. If I had known before I courted,  
I never would have courted none,  
I'd a-locked my heart in a box of golden,  
Pinned it up with a silver pin.  
Pinned it up with a silver pin.

## 182 John O' Dreams

(K: G C7=G Baez-Picking / Arpeggio; Intro: Mel.-Picking)

G C D  
1. When midnight comes and people homeward tread,  
G C G  
Seek out your blankets and your feather bed,  
D C C  
Home comes the rover, his journey's over,  
G C D  
Yield up the nighttime to old John O' Dreams,  
G C G  
Yield up the nighttime to old John O' Dreams.

G C D  
2. Across the hill the sun has gone astray,  
G C G  
Tomorrow's cares are many dreams away.  
D C C  
The stars are flying, your candles dying,  
G C D  
Yield up the darkness to old John O' Dreams,  
G C G  
Yield up the darkness to old John O' Dreams.

G C D  
3. Both man and master in the night are one,  
G C G  
Some things are equal when the day is done.  
D C C  
The prince and the ploughman, the slave, the freeman,  
G C D  
All find their comfort in old John O' Dreams,  
G C G  
All find their comfort in old John O' Dreams.

G C D  
4. When sleep it comes the dreams come running clear,  
G C G  
The hawks of morning cannot reach you here,  
D C C  
Sleep is your river, float on for ever,  
G C D  
And for your boatman choose old John O' Dreams,  
G C G  
Yes, for your boatman choose old John O' Dreams.

Dort mitten im Park und weit draußen auf See  
sah ich den irren Michel gehen  
Er traf einen Raben mit Augen, pechschwarz  
Und bald fingen sie an zu reden:

"Deine Zukunft, die Zukunft sag' ich dir vorher  
Deine Zukunft, die wird voller Schuld sein  
Deine Liebste wird sterben von Deiner eignen Hand  
Und Du wirst auf ewig verdammt sein."

Michel - er tobte und Michel - er schrie  
schlug nach den vier Winden, droht' allen  
Er lachte, er heulte, er weinte und schwor  
Doch sein wirrer Geist lockte ihn in die Falle.

"Aus Dir spricht die Bosheit, aus Dir spricht der Hass  
Sprichst für den Teufel, der in mir herum irrt  
Ist sie nicht die Schönste im ganzen Land? -  
- Dein Bannspruch soll mich nur verwirren."

Er nahm seinen Dolch aus Feuer und Stahl  
Und stach mitten ins Herzen des Raben.  
Der flatterte lang, der Himmel schrie auf  
Und die Erde ward kalt und erstarrte.

"... Wo ist der Rabe den ich umgebracht hab  
Der hier vor mir lag, bis gerade eben?  
Ich seh meine Liebste mit einer Wunde so rot -  
Doch mein Herz schlägt und ich muss noch leben."

Der wirre Michel der wandert, sagt man  
Und spricht auf den Tag und die Nacht ein.  
Seine Augen sind wach und seine Worte sind klar  
Und er möchte nur möglichst weit weg sein.

Michel summt das einfachste Lied -  
er bittet die wilde Rose um Gnade  
Seine Liebe lebt in jeder Blume, die blüht  
Denn er bleibt ewig der Hüter des Gartens.

(K: e     W: a7=e     Picking)     6/8

e a  
 "You speak with an evil, you speak with a hate,  
 e G  
 You speak for the devil that haunts you.  
 a G a e  
 For is she not the fairest in all this fine land,  
 F G a  
 Your sorcerer's words are to taunt me."



a C G e  
3. He took out a dagger of fine Flanders steel,  
a G a  
And struck down the raven through the heart-o.  
a C G e  
The bird it flew high, the earth it did spin,  
a G a  
And the quiet world did wonder, then startled.

e a  
“Oh, where is the raven that I struck down dead?  
e G  
Back there a-lying on the ground-o  
a G a e  
I see but my true love with a wound so red,  
F G a  
where her proud heart once it did pound-o.”

a C G e  
4. Crazy man Michael he wanders, he walks,  
a G a  
He talks to the night and the day-o.’  
a C G e  
His voice it is clear and his speech is insane,  
a G a  
And he longs for to be far away-o.

e a  
Michael he whistles the simplest of tunes,  
e G  
He asks the wild woods for their pardon.  
a G a e  
For his true love lies buried in yonder cold ground,  
F G a  
And he is the keeper of the garden.

## 184 Jock o' Hazeldean

(C1; Picking)

1.           C           G           a           e           F           d           G  
1. why weep ye by the tide, lady, why weep ye by the tide?  
          C           G           a           e           F           G           C  
I'll wed ye to my youngest son, and ye shall be his bride,  
          F           d           F           d           C           a           F d  
And ye shall be his bride, lady, sae comely tae be seen.  
          C           G           a           e           F           G           C  
But aye she loot the tears doon fa' for Jock o' Hazeldean.

          C           G           a           e           F           d           G  
2. Now let this wilful grief be done, and dry those cheeks so pale  
          C           G           a           e           F           G           C  
Young Frank is chief of Errington and Laird of Langleydale  
          F           d           F           d           C           a           F d  
His step is first in peaceful hall, his sword in battle keen.  
          C           G           a           e           F           G           C  
But aye she loot the tears doon fa' for Jock o' Hazeldean.

          C           G           a           e           F           d           G  
3. A chain o' gold ye shall nae lack, nor braid to bind your hair  
          C           G           a           e           F           G           C  
Nor mettled hound nor managed hawk nor palfrey fresh and fair.  
          F           d           F           d           C           a           F d  
And you the foremost of them all shall ride our forest queen.  
          C           G           a           e           F           G           C  
But aye she loot the tears doon fa' for Jock o' Hazeldean.

          C           G           a           e           F           d           G  
4. The kirk was decked at morning tide, the tapers glimmer'd fair  
          C           G           a           e  
The priest and bridegroom 'wait the bride,  
          F           G           C  
And dame and knight were there.  
          F           d           F           d           C           a           F d  
They searched for her in bower and hall, the lady wasnae seen  
          C           G           a           e           F           G           C  
She's o'er the border and awa', wi' Jock o' Hazeldean,  
          C           G           a           e           F           G           C  
She's o'er the border and awa', wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

## 185 My Irish Molly-O

(K: *e* W: *a7=e* *schlagen*; Intro: *a a a a C G C C*)

1. Molly dear now did you hear the news that's goin' round?  
Down in a corner of my heart a love is what you've found.  
And every time I gaze into your Irish eyes so blue,  
They seem to whisper "Darling boy, my love is all for you." Oh...

Ch.: Molly, my Irish Molly, my sweet a-cushla dear,  
I'm fairly off my trolley, my Irish Molly, when you are near.  
Springtime, you know, is ring time,  
Come dear, now don't be slow,  
Change your name, go out with game,  
Begorra wouldn't I do the same, my Irish Molly-o.

2. Molly dear now did you hear I furnished up the flat.  
Three little cosy rooms with bath and a 'welcome' on the mat.  
It's five pounds down and two a week, we'll soon be out of debt.  
It's all complete, except, they haven't brought the cradle yet.

3. Molly dear now did you hear what all the neighbours say,  
About the hundred sovereigns you have safely stowed away?  
They say that's why I love you, ah, but Molly, that's a shame.  
If you had only ninety-nine I'd love you just the same. Oh ...

## 186 Mothers, Daughters, Wives

(K: G2, W: C9; Picking)

Ch.:

The first time it was fathers, the last time it was sons  
And in between your husbands marched away with drums and guns,  
And you never thought to question, you just went on with your lives  
'Cause all they'd taught you who to be was mothers, daughters, wives

1. You can only just remember, the tears your mothers shed  
As they sat and read their papers through the lists and lists of dead  
And the gold frame held the photographs that mothers kissed each night  
And the doorframes held the shocked and silent strangers from the fight

*(Chorus)*

2. It was twenty-one years later with children of your own  
The trumpet sounded once again and the soldier boys were gone  
So you made their guns and drove their trucks and tended to the wounds  
And at night you kissed the photographs and hoped for safe returns

3. And after it was over, you had to learn again,  
To be just wives and mothers when you'd done the work of men.  
So you worked to help the needy and you never trod on toes,  
And the photos on the mantelpiece set a happy family pose.

*(Chorus)*

4. Then your daughters grew to women  
And your little boys to men,  
And you prayed that you were dreaming  
When the call-up came again.  
But you bravely smiled and held your tears  
As they proudly waved good-bye,  
And the photos on the mantelpiece  
They always made you cry.

5. And now you're getting older  
And in time the photos fade,  
And in widowhood you sit back  
And reflect on the parade  
Of the passing of your memories  
How your daughters changed their lives  
Seeing more to their existences  
Than just mothers, daughters, wives.

Last Ch.:

The first time it was fathers, the last time it was sons  
And in between your husbands marched away with drums and guns,  
And you never thought to question, you just went on with your lives  
'Cause all they'd taught you who to be was mothers, daughters, wives  
And you believed them when they said you were just mothers, daughters, wives

## 187 Daughters And Sons

(K: G, W: C7 schlagen / Picking; Intro: e e C G G G C D G G)

1. They wouldn't hear your music and they pulled your paintings down  
They wouldn't read your writing and they banned you from the town.  
But they couldn't stop your dreaming and the victory you've won,  
For you sowed the seeds of *freedom* in your daughters and your sons

Ch.: In your daughters and your sons,  
In your daughters and your sons,  
You sowed the seeds of *freedom*\*  
(\* 2. justice, 3. equality)  
In your daughters and your sons.

2. Your weary smile it proudly hides the chain marks on your hands  
As you bravely strived to realise the rights of every man.  
And though your body's bent and low a victory you've won,  
For you sowed the seeds of *justice* in your daughters and your sons

3. 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 fruits that you have won  
You sowed the seeds of *equality* in your daughters and your sons

4. 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 when they came with tanks and guns,  
 It's there you sowed the seeds of *peace*  
 In your daughters and your sons.

Ch.: In your daughters and your sons,  
 In your daughters and your sons,  
 You sowed the seeds of *peace* (last *freedom*)  
 In your daughters and your sons. (*last: C D G*)

5. And now your music's playing, and the writing's on the wall  
 And all the dreams you painted can be seen by one and all.  
 And now you've got them thinking and the future's just begun,  
 For you sowed the seeds of *freedom* in your daughters and your sons

## 188 Johnny Lad

(K: C4

w: G9; schlagen)

1. I <sup>C</sup>bought a wife in Edinburgh <sup>F</sup>for a bawbee,  
I <sup>G</sup>never got a penny back <sup>C</sup>tae buy tobacco <sup>C</sup>wi'.

Ch.: And wi' <sup>C</sup>you and wi' <sup>F</sup>you and wi' <sup>C</sup>you Johnny lad  
I'll <sup>G</sup>dance the buckles off my shoes <sup>C</sup>wi' you my Johnny <sup>C</sup>lad

2. Now <sup>C</sup>Samson was a mighty man and he <sup>F</sup>fed on fish and chips,  
He <sup>G</sup>buckled 'roond the Galagate <sup>C</sup>just pickin' up the nips.

3. Now <sup>C</sup>Salomon and David <sup>F</sup>led very wicked lives  
They <sup>G</sup>winched every evening with other people's <sup>C</sup>wives.

4. The <sup>C</sup>Duke was in the parlour <sup>F</sup>eating bread and honey,  
The <sup>G</sup>Queen was in the treasury <sup>C</sup>and she was counting money.

*(nach Ch. C -> D)*

5. Every <sup>D</sup>Catholic has our sympathy <sup>G</sup>for really feeling ill,  
How <sup>A</sup>can you love your neighbour <sup>D</sup>when the Pope has banned the pill

Ch.: And wi' <sup>D</sup>you and wi' <sup>G</sup>you and wi' <sup>D</sup>you Johnny lad  
I'll <sup>A</sup>dance the buckles off my shoes <sup>D</sup>wi' you my Johnny <sup>D</sup>lad

6. Now <sup>D</sup>Johnnie was a bonnie lad <sup>G</sup>he was a lad o' mine,  
I've <sup>A</sup>never had a better lad <sup>D</sup>and I've had twenty-nine.

7. Yes, <sup>D</sup>Johnnie was a bonnie lad <sup>G</sup>until they took him in,  
He <sup>A</sup>had this operation <sup>D</sup>and now they call him Mary.



## 189 Rolling Home

(G; *schlagen*)

Ch.: Rolling Home, rolling home,  
rolling home across the sea,  
Rolling home to dear old Scotland,  
rolling home fair land to thee

1. Ten thousand miles now lies behind us  
Ten thousand miles or more to roam  
Soon we'll see our native country,  
Soon we'll greet our native home.

2. Up aloft amidst the rigging  
Blows the wild and rushing gale,  
Straining every spar and backstay,  
Stretchin' stitch in every sail.

3. Westwards, ever westwards,  
To the setting of the sun,  
And it's homewards, ever homewards,  
To the land where we were born.

4. We will leave you our best wishes  
We will leave your rocky shores,  
For we're bound to dear old Scotland  
We'll return to you once more.

## 190 Tae the Beggin'

(G9=E

K: E / Wazi 4,

W: C4=E; schlagen)

1. Oh, of a' the trades that I do ken the beggin' is the best  
For when a beggar's weary he can sit him doon and rest,

Ch.: Tae the beggin' I will go,  
will go tae the beggin' I will go

2. And I will tae the tailor wi' a wab o' hodden grey,  
And gar him mak' a cloak for me tae hap me night and day

3. And I will tae the cobbler and I gar him sort my shoon,  
An inch thick tae the bottom and clooted weel abune,

4. And I will tae the turner and I'll gar him mak' a dish,  
And it maun haud three chappins for I cannae dae wi' less,

5. And yet ere I begin my trade I'll let my beard grow strang,  
Nor pare my nails this year or day for the beggars wear them long

6. And I'll gang seek my lodgings afore that it grows dark,  
Just when the guidman's sitting doon in a new hame frae his work

7. And maybe the guidman will say, "guidman, ye'll hae yer meal  
Ye're welcome tae yer broose the nicht likewise yer breid and kail

8. Noo, if beggin' be as good a trade and as I hope it may,  
It's time that I was oot o' here and haudin' doon the brae.

## 191 Shining River

(K: C2; W: G7; Arpeggio)

C a  
1. Outside my door when I was young  
F G  
There flowed a shining river,  
C a F G  
Gleaming in the summer sun it used to shine like silver,  
C a  
And the banks were lined with willow trees  
d G  
And tall green waving rushes,  
C a d G  
And songbirds sang in the summer breeze And nested in the bushes  
- C d  
Ch.: Don't you think it's time we got together  
G7 C a d d  
To save our shining river, it will soon be gone forever,  
G7 C a C a  
Ah, don't you think it's time, time, time, time, time, time  
C a  
2. The willow trees have long since gone,  
F G  
The birds are getting fewer,  
C a F G  
And where my river used to run there's just an open sewer.  
C a  
And the banks are lined with factories,  
d G  
Grey towers of bricks and mortar,  
C a d G  
There's smog and dust in the summer breeze, And poison in the water  
C a  
3. And where the silver gum did stand,  
F G  
where bloomed the yellow wattle,  
C a F G  
Now there's only old tin cans and piles of broken bottles  
C a  
And the banks are lined with mud and silt,  
d G  
The river's thick with slime,  
C a d  
And you ask me who must bear the guilt when the fault  
G  
is yours and mine.

## 192 Jamie Raeburn's Farewell

(K:a                      W: e5=a    Arpeggio / Baez-Picking)

1. My name is Jamie Raeburn, in Glasgow I was born,  
My place and habitation I'm forced to leave with scorn,  
Frae my place and habitation it's I must gang awa'  
Far frae the bonny hills and dales of Caledonia.

2. It was early on one morning, just by the break of day,  
The turnkey he came to us and unto us did say:  
"Arise ye hapless convicts arise ye one and a'  
This is the day you are to stray from Caledonia."

3. We all arose, put on our clothes, our hearts were full of grief  
Our friends that stood around the coach could grant us no relief  
Our parents, wives and sweethearts, too, their hearts were broke in twa  
Tae see us leave the hills and dales of Caledonia.

4. Fareweel, my dearest mother, I'm vexed for what I've done.  
I hope none cast up to you the race that I have run,  
I hope God will protect you when I am far awa',  
Far frae the bonnie hills and dales of Caledonia.

5. Fareweel, my honest faither, you were the best of men,  
And likewise my ain sweetheart, it's Catherine is her name.  
No more we'll walk by Clyde's clear stream or by the Broomielaw  
But I must leave the hills and dales of Caledonia.

## 193 The Hills of Connemara

(K: C, W: G5) (alt: K: a2=h W: G4=h)

Ch.: Gather up the pots and the old tin can,  
The mash, the corn, the barley and the bran,  
Run like the devil from the excise man,  
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney.

1. Keep your eyes well peeled today,  
The excise man is on his way,  
Searching for the mountain tay  
In the hills of Connemara.

2. Swing to the left and swing to the right,  
The excise man will dance all night,  
Drinking up the tay till the broad daylight  
In the hills of Connemara.

3. A gallon for the butcher, a quart for Tom,  
A bottle for poor old Father John,  
To help the poor old man along  
In the hills of Connemara.

4. Stand your ground, it is too late,  
The excise man is at the gate,  
Glory be to God, he's drinking it nate  
In the hills of Connemara.

## 194 Work o' the Weavers

(G, *schlagen*)

1. We're all sat together here to sit and to crack  
with glasses in our hands and the work upon the back,  
There's nae a one among us would neither mend nor mak'  
If it wasnae for the work o' the weavers.

Ch.: If it wasnae for the weavers what would we do  
We wouldnae ha'e claithes made o' oor wool,  
We wouldnae ha'e a coat made o' black or blue  
If it wasnae for the work o' the weavers.

2. There's some folk independent ae' other tradesmen's wark  
For women need nae barber an' dykers need nae clerk,  
There's nae a one amang 'em tae take a coat or sark,  
If it wasnae for the work o' the weavers.

3. There's smiths and there's wrights, there's mason chieles an' a'  
There's doctors and ministers and them that live by law,  
Our friends who live far away in South America  
They all need the work o' the weavers.

4. Noo the weavin' is a trade that never can fail  
As lang as we need cloth to keep another hale,  
So let us all be merry on a pitcher of good ale  
And drink to the work o' the weavers.

## 195 Blow, Boys, Blow

(K: D, W: G7; schlagen)

1. It's advertised in Boston, New York and Buffalo  
Five hundred brave Americans a-whaling for to go.

Ch.: Singing blow ye winds in the morning blow ye winds hi-ho  
Haul away your running gear and blow, boys, blow.

2. They send you to New Bedford, a famous whaling port,  
And give you to some land-sharks to board and fit you out.

3. They tell you of the clipper ships a-running in and out  
And how you'll take five hundred sperm before you're six months out

4. And now we're out to sea, my boys, the wind comes on to blow  
One half on deck is sick above, the other half below.

5. The skipper's on the quarterdeck a-squinting at the sails,  
When all at once the lookout sights a mighty school of whales.

6. Then lower down the boats, my boys, and after him we'll travel  
But if you get too near his fluke he'll kick you to the devil.

7. And now that he is ours, my boys, we'll tow him alongside  
And over with your blubber-hooks and rob him of his hide.

## 196 The Boxer

(G2=a      W: C9=a      Picking)

1. I am just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told,  
I have squandered my resistance  
For a pocketful of mumbles, such are promises.  
All lies and jest, still a man hears what he wants to hear,  
And disregards the rest, mm-hmm-hmm.

2. When I left my home and my family I was no more than a boy  
In the company of strangers,  
In the quiet of the railway station running scared,  
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters  
where the ragged people go,  
Looking for the places only they would know.

Ch.: Lie-la-lie, lie-la lie-la-lie-la-lie, lie-la-lie,  
Lie-la-lie la-lie-la-lie la-la-lie-la-lie.

3. Asking only workman's wages  
I come looking for a job, but I get no offers,  
Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue.  
I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome  
I took some comfort there, ooh-la-laa la-la-la-la-laa



<sup>C</sup>  
 4. Now the years are rolling by me they are rocking evenly<sup>a</sup>  
<sup>G</sup>  
 And I am older than I once was  
<sup>d</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 And younger than I'll be that's not unusual,  
<sup>a</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
 No it's not strange after changes upon changes  
<sup>C</sup>  
 We are more or less the same,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 After changes we are more or less the same. (*Chorus 2x*)

<sup>a</sup> <sup>e</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
 Ch.: Lie-la-lie, lie-la lie-la-lie-la-lie, lie-la-lie,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Lie-la-lie la-lie-la-lie la-la-lie-la-lie.

<sup>C</sup>  
 5. Then I'm laying out my winter clothes  
<sup>a</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 wishing I was gone, going home  
<sup>d</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me,  
<sup>e</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 Leading me, to going home.

<sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
 6. In the clearing stands a boxer, and a fighter by his trade  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>d</sup>  
 And he carries the reminders of ev'ry glove  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 That laid him down or cut him till he cried out  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
 In his anger and his shame "I am leaving, I am leaving,"  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 But the fighter still remains, yes he still remains.  
 (*Chorus 3x*)

<sup>a</sup> <sup>e</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
 Ch.: Lie-la-lie, lie-la lie-la-lie-la-lie, lie-la-lie,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Lie-la-lie la-lie-la-lie la-la-lie-la-lie.

## 197 Pub With No Beer

(G2=a; schlagen) alt: G5=C

1. It's lonesome away from your kindred and all  
By the campfire at night where the wild dingos call.  
But there's nothing so lonesome, morbid or drear  
Than to stand in the bar of a pub with no beer.
2. Now the publican's anxious for the quota to come  
There's a far away look on the face of the bum,  
The maid's gone all cranky, the cook's acting queer,  
What a terrible place is a pub with no beer.
3. The stockman rides up with his dry, dusty throat,  
He comes up to the bar, pulls a wad from his coat,  
But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer  
When the barman says sadly "The pub's got no beer."
4. There's a dog on the veranda, for his master he waits  
While the boss is inside drinking wine with his mates,  
He hurries for cover, he cringes in fear,  
It's no place for a dog in a pub with no beer.
5. Old Billy the blacksmith the first time in his life  
Has come home cold sober to his darling wife.  
He walks in the kitchen, she says you're early, my dear  
Then he breaks down and tells her the pub's got no beer.

## 198 Yesterday's People

(G3=a alt: G5=C Picking)

1. <sup>G</sup> Words which are wasted, <sup>D</sup> words which are weak,  
<sup>C</sup> what do we live on and <sup>G</sup> what do we seek,  
<sup>C</sup> Some way to love them and <sup>G</sup> some way to speak <sup>e</sup>  
<sup>a</sup> To yesterday's people with <sup>D</sup> yesterday's dreams. *(last: G)*

2. <sup>G</sup> They've lived in this world for so many years, <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> Fought in the wars, but still long for peace, <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> But now they look back at what might have been, <sup>e</sup>  
<sup>a</sup> For yesterday's people with <sup>D</sup> yesterday's dreams.

<sup>G</sup> Once my soul it would rise to the sound of love singing <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> But the sounds of my childhood have long been forgotten <sup>a</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> I could dance with no tiring from morning till evening, <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>e</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> But my old heart is wasted and my body grows feeble. <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>

3. <sup>G</sup> Once we were young we, too, had our dreams <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> To climb every mountain and to see everything, <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> But now we grow older and colder, it seems, <sup>a</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>e</sup>  
<sup>a</sup> We're yesterday's people with <sup>D</sup> yesterday's dreams.

*(repeat 1.)*

## 199 Fields of Athenry

(C2=D

Arpeggio)

1. By a lonely prison wall I heard a young girl calling  
"Michael, they are taking you away,  
For you stole Trevelyn's corn  
So the young might see the morn',  
Now the prison ship lies waiting in the bay."

Ch.: Low lie the fields of Athenry  
where once we watched the small free birds fly.  
Our love was on the wing  
we had dreams and songs to sing,  
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry. (FFC)

2. By a lonely prison wall I heard a young man calling  
"Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free,  
Against the Famine and the Crown  
I rebelled, they ran me down,  
Now you must raise our child with dignity."

3. By a lonely harbour wall she watched the last star falling  
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky,  
But she'll wait and hope and pray  
For her love in Botany Bay,  
It's lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.

## 200 Passin' Through

(C, schlagen / Picking)

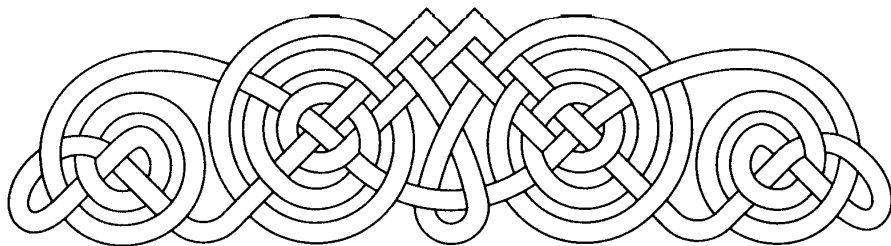
Ch.: Passin' through one more time,  
Passin' through one more time,  
Need no reason to ride the blind,  
Passin' through one more time.

1. Sky had ears, trees could talk,  
Oceans whisper, hills could walk,  
Gimme a smile and I'll give you mine,  
Passin' through one more time.

2. Make the best, blue or gray,  
Livin' that old cookbook cliché,  
Friends and lovers you'll leave and find,  
Passin' through one more time.

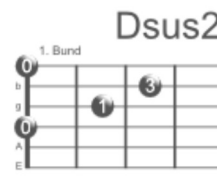
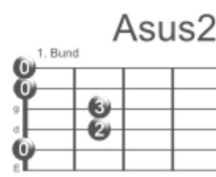
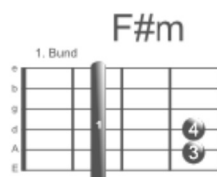
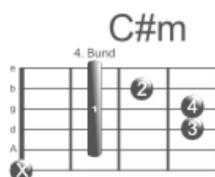
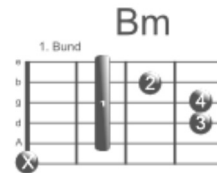
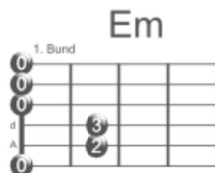
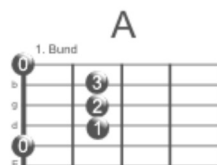
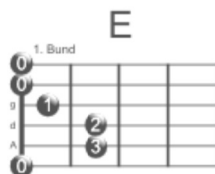
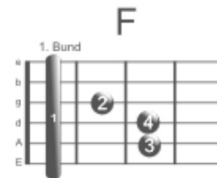
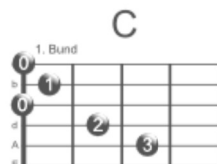
Ch.: Passin' through one more time,  
Passin' through one more time,  
Need no reason to ride the blind,  
Passin' through one more time.

(Harmonica Chorus)



Hinweis: Die Zahlen stehen für die Finger der linken Hand:

- 1 = Zeigefinger
- 2 = Mittelfinger
- 3 = Ringfinger
- 4 = Kleiner Finger



# Inhaltsverzeichnis A - Z

<b>Age</b> ...159	Hills of Connemara, the ...193	Place in the Choir, A ...165
All Around My Hat ...8	Hobo's Lullaby ...10	Pub with No Beer ...197
All for Me Grog ...22	Home Boys Home ...119	Puff, the Magic Dragon ...30
All the Children ...92	House of the Rising Sun ...166	<b>Rambling Boy</b> ...27
A Man's a Man ...111	<b>I Am a Pilgrim</b> ...139	Rare Ould Times, the ...83
Amazing Grace ...62	I Can't Help But Wonder ...88	Road to Dundee, the ...11
Aragon Mill ...144	If I Had a Hammer ...2	Roddy McCorley ...20
A-roving ...110	If I Only Knew ...154	Rogues in a Nation ...67
Ash Grove, the ...38	I Know Where I'm Going ...28	Roll in My Sweet Baby's Arms ...42
<b>Banks of the Ohio</b> ...180	I'll Tell Me Ma ...160	Rolling Home ...189
Black Is the Colour ...125	I'm a Rover ...70	Rose of Allandale ...77
Black Velvet Band ...118	I'm Sad and I'm Lonely ...155	<b>Sailing</b> ...54
Blow Boys Blow ...195	Irene, Good Night ...59	Sally Gardens ...81
Blowin' in the Wind ...1	Island in the Sun ...49	San Francisco Bay Blues ...100
Blue Moon of Kentucky ...104	It's Good to See You ...173	Scarborough Fair ...4
Blue Tail Fly ...175	<b>Jamie Raeburn's Farewell</b> ...192	Shady Grove ...163
Bog Down in the Valley-o ...40	Jock O' Hazeldean ...184	Shearin's No for You, the ...65
Bonnie Dundee ...107	Jock Stewart ...72	Shining River ...191
Bonnie Ship the Diamond ...167	Joe Hill ...147	Sing Me Back Home ...137
Botany Bay ...116	John B Sails (Sloop John B) ...35	Sixteen Tons ...156
Both Sides Now ...145	Johnny Lad ...188	Skye Boat Song ...26
Both Sides the Tweed ...75	John O' Dreams ...182	Song for Ireland ...174
Bottle of Wine ...50	John Peel ...46	Sounds of Silence, the ...177
Boxer, the ...196	Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye ...179	Southbound Passenger Train ...43
Bunch of Thyme, a ...79	Jug o' Punch ...44	Spancil Hill ...117
Bye-Bye Love ...48	<b>Keeper, the</b> ...33	Spanish Lady ...23
<b>Caledonia</b> ...176	Killing Me Softly With His Song...95	Spin, Spin, Spin ...169
Careless Love ...142	Knockin' on Heaven's Door ...152	Springhill Mining Disaster ...71
Carrickfergus ...112	<b>Last Night I Had</b> ...51	Star of the County Down ...148
Catch the Wind ...162	Last Thing on My Mind ...24	Stewball ...133
Charlie Is My Darling ...63	Leaving London ...89	Streets of London ...53
City of New Orleans ...47	Leaving of Liverpool, the ...15	Surrounded by Water ...60
Cliffs of Dooneen, the ...82	Leavin' on a Jet Plane ...58	<b>Tae the Beggin'</b> ...190
Cockles and Mussels ...37	Little Boxes ...123	Take Me Home Country Roads...41
Colours ...16	Loch Lomond ...76	Teach Your Children ...29
Columbus Stockade ...106	Long Black Veil ...141	There But for Fortune ...135
Come by the Hills ...64	Long Hard Road ...87	Thirsty Boots ...149
Come Landlord ...45	Long Time Friends ...150	This Land Is Your Land ...39
Copper Kettle ...161	Lord Franklin ...25	Times They Are A-changing ...93
Cottonfields ...124	Lord of The Dance ...121	Town I Loved So Well, the ...17
Crazy Man Michael ...183	<b>MacPherson's Farewell</b> ...108	Troubled And I Don't Know Why...143
Crooked Jack ...66	Mairi's Wedding ...73	Turn, Turn, Turn ...52
<b>Dark As a Dungeon</b> ...120	Me and Bobby McGhee ...98	Twa Recruitin' Sairgeants ...69
Daughters and Sons ...187	Midnight Special ...127	<b>Universal Soldier</b> ...164
Dirty Old Town ...9	Mingulay Boat Song ...6	<b>Wabash Cannonball</b> ...86
Dona, Dona ...55	Mothers, Daughters, Wives ...186	Walk Right in ...134
Down in Your Mines ...151	Mull of Kintyre ...56	Way Downtown ...97
Drugstore Truck Driving ...101	My Irish Molly-O ...185	Weave Me the Sunshine ...128
<b>Early Morning Rain</b> ...138	My Old Kentucky Home ...99	Westerling Home ...68
Early One Morning ...57	My Walking Shoes ...114	What Have They Done to ...131
<b>Fair and Tender Ladies</b> ...181	<b>Nancy Spain</b> ...32	When I'm Gone ...129
Farewell tae the Haven ...153	Never Wed an Old Man ...12	When the Fiddler Has Played ...132
Fiddler's Green ...13	Nightingale, the ...84	Where Have All the Flowers ...19
Five Hundred Miles ...3	Night They Drove Old Dixie...103	Whiskey in the Jar ...5
For Baby (For Bobby) ...126	Nine-Pound Hammer ...102	Whistling Gypsy Rover,the ...109
Freight Train ...96	No Man's Land ...170	Who Will Sing for Me ...130
Fields of Athenry ...199	Now I'm Easy ...172	Wild Rover, the ...7
Flower of Scotland, the ...14	Nut-Brown Maiden ...158	Will the Circle Be Unbroken ...18
Foggy Dew, the ...115	<b>Oh No, John</b> ...36	Will You Go, Lassie, Go ...31
Four Green Fields ...80	Oklahoma Hills ...157	Wind in the Willows, the ...91
From Clare to Here ...34	Old Woman Who Swallowed a...171	Winds Are Singing Freedom,the ...90
<b>Garden Song</b> ...168	On Ilkley Moor Baht 'At ...113	Work o' the Weavers, the ...194
Green, Green ...146	Only Our Rivers ...78	<b>Yarmouth Town</b> ...85
Greensleeves ...74	<b>Pack up Your Sorrows</b> ...140	Ye Banks and Braes ...61
<b>Hard Ain't It Hard</b> ...105	Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore..178	Ye Jacobites by Name ...21
Hello, Mary Lou ...122	Passin' Through ...200	Yesterday's People ...198
Help Me Make It Through ...94	Pastures of Plenty ...136	



UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT IN THE HOME  
OF AN ABSENT-MINDED PIPER