

# SONGBOOK

This Song Book is a composite work of the Philmont staff over several summers.

The first Philmont Song Book was published in 1977, and was called "Silver on the Sage". It had the Black Bull logo on the cover.

In 1980 a second Song Book was compiled by the staff. It was printed and put together by the 1981 staff. There were 1,000 copies of the book which had the 40th Anniversary logo printed on the cover.

This Song Book is a refinement of the 1981 book. It contains more songs written by Philmont staff members, and a special effort was exerted to correct chords that were incorrect in the 1981 version of the Song Book. The 40th Anniversary cover, designed by Jeff Segler, has been retained. A sincere effort has also been made to help Scouts who wish to learn to play a guitar.

Most of the songs written by Philmont staff members were recorded in 1981 for production of a cassette tape. This tape can be purchased in the Philmont Trading Post. The cassette tape, used with the Song Book, should be a great help to those wanting to learn the popular Philmont songs.

The memories of Scouts in Philmont's mountains is great with us. It is hoped the Song Book and Cassette tape will call up memories for you also.

Adios

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\* Written by Philmont Staff

PHILMONT HYMN

David Westfall - 1947

D G D D G D  
Silver on the sage, starlit skies above  
A D G D  
Aspen covered hills, country that I love  
D G D D G D  
Philmont here's to thee, scouting paradise  
A D - G - D  
Out in God's country, tonight.

John B. Westfall (J.B.)

Bm G D  
Wind in whispering pines, eagles soaring high  
A D G D  
Purple Mountains rise, against an azure sky  
D G D D G D  
Philmont here's to thee, scouting paradise  
A D - G - D  
Out in God's country, tonight.

PHILMONT GRACE

Clarence E. Dunn

For food,  
For raiment,  
For life,  
For opportunity,  
For friendship and fellowship,  
We thank thee O Lord.

TAPS

Day is done, gone the sun;	Fading light dims the sight;
From the lake, from the hills,	And a star gems the sky,
From the sky;	Gleaming bright;
All is well, safely rest,	From afar, drawing nigh,
God is nigh.	Falls the night.

WELCOME TO MY MORNING (al a PTC) \*

Welcome to our mornin', welcome to our day,  
Oh, yes, we're the ones responsible, we made it just this way  
To make ourselves some pictures, see what they might bring.  
We think we made it perfectly, we wouldn't change a thing.

Chorus

la, la la, la la la la la la.  
La la la, la la la la la la.

Welcome to our happiness, you know it makes us smile,  
And it pleases us to have you here for just a little while,  
While we open up the spaces and try to break the chains.  
And if the truth is told they will never come again.

Chorus

Welcome to our evenin', the closin' of the day,  
You know we could try a million times, never find a better way  
To tell you that we love you and all the songs we played  
Are to thank you for allowing us in the lovely day you made.

Repeat Stanza I

Chorus

\* 6th string tuned to D

SCOUT VESPER

Softly falls the light of day,  
While our campfire fades away.  
Silently each Scout should ask  
"Have I done my daily task?  
Have I kept my honor bright?  
Can I guiltless sleep tonight?  
Have I done and have I dared  
Everything to be prepared?"

PHILMONT RANGER SONG

I want to go back to Philmont  
Where the old Rayado flows,  
Where the rain comes a seepin'  
In the tent where you're a sleepin'  
And the waters say hello. HELLO (shout)

I want to wake up in the morning  
With my socks all wringing wet,  
For it brings back fondest memories,  
That a Ranger can't forget. WANNA BET (shout)

I want to hike once more the canyon floor  
From Scribblins to Old Camp,  
With my pack sack a-creakin',  
With my back with sweat a-reekin',  
And my legs beginning to cramp. OHHHH (shout)

I want to hike again with such great men  
As made those famous treks,  
From Beaubien to Porky  
And from Cito to Car-Max. HIP, HIP, HORAY (shout 3 times)



THIS LAND

CHORUS

C F C  
This land is your land, this land is my land  
G7 C  
From Baldy Mountain to Rayado Canyon  
F C Am  
From Cimarroncito to the rugged Tooth of Time  
G7 C  
This land was made for you and me.

C F C  
As I was walking that ribbon of trailways  
G7 C  
I saw above me that endless skyway  
F C Am  
I saw below me that golden valley  
G7 C  
This land was made for you and me. (CHORUS)

I roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps  
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts  
And all around me a voice was sounding  
This land was made for you and me. (CHORUS)

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

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a-winding  
Into the land of my dreams,  
Where the nightingales are singing  
And a white moon beams:  
There's a long, long night of waiting  
Until my dreams all come true;  
Till the day when I'll be going down  
That long, long trail with you.

ON MY HONOR

By Harry Bartelt

          G                  D7  
On my honor I'll do my best  
                          G  
To do my duty to God.  
  
                          D  
On my honor I'll do my best  
                  A                  D7  
To serve my country as I may.  
  
          G                  D  
On my honor I'll do my best  
  
                          G  
To do my good turn each day,  
E                          A  
To keep my body strengthened,  
  
          D                  G  
To keep my mind awakened,  
  
          C                  G                  C  
To follow paths of righteousness,  
  
          D7                  G  
On my honor I'll do my best.

I'VE GOT THAT SCOUTING SPIRIT

I've got that Scouting Spirit,  
Up in my head,  
Up in my head,  
Up in my head,  
I've got that Scouting Spirit,  
Up in my head,  
Up in my head to stay.

I've got that Scouting Spirit,  
Deep in my heart, etc.

I've got that Scouting Spirit,  
Down in my feet, etc.

I've got that Scouting Spirit,  
Up in my head,  
Deep in my heart,  
Down in my feet.  
I've got that Scouting Spirit,  
All over me.  
All over me to stay.

<sup>G</sup>  
'Twas the winter of '29

Me and Jake was a-ridin the line,  
And I'll <sup>C</sup> tell you it was <sup>G</sup> cold now.

Came across a bit of frost,

Nearly lost my beaver and hoss

It was <sup>F</sup> a fine time <sup>C</sup> dreamin' of the Texas <sup>G</sup> sun.

Well, I wish I could have a whole pocketfull of Texas <sup>G</sup> sun.

<sup>G</sup>  
Looked around for a restin' spot,

Fingers so cold you couldn't tie a knot.

So we <sup>C</sup> settled down for a long cold restless <sup>G</sup> snooze.

Came about the time the moon rose,

Heard a sound, it nearly froze my toes

It was <sup>F</sup> a big ole brown bear, a <sup>C</sup> grizzly bear, Ole <sup>G</sup> Griz!

Well, I <sup>D</sup> jumped out there in the knee-deep snow,

And I <sup>C</sup> swung my rifle <sup>G</sup> 'round.

Caught <sup>D</sup> him in the chin just below the nose,

He went <sup>C</sup> a-bellowin' like a <sup>D</sup> hound.

<sup>G</sup>  
Jake woke up from the noise outside,

Said he'd never had a better sleep in his life,

So we <sup>C</sup> put on a pot of that coffee boiled black as <sup>G</sup> night.

Packed up the mules like we always do,

And we headed on down to the rendezvous,

It was <sup>F</sup> a fine time <sup>C</sup> for dreamin' of the Texas <sup>G</sup> sun.

Well, I wish I could have got a whole pocketfull of Texas <sup>G</sup> sun.

Steve Lewis wrote "Winter if '29" in 1973 while he was a member of the staff at Cypher's Mine camp.

SLEWFOOT

<sup>G</sup>  
High on a mountain tell me what do you see?  
<sup>G</sup> Bear tracks, bear tracks, <sup>C</sup> looking back at <sup>G</sup> me.  
<sup>G</sup>  
Better find a ranger, boys, before it's too late,  
Cause that bear's got all our food <sup>C</sup> and headin' for the <sup>G</sup> gate.

Chorus

<sup>G</sup> Well, he's <sup>D</sup> big around the middle and he's <sup>G</sup> broad across the rump.  
<sup>G</sup> Running <sup>D</sup> ninety miles an hour taking <sup>G</sup> thirty feet a jump.  
<sup>G</sup> He ain't never been caught; he ain't never been treed.  
Some folks say he's <sup>C</sup> a lot like <sup>G</sup> me.

Freeze-dried pork chops, crackers and cheese,  
We put 'em in a bear bag and hung 'em in a tree.  
Looked in the trees and our rations were gone  
Ole Slewfoot's done made himself at home.

Chorus

Well, I got me a ranger and I got me a gun.  
We found ole Slewfoot and got him on the run.  
Chased him up a holler and down in the well,  
We shot him in the bottom just to listen to him yell.

Chorus

AIN'T NO BEARS IN ARKANSAS

By Steve Fromholz

G Em C  
Well, some folks say there ain't be bears in Arkansas  
F C G  
Some folks say there ain't no bears at all.  
C Em C  
Some folks say the bears go around eatin' babies raw  
F C G  
And some folks got a bear across the hall.

Some folks say that the bears go around smellin' bad  
Others say that a bear is honey sweet  
Some folks say this bear's the best I've ever had  
And some folks got a bear rug beneath their feet.

CHORUS

G Em C  
So meet a bear and take him out to lunch with you  
F C G  
Even though your friends may stop and stare.  
G Em  
Just remember there's a bear there, where?, over there in the  
C  
bunch with you.  
F C G  
Well they just don't come no better than a bear.

Some folks drive the bears out of the wilderness  
Others to see a bear will pay a fee.  
Me, I'll just bear up to my bewildered best  
Some folks even see the bear in me.

CHORUS

## THE BEAR

The other day I met a bear (repeat)  
Out in the woods away out there (repeat)

He looked at me; I looked at him (repeat)  
He sized up me; I sized up him (repeat)

He said to me why don't you run (repeat)  
I see you ain't got any gun (repeat)

And so I ran right out of there (repeat)  
But right behind me was the bear (repeat)

Ahead of me I spied a tree (repeat)  
A great big tree, oh lucky me (repeat)

The lowest branch was ten feet up (repeat)  
I'd have to jump and trust my luck (repeat)

And so I jumped into the air (repeat)  
But right behind me was that bear (repeat)

Now don't you fret and don't you frown (repeat)  
Cause I caught that branch on the way back down (repeat)

This is the end there ain't no more (repeat)  
Unless I meet that bear once more. (repeat)

FRENCH HENRY

By Greg Walker - 1975

G Em C G Em

T'was the summer of ninety three me and my poor boys a-

C D G EM

workin' French Henry a diggin' and a - blastin' and a-

C G C G

drillin' all the while. Gold has caught my spirit and com-

D G G Em

mands my whole life style, but the waters of the South Ponil are

(CHORUS)

C G C G

flowin' by. The wind has caught the aspens and the

D G

sunlight fills the sky. I can see the moonlight shining. I can

G Em

hear those miners mining. Oh a miner's life is full of charms, it's

### French Henry (cont.)

Musical notation for the second part of the song. It consists of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. Above the staff, the chords C, G, C, and G are indicated. Below the staff, the lyrics are: "Full of hardships too. Each day a workin' underground a-". The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics "way from skies of blue." Below this staff, the chords D and G are indicated.

I'm just a miner, and life's a simple thing  
Poetry for me is made of mountains in the spring.  
And I hear that blackbird cackling in a rowdy kind of way.  
It's telling how the mountains live their life from day to day.

### CHORUS

I hang my head in weariness, I hear the symphony.  
The wind will whisper lyrics to the water's melody.  
Oh, the magic of this valley sings a simple song to me.  
It lulls my soul and soothes away a miner's misery.

This song was written by Greg Walker as Camp Director at French Henry  
in the summer of 1975.

### THE RIDDLE SONG

I gave my love a cherry that had no stone.  
I gave my love a chicken that had no bone.  
I gave my love a ring that had no end.  
I gave my love a baby with no cryin'.

How can there be a cherry that has no stone?  
How can there be a chicken that has no bone?  
How can there be a ring that has no end?  
How can there be a baby with no cryin'?

A cherry when it's bloomin' has no stone.  
A chicken when it's pippin' has no bone.  
A ring when it's rollin' has no end.  
A baby when it's sleepin' has no cryin'.



## ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH

A D Em7 C  
He was born in the summer of his twenty-seventh year  
A D Em7 G-A  
Coming home to a place he'd never been before.  
D Em7 C-a  
He left yesterday behind him, you might say he was born again  
D Em7-G-A  
You might say he found the key to every door.

D Em7 C  
When he first came to the mountains his life was far away  
A D Em7-G-a  
On the road, and hanging by a song.  
D Em7 C-A  
But the string's already broken and he really doesn't care  
D Em7-G-A  
It keeps changing fast and it don't last for long.

### Chorus 1

G A D  
But the Colorado Rocky Mountain high.  
G A D  
I've seen it raining fire in the sky.  
G A Em7-Dmaj7-G  
The shadow from the starlight is softer than a lullabye.  
D Em7-G  
Rocky Mountain High, in Colorado.  
A D Em7-G  
Rocky Mountain High, in Colorado.

A D Em7 C-A  
He climbed Cathedral Mountains, he saw silver clouds below  
D Em7-G-A  
He saw everything as far as he could see.  
D Em7 C-A  
And they say that he got crazy once and he tried to touch the sun  
D Em7-G-A  
And he lost a friend, but kept his memory.

D Em7 C  
Now he walks in quiet solitude, the forest and the stream  
A D Em7-G-A  
Seeking grace in every step he takes.  
D Em7 C  
His sight has turned inside himself to try and understand  
A D Em7-G-A  
The serenity of a clear blue mountain lake.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH (Cont.)

Chorus 2

A G A D  
And the Colorado Rocky Mountain High,  
I've G A D  
seen it rainin' fire in the sky.  
Talk G A D Em7-Dmaj7-G  
to God and listen to the casual reply.  
D  
Rocky Mountain high in Colorado.

G-A D Em7 C  
Now his life is full of wonder, but his heart still knows some fear  
D Em7-G-A  
Of a simple thing he cannot comprehend.  
D Em7 C  
Why they try to tear the mountains down to bring in a couple more,  
A D Em7-G  
More people, more scars upon the land.

Chorus 3

A G A D  
And the Colorado Rocky Mountain High,  
I've G A D  
seen it rainin' fire in the sky.  
I G A D Em7-Dmaj7-G  
know he'd be a poorer man if he never saw an eagle fly.  
D  
Rocky Mountain High.  
G A D  
It's a Colorado Rocky Mountain high.  
G A D  
I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky.  
G A D-Em7-D-G  
Friends around the campfire and everybody's high.  
D Em7  
Rocky Mountain High, in Colorado  
G A D ---Em7  
Rocky Mountain High.

DARK AS A DUNGEON

By Merle Travis

A D E7  
Come all you young fellows, so young and so fine,----  
A D A  
And seek not your for-tune in a dark drear-y mine.  
D E7  
It will form as a habit and seep in your soul,----  
A D A  
'Till the stream of your blood runs as black as the coal.  
E7 A  
Where it's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew, Where the  
E7 A  
danger is double and the pleasures are few,.Where the rain  
A7 D E7 A  
never falls and the sun never shines,--It's dark as a dungeon  
A  
way down in the mines.-----

1. Come on all you young fellos, so young and so fine,'  
And seek not your fortune in a dark dreary mine,  
It will form as a habit and seep in your soul  
'Till the stream of your blood runs as black as the coal.

CHORUS

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

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

BOY OF THE MOUNTAINS

By Dave Goldfein

Well he's sittin on a mountain in New Mexico.  
Wonderin' about his life and where he ~~should~~ go. There's a bird  
floating past him so graceful and free. He says boy of the  
mountains won't you listen to me.

CHORUS

If you search for tomorrow, then you'll never find today.  
For life is for the living, you gotta live out each day.  
If you worry about tomorrow and what the future may hold,  
Then you'll just end up worrying till you grow very old.

The boy said that's so easy for you to say. You just float  
through the mountains looking for prey.  
No you don't have to worry since your so ~~damn~~ free. But me  
I got to find a job and raise a family.  
Well the bird flew on over and perched on a branch, he looked  
at that boy and started to laugh.  
He said kid you got your needs and I got mine, but one thing  
We've in common is the passage of time.

CHORUS

Now the bird started movin' his wings toward the sky.  
The boy looked up at him with a tear in his eye.  
He said bird, what your saying. it makes so much sense,  
for I'm crossing pastures afor I even reach the fence.  
Now the bird floated Eastward across the great plains. And  
the boy started walkin' for it began to rain.  
He was thinking about the bird and as he looked o'er the land.  
He heard boy of the mountains, now you're a man.

CHORUS

Dave Goldfein was in the 1980 Ranger Department

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SUITE

D G A  
Up in a meadow in Jasper, Alberta  
D C A  
Two men and four ponies on a long lonesome ride,  
D G A  
To see the high country and learn of her people,  
D C A  
The ways that they lived there, the way that they died.

One is a teacher, and one a beginner,  
Just wanting to be there and wanting to know.  
And together they're trying to tell us a story  
That should have been listened to a long time ago.

G A D  
How the life in the mountains is living in danger  
G E A  
From too many people, too many machines.  
G D  
And the time is upon us, today is forever,  
G E A  
Tomorrow is just one of yesterday's dreams.

Cold nights in Canada and icy blue winds,  
The man and the mountains are brothers again.  
Clear waters are laughing, they sing to the sky,  
The rockies are living -- they never will die.

Up in the meadow in Jasper, Alberta  
Two men and four ponies on a long lonesome ride . . . .

JEREMIAH JOHNSON

(Capo-2)

<sup>G</sup> Jeremiah <sup>Em</sup> Johnson made his <sup>G</sup> way into the <sup>Em</sup> mountains  
<sup>G</sup> Bettin' <sup>Em</sup> on forgettin' all the troubles that he knew  
<sup>G</sup> The trail was wide and <sup>Em</sup> narrow  
And the <sup>G</sup> eagle or the <sup>Em</sup> sparrow  
Showed the <sup>G</sup> path he was to <sup>Em</sup> follow as they flew.  
A <sup>C</sup> mountain man's a <sup>D</sup> lonely man  
And he <sup>G</sup> leaves a life <sup>Em</sup> behind  
He <sup>C</sup> ought to have <sup>D</sup> indifference, but <sup>G</sup> oftimes you will <sup>Em</sup> find,  
That the <sup>G</sup> story doesn't always go that way you had in <sup>Em</sup> mind.  
Jeremiah's <sup>C</sup> story is that <sup>D</sup> kind. . .  
Jeremiah's <sup>C</sup> is that <sup>D</sup> kind.

<sup>G</sup> The way that you <sup>Em</sup> wander is the way that you <sup>G</sup> choose,  
<sup>G</sup> The day that you <sup>Em</sup> tarry is the day that you <sup>G</sup> lose.  
<sup>C</sup> Sunshine or <sup>D</sup> thunder, a man will always <sup>G</sup> wonder.  
<sup>C-D</sup> Where the fair wind <sup>G</sup> blows.

An Indian says you search in vain for what you cannot find.  
He says you'll find a thousand ways for runnin' down your time.  
An Indian didn't scream it, he said it in a song,  
And he's never been known to be wrong,  
He's never been known to be wrong.

COTTON-EYED JOE

Hey there Daddy, did you know  
Papa worked a man called Cotton-Eyed Joe  
Papa worked a man called Cotton-Eyed Joe.  
Hadn't been for Cotton-Eyed Joe,  
Woulda married ten years ago.  
Woulda married ten years ago.  
I fell down and stubbed my toe.  
Called for a doctor -- Cotton Eyed Joe (repeat)  
Tune that fiddle and rosin that bow.  
Play a little tune called Cotton-Eyed Joe (repeat)  
Have you heard 'bout Cotton-Eyed Joe?  
He's gone to Heaven or down below. (repeat)  
Tune that fiddle and rosin that bow  
Play a little tune wherever I go. (repeat)  
Where'd you come from, where'd you go  
Where'd you come from Cotton-Eyed Joe? (repeat)

BLACK MOUNTAIN CABIN SONG

By George Michaels

G D  
Sittin' in our cabin  
C G  
On a cold and rainy night  
G D  
Listenin' to the wind blow by  
C D  
Trees roll out of sight.

G D  
Listen to the crackle  
C G  
Of the fire in the stove  
G D  
Watch the steam arisin'  
C G  
From the coffeepot it goes.

G D  
Sittin' and a thinking'  
C G  
Of the things that we have done  
G D  
Workin' and a playin'  
C G  
Singin' when its done.

Listen to the wind blow by  
Rustlin' through the trees  
Listen to the clouds blow by  
Hidin' things from me.

I wish I had a lady  
Sittin' by my side  
Just sittin' and a dreamin'  
Till the early mornin' light.

Sittin' in Black Mountain  
On a cold and rainy night  
Listenin' to the wind blow by  
Trees roll out of sight.  
Listen to that old wind blow by  
Trees roll out of sight.

Black Mountain Cabin Song was written by George Michaels while he was Camp Director at Black Mountain in 1980.

TOM DULA

G  
Hand me down my banjo,  
D7  
I'll pick hit - on me knee.

This time tomorrow night  
G  
It'll be no use - to me.

CHORUS

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley  
Hang down your head and cry,  
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley,  
Poor boy, you're bound to die.

I met her on the mountain,  
I swore she'd be my wife,  
I met her on the mountain,  
And I stabbed her with my knife.

CHORUS

This time tomorrow,  
Reckon where I'll be,  
Down in some lonesome valley  
A-hangin' on a white oak tree.

CHORUS

I had my trial at Wilksboro,  
And what d'you reckon they done?  
They bound me over to Statesville,  
And that's where I'll be hung.

CHORUS

The limb a-bein' oak, boys,  
The rope a-bein' strong,  
Bow down your head, Tom Dooley,  
You know you're gonna be hung.



COUNTRY ROADS

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

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

CHORUS

          G                  D                  Em          C  
Country roads, take me home, to the place I belong  
          G                  D  
West Virginia, mountain momma  
          C                  G  
Take me home, country roads

All my memories gather 'round her  
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water  
Dark and dusty painted on the sky  
Misty tasting moonshine, teardrop in my eye.

CHORUS

Em          D                  G  
I hear her voice, in the morning hour she calls me  
          C          G                  D  
The radio reminds me of my home far away  
          Em                  F                  C  
And driving down the road I get a feeling that  
                  D                  D7  
I should have been home yesterday, yesterday.

CHORUS

SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN

Chicken a-crowing on Sourwood Mountain,  
Hoe Dee-ing Di Did-Dy-I-Day;  
So many pretty girls, I can't count 'em,  
Hoe Dee-ing Di Did-Dy-I-Day.

My true love is a blue-eyed Daisy,  
Hoe Dee-ing Di Did-Dy-I-Day;  
If I don't get her, I'll go crazy,  
Hoe Dee-ing Di Did-Dy-I-Day.

My true love lives at the head of the holler,  
Hoe Dee-ing Di Did-Dy-I-Day;  
She won't come and I won't foller,  
Hoe Dee-ing Di Did-Dy-I-Day.

Ducks in the pond, geese in the ocean,  
Hoe Dee-ing Di Did-Dy-I-Day;  
Dev il's in woman if she takes the notion,  
Hoe Dee-ing Di Did-Dy-I-Day.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

D7 G  
Down in the valley,

G D7  
The valley so low,

D7  
Hang your head over,

D7 G  
Hear the wind blow.

Hear the wind blow, love,  
Hear the wind blow,  
Hang your head over,  
Hear the wind blow.

Roses love sunshine,  
Violets love dew,  
Angels in heaven  
Know I love you.

If you don't love me,  
Love who you please,  
Put your arms 'round me,  
Give my heart ease.

Give my heart ease, love,  
Give my heart ease,  
Put your arms 'round me,  
Give my heart ease.

(cont.)

Write me a letter,  
Send it by mail,  
Send it in care of  
The Birmingham Jail.

Birmingham Jail, love,  
Birmingham Jail,  
Send it in care of  
The Birmingham Jail.

Build me a castle  
Forty feet high,  
So I can see her  
As she rides by.

As she rides by, love,  
As she rides by,  
So I can see her,  
As she rides by.

Down in the valley,  
The valley so low,  
Hang your head over,  
Hear the wind blow.

## ROCKY TOP

G C G  
Wish that I was on old Rocky Top

Em D G  
Down in the Tennessee hills.

C G  
Aint no fog or smog on Rocky Top

Em D G  
Ain't no telephone bills.

G C G  
I once met a girl on Rocky Top,

Em D G  
Half bear, the other half cat.

C G  
Wild as a mink, but sweet as soda pop,

Em D G  
I still dream about that.

### Chorus

Em D  
Rocky Top, you'll always be

F C  
Home sweet home to me.

G Em  
Good ol' Rocky Top,

G D G  
Rocky Top, Tennessee,

D G  
Rocky Top, Tennessee.

Once two strangers climbed ole Rocky Top,  
Looking for a moonshine still.  
Strangers ain't come down from Rocky Top,  
Reckon they never will.

### Chorus

Corn won't grow at all on Rocky Top,  
Dirt's too rocky by far.  
That's why all the folks on Rocky Top  
Drink their corn from a jar.

### Chorus

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

### Chorus

## MOUNTAIN DEW

### Chorus

<sup>G</sup> They call it that good ol' <sup>G</sup> Mountain Dew, <sup>G7</sup> dew, dew,  
<sup>C</sup> And them that refuse it are <sup>G</sup> few (are few)  
I'll hush up my mug if you <sup>Em</sup> fill up <sup>C</sup> my jug  
<sup>D</sup> With that good ol' <sup>G</sup> Mountain Dew.

My uncle Bill has a still on the hill  
Where he brews up a gallon or two (or two)  
The buzzards in the sky get so drunk they can't fly  
Just from sniffin' that good ol' Mountain Dew.

### Chorus

Old Rev'rend Gus, ya never heard him cuss  
Not even a word or two (or two)  
But ya should have heard him swear  
When he didn't get his share  
Of that good ol' Mountain Dew.

### Chorus

My Uncle Fred had a still in the bed  
Where he brewed up a gallon or two (or two)  
His wife drank it all, then you heard that matin' call  
Just from drinkin' that good ol' Mountain Dew.

### Chorus

My Uncle Hank had an old army tank  
That he got back in 'forty-two ('forty-two)  
It wouldn't move a nudge 'til he gave it a gludge  
Of that good ol' Mountain Dew.

### Chorus

My Uncle Ron had a still on the john  
Where he brewed up a gallon or two (or two)  
When the revenueers came a'rushin' he'd give it a flushin'  
Of that good old Mountain Dew.

### Chorus

My Uncle Mort, he's sawed-off and short  
He stands about four-foot two (four'two)  
But he thinks he's a giant when he guzzles a pint  
Of that good old Mountain Dew.

PARADISE

D G D  
When I was a child, my family would travel  
A7 D  
Down to Western Kentucky where my parents were born.  
G D  
There's a backwoods old town that's often remembered  
A7 D  
So many times ~~that~~ my memories are worn.

CHORUS

D G D  
And Daddy won't you take me back to Muehlenberg County,  
A7 D  
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay.  
G D  
Well, I'm sorry, my son, but you're too late in asking  
A7 D  
Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it away.

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

When I die let my ashes float down the Green River  
Let my soul roll on up to the Rochester Dam.  
I'll be half-way to heaven with paradise waiting  
Just five miles away from wherever I am.

CHORUS

CLEMENTINE

<sup>G</sup>  
In a cavern, in a canyon  
Excavating for a mine,  
Dwelt a miner, 'forty-niner,  
And his daughter Clementine.

Chorus

<sup>G</sup>  
Oh my darling, oh my darling,  
Oh my darling Clementine!  
Thou art lost and gone forever,  
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy,  
And her shoes were number nine,  
Herring boxes without topses  
Sandals were for clementine.

Chorus

Drove she ducklings to the water,  
Ev'ry morning just at nine  
Hit her foot against a splinter,  
Fell into the foaming brine.

Chorus

Ruby lips above the water,  
Blowing bubbles soft and fine  
But alas, I was no swimmer,  
So I lost my Clementine.

Chorus

Then the miner, 'forty-niner,  
Soon began to peak and pine  
Thought he oughter find his daughter,  
Now he's with his Clementine.

Chorus

In my dreams she still doth haunt me,  
Robed in garments soaked in brine.  
Though in life I used to hug her,  
Now she's dead I draw the line.

Chorus

FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN

Em C  
Took my family away from my Carolina home  
Em C  
Had dreams about the west and started to roam.  
Em C  
Six long months on a dust-covered trail,  
Em C  
They say heaven's at the end but so far its been hell.

CHORUS

And there's, <sup>G</sup> Fire on the Mountain  
<sup>D</sup> Lightening in the air.  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>C</sup> Gold in them hills and it's  
Waitin' for me there. <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup>

We were diggin' and siftin' from five to five  
Sellin' everything we had just to stay alive  
Gold flowed free like the whiskey in the bar  
Sinnin' was the best thing Lord, and Satan was the star.

CHORUS

Dance hall girls was the evenin' treat  
Empty cartons and blood lined the gutters of the street  
Men were shot down for the sake of fun  
Or just to hear the noise of their 44 guns.

CHORUS

Now my widow she, weeps by my grave  
Tears flow free for her man, she couldn't save  
Shot down in cold blood by a gun that carried fame  
All for a useless and no good, worthless claim.

CHORUS

CHORUS

....waitin' for me there.

SIXTEEN TONS

Now some people say a man's made out of mud<sup>Am Dm E7</sup>  
But a poor man's made out of muscle and blood<sup>Am E7</sup>  
Muscle and blood, skin and bones,<sup>Am Dm</sup>  
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong.<sup>Am E7</sup>

CHORUS

You load sixteen tons and what do you get?<sup>Am Dm E7</sup>  
Another day older and deeper in debt.<sup>Am Dm E7</sup>  
Saint Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go,<sup>Am Dm</sup>  
I owe my soul to the company store.<sup>Am E7 Am</sup>

I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine,  
I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine  
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal  
And the strawboss hollered, "Well, bless my soul!"

Chorus

Now when you see me comin', you better step aside,  
Another man didn't and another man died,  
I've got one fist of iron, the other of steel  
If the right one don't get you, the left one will.

Chorus

SHE'LL BE COMIN' AROUND THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be comin' around the mountain when she comes,  
She'll be comin' around the mountain when she comes,  
She'll be comin' around the mountain,  
She'll be comin' around the mountain,  
She'll be comin' around the mountain when she comes.

She'll be drivin' six white horses, etc.

We will all go to meet her, etc.

We will have chicken an' dumplins, etc.

She'll be reelin' an a-rockin', etc.

We'll shout glory hallelujah, etc.



THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK

<sup>D</sup>  
I am the eagle I live in high country  
in rocky cathedrals that reach to the <sup>C</sup>sky;  
<sup>D</sup>  
I am the hawk and there's blood on my feathers,  
but time is still turning they soon will be <sup>C</sup>dry  
And <sup>D</sup>all those who see me and all who believe in me  
share in the freedom I feel when I <sup>F</sup>fly. <sup>E</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
Come <sup>D</sup>dance with the <sup>Bm</sup>west wind and <sup>G</sup>touch on the <sup>A</sup>mountain  
tops, <sup>Dmaj7</sup>sail o'er the <sup>Bm</sup>canyons and up <sup>G</sup>to the <sup>A</sup>stars,  
And <sup>D</sup>reach for the heavens and <sup>G</sup>hope for the <sup>D</sup>future  
and all that we <sup>G</sup>can be and <sup>Em7</sup>not what we <sup>A</sup>are.  
BadE A G Fmaj-5 E

NEW MEXICO YOU WILL BE MISSED

Ken Konopka

<sup>D</sup>  
It's been a year since I've been away and I've <sup>C</sup>missed it <sup>G</sup>so;  
<sup>D</sup>  
The mountain streams, the rugged peaks all covered with snow;  
<sup>D</sup>  
Frosty mornings, chillin' breezes, wild flowers covered with <sup>G</sup>dew;  
<sup>D</sup>  
Friendly people, smiling faces, New Mexico I've <sup>C</sup>missed you. <sup>G</sup>  
New Mexico I've <sup>C</sup>missed you, New Mexico I've <sup>C</sup>missed you. <sup>G</sup>  
  
<sup>D</sup>  
Many places rival the <sup>C</sup>scenery, but the people are the <sup>G</sup>best.  
<sup>D</sup>  
The spirit of the mountains is in everyone, it's the spirit of <sup>C</sup>friendliness. <sup>G</sup>  
Not everywhere you can say hello and receive a warm <sup>G</sup>reply;  
<sup>D</sup>  
But in New Mexico it happens every day. It's the New Mexican way of <sup>G</sup>life,  
It's the New Mexican way of <sup>C</sup>life, it's the New Mexican way of <sup>G</sup>life. <sup>D</sup>  
  
<sup>D</sup>  
Summer's endin', people leaving, sadness through and through. <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>D</sup>  
Say good-bye to the people, the mountains, the sky of azure <sup>C</sup>blue. <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>D</sup>  
No one really wants to leave, but obligations do <sup>C</sup>persist. <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>D</sup>  
We'll leave with the spirit in our hearts, New Mexico you will be <sup>C</sup>missed; <sup>G</sup>  
New Mexico you will be <sup>C</sup>missed, New Mexico you will be <sup>C</sup>missed; <sup>D</sup>  
New Mexico you will be <sup>C</sup>missed, New Mexico you will be <sup>G</sup>missed; <sup>D</sup>  
New Mexico you will be <sup>C</sup>missed. <sup>G</sup>

HAPPY WANDERER

I love to go a-wandering along the mountain tracks  
And as I go I love to sing, my knapsack on my back.

Chorus

Val-de-ri, val-de-ra  
Val-de-ri, val-de-ra-ha-ha-ha-ha  
Val-de-ri, val-de-ra  
My knapsack on my back.

I love to wander by the stream that dances in the sun  
So joyously it calls to me, "Come join my happy song."

Chorus

I wave my hat to all I see and they wave back to me  
And blackbirds call so loud and free from every greenwood tree.

Chorus

High overhead the blackbird wings, they never rest at home  
But just like me they love to sing as o'er the world we roam.

Chorus

Oh, may I go a-wandering until the day I die  
Oh, may I always laugh and sing beneath God's clear blue sky.

Chorus

## GEORGETOWN

C  
Sitting on a white stone bridge  
F Am G C  
'bout a mile from Georgetown, Colorado.  
C Am F  
Looking at a mountain meadow that's  
G C  
changing, golden brown to shadow.  
F C  
Hundred yards behind my back is a bar  
G Am  
and I'd like to go and drown my sorrow  
F C  
Carry my mind to an easy time,  
G Am - F - G  
the far side of tomorrow.

## CHORUS

GFG F G C  
And the river, she flows on around the bend.  
Am F G  
On down to Denver, where she meets a friend,  
F G C  
Then they sail together till they reach the sea.  
Am F G C  
I wish I was the river, Lord, and the river was me.

Now I heard there's a man aways up the road  
Knows just how to sing and play the guitar.  
Sitting on the edge of fame and fortune,  
Could have made himself a very big star.  
Riding 'round cities in a big cadillac  
Showing all the ladies a smile.  
But he took all the money and gave it right back  
And kept his happy heart awhile.

## CHORUS

BLACK MOUNTAIN

By Mark Rom

G C D<sub>2</sub> C  
 I love Black Mountain  
 G C  
 Cabin so right,  
 C D  
 Roof that's tight (CHORUS CHORDS)  
 G C D<sub>2</sub>  
 Make you my home, Black Mountain.  
 G C D  
 Put you in my pocket for the rest of my life.

D=D MAJOR  
 D<sub>2</sub>= C played up 2 frets

G C D<sub>2</sub> C  
 Sun's comin' up at Black Mountain  
 G D  
 Me and my coffee, we're walking the trails.  
 G D  
 Got the sourdough in the oven,  
 C D  
 Burro feed in the burro pail.

(VERSE CHORDS)

I love Black Mountain  
 Saws that sing and axes that bite.  
 Got you in my sights, Black Mountain.  
 Put you in my pocket for the rest of my life.

(CHORUS)

Ize hammerin', early sawin'  
 Snake's tellin' stories about his bear.  
 Tom's shooting rifles, Zach's a-jawing  
 Saying, "It'll shine, don't have a care."

(VERSE)

I love Black Mountain  
 Strong stone arms and soft spruce arms.  
 I fell for your charms, Black Mountain.  
 Put you in my pocket for the rest of my life.

(CHORUS)

Singing the sun down at Black Mountain.  
 Dipping wax candles, pouring hot lead.  
 Tossing our axes, cleaning our rifles  
 Lay my head down, it's time for bed.

(VERSE)

I love Black Mountain  
 Wrap your arms around me and hold me tight.  
 Make ~~Make~~ you my home Black Mountain  
 Put you in my pocket for the rest of my life.  
 Put you in my pocket for the rest of my life.

(CHORUS)

SANTA FE TRAPPER

Music - Sam Shupe Words - Tony "Snake" Gerard

G D C G  
In the summer of eighteen and three  
G Em C D  
We left Kentucky, my brother and me  
G Em C G  
For the wanderlust had us, and wouldn't set us free  
Em C G  
And we set our path for the West

Over in Missouri we come upon a band  
Got a job driving mules for a man named LaLand  
The pay wasn't so good, but it was better than none  
And we got fed for free.

Headed across the plains to Santa Fe  
A man called Gervaes, who knew, he led the way  
The Pawnees was bothersome, and they killed three mules  
And it was hotter than hell.

For three years we trapped north of Santa Fe  
My brother, me and our partners Juan and Jay  
The fur we took was prime, but it wasn't legal then  
So Juan snuck our plews into Taos

Down along the Pecos was where Juan met his end  
With an arrow through the chest, but he died among his friends  
We buried him deep, so the wolves couldn't gnaw his bones  
And left no marker on his grave.

A Comanche warrior's daughter I bought as my wife  
For two kegs of powder and fusée and my knife  
She made things go easier and soon she took on life  
And bore me a son that same year.

Smuggling our plews back into Santa Fe  
In eighteen and fourteen, that's how they caught ole' Jay  
Me and my brother we both got clean away  
But they sent Jay to prison way down south.

These long twenty years I ain't gained a whole lot  
My brother he died from a grizzly bear's swat  
My woman she died in the spring of twenty three  
And Kentucky haunts my memory.

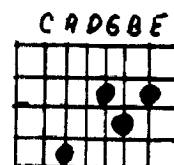
Chorus 1 G Em C D  
And the Ohio River flows slow and easy in the summertime  
G Em  
And a breeze commin' across it  
C D  
Sure does make a man feel fine  
G Em C  
And why I left that cool green valley, I'll never know  
Em C  
Just to die out here in the desert  
D  
In New Mexico.

Chorus 2 And the Cimarron River flows clear and cold in the summertime  
And those mountains are full of beaver  
And you know so oh they're gonna be prime  
And why I sometimes think about leaving, I'll never know  
The life of a trapper out here  
In New Mexico.

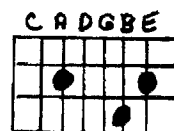
MOUNTAIN LADY

Paul C. Tweed

D D<sup>1</sup> D<sup>2</sup>  
 I met her in the mountains of New Mexico  
 D D<sup>1</sup> D<sup>2</sup>  
 Her hair was as gold as the summer sun  
 D D<sup>1</sup> D<sup>2</sup>  
 She makes me feel as high as the tallest mountain  
 D D<sup>1</sup> D<sup>2</sup>  
 And I hate to leave her when the summers done.  
 D, D<sup>1</sup>, D<sup>2</sup>  
 D, D<sup>1</sup>, D<sup>2</sup>  
 D D<sup>1</sup> D<sup>2</sup>  
 I was workin as a cowboy in those mountains  
 I had everything I could ever want  
 A good ole horse to ride and a cabin to sleep in  
 Alone with my lady under the stars above.



D<sup>1</sup>



D<sup>2</sup>

CHORUS

G A D, D<sup>1</sup>, D<sup>2</sup>  
 She's so fine, she's my mountain lady  
 G A D, D<sup>1</sup>, D<sup>2</sup>  
 The most beautiful woman in the world.  
 G A D D<sup>1</sup> D<sup>2</sup>  
 I must be the richest man under the skies of blue  
 G A G  
 Just to have her love and to hear her say "babe I love you".

D D<sup>1</sup> D<sup>2</sup>  
 Her blue eyes they shine in the moonlight  
 Her smile makes me feel so fine  
 I'm tellin' you boys, there ain't nothin' in this ole world  
 That can make me feel like my New Mexican girl.

CHORUS


D D<sup>1</sup> D<sup>2</sup>  
 Well I'm leavin' when the autumn leaves start fallin'  
 Back to the north, and the cold and snow.  
 I hate to leave her and these mountains,  
 But a part of me is stayin' just to let her know.

CHORUS

THE TRAPPER'S LIFE


Words and music by Greg Walker.

Em A C D Em



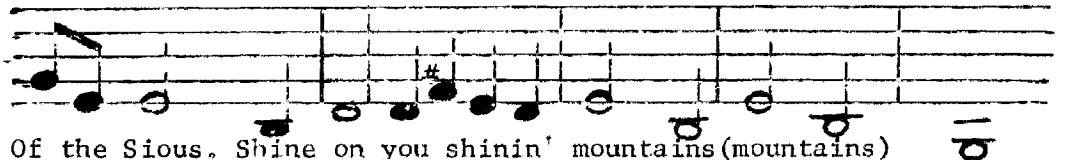
I've lived a trapper's life. Tooka Cheyenne Woman for my wife. I've

Em A C D




Trapped for beaver plew. Learned to speak the language

Em D Em C



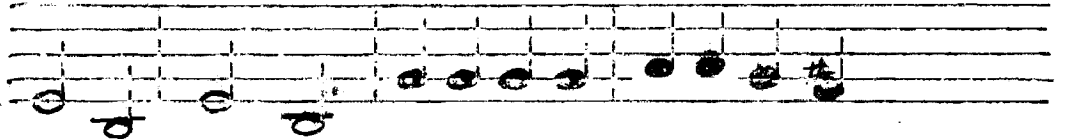
Of the Sious. Shine on you shinin' mountains (mountains)  
(Chorus)

D Em D



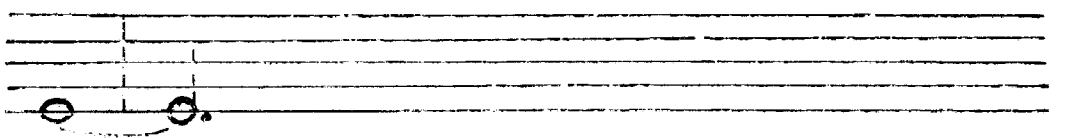
I'll return to you. Shine on you shinin'

Em C D



Mountains (mountains). Your the only life I ever

Em



Knew.

Trapper Doc I be, of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company  
Meet my partners James, Alan, and Tom are their Christian names.  
(Chorus)

THE TRAPPER'S LIFE (Cont.)

I trap by day, I rest by night,  
I keep my Hawken within my sight,  
I walk along your mountain streams  
It's in your arms that I live my dreams.  
(Chorus)

We trapped Rayado Creek  
Shinin' times for about a week  
Crossed trails with some Arapaho  
They stole our plews and then forced us to go.  
(Chorus)

We headed for the rendezvous,  
Four free trappers without a plew  
We cached at Taos town  
Found ole Gabe and we all "threw down."  
(Chorus)

The years have come, the years have gone  
Yet these shinin' mountains still sing my song,  
You'll feel it in your bones tonight,  
As you sleep along 'neath the soft starlight,  
(Chorus)

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

Oscar Hammerstein, II

The hills are alive with the sound of music,  
With songs that have sung for a thousand years.  
The hills fill my heart with the sound of music,  
My heart wants to sing every song it hears.

My heart wants to beat like the wings of the birds that rise,  
From the lake to the trees.  
My heart wants to sigh like a chime that flies  
From a church on a breeze,  
To laugh like a brook when it trips and falls over stones on its way.  
To sing through the night like a lark who is learning to pray.

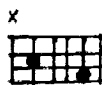
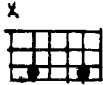
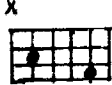
I come to the hills when my heart is lonely,  
I know I will hear what I've heard before.  
My heart will be blessed with the sound of music,  
And I'll sing once more.



ME AND THIS OLD GUITAR

Me and My Guitar

Ricky W. Maxey



x Sitting here all alone, with no one else around,

fingerpick A



I pick up my old guitar and I sit right down.



I think about the friends I've had, and folks I've never know,

fingerpick B

D

C

G

Places where I've been, and those where I'd like to go.

But I'm sitting here all alone, with no one else around,  
Just me and this old guitar and the lonesome sound.

A

And I fall into a dream of a place far, far away,  
High upon a mountain top, slowly looking down.

B

But I'm sitting here all alone, with no one else around,  
Just me and this old guitar and my dreams.

A

(Instrumental rhythm) D,C,G, - D,C (strum)

Just me, and this old guitar.

MORENO VALLEY

Tom Munch  
(written Christmas of 1976)

A Em/E C#m/A Bm7  
Life in the mountains is living in paradise,  
A Bm/E C#m/A Bm7  
Their sunshine and pine trees are heaven on earth.  
A Bm/E C#m/A Bm7  
The magic that drifts on the wings of Mariah  
A Bm/E C#m/A Dm  
Fills up my soul and aboundsit in mirth

CHORUS

Am C Am C  
Oh Mariah, voice of the mountains,  
Am C  
Take me on your whispered breath  
Dm7 Am  
To Moreno Valley.

A Bm/E C#m/A Bm7  
The Sangre De Cristos explode in their grandeur,  
A Bm/E C#m/A Bm7  
They're rugged and towering, but yet graceful too.  
A Bm/E C#m/A Bm7  
I love Cimarron Canyon, I love Eagle Nest,  
A Bm/E C#m/A Dm  
I climb to the rocks and look out o'er the view.

CHORUS

3rd Verse instrumental and hum

REPEAT CHORUS

THE GAMBLER

By Kenny Rodgers

On a warm summer's eve, on a train bound for Dover  
Met up with a gambler, we were both too tired to sleep.  
So we took turns a'starin, out the window at the darkness  
And when boredom overtook us, he began to sing:

He said, "Son, I made a life, out of readin' peoples' faces  
Knowing what the cards say by the way they held their eyes.  
So if you don't mind me sayin', I can see you're out of aces  
For a taste of your whiskey I'll give you some advice.

So I handed him my bottle, and he drank down my last swallow  
Then he bummed a cigarette, and asked me for a light.  
And the night got deathly quiet, and his face lost all expression  
"If you're going to play the game, boy, you got to play it right.

CHORUS

You've got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em.  
Know when to walk away, know when to run. You never count  
your money, when you're sittin' at the table, there'll be  
time enough for countin', when the dealin's done.

Every gambler knows, there's a secret to survivin',  
Knowin' what to throw away, knowin' what to keep.  
Cause every hand's a winner, and every hand's a loser.  
And the best that you can hope for is to die in your sleep.

And when he finished speaking, he turned back to the window,  
Crushed out his cigarette, and faded off to sleep.  
And somewhere in the darkness, the gambler he broke even  
And in his final words I found an ace that I could keep.

CHORUS

CHORUS

CHORUS

NEW MEXICAN COWBOY

By Curt Rom

D G D G  
Sun comes up over the prairie, its shining off the prairie ponds.  
D Bm E A  
I'm sitting here on my pony watchin' the day start to move along.  
G A D Bm  
The wind blows through the pine trees and across the mountain tops.  
G A G A D  
Yeah, I know this is the life for me and the good days never stop.

CHORUS

D G D A D  
Just a New Mexican cowboy, doing what I've always dreamed.  
D G D D Bm G-A  
Just a New Mexican cowboy, doin' life naturally it seems to me.  
A D  
Keep riding high.

In a high mountain grassland, I'm watching the cattle graze,  
Riding across burn meadow, working for my day's wage.  
The sweat rolls from under my hat and across my dusty brow.  
Got to get along hoss, can't lope like that, got to chase  
another stray cow.

CHORUS

Kicked back at the trapper's lodge, I'm sitting on the front  
porch.  
Smell the ole majestic cooking what the cookie don't scorch.  
I know that fence needs fixin' and some of the chores ain't  
done.  
But today is not right for doing them, there will be another  
one.

CHORUS

Tomorrow I'm headed for Cimarron, to the local meeting place,  
Gonna play some pool and see some friends and probably eat a  
steak.  
There will be piano singing, a two-step dance, and a barroom  
fight.  
Its a hard lot of work in a cowboy's life but you know its really  
alright.

CHORUS

Sitting around a campfire watching the flames leap from log to log,  
Thinking the whole day through some cowboys songs.  
And I wish for you all around the best of peace and joy,  
Got to keep riding high all your life like the New Mexican boy.

CHORUS

Curt R. Rom wrote this song (NEW MEXICAN COWBOY) while a member of  
the 1978 Beaubien Staff.

THE DYING COWBOY

(Rather slowly.)

O bur-y me not on the lone prair-  
ie, These words came low and mournful-  
ly, From the pal - lid lips of a youth who  
lay on his dy - ing  
bed at the close of day.

MARIAH

By Alan Jay Lerner &  
Frederick Lowe

          C                          Am  
Away out here they have a name  
          C                          Am  
For rain and wind and fire.  
          C                          Am  
The rain is Tess; the fire is Joe  
          F                  G          C  
And they call the wind Mariah.  
          C                          Am  
Mariah blows the stars around  
          C                          Am  
And sets the clouds a-flyin'  
          C                          Am  
Mariah makes the mountains sound  
          F                  G          C  
Like folks were out there dyin'.

Chorus

          Am          C                  F          G          C  
Mariah, Mariah, they call the wind Mariah

Before I knew Mariah's name  
Or heard her wailing-whinin'  
I had a girl and she had me  
And the sun was always shinin'  
Then one day I left that girl  
I left her far behind me  
And now I'm lost, so doggone lost  
Not even God can find me.

Chorus

Out here they have a name for rain, for wind  
And fire only and when you're lost  
And all alone, there ain't no word for lonely  
Now I'm a lost and lonely man  
Without a star to guide me  
Mariah blow my love to me  
I need my love beside me.

Chorus

SONG OF WYOMING

Well, I'm <sup>C</sup>weary and <sup>C7</sup>tired, I've <sup>F</sup>done my days <sup>F m</sup>ridin',  
<sup>C</sup>Night time is <sup>Dm7-G7</sup>rolling my way.  
<sup>C</sup>The sky's all on <sup>C7</sup>fire, the <sup>F</sup>light's slowly <sup>F m</sup>fading,  
<sup>C</sup>Peaceful and <sup>G</sup>still ends the <sup>C</sup>day.  
<sup>Em</sup>Out on the <sup>Am</sup>trail the <sup>Em</sup>night birds <sup>C7</sup>calling  
<sup>F</sup>Singing their <sup>F m</sup>wild <sup>C</sup>melody.  
<sup>Em</sup>Down in the <sup>Am</sup>canyon, the <sup>Em</sup>cottonwoods <sup>C7</sup>whisper  
<sup>F</sup>A song of <sup>F m</sup>Wyoming <sup>C</sup>for <sup>F-Fm-C</sup>me.

Well, I wandered around the town and the city,  
Tried to figure the how and the why.  
I've stopped all my scheming, I'm just driftin'  
and dreamin',  
And watching the river roll by.  
Here comes that big old prairie moon rising,  
Shining down as bright as can be,  
High on a hill, there's a coyote singing  
The song of Wyoming for me.

Now it's whiskey and tobacco and bitter black coffee  
A lonesome old dogie am I  
But waking up on the range, Lord, I feel like an angel,  
I feel like I almost could fly.  
Drift like a cloud out over the badlands  
Sing like a bird in the tree,  
The wind in the sage sounds like heaven singing,  
The song of Wyoming for me.  
The song of Wyoming for me.

ME AND MY UNCLE

<sup>Em</sup>  
Me and my uncle went ridin' down  
From Colorado, West Texas <sup>Em</sup>bound,  
We stopped off, in Santa Fe,  
It bein' <sup>G</sup>part, just about half <sup>Em</sup>way  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
And besides it was the hottest part of the day.

We led our ponies into a stall,  
Went to the bar boys, we bought drinks for all,  
Ten days in the saddle, you know my body hurt,  
It bein' summer, I took off my shirt,  
And I tried to wash off some of that dust and dirt.

West Texas cowboys, they're all over town,  
With gold and silver, they're loaded down,  
Just in from roundup, you know it seemed a shame,  
And so my uncle, he starts a friendly game  
Of High-Low Jacks and the winner takes the game.

Right from the first Uncle starts to win,  
West Texas cowboys, they's mad as sin,  
Some say he's cheatin', Ah, but that can't be,  
Cause my Uncle, he's 'bout as honest as me,  
And I'm as honest as a Denver man can be.

One of them cowboys, he starts to draw,  
I grabs a bottle, I cracked him on the jaw,  
I shot another, he won't grow old,  
And in the confusion, my uncle grabs the gold,  
And we high-tail it on down to Mexico.

Well God bless cowboys, and God bless gold,  
God bless my uncle, God rest his soul,  
He taught me well boys, he taught me all I know,  
He taught me so well, that I grabbed that gold,  
And I left my uncle dead by the side of the road.

## DESPERADO

Desperado, why don't you come to your senses?  
You've been out riding fences for so long now.  
Oh, you're a hard one.  
And I know that you got your reasons  
But these things that are pleasing you  
Will hurt you somehow.

Don't you draw the Queen of Diamonds, boy,  
She'll beat you if she's able  
You know the Queen of Hearts is always your best bet.  
Now it seems to me some fine things have been laid upon  
    your table,  
But you only want the ones that you can't get.

Desperado, oh, you ain't gettin' no younger  
Your pain and your hunger, they're driving you on.  
Your freedom, oh, freedom  
Well, that's just some people talking  
We're prisoners walking through this world all alone.

Don't your feet get cold in the winter time,  
The sky won't snow, and the sun won't shine  
It's hard to tell the nighttime from the day.  
You're losin' all your highs and lows  
Ain't it funny how the feeling goes ... away.

Desperado, why don't you come to your senses?  
Come down from your fences--open the gate.  
It may be raining  
But there's a rainbow above you.  
You better let somebody love,  
Before it's too late.



C G  
 I was loafin' around just spendin' muh time  
 G C  
 Out of a job and I hadn't a dime,  
 C F  
 When a feller steps up and sez he "I suppose  
 G  
 That yore uh bronc fighter by the looks o' yer clothes."  
 C G  
 Well I<sub>G</sub> thought he was right and I<sub>C</sub> told him the same,  
 Then I<sub>G</sub> asks has he got<sub>F</sub> any bad ones to tame.  
 He says he has one a bad one tuh buck, C  
 And fur piling good cowboys he has lots uh luck.

Well I gets all excited and asks what he pays,  
 Tuh ride that old pony a couple uh days.  
 He offers ten dollars. Sez I "I'm yure man,  
 Fur the bronk never lived that I couldn't fan."

I don't like to brag but I got this tuh say,  
 That I ain't been throwed fur many a day.  
 Sez he git yur saddle I'll give yuh a chance,  
 So I gits in his buckboard and drifts tuh his ranch.

I stays until mornin' and right after chuck,  
 I steps out tuh see if that outlaw kin buck.  
 He was down in the hoss corral standing alone,  
 A snakey eyed outlaw, a strawberry roan.

His legs is all spavined he's got pigeon toes,  
 Little pig eyes and a long roman nose,  
 Little pin ears that touched at the tip,  
 An X.Y.Z. iron stamped on his hip.

Yew necked he is with a long lower jaw,  
 All the things that you'll see on a wild outlaw.  
 Well I puts on muh spurs I'm sure feelin' fine,  
 Turns up muh hat and picks up muh twine.

I dabs that loop on him and well I knows then,  
 That before he is rode I'll sure earn that ten.  
 I gets muh blinds on him it shore is a fight,  
 Next comes muh saddle I screws it down tight.

Then I gets on him I sez "Raise the blind,  
 Move out uv his way and les see him unwind."  
 Well he bows his old neck and I guess he unwound,  
 Fur he ain't spendin' much uv his time on the ground.

He turns his old belly right up to the sun,  
 He shore is a sunfishing sun-of-a-gun.  
 He goes up toward the east and comes down toward the west,  
 To stay on his middle I'm doin' muh best.

## THE STRAWBERRY ROAN (Continued)

He is the worst buckler I sees on the range,  
He could turn on a dime and give you back change.  
He hits on all fours and turns up on his side,  
I don't see how he keeps from sheddin' his hide.

I tell yuh, no foolin', that caballo can step,  
I was still in my saddle, a buildin' some rep.  
Away goes muh stirrups and I loses muh hat,  
I'm grabbin' the apple and blind as a bat.

He shore is frog walkin' he heaves a big sigh,  
He only lacks wings fur tuh be on the fly.  
An while he's a bucking he squeals like a shoat,  
I tell yuh that pony has shore got muh goat.

With a phenominal jump he kicks her in high,  
And I'm settin' on nothin' way up in the sky.  
And then I descends, I comes back tuh earth,  
And I lights inta cussin' the day of his birth.

Then I knows that the hosses I ain't able tuh ride,  
Is some uv them livin', they haven't all died.  
And I bets all muh money that no man alive,  
Can stay with that bronk when he makes the high dive.

## TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS

See them tumbling down,  
Nodding their heads to the ground,  
Lonely, but free I'll be found,  
Driftin' along with the tumblin' tumbleweeds.

Cares of the past left behind,  
Nowhere to ride but I'll find,  
Just where the trail will wind,  
Driftin' along with the tumblin' tumbleweeds.

I know when night is gone,  
There's a new world born at dawn,  
Deep in my heart is a song,  
Here on the range I belong,  
I'll keep rollin' along,  
Driftin' along with the tumblin' tumbleweeds.

## HAPPY TRAILS TO YOU

Happy trails to you,  
Until we meet again.  
Happy trails to you,  
Keep smilin' on till then.  
Happy trails to you,  
Till we meet again.

## THE COWBOY'S LAMENT

As <sup>G</sup> I walked out in the streets of Laredo, <sup>C</sup>  
As <sup>G</sup> I walked out in Laredo one day, <sup>D7</sup>  
I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen <sup>D7</sup>  
All wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay. <sup>G</sup>

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy"  
These words he did say as I boldly walked by;  
"Come sit down beside me and hear by sad story,  
I'm shot in the breast and I know I must die.

"Twas once in the saddle I used to go dashing,  
"Twas once in the saddle I used to go gay;  
First down to Rosie's and then to the cardhouse;  
Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today.

Get sixteen gamblers to handle my coffin,  
Let six jolly cowboys come sing me a song  
Take me to the graveyard and lay the sod o'er me,  
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin,  
Get six pretty maidens to sing me a song  
Take me to the valley and lay the sod o'er me.  
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,  
Play the death march as you carry me along;  
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,  
Put roses to deaden the clods as they fall."

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,  
As I walked out in Laredo one day,  
I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen,  
All wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

## BIG IRON

To the town of Agua Fria rode a stranger one fine day  
Didn't speak to folks around him, didn't have too much to say.  
No one dared to ask his business, no one dared to make a slip  
For the stranger there among them wore a big iron on his hip,  
Big iron on his hip.

It was early in the morning when he rode into town,  
He came riding from the south side slowly looking all around  
He's an outlaw loose and running came the whisper from each lip  
And he's here to do some business with the big iron on his hip  
Big iron on his hip.

In this town there lived an outlaw by the name of Texas Red  
Many men had tried to take him and that many men were dead  
He was vicious and a killer through, he used a forty-four  
And the notches on his sixgun numbered one and nineteen more  
One and nineteen more.

Now the stranger started talking, made it plain to folks around  
Was an Arizona ranger wouldn't be too long in town  
He was here to take an outlaw back alive and maybe dead  
And he said it didn't matter, he was after Texas Red  
After Texas Red.

Wasn't long before the story was relayed to Texas Red  
But the outlaw didn't worry men who tried before were dead  
Twenty men had tried to take him, twenty men had made a slip  
Twenty-one would be the ranger with the big iron on his hip,  
Big iron on his hip.

Now the morning passed so quickly it was time for them to meet  
It was twenty past eleven when they walked into the street  
Folks were watching from their windows everybody held their breath  
For they knew the handsome stranger was about to meet his death,  
About to meet his death.

There was forty feet between them when they stopped to make their play  
And the swiftness of the ranger is still talked about today  
Texas Red had not cleared leather when the bullet plainly ripped  
And the ranger's aim was deadly with the big iron on his hip  
Big iron on his hip.

It was over in a moment and the folks had gathered 'round  
There before them lay the body of the outlaw on the ground  
Well, he might have gone on living but he made one final slip  
When he tried to match the ranger with the big gun on his hip  
Big gun on his hip.

LONG BLACK VEIL

<sup>D</sup>Ten years ago on a cold, dark night, a <sup>A</sup>stranger was  
killed 'neath the <sup>G</sup>town hall <sup>D</sup>light.

There were few at the scene, but they all agree, that  
the <sup>A</sup>stranger who fled looked a <sup>G</sup>lot like <sup>D</sup>me.

The judge said, "Son, what is your alibi? If you were  
somewhere else, you won't have to die.  
But I spoke not a word, though it meant my life.  
For I'd been in the arms of my best friends' wife.

CHORUS

<sup>G</sup> She roams these hills in a long black veil. <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> She visits my grave when the night winds wail. <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> Nobody knows, nobody sees, nobody knows but me. <sup>G</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>

The scaffold's high and eternity's near.  
She stood in the crowd and shed not a tear.  
But sometimes at night, when the night winds moan.  
She stands over my grave and cries over my bones.

CHORUS

LITTLE JOE THE WRANGLER

Chord Sequence #1 { <sup>C</sup> Little Joe the wrangler will wrangle never more. <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> His days with the remuda they are o'er.  
<sup>C</sup> 'Twas just about last April, when he joined our outfit here, <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Just a little Texas stray and nothin' more. <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> 'Twas long late in the evening he rode into our camp. <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
On a little Texas pony he called Chaw. <sup>G</sup>  
With his brogan shoes and overalls, a tougher lookin' kid <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
You never in your life before had saw. <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Chord Sequence #2 { <sup>F</sup> His saddle was a Texas kack built many years ago. <sup>C</sup>  
And O.K. spur on one foot idly hung, <sup>G</sup>  
While his hot roll in a cotton sack so loosely tied behind <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
And a canteen from the saddle horn was hung. <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>

Little Joe - (cont.)

Chord  
Sequence  
#1  
He said he'd had to leave his home, his Pa had married twice  
And his new ma whopped him every day or two,  
So he saddled up old Chaw one night and lit a shuck this way.  
Said now it's time to paddle his own canoe.

Chord  
Sequence  
#2  
Said he'd do the best he could if we'd only give him work,  
Though he didn't know straight up about a cow.  
So the boss he cut him out a mount and kinder put him on,  
And we knowed he liked the little stray somehow.

Chord  
Sequence  
#1  
We taught him to jingle horses and to learn to know them all,  
To get 'em in by daybreak; if he could.  
To follow the chuckwagon and to always hitch the team  
And help the cocinero rustle wood.

Chord  
Sequence  
#2  
We'd driven to the Pecos, the weather bein' fine.  
We were camped down in the South side in a bend.  
When a Norther commenced blowin' and we doubled up our guard  
For it took all hands to hold the cattle then.

#1  
Little Joe the wrangler was called out with the rest  
And scarcely had the little feller reached the herd  
When the cattle they stampeded, like a hailstorm long they fled.  
And all of us were ridin' for the lead.  
#2  
'Tween the streaks of lightening we could see a horse ahead.  
'Twas Little Joe the wrangler, in the lead.  
He was ridin' old Blue Rocket with his slicker o'er his head.  
Tryin' to check the leaders in their speed.

#1  
We finally got them millin' and kinda quieted down,  
And the extra guard back to camp did go;  
But one of them was missing, and we knowed it at a glance  
Twas our little Texas stray - poor Wrangler Joe.

#1  
Little Joe the Wrangler will wrangle no more.  
His days with the remuda are o'er.  
'Twas just about last April he joined our outfit here,  
Just a little Texas stray and nothin' more.

SPIDER JOHN

Am C  
Spider John is my name friends  
D Am  
I'm in between freight and I sure would be obliged  
C G  
If I could share your company.  
Am C  
I'm on my way to nowhere  
D C  
I've been running from my past  
Am C G  
Running from the things that I used to be  
Am C  
Now I know my words sound strange to you  
D Am  
But if you wait till my song is sung and my story told,  
C G  
You might come to understand,  
Am C  
Why I'm old and bent and Devil spent  
D G  
And running out of time;  
Am C D  
When not long ago I held a royal flush in my hand.

CHORUS:

Em Am  
Well, I was a supermarket fool, I was a motorbank stool  
Em Am  
pigeon, Even robbin my own time,  
Em Am  
I thought I'd lost my blues, Yes I thought I'd paid my dues,  
C D Em  
And I thought I'd found a life to suit my style.  
G (prog.) Am C (prog.)  
And I was Spider John, the robberman, long, tall,  
Em  
and handsome,  
G (prog.) C (prog.) Em  
Yes, I was Spider John with the loaded hand, takin' randsom.

Then one day, I met Diamond Lily  
She was the sweetest thing the summer winds had ever blown my way.  
Lily, she had no idea of my illustrious occupation.  
She thought I was a saint, not a sinner gone astray.  
Spider, he loved his lady so much, he could not  
confess his sins, for he knew if he did, the  
lady would surely take her leave  
But you know the word got around, and Lily left town.  
And he never saw her again, tossing and turning,  
causing his ~~heart~~ to grieve.

CHORUS

(Continued next page)

## Ballad of Spider John (cont.)

And that is all my story  
It's been at least thirty years since I took to the road  
to find my precious bejeweled one.  
And if you see my Lily, give her my regards  
Tell her ole Spider got tangled in the black web that he spun.  
Tell her ole Spider got tangled in the black web that he spun.

## Buffalo Skinners

Dm C  
Well, I found myself in Griffin in the Spring of '23  
Dm G  
When a well-known, famous drover came a 'walkin' up to me.  
Dm  
He said, "How ya doin' young feller?  
C Dm  
And how would you like to go and spend the summer pleasant  
on the range<sup>A</sup> of the buffalo."  
  
Well, me being out of work right then, to the drover I did say  
"This goin' out there on the buffalo range depends on what  
you pay; and if you pay good wages, transportation  
to and fro, I think I might go with you to the  
range of the buffalo."  
  
He said, "Course I pay good wages—pay your transportation too.  
If you'll agree to work for me until the season's through,  
But, if you get waery and you try to run away  
You'll starve to death along the trail and you'll also  
lose your way."  
  
The trip was a pleasant one as we hit the westward trail.  
And crossed the old Baggey Creek down into Old New Mexico.  
There our pleasures ended and our trouble all begun,  
A listening storm hit us and it made the cattle run.  
Got all full of stickers from the cactus that did grow  
And outlaws waitin' to pick us off in the hills of the Rayado.  
Well, the workin' season ended and that drover would not pay.  
He said, "You all have drunk too much, and you're all in  
debt to me."  
But we bein' mountain men as we were, we didn't believe in  
bankrupt law.  
So we left that driver's bones to bleach on the range of  
the buffalo.



## GHOST RIDERS

Em An old cowpoke went riding out, one G hot and windy day,  
Em Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way, B7  
Em When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw,  
C A-plowin' through the ragged skies and up the cloudy draw. Em

### CHORUS

Em G Em  
yip-i-ya-a, Yip-i-ya-o,  
C Em  
Ghost riders in the sky.

Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were  
made of steel.  
Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath  
he could feel.  
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered  
through the sky.  
For as he saw the riders coming hard he could hear their  
mournful cry.

### CHORUS

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their  
shirts all soaked with sweat,  
They're ridin' hard to catch that herd, but they ain't  
caught them yet.  
They've got to ride for-evermore on that range up in the sky.  
On horses snorting fire, as they ride, I hear them cry.

### CHORUS

And as the riders loped on by, he heard them call his name,  
If you want to save your soul from hell a-riding on the range,  
Then cowboy better change your ways or with us you will ride,  
Trying to catch the devel's herd across the endless sky.

NIGHT RIDER'S LAMENT

(Key C)

<sup>C</sup> While I was out riding the <sup>F</sup> graveyard shift,  
<sup>C</sup> Midnight to <sup>G</sup> dawn  
<sup>F</sup> The moon was as bright as a <sup>C</sup> reading <sup>Am</sup> light  
<sup>G</sup> For a letter from an old friend back <sup>C</sup> home.

CHORUS

<sup>C</sup> He asked me, <sup>F</sup> "Why do you ride <sup>G</sup> for your <sup>C</sup> money,  
<sup>C</sup> Tell me <sup>F</sup> why do you <sup>G</sup> rope for short <sup>C</sup> pay?"  
<sup>C</sup> "You ain't <sup>F</sup> getting nowhere and your <sup>G</sup> losing your <sup>C</sup> share. <sup>Fdim-Dm</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> Boy, you must have gone <sup>G7</sup> crazy out there. <sup>C</sup>"

~~He tells me~~ last night he run onto Jenny  
She's married and has a good life  
Boy you sure missed the track  
When you never came back  
She's a perfect professional's wife.

CHORUS

But they've never seen the Northern Lights  
They've never seen a hawk on the wing  
They've never ~~seen~~ the spring at the Great Divide  
And they've never heard old camp cookie sing.

Kankakee

CHORUS

Well, I read up the last of my letter  
I tore off the stamp for "Black Jim"  
When Billy rode up to relieve me  
He just looked at my letter and grinned.

CHORUS

Because they've seen the Northern Lights  
They've never seen the hawk on the wing  
They've never seen ~~the~~ spring at the Great Divide  
And they've never heard old ~~camp cookie~~ sing.

Kankakee

(Some sing it as "Kankakee")

HOME ON THE RANGE

William Goodwin - 1905

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam  
And the deer and the antelope play  
Where seldom is heard, a discouraging word  
And the sky is not cloudy all day.

CHORUS

Home, home on the range,  
Where the deer and the antelope play  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,  
And the sky is not cloudy all day.

Yes, give me the glean of a swift mountain stream  
And the place where no hurricanes blow  
Oh give me the park where the prairie dogs bark  
And the mountains all covered with snow.

CHORUS

Oh give me the hills and the ring of the drills  
And the rich silver ore in the ground  
Yes, give me the gulch where the miners can sluice  
And the bright yellow gold can be found.

Oh give me the mine where the prospectors find  
The gold in its own native land  
And the hot springs below, where the sick people go  
And camp on the banks of the Grand.

CHORUS

Oh give me the steed and the gun that I need  
To shoot game from my own cabin home  
Then give me the camp where the fire is a lamp  
And the wild rocky mountains to roam.

Yes give me the home where the prospectors roam  
There business is always alive  
In those wild western hills midst the ring of the drills,  
Oh let me live there till I die.

CHORUS

I'M BOUND TO LEAVE OL' TEXAS NOW

          C  
I'm going to leave old Texas now  
                  G                                  C  
For they've got no use for the long horn cow  
They've plowed and fenced my cattle range  
                  G                                  C  
And the people there are all so strange.

I'll take my horse, I'll take my rope  
And hit the trail upon a lope  
Say adios to the Alamo  
And turn my head to Mexico.

I'll make my home on the wide wide range  
The people there are not so strange  
The hard ground will be my bed  
And the saddle will hold my head.

And when I waken from my dreams  
I'll eat my bread and my sardines  
And then my ride on earth is done  
I'll take my turn with the holy one.

I'll tell Saint Peter that I know  
A cowboy's soul ain't as white as snow  
But in that far-off cattle land  
He sometimes acted as a man.

TENNESSEE STUD

<sup>D</sup> Along about 1825, I <sup>C</sup> left Tennessee very much alive,  
And I <sup>D</sup> never would have got through the Arkansas mud  
If I hadn't been ridin' that <sup>C</sup> Tennessee <sup>D</sup> Stud.

<sup>D</sup> I had some trouble with my sweetheart's Pa,  
And one of her <sup>C</sup> brothers was a bad outlaw.  
<sup>D</sup> I sent her a letter by my Uncle Fud,  
Then I rode away on the <sup>C</sup> Tennessee <sup>D</sup> Stud.

Chorus

<sup>D</sup> The Tennessee Stud was long and lean, <sup>C</sup>  
The <sup>G</sup> color of the sun and his <sup>A</sup> eyes were green.  
<sup>D</sup> He had the nerve and he had the blood,  
And there never was horse like the <sup>C</sup> Tennessee <sup>D</sup> Stud.

We drifted on down into no-mans land,  
We crossed that River called the Rio Grande.  
I raced my horse with the Spaniards' folks,  
'Till I got me a skin covered with silver and gold.

Chorus

Me and a gambler, we couldn't agree,  
We got in a fight over a pair of queens.  
We jerked out guns and he fell with a thud  
And I got away on that Tennessee Stud.

Chorus

Well, I got just as lonesome as a man can be  
A dreaming of my girl in Tennessee.  
The Tennessee Stud's green eyes turned blue,  
'cause he was dreamin' of a sweetheart too.

Chorus

TENNESSEE STUD (Cont.)

We dropped right back across Arkansas.  
I whipped her brother, I whipped her Pa.  
When I found that girl with the golden hair  
She was ridin' that Tennessee mare.

Chorus

Stirrip in stirrip, and side by side  
We crossed them mountains and the valleys wide.  
We came to Big Muddy, then we forded a flood  
On the Tennessee mare and the Tennessee Stud.

Chorus

There's a pretty little baby on the cabin floor,  
And a little horse colt laying around the door.  
I love that girl with the golden hair,  
And the Tennessee Stud loves the Tennessee Mare.  
(They's good horses)

Chorus

COOL WATER

By Bob Nolan

All day I've faced the barren waste without the taste  
of water -- Cool water.  
Old Dan and I with throats burned dry and souls that  
cry for water. Cool, (water) clear, (water) water (water).

Chorus

Keep-a movin' Dan, don't you listen to him, Dan,  
He's the devil not a man and he spreads the burning sand  
with water.  
Dan can't you see that big, green tree  
Where the water's running free and it's waiting there for you  
and me -- Water, cool, clear, water.

The nights are cool and I'm a fool  
Each star's a pool of water -- cool water  
But with the dawn I'll wake and yawn  
And carry on to water, cool, clear, water. (Chorus)

The shadows sway and seem to say  
Tonight we'll pray for water -- cool water  
And way up there, He'll hear our prayer  
And show us where there's water --  
Cool, (water) clear, (water) water. (Chorus)

### I RIDE AN OLD PAINT

I <sup>G</sup>ride an old <sup>D</sup>paint and I <sup>G</sup>lead an old <sup>D</sup>Dan  
I'm <sup>D</sup>going to Montana for to <sup>G</sup>throw the Houlihan.  
They <sup>D</sup>feed in the coulees and <sup>G</sup>water in the draw,  
Their <sup>D</sup>tails are all matted and their <sup>G</sup>backs are all raw.

### CHORUS

Ride <sup>D</sup>around, ride <sup>G</sup>around real slow,  
For the <sup>D</sup>fiery and the snuffy are a-r'<sup>G</sup>aring to go.  
Old Bill Brown had a daughter and a son,  
One went to Denver and the other went wrong.  
His wife she died in a pool room fight,  
But he is still singing from morning till night.

### CHORUS

Oh when I die take my saddle from the wall  
Throw it on my pony, lead him from the stall,  
Tie my bones to his saddle, turn our faces to the west,  
And we'll ride the prairies that we love the best.

### CHORUS (repeat)

### DAKOTA LAND

TUNE: OH TANNEBAUM

Dakota land, Dakota land, upon thy fertile ground we stand,  
And gaze across the burning plains, and pray to God to send  
the rains, our horses are the finest race, starvation  
stares them in the face.  
Our chickens are too poor to eat, they've scratched the toes  
right off their feet, we have no wheat, we have no oats,  
we have no corn to feed our goats,  
But with a smile upon our lips, we'll gather up the buffalo  
chips, upon this land we'll have to stay, we're too darn  
poor to move away.  
Dakota land so fertile and rich, we think you are a honey.

Dakota land, Dakota land, upon thy fertile ground we stand,  
and gaze across the flooded plains and pray to God to  
stop the rains, our horses are the finest race, they  
have to swim from place to place.  
Our chickens are too poor to eat, they have no webs upon  
their feet, we have no wheat, we have no oats, we cannot  
harvest them from boats,  
But with a smile upon our lips we stand in mud up to our  
hips, upon this land we'll have to stay, we have no  
boats to move away.  
Dakota land so fertile and rich, we think you are a honey.

COSMIC COWBOY

(Key C)

C F  
Merry go rounds and burial grounds are all the same to me,  
G G7  
Horses on posts and kids and ghosts are spirits  
C  
we ought to set free.  
C F  
Them city slicker pickers got a lot of slicker licks  
than you and me, but  
G C  
Riding the range and acting strange is where I want to be.

Chorus

C F  
I just want to be a cosmic cowboy,  
G C  
I just want to ride and rope and hoot.  
C F  
I just want to be a cosmic cowboy,  
G G7 C  
A super-natural country-rockin' galoot.

Well, Lone Star sippin' and skinny dippin'  
and steel guitars and stars,  
Are just as good as Hollywood, and then boogie woogie bars.  
I'm gonna buy me a vest and head out west  
my little woman and myself.  
And when we come to town, they're gonna gather round,  
and marvel at my baby's health.

Chorus

Well, big raccoons and harvest moons keep rolling  
through my mind.  
Home on the range where the antelope play is getting very  
hard to find.  
Don't bury me on the lone prairie, I'd rather play there alive  
But I'm doing my best to keep my thumb to the west  
My little bronco in overdrive.

Chorus

F G G7 C  
And up is not the way I'm gonna shoot. End. (C-F-C-G-C)



RED RIVER VALLEY

                  G  
From this valley they say you are going.  
  D7  
I will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile;  
                  G                                  C  
For they say you are taking the sunshine  
                  G                  D7                  G  
That brightens our pathway awhile.

Oh, just think of the valley you are leaving;  
Oh, how lonely and sad it will be;  
And just think of the fond heart you're breaking,  
And the grief you are causing to me.

Come and sit by my side if you love me,  
Do not hasten to bid me adieu;  
But remember the Red River Valley  
And the cowboy that loved you so true.

GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGIES

          C          F                  G                  C  
As I was a walkin' one mornin' for pleasure,  
          C          F                  G                  C  
I spied a cowpuncher a-ridin' along  
          D          F                                  G                  C  
His hat was tipped back and his spurs were a-jinglin'  
          C          F                  G                  C  
And as he approached he was singin' this song.

CHORUS

                  G                                  F                                  C  
Whoop-ee ti-yi-yo git along little dogies;  
                  G                                  F                                  C  
It is your misfortune and none of my own;  
                                  F                                  G                                  C  
Whoop-ee ti-yi-yo git along little dogies,  
                  C                  F                                  G                                  C  
You know that Wyoming will be your new home.

It's early in spring when we round up the dogies.  
We mark 'em and brand 'em and bob off their tails,  
They round up the horses and load the chuck wagon,  
And throw the little dogies upon the long trail.

Your mama was raised a way down in Texas,  
Where the jimson weed and the cactus grow.  
We'll fill you up on prickly pear and cholla,  
'Till you are ready for Idaho.

GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGIES (Continued)

It's whoopin', it's yellin', it's drivin' the dogies.  
Oh, how I wish they would git along!  
It's a-whoopin' and a-punchin' and "Git along, little  
dogies,  
For you know that Wyoming will be your new home."

THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL

Well, come along boys and listen to my tale.  
I'll tell you all my troubles on the old Chisholm Trail  
Come a ti-yi yippy, yippy yah, yippy yah, '  
with a ti-yi-yippy, yippy yay.

On a ten-dollar horse and a fifty dollar saddle,  
I started out a punchin' those long horned cattle.  
(Refrain)

I'm up in the morning before daylight,  
And 'fore I gits to sleeping the moon's shinin' bright.  
(Refrain)

Oh, it's bacon and beans almost every day,  
And I'd sooner be a eating plain prairie hay.  
(Refrain)

I went to the boss for to draw my roll,  
He had it figured I was nine dollars in the hole.  
(Refrain)

So I went to the boss and said, "I won't take that,"  
And I slapped him in the face with my old slouch hat.  
(Refrain)

I'll sell my outfit just as soon as I can,  
'cause I ain't punching cattle for no mean boss man.  
(Refrain)

With my knees in the saddle and my feet in the sky,  
I'll quit punchin' cattle in the sweet by and by.  
(Refrain)

SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE

<sup>D</sup> Did you ever hear tell of sweet <sup>A</sup> Betsy from <sup>G</sup> Pike, <sup>D</sup>  
Who crossed the wide prairies with her lover Ike, <sup>A</sup>  
With two yoke of cattle and one spotted hog, <sup>G</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
A tall Shanghai <sup>A</sup> rooster and an old <sup>G</sup> yaller <sup>D</sup> dog?

Refrain

Sing-too-ral-li-oo-ral-li-oo-ral-li-ay, <sup>A</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Sing-too-ral-li-oo-ral-li-oo-ral-li-ay. <sup>A</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>

One evening quite early they camped on the Platte,  
'Twas near by the road on a green shady flat;  
Where Betsy, quite tired, lay down to repose,  
While with wonder Ike gazed on his Pike County rose.

Refrain

They swam the wide rivers and crossed the tall peaks,  
And camped on the prairie for weeks upon weeks;  
Starvation and cholera and hard work and slaughter,  
They reached California spite of hell and high water.

Refrain

Out on the prairie one bright starry night,  
They broke out the whiskey and Betsy got tight;  
She sang and she shouted and danced o'er the plain,  
And made a great show for the whole wagon train.

Refrain

The Injuns came down in a wild yelling horde,  
And Betsy was skeered they would scalp her adored;  
Behind the front wagon wheel Betsy did crawl,  
And there fought the Injuns with musket and ball.

Refrain

They soon reached the desert, where Betsy gave out,  
And down in the sand she lay rolling about;  
While Ike in great terror looked on in surprise,  
Saying "Betsy, get up, you'll get sand in your eyes."

Refrain

The alkali desert was burning and bare,  
And Issac shrank from the death that lurked there;  
"Dear old Pike County, I'll go back to you."  
Says Betsy, "You'll go by yourself if you do."

SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE (Cont.)

Saying, Good-by, Pike County  
Farewell for a while;  
I'd go back tonight  
If it was but a mile.

Refrain

Sweet Betsy got up in a great deal of pain,  
And declared she'd go back to Pike County again;  
Then Ike heaved a sigh and they fondly embraced,  
And she traveled along with his arm 'round her waist.

Refrain

The wagon tipped over with a terrible crash,  
And out on the prairie rolled all sorts of trash;  
A few little baby clothes done up with care,  
Looked rather suspicious - though twas all on the square.

Refrain

The Sahnghai ran off and the cattle all died.  
The last piece of bacon that morning was fried;  
Poor Ike got discouraged, and Betsy got mad,  
The dog wagged his tail and looked wonderfully sad.

Refrain

One morning they climbed up a very high hill,  
And with wonder looked down into old Placerville;  
Ike shouted and said, as he cast his eyes down,  
"Sweet Betsy, my darling, we've got to Hangtown."

Refrain

Long Ike and sweet Betsy attended a dance,  
Where Ike wore a pair of his Pike County pants,  
Sweet Betsy was covered with ribbons and rings,  
Quoth Ike, "You're an angel, but where are your wings?"

Refrain

A miner said, "Betsy, will you dance with me?"  
"I will that, old hoss, if you don't make too free:  
But don't dance me hard, do you want to know why?  
Doggone you, I'm choke-full of strong alkali."

Refrain

Long Ike and sweet Betsy got married of course,  
But Ike getting jealous obtained a divorce;  
And Betsy, well satisfied, said with a shout,  
"Good-by, you big lummax, I'm glad you backed out."

Saying, Good-by, dear Issac  
Farewell for a while,  
But come back in time  
To replenish my pile.

## THE BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAINS

<sup>D</sup>  
On a summer's day in the month of May,  
<sup>A7</sup> A burly little bum <sup>D</sup> come a hiking,  
Traveling down that lonesome road.  
<sup>A7</sup> A looking for his <sup>D</sup> liking,  
He was <sup>A7</sup> headed for a land <sup>D</sup> that was far away,  
<sup>A7</sup> Beside them crystal fountains,  
I'll see you all this comin' fall,  
<sup>A7</sup> In the Big Rock Candy Mountains  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains  
<sup>G</sup> You never change your socks,  
<sup>G</sup> And little streams of <sup>D</sup> alcohol,  
<sup>G</sup> Come a trickling down the <sup>A7</sup> rocks.  
<sup>D</sup> The box cars are all empty,  
<sup>G</sup> And the railroad bulls are <sup>D</sup> blind,  
There's <sup>G</sup> a lake of <sup>D</sup> stew and <sup>G</sup> whiskey <sup>D</sup> too,  
<sup>G</sup> You can paddle all around 'em in a <sup>D</sup> big <sup>G</sup> canoe, <sup>D</sup>  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

### Chorus

<sup>A7</sup> Oh the buzzin' <sup>D</sup> of the bees in the cigarette trees,  
<sup>G</sup> Round the soda-water fountain.  
<sup>A7</sup> Where the lemonade springs and the <sup>D</sup> bluebird sings,  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.  
  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,  
There's a land that's fair and bright,  
Where the hand-outs grow on bushes,  
And you sleep out every night.  
Where the box cars are all empty,  
And the sun shines every day,  
O I'm bound to go where there ain't no snow,  
Where the rain don't fall and the wind don't blow,  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

THE BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAINS (Cont.)

Chorus

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,  
The jails are made of tin,  
And you can bust right out again,  
As soon as they put you in.  
The farmer's trees are full of fruit,  
The barns are full of hay,  
I'm going to stay where you sleep all day,  
Where they boiled in oil the inventor of toil,  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

Chorus

DON'T FENCE ME IN

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

Don't fence me in.

Let me ride thru the wide open spaces that I love,

Don't fence me in.

Let me be by myself in the evenin' breeze,

Listen to murmur of the cottonwood trees,

Send me out forever, but I ask you please,

Don't fence me in.

On my cayuse let me wander over yonder,

Till I see the mountains rise.

Just turn me loose, let me straddle my old saddle,

Underneath the western skies.

I want to ride to the ridge where the west commences

Gaze at the moon until I loose my senses.

Can't look at hobbles and I can't stand fences,

Don't fence me in.

GOODNIGHT IRENE

Chorus

<sup>C</sup> Irene <sup>G</sup>goodnight, Irene <sup>C</sup>goodnight,  
Goodnight Irene, <sup>F</sup>goodnight Irene.  
I'll <sup>C</sup>see you in my <sup>G</sup>dreams. <sup>C</sup>

<sup>C</sup> Sometimes I <sup>G</sup>live in the <sup>C</sup>country  
Sometimes I live in <sup>C</sup>Cimarron  
Sometimes I get a great <sup>F</sup>notion  
To <sup>C</sup>jump in the <sup>G</sup>river and <sup>C</sup>drown.

Chorus

Sometimes Irene wears a dress  
Sometimes she wears a nightgown,  
But when they're both in the laundry  
Irene's the talk of the town.

Chorus

Last Saturday night we got married  
Me and the wife settled down,  
But now us two are parted  
I think I'll go in and tho' down.

Chorus

Why did the chicken say to the duck  
Boy you ain't too good looking  
But you sure know how to swim.

Chorus

IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR

It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold:  
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,  
From heav'n's all gracious King":  
The world in solemn stillness lay,  
To hear the angels sing.

Still thro' the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled,  
And still their heav'nly music floats  
O'er all the weary world;  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hov'ring wing.  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow,  
Look now! for glad, and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing:  
O rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hast'ning on,  
By prophets seen of old,  
When with the ever-circling years,  
Shall come the time foretold,  
When the new heav'n and earth shall own  
The Prince of Peace their King,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

AWAY IN A MANGER

Away in a manger, no crib for His bed  
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head;  
The stars in the sky looked down where He lay,  
The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the poor Baby wakes,  
But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes;  
I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,  
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

Be near me Lord Jesus, I ask thee to stay  
Close by me forever, and love me I pray.  
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,  
And fit us for Heaven to live with Thee there.



JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world! The Lord is come:  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,  
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing,  
And heav'n and heav'n and nature sing.

Joy to the world! The Savior reigns:  
Let men their songs employ,  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy, Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make His blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found,  
Far as, far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness  
And wonders of His love, and Wonders of His love,  
And wonders, wonders of His love.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie ;  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by;  
Yet in thy darkness shineth The everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary,  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep the angels keep  
Their watch of wond'ring love.  
O morning stars, together, Proclaim the holy birth,  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous Gift is giv'n!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heav'n.  
No ear may hear His coming, But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

O Holy Child of Bethlehem!  
Descent to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us today.  
We hear the Christmas angels The great glad tidings tell:  
O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Immanuel!

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

O come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,  
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem!  
Come and behold Him, born the King of angels!

Chorus

O come let us adore Him,  
O come let us adore Him,  
O come let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord!

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,  
O sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above!  
Glory to God, all glory in the highest!

Chorus

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning,  
Jesus to Thee be all glory giv'n;  
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing!

Chorus

ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH

Angels we have heard on high,  
Sweetly singing o'er the plains,  
And the mountains in reply,  
Echoing their joyous strains.

Chorus

Glo - - - - ri - a  
in excelsis Deo  
Glo - - - - - ri - a  
in excelsis Deo.

Shepherds, why this jubilee?  
Why your joyous strains prolong?  
What the gladsome tidings be,  
Which inspire your heav'nly song?

Chorus

Come to Bethlehem, and see  
Him whose birth the angels sing;  
Come, adore on bended knee,  
Christ the Lord, the newborn King.

Chorus

See Him in a manger laid,  
Whom the choirs of angels praise;  
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,  
While our hearts in love we raise.

Chorus

WHAT CHILD IS THIS

What Child is this, who laid to rest,  
On Mary's lap is sleeping?  
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,  
While shepherds watch are keeping?

CHORUS

This, this is Christ the King,  
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:  
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,  
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

Why lies He in such mean estate  
Where ox and ass are feeding?  
Good Christian fear: for sinners here  
The silent Word is pleading.

CHORUS

So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh,  
Come, peasant, King to own Him;  
The King of kings salvation brings,  
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.

CHORUS

SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT

Silent night, holy night,  
All is calm, all is bright;  
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child!  
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,  
Sleep in heavenly peace,  
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,  
Darkness flies, all is light;  
Shepherds hear the angels sing,  
"Alleluia! Hail the king!  
Christ the Savior is born,  
Christ, the Savior is born."

Silent night, holy night,  
Son of God, love's pure light;  
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,  
With the dawn of redeeming grace,  
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,  
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Silent night, holy night,  
Son of God, love's pure light;  
With the angels let us sing,  
Alleluia to our King;  
Christ the Savior is born,  
Christ the Savior is born.

HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS

He's <sup>C</sup> got the whole world in His hands <sup>G7</sup> (Four times)

He's got the wind and the rain in His hands (Three times)

He's <sup>G7</sup> got the whole world in His hands.

He's got you and me, brother, in His hands

He's got you and me, sister, in His hands

He's got you and me, brother, in His hands

He's got the whole world in His hands.

Key: C (Guitar  
player go back &  
forth between C &  
G<sup>7</sup> on alternate lines)

He's got the little bitty baby in His hands (Three times)

He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got everybody here in His hands. (Three times)

He's got the whole world in His hands.

AMAZING GRACE

1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,

That saved a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now am found,

Was blind, but now I see.

3 Through many dangers, toils  
and snares, I have already  
come;

It's grace that brought me  
safe thus far, And grace  
will lead me home.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,

And grace my fears relieved;

How precious did that grace appear

The hour I first believed!

4 When we've been there ten  
thousand years, Bright  
shining as the sun,

We've no less days to sing  
God's praise, Than when  
we first begun.

5 Amazing Grace! How warm the sound

That gave new life to me

He will my shield and portion be

His Word my hope secures.

KUM BA YAH

<sup>C</sup> Kum ba yah, my Lord, <sup>F</sup> Kum ba <sup>C</sup> yah!

<sup>Em</sup> Kum ba yah, my Lord, <sup>F</sup> Kum ba <sup>G</sup> yah!

<sup>C</sup> Kum ba yah, my Lord, <sup>F</sup> Kum ba <sup>C</sup> yah!

<sup>F</sup> Oh, Lord, <sup>C</sup> Kum ba <sup>G</sup> yah!

Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah! (Three times)

Oh, Lord, Kum ba yah.

Someone's praying, Lord, Kum ba yah! (Three times)

Oh, Lord, Kum ba yah.

Someone's laughing, Lord, Kum ba yah! (Three times)

Oh, Lord, Kum ba yah.

Someone's singing, Lord, Kum ba yah! (Three times)

Oh, Lord, Kum ba yah.

Come by here, my Lord, come by here! (Three times)

Oh, Lord, Come by here.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

CHORUS

Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Comin' for to carry me home,  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Comin' for to carry me home.

I look'd over Jordan an' what did I see,  
Comin' for to carry me home,  
A band of angels comin' after me,  
Comin' for to carry me home.

Chorus

If you get there before I do,  
Comin' for to carry me home,  
Tell all my friends I'm comin' there too,  
Comin' for to carry me home.

Chorus

MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT ASHORE

Chorus

Michael, row the boat ashore, Hallelujah.  
Michael, row the boat ashore, Hallelujah.  
Sister help to trim the sail, Hallelujah.  
Sister help to trim the sail, Hallelujah.

Chorus

Riber Jordan is chilly and cold, Hallelujah.  
Chills the body, not the soul, Hallelujah.

Chorus

The river is deep and the river is wide, Hallelujah.  
Milk and honey on the other side, Hallelujah.

Chorus

Brother lend a helping hand, Hallelujah.  
Brother lend a helping hand, Hallelujah.

Chorus

Men fight on with sword and gun, Hallelujah.  
Don't they know the battle's won, Hallelujah.

Chorus

ROCK OF AGES

Thomas Hastings

Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee,  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy side, a healing flood,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Should my tears forever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
All for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and Thou alone,  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

Chorus:     G   C                   G           D                   G           D  
Go tell it on the mountain, over the hill and everywhere.  
          G   C                   G   Gm           G           D           G  
Go tell it on the Mountain that Jesus Christ is born.

Who's that yonder dressed in red? Let my people go.  
Must be the children that Moses led. Let my people go.

Who's that yonder dressed in white? Let my people go.  
Must be the children of the Israelite. Let my people go.

Who's that yonder dressed in black? Let my people go.  
Must be the hypocrites turning back. Let my people go.

JUST AS I AM

A                   E7           A           E7                   D           A  
Just as I am, without one plea; But that Thy blood was shed for me;  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee; O Lamb of God, I come; I come.

Just as I am, tho' tossed about; With many a conflict, many a doubt;  
Fightings and fears within, without; O Lamb of God, I come; I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive; Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse,  
relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe; O Lamb of God, I come; I come.

THEY'LL KNOW WE ARE CHRISTIANS BY OUR LOVE

Em  
We are one in the Spirit, we are one in the Lord,  
Am Em  
We are one in the Spirit, we are one in the Lord,  
Am Em  
And we pray that all unity may one day be restored:

Chorus

C Em Am  
And they'll know we are Christians by our love, by our love,  
Em Am Em  
Yes, they'll know we are Christians by our love.

We will walk with each other, we will walk hand in hand,  
We will walk with each other, we will walk hand in hand,  
And together we'll spread the news that God is in our land:

Chorus

We will work with each other, we will work side by side,  
We will work with each other, we will work side by side,  
And we'll guard each man's dignity and save each man's pride:

Chorus

All praise to the Father, from whom all things come,  
And all praise to Christ Jesus, His only Son,  
And all praise to the Spirit, Who makes us one:

Chorus

PASS IT ON

D F#m G A  
It only takes a spark to get a fire going,  
D F#m G A  
And soon all those around can warm up to its glowing.  
D Em D  
That's how it is with God's love; once you've experienced it;  
Em D  
You spread His Love to everyone;  
G A D  
You want to pass it on.

What a wondrous time is spring, when all the trees are budding.  
The birds begin to sing, the flowers start their blooming.  
That's how it is with God's love; once you've experienced it;  
It's fresh like spring, you want to sing;  
You want to pass it on.

I wish for you my friend, all this happiness that I've found.  
You can depend on Him, it matters not where you're bound.  
I'll shout it from the mountain tops, I want my world to know;  
The Lord of Love, has come to me;  
I want to pass it on.

I'll shout it from the mountain tops, I want my world to know;  
The Lord of Love, has come to me;  
I want...to pass...it on...

## LORD OF THE DANCE

1. I danced in the morning  
When the world was begun,  
And I danced in the moon  
And the stars and the sun,  
And I came down from heaven  
And I danced on the earth  
At Bethlehem I had my birth.
2. I danced for the scribe (faster now)  
And the pharisee  
But they wouldn't dance  
And they wouldn't follow me,  
I danced for the fishermen  
For James and John  
They came with me  
And the dance went on.
4. I danced on a Friday (slow down)  
When the sky turned black  
It's hard to dance  
With the world on your back,  
They buried my body  
And they thought I'd gone  
But I am the Dance  
And I still go on. (speed up)
- Chorus: Dance then wherever you may be  
I am the Lord of the Dance said He,  
And I'll lead you all  
Wherever you may be  
And I'll lead you all  
In the dance said He.
3. I danced on the Sabbath  
And I cured the lame  
The holy people said  
It was a shame,  
They whipped and they stripped  
And they hung me high  
And they left me there  
On a Cross to die.
5. They cut me down  
But I leapt up high  
For I am the Life  
That'll never, never die,  
and I'll live in YOU  
If you'll live in me  
I am the Lord  
Of the dance said He.

## ONLY VISITING THIS PLANET

Larry Norman

Some say he was an outlaw that he roamed across the land with a band of un-  
schoolled ruffians and a few old fishermen. No one knew just where he came from  
or exactly what he'd done, but they said he must have done something bad that  
kept him on the run.

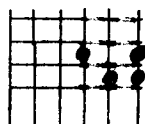
Some say he was a poet, that had stood upon the hill and his voice could calm  
an angry crowd or make the waves stand still. He spoke in many parables, that few  
could understand, but the people sat for hours just to listen to this man.

Some say he was a sorcerer, a man of mystery, he could walk upon the water, he  
could make a blind man see. He conjured wine at weddings, he did tricks with  
fish and bread, and he spoke of being born again, raised people from the dead.

Some say a politician who spoke of being free, he was followed by the masses  
on the shores of Galilee. He spoke out against corruption and he bowed to no  
decree, but they feared his strength and power so they nailed him to a tree.

Some say He was the Son of God, a man above all men, that He came to be a  
servant and to set us free from sin. And that's who I believe He was, 'cause  
that's who I believe, and I think we should get ready 'cause it's time for us  
to leave.

D\* :





PUT YOUR HAND IN THE HAND

CHORUS

Put your <sup>G</sup> hand in the hand of the man that stilled the <sup>D7</sup> water

Put your hand in the <sup>Am7</sup> hand of the <sup>D7</sup> man who calmed the <sup>G</sup> sea

Take a <sup>Dm</sup> look at yourself and you can look at others differently <sup>C</sup>

By putting your <sup>G</sup> hand in the <sup>Em</sup> hand of the <sup>A7</sup> man from <sup>D7</sup> Galilee. <sup>G C G</sup>

<sup>G</sup> Everytime I look into that Holy Book I want to <sup>D7</sup> tremble

When I <sup>Am7</sup> read about the part where the <sup>D7</sup> carpenter cleaned out the <sup>G</sup> temple

For the <sup>Dm</sup> buyers and the sellers were no different fellas than what I <sup>C</sup>

profess to be

And it causes me <sup>G</sup> shame to know we're not the <sup>Em</sup> people we should be. <sup>A7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G C G</sup>

CHORUS

Well my mama taught me how to pray before I reached the age of seven

She said, "There ll come a time there'll probably be room in heaven

And I'm feelin' kinda guilty about the number of times we do what

we do

But we forget that He loves us and forgives us, yes even you.

CHORUS

Well I'm glad I learned to pray before I reached the age of seven

For when I'm down on my knees that's - a when I'm close to heaven

Daddy lived his life with two kids and a wife, you do what you

must do

But he showed me enough of what it takes to get you thru

CHORUS

WITHOUT WARNING

By Jack Ross

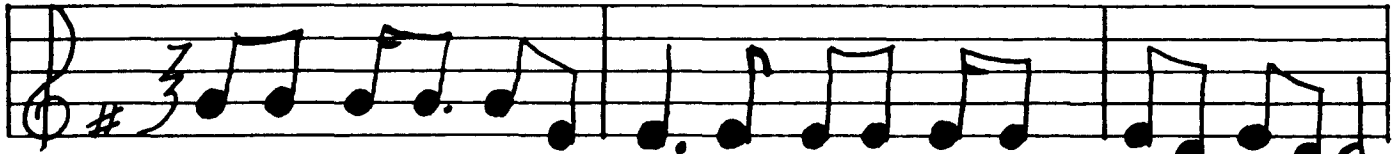
D  
Folks still tell the story 'bout the widow Sarah White  
G D  
How she befriended the outlaw that wild Dakota night.  
D G  
Two desperate people living desperately alone,  
A G D  
In desperate need of someone to keep them from the cold.

D  
She found him near the wood shed, lying face down in the snow,  
G D  
That ran red with the blood from the wounds beneath his coat.  
D G  
In the light of a coal oil lamp she dug the bullets out  
A G D  
Kept watch until the danger passed and he could get about.


D A G D  
O-----n one Sunday morning  
D A G A  
H-----e rode off without warning,  
G D  
Without warning.

D  
It weren't but six weeks later while in Custer for supplies,  
G  
That she heard the shots ring out; heard the victim's cry,  
G  
Running to the spot where the people gathered round  
A G D  
She saw the outlaw towering o're the drunkard on the ground.


D A G D  
O-----h that April morning,  
D A G  
Sh-----e grabbed his pistol,  
A  
and without warning  
D G  
Quickly raised it to his head and squeezed the trigger back,  
Before the startled crowd, she dropped the outlaw in his tracks.




Sittin' in old Boston town and lookin' at the city lights




Remem -bering those days gone by; Rocky Mountain nights. And I




think of two young Philly boys, two aspens in the wind. They



walk a - long those trails a -gain those Col - fax county friends.



You've got to run with the wind, Fol -low tumbling streams.



Soar a - bove the hills of green and live your mountain dreams.

They tell about the city life around a campfire glow.  
One sings forgotten mining songs, the other listens low.  
And a quiet magic fills the air as the embers fade away.  
For now there's three young cowboys sharin' memories of the day.

CHORUS

Now friends are joined from all about, from all across this land.  
A common memory binds them all, a place that's truly grand.  
And this moment always lives with us as a smile beings to form.  
On each young weary traveler's face, and the hearts begin to warm.

CHORUS

So sing a song for special friends, and shed a tear for old.  
For here stand those two aspen trees, their leaves have turned to gold.  
As for me, I'm just an Ozark boy with a memory in my mind,  
Of an autumn night we all once shared in a place that's lost in time.

CHORUS



TENNESSEE RIVER

Jack Clark

G<sup>7</sup> G/F#m Em Em Am Am<sup>7</sup> \*  
I think I'll head back home where the Tennessee River flows.  
G G/F#m Em Em Am Am<sup>7</sup> \*  
The people there can be so warm I know that's where I want to go.

CHORUS

G G/F#m Em Am Am<sup>7</sup> \*  
Going home Where the river flows  
G G/F#m \* Am Am<sup>7</sup> \* G G/F#m Em Em Am Am<sup>7</sup> \*  
Tennessee River Oh... Tennessee Going home.

G G/F#m Em Em Am Am<sup>7</sup> \*  
I hear them play that song Just about every day.  
G G/F#m Em Em Am Am<sup>7</sup> \*  
I can see her lovely face And then I hear her say,  
G G/F#m Em

CHORUS "Boy, come on home Etc.

G G/F#m Em Em Am Am<sup>7</sup> \*  
I travelled down her road To see if she still was there  
G G/F#m Em Em Am Am<sup>7</sup> \*  
As my heart was filled with fear She said just what I came to hear.

CHORUS "Boy, you're home" G G/F#m Em Etc.

DROUGHT YEARS

Topsoil like gunpowder,  
Fields set to blow  
Sky is dry as the desert out west  
Sun just beating down the rows.

CHORUS

And I wish it would rain before we all fall to the flame  
Burn up and blow away  
Not a cent to our names  
Only hell to play, I wish it would rain  
I wish it would rain.

I've seen the devil on the road  
He was coming for his toll  
With a guitar and a Cadillac  
And a plan to repossess my soul.

CHORUS

I used to be a praying man  
But there is one thing I can tell  
No use praying to the Lord above  
Heaven's just as hot as hell.

CHORUS

## ROSE OF CIMARRON

### CHORUS

G D  
Roll along, roll on,  
C G  
Rose of Cimarron  
G D  
Dusty days are gone  
C G  
Rose of Cimarron

Bb  
Shadows touch the sand an'  
Gm D  
Look to see who's standin'  
Bb  
Waitin' at your window  
Gm D  
Watchin' will they ever show.

Can you hear them callin'  
You know they have fallen on  
Campfires cold and dark that <sup>A-D</sup>  
Never see a spark burn bright.

### CHORUS

## SHADY GROVE

Dm  
Shady grove, my little love  
Shady grove I ~~say~~  
C  
Shady Grove my little love  
Am Dm  
I'm bound to go away.

Cheeks as red as the bloomin' rose  
Eyes of the pertiest brown  
She's the darling of my heart  
Sweetest little girl in town.

Wish I had a glass of wine  
Bread and meat for two  
I'd set it out on a golden plate  
And give it all to you.

I went to see little Shady Grove  
She was standin' in the door  
Her shoes and stockings in her hand  
And her little bare feet on the floor.

Trails that brought them home  
Echoes they've known  
For days high and lonely  
Coming to you only here.

You're the one they turn to  
The only one they knew you  
Were all the best to be around  
When the chips were down.

### CHORUS

Shadows touch the sand an'  
Look to see who's standin'  
Waitin' at the window  
Watchin' will they ever show.

### CHORUS

Hopes that ghosts believe  
Followin' the dawn  
Laughter pity's song  
Rose of Cimarron.

Wish I had a big fine horse  
And the corn to feed him on  
Little Shady Grove to stay at home  
And feed him while I'm gone.

When I was a little boy  
I wanted a Barlow knife  
Now I want little Shady Grove  
To be my little wife.

A kiss from my little Shady Grove  
Is sweet as Brandy wine  
And there ain't no girl in this world  
That's prettier than mine.

### CHORUS 2 TIMES

CANADIAN RAILROAD TRILOGY

F Bb F  
There was a time in this fair land when the railroad  
did not run,

F/E Bb Csus4  
When the wild majestic mountains stood alone against  
the sun

F Bb F  
Long before the white man and long before the wheel  
C Eb  
When the green dark forest was too silent to be real.

But time has no beginnings and history has no bounds  
As to this verdant country they came from all around.  
They sailed upon her waterways and they walked the  
forest tall.  
Built the mines, mills and factories for the good of  
us all.

And when the young man's fancy was turning in the  
spring  
The railroad men grew restless for to hear the hammers  
ring.

Their minds were overflowing with the visions of their  
day  
And many a fortune won and lost, and many a debt to pay.

For they looked in the future and what did they see,  
They saw an iron road running from sea to the sea.  
Bringing the goods to a young growing land,  
All up from the seaports and into their hands.

Bring in the workers and bring up the rails  
We gotta lay down the tracks and tear up the trails.  
Open her heart - let the lifeblood flow  
Gotta get on our way, 'cause we're movin' too slow.

Behind the blue Rockies the sun is declinin'  
The stars they come stealin' at the close of the day.  
Across the wide prairie our loved ones lie sleeping  
Beyond the dark forest in a place far away.

We are the plowboys who work upon the railway  
Swingin' our hammers in the bright blazin' sun.  
Livin' on stew and drinkin' bad whiskey  
Layin' down track 'till the long days are done.  
Yeah, bendin' our backs 'till the railroad is done.

Now the song of the future has been sung,  
All the battles have been won.  
On the mountain tops we stand,  
All the world at our command.  
We have opened up the soil without teardrops and our  
toil.

Canadian Railroad Trilogy (Cont.)

There was a time in this fair land when the railroad  
did not run,  
When the wild majestic mountains stood alone against  
the sun.

Long before the white men and long before the wheel  
When the green dark forest was too silent to be real.  
When the green dark forest was too silent to be real,  
And many are the dead men -- too silent to be real.

BOY FROM THE COUNTRY

Because he called the forest brother.  
Because he called the earth his mother.  
They drove him out into the rain  
And some people even said that the boy from  
the country was insane.

Because he spoke with the fish in the creek.  
He tried to tell us that the animals could speak.  
And who knows, perhaps they do.  
How can you say they don't, just because they've  
never spoken to you?

CHORUS

Boy from the country, he left his home when he was  
young.  
Boy from the country, he loves the sun.  
He tried to tell us that we should love the land  
But we just turned our heads and laughed,  
'cause, you see, we did not understand.  
And it seems many have forgotten what the life  
of the country boy revealed.  
That one single blade of grass is far more important  
than a field.

CHORUS



MY HEROES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN COWBOYS

Willie Nelson

<sup>D</sup>  
I grew up a dreaming of being a cowboy  
<sup>G</sup> And loving the cowboy ways <sup>D</sup>  
  
Pursuing the life of my high-riding heroes  
<sup>E</sup> I burned up my childhood days. <sup>A-A7</sup>  
<sup>D</sup>  
I learned all the rules of the modern day drifter  
<sup>G</sup> Dontcha hold on to nothing too long. <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> Just take what you need from the ladies and leave them <sup>D</sup> <sup>B min</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> With the words of a sad country song. <sup>A</sup> <sup>D-D7</sup>

CHORUS

<sup>G</sup> My heroes have always been cowboys <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>E</sup> They still are it seems. <sup>A</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> Sadly in search of and one step in back of <sup>D</sup> <sup>B min</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> Themselves and their slow-moging dreams. <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>

Cowboys are special, with their own brand of misery  
From being alone too long  
To die from the cold in the arms of a nightmare  
Knowing well that your best days are gone  
And picking up hookers instead of my pen  
I let the words of my youth fade away  
Old worn out saddles, and old worn out memories  
With no one, and no place to stay.

CHORUS

EDELWEISS

Edelweiss, edelweiss, every morning you greet me.  
Small and white, clean and bright, you look happy to meet me.  
Blossom of snow, may you bloom and grow,  
Bloom and grow forever.  
Edelweiss, edelweiss, bless my homeland forever.  
Blossom of snow, may you bloom and grow, bloom and grow for ever.  
Edelweiss, edelweiss, bless my homeland forever.

MOTHER EARTH

Mother Earth lives on the ocean,  
MOther Earth sails on the sea.  
I am blessed with her devotion  
Mother Earth provides for me.

When the grasslands crave for water  
And the harvest needs sunlight  
These are times when I am helpless  
Mother Earth makes all things right.

CHORUS

Green trees grow on the mountain top  
Birds still sing when the morning comes  
Though I treat her carelessly  
Mother Earth still cares for me.  
Mother Earth still cares for me.

I am going on a journey  
And I pray all things end well  
When Mother Earth looks after me  
I will follow faithfully.

CHORUS

Mother Earth lives on the ocean,  
Mother Earth sails on the sea  
I am blessed with her devotion  
Mother Earth provides for me.

BOY FROM OKLAHOMA

Travelin' cross the country playin' on my circuit line  
Sometimes I think about a man who was here before my time  
Named for the twenty-eighth President with a Guthrie tacked to the end  
Born in Okemah shoes with the dust bowl blues  
Friend of the working man.

Now he wasn't partial to New York buildings that tried to touch the sky  
Or West Virginia coal mines that took so many lives  
Or the way they drove the migrant workers back over into Mexico way  
And the scabs they run when they hard he'd come  
And the bosses started to pray.

Just a boy from Oklahoma on an endless stand  
Wanderin' and a ramblin' and driftin' with the midnight sand  
He played the blues and the ballads and all that came between  
His heart was in the union, and his soul was reachin' out for the  
servant's dream.

Now I was talkin' to a man that had met him in a bar near Clovis town  
He said the whole place was a shakin' as they was passin' his songs around  
In between a tune my friend asked him where he'd be when the morrow came  
And he said through his grin, "I put my thumb in the wind  
And I'm off down the road again."

"I'm just a boy from Oklahoma on an endless one night stand  
I wander and I ramble, and I drift with the midnight sand  
I play the blues and the ballads and all that comes between  
My heart is in the union, and my soul is reachin' out for the servant's  
dream."

Now you know that Woody Guthrie is dead and buried in the ground  
But sometimes I sing his songs, and I get to thinking that he's still around  
'Cause I'll hold that his fire is everlasting, I'll testify that his course  
was run true  
And the ramblin' man's ris', and the kingdom's his  
But the songs are for me and you.

I'LL BE TRUE TO YOU

D A G  
They met upon a blue moon  
D C/D G  
And they parted on a cloudy day  
D C/D G  
They were so in love and out of school  
C G A  
But he was goin' so far away.

CHORUS

D A G  
She cried I'll be true to you  
D A G  
Even though you didn't ask me to  
D A G  
and I'll be blue for you  
  
And I'll be blue for you  
D A G  
Even though you didn't want me to.

Well the years drifted by them as we all know they can  
He had other women but she refused other men  
And as fate would have it they met again  
She was on a downhill slide and he was just sliding in.

As he looked into her eyes that night he never realized  
The only true love in his life was passin' by  
And as he left her standin' there with his words good-bye  
He turned around to walk away and as he walked she cried.

CHORUS - I've been true to you  
Seems like speaking to me is the least you could do  
And I've been blue for you  
Even though you didn't want me to.

She'd been drinking way too hard one night  
She'd been drinking way too long  
Alone and pale in a cheap hotel she died there in the dawn  
Kneeling by her grave for so late and oh so long  
He long to hold her once again cryin' on and on.

CHORUS - I'll be true to you  
After all that I have put you through  
And I'll be blue for you  
Even though you never asked me to.

FOX ON THE RUN

CHORUS

She walks through the corn leading down to the river  
Her hair shown like gold in the bright morning sun.  
She took all the love that a poor boy could give her  
And she left him to die like a fox on the run.  
Like a fox..... on the run.

Now everybody knows the reason for the fall.  
When a woman tempted man down Paradise's Mall  
Well a woman tempted me and she took me for a ride.  
So now this weary fox needs someplace to hide.

CHORUS

Come take a cup of wine to fortify your soul  
And talk about the world and friends I used to know.  
Well, I'll illustrate a girl who threw me on the floor  
But now the game is up, the hounds are at the door.

CHORUS (twice)

This song is dedicated to the 1980 Activities Staff.

PAINTED LADY

<sup>G</sup> Followin' the stars through the <sup>D</sup> honky-tonks and bars

<sup>F</sup> Dream away on a <sup>C</sup> country music <sup>G</sup> pride

I'm gonna start the evening by myself, but you can <sup>G</sup> bet by the  
hour of twelve

Gonna have a <sup>F</sup> pretty <sup>C</sup> painted lady by my <sup>G</sup> side.

Gonna tell that woman how it used to be when the west was wild  
and the land was free

How the western world would travel for a country mile

But then one day when the barbed wire came and forced my hand to  
play a truckin' game

Wishin' to be a cowboy all the while.

CHORUS - <sup>Em</sup> Painted lady tell me of the <sup>Am</sup> past gone by

<sup>G</sup> Roll me like the open range and <sup>Am</sup> ride me high

<sup>Em</sup> Kiss me to a day when your <sup>Am</sup> dress was made of <sup>C</sup> calico

<sup>D</sup> or gingham

<sup>F</sup> And a man he was a <sup>C</sup> man.

So painted lady with your painted face tell me 'bout your life  
and your painted ways.

Tell me with your loving lips and your loving eyes

I can see the pain and I can see the tears on the painted cheeks  
that hide the years

Of a lonesome cowgirl in disguise.

CHORUS

CAROLINA IN THE PINES

D Asus4  
She came to me said she knew me  
Said she'd known me a long time G/E D  
And she spoke of being in love with every mountain she G D A7sus4  
had climbed, D  
And she talked of trails she'd walked up far above the Asus4 E/D  
timberline. D  
From that night on I knew I'd write songs with Carolina G D A7sus4  
in the pines. D

There's a new moon on the 14th a first quarter the 21st  
And the full moon on the last week brings a fulness to  
this earth.  
There's no guesswork in the clockwork of the world's heart  
or of mine  
There are nights I only feel right with Carolina in the Pines.

When the frost shows on the windows and the woodstove smokes  
and glows  
As the fire grows we can warm our toes watchin' rainbows  
in the coals,  
And we'll talk of trails we'd walked up far above the timberline.  
There are nights I only feel right with Carolina in the Pines.

RIPPLIN' WATERS

CAPO UP 2 FRETTS

I've got ripplin' waters to wake me to the mornin' my woman in love  
Tall pine trees are pointin' this easily to heaven above  
Blue spruce flamin' on the grate in the evening takes the chill away fine  
Cut the telephone line the story's the same.

There's a worn red chair by the window that she found at a sale  
down the way  
When some old women said that they needed more room for the winter.  
People like pulling out the stuffing when they sit down so it  
passes the time.  
Cut the telephone line the story's the same.

CHORUS

Ooh, like a bubble on a windy day  
Start to flutter when I hear you say  
That you feel too good to go away  
And you make me feel fine  
And you make the world a warmer place  
By the sparkle of your diamond face  
On a gray spot on a little lace  
And you make me feel fine  
Warm as a mountain sunshine  
On the edge of a snowline  
In a meadow of columbine.

Oh, little Jennifer I'd give a penny for what you got on your mind  
Seems like most of the time you're lying there dreamin'  
Maybe in your vision you see how our mission is slight less than divine.  
Cut the telephone line the story's the same.

Now the ripplin' waters flow through the ceiling and the walls  
and they're keeping me warm  
And the closest I've been to my family for days is my music  
But to silently stare in the morning sky is like hearing her calling  
my name.  
Cut the telephone line the story might change.



## WABASH CANNONBALL

From the green Atlantic ocean to the white Pacific shore  
From the green overflowing mountains  
to the southbound along the shore  
She's mighty tall and handsome she's known quite well by all  
the regular combination on that Wabash Cannonball.

### CHORUS

Listen to that jingle, the rumble and that roar  
as she glides along the woodlands, o'er hills and by the shore  
Hear the mighty rush of the engine  
hear the lonesome hobos call  
as they ramble on across the country on that Wabash Cannonball.

Well the eastern states are dandy you hear most people say  
From New York to St. Louis and ole Chicago by the way  
To the hills of Minnesota where them rippling waters fall  
No changes need to be taken on that Wabash Cannonball.

### CHORUS

Well here's to Daddy Flagston may his name forever stand  
And here's for Tennessee many places--throughout the land  
The Dartmouth race is over, and curtains have been pulled and drawn  
Gonna tote them back to Dixie on that Wabash Cannonball.

We came down to Nashville on a warm November day  
when we rolled into that station I heard somebody say  
The boys are from Cardina they're big and thick and tall  
They're comin' down to pick us a few they rode the Wabash Cannonball.

### CHORUS

### COMPUTER SONG

Tune: Take Me Out to the Ballpark

8,654321  
8,65432  
777567931  
555679031, oh  
8654321  
1324568, and it's  
99976542568

Written by the 1980 Headquarters Activities Staff

SOMEDAY SOON

<sup>G</sup> There's a young man that <sup>Em</sup> I know  
<sup>C</sup> his age is <sup>G</sup> twenty-one,  
<sup>Bm</sup> He comes from down in <sup>C</sup> Southern <sup>D</sup> Colorado  
<sup>G</sup> He is just out of the <sup>Em</sup> service,  
<sup>C</sup> and looking for some <sup>G</sup> fun  
<sup>C</sup> Someday soon, <sup>D</sup> goin' with him, <sup>G</sup> someday soon.

My parents cannot stand him  
'cause he rides the rodeo.  
My father says that he will leave me crying,  
But I would follow him right down  
the roughest road I know.  
Someday soon, goin' with him, someday soon.

<sup>D</sup> When he comes to call, my Pa ain't  
<sup>C</sup> got a good word to <sup>G</sup> say,  
<sup>Em</sup> guess it was 'cause he was just as wild  
<sup>C</sup> back in his <sup>D</sup> younger days.

So blow you old blue norther,  
blow my love to me  
He's driving up tonight from California  
He loves that damned old rodeo  
just as much as he loves me  
someday soon, goin' with him, someday soon.

When he comes to call (repeat)

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE

By Pete Seeger

C Am  
Where have all the flowers gone?  
F G  
Long time passing.

C Am  
Where have all the flowers gone?  
F G  
Long time ago.

C Am  
Where have all the flowers gone?  
F G  
Young girls picked them everyone.

F G C  
When will they ever learn?

When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the young girls gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the young girls gone?  
They've gone to young men, every one.  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young men gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the young men gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the young men gone?  
They've gone to soldiers, everyone.  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the soldiers gone?  
They've gone to graveyards, every one.  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the graveyards gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the graveyards gone?  
They've gone to flowers every one.  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE (Cont.)

Where have all the flowers gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the flowers gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the flowers gone?  
They've gone to young girls every one.  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

TODAY

Today while the blossoms still cling to the vine  
I'll taste your strawberries, I'll drink your sweet wine  
A million tomorrows shall all pass away  
Ere I forget all the joy that is mine, Today.

I'll be a dandy and I'll be a rover  
You'll know who I am by the songs that I sing  
I'll feast at your table, I'll sleep in your clover  
Who cares what tomorrow shall bring?

Chorus

I can't be contented with yesterday's glory  
I can't live on promises winter to spring  
Today is my moment and now is my story  
I'll laugh and I'll cry and I'll sing.

Chorus

MORNING HAS BROKEN

By Eleanor Farjeon

Morning has broken like the first morning,  
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird.  
Praise for the singing,  
Praise for the morning,  
Praise for them springing fresh from the world.

Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven,  
Like the first dewfall on the first grass.  
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,  
Spring in completeness where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning  
Born of the one light Eden saw play!  
Praise with elation, praise every morning,  
God's recreation of the new day!

FIVE HUNDRED MILES

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.

CHORUS

Lord, I'm one, Lord I'm two  
Lord, I'm three, oh Lord I'm four  
Lord, I'm five hundred miles away from home.

FIVE HUNDRED MILES (Cont.)

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

CHORUS

BLOWING IN THE WIND

D G D  
How many roads must a man walk down  
G A  
Before you can call him a man?  
D G D  
Yes, and how many seas must a white dove sail  
G A  
Before she sleeps in the sand?  
D G D  
Yes, and how many times must the cannonball fly  
G A  
Before they are forever banned?

CHORUS

G A7 Bm  
The answer my friends is blowing in the wind  
G A7 D  
The answer is blowing in the wind.

How many years must the mountain exist before it is washed to the sea?  
Yes, and how many years must a people exist  
Before they're allowed to be free?  
Yes, and how many times can a man turn his back  
And pretend that he just doesn't see? (CHORUS)

How many times must a man look up  
Before he can see the sky?  
Yes, and how many ears must one man have  
Before he can hear people cry?  
Yes, and how many deaths will it take till he knows  
That too many people have died? (CHORUS)

GOODBYE OLD DESERT RAT

By Michael Murphy

She <sup>Am</sup>sits on the front <sup>D</sup>porch of the <sup>Am</sup>old house that <sup>D</sup>stands

scorched

<sup>Am</sup>Under the sunstroke of the <sup>D</sup>desert day that <sup>Am</sup>choked

Her <sup>F</sup>old man who <sup>C</sup>fell in the <sup>G</sup>sun.

With rattlesnakes and keepsakes, old boxes of cornflakes,  
Grammaphones and gemstones, and three unclaimed doorframes,  
And bleached bones and rocks by the ton.

Chorus

<sup>D</sup>Goodbye old desert rat, you <sup>C</sup>half crazy <sup>G</sup>wildcat

<sup>C</sup>You knew where it was at, what <sup>G</sup>life's all <sup>A</sup>about <sup>D</sup>

<sup>Am</sup>You saver of catalogs, <sup>Em</sup>king of the <sup>C</sup>prairie <sup>G</sup>dogs

<sup>C</sup>Success is survival and you <sup>G</sup>toughed it out, <sup>D</sup>

<sup>C</sup>you <sup>G</sup>toughed it out.

You old loudmouthrock hound, you kept the kids spellbound,  
Half crazy and sunbaked, you earned your own grubstake;  
By breakin' your back all day long.

With junk art and dump carts, old M0del-T parts  
Frustrated, outdated and uneducated  
At eighty you still wrote good songs.

Chorus





## ONE TIN SOLDIER

<sup>C</sup> Listen, children, <sup>G</sup> to a story <sup>Am</sup> that was written <sup>Em</sup> long ago,  
<sup>F</sup> 'Bout a kingdom <sup>C</sup> on a mountain <sup>Am</sup> and a valley <sup>G</sup> fold below.  
<sup>C</sup> On a mountain <sup>G</sup> was a treasure <sup>Am</sup> buried deep <sup>Em</sup> beneath a stone,  
<sup>F</sup> And the valley <sup>C</sup> people swore they'd <sup>Am</sup> have it for their <sup>G</sup> very <sup>C</sup> own.

## CHORUS

<sup>C</sup> Go ahead and hate your neighbor, <sup>G</sup> go ahead and cheat a <sup>F</sup> friend. <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> Do it in the name of Heaven, you can justify it in the <sup>C</sup> end.  
<sup>G</sup> There won't be any trumpets <sup>F</sup> blowin', come the Judgement <sup>C</sup> Day.  
<sup>F</sup> On the bloody morning <sup>C</sup> after, one tin <sup>G</sup> soldier <sup>C</sup> rides away.

So the people of the valley sent a message up the hill,  
Asking for the buried treasure, tons of gold for which they'd kill.  
Came an answer from the kingdom, "With our brothers we will share  
All the secrets of our mountain, all the riches buried there."

Now the valley cried with anger, "Mount your horses, draw your swords!"  
And they killed the mountain people so they won their just reward.  
Now they stood beside the treasure, on the mountain, dark and red.  
Turned the stone and looked beneath it, "Peace on earth" was  
all it said.

## PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON

<sup>G</sup> Puff the magic dragon <sup>Bm</sup> lived <sup>C</sup> by the <sup>G</sup> sea  
And frolicked in the <sup>C</sup> autumn <sup>G</sup> mist in a <sup>Em</sup> land <sup>A7</sup> called <sup>D7</sup> Honnilee  
<sup>G</sup> Little Jackie <sup>Bm</sup> Paper, <sup>C</sup> loved that rascal <sup>G</sup> Puff  
And <sup>C</sup> brought him string and <sup>G</sup> sealing <sup>Em</sup> wax and <sup>A7</sup> other <sup>D7</sup> fancy <sup>G</sup> stuff.

Together they would travel on a boat with billowed sail  
Jackie kept a lookout perched on Puff's gigantic tail  
Noble kings and princes would bow when 'er they came  
Pirate ships let down their flag when Puff roared out his name

A dragon lives forever, but not so little boys  
Giant strings and painted wings make way for other toys  
One gray night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more  
Puff that mighty dragon ceased his fearless, mighty roar.

His head was bent in sorrow, green scales feel like rain  
Puff no longer came to play along the cherry lane  
Without his lifelong friend Puff could not be brave  
So Puff that magic dragon sadly slipped into his cafe.

(cry when appropriate)

MR. BOJANGLES

By Jeff Walker

          C                  Em                  Am  
I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you,  
          F                  G  
In worn out shoes.  
          C                  Em                  Am  
With silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants,  
          F                  G  
The old soft shoe.  
          F                  Em          Em7          Am  
He jumped so high, jumped so high,  
                          D7                  G7  
Then he lightly touched down.  
          Am          Em          Am          Em          Am          Em          C  
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles - dance.

I met him in a cell in New Orleans  
I was down and out.  
He looked at me to be the eyes of age  
As he spoke right out.  
He talked of life, talked of life  
He laughed, slapped his leg a step.

He said his name Bojangles, then he danced a lick  
Across the cell.  
He grabbed his pants, a better stance, oh, he jumped so high,  
And he clicked his heels.  
He let go a laugh, let go a laugh,  
Shook back his clothes all around.  
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles - dance.

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs  
Throughout the South.  
He spoke with tears of fifteen years, how his dog and he  
Traveled about.  
His dog up and died, he up and died.  
After twenty years he still grieved.

He said, "I dance not at every chance in honky tonks  
For drinks and tips.  
But most of the time I spend behind these county bars,"  
He said, "I drinks a bit."  
He shook his head, and as he shook his head,  
I heard someone ask please.  
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles - dance.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL (Capo-1)

By Katherine Lee Bates

A E  
Oh beautiful for spacious skies,  
C7 A  
For amber waves of grain,  
A E7  
For purple mountains majesties,  
E B7 E  
Above the fruited plain,  
A E C7 A  
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,  
D A  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
D E A  
From sea to shining sea.

Oh beautiful for pilgrim feet,  
Whose stern, impassioned stress,  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat,  
Across the wilderness!  
America! America! God mend thine every flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self-control,  
Thy liberty in law!

Oh beautiful for heroes proved,  
In liverating strife,  
Who more than self their country loved,  
And mercy more than life!  
America! America! May God thy gold refine,  
Till all success be nobleness,  
And every gain divine!

Oh beautiful for patriot dream,  
That sees, beyond the years,  
Thine alabaster cities gleam,  
Undimmed by human tears,  
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea.

GOD BLESS AMERICA

By Irving Berlin

F F C C God bless America	C C F F From the mountains, to the prairie.
C7 C F Land that I love	C7 C F F To the oceans white with foam.
B <sup>b</sup> Stand beside her	B <sup>b</sup> F Dm God Bless America
F F And guide her	F C F-F7 My home sweet home.
Thru the night with	B <sup>b</sup> F Dm God bless America
C F a light from above.	F C F My home sweet home.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of  
wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible  
swift sword;  
His truth is marching on.

Chorus

Glory, glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory, glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory, glory! Hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling  
camps;  
They have building Him an altar in the evening dews and  
damps;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring  
lamps;  
Our God is marching on.

Chorus

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;  
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall  
deal;  
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,  
Since God is marching on."

Chorus

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call  
retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment  
seat;  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant,  
my feet!  
Our God is marching on.

Chorus

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the  
sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
While God is marching on.

Chorus

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

By Francis Scott Key

Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous  
    fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?  
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.  
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:  
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion  
A home and a country shall leave us no more?  
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terrors of flight or the gloom of the grave:  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,  
Between their loved home and wild war's desolation,  
Blest with victr'y and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land  
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation.  
Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

YANKEE DOODLE

By Richard Schuckburgh

G D G D  
Father and I went down to camp  
G D G  
Along with Captain Good'in  
G C  
And there we saw the men and boys  
D G  
As thick as hasty puddin'.

Chorus

C  
Yankee Doodle, Keep it up,  
G  
Yankee Doodle dandy  
C  
Mind the music and the step,  
G D G  
And with the girls be handy.

Yankee Doodle went to town  
Riding on his pony  
Stuck a feather in his cap  
And called it macaroni.

Chorus

DIXIE

By Dan D. Emmet

G Em  
I wish I was in the land of cotton,  
C  
Old times there are not forgotten;  
G Em D G  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixieland.  
G Em  
In Dixieland where I was born in,  
C  
Early on one frosty mornin';  
G Em D G  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixieland.

Chorus

G C A D  
Then I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!  
G C G  
In Dixieland I'll take my stand to live and  
D  
die in Dixie;  
G D G  
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.  
G D G D G  
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

There's buckwheat cakes and Indian batter,  
Makes you fat or a little fatter;  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixieland.  
Then hoe it down and scratch your grabble.  
To Dixieland I'm bound to travel,  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixieland.

Chorus

O U R C R E W S O N G

# MAGIC CHORD ACCOMPANIMENT GUIDE

KEY	3 PRINCIPAL CHORDS			RELATIVE MINOR			ALTERNATE CHORDS					
C	C	F	G7	Am	Dm	E7	C6 (Am7)	C dim	C Aug	F6	Am6	Dm6
G	G	C	D7	Em	Am	B7	G6 (Fm7)	G dim	G Aug	C6	Em6	Am6
F	F	B <sup>b</sup>	C7	Dm	Gm	A7	F6 (Dm7)	F dim	F Aug	B <sup>b</sup> 6	Dm6	Gm6
D	D	G	A7	Bm	Em	F <sup>#</sup> 7	D6 (Bm7)	D dim	D Aug	G6	Bm6	Em6
B <sup>b</sup>	B <sup>b</sup>	E <sup>b</sup>	F7	Gm	Cm	D7	B <sup>b</sup> 6 (Gm7)	B <sup>b</sup> dim	B <sup>b</sup> Aug	E <sup>b</sup> 6	Gm6	Cm6
A	A	D	E7	F <sup>#</sup> m	Bm	C <sup>b</sup> 7	A6 (F <sup>#</sup> m7)	A dim	A Aug	D6	F <sup>#</sup> m6	Bm6
E <sup>b</sup>	E <sup>b</sup>	A <sup>b</sup>	B <sup>b</sup> 7	Cm	Fm	G7	E <sup>b</sup> 6 (Cm7)	E <sup>b</sup> dim	E <sup>b</sup> Aug	A <sup>b</sup> 6	Cm6	Fm6
E	E	A	B7	C <sup>#</sup> m	B <sup>#</sup> m	(A <sup>#</sup> 7)	E6 (C <sup>#</sup> m7)	E dim	E Aug	A6	C <sup>#</sup> m6	F <sup>#</sup> m6
A <sup>b</sup>	A <sup>b</sup>	D <sup>b</sup>	E <sup>b</sup> 7	Fm	B <sup>b</sup> m	C7	(Fm7)	A <sup>b</sup> dim	A <sup>b</sup> Aug	D <sup>b</sup> 6	Fm6	B <sup>b</sup> m6
B	B	E	F <sup>#</sup> 7	(A <sup>#</sup> m)	C <sup>#</sup> m	(E <sup>#</sup> 7)	B6 (A <sup>#</sup> m7)	B dim	B Aug	E6	C <sup>#</sup> m6 (A <sup>#</sup> m6)	C <sup>#</sup> m6
D <sup>b</sup>	D <sup>b</sup>	G <sup>b</sup>	A <sup>b</sup> 7	B <sup>b</sup> m	E <sup>b</sup> m	F7	D <sup>b</sup> 6 (B <sup>b</sup> m7)	D <sup>b</sup> dim	D <sup>b</sup> Aug	G <sup>b</sup> 6	B <sup>b</sup> m6 (A <sup>b</sup> m6)	E <sup>b</sup> m6
F <sup>#</sup>	F <sup>#</sup>	B	C <sup>#</sup> 7	(E <sup>#</sup> m)	(A <sup>#</sup> m)	(B <sup>#</sup> 7)	F <sup>#</sup> 6 (E <sup>#</sup> m7)	F <sup>#</sup> dim	F <sup>#</sup> Aug	B6	C <sup>#</sup> m6 (E <sup>#</sup> m6)	C <sup>#</sup> m6 (A <sup>#</sup> m6)

o = in chord diagram indicates optional fingering.

string not to be played.

Numbers under diagram indicate fingering:

- O = Open
- 1 = Index finger
- 2 = Middle finger
- 3 = Ring finger
- 4 = Pinky