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**I'M BOUND TO LEAVE
OL' TEXAS NOW
TENNESSEE STUD
COOL WATER
I RIDE AN OLD PAINT
DAKOTA LAND
COSMIC COWBOY
RED RIVER VALLEY
GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGIES
THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL
SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE
THE BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAINS
DON'T FENCE ME IN
GOODNIGHT IRENE
IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR
AWAY IN A MANGER
JOY TO THE WORLD
O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM
O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL
ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH
WHAT CHILD IS THIS
SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT
HE'S GOT THE WHOLE
WORLD IN HIS HANDS
AMAZING GRACE
KUM BA YAH
SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT
MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT ASHORE
ROCK OF AGES
GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN
JUST AS I AM
THEY'LL KNOW WE ARE
CHRISTIANS BY OUR LOVE
PASS IT ON
LORD OF THE DANCE
ONLY VISITING THIS PLANET
PUT YOUR HAND IN THE HAND
WITHOUT WARNING
DROUGHT YEARS
ROSE OF CIMARRON
CANADIAN RAILROAD TRILOGY
BOY FROM THE COUNTRY
MY HEROES HAVE
ALWAYS BEEN COWBOYS
EDELWEISS
MOTHER EARTH
BOY FROM OKLAHOMA
I'LL BE TRUE TO YOU
FOX ON THE RUN
PAINTED LADY**

Bob Nolan

Larry Norman

Jack Ross

**CAROLINA IN THE PINES
RIPPLIN' WATERS
WABASH CANNONBALL
SOMEDAY SOON**

**WHERE HAVE ALL
THE FLOWERS GONE**

Pete Seeger

TODAY

MORNING HAS BROKEN

Eleanor Farjeon

FIVE HUNDRED MILES

BLOWING IN THE WIND

GOODBYE OLD DESERT RAT

Michael Martin Murphy

DRILL YE TARRIERS

ONE TIN SOLDIER

WILDFIRE

Michael Martin Murphy

PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON

MR. BOJANGLES

Jeff Walker

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

Katherine Lee Bates

GOD BLESS AMERICA

Irving Berlin

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Julia Ward Howe

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Francis Scott Key

YANKEE DOODLE

Richard Schuckburgh

DIXIE

Dan D. Emmet

BIG BAD JOHN

Jimmy Dean

Troop Song Book

I'm a hayseed

Scout Vespers

Scout WET-spers:

To the Tune of Scout Vespers.

On My Honor

Harry Bartelt

Flicker

Running Bear

Kum Ba Yah

Lonesome Road

Teddy Bears' Picnic

Camp Granada

(Hello Mudda, Hello Fadda)

Allan Sherman

One Tin Soldier

Ghost Riders

Three Little Fishies

Country Roads

John Denver

Shaving Cream

Benny Bell with Paul Wynn

Desert Pete

The Kingston Trio

Finlandia

Jan Sibelius

PHILMONT HYMN

John (JB) 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.

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, Amen.

TAPS

Verse 1
Day is done,
Gone the sun,
From the lakes,
From the hills,
From the sky.
All is well,
Safely rest,
God is nigh.

Verse 2
Fading light,
Dims the sight,
And a star,
Gems the sky,
Gleaming bright,
From afar,
Drawing nigh,
Falls the night.

Verse 3
Thanks and praise,
For our days,
Neath the sun,
Neath the stars,
Neath the sky,
As we go,
This we know,
God is nigh.

WELCOME TO MY MORNING (al a PTC)*

Welcome to our morning', 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 and all the songs we played
Are to thank you for allowing up in the lovely day you made.

Repeat Stanza I

(CHORUS)

* 6th string tuned to D

SCOUT VESPERS

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?"

Quietly we join as one,
Thanking God for Scouting fun
May we now go on our way,
Thankful for another day.

May we always love and share,
Living in peace beyond compare.
As Scout may we find,
Friendships true with all mankind.

Quietly we now will part,
Pledging ever in our heart,
To strive to: do our best each day,
As we travel down life's way.

Happiness we'll try to give,
Trying: a better life to live,
'Till all the world be joined in love,
Living in peace under God above.

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',
And my legs beginning to cramp, OHHHH (shout)
I want to hike with such great men
As made those famous treks,
From Beaubien to Porky
And from Cito to Car-Max. HIP, HIP, HOORAY (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.

As I was walking that ribbon of trail ways
I saw below me that endless skyway
I saw a below me that golden valley
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 for was lifting
This land was made for you and me.

(CHORUS)

SLEWFOOT

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

(CHORUS)

G D G
Well, he's big around the middle and he's broad across the rump.
G D G
Running ninety miles an hour taking thirty feet a jump.
G
He ain't never been caught; he ain't never been treed.
C G
Some folks say he's a lot like 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 a well,
We shot him in the bottom just to listen to him yell.

(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

C 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.

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?
 C
Over there in the 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 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 that be a cherry that has no stone?
How can that be a chicken that had no bone?
How can that be a ring that had no end?
How can that be a baby with no cryin'?

A cherry when it's blooming 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'.

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)

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)

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 lullaby.

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.

(CHORUS)

A G A D
And the Colorado Rocky Mountain High,

G A D
I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky.

G A D Em7-Dmaj7-G
Talk 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)

A G A D
And the Colorado Rocky Mountain High,

G A D
I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky.

G A D Em7-Dmaj7-G
I know he'd be a poorer man if he never was an eagle fly.

D
Rocky Mountain High.

A C 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.

SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN

Chicken a-crowding 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;
Devil's in woman if she takes the notion,
Hoe Dee-ing Di Did-Dy-I-Day.

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.----

Come on all you young fellows, 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's 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.

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

(CHORUS)

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)

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)

G Em G Em
Jeremiah Johnson made his way into the mountains

G Em
Bettin' on forgettin' all the troubles that he knew

G Em
The trail was wide and narrow

G Em
And the eagle or the sparrow

G Em
Showed the path he was to follow as they flew.

C D
A mountain man's a lonely man

G Em
And he leaves a life behind

C D G Em
He ought to have indifference, but oftimes you will find,

G Em G Em
That the story doesn't always go that way you had in mind.

C D G
Jeremiah's story is that kind. . .

C D G
Jeremiah's is that kind.

G Em G Em
The way that you wander is the way that you choose,

G Em G Em
The day that you tarry is the day that you lose.

C D G Em
Sunshine or thunder, a man will always wonder.

C-D G
Where the fair wind 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.

SHADY GROVE *(alternate lyrics)*

(Not on the Tobasco Donkeys CD)

*As it is a traditional song it has many lyrics,
and many variations, developed over it's long history.*

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

(CHORUS) *alternate variation*

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

(CHORUS)

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

(CHORUS)

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

(CHORUS)

(Alternate lyrics to the one above)

Cheeks as red as the blooming rose,
Eyes of the deepest brown
You are the darling of my heart,
Stay until the sun goes down

(CHORUS)

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

(CHORUS)

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)

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

(CHORUS)

(Alternate lyrics to the one above)

Shady Grove, my little love,
Standing at the door
Shoes and stockings in her hand,
Bare feet on the floor

(CHORUS)

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 the 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)

TOM DOOLEY

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,
Hand 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-hanging' on a white oak tree.

(CHORUS)

I had my trial at Wilkesboro,
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 G(?)
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)

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,
Angles 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.

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.

(repeat first verse)

ROCKY TOP

G C G
Wish that I was on old Rocky Top
Em D G
Down in the Tennessee hills
C G
Ain't 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 old 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,
Struck like a duck in a pen.
All I know is it's a pity life
Can't be simple again.
(CHORUS)

MOUNTAIN DEW

(When I first learned this song at Philmont, the version I learned didn't have a G7 chord as noted in the songbook. I've heard this song played differently by every camp at Philmont, or person outside of Philmont, but no one throws in a G7. However if you do play the G7 it doesn't sound bad. I say play it however you want.)

(CHORUS)

G G G7
They call it that good ol' Mountain Dew, dew, dew,
C G
And them that refuse it are few (are few)
Em C
I'll hush up my mug if you fill up my jug
D G
With that good ol' 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 till he gave it a gludge
Of that good ol' Mountain Dew.

(CHORUS)

My Uncle Ron had still on the john
Where he brewed up a gallon or two (or two)
When the revenuers 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.

CLEMENTINE

G
In a cavern, in a canyon
D
Excavating for a mine,
G
Dwelt a miner, 'forty-niner,
D G
And his daughter Clementine
(CHORUS)
G
Oh my Darling, oh my Darling,
D
Oh my Darling Clementine!
G
Thou are lost and gone forever,
D G
Dreadfully 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're 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

SIXTEEN TONS

Am Dm E7
Some people say a man's made out of mud
Am E7
A poor man is made out of muscle and blood
Am Dm
Muscle and blood, and skin and bones,
Am E7
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong.

(CHORUS)

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

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
The strawboss said, "Well bless my soul!"

(CHORUS)

I was born one mornin' it was drizzlin' rain
fightin' and trouble are my middle name
I was raised in a cane-brake by an old mama lion
cain't no high-toned woman make me walk the line.

(CHORUS)

If you see me comin', better step aside,
A lot of men didn't, a lot of men died
One fist of iron, the other of steel
If the right one don't get you, then the left one will.

(CHORUS)

I owe my soul to the company store.

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 out to meet her, etc.
We will have chicken an' dumplings, etc.
She'll be reelin' an a-rockin', etc.
We'll shout glory hallelujah, etc.

THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK

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

THE DYING COWBOY

(Rather slowly.)

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

HAPPY WANDERER

C G7
I love to go a-wandering along the mountain tracks
C F G C
And as I go I love to sing, my knapsack on my back.

(CHORUS)

G C
Val-de-ri, val-de-ra
G G
Val-de-re, val-de-ra-ha-ha-ha-ha
G C
Val-de-ri, val-de-ra
F G C
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're 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)

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 the Missouri we come upon a land
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 to Taos

Down along the Pecos was where Juan met his end
With an arrow through the chest, but he died among 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 fusee and my knife
She makes things go easier and soon she took on the 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 died from a grizzly bear's swat
My woman she died in the spring of twenty-three
And Kentucky haunts my memory.

(CHORUS)

G Em C D
And the Ohio River flows slow and easy in the summertime
G Em
And a breeze comin' across it
C D
Sure does make a man feel fine
C 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)

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.

THE TRAPPER'S LIFE Words and music by Greg (Doc) Walker

I've lived a trapper's life,
Took a Cheyenne Woman for my wife.
I've trapped for beaver plew,
Learned to speak the language
Of the Sioux.

(CHORUS)
Shine on you shinnin' mountains
I'll return to you.
Shine on you shinnin' mountains.
You're the only life I ever knew.

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

(CHORUS)
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.

THE GAMBLER

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've 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 your 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 quite, 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 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 I could keep.

(CHORUS)

(CHORUS)

(CHORUS)

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

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

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.

ME AND MY UNCLE

Em
Me and my uncle went ridin' down
G Em
From Colorado, West Texas bound,

We stopped off, in Santa Fe,
G Am
It bein' part, just about half way
C D Em
And besides it was the hottest part of the day.

We led our ponies into a stall,
Went to the bar boys bought drinks for all,
Ten days in the saddle, you know my body hurt,
It bein' summertime, 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, there'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 start boys Uncle start 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.

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 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 seem 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 wintertime,
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.

THE STRAWBERRY ROAN

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 thought he was right and I told him the same,
G C
Then I asks has he got any bad ones to tame.
F
He says he has one a bad one tuh buck,

G

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 bronc 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 yure 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 can buck.
He was down in the hoss corral standing alone,
A snake 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 in 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 towards the east and comes down toward the west,
To stay on his middle I'm doin' muh best.

He is the worst bucker 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 phenomenal jump he kicks her in high,
And I'm settin' on nothin' way up in the sky.
And then I descends, I comes back to 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 bronc when he makes the high dive.

TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS

C C
See them tumbling down,
D
Nodding their heads to the ground,
C G
Lonely, but free I'll be found,
D G
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

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

THE COWBOY'S LAMENT

G C D7
As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
G C G D7
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
G C G D7
I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen
G C D G
All wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.
"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 my 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 card house;
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're 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're 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 six-gun 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 passed 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

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

There were few at the scene, but they all did agree, that
A G D
the stranger who fled looked a lot like 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)

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

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)

C F C
Little Joe the wrangler will wrangle never more.
G
His days with the remuda they are o'er.
C F C
'Twas just about last April, when he joined our outfit here,
G
Just a little Texas stray and nothin' more.

C F C
'Twas long late in the evening he rode into our camp.
G
On a little Texas pony called Chaw.
C F C
With his brogan shoes and overalls, a tougher lookin' kid
G C
You never in your life before saw.

(Chord Sequence #2)

F C
His saddle was a Texas kack built many year ago.

G
And O.K. spur on one foot idly hung,

C F C
While his hot roll in a cotton sack so loosely tied behind

G C
And a canteen from the saddle horn was hung.

(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 the 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.

(Chord Sequence #1)

Little Joe the wrangler was called out with the rest
And scarcely had the little feller reached the heard
When the cattle they stampeded, like a hailstorm long they fled.
And all of us ridin' for the lead.

(Chord Sequence #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.

(Chord Sequence #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

(Chord Sequence #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.

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
A
on the range 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 weary and you try to run away
You'll starve to death along the trail and you'll also loose 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 began,
A lightening 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 G
An old cowpoke went riding out, one hot and windy day,
Em G B7
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way,
Em
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw,
C Em
A-plowin' through the ragged skies and up the cloudy draw.

(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 riddin' hard to catch the herd, but they ain't caught them yet.
They've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky.
On horses snorting fire, as they ride on, hear them cry.

(CHORUS)

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

HOME ON THE RANGE William Goodwin - 1905

C F
Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam
(...and I will show you a *DIRTY* carpet)
C D7 G
And the deer and the antelope play
C F
Where seldom is heard, a discouraging word
C G C
And the sky is not cloudy all day.

(CHORUS)

C F C
Home, home on the range,
Am D7 G
Where the deer and the antelope play
C F

Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,

C G C

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

(CHORUS)

Oh give me the mine where the prospectors find
The gold in its 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 the game from my own cabin home
Then give me the camp where the fire is a lamp
And the wild rocky mountains roam.

(CHORUS)

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

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

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

(CHORUS)

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

We drifted on down into no-mans land,
We crossed that River called the Rio Grand.
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 to blue,
'cause he was dreamin' of a sweetheart too.

(CHORUS)

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)

Stirrup in stirrup, and side by side
We crossed them mountains and 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 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.

(CHORUS)

The nights are cool and I'm a fool
Each star's a pool of 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

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

(CHORUS)

D G
Ride around, ride around real slow,
D G
For the fiery and the snuffy are a-r'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 poolroom 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 out 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 of 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 G
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,
C 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 them 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 deep 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 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 morning' 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
Whop-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 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 doggies 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.

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

F

Well, come along boys and listen to my tale.

Bb F

I'll tell you all my troubles on the old Chisholm Trail

Gm C7 F

Come a ti-yi yippy, yippy yah, yippy yah,'

Gm C7 F

With a ti-yi-yippy, yippy yah.

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)

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)

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 Shanghai 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 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 angle, 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 lummoX, I'm glad you backed out."

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

THE BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAINS

D
On a summer's day in the month of May
A7 D
A burly little bum come a hiking,

Traveling down that lonesome road.
A7 D
A looking for his liking,
A7 D
He was headed for a land that was far away,
A7
Besides them crystal fountains,

I'll see you all this comin' fall,
A7
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
G
You never change your socks,
G D
And little streams of alcohol,
G A7
Come a trickling down the rocks.
D
The boxcars are all empty,
G D
And the railroad bulls are blind,
G D G D
There's a lake of stew and whiskey too,
G D G D
You can paddle all around 'em in a big canoe,

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

(CHORUS)

A7 D
Oh the buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees,
G
Round the soda-water fountain.
A7 D
Where the lemonade springs and the 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 boxcars 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 wind don't blow,
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

(CHORUS)

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,
The jails are made of tin,
And you 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)

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

C G C
Sometimes I live in the country

C
Sometimes I live in Cimarron
F

Sometimes I get a great notion
C G C
To jump in the river and 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 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 toward men,
From heav'n's all gracious King":
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angles 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 angles 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 sends 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, and 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 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 Christians 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

C G7
He's got the whole world in His hands (four times)

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

G7 C
He's got the whole world in His hands

(Key C: (Guitar player go back &
forth between C & G7
on alternate lines))

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.

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

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.

T'was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
Now precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

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.

When we've been there ten
thousand years, Bright
shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing
God's praise, Then when

we first begun.

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

C F C
Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah!
Em F G
Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah!
C F C
Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum by yah!
F C G C
Oh, Lord, Kum ba 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)

C F C
Michael, row the boat ashore, Hallelujah.
Em F C-G7-C
Michael, row the boat ashore, Hallelujah.
C F C
Sister help to trim the sail, Hallelujah.
Em F Em-G7-C
Sister help to trim the sail, Hallelujah.

River 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

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 C
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;
D A E7 A
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, receive;
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 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 mountaintops, 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 mountaintops, I want my world to know;
The Lord of Love, has come to me;

I want... to pass... it on...

LORD OF THE DANCE

G Em
I danced in the morning
G Em
When the world was begun,
C
And I danced in the moon
D7
And the stars and the sun,
G Em
And I came down from heaven,
G Em
And I danced on the earth
C D7 C G
At Bethlehem I had my birth

(CHORUS)

G Em G Em
Dance then wherever you may be
G Em C D7
I am the Lord of the Dance said He,
G C G
And I'll lead you all

Wherever you may be
C D7
And I'll lead you all
C G Em G Em
In the dance said He.

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 fisherman
For James and John
They came with me
And the dance went on.

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.

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)

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

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

PUT YOUR HAND IN THE HAND

(CHORUS)

G D7
Put your hand in the hand of the man that stilled the water
Am7 D7 G
Put your hand in the hand of the man who calmed the sea
Dm G7 G
Take a look at yourself and you can look at others differently
G Em A7 D7 G C G
By putting your hand in the hand of the man from Galilee.

G D7
Every time I look into that Holy Book I want to tremble
Am7 D7 G
When I read about the part where the carpenter cleaned out the temple
Dm G7 C
For the buyers and the sellers were no different fellas than what I
profess to be
G Em A7 D7 G C G
And it causes my shame to know we're not the people we should be.

(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 a pistol,
A
and without warning

D G
Quickly raised it to his head and squeezed the trigger back,

Before the startled crowd, he dropped the outlaw in his tracks.

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 flames
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 till
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
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
Waiting' at your window
Gm D
Watchin' will they ever show.

(CHORUS)
Can you hear them callin'
You know they have fallen on
Campfires cold and dark that
A-D
Never see a spark burn bright.

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

(CHORUS)
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.

(CHORUS)

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 Bb
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 forests 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 mountaintops we stand,
All the world at our command.
We have opened up the soil with our teardrops and our toil.

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.
And many are the dead man -- 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 lif
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

D
I grew up a dreaming of being a cowboy
G
And loving the cowboy ways

Pursuing the life of my high-riding heroes
E A-A7
I burned up my childhood days.

D
I learned all the rules of the modern day drifter
G D
Don'tcha hold on to nothing too long.
G D B min
Just take what you need from the ladies and leave them

D A D-D7
With the words of a sad country song.

(CHORUS)

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

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 forever.
Edelweiss, edelweiss, bless my homeland forever.

MOTHER EARTH

(CHORUS)

Mother Earth lives in 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 mountaintop
Birds still sing when the morning comes
Though I treat her carelessly
Mother Earth still cares for me.
Mother Earth still cares for me.

(CHORUS)

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

(CHORUS)

(CHORUS)

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 tries 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
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 ran 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's 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

This song is dedicated to the 1980 Activities Staff.

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

C G D G
Now everybody knows the reason for the fall.
C G A D
When a woman tempted a man down in Paradise's Mall
C G D G
Well a woman tempted me and she took me for a ride.
C G D G
So now this weary fox needs some place 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 to the floor
But now the game is up and the hounds are at the door.

(CHORUS)
(CHORUS)

PAINTED LADY

Followin' the stars through the honky-tonks and bars
Dream away on a country music pride
I'm gonna start the evening by myself, but you can bet by the
hour of twelve
Gonna have a pretty painted lady by my 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 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)

Painted lady tell me of the past gone by
Roll me like the open range and ride me high
Kiss me to a day when your dress was made of calico or gingham
And a man was a man.

So painted lady with your painted face tell me 'bout your life
and your painted ways.
Tell me with your loving lips and you roving 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
G/E D
Said she'd known me a long time
G D A7sus4
And she spoke of being in love with every mountain she
D
had climbed,
Asus4 E/D
And she talked of trails she'd walked up far above the
D
timberline.
G D A7sus4
From that night on I knew I'd write songs with Carolina
D
in the pines.

There's a new moon on the 14th a first quarter the 21st
And the full moon on the last week brings a fullness 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 FRETS)

D D7 G
I've got ripplin' waters to wake me to the mornin' my woman in love
D A7
Tall pine trees are pointin' this easily to heaven above
D C G
Blue spruce flamin' on the grate in the evening takes the chill away fine
Em B7 Em
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)

A E
Ooh, like a bubble on a windy day
A
Start to flutter when I hear you say

That you feel too good to go away
B7 E A
And you make me feel fine

And you make the world a warmer place
E
By the sparkle of your diamond face
A
On a gray spot on a little lace
B7 E
And you make me feel fine
B7 E
Warm as a mountain sunshine
B7 E
On the edge of a snowline

B7 E A G A7

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 the station I heard somebody say
The boys are from Carolina they're big and thick and tall
They're comin' down to pick us a few they rode the Wabash Cannonball.

(CHORUS)

SOMEDAY SOON

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

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

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, everyone.

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?
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

(CHORUS)
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

C Dm G F C
Morning has broken like the first morning,
Em Am D7sus D G
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird.
C F
Praise for the singing,
C Am D
Praise for the morning,
G C F G7 C F G E Am G G7
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

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

A hundred miles, a hundred miles
C
A hundred miles, a hundred miles
Am D7 G
You can hear the whistle blow, a hundred miles.

(CHORUS)

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

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

Am D Am D
She sits on the front porch of the old house that stands
scorched
Am D Am D
Under the sunstroke of the desert day that choked
F C G
Her old man who fell in the sun.

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

(CHORUS)

D C G
Goodbye old desert rat, you half crazy wildcat
C G A D
You knew where it was at, what life's all about
Am Em C G
You saver of catalogs, king of the prairie dogs
C G D F
Success is survival and you toughed it out,
C G
you toughed it out.

You old loudmouth 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 Model-T parts
Frustrated, outdated and uneducated
At eighty you still wrote good songs.

(CHORUS)

DRILL YE TARRIERS

Cm
Every morning at seven o'clock,
F7
Came twenty tarriers a-working at the rock,
G7 Cm
And the boss comes along and says "Keep still!"
F7 C7 Eb
And he comes down heavy on the cast iron drill.
Fm Cm Bb Cm
So drill, ye tarriers, drill.

(CHORUS)

Cm Bb Cm Cm Bb Cm
Drill ye tarriers, drill! Drill ye tarriers, drill!
Bb Ab Bb Cm
It's work all day for the sugar in your tay
Cm G7 Cm
Down behind of the railway.
Fm Cm Bb Cm
So, drill ye tarriers, drill!
And blast! And fire!

Came a premature dynamite blast,
And Joe McGillicuddy had to wear a cast.
So the boss came around and he said to Joe
"You'll get half your pay, 'cause your production's low."
So drill ye tarriers, drill!

ONE TIN SOLDIER

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

(CHORUS)

C G F C
Go ahead and hate your neighbor, go ahead and cheat a friend.
C G C
Do it in the name of Heaven, you can justify it in the end.
G F C
There won't be any trumpets blowin, come the Judgment Day.
F C G C
On the bloody morning after, one tin soldier 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 at it, "Peace on earth" was all it said.

WILDFIRE

By Michael Martin Murphy

She comes down from Yellow Mountain
On a dark, flat land she rides
On a pony she named Wildfire
Whirlwind by her side
On a cold Nebraska night.

Oh, they say she died one winter
When there came an early frost
And the pony she named Wildfire
Busted down its stall,
In a blizzard she was lost.

She ran calling Wild---fire,
Calling Wild---fire,
Calling Wi---i---ld---fi---i---re.

By the dark of the moon I planted
But there came an early snow.
Been a hoot owl howlin' outside my window now,
For six nights in a row.
She's comin' for me, I know
And on Wildfire we're both gonna go.

We'll be ridin' Wildfire,
Ridin' Wildfire,
We'll be ridin' Wildfire
On Wildfire we're gonna ride,
Gonna leave sobdustin' behind.
Get these hard times right on out of our minds,
Ridin' Wildfire.

PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON

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

MR. BOJANGLES By Jeff Walker

(CHORUS)

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 his 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 now 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 to 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 liberating 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,
From sea to shining sea.

GOD BLESS AMERICA By Irving Berlin

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

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC Julia Ward Howe

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! by 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 home of the brave!

On the shore dimly seen throughout 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 hauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and country, shall leave us no more?
Their blood was washed out their foul foot steps pollution
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror 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 e'er when free men shall stand
Between their lov'd homes and war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that has made and presrv'd us a nation
And conquer we must when our cause 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 by 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 D
In Dixieland I'll take my stand to live and 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)

BIG BAD JOHN Words and Music by Jimmy Dean

(Big John, Big John)
Ev'ry mornin' at the mine you could see him arrive
He stood six foot six and weighed two forty five
Kinda broad at the shoulder and narrow at the hip
And everybody knew ya didn't give no lip to Big John.
(Big John, Big John) Big Bad John (Big John)

Nobody seemed to know where John called home
He just drifted into town and stayed all alone
He didn't say much, kinda quiet and shy
And if you spoke at all, you just said "Hi" to Big John.

Somebody said he came from New Orleans
Where he got in a fight over a Cajun Queen
And a crashin' blow from a huge right hand

Sent a Louisiana fellow to the Promised Land - Big John
(Big John, Big John) Big Bad John (Big John)

Then came the day at the bottom of the mine
When a timber cracked and men started cryin'
Miners were prayin' and hearts beat fast
And everybody thought that they'd breathed their last - except John

Through the dust and the smoke of this man-made hell
Walked a giant of a man that the miners knew well
Grabbed a saggin' timber, gave out with a groan
And like a giant oak tree he just stood there alone - Big John
(Big John, Big John) Big Bad John (Big John)

And with all of his strength he gave a mighty shove
Then a miner yelled out "There's a light up above!"
And twenty men scrambled from a would-be grave
Now there's only one left down there to save - Big John

With jacks and timbers they started back down
Then came that rumble way down in the ground
And then smoke and gas belched out of that mine
Everybody knew it was the end of the line for Big John
(Big John, Big John) Big Bad John (Big John)

Now they never reopened that worthless pit
They just placed a marble stand in front of it
These few words are written on that stand
At the bottom of this mine lies a BIG BIG man Big John
(Big John, Big John) Big Bad John (Big John)

FADE (Big John, Big John) Big Bad John (Big John)

Troop Song Book

I'm a hayseed

I'm a hayseed. My hair is seaweed.
And my ears are made of leather and they flop in windy weather.
Gosh oh, hemlock, I tough as a pine knot.
I'm a member of Troop 16!

"Cadence count" (SPL)

"One" (Troop) (start on left foot)

"Can't hear you" (SPL)

"Two" (Troop)

"Little Louder" (SPL)

"Three" (Troop)

"That's Better" (SPL)

"Four" (Troop)

"Now you got it" (SPL)

1---2---3---4 (said on left foot)

1-2-3-4-1-2-3-4 (said on each foot)

"One" (Troop)

Scout Vespers

Quietly we join as one,
Thanking God for Scouting fun
May we now go on our way,
Thankful for another day.

May we always love and share,
Living in peace beyond compare.
As Scout may we find,
Friendships true with all mankind.

Quietly we now will part,
Pledging ever in our heart,
To strive to do our best each day,
As we travel down life's way.

Happiness we'll try to give,
Trying a better life to live,
'Till all the world be joined in love,
Living in peace under God above.

Scout WET-spers:

To the Tune of Scout Vespers.

Softly falls the rain today,
as our campsite floats away.
Silently, each scout should ask,
"Did I bring my SCUBA mask?
Have I tied my tent flaps down?
Learned to swim, so I won't drown?
Have I done, and will I try,
Everything to keep me dry?"

On My Honor by Harry Bartelt

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

Flicker

The flicker of the campfire,
The wind in the pine,
The moon in the heavens,
The stars that shine,
A place where people gather to make friends of all kinds,
A place where men's troubles are always left behind.
So, give me the light of the campfire so warm and bright,
And give me some friends to sing with,
We'll be here all night.
Love is for those who find it,
I've found mine right here,
Just you and me and the campfire,
And the songs we love to hear.

Running Bear

Chorus:

Running bear loved Little White Dove
with a love as big as the sky.

Running bear loved Little White Dove
with a love that couldn't die.

On the one side of the river stood Running Bear, an Indian brave.
On the other side of the river stood a lovely Indian maid.
Little White Dove was her name and lovely maid was she,
By their tribes fought with each other so their love could never be.
They couldn't cross the raging river, because the river was too wide.
He couldn't reach his Little White Dove waiting on the other side.
In the moonlight he could see her blowing kisses cross the waves.
Her little heart was beating faster waiting for her hansom brave.
Running Bear jumped into the water, Little White Dove did the same.
And they swam out to each other; through the swirling waters they came.
And their hands touched and their lips met,
The raging waters pulled them down
Now they'll always be together in that happy hunting ground.

Kum Ba Yah

Kum ba yah, my lord, Kum ba yah!
Kum ba yah, my lord, Kum ba yah!
Kum ba yah, my lord, Kum ba yah.
O Lord, Kum ba yah

Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Someone's singing, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's singing, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's singing, Lord, Kum ba yah!
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Someone's laughing, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's laughing, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's laughing, Lord, Kum ba yah!
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Someone's praying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's praying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's praying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Lonesome Road

(Written By Gene Austin and Nathaniel Shilkret)

Look down - look down
That lonesome road
Before you travel on
Look up - look up
And seek your maker
Before Gabriel blows his horn
Weary toting - such a load
Trudging down - that lonesome road
Look down - look down
That lonesome road
Before you travel on

Teddy Bears' Picnic

If you go down in the woods today,
You're sure of a big surprise.
If you go down in the woods today,
You'd better go in disguise.
For every bear that ever there was,
Will gather there for certain because,
Today's the day the teddy bears have their picnic.
Picnic time for teddy bears,
The little teddy bears are having a lovely time today.
Watch them, catch them unaware,
And see them picnic on their holiday,
See them gaily gad about;
They love to sing and shout;
They never have any cares,
At six o'clock their mummies and daddies
Will take them home to bed,
Because they're tired, little teddy bears.

Camp Granada (Hello Mudda, Hello Fadda)

Hello Mudda, hello Fadda,
Here I am at Camp Granada.
Camp is very entertaining,
And they say we'll have some fun if it stops raining.

I went hiking with Joe Spivey;
He developed poison ivy.
You remember Leonard Skinner;
He got ptomaine poisoning last night after dinner.

All the counselors hate the waiters,
And the lake has alligators,
And the head coach wants no sissies,
So he reads to us from something called "Ulysses".

Now I don't want this should scare ya,
But my bunkmate has malaria.
You remember Jeffrey Hardy,
They're about to organize a searching party.

Take me home, oh Mudda, Fadda,
Take me home, I hate Granada!
Don't leave me in the forest, where
I might get eaten by a bear.

Take me home, I promise I will not make noise,
Or mess the house with other boys.
Oh, please don't make me stay,
I've been here one whole day.

Dearest Father, darling Mother,
How's my precious little brudda?
Let me come home if you miss me,
I would even let Aunt Bertha hug and kiss me.

Wait a minute, it stopped hailing,
Guys are swimming, guys are sailing.
Playing baseball, gee that's betta,
Mudda, Fadda kindly disregard this letta!

One Tin Soldier

Listen children to a story that was written long ago,
Of a kingdom on a mountain and the valley far below,
On the mountain was a treasure buried deep beneath a stone,
And the valley people swore they'd have it for their very own.

Chorus

Go ahead and hate your neighbor, go ahead and cheat a friend,
Do it in the name of heaven, you can justify it in the end,
There won't be any trumpets blowing come judgment day,
On the bloody morning after, one tin soldier rides away.

So the people of the valley sent a message up the hill.
Asking for the buried treasure, loads of gold for which they'd kill.
Came an answer from the kingdom, "With our brothers we will share,
All the riches 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 their treasure, on the mountain dark and dread,
Turned the stone and looked beneath it.
"Peace On Earth" was all it said.

Ghost Riders

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

Chorus:

Yippi-ii-ay, yippi-ii-oh --- 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 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 riding hard to catch that herd, but they ain't caught 'em yet.
They've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky.
On horses snorting fire, as they ride on, --- hear them cry.

Chorus:

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

Three Little Fishies

Down by the pond in an itty-bitty pool
Swam three little fishies and the mother fishie, too.
"Swim," said the mother fishie, "swim if you can".
And they swam and they swam right over the dam.

Refrain

Boom, boom, diddum, daddum, wattum, SHOOP
Boom, boom, diddum, daddum, wattum, SHOOP
Boom, boom, diddum, daddum, wattum, SHOOP
And they swam and they swam right over the dam.

"Whee!" said the little fishies, having lots of fun!
"We'll swim in the sea 'til the day is done!"
But they met a whale; it was right on their tail,
And they swam and they swam away from the dam.

"STOP!" said the mother fishie, "or you will get lost"
But the three little fishies didn't want to be bossed
So they swam and they swam and it was a lark
Till all of the sudden they met a shark.

Help! Cried the little fishes "Look at those teeth!
And quick as they could they turned around beneath
And back to the pool in the meadow they swam
And they swam and they swam back over the dam

Country Roads John Denver

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

Chorus:

Country Roads, take me home, to the place I belong,
West Virginia, mountain momma, 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.

I hear her voice, in the morning hour she calls me,
Radio reminds me of my home far away,
And driving down the road,
I get a feeling that I should have been home yesterday, yesterday

Shaving Cream Benny Bell with Paul Wynn

I have a sad story to tell you.
It may hurt your feelings a bit.
Last night when I walked into my bathroom,
I stepped in a big pile of ...

{Refrain}
Ssshhhhhaving cream, be nice and clean.
Shave everyday and you'll always look keen.

I think I'll break off with my girlfriend.
Her antics are strange, I'll admit.
Each time I say, "Darling, I love you",
She tells me that I'm full of ...

{Refrain}

Our baby fell out of the window.
You'd think that her head would be split.
But good luck was with her that morning;
She fell in a barrel of...

{Refrain}

An old lady died in a bathtub;
She died from a terrible fit.
In order to fulfill her wishes,
She was buried in six feet of...

{Refrain}

When I was in France with the army,
One day I looked into my kit.
I thought I would find me a sandwich,
But the darn thing was loaded with...

{Refrain}

And now, folks, my story is ended.
I think it is time I should quit.
If any of you feel offended,
Stick your head in a barrel of...

{Refrain}

Desert Pete

The Kingston Trio

Words and Music by Billy Edd Wheeler

I was travelin' west a buckskin on my way to a cattle run
Cross a little cactus desert under a hot blisterin' sun
I was thirsty down to my toenails, stopped to rest me on a stump
But I tell ya I just couldn't believe it when I saw that water pump

I took it to be a mirage at first; it'll fool a thirsty man
Then I saw a note stuck in a bakin' powder can
"This pump is old", the note began, "but she works so give'r a try"
"I put a new sucker washer in 'er, you may find the leather dry"

Chorus

"You've got to prime the pump, you must have faith and believe"
"You've got to give of yourself 'fore you're worthy to receive"
"Drink all the water you can hold, wash your face, cool your feet"
"Leave the bottle full for others, Thank You kindly, Desert Pete"

"Yeah, you'll have to prime the pump, work that handle like there's a fire"
"Under that rock you'll find some water I left in a bitters jar"
"Now there's just enough to prime it with so don't-cha go drinkin' first"
"You just pour it in and pump like mad, buddy, you'll quench your thirst"

Chorus

Well I found that jar and I tell ya nothin' was ever prettier to my eye
And I was tempted strong to drink it, cuz that pump looked mighty dry
But the note went on "have faith my friend, there's water down below"
"You got to give until you get—I'm the one who ought to know"

So I poured in the jar and I started pumpin' and I heard a beautiful sound
Of water bubblin' and splashin' up outta that hole in the ground
I took off my shoes and I drunk my fill of that cool refreshing treat
I thank the Lord and thank the pump and I thank old Desert Pete

Chorus

"Drink all the water you can hold, wash your face, cool your feet"
"Leave the bottle full for others, Thank You kindly, Desert Pete".

Finlandia

Jan Sibelius

Dear land of mine, my home my native country,
Now green before me spread thy fields of grain!
How blue thy lakes, with heavens blessing on them,
While freedoms light makes beautiful the plain!
Strong be thy son's to cherish and defend thee,
That ev'ry foe shall threaten in vain.

Through storm and stress, thy heroes shall not fail thee,
Though perils press them on hard on every hand!
God grant them strength and courage, when the need be,
Clear eyes to see and hearts to understand!
God lead thee on through nobleness to triumph,
God make the great, my own native land.

This is my song oh God of all the nations
A song of peace for lands afar and mine.
This is my home the country where my heart is
Here are my hopes, my dreams, my holy shrine.
But other hearts in other lands are beating
With hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.

My countries skies are bluer than the ocean
And sunlight beams on clover leaf and pine.
But other lands have sunlight too and clover
And skies are everywhere as blue as mine.
Oh hear my song, oh God of all the nations
A song of peace for their land and for mine.

May truth and freedom come to every nation;
May peace abound where strife has raged so long;
That each may seek to love and build together,
A world united, righting every wrong.
A world united in its love for freedom,
Proclaiming peace, together in one song.