

Jed's Skiffle Songbook 1

with immense thanks to Steve and all the Bath Skifflers

available at
bathskiffle.wordpress.com
jedmartinmusic.com

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Worried Man Blues (trad.) (in G) (1.2)

*(G) It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
It (C) takes a worried man to (G) sing a worried song
It takes a worried man to (B7) sing a worried (Em) song
I'm worried (D) now, but I won't be worried (G) long*

(G) I went across the river and I lay down to sleep
I (C) went across the river (G) I laid down to sleep
I went across the river (B7) I laid down to (Em) sleep
When I woke (D) up, I had shackles on my (G) feet

(G) Twenty-nine links of chain around my leg
(C) Twenty-nine links of (G) chain around my leg
I've twenty-nine links of (B7) chain around my (Em) leg
And on each (D) link is the initial of my (G) name

(G) I asked the judge, what might be my fine
I (C) asked the judge, what (G) might be my fine
I asked the judge, well (B7) what might be my (Em) fine
Twenty-one (D) years on that Rocky Mountain (G) Line

(G) The train that I ride, is sixteen coaches long
The (C) train that I ride, is (G) sixteen coaches long
The train I ride, is (B7) sixteen coaches (Em) long
The girl I (D) love is on that train and (G) gone

(G) If anybody asks you who wrote this song
If (C) anybody asks you who (G) wrote this song
If anybody asks you (B7) who wrote this (Em) song
Tell em was (D) me, and I sang it all day (G) long

Ring of Fire (Johnny Cash) (in G) (3.14)

G C G
G D G

G C G C G

Love Is A Burning Thing

D G D G

And It Makes A Fiery Ring

G C G C G

Bound By Wild Desire

G D G

I Fell Into A Ring Of Fire

D C G

I Fell Into A Burning Ring Of Fire

D

I Went Down, Down, Down

C G

And The Flames Went Higher

And It Burns, Burns, Burns

D G

The Ring Of Fire

D G

The Ring Of Fire

G C G
G D G
G C G
G D G

Chorus

The taste of love is sweet

When hearts like ours meet

I fell for you like a child

Ohh, but the fire went wild

C **F** **C**
Yonder comes a Miss-a Rosie, How in the world do you know
G **C**
Well I knows her by her apron, And the dress she wore
F **C**
Umbrella on her shoulder, Piece of paper in her hand
G **C**
I'm gonna ask the Governor, please turn a-loose-a my man

When you gets up in the morning, When that big bell ring
You're gonna march into the table, See the same damned thing
Knife and fork are on the table, there's nothin' in my pan
N'you ever say an'thin' about it, having trouble with the man

If you ever go to Houston, Boys you better walk right
And you better not quarrel, And you better not fight
Benson Crocker will arrest you, Eddie Boone will take you down
You gonna bet your bottom dollar, Penitentiary bound

N'that started me greivin', then hollerin' and cryin'
Then I had to give the worry, 'Bout a very long time

Will the Circle Be Unbroken? (in D) (5.23)

AP Carter based on Ada R. Habershon and Charles H. Gabriel, 1907

D
I was standing by my window
G **D**
On one cold and cloudy day
Bm **D**
When I saw the hearse come rolling
D **A** **D**
For to carry my mother away

D **D7**
Will the circle be unbroken?
G **D**
By and by Lord, by and by
Bm
There's a better home awaiting
D **A** **D**
In the sky Lord, in the sky

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

I followed, close behind her
Tried to hold up and be brave
But I could not hide my sorrow
When they laid her in the grave

Freight Train (Elizabeth Cotten) (in C) (1.14)

C **G7**
Freight train, freight train, goin' so fast,
G **C**
freight train, freight train, goin' so fast
E7 **F**
Please don't tell what train I'm on,
C **G7** **C**
so they won't know where I'm gone.

E7 **F** **C** **G7** **C**

Freight train, freight train, goin' round the bend,
freight train, freight train, comin' back again
One of these days turn that train around,
and go back to my home town.

One more place I'd like to be,
One more place I'd like to see
To watch them old Blue Ridge Mountains climb,
when I ride old Number Nine.

When I die Lord, bury me deep,
down at the end of Chestnut Street
Where I can hear old Number Nine,
as she comes down the line.

Freight train, freight train, goin' so fast,
freight train, freight train, goin' so fast
Please don't tell what train I'm on,
so they won't know where I'm gone.

Leaving of Liverpool (trad.) (in G) (3.11)

G C G
Fare thee well the Prince's Landing Stage,

G D
River Mersey, fare you well

G C G
For I'm bound for Californ-i-ay,

G D G
That's a place I know right well

D C G
So, fare thee well, my own true love

D
And when I return united we will be

G C
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,

G D G
But my darling when I think of thee.

Oh, I'm bound for Californiyay
By the way of the stormy Cape Horn
But I will write to you a letter, my love,
When I am homeward bound

I have shipped on a Yankee clipper ship
'Davy Crockett' is her name;
And the captain's name it is Burgess
And they say she's a floating shame

It's my second time with Burgess in the Crockett
And I reckon I know him well.
If a man's a sailor, well, he'll get by alright,
If he's not, well, he's sure in hell.

And fare thee well to Lower Frederick Street
Anson terrace, and old Park Lane
Oh, I know it's going to be a long, long time
Before I see you again

Folsom Prison Blues (Johnny Cash) (in G) (2.9)

G

I hear the train a coming it's rolling round the bend

G7

And I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when

C

G

I'm stuck at Folsom Prison and time keeps dragging on

D7

G

But that train keeps rolling on down to San Antone

When I was just a baby my mama told me Son

Always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns

But I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die

When I hear that whistle blowing I hang my head and cry

I bet there's rich folks eating in a fancy dining car

They're probably drinking coffee and smoking big cigars

But I know I had it coming I know I can't be free

But those people keep a moving and that's what tortures me

If they freed me from this prison if that railroad train was mine

I bet I'd move on over a little farther down the line

Far from Folsom Prison that's where I want to stay

And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away

House of the Rising Sun (trad. citing Dave Van Ronk, Bob Dylan and The Animals) (in Am) (3.7)

(E can be played E7 throughout)

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

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

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

O Mother tell your children
Not to do what I have done
Spend your lives in sin and misery
In the House of Rising Sun

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

Me and Bobby Mcgee (Kris Kristofferson) (in G, then A) (3.9)

(G) Busted flat in Baton Rouge and heading for the trains
Feeling nearly faded as my (D)jeans
(D)Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained
Took us all the way to New Or(G)leans
(G)I took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandanna
And was blowing sad while (C) Bobby sang the Blues
With them (C) windshield wipers slapping time,
And (G) Bobby clapping hands, we (D)sang up every song that driver (G) knew

*(C) Freedom is just another word for (G)nothing left to lose
(D) Nothing ain't worth nothing if it ain't (G)free
(C)Feeling good was easy Lord when (G) Bobby sang the Blues
(D) Feeling good was good enough for me
Good enough for me and Bobby (G)McGee*

G G A A

(A) From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun
Bobby shared the secrets of my (E)soul
(E) Standing right beside me Lord through everything I done
Every night she kept me from the (A) cold
(A) Then somewhere near Salinas Lord I let her slip away
Searching for the home I hope she'll (D) find
And I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single (A) yesterday
(E) Holding Bobby's body next to (A)mine

*(D) Freedom is just another word for (A) nothing left to lose
(E) Nothing left is all she left for (A) me
(D) Feeling good was easy Lord when (A) Bobby sang the Blues
(E) It was good enough for me,
Good enough for me and Bobby (A) McGee*

Way Over Yonder in the Minor Key (Guthrie, Bragg & Wilco) (in C) (2.18)

C **F**
I lived in a place called Okfuskee
C
And I had a little girl in a holler tree
F
I said, little girl, it's plain to see
C
Ain't nobody that can sing like me
Dm **Am**
Ain't nobody that can sing like me

She said it's hard for me to see
How one little boy got so ugly
Yes my little girly that might be
But there ain't nobody that can sing like me
Ain't nobody that can sing like me

F **C**
Way over yonder in the minor key
Dm **C**
Way over yonder in the minor key
Dm **Am**
Ain't nobody that can sing like me

We walked down by the Buckeye Creek
To see the frog eat the goggle-eye bee
To hear the west wind whistle to the east
There ain't nobody that can sing like me
Ain't nobody that can sing like me

Oh my little girly will you let me see
Way over yonder where the wind blows free
Nobody can see in our holler tree
And there ain't nobody that can sing like me
Ain't nobody that can sing like me

Her mama cut a switch from a cherry tree
And laid it on the she and me
It stung lots worse than a hive of bees
But there ain't nobody that can sing like me
Ain't nobody that can sing like me

Now I have walked a long long ways
And I still look back to my Tanglewood days
I've led lots of girls since then to stray
Saying there ain't nobody that can sing like me

Dirty Old Town (Ewan MacColl, cite The Pogues) (in A (and C)) (3.4)

A (C)

I met my love, by the gas works wall

D (F)

A (C)

Dreamed a dream, by the old canal

A (C)

I kissed my girl, by the factory wall

E (G)

F#m (Am)

Dirty old town, dirty old town

Clouds are drifting across the moon

Cats are prowling on their beats

Springs a girl from the streets at night

Dirty old town, dirty old town

I heard a siren from the dock

Saw a train set the night on fire

I smelled the spring on the smokey wind

Dirty old town, dirty old town

I'm going to make me a big sharp axe

Shining steel tempered in the fire

I'll chop you down like an old dead tree

Dirty old town, dirty old town

My brothers and my sisters are stranded on this road,
A hot and dusty road that a million feet have trod;
Rich man took my home and drove me from my door
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

I mined in your mines and I gathered in your corn
I've been workin' mister since the day that I was born
I worry all the time like I never did before
'Cause I ain't got no home in this world anymore

13

St. James Infirmary Blues (in Am) (3.19)

Am E7 Am

It was down at Old Joe's bar room

Am F E7

On a corner of the square

Am E7 Am

They were serving drinks as usual

F E7 Am

And the usual crowd was there

On my left stood Big Joe McKennedy

His eyes were bloodshot red

Turned to the crowd around him

These are the very words he said

I went down to that St-James Infirmary

I saw my baby there

Stretched out on a long white table

So sweet, so cold, so fair

Let her go, let her go, God bless her

Wherever she may be

She may search this wide world over

Never find a sweet man like

When I die please bury me in straight-laced shoes

In my high-top Stetson hat

Put a twenty-dollar gold piece on my watch-chain

So my gang will know I died standing pat

I want six crapshooters for pallbearers

A chorus girl to sing me a song

Put a jazz band on my hearse wagon

Raise hell as I stroll along

Roll out your rubber tyred carriage

Roll out your old time hat

There's twelve men going to the graveyard

And eleven coming back

Now that I've told my story

I'll take another shot of booze

And if anybody happens to ask you

I've got those gamblers' blues

Whiskey in the Jar (trad.) (in C) (2.3)

C **Am**
As I was going over the far fam'd Kerry Mountains,
F **C**
I met with Captain Farrel, and his money he was countin',
C **Am**
I first produced my pistol, and I then produced my rapier,
F **C**
Sayin': "Stand and deliver for you are a bold deceiver".

G
Musha ring dum-a doo dum-a da,
C
Whack for the daddy ol',
F
Whack for the daddy ol',
C **G** **C**
There's whiskey in the jar.

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,
I put it in my pocket, and I took it home to Jenny,
She sighed, and she swore that she never would deceive me,
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy.

I went into my chamber all for to take a slumber,
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder,
But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them out with water,
Then sent for Captain Farrel, to be ready for the slaughter.

'Twas early in the morning just before I rose to travel,
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise, Captain Farrel,
I first produced my pistol for she stole away my rapier,
But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

Now there's some take delight in the carriages a rolling
And others take delight in the hurling and the bowling
But I take my delight in the juice of the barley
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

If anyone can aid me 'tis my brother in the army,
If I can find his station, in Cork or in Killarney,
And if he'll go with me we'll go roving in Kilkenny,
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my old a-sporting Jenny.

I'll Fly Away (Albert E Brumley) (in C) (3.8)

(Recordings by Hank Williams, Kossoy Sisters, Gillian Welch/Alison Krauss)

C

At some glad morning when this life is o'er

F C

I'll fly away (fly away)

C

To that land on God's celestial shore

C G C

I'll fly away (fly away)

C

I'll fly away, oh glory

F C

I'll fly away (in the morning)

C

When I die, Hallelujah, bye and bye

C G C

I'll fly away (fly away)

When the troubles of this life are o'er I'll fly away (fly away)

To that land on God's celestial shore I'll fly away (fly away)

Like a bird from prison bars flown I'll fly away (fly away)

To a land where no sorrows are known I'll fly away (fly away)

The Black Velvet Band (trad.) (in C) (5.3)

C **G**
In a neat little town they call Belfast, apprenticed to trade I was bound
C **Am** **F** **G** **C**
And many's the hour of sweet happiness, I spent in that neat little town
C **G**
Till sad misfortune came over me, which caused me to stray from the land
C **Am** **F** **G** **C**
Far away from me friends and relations, betrayed by the black velvet band

C **G**
Her eyes they shone like diamonds, I thought her the queen of the land
C **Am** **F** **G** **C**
And her hair it hung over her shoulder, tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid, and a gentleman passing us by
I knew she meant the undoing of me, by the look in her roguish black eye
A gold watch she took from his pocket, and she placed it right into me hand
And the very first thing that I thought was, bad luck to the black velvet band

Now before a judge and a jury, next morning I had to appear
Oh the judge he said to me "Young man, your case is proven clear
We'll give you seven years' penal servitude, to be spent far away from the land.
Far away from your friends and relations, betrayed by the black velvet band

So come all ye jolly young fellows, and a warning take by me
For when you are out on the town me lads, beware of them pretty colleens
For they'll feed you with strong ale "More Yeah", until you are unable to stand
And the very next thing that you know me lads, is you've landed in Van Diemen's Land

Jolene (Dolly Parton) (in Am) (3.9)

Am (4 bars)

Am C G Am
Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene
G Am
I'm begging of you, please don't take my man
Am C G Am
Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene
G Em Am
Please don't take him just because you can

Am C
Your beauty is beyond compare
G Am
With flaming locks of auburn hair
G Em Am
With ivory skin and eyes of emerald green
Am C
Your smile is like a breath of spring
G Am
Your voice is soft like summer rain
G Em Am
And I cannot compete with you, Jolene

He talks about you in his sleep
There's nothing I can do to keep
From crying when he calls your name, Jolene
And I can easily understand
How you could easily take my man
But you don't know what he means to me, Jolene

You could have your choice of men
But I could never love again
He's the only one for me, Jolene
I had to have this talk with you
My happiness depends on you
Whatever you decide to do, Jolene

The Wild Rover (key of C) (5.22)

C **F**
I've been a wild rover for many's the year
C **F** **G** **C**
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer,
C **F**
But now I'm returning with gold in great store
C **F** **G** **C**
And I never will play the wild rover no more,

G **C**
And it's no, nay, never, (clap-clap-clap-CLAP)
F
No, nay, never, no more,
C **F**
Will I play the wild rover,
G **C**
No never, no more.

I went in to an alehouse I used to frequent
And I told the landlady me money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me, "Nay -
Such a custom as you I can have any day."

I took up from my pocket, ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
She says "I have whiskeys and wines of the best
And the words that you told me were only in jest,"

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son,
And, when they've caressed me as oft times before
I never will play the wild rover no more

Wagon wheel (Old Crow Medicine Show/Bob Dylan) (key of A) (2.15)

A **E**
Headed down south to the land of the pines
F#m **D**
And I'm thumbin' my way into North Caroline
A **E** **D**
Starin' up the road And pray to God I see headlights

I made it down the coast in seventeen hours
Pickin' me a bouquet of dogwood flowers
And I'm a hopin' for Raleigh
I can see my baby tonight

A **E**
Rock me Mama like a wagon wheel
F#m **D**
Rock me Mama any way you feel
A **E** **D**
Heeey, Mama rock me!

Rock me Mama like the wind and the rain
Rock me Mama like a Southbound train
Heeey, Mama rock me!

I'm running from the cold up in New England
I was born to be a fiddler in an old time string band
My baby plays a guitar, I pick a banjo now

Oh, north country winters keep a-getting me down
Lost my money playing poker so I had to leave town
But I ain't turning back to living that old life no more

Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke
Caught a trucker out of Philly had a nice long toke
But he's a heading west from the Cumberland gap
To Johnson City, Tennessee

And I gotta get a move on before the sun
I hear my baby calling my name and I know that she's the only one
And if I die in Raleigh at least I will die free

I'll Tell Me Ma (in G) (5.12)

G **D** **G**
I'll tell me ma when I go home, the boys won't leave the girls alone,
D **G**
They pulled me hair, they stole me comb but that's all right till I go home.
C **G** **D**
She is handsome, she is pretty she's the Belle of Belfast city,
G **C** **G** **C** **G** **D** **G**
She is a courtin' a one two three, Please won't you tell me who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves her, all the boys are fightin' for her,
Knock at the door, ring at the bell, and "Oh, me true love, are you well?"
Out she comes, white as snow, rings on her fingers, bells on her toes
Old Jenny Murphey says she'll die, if she doesn't get a fella with the roving eye.

Let the wind & the rain & the hail blow high, & the snow come shuffling thru the sky,
She's as sweet as an apple pie, she'll get her own lad by and by,
When she gets a lad of her own, she won't tell her ma when she goes home.
Let them all come as they will, It's Albert Mooney she loves still.

Goodnight Irene (trad., cite Leadbelly) (in A) (1.15)

A **E7**
I asked your mother for you
E7 **A**
She told me that you was too young
A **D7**
I wish dear Lord that I'd never seen your face
E7 **A**
I'm sorry you ever was born

A **E7**
Irene goodnight, Irene
E7 **A**
I - rene good-night
A **D** **D7**
Goodnight Irene, Goodnight Irene
E7 **A**
I'll kiss you in my dreams

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

Last Saturday night I got married
Me and my wife settled down
Now me and my wife are parted
I'm gonna take another stroll downtown

Stop ramblin', stop your gamblin'
Stop stayin' out late at night
Go home to your wife and your family
Sit down by the fireside bright

I love Irene God knows I do
Love her till the sea run dry
And if Irene turns her back on me
I'm gonna take morphine and die

One day, one day, one day
Irene was walking a- long
Last words I heard her say
I want you to sing me a song

Wild Mountain Thyme (Francis McPeake) (in A) (2.8)

A D A
Oh the summer time is coming
D A
and the leaves are sweetly blooming,
D A F#m D Bm D
And the wild mountain thyme grows around the blooming heather.
A D A
Will you go lassie go?

A D A
And we'll all go together.
D A F#m
To pick wild mountain thyme
D Bm D
all around the blooming heather.
A D A
Will you go lassie go?

I will build my love a tower
Near yon clear crystal fountain
And on it I will plant
All the flowers of the mountain
Will you go lassie go.

If my true love she were gone
I would surely find another
Where wild mountain thyme
Grows around the purple heather
Will you go lassie go.

500 Miles (trad.) (in C) (3.6)

C **Am**
If you missed the rain I'm on
Dm **F**
You will know that I am gone
Dm **Gsus2** **C**
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles

A hundred miles, a hundred miles,
A hundred miles, a hundred miles
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles

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

Away from home, away from home,
Away from home, away from home
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 this a-way

Hallelujah (Leonard Cohen) (in G)

G D Em D (repeat)

G **D Em** **D**
I heard there was a secret chord
G **D Em**
That David played and it pleased the Lord
C **D** **G** **D Em D**
But you don't really care for music, do ya?
G **C** **D**
It goes like this, the fourth, the fifth,
Em **C**
The minor fall and the major lift
D **B7** **Em**
The baffled king composing hallelujah

C **Em**
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
C **G D G** **D Em** **D G**
Hallelujah, hallelu-u-jah

Your faith was strong, but you needed proof
You saw her bathing on the roof
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew you
She tied you to a kitchen chair
She broke your throne and she cut your hair
And from your lips she drew the Hallelujah

Baby I've been here before,
I know this room, I've walked this floor
I used to live alone before I knew ya
And I've seen your flag on the marble arch
Love is not a victory march
It's a cold and it's a broken hallelujah

There was a time you'd let me know
What's real and going on below
But now you never show it to me, do ya?
I remember when I moved in you
The holy ghost was moving too
And every breath we drew was hallelujah

I did my best, it wasn't much
I couldn't feel, so I tried to touch
I've told the truth, I didn't come to fool you
And even though it all went wrong
I'll stand before the Lord of Song
With nothing on my tongue but Hallelujah

Wanted Man (Bob Dylan & Johnny Cash) (in C)

| C | Dm | G | F C | and repeat

C **Dm**
Wanted man in Indiana, wanted man in Ohio
 G **F** **C**
Wanted man in Texarkana, wanted man in Mexico
 C **Dm**
Wanted man in Sacramento, wanted man in ol' Cheyenne
 G **F** **C**
Wherever you might look tonight, might see this wanted man

Wanted man by Lucy Watson, wanted man by Jeannie Brown
Wanted man by Nellie Johnson, wanted man in this next town
I've had all that I wanted, of a lot of things I've had
And a lot more than I needed, of some things that turned out bad

Wanted man in Sacramento, wanted man in Tennessee
Wanted man in Oklahoma, wanted man
Wanted man in Indiana, wanted man in ol' Cheyenne
Wherever you might look tonight, you might see this wanted man

Well, I went to sleep in Shreveport, woke up in Abilene
Wonderin' why I'm wanted, at some place half way in between
So I went to o' to El Paso, stopped to get myself a map
Went the wrong way into Juarez, with Juanita on my lap

Wanted man in Indiana, wanted man in Mexico
Wanted man in Milwaukee, wanted man in Buffalo
Wanted man in Indiana, wanted man in ol' Cheyenne
Wherever you might look tonight, you might see this wanted man

Landlord Fill the Flowin' Bowl (trad.) (in C)

C **G** **C**
Landlord, fill the flowing bowl, until it doth run over!

C **G** **C**
Landlord, fill the flowing bowl, until it doth run over!

C **F**
For tonight we'll merry, merry be!

G **C**
For tonight we'll merry, merry be!

C **F**
For tonight we'll merry, merry be!

G **C**
Tomorrow we'll be sober!

C **G** **C**
Here's to the man who drinks just water, and goes to bed quite sober

C **G** **C**
Here's to the man who drinks just water, and goes to bed quite sober

C **F**
He wilts as the leaves do wilt

G **C**
He wilts as the leaves do wilt

C **F**
He wilts as the leaves do wilt

G **C**
So early in October!

Here's to the man who drinks good ale, and goes to bed quite mellow
Here's to the man who drinks good ale, and goes to bed quite mellow
He lives as he ought to live
He lives as he ought to live
He lives as he ought to live
And he dies a jolly good fellow!

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss, and stays to steal another
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss, and stays to steal another
She's a boon to all mankind
She's a boon to all mankind
She's a boon to all mankind
And soon she'll be a mother!

At My Window Sad a Lonely (C)

C

At my window sad and lonely

F

C

Often would I think of thee

C

And I wonder little Darling

G

C

If you'd ever think of me

Many faces you will soon meet

Some will tell you I aint true

Please remember little darling

No one loves you like I do

Who's gonna hold you to it Darling?

Who's gonna hold you to their breast

Who's gonna talk it over Darling?

When I'm rambling in the West