

Chord Buddy Songbook Contents

1. A Teenager in Love	2	54. Long, Long Ago	60
2. All Shook Up	3	55. Make the World Go Away	61
3. Amanda	4	56. Mama Tried	62
4. Amazing Grace	5	57. Mammias Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to be Cowboys	63
5. American Saturday Night.....	6	58. Michael Finnigan	64
6. Are You Washed in the Blood of the Lamb?	8	59. My Elusive Dream	65
7. At the Cross.....	9	60. New River Train	66
8. Away in a Manger	10	61. Nine Pound Hammer	67
9. Bad Moon Rising	11	62. Oh! Susanna	68
10. Battle Hymn of the Republic	12	63. Okie from Muskogee	69
11. Blue Suede Shoes.....	13	64. Old Dan Tucker	70
12. Brown Eyed Girl.....	14	65. Pick Me Up on Your Way Down	71
13. Buffalo Gals	16	66. Precious Lord, Take My hand	72
14. Busted	17	67. Precious Memories	73
15. Bye Bye Love.....	18	68. Proud Mary	74
16. Cindy	19	69. Ring of Fire	75
17. Clementine	20	70. Rock of Ages	77
18. Cold Cold Heart.....	21	71. Roll in My Sweet Baby's Arms.....	78
19. Crying My Heart Out Over You	22	72. Ruby, Don't Take Your Love to Town	79
20. Daddy Sang Bass	23	73. Saginaw, Michigan.....	80
21. Dang Me	24	74. Sally Goodin	81
22. Do Lord	25	75. She's Got You	82
23. Down by the Riverside.....	26	76. Shortenin' Bread	83
24. Down on the Corner	27	77. Silver Bells.....	84
25. Fifteen	28	78. Skip to My Lou.....	85
26. Folsom Prison Blues	31	79. Small Town USA	86
27. Garden Party	32	80. Somebody Touched Me	88
28. Go Tell It on the Mountain	33	81. Southern Voice	89
29. Golden Ring.....	34	82. Standing in the Need of Prayer	91
30. Great Speckled Bird.....	35	83. Streets of Bakersfield.....	92
31. Green Green Grass of Home	36	84. Sweet Hour of Prayer	93
32. Have I Told You Lately That I Love You.....	37	85. Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.....	94
33. He Stopped Loving Her Today.....	38	86. Tennessee Flat Top Box.....	95
34. He's Got the Whole World In His Hands	39	87. The Church in the Wildwood	96
35. Heartaches by the Number	40	88. The Crawdad Song	97
36. Home on the Range	41	89. The Fightin' Side of Me	98
37. Hound Dog	42	90. The Long Black Veil	99
38. I Walk the Line	43	91. The Old Time Religion	100
39. I'll Fly Away	44	92. This Little Light of Mine	101
40. I'm Not Lisa	45	93. This Train	102
41. I'm so Lonesome I Could Cry	46	94. Travelin' Band.....	103
42. In the Sweet By and By	47	95. Twist and Shout	104
43. Jambalaya	48	96. Wabash Cannonball.....	105
44. Jimmie Brown, the Newsboy	49	97. Waterloo	106
45. Just a Closer Walk with Thee.....	50	98. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.....	107
46. Just Over in the Gloryland.....	51	99. When I Lay My Burden Down	108
47. Keep on the Sunnyside	52	100. When the Roll is Called up Yonder.....	109
48. King of the Road	53	101. When the Saints Go Marching In.....	110
49. Kiss an Angel Good Morning.....	54	102. Who'll Stop the Rain	111
50. Kumbaya	55	103. Why Me Lord?	112
51. Let It Be	56	104. Will the Circle be Unbroken	113
52. Lil' Liza Jane	58	105. Worried Man Blues	114
53. Little Rosewood Casket	59	106. You Don't Want My Love	115

A Teenager In Love

Intro
Moderately slow

Doc Pomus and Mort Shuman

Guitar

Verse

G (blue) E m (yellow)

(Ooh, wah - ooh.)

1. Each time we have a quar - rel
2. One day I feel so hap - py;

7 C (green) D (red) G (blue) E m (yellow) C (green)

it al - most breaks my heart, 'cause I am so a - fraid that we will have
next day I feel so sad. I guess I'll learn to take the good

12 D (red) G (blue) E m (yellow) C (green) D (red) G (blue) N.C.

to part. Each night I ask the stars up a - bove Why must I
with the bad.

18 1. 2. C (green) D (red) C (green)

be a teen - ag - er in love? love? I cried a tear for no - body but

25 D (red) C (green) D (red) C (green) D (red)

you. I'll be a lone ly one if you should say we're through. 3., 4. Well,

Verse G (blue) E m (yellow) C (green) D (red) G (blue)

30 if you want to make me cry, that won't be so hard to do. If you should

35 E m (yellow) C (green) D (red) G (blue) E m (yellow) C (green) D (red)

say goodbye, I'll still go on lov - ing you. Each night I ask the stars up a - bove:

41 G (blue) N.C. 1. 2. G (blue) Outro

Why must I be a teen - ag - er in love? love? Why must I

48 E m (yellow) C (green) D (red)

be a teen - ag - er in love? Repeat & fade

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All Shook Up

Otis Blackwell and Elvis Presley

Guitar

N.C.

G (blue)

A - well - a, bless my soul, what's wrong with me? I'm itching like a man on a fuzzy tree. My

5

C (green)

friends say I'm act - in' queer as a bug. I'm in love, _____ I'm all shook up! Mm mm _____ Oh,

10

D (red)

G (blue)

1. _____ 2. _____ C (green)

Oh, _____ yeah, yeah! _____ 2. My _____ Please don't ask what's

15

G (blue)

C (green)

on my mind, I'm a little mixed up but I'm feel - in' fine. When I'm near that girl that I love best my

20

D (red)

G (blue)

heart beats so, it scares me to death! 3,4. She touched my hand, what a chill I got. her lips are like a vol-

25

ca - no that's hot! I'm proud to say she's my but - ter - cup I'm in love! _____ I'm all shook up! Mm

30

C (green)

D (red)

1. _____ 2. _____ G (blue)

mm _____ Oh, Oh, _____ Yeah, yeah! _____ My yeah, yeah, I'm

35

C (green)

D (red)

G (blue)

N.C.

all shook up! Mm mm, _____ oh, oh, _____ yeah, yeah! I'm all shook up!

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Amanda

Words and Music by Bob McDill

Guitar

I've held it all in ward, Lord knows I've tried. It's an
 6 aw - ful a wak - 'ning' in a coun - try boy's life. To look in the
 12 mir - ror in to - tal sur - prise at the hair on your shou - lders and the
 18 age in your eyes A - mand da light of my life
 25 fate should have made you a gen - tle - man's wife
 30 A - man da light of my life fate should have
 37 made you a gen - tle - man's wife. 2. Well the wife.

Additional Lyrics

2. Well the measure of people don't understand
 The pleasures of a life in a hillbilly band.
 I got my first guitar when I was fourteen.
 Now I'm crowding thirty and still wearin' jeans.

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Amazing Grace

John Newton;
Stanza 5, anonymous
Virginia Harmony, 1831

Guitar

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me! _____

8 I once was lost but now am found; Was blind but now I see. _____

Additional Lyrics

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear the hour I first believed.
3. The Lord has promised good to me; His Word my hope secures.
He will my shield and portion be as long as life endures.
4. Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares I have already come.
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
5. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise than when we first begun.

American Saturday Night

Brad Paisley, Kelley Lovelace
and Ashley Gorley

Guitar

She's got Bra - zil - ian leath - er boots on the ped - al of her Ger - man car,

lis - t'nin' to the Bea - tles sing - in' :Back in the U. S. S. R." — Yeah, she's go -

- in' 'round the world to - night — but she ain't — leav - in' here. — She's just goin'

— to meet her boy - friend down at the street fair. — And it's a French kiss, I - tal - ian ice, —

Span ish moss in the moon — light, just an oth er A mer - i - can Sat - ur - day night. —

There's a big to ga par - ty to - night — down at Del ta Chi.. —







They got Ca - na - di - an ba - con on their piz - za pie. — They got a cool - er full of cold Co - ro -

- nas and Am - stel — Light. — It's like — we're all — liv - in' in a big ol' cup, — just fire






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American Saturday Night







2

49      





— up the blend-er and mix it all up. It's a French kiss, I-tal-ian ice, — mar ga-ri-tas in the moon — light

55     

just an-oth-er A-mer-i-can Sat-ur-day night. — You know ev - 'ry - where — has some-








60      

- thin' — they're — known — for, al-though u — sual - ly — it — wash — es — up — on our







65     *To Coda*

— shores. — My great — great-great — grand - dad - dy stepped — off of — that ship. —







Lit-tle It - a - ly — and Chi - na town, sit - tin' there side — by side. —

70       









= I bet he nev-er ev-er dreamed — we'd have all — this.

77      *D.S. al Coda* 






You know ev - - -

84      

- Live from New — York. It's a French kiss, I-tal-ian ice, — Span-ish moss in the moon — light.
(spoken: It's Sat-ur-day night!)

90        

Just an oth-er A-mer-i-can, just an oth-er A-mer-i-can, — it's just an oth-er A-mer-i-can Sat-ur-day night.

97     *Optional Ending* 

Repeat and Fade

Are You Washed in the Blood of the Lamb?

Elisha A. Hoffman

Guitar

Verse

1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleans - ing power? Are you washed in the blood of the

Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust ing in His grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the

Chorus

Lamb? Are you washed, in the blood, in the soul cleans ing blood of the Lamb? Are your

gar - ments spot less, are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Additional Lyrics

2. Are you walking daily by the Savior's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
(Chorus)
3. When the bridegroom cometh will your robes be white?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
(Chorus)
4. Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb;
There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean,
O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!
(Chorus)

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At the Cross

Isaac Watts and R.E. Hudson

Guitar

1. A - las, and ^(blue)did my Sav - ior bleed and ^(green)C ^(blue)G ^(red)D ^(blue)G ^(red)D did my Sov'reign die? Would

7 He de-vote that sa - cred head for such a worm as I? At the cross, at the cross, where I

13 first saw the light, and the bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith I re - ceived my sight and

18 now I am hap - py all the day. 2. Was day.

Additional Lyrics

2. Was it for crimes that I have done he groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown, and love beyond degree.
(Chorus)

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Away in a Manger

Luther & Muller

Guitar

1. A - way in a man - ger no crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus lay

7 down His sweet head. — The stars in the sky — looked down where He lay, the lit - tle Lord

14 Je - sus a - sleep on the hay.

Additional Lyrics

2. 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.
3. Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask You to stay,
Close by me forever and love me I pray,
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
And take us to heaven to live with You there.

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Bad Moon Rising

John C. Fogerty

Moderately

Guitar

7

14

21 Chorus

25

I see the bad moon a-
ris - ing. I see trou - ble on the way. I see
earth quakes and light - nin'. I see bad times to - day.
Don't go a - round to - night, Well, it's bound to take your life,
To Coda 1. 2. 3. D.S. al Coda
There's a bad moon on the rise. rise.

Additional Lyrics

2. I hear hurricanes a blowing.
I know the end is coming soon.
I fear rivers overflowing.
I hear the voice of rage and ruin.
(Chorus)

3. Hope you got your things together.
Hope you are quite prepared to die.
Look like we're in for nasty weather.
One eye is taken for an eye.
(Chorus)

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Battle Hymn Of The Republic

(Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory)

Julia Ward Howe
Folk Melody

Guitar

Mine — eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is

tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath

loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter - ri ble swift sword, His truth is march ing on.

Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!. Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Glor - ry! Glor - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

Additional Lyrics

2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

Chorus:

3. I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnish'd rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemnors, 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:

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

Chorus:

5. 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:

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Blue Suede Shoes

Carl Lee Perkins

Guitar

1. Well, it's one for the mon-ey — two for the show, — three to get read-y now go cat, go but don't you —

6 step on my blue suede shoes. — You can do an-y thing but lay off of my blue suede shoes. —

12 — 2. well, you can knock me down, — step on my face, — slan - der my name all o - ver the place; — Do an y thing that you burn my house, — steal — my car, — drink — my cider from an old fruit jar;

18 want to do but uh - huh hon - ey, lay off of my shoes. Now don't you — step on my blue suede shoes. —

24 — You can do an y thing but lay off of my blue suede shoes. — 3. You can shoes. —

Chords: N.C., G (blue), D (red), C (green)

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Brown Eyed Girl

Van Morrison

Guitar

Intro:

Verse

Hey, where did we
go days — when the rains — came? — Down — in the ho-low,
play-in' a new — game. — Laugh in' and a run nin' hey hey skip-pin' and a
jump in' in the mist-y morn - in' fog — with our, our, hearts a thumb pin' and you,
my brown eyed girl. — You — my — brown - eyed girl. —

2. 3.
D (red)

To Coda

Chorus

— la, la, la, ti, da. (Spoken) Just like that Sha, la, — la, la, — la, la, — la, la, — la, la, — ti, da.

Interlude

Brown Eyed Girl

39

D (red)

Interlude

G (blue)

C (green)

G (blue)

La, ti, da.

47

D.S. al Coda

Coda

Chorus

G (blue)

C (green)

G (blue)

Repeat and fade

D (red)

we used to sing? Sha, la, ____ la, la, ____ la, la, ____ la, la, ____ la, la, la, ti, da.

Additional Lyrics

- Verse 2: Whatever happened Tuesday and so slow?
 Goin' down the old mine with a transistor radio
 Standin' in the sunlight laughin', hiding behind a rainbow's wall
 Slippin' and a slidin' all along the waterfall with you,
 My brown-eyed girl. You my brown-eyed girl.
- Verse 3: So hard to find my way, now that I'm on my own.
 I saw you just the other day, my, how you have grown.
 Cast my mem'ry back, oh Lord, sometimes I'm overcome thinkin' 'bout it.
 Makin' love in the green grass behind the stadium with you,
 My brown-eyed girl. You my brown-eyed girl.

Buffalo Gals

Traditional

Guitar

1. As I was walk-ing down the street, Down the street, Down the street, A
 pret-ty girl I chanced to meet, Oh, she was fair to see. Buff-a-lo gals won't you
 come out to-night, Come out to-night. come out to night. buff-a-lo gals won't you
 come out to - night, And dance by the light of the moon.

Additional Lyrics

2. I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin',
 Her heel kept a-rockin', her knees kept a-knockin',
 I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin',
 We danced by the light of the moon.
 (Chorus)

3. I asked her if she'd like to talk,
 like to talk, like to talk.
 Her feet took up the whole sidewalk,
 Oh, she was fair to see.
 (Chorus)

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

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

K. Hall, alan Munde, Eric Weissberg
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Busted

Harlan Howard

Verse

Guitar

1. My bills are all due and the ba - by needs shoes and I'm bust - ed. ____

3

Cot - ton is down to a quart - er a pound, but I'm bust - ed. ____ I got my

5

cow that went dry and a hen that won't lay, a big stack of bills that gets big - ger each day. The

7

coun - ty's gon - na haul my be - long - ings a - way 'cause I'm bust - ed. ____ 2. I

10

2. D (red) 3. C (green) Outro C (green) Repeat and Fade

3. Well,

Spoken: I'm broke! No bread! I mean like nothin'. Forget it!

Additional Lyrics

2. I went to my brother to ask for a loan 'cause I was busted.
I hate to beg like a dog without his bone but I'm busted.
My brother said, "There ain't a thing I can do;
My wife and my kids are all down with the flu;
And I was just thinking about calling on you! And I'm busted."
3. Well, I am no thief but a man can go wrong when he's busted.
The food that we canned last summer is gone and I'm busted.
The fields are all bare and the cotton won't grow.
Me and my fam'ly got to pack up and go,
But I'll make a living, just where I don't know, 'cause I'm busted.

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Bye Bye Love

Felice Bryant/Boudleaux Bryant

Guitar

Verse

1. There goes my ba - by — with some-one new. She sure looks hap - py, —

I sure am blue. She was my ba - by — till he stepped in, good bye to

ro - mance that might have been. Bye, bye love, bye, bye,

hap - pi - ness. — Hel - lo lon - li - ness, — I think I'm gon - na cry — Bye, bye

love, bye, bye, sweet ca - res. — Hel - lo emp - ti - ness. — I feel like I could die.

— Bye, bye my love good - bye. I'm through with bye.

Chorus

1. G (blue) D (red) G (blue) D (red) G (blue) D (red)

2. G (blue)

Additional Lyrics

2. I'm through with romance, I'm through with love.
I'm through with counting the stars above.
And here's the reason that I'm so free,
My lovin' baby is through with me.

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Cindy

Traditional

Guitar

Verse

G (blue)

D (red)

G (blue)

1. I wish I wan an ap - ple A; hang - ing on a tree, And ev - ery time that

6

D (red)

G (blue)

Chorus

C (green)

Cin - dy passed, She'd take a big bite out of me. Get a - long home, Cin - dy, Cin - dy, get a - long

11

G (blue)

C (green)

G (blue)

D (red)

G (blue)

home, _____ Get a - long home, Cin - dy, Cin - dy, I'll mar - ry you some day.

Additional Lyrics

2. And if I was a sugar tree, A; standing in the town,
Every time my Cindy passed, I'd shake some sugar down.
(Chorus)
3. The first time I saw Cindy, She was standing in the door,
Her shoes and stockings in her hand, Her feet all over the floor.
(Chorus)
4. She took me to her parlor, She cooled me with her fan,
She said I was the prettiest thing, In the shape of mortal man.
(Chorus)
5. She kissed me and she hugged me, She called me "Sugar Plum,"
She threw her arms around me, I thought my time had come
(Chorus)
6. Oh, Cindy is a pretty girl, Cindy is a peach,
She threw her arms around my neck, And hung on like a leech.
(Chorus)
7. If I had a thread and needle, Fine as I could sew,
I'd sew that gal to my coat tails, And down the road I'd go.
(Chorus)

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Clementine

Percy Montrose

Guitar

1. In a cav-ern, in a can-yon, ex-ca - vat - ing for a mine, — Dwelt a min - er, for - ty =
 nin - er, and his daugh - ter Clem-en - tine. Oh, my dar-ling, oh, my dar-ling, Oh, my dar - ling, Clem en-
 tine, You are lost and gone for - ev - er, Dread-ful sor - ry, Clem-en - tine.

Additional Lyrics

2. Light she was and like a fairy and her shoes were number nine;
 Herring boxes, without topses, sandals were for Clementine.
 (Chorus)
3. Drove she ducklings to the water eve'ry morning just at nine;
 Hit her foot against a splinter, Fell into the foaming brine.
 (Chorus)
4. Ruby lips above the water blowing bubbles soft and fine;
 Alas for me! I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementin
 (Chorus)

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Cold, Cold Heart

Hank Williams

Intro
Moderately Fast

Guitar

G (blue) C (green) D (red) G (blue)

6 D (red)

11 G (blue) G (blue)

16 C (green) Chorus D (red) 1. G (blue)

21 2. G (blue) 3. G (blue) 4. G (blue)

1. I tried so hard, my dear, to show that you're my ev - 'ry dream, yet you're a - fraid each thing I do is just some e - vil scheme. A mem - 'ry from your lone - some past keeps us so far a-part. why can't I free your doubt - ful mind and melt your cold, cold heart? 2. An-heart? 3. You'll heart? 4. There heart?

Additional Lyrics

2. Another love before my time made your heart sad and blue,
And so my heart is paying now for things I didn't do.
In anger, unkind things are said that make the teardrops start.
(Chorus)
3. You'll never know how much it hurts to see you sit and cry.
You know you need and want my love yet you're afraid to try.
Why do you run and hide from life? to try it just ain't smart.
(Chorus)
4. There was a time when I believed that you belonged to me,
But now I know your heart is shackled to a memory.
The more I learn to care for you the more we drift apart.
(Chorus)

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Crying My Heart Out Over You

Carl Butler, Marijohn Wilkin,
Louise Certain and Gladys Stacey

Guitar

Verse

1. Off some - where the mu - sic's play - ing soft and low, and an - oth - er holds the

6 one that I love so. I was blind, I could not - see that you meant the would - to

12 me, but like a fool - I stood and watched you go. Now I'm cry - ing my

18 heart out o - ver you. Those blue eyes, now they smile at some - one new. Ev er

25 since you went a - way, I die a lit tle more each day 'cause I'm cry - ing my heart out o - ver you.

32 1. 2.

2. Each

Chorus

G (blue)

D (red)

G (blue)

C (green)

D (red)

G (blue)

D (red)

C (green)

G (blue)

Additional Lyrics

2. Each night I climb the stairs up to my room,
It seems I hear you whisper in the gloom.
I miss your picture on the wall, and your footsteps in the hall,
While I'm crying my heart out over you.

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Daddy Sang Bass

Carl Perkins

Intro
Moderately Fast

Verse

Guitar

I re - mem-ber when I was a lad, times were
hard and things were bad; But there's a sil - ber lin - ing be - hind ev - 'ry cloud. Just poor
peo-ple that's all we were, tryl-in' to make a liv-in' out of black and dirt; We'd get to - gether in a fam - ily
cir - cle, sing - in' loud. Dad-dy sang bass ma-ma sang ten - or me and lit-tle bro-ther would join right
in there sing-in' seems to help a trou-bled soul; One of these days and it won't be long, I'll re-
join them in a song; I'm gon - na join the fam - ily cir - cle at the
throne; No, the cir - cle won't be bro - ken bye and bye, Lord, bye and
bye; Dad-dy'll sing bass, ma-ma'll sing ten - or, me and lit-tle bro-ther will join right

Chorus

D.S. and fade

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Dang Me

Roger Miller

Verse

Fast

Guitar

G (blue) C (green) D (red) G (blue)

1. Spoken: Well, here I sit high gettin' ideas, ain't nothin' but a fool would live like this.

5

C (green) D (red) G (blue)

Out all night and runnin' wild, my wom-an sit-tin' home with a month old child. —

Chorus

9

G (blue) C (green) D (red) G (blue)

Dang me, Dang me, they ought-ta take a rope and hang me

13

G (blue) C (green) N.C. G (blue)

high form the high-est tree. Wom-an, would you weep for me? Do, do, — do, do,

17

To Coda 1. 2. D.C. al Coda Coda

— do, do, do, do, do, do. 2. Spoken: Just 3. Spoken: They Say do.

Additional Lyrics

2. Just sittin' round drinkin' with the rest of the guys,
Six rounds bought and i bough five,
Sent the groceries and hlf the rent,
I lack fourtteen dollars havin' twenty-seven cents.
(Chorus)

3. They say roses are red and violets are purple,
Sugar's sweet and so is maple syruple,
Well, i'm the seventh out of seven sons,
My pappy was a pistol, I'm a son of a gun.
(Chorus)

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Do Lord

Traditional

Guitar

1. I've got a home in glo-ry-land that out shines the sun, I've got a home in glo-ry-land that out shines the sun, i've got a home in glo-ry-land that out shines the sun, Look a - way be - yond the blue.

Additional Lyrics

Chorus: Do Lord, oh do Lord, oh do remember me,
Do Lord, oh do Lord, oh do remember me,
Do Lord, oh do Lord, oh do remember me,
Look away beyond the blue.

2. I took Jesus as my Savior, You take Him too,
I took Jesus as my Savior, You take Him too,
I took Jesus as my Savior, You take Him too,
While He's calling you.
(Chorus)

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Down By the Riverside

Spiritual

Verse

Guitar

1. Gon-na lay down my bur-den Down by the riv-er-side, Down by the riv-er-side, Down by the

8 riv-er-side, Gon-na lay down my bur-den Down by the riv-er-side, Gon na stud-y war no more. — Ain't gonnn na

Chorus

17 stud-y war no more, Ain't gon na stud-y war no more, Ain't gon na stud-y war no more. — Ain't gonnn na

25 stud-y war no more, Ain't gon-na stud-y war no more, Ain't gon-na stud-y war no more. —

Additional Lyrics

2. Gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the riverside, Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside
Gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the riverside,
Gonna study war no more.
(Chorus)

Down on the Corner

J. C. Fogerty

Guitar

1. Ear ly in the eve-nin' Just a bout sup per time, Ov - er by the

6 court house they're start-ing to un - wind. Four kids on the cor - ner

11 try ing to bring you up. Wil - ly picks a tune out and he blows it on the

16 harp. Down on the cor - ner, out in the street, Wil-ly and the

21 Poor-boys are play in'; Bring a nick el; tap your feet. feet.

Additional Lyrics

2. Rooster hits the washboard and people just got to smile,
Blinky thumps the gut bass and solos for a while.
Poorboy twangs the rhythm out on his kalamazoo.
Willy goes into a dance and doubles on kazoo.
Down on the corner, out in the street,
Willy and the Poorboys are playin';
Bring a nickel; tap your feet.
3. You don't need a penny just to hang around,
But, if you've got a nickel, won't you lay your money down?
Over on the corner there's a happy noise.
People come from all around to watch the magic boy.
Down on the corner, out in the street,
Willy and the Poorboys are playin';
Bring a nickel; tap your feet.

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Fifteen

Taylor Swift

Guitar

5 You take a deep breath and you walk through the doors. It's the morn - in' of your ver - y first day.

8 You say "hi" to your friends you ain't seen in a while, try and stay out of ev-'ry-bod-y's way.

12 It's your fresh-man year and you're gon na be here for the next four years in this

16 town. Hop-in' one of those sen-ior boys will wink at you and say, "You know, I

19 have -n't seen you a-round be - fore." 'Cause when you're fif - teen






23 and some-bod - y tells you they love you, you're gon - na be lieve them. And when you're

26 And when you're fif - teen, feel - in' like there's noth - in' to fig - ure out, well,




30 fif - teen, and your first kiss make your head spin 'round, but,

count to ten, take it in. This is life be-fore you know who you're gon - na be.



in your life you'll do things great-er than dat-in' the boy on the foot ball team,

34  (red)  (blue)  (green)  (yellow)  (blue)





Fif - teen. _____ You sit in class — next to a red —

39  (green)  (yellow)  (green)




— head named Ab - i - gail and soon e - nough you're best — friends,

42  (green)  (yellow)





laugh-in' at — the oth — er girls who think they're so — cool. — We'll be out - ta here as soon as we can.

45  (green)  (blue)  (green)  (yellow)

And then you're on — your ver-y first date, — and he's got — a car, — and you're feel-in' like fly







49  (green)  (blue)  (green)

— in'. — And your ma-ma's wait - in' up, — and you're think-in' he's — the one, — and you're danc-




52  (yellow)  (green)  (red)  (green) *D.S. al Coda*

in' 'round your room — when the night — ends, — when the night ends. — 'Cause when you're






Coda

55  (green)  (red)  (blue)  (green)  (yellow)  (green)




but I did-n't know it at fif - teen. _____

61  (green)  (yellow)  (red)

When all you want — ed was to be want — ed, wish you could go back — and

64  (blue)  (red)  (green)  (red)  (blue)



tell your - self what you know now. — Back then I swore I was bon-na

68  (green)  (yellow)  (green)



mar-ry him — some-day, but i re - al - ized — some big-ger dreams — of mine. — And

71  (blue)  (green)  (yellow)


Ab - i - bail — gave — ev - ry' thing — whe had — to a boy — who changed his — mind.

74  (green)  (green)  (blue)  (yellow)

And we both cried. 'Cause when you're fif - teen. and some-bol-y tells you they love

78  (red)  (green) N.C.  (blue)  (red)

— you, you're gon-na be - lieve — them. And when you're fif - teen, don't — for - get to look

82  (yellow)  (green)  (yellow)  (red)

— be - for — you fall. — I've found time — can heal most — an - y - thing, — and you just might

86  (blue)  (red)  (green)  (yellow)  (red)  (green)  (red)

find who you're sup - posed to be. — I did n't know who I was s'posed to be — at fif-teen.

91  (blue)  (green)  (yellow)  (green)  (blue)

La la la — la la la — la la — la la la la la la —

96  (green)  (yellow)  (green)  (blue)  (green)

— la la — la la. La la la — la la la — your ver-y first — day. Take a deep breath, girl,

101  (yellow)  (green)

Take a deep breath as you walk — through the doors. —

Folsom Prison Blues

Johnny Cash

Intro
Moderately Fast N.C.

Guitar

1. I hear the train a - com-in'; it's

roll - in' 'round the bend, and I ain't seen the sun shine since I don't know when. I'm

stuck at Fol-som pris-on and time keeps drag - gin' on.

But that train keeps roll-in' on down to San An - tone.

2. When

3. I

4. Well,

Additional Lyrics

2. 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 blowin' I hang my head and cry.

3. I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car.
They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars.
But I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free,
But those people keep a-movin', and that's what tortures me.

4. Well, 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 whilstle blow my blues away.

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Garden Party

Rick Nelson

Moderate



Verse

Guitar

1. I went to a gar - den par - ty, to rem - i - nisce with my old friends. A

chance to share old mem - o - ries and play our songs a - gain. When I got to the gar - den

par - ty they all knew my name, But no - one re - cog - nized me.

Chorus

I did - n't look the same. But it's all right now. I learned my les - son

well You, see, you can't please ev - 'ry one so you got to please your - self.

1. G (blue) 2. 3. G (blue) 4. G (blue) to next strain

Fine

la la la, la la la la la

D.S. al Fine

la

Additional Lyrics

2. People came for miles around. Everyone was there
Yoko brought her walrus--There was magic in the air.
And over in the corner--much to my surprise
Mr. Hughes hid in Dylan's shoes wearing his disguise.

(Chorus)

3. I played them all the old songs--I thought that's why they came
No one heard the music--We didn't look the same.
I said hello to "Mary-Lou"--She belongs to me
When I sang a song about a Honky-tonk, it was time to leave.

(Chorus)

4. Someone opened up a closet door and out stepped Johnny B. Goode.
Playing guitar like a ring an' a bell--And lookin' like he should.
If you gotta play at garden parties, I wish you a lot a'luck;
But if memories were all I sang--I'd rather drive a truck.

(Chorus)

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Go Tell It On The Mountain

Spiritual

Chorus

Guitar

Go, tell it on the moun - tain, O - ver the hills and ev - 'ry - where;

5 Go tell it on the moun - tain that Je - sus Christ — is born. *Fine*

Verse

9 While shep-herds kept their watch ing O'er si - lent flocks by night, Be - hold, through-out the

15 heav - ens there shone a ho - ly light. *D.C. al Fine*

Additional Lyrics

2. The Shepherds feared and trembled
When, lo! above the earth,
Rang out the angel chorus
That hailed our Saviour's birth.
(Chorus)
3. Down in a lowly manger
Our humble Christ was born,
And God sent us salvation
That blessed Christmas morn.
(Chorus)

Golden Ring

Bobby Braddock and Rafe Van-Hoy

Verse
Moderately Fast

Guitar

In a pawn-shop in Chi - ca - go on a sun-ny sum-mer day, a cou-ple gaz - es

at the wed-ding ring there on dis - play. She smiles and nods her head as he says, "Hon-ey, that's for

you. It's not much, but it's the best that I can do." Gold - en ring,

ti - ny lit-tle stone, wait - ing there for some - one to take it home. By it - self

it's just a cold me - tal - lic thing, on - ly love can make a gold - en wed - ding ring

1. 2. 3. *D.C. al Coda* (take 1st verse)

2., 3. In a 1. In a

Coda

play Gold - en ring.

Additional Lyrics

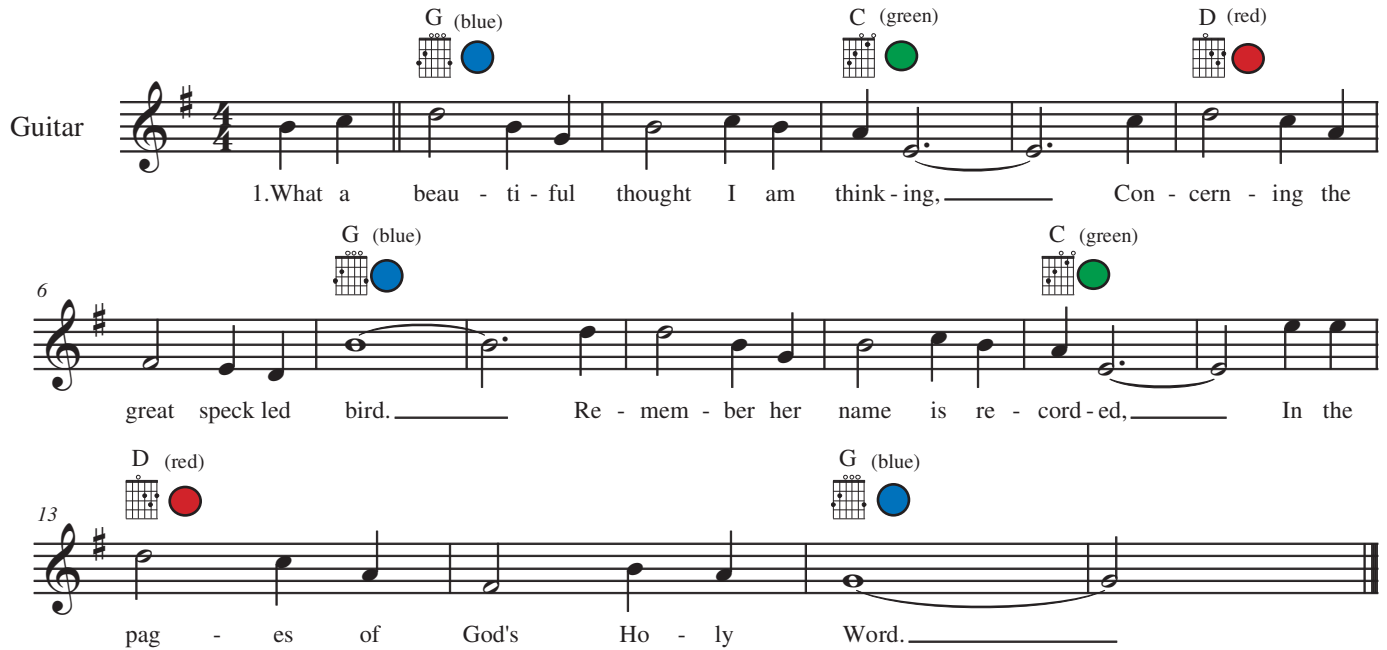
2. In a little wedding chapel later on that afternoon,
An old upright piano plays that old familiar tune.
Tears roll down her cheeks and happy thoughts run through her head,
As he whisper low, "With the ring I thee wed."
(Chorus):
Golden ring, with one tiny little stone,
Shining ring, now at last it's found a home.
By itself, it's just a cold metallic thing.
Only love can make a golden wedding ring.

3. In a small two room apartment, as they fight their final round,
He says, "You won't admit it, but I know you're leavin' town."
She says, "One thing's for certain, I don't love you anymore,"
And throws down the ring as she walks out the door.
(Chorus):
Golden ring, with one tiny little stone,
Cast aside, like the love that's dead and gone.
By itself, it's just a cold metallic thing.
Only love can make a golden wedding ring.

Great Speckled Bird

Traditional

Guitar



1. What a beau - ti - ful thought I am think - ing, Con - cern - ing the
great speck led bird. Re - mem - ber her name is re - cord - ed, In the
pag - es of God's Ho - ly Word.

Additional Lyrics

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2. Desiring to lower her standard,
They watch every move that she makes,
They long to find fault with her teaching,
But really they find no mistake. | 5. In the presence of all her despisers,
With a song never uttered before,
She will rise and be gone in a moment,
'Til the great tribulation is o'er. |
| 3. I am glad to have learned of her meekness,
I'm proud that my name is in her book
For I want to be one never fearing,
The face of my Saviour's to look. | 6. When He cometh descending from heaven,
On the clouds as He writes in His Word,
I'll by joyfully carried to meet Him,
On the wings of the great speckled bird. |
| 4. All the other birds flocking 'round her,
And she is despised by the squad,
But the great speckled bird in the Bible,
Is one with the great church of God. | 7. She is spreading her wings for a journey,
She's going to leave by and by,
When the trumpet shall sound in the morning,
She'll rise and go up in the sky. |

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Green Green Grass of Home

Curly Putman

Verse
Moderately Slow

Guitar

1. The old home town looks the same as I step down from the train, and there to meet me is my
ma - ma and pa - pa. Down the road I look and there runs Ma - ry, hair of gold and
lips like cherries. It's good to touch the green green grass of home. Yes, they'll all come to meet me, arms
reach - ing, smil ing sweet - ly; it's good to touch the green green grass of home. 2., 3. The
shade of that old oak tree as they lay me 'neath the green green grass of home.

Chorus

Additional Lyrics

2. The old house is still standing, though the paint is cracked and dry,
And there's that old oak tree that I used to play on.
Down the lane I walk with my sweet Mary,
Hair of gold and lips like cherries.
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

Chorus Yes, they'll all come to meet me,
Arms reaching, smiling sweetly;
It's good to touch the green, green, grass of home.

3. (Spoken) Then I awake and look around me at four gray walls that surround me,
And I realize that I was only dreaming.
For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre,
Arm in arm, we'll walk at daybreak,
Again I'll touch the green, green grass of home.

Chorus Yes, they'll all come to meet me,
Arms reaching, smiling sweetly;
It's good to touch the green, green, grass of home.

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Have I Told You Lately That I Love You

Scott Wiserman

Guitar

Verse

1. Have I told you late-ly that I love you? Could I tell you once a-gain some-how? Have I told with all my heart and soul how I a-dore you? Well, dar-ling, I'm

Chorus

tell-ing you now. This heart would break in two if you re-fuse me. I'm no good with-out you an-y-how. Dear, have I told you late-ly that I love you? Well, dar-ling, I'm tell-ing you now.

2., 3. Have I now.

Guitar chords: G (blue), D (red), C (green).

Additional Lyrics

2. Have I told you lately how I miss you
When the stars are shining in the sky?
Have I told you why the nights are long when you're not with me?
Well, darling, I'm telling you now.
3. Have I told you lately when I'm sleeping
Ev'ry dream I dream is you somehow?
Have I told you I'd like to share my love forever?
Well, darling, I'm telling you now.

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He Stopped Loving Her Today

Words and Music by
Bobby Braddock and Curly Putman

Slowly

Guitar

1. He said, "I'll love you 'til I die." She told him "You'll for get in time."

As the years went slow - ly by she still prayed up - on his mind.

2. He kept her pic-ture on his he stopped lov-ing her to - day. They placed a wreath up on his

door, and soon they'll car - ry him a - way. — He stopped lov-ing her to-

day. He stopped lov - ing her to - day. —

To Coda

D.S. al Coda (take 5th ending)

Coda

G (blue) C (green) D (red) G (blue) C (green) G (blue) D (red) G (blue)

Additional Lyrics

2. He kept her picture on his wall; went half crazy now and then,
But he still loved her through it all, hoping she'd come back again.
3. He kept some letters by his bed, dated 1962.
He had underlined in red ev'ry single "I love you."
4. I went to see him just today, oh, but I didn't see no tears.
All dressed up to go away, first time I'd seen him smile in years.
5. *Spoken: You know, she came to see him one last time.
We all wondered if she would.
And it kept running through my mind,
This time he's over her for good.*

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He's Got the Whole World In His Hands

Spiritual

Guitar

1. He's got the whole _____ world _____ in His hands, He's got the

whole _____ world _____ in His hands, He's got the whole _____ world _____

in His hands, He's got the whole world in His hands.

Additional Lyrics

2. He's got the wind and the rain in His hands,
He's got the wind and the rain in His hands,
He's got the wind and the rain in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands.
3. He's got the tiny little baby in His hands,
He's got the tiny little baby in His hands,
He's got the tiny little baby in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands.
4. He's got you and me, brother in His hands,
He's got you and me brother in His hands,
He's got you and me brother in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands.

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Heartaches by the Number

Harlan Howard

Verse
Moderately Fast

Guitar

1. Heart - ache num - ber one was when you left me. I nev - er knew that

I could hurt this way. And heart - ache num - ber two was when you came back a -

gain. You came back and nev - er meant to stay. Now I've got heart - aches by the

num - ber, trou - bles by the score. Ev - 'ry day you love me less, each day I love you

more. Yes, I've got heart - aches by the num - ber, a love that I can't win, but the

day that I stop count - ing, that's the day my world will end.

1. day my world will end.

2. day my world will end.

Chorus

Additional Lyrics

2. Heartache number three was when you called me,
And said that you were coming back to stay.
With hopeful heart I waited for your knock on the door.
I waited but you must have lost your way.
(Chorus)

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Home on the Range

Cowboy Song

Guitar

Verse

Oh, give me a home where the buf - fa - lo roam, Where the

3 deer and the an - te - lope play; _____ where _____

5 sel - dom is heard a dis - cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not cloud - y all

8 Chorus day. _____ Home, home on the range, _____ where the

11 deer and the an - te - lope, play. _____ Where sel - dom is heard a dis -

14 cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day. _____

G (blue) C (green) D (red) G (blue) D (red) G (blue) D (red) G (blue) C (green) G (blue) D (red) G (blue) D (red) G (blue)

Additional Lyrics

2. How often at night where the heavens are bright
With the lights from the glittering stars,
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours.
(Chorus)

3. Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand
flows leisurely down the stream;
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along,
Like a maid in a heavenly stream.
(Chorus)

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Hound Dog

Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller

Medium Bright Rock

Guitar

Chorus

You ain't noth - in' but a Hound Dog, cry - in' all the time.

5 You ain't noth - in' but a Hound Dog, cry - in' all the time. Well, you ain't

10 nev - er caught a rab - bit and you ain't no friend of mine. When they said you was

14 high classed, well, that was just a lie. N.C. Verse high - classed,

19 well that was just a lie. Well, you ain't nev - er caught a rab - bit and you

23 ain't no friend of mine. 1. You ain't noth - in' but a mine. 2. G (blue) C (green) G (blue)

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I Walk the Line

Johnny Cash

Guitar

The musical score is written for guitar in 4/4 time, key of D major. It includes guitar chords indicated by a guitar icon and a colored dot: red for D major and blue for G major. A green dot indicates a C major chord. The score is divided into a Verse and a Chorus. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Verse

I keep a close watch on this heart of mine. I keep my eyes wide open all the time. I keep the ends out for the time that binds. Be cause you're mine I walk the line. 2. I find it line. 3. As sure as line. 4. You've got a line. 5. I keep a line.

Additional Lyrics

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2. I find it very easy to be true.
I find myself alone when each day is through.
Yes, I'll admit that I'm a fool for you.
Because you're mine I walk the line. | 4. You've got a way to keep me on your side.
You give me cause for love that I can't hide.
For you I know I'd even try to turn the tide.
Because you're mine I walk the line. |
| 3. As sure as night is dark and day is light,
I keep you on my mind both day and night.
And happiness I've known proves that it's right.
Because you're mine I walk the line. | 5. I keep a close watch on this heart of mine.
I keep my eyes wide open all the itme.
I keep the ends out for the tie that binds.
Because you're mine I walk the line. |

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I'll Fly Away

A.E.Brumlet,

Guitar

1. Some glad morn-ing when this life is o'er, I'll fly a - way, To a home on

6 God's Ce les-tial shore, I'll fly a - way. I'll fly a - way, Oh glo - ry, I'll fly a-

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

Additional Lyrics

2. When the shadows of this life have gone,
I'll fly away,
Like a bird from these prison walls I'll fly,
I'll fly away.
(Chorus)

3. Just a few more weary days and then,
I'll fly away,
To a land where joys will never end,
I'll fly away.
(Chorus)

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I'm Not Lisa

Jessi Colter

Guitar

Chorus

1. I'm not Li - sa; my name is Ju - lie. Li sa left you years a - go.

2. See Additional Lyrics

8 My eyes are has touched your face. She was your morn - ing light. Her

14 smile told of no night. Your love for her grew with each ris - ing sun, _____ and

20 then one win - ter day, his hand led her a - way. She left you here drown ing in your tears, _____

26 here _____ where you've stayed for years, cry ing Li _____ sa, Li - sa. 3. I'm not Li _____ sa, 4. See Additional Lyrics

33 my name is Ju - lie; Li-sa left you years a - go. My eyes are

40 shines through your face. I'm not Li - sa.

Additional Lyrics

Chorus 2. My eyes are not blue, but mine won't leave you,
"Til the sunlight has touched your face.

Chorus 4. My eyes are not blue, but mine won't leave your,
"Til the sunlight shines through your face.

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I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry

Hank Williams

Intro
Moderately

Guitar

G (blue) D (red) G (blue) G (blue)

Hear — that

7 lone - some whip — poor will; he sounds — too blue — to fly — The

14 C (green) G (blue) E m (yellow) G (blue) D (red) G (blue)

mid - night train is whin - ing low. I'm so lone - some I could cry. — 1. 2.I've

2. 3. 4. G (blue)

22 G (blue)

3.Did you 4.The

Additional Lyrics

2. I've never seen a night so long, when time goes crawling by,
The moon just went behind a cloud, to hide its face and cry.
3. Did you ever see a robin weep when leaves began to die?
That means he's lost the will to live.
I'm so lonely I could cry.
4. The silence of a falling star lights up a purple sky.
And as I wonder where you are,
I'm so lonely I could cry.

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In the Sweet By and By

Bennett & Webster

Guitar

Verse

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the

5

Fath - er waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwell - ing place there. In the sweet by and

10

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the sweet by and by, We shall

15

meet on that beau - - ti - ful shore.

Chorus

G (blue) C (green) G (blue) D (red) G (blue) G (blue)

D (red) G (blue) C (green) G (blue) D (red) G (blue)

Additional Lyrics

2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
(Chorus)
3. To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.
(Chorus)

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Jambalaya (On the Bayou)

Hank Williams

Intro
Moderately Fast

Guitar

G (blue) E m (yellow) D (red) G (blue)

Verse

1. Good - bye, Joe, me got - ta
go, me oh, my oh. Me got - ta go pole the pi - rogue down the bay - ou.

Pre-Chorus

My Y - vonne, the sweet - est one, me oh, my oh. Son of a gun, wi'll have big

Chorus

fun on the bay - ou. Jam - ba - la - ya and a craw - fish pie and fil - let gum - bo, 'cause to -

night i'm gon - na see my ma cher a mi - o, - - pick gui - tar, fill fruit jar and be

gay - o. Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bay - ou.

1, 2. 3.

2. Thi - bo

Additional Lyrics

2. Thi bo daux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin'.
Kinfol come to see Yvonne by the dozen.
Dress in style and go hog wild, me oh, my oh.

3. Settle down far from town, get me a pirogue,
And I'll catch all the fish in the bayou.
Swap my mom to buy Yvonne what we need-o.

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Jimmie Brown, the Newsboy

W.S. Hays, 1875

Guitar

The musical score is written on two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a melody line with lyrics underneath. Above the staff, there are two guitar chord diagrams: a G major chord (labeled 'G (blue)' with a blue circle) and a D major chord (labeled 'D (red)' with a red circle). The second staff starts with a measure rest labeled '5' and continues the melody with lyrics. Above this staff is another G major chord diagram labeled 'G (blue)' with a blue circle.

1. I — sell the morn - ing pa - per sir my name is Jim-my Brown, _____

5
Ev - ery bod - y knows that I'm _____ the news - boy of the town. _____

Additional Lyrics

2. You can hear me yelling "Morning Star" running along the street,
Got no hat upon my head, no shoes upon my feet.
3. Never mind sir how I look, don't look at me and frown,
I sell the morning paper sir, my name is Jimmie Brown.
4. I'm awful cold and hungry sir, my clothes are mighty thin,
I wander about from place to place my daily bread to win.
5. My father died a drundard sir, I've heard my mother say,
I am helping mother sir, as I journey on my way.
6. My mother always tells me sir I've nothing in the world to lose,
I'll get a place in heaven sir to sell the Gospel News.

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Just a Closer Walk With Thee

Traditional

Guitar

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of three staves of music. Above the first staff, a G major chord (blue circle) and a D major chord (red circle) are shown with their respective guitar fretboard diagrams. The lyrics are: 'I, I am weak but Thou art strong, Je - sus keep me from all'. The second staff begins at measure 7 and includes a G major chord (blue circle), a C major chord (green circle), and another G major chord (blue circle). The lyrics are: 'wrong, I'll be sat - is - fied as long, As I walk dear'. The third staff begins at measure 14 and includes a D major chord (red circle) and a G major chord (blue circle). The lyrics are: 'Lord close to Thee.'.

1. I am weak but Thou art strong, Je - sus keep me from all

7 wrong, I'll be sat - is - fied as long, As I walk dear

14 Lord close to Thee.

Additional Lyrics

Chorus: Just a closer walk with Thee,
Grant it Jesus, is my plea,
Daily walking close to Thee,
Let it be, dear Lord let it be.

2. Through this wold of toil and snares,
If I falter, Lord, who cares?
Who but Thee my burden shares?
None but Thee, oh Lord, none but Thee.
(Chorus)

3. When my feeble life is o'er,
Time for me will be no more,
Guide me gently, safely o'er
To Thy shore, dear Lord, to Thy shore.
(Chorus)

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Just Over in the Gloryland

Acuff & Dean, 1906

Guitar

Verse

1. I've a home pre-pared, where the saints a-bide, Just o-ver in the Glor-y - land! And I

5 long to be by my Sav-ior's side, Just o-ver in the Glor-y - land! Just o - ver in the Glor-y-land, I'll

11 join — the hap py an-gel band, Just o-ver in the Glor-y - land! Just o - ver in the Glor-y-land. There

17 with — the might-y host I'll stand, Just o - ver in the Glor - y - land!

Chorus

Additional Lyrics

2. I am on my way to those mansions fair, Just over in the Gloryland!
There to sing God's praise and His glory share, Just over in the Gloryland!
(Chorus)
3. What a joyful thought that my Lord, I'll see, Just over in the Gloryland!
And with kindred saved, there forever be, Just over in the Gloryland!
(Chorus)
4. With the blood washed throng, I will shout and sing, Just over in the Gloryland!
Glad hosannas to Christ, the Lord and King, Just over in the Gloryland!
(Chorus)

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Keep On the Sunnyside

Blenkhorn & Entwisle

Guitar

Verse

1. There's a dark and a troubled side of life, There's a bright and a sun-ny-side,

too, Though we meet with the dark-ness and strife, — The sun-ny-side we al - so may view.

Chorus

Keep on the sun-ny-side, Al-ways on the sun-ny-side, Keep on the sun-ny-side of life, It will

help us ev - ery day, It will bright-en all the way, If we keep on the sunh-ny-side of life.

Chord diagrams: G (blue), C (green), G (blue), D (red), G (blue), D (red), G (blue), G (blue), C (green), G (blue), D (red), G (blue).

Additional Lyrics

2. Though the storm in its fury broke today,
Crushing hopes that we cherished so dear,
Storm and clouds will in time pass away,
The sun again will shine bright and clear.
(Chorus)
3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day,
Though the moments be cloudy or fair,
Let us trust in our Saviour always,
Who keepeth everyone in His care.
(Chorus)

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King of the Road

Roger Miller

Verse

Moderately

Guitar

1., 3. Trail - er for sale or rent, rooms to let fif - ty cents.

5 No phone, no pool, no pets; I ain't got no cig - a - rettes. Ah, but

9 two hours of push - ing broom buys a eight by twelve four bit room. I'm a

13 man of means by no means, king of the road. road. I know ev - er - y en - gi - neer on

Bridge

19 ev - er - y train, all of the chil - dren and all of their names. And ev - er - y hand - out in

23 ev - er - y town, and ev - 'ry lock that ain't locked when

25 no one's a - round. I sing

26 road.

D.C. al Coda

Coda

Chord diagrams: G (blue), C (green), D (red)

Additional Lyrics

2. Third box car, midnight train, destination: Bangor, Maine.
Old worn out suit and shoes; I don't pay no union dues.
I smoke old stogies I have found, short, but not too big around.
I'm a man of means by no means, king of the road.

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Ben Peters

Additional Lyrics

2. Well people may try to guess the secret of happiness,
But some of them never learn it's a simple thing.
The secret I'm speakin' of is a woman and man in love,
And the answer is in the song that I always sing.
(Chorus)

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Kumbaya

African Melody

Guitar

Kum - ba - ya, my Lord, Kum - ba - ya,

4 Kum - ba - ya my Lord, Kum - ba - ya Kum - ba -

9 ya my Lord. Kum - ba - ya Oh

13 Lord, Kum - ba - ya.

Additional Lyrics

2. Someone's crying, Lord, Kumbaya.
Someone's crying, Lord, Kumbaya
Someone's crying, Lord, Kumbaya
Oh, Lord, Kumbaya.
3. Someone's singing, Lord, Kumbaya.
Someone's singing, Lord, Kumbaya
Someone's singing, Lord, Kumbaya
Oh, Lord, Kumbaya.
4. Someone's praying, Lord, Kumbaya.
Someone's praying, Lord, Kumbaya
Someone's praying, Lord, Kumbaya
Oh, Lord, Kumbaya.
5. He will hear our prayer, Kumbaya.
He will hear our prayer, Kumbaya
He will hear our prayer, Kumbaya
Oh, Lord, Kumbaya.

Let It Be

Lennon & McCartney

Guitar

When I find my-self in times of trou-ble
in my hour of dark-ness she is

Mot-ter Ma-ry comes to me speak-ing words of wis-dom let it be - - - and
Standing right in fron of me

Let it be let it be let it be let it be Whis per word-s of wis-dom let it be

And when the brok-en he-art-ed peo-ple liv-ing in the world a-gree

There will be an an-swer let it be for though they may be part-ed there is

still a chance that they will se-e There will be an an-swer let it be Let it be

let it be let it be let it be There will be an an-swer let it be let it be

let it be let it be let it be There will be an an-swer let it be

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31 (red) D (green) C G (blue) C (green) G (blue) (red)(green) D C G (blue) G (blue) D (red) E m (yellow) G (blue) D (red) C (green) G (blue)

38 D (red) E m (yellow) G (blue) D (red) C (green) G (blue) E m (yellow) D (red) C (green)

43 G (blue) G (blue) D (red) C (green) G (blue) G (blue) D (red)

47 E m (yellow) C (green) G (blue) D (red) C (green) G (blue)

50 G (blue) D (red) E m (yellow) C (green) G (blue) D (red)

53 C (green) G (blue) E m (yellow) D (red) C (green) G (blue) D (red) C (green)

57 G (blue) E m (yellow) D (red) C (green) G (blue) D (red)

61 C (green) G (blue) C (green) G (blue) D (red) C (green) G (blue)

let it be — let it be — let it be —

— let it be — There will be an an-swer let it be — When the nigh — is clou-dy there is

still a light — that shines on me — Shine un - till to - morrow let it be — I

wak up to — the so-und of mus - ic — Moth er Ma - ry comes to me — speak-ing words of wis-dom let it be —

— let it be — let it be — let it be — let it be — There will be an an-swer let it be —

— let it be — let it be — let it be — let it be — There will be an an-swer let it be —

Li'l Liza Jane

Traditional

Guitar

Verse

G (blue)

1. I got a gal and you got none, Li'l Li - za Jane, I got a gal that

6

D (red) G (blue)

Chorus

C (green) G (blue)

calls me "hon," Li'l Li - za Jane, Oh, Li'l Li - za, Li'l Li - za Jane,

13

C (green) G (blue)

D (red) G (blue)

Oh, Li'l Li - za, Li'l Li - za Jane.

Additional Lyrics

2. Liza Jane done come to me, Li'l Liza Jane,
Both as happy as can be, Li'l Liza Jane.
(Chorus)
3. Come my love and marry me, Li'l Liza Jane,
I will take good card of thee, Li'l Liza Jane.
(Chorus)
4. House and lot in Baltimore, Li'l Liza Jane,
Lots of children 'round the door, Li'l Liza Jane.
(Chorus)

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Little Rosewood Casket

Goulaud & White, 1870

Guitar

1. There's a lit - tle rose - wood cas - ket, — Rest - ing on a mar - ble

stand, With a pack - et of love let - ters, — Writ - ten by my true love's hand.

Additional Lyrics

2. Will you go and get them sister,
Read them all to me tonight.
I have often tried but could not,
For the tears would blind my sight.
3. You have got them now, dear sister,
Come and sit beside my bed,
And press gently to your bosom,
My poor throbbing, aching head.
4. Read those precious lines, so slowly,
Do not miss even one,
For the cherished hand that wrote them,
His last words for me are done.

Long, Long Ago

Thos. Haynes Bayley

Moderately

Guitar

G (blue)

D (red)

G (blue)

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, Long A go Long, Long, A go

5

D (red)

G (blue)

Sing me the songs I de light-ed to hear, Long, Long A - go, Long A - go.

9

D (red)

G (blue)

D (red)

G (blue)

now you are come all my grief is re mov'd Let me for get that so long you have rov'd

13

G (blue)

D (red)

G (blue)

Let me be-lieve that you love as you lov'd, Long, Long A - go, Long A - go.

rall.

Additional Lyrics

2. Do you remember the path where we met, Long, Long Ago, Long, Long Ago;
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would forget, Long Long Ago, Long Ago.
Then, to all others my smile you preferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
Still my heart treasures the praises I heard, Long, Long Ago, Long Ago.
3. Tho' by your kindness my fond hopes were rais'd, Long, Long Ago, Long, Long Ago;
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would forget, Long, Long Ago, Long Ago.
But by long absence your truth has been tried, Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when Isat by your side, Long, Long Ago, Long Ago.

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Make the World Go Away

Words and Music by Hank Cochran

Intro
Moderately

Guitar

1. Do you re-mem-ber when you loved me be-fore the world took me a-stray?

If you do then for-give me, and make the world - go a - way

Make the world go a - way, and get it off my shoul - ders.

Say the things you used to say, and make the world go a - way. 2. I'm sor-ry if I

way.

Additional Lyrics

2. I'm sorry if I hurt you,
I'll make it up day by day.
Just say you love me like you used to,
And make the world go away.

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Mama Tried

Words and Music by Merle Haggard

Intro
Moderately

Guitar

1. The first thing I re-mem-ber
know - in' was a lone - some whist - le blow - in' and a young - on's dream of grow - in' up to
ride, _____ on a freight train leav - in' town, not know - in' where i'm
bound, and no one could change my mind, but ma - ma tried. _____ 2. One and
more. _____ And I turned twen ty one in pris - on do - in' live with - out pa - role, no
one could steer me right, but ma - ma tried, ma-ma tried. Ma-ma tried to raise me
bet - ter, but her plead - ing I de - nied, that leaves on - ly me to blame, 'cause ma - ma
tried. _____ 3. Dear ol' tried. _____

To Coda \oplus

D.S. al Coda \oplus *coda*

Additional Lyrics

2. One and only rebel child, from a fam'ly meek and mild,
My mama seemed to know what lay in store.
"Spite of all my Sunday learning' t'wards the bad I kept truning',
'Til mama couldn't hold me anymore.
3. Dear ol' daddy rest his soul, left my mom a heavy load.
She tried so very hard to fill his shoes.
Workin' hours without rest, wanted me to have the best,
She tried to raise me right but I refused.

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Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be Cowboys

Ed Bruce and Patsy Bruce

Chorus
Moderately Fast

Guitar

Mam - mas don't let your ba - bies grow up — to be cow - boys.

Don't let 'em pick gui - tars and drive them old trucks.

Make 'em be doc - tors and law - yers and such. Mam - mas — don't let your

ba - bies grow up — to be cow - boys, cause the'll nev - er stay

home, and they're al - ways a - lone, e - ven with some - one — they love.

Verse

1. A cow - boy ain't eas - y to love and he's hard - er — to hold.

And it means more to him to give you a song than sil - ver or

gold. Bud - wei - ser buck - les and soft fad - ed Le - vis and each night be -

gins a new day. If you can't un - der - stand him — and he don't die — young, he'll

prob - a - bly just ride — a - way.

1. D (red) 2. D (red) D.C. and Fade

Additional Lyrics

2. A cowboy loves smoky ol' pool rooms and clear mountain mornings,
Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night
Them that don't know him won't like him and '
Them that do sometimes won't know how to take him.
He's not wrong, he's just different and his pride won't
Let him do things to make you think he's right.

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Michael Finnigan

Guitar

The musical score is written on two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). Above the staff, there are two guitar chord diagrams: a G major chord (blue circle) and a D major chord (red circle). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics for the first line are: "1. There was an old man named Mi - chael Fin - ni gan, He had whisk - ers on his chin - i - gin,". The second staff begins with a measure rest labeled "5". Above the staff, there are three guitar chord diagrams: a G major chord (blue circle), a D major chord (red circle), and a G major chord (blue circle). The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics for the second line are: "Wind blew 'em off, but they grew in - i - gain, Poor old Mi - chael Fin - ni gin.".

1. There was an old man named Mi - chael Fin - ni gan, He had whisk - ers on his chin - i - gin,

5 Wind blew 'em off, but they grew in - i - gain, Poor old Mi - chael Fin - ni gin.

Additional Lyrics

2. There was an old man named Michael Finnigan,
He went fishin' with a pin-igin.
Caught a faish, but dropped it in-igin,
Poor old Michael Finnigin.
3. There was an old man named Michael Finnigan,
Climbed a tree and barked his shin-igain,
Took off sev'ral yards of skin-igin,
Poor old Michael Finnigin.
4. There was an old man named Michael Finnigan,
He grew fat and then grew thin-igin,
Then he died and had to begin-igin,
Poor old Michael Finnigin.

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My Elusive Dreams

Curly Putman and Billy Sherrill

Guitar Moderately

1. You fol-lowed me to Tex as, you fol-lowed me to U-tah. We
 did-n't find it there so we moved on. Then you went with me to
 A - la - bam' Things looked good in Bir - ming - ham, We did - n't find it
 there, so we moved on. I know you're tired of fol - low - ing
 my e - lu - sive dreams and schemes. For they're on - ly fleet - ing things
 My e - lu - sive dreams. 2. You dreams.

Additional Lyrics

2. You had my child in Memphis, then! heard of work in Nashville;
 But we didn't find it there so we moved on.
 To a small farm in Nebraska, to a gold mine in Alaska,
 We didn't find it there, so we moved on. (Chorus:)

3. Now we've left Alaska, because there was no gold mine
 But this time only two of us moved on.
 And now all we have is each other and a little memory, to cling to
 and still you won't let me go on alone.

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New River Train

Traditional

Guitar

(Cho):I'm rid-ing on that New Riv-er Train, Rid-in on that New Riv-er Train, That same old train that brought me here, Gon - na car - ry me a - way a - gain.

Additional Lyrics

1. Darling you can't love one,
Darling you can't love one,
You can't love one and have any fun,
Oh, darling, you can't love one.
2. Darling, you can't love two,
Darling you can't love two,
You can't love two and you little heart bve ture,
Oh, darling you can't love two.
3. Darling, you can't love three,
Darling, you can't love three,
You can't love three and still love me,
Oh, darling, you can't love three.
4. Darling, you can't love four,
Darling, you can't love four,
You can't love four and love me anymore,
Oh, darling, you can't love four.

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Nine Pound Hammer

Traditional

Guitar

Verse

1. Well the nine pound ham - mer is a lit - tle too hea - vy,

4

Bud dy, for my size, Bud dy, for my size. So roll on bud - dy,

Chorus

10

Don't you roll so slow, How can I roll when the wheels won't

15

go?

Additonal Lyrics

2. I'm goin' on the mountain, Just to see my baby,
And I ain't coming back, Lord, I ain't coming back.
(Chorus)
3. There ain't no hammer, in this tunnel,
That can ring like mine, that can ring like mine.
(Chorus)
4. This nine pound hammer, it killed John Henry,
But it won't kill me, no it won't kill me.
(Chorus)
5. It's a long way to Harlan, it's a long way to Hazard,
Just to get a little brew, just to get a little brew.
(Chorus)
6. I'm working all day, down under ground,
Black as night, it's black as night.
(Chorus)

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Oh! Susanna

Stephen G. Foster

Guitar



1. I—I came from Al - a - bam - a wid my ban - jo on my knee, I'm

g'wan to Lou - si - an - a My true love for to see, It rained all night the

day I left, The weath-er it was dry, The sun so hot I froze to death; Su

san - na don't your cry. Oh! Su - san - na Oh! don't you cry for

me, I've come from Al - a - bam - a wid my ban - jo on my knee.

Additional Lyrics

2. I had a dream the other night, when ev'rything was still
I thought I saw Susanna, A comin' down the hill,
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth, The tear was in her eye;
Say I, I'm coming from the South, Susanna don't you cry.
Oh! Susanna, Oh! don't you cry for me,
I've come from Alabama wid my banjo on my knee.

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Okie from Muskogee

Merle Haggard and Roy Edward Burris

Intro

Moderately Fast

Moderately Fast

Guitar

6

12

17

22

27

33

Verse

Chorus

1. We don't smoke mar - i -
jua-na in Mus - ko - gee. — and we don't take our trips on L. S. D.
And we don't burn our draft cards down on Main Street, but
we like liv - ing right and be - ing free. — And i'm proud to be an
O - kie from Mus - ko - gee; A place where e - ven squares can have a ball.
— We still wave Ol' Glo - ry down at the court house, white
light - ning's still the big - gest thrill of all. — 3. Leather

Additional Lyrics

2. We don't make a party out of loving,
But we like holding hands and pitching woo.
We don't let our hair grow long and shaggy,
Like the hippies out in San Francisco do.
(Chorus)
3. Leather boots are still in style if a man needs footwear.
Beads and Roman sandals won't be seen.
Football's still the roughest thing on campus,
And the kids here still respect the college dean.
(Chorus)

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Old Dan Tucker

Traditional

Guitar

Verse

1. Old Dan Tuck-er was a migh - ty man, He washed his face in a fry - ing pan, He

5

combed his hair with a wag - on wheel, Died with a tooth - ache in his heel. Get out the way,

10

old Dan Tuck er, You're too late to get your sup per. Sup - per's o - ver and break - fast cook ing,

15

Old Dan Tuck-er just stands there a' look - ing. ____

Chorus

G (blue)

D (red)

G (blue)

D (red)

G (blue)

C (green)

D (red)

G (blue)

C (green)

D (red)

G (blue)

Additional Lyrics

2. Old Dan tucker, he come to town,
Riding a billy goat, leading a hound.,
Hound dog bark and the billy goat jump,
Landed Dan Tucker on top of the stump.
(Chorus)
3. Old Dan Tucker he got drunk,
Fell in the fire and kicked up a chunk,
Red hot coal got in his shoe,
And oh my Lord how the ashes flew.
(Chorus)

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Pick Me Up on Your Way Down

Harlan Howard

Intro

Guitar

Verse

1. You were mine for just a while, now you're put tin' on the style, and you've nev - er once looked back at your home a - cross the track. You're the gos-sip of the town, but my heart can still be found, where you tossed it on the ground, pick me up on your way down. — Pick me up on your way down. When you're blue and all a-lone, when their gla-mour starts to bore you, come on back where you be - long. You may be their pride and joy, but they'll find an oth-er toy, then they'll take a - way you crown. Pick me up on your way down.

2. They have down. —

1. G (blue) D (red) G (blue) 2. G (blue) C (green) G (blue)

Additional Lyrics

2. They have changed your attitude, made you haughty and so rude.
Your new friends can take the blame, underneath you're still the same.
When you learn these things are true, I'll be waiting here for you.
As you tumble to the ground, pick me up on your way down.
(Chorus)

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Precious Lord, Take My Hand

Thomas A. Dorsey and George N. Allen

Guitar

Pre-cious Lord, take my hand, Lead me on, help me stand. I am tired, I am

weak, I am worn. Thro' the storm, thro' the night, Lead me on to the light. Take my

hand, pre-cious Lord; lead me home.

Additional Lyrics

2. When my way grows drear, Precious Lord, linger near
When my life is almost gone.
Hear my cry, hear my call, Hold my hand lest I fall.
Take my hand, precious Lord; Lead me home
3. When the darkness appears and the night draws near,
And the day is past and gone,
At the river I stand; Guide my feet, hold my hand.
Take my hand, precious Lord; Lead me home.

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Precious Memories

J.B.F. Wright

Guitar

Verse

1. Pre - cious mem ories, un - seen an - gels, Sent from some where to my

soul, _____ How they lin - ger, ev - er near me, And the

Chorus

sac - red past un - fold. _____ Pre - cious mem ories, how they lin - ger,

How they ev - er flood my soul, _____ In the still - ness, of the

mid - night, Pre - cious, sa - cred scenes un - fold. _____

Chord diagrams: G (blue), C (green), G (blue), D (red), G (blue), C (green), G (blue), D (red), G (blue), C (green), G (blue), D (red), G (blue).

Additional Lyrics

2. Precious father, loving, mother,
Fly across the lonely years,
And old home scenes of my childhood,
In fond memory appear.
(Chorus)

3. In the stillness of the midnight,
Echoes from the past I hear;
Old time singing, gladness bringing,
From that lovely land somewhere.
(Chorus)

4. I remember mother praying,
Father, too on bended knee;
Sun is sinking, shadows falling,
But their prayers still follow me.
(Chorus)

5. As I travel on life's pathway,
Know not what the years may hold;
As I ponder, hope grows fonder,
Precious memories flood my soul.
(Chorus)

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Proud Mary

J. C. Fogerty

Guitar

Verse

G (blue)

1. Left a good job — in the

ci-ty, — Work-in' for The Man ev'-ry night and day, — And I nev-er lost one min - ute of sleep-in',

Chorus

D (red)

Worry-in' 'bout the way things might have been. — Big wheel — keep on — turn-in' —

E m (yellow)

G (blue)

Proud Mar-y keep on burn - in' — Roll - in' — roll — in', — roll - in' on the riv - er.

Verse

G (blue)

3. If you come down — to the riv-er, Bet you gon-na find some peo — ple who live. —

D.S. al Coda

You don't have to wor-ry — 'cause you have no mon-ey, — Peo-ple on the riv-er are hap-py to give. —

Coda

G (blue)

Roll - in', roll - in', — roll - in' on the riv - er. —

Repeat ad lib and fade out

Additional Lyrics

2. Cleaned a lot of plates in Memphis,
Pumped a lot of pain in New Orleans,
But I never saw the good side of the city,
Until I hitched a ride on a river boat queen.

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Ring of Fire

Merle Kilgore & June Carter Cash

Guitar

3

7

11

15

19

23

27

31

Love is a burn - ing
thing And it
makes a fi - ry ring
Bound by wild de -
sires
I fell in - to a Ring Of Fire.
I fell in - - - to a butn - ing Ring Of Fi - re I went

G (blue) C (green) G (blue) D (red) G (blue) D (red) G (blue) C (green) G (blue) D (red) G (blue) C (green) G (blue) D (red) G (blue) C (green) G (blue)

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Ring of Fire

35 D (red) C (green) G (blue) D (red)

down, down, down and the flames went high - er And it

39 G (blue) D (red) G (blue)

burns, burns, burns the Ring Of Fire

43 D (red) 1. G (blue) D (red) 2. G (blue)

The Ring Of Fire. The Fire

47 D (red) G (blue) D (red)

And it burns, burns, burns The Ring Of

51 G (blue) D (red) G (blue)

Fire. The Ring Of Fire. The Ring Of

Repeat and fade

Additional Lyrics

The taste of love is sweet
 when hearts like ours beat.
 I fell for you like a child
 Oh, but the fire went wild.

Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me

Augustus M. Toplady
Thomas Hastings

Guitar

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in

4 Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed, Be of

9 sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Additional Lyrics

2. Not the labors of my hands can fulfill Thy law's demands;
These for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling.
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyes shall 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.

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Roll In My Sweet Baby's Arms

Traditional

Verse

Guitar

1. I ain't gon - na work on the rail - road, _____ I ain't gon - na work on the

7 farm, _____ I'll lay a-round the shack 'til the mail train gets back, And I'll

13 roll in my sweet ba - by's arms. _____ Roll in my sweet ba-by's arms. _____

20 _____ Roll in my sweet ba-by's arms, _____ Lay a-round the shack 'til the

27 mail train gets back, And I'll roll in my sweet ba - by's arms.

Chorus

G (blue)

D (red)

G (blue)

C (green)

D (red)

G (blue)

C (green)

D (red)

G (blue)

Additional Lyrics

2. Now where were you last Friday night,
While I was lying in jail?
Out walking the streets with another man,
Wouldn't even go my bail.
(Chorus)

3. I know your parents don't like me,
They drove me away from your door,
If I had my life to live over,
I'd never go there any more.
(Chorus)

4. Mama's a beauty operator,
Sister can weave and spin,
Pappa's got an interest in an old cotton mill,
My, how the money rolls in!
(Chorus)

5. Sometimes there's a change in the weather,
Sometimes there's a change in the sea,
Sometimes there's a change in my own true love,
But there's never a change in me.
(Chorus)

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Ruby, Don't Take Your Love to Town

Mel Tillis

Guitar

You have paint-ed up your lips and rolled and
 curled your tint-ed hair. Ru-by, are you con tem plat-ing go-ing out some - where? The
 shad-ows on the wall tell me the sun is go-ing down. Oh, Ru-by - - - by,
 don't take your love to town. For it was-n't me that start-ed that old cra-zy As-ia war,
 But I was proud to go and do my pa-tri-ot-ic chores. Oh, I know, Ru-by, that i'm not the
 man I used to be, But, Ru - - - by, I still need your com - pa-
 ny. For God's sake turn a - round, don't take your love to town.

Additional Lyrics

2. It's hard to love a man whose legs are bent and paralyzed
 And the wants and the needs of a woman your age, Ruby, I realize,
 But it won't be long I've heard them say until I'm not a round.
 Oh, Ru-by, don't take your love to town.
 (Chorus)
3. She's leaving now 'cause I just heard the slamming of a door
 The way I know I've heard it slam one hundred times before
 And if I could move I'd get my gun and put her in the ground.
 Oh, Ru-by, don't take your love to town.
 (Coda)

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Saginaw, Michigan

Don Wayne and Bill Anderson

Guitar

Intro
Moderately Fast

Verse

1. I was born in Sag-i-naw,
Mich-i-gan. I grew up in a house on Sag-i-naw Bay. My dad was a poor hard
work-ing Sag-i-naw fish-er man. Too man-y times he came home with too lit-tle pay. hand.

Bridge

Now I'm up here in A-las-ka look-ing a-round for gold. Like a cra-zy fool I'm dig-ging in this
fro-zen ground so cold. But with each new day I pray I'll strike it rich, and then I'll go back
home and claim my love in Sag-i-naw, Mich-i-gan. Mich-i-gan.

Coda
D.S. al Coda (with repeat)

N.C.

Additional Lyrics

2. I loved a girl in Saginaw, Michigan,
The daughter of a wealthy man.
But he called me that son of a Saginaw fisherman,
Not good enough to claim his daughter's hand.
3. I wrote my love in Saginaw, Michigan.
I said, "Honey, I'm coming home, please wait for me.
You can tell your dad I'm coming back a richer man.
I hit the biggest strike in Klondike history."

4. Her dad met me in Saginaw, Michigan.
He gave me a great big party with champagne.
Then he said, "Son, you're a wise, young ambitious man.
Will you sell your father-in-law your Klondike claim?"

Bridge: Now he's up there in Alaska digging in the cold, cold ground.
The greedy fool is looking for the gold I never found.
It serves him right and no one here is missing him,
Least of all the newlyweds of Saginaw, Michigan.


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Sally Goodin

Traditional

Guitar


G (blue)



1. Had a piece of pie, And I had a bowl of pud - din, ____

5

D (red) G (blue)



Give it all a - way, Just to see Sal - ly Good - in. ____

Additional Lyrics

2. Looked down the road and I see my Sally coming,
Thought to my soul that I'd kill my self a - running.
3. Love a tater pie and I love an apple puddin',
And I love a little gal they call Sally Goodin.

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She's Got You

Hank Cochran

Guitar

Verse

1. I've got your pic - ture — that you gave to me and it's signed, "with love" — just like it

used to be. — The on - ly thing dif - f'rent, — the on - ly thing new, I've got your pic - ture, — she's got

you. 2. I've got the you I've got your mem - o - ry, — or has it got me? — I real - ly don't

know, but I know it won't let me be. 3. I've got your class ring — that proved you cared and it still

looks the same — as when you gave it, dear. — The on - ly thing dif - f'rent, — the on - ly thing new, I've got these

little things, she's got you. I've got your you.

Additional Lyrics

2. I've got the record that we used to share,
And they still sound the same as when you were here.
The only thing different, the only thing new,
I've got the records, she's got you.

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Shortenin' Bread

Traditional

Guitar

1. Three lit-tle child ren, lay ing in bed, Two were sick and the oth-er 'most dead.

5 Sent for the doc-tor, doc - tor said, "Feed these child-ren some short - nin' bread."

Chorus 9 Ma-ma's lit-tle ba-by loves short-nin,' short-nin,' Ma-ma's lit-tle ba-by loves short-nin' bread.

G (blue) D (red) G (blue) D (red) G (blue)

Additional Lyrics

2. When those children sick in bed,
Head that talk about shortnin' bread.
They got up well and dance and sing,
Skipping 'round the cut the Pigeon Wing.

Silver Bells

Jay Livingston & Ray Evans

Guitar

Verse

Cit - y side - walks, bus - y side - walks dressed in hol - i - day

style, In the air there's a feel - ing of Christ - mas.

Child - ren laugh - ing, peo - ple pass - ing, Meet - ing smile af - ter

smile, And on ev - 'ry street cor - ner you hear: _____

Chorus

Sil - ver bells, _____

Sil - ver bells, _____

It's Christ - mas - time in the cit - y. _____

Ring - a - ling, _____

Hear them ring, _____

Soon it will be Christ - mas day. _____

D. C.

Additional Lyrics

- City street lights, even stop-lights blink a bright red and green,
As the shoppers rush home with their treasures.
Hear the snow crunch, see the kids bunch, This is Santa's big scene,
And above all this bustle you hear:
(Chorus)

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Skip to My Lou

American Folk Dance

Guitar

1. Choose your part - ners, skip to my Lou, Choose you part - ners, —

4 skip to my Lou, Choose you part - ners, skip to my Lou,

7 Skip to my Lou, my dar - - - lin'.

Additional Lyrics

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2. Choose a redbird, a pretty one for you,
Choose a redbird a pretty one for you,
Choose a redbird a pretty one for you,
Skip to my Lou, my darlin'. | 4. Cat's in the cream jar, what'll I do?
Cat's in the cream jar, what'll I do?
Cat's in the cream jar, what'll I do?
Skip to my Lou, my darlin'. |
| 3. I got a redbird, a pretty one too,
I got a redbird, a pretty one too,
I got a redbird, a pretty one too,
Skip to my Lou, my darlin'. | 5. Chicken in the dough tray, what'll I do?
Chicken in the dough tray, what'll I do?
Chicken in the dough tray, what'll I do?
Skip to my Lou, my darlin'. |
| 6. Fly's in the buttermilk, shoo, shoo, shoo!
Fly's in the buttermilk, shoo, shoo, shoo!
Fly's in the buttermilk, shoo, shoo, shoo!
Skip to my Lou, my darlin' | |

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Small Town USA

Justin Moore, Jeremy Stover
and Brian Maher

Guitar

7

A lot of peo - ple called _____ it pris - on when I was grow-in up.
A - round here we break _____ our backs _____ just to earn a buck.

12

But these are _____ my roots _____ and this is what I love. _____
We nev - er get a - head _____ but we have e - nough. _____

16

'Cause ev - 'ry - bod-y knows me and I _____ know them _____ and I be - lieve that's the way we're sup -
I watch peo - ple leave and then come right back. I nev - er want - ed an - y

20

posed to live. _____ I would - n't trade one sin - gle day _____ here in
part of that. And I'm proud to say _____ I love this place, _____ good ol' }



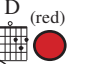

24

N.C.

Small Town U - S - A. _____ Give me a Sat - ur - day night _____ my ba - by by my side, { a lit -
Da - Sweet







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Small town USA




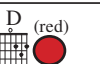


29    

- tle Hank Jun - ion and a six-pack of light. — an old dirt road — and I'll be just fine. —




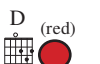



vid Al - lan Coe }
— Home Ala - bama-a }

34     *To Coda*  





— Give em a Sun-day morn — in' that's full of grace, — a sim ple life and I'll be o - kay, — here in

39      





Small Town U-S - A. — U-S-

46       

A. — oh, yeah. —





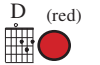

53    

I would n't trade one sin - gle day, — rath - er say I love this place. —





58    

D.S. al Coda *Coda*

Give me a be o - kay. — Yeah, I'll be o - kay — here in

63      

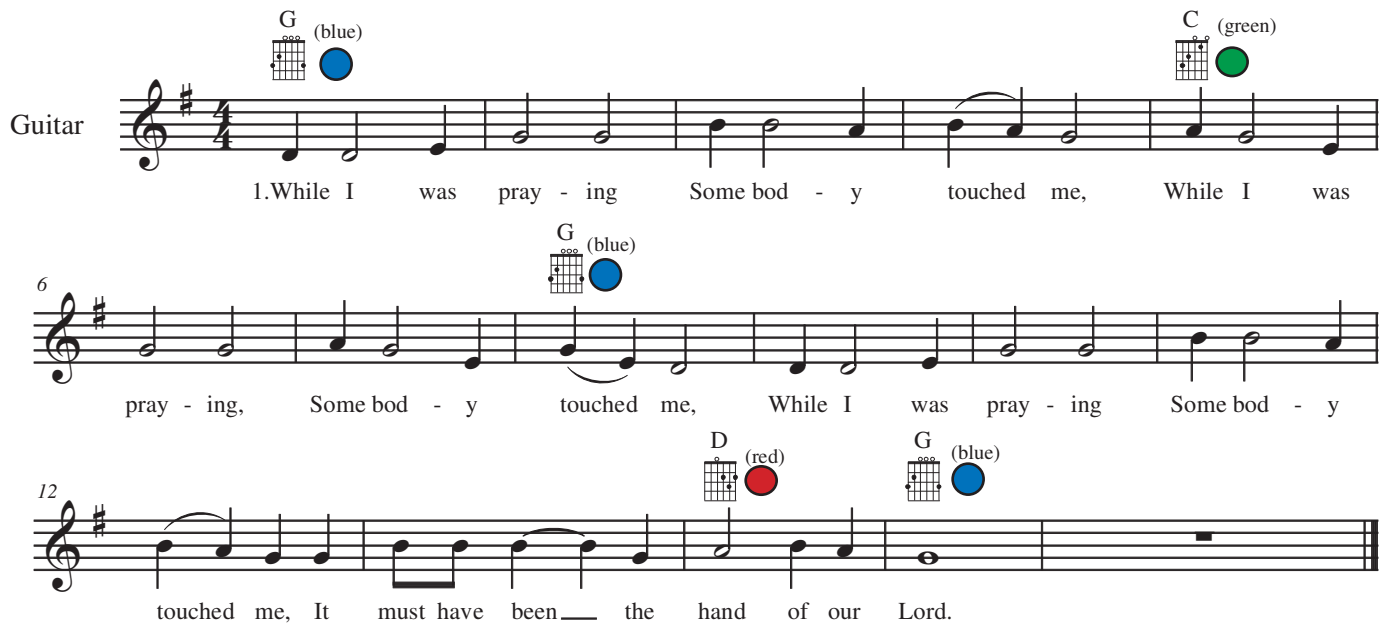
Small Town U - S - A. — Oh, — yeah, — Small — Town U-S - A. —

69    

Somebody Touched Me

Traditinal

Guitar



1. While I was pray - ing Some bod - y touched me, While I was

6 pray - ing, Some bod - y touched me, While I was pray - ing Some bod - y

12 touched me, It must have been the hand of our Lord.

Additional Lyrics

Chorus: Glory, glory, glory, Somebody touched me,
 Glory, glory, glory, Somebody touched me,
 Glory, glory, glory, Somebody touched me,
 It must have been the hand of our Lord.

2. While I ws preaching, Somebody touched me,
 While I ws preaching, Somebody touched me,
 While I ws preaching, Somebody touched me,
 It must have been the hand of our Lord.

3. While I was singing, Somebody touched me,
 While I was singing, Somebody touched me,
 While I was singing, Somebody touched me,
 It must have been the hand of our Lord.

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Southern Voice

Tom Douglas and Bob DiPiero

Guitar

Hank — Wil-liams sang — it, Num-
Aa - ron smacked — it, Mi-
ber 3 drove — it, Chuck Ber - ry twanged — it, Will Faulk - ner wrote — it. A-
chael Jor - dan dunked it, Po - cha - hon - tas tracked it, Jack Dan - iels drunk — it.
re - tha Frank - lin sold it, Dol - ly Par - ton graced — it, Ros - a Parks rode — it,
Tom Pet - ty rocked it, Doc - tor King — paved — it, Bear Bry - ant won — it,
Scar-lett O chased — it. — } Smooth as the hick-'ry wind — that blows from Mem-phis down to Ap-
Bil - ly Gra-ham saved it. — }
a - lach - i - co - la, it's "Hi, y'all. Did — ya eat — well? { Come on in, — I'm
(D.S.) Come on in, — child.
sure glad to know — ya." — } Don't let this old — gold cross — and this { All - man Broth-ers t - shirt throw —
Sure glad to know — ya." — } Crim - son Tide — t - shirt throw —
Char - lie Dan - iels t - shirt throw —
— ya. — It's ci - ca - das mak-in' noise — with a South-ern voice. —
— ya. — It's ci - ca - das mak-in' noise — }
— ya. — We're just boys — mak-in' noise — }

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Southern Voice

2

29 G (blue) C (green) G (blue) C (green) 2 C (green)

Hank

35 G (blue) C (green) G (blue) D (red) G (blue)

40 C (green) G (blue) D (red) G (blue) C (green)

Je - sus is my friend, —

45 G (blue) C (green) D (red)

A - mer - i - ca is my home. — Sweet iced tea — and Jer — ry Lee, — Day -

49 D.S. al Coda C (green)

to - na Beach, that's what gets to me. — I can feel it in — my bones. — Yeah,

54 G (blue) C (green) G (blue) C (green)

— yeah, — yeah, yeah, — Wouth - ern — voice. — I got a South - ern — voice.

59 G (blue) C (green) G (blue) C (green) G (blue) C (green)

South - ern voice. —

65 G (blue) C (green) G (blue)

Standing in the Need of Prayer

Traditional

Guitar

Verse

G (blue)

1. Not my brother, not my sister but it's me, oh Lord, — Stand ing in the need of

4

prayer, Not my brother, not my sister but it's me, oh Lord, — Stand ing in the need of

8

G (blue) Chorus G (blue)

prayer. It's me, it's me, it's me, oh Lord, — Stand ing in the need of prayer, It's

13

D (red) G (blue)

me, it's me, it's me, oh Lord, — Stand-ing in the need of prayer.

Additional Lyrics

2. Not the prophet, not the preacher, but it's me, oh Lord,
 Standing in the need of prayer,
 Not the deacon, not the teacher, but it's me, oh Lord,
 Standing in the need of prayer.

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Streets of Bakersfield

Homer Joy

Guitar

9
1. I came here look ing for some - thing _____
3. See Additional Lyrics
I could n't find an - y - where else. _____

17
Hey, I'm not tryin' to be no - bod - y,
I just want a chance to be _____ my self.

25
2. I've spent a thou-sand miles of thumb - ing. _____
4. See Additional Lyrics
Yes, I've worn blis-ters on _____ my heels,

32
tryin' to find _____ me some thing bet-ter,
here on _____ the streets of Ba-kers - field.

40
C (green) G (blue) N.C.
Hey, you don't know me but you don't like me. _____
You say you care _____ less how I

47
G (blue) C (green) D (red)
feel. _____
But how man-y of you that sit and judge me _____
ev-er walked the streets of Ba-ders-

55
G (blue) 1. C (green) G (blue) 2. C (green) D.S. al Coda Coda
To Coda N.C.
field?
How man-y of you that sit and judge me _____

63
D (red) G (blue) C (green) G (blue)
ev-er walked the streets of Ba - kers - field?

Additional Lyrics

3. I spent some time in San Francisco.
I spent a night there in the can.
They threw this drunk man in my jail cell.
I took fifteen dollars from that man.

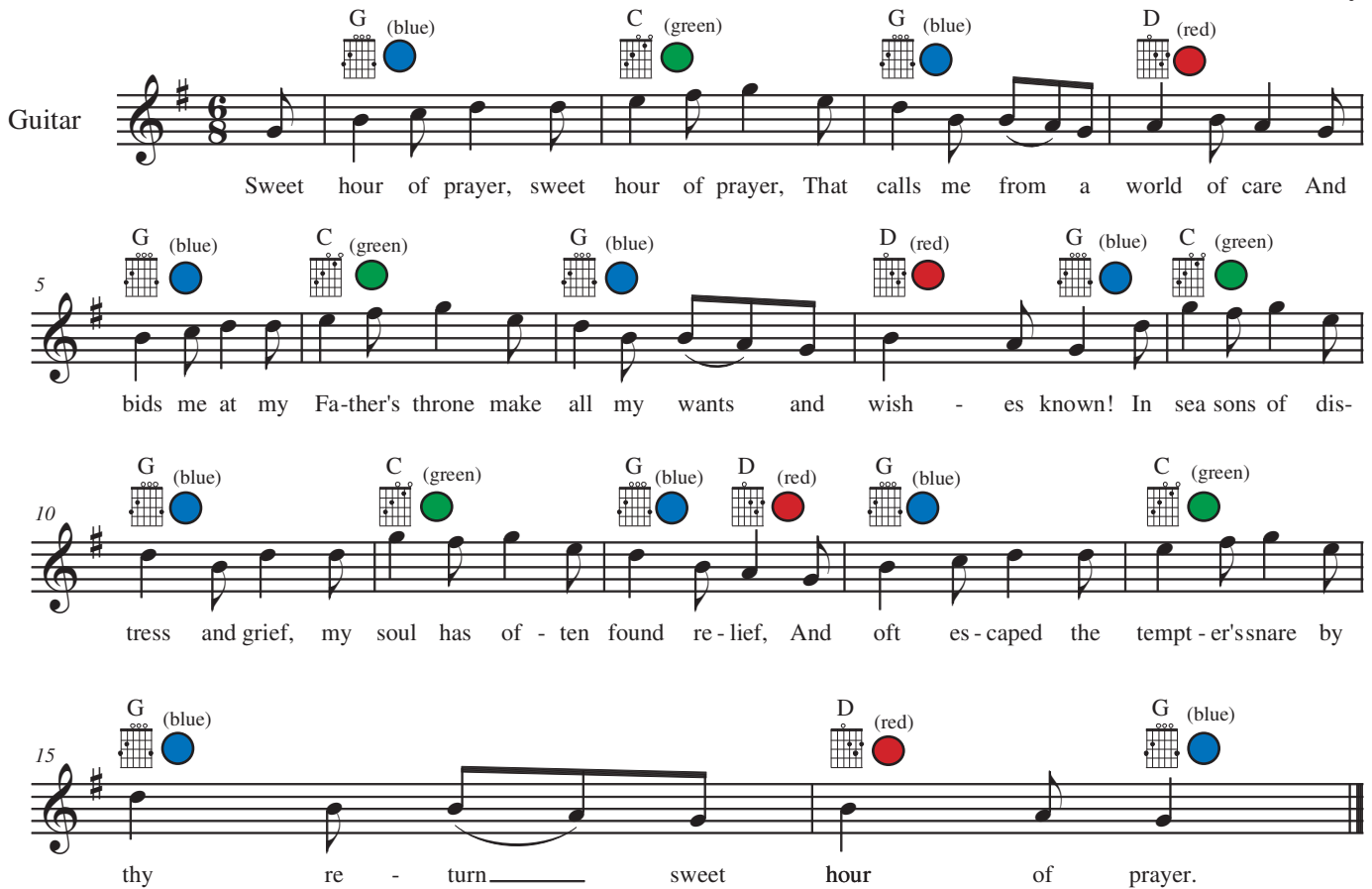
4. Left him my watch and my old house key
Don't want floks thinkin' that I'd steal.
Then I thanked him as I was leaving,
And I headed out for Bakersfield..

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Sweet Hour of Prayer

William W. Walford
William B. Bradbury

Guitar



Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care And

5 bids me at my Fa-ther's throne make all my wants and wish - es known! In sea sons of dis-

10 tress and grief, my soul has of - ten found re - lief, And oft es - caped the tempt - er's snare by

15 thy re - turn sweet hour of prayer.

Additional Lyrics

2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wing shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His Word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my ev'ry care, And wait for thee sweet hour of prayer.
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise to seize the everlasting prize;
And shout while passing thro' the air, "Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!"

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Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Traditional

Guitar

Verse

(Cho): Swing low, Sweet char - i - ot. Com in' for to car-ry me home. Swing

low, Sweet char - i - ot. Com in' for to car-ry me home. 1. Well, I looked o-ver Jor dan and

what did I see, Com in' for to car-ry me home, A band of angels a' com in' af ter me,

com - in' for to car - ry me home.

Chorus

5

10

15

G (blue) C (green) G (blue) D (red) G (blue) G (blue)

C (green) G (blue) D (red) G (blue) C (green) G (blue)

D (red) G (blue)

Additional Lyrics

(Chorus)

2. If you get to heaven 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)

3. I'm sometimes up and I'm some times down,
Comin' for to carry me home,
But still I know I'm heavenly bound,
Comin' for to carry me home

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Tennessee Flat Top Box

Johnny Cash

Intro
Brightly

Guitar

6 Verse

In a lit - tle cab - a - ret in a South Tex - as

12 bor - der - town, — sat a boy and his gui tar — and the peo - ple came from all a - round. — And

17 all the girls — from there to Aus - tin — were slip - ping a - way — from

23 home and put - ting jewel - ry in hock — to take — a trip to go and lis - ten

29 to the lit - tle dark - haired boy who played the Ten - nes - see flat top box. And he would play

35 Interlude

42

49 Repeat and Fade

Additional Lyrics

2. Well, he couldn't ride or wrangle and he never cared to make a dime,
But give him his guitar, and he'd be happy all the time.
And all the girls from nine to ninety
Were snapping fingers, tapping toes and begging him, "Don't stop,"
nd hypnotized, and fascinated by the
Little dark hired boy who played Tennessee flat top box.
And he would :play.

3. Then one day he was gone and no one ever saw him 'round.
He vanished like the breeze; they forgot him in the little town.
But all the girls still dreamed about him.
And hung around the cabaret until the doors were locked.
And then one day on the hit parade was a
Little dark haired boy who played Tennessee flat top box.
And he would play.

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The Church in the Wildwood

Wm. Pitts

Guitar

1. There's a church in the valley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er place in the dale, no
 spot is so dear to my child-hood, As the lit-tle brown church in the vale. Oh,
 Chorus G (blue) D (red) G (blue)
 9 come to the church by the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale, No—
 13 C (green) G (blue) D (red) G (blue)
 spot is so dear to my child-hood, As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.

Additional Lyrics

2. How sweet on a clear Sabbath morning, To listen to the clear ringing bell,
 It's tones so sweetly are calling, Oh, come to the church in the vale.
 (Chorus)
3. There, close by the church in the valley, Lies one that I loved so well,
 She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the willow, Disturb not her rest in the vale.
 (Chorus)
4. There, close by the side of that love one, "Neath the trees where the wild flowers bloom,
 When the farewell hymn shall be chanted, I shall rest by her side in the tomb.
 (Chorus)

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The Crawdad Song

Traditional

Guitar

G (blue)

(Chorus) You get a line and I'll get a po - le hon-ey, You get a line and

6

D (red)

G (blue)

C (green)

I'll get a pole ba - be, You get a line and I'll get a pole, we'll go down to teh

12

G (blue)

D (red)

G (blue)

craw - dad hole, — hon - ey, ba - by mine.

Additional Lyrics

1. Set on the bank 'til my feet got cold honey,
Set on the bank 'til my feet got cold babe,
Set on the bank 'til my feet got cold,
It's a sight to see the crawdads jump in that hole,
Honey, baby mine.
2. Yonder come a man with a sack on his back honey,
Yonder come a man with a sack on his back babe,
Yonder come a man with a sack on his back,
He's got more crawdads than he can pack,
Honey, baby mine.
3. He fell down and he broke that sack honey,
He fell down and he broke that sack babe,
He fell down and he broke that sack,
Was a sight to see the crawdads backing back,
Honey, baby mine.
4. What did the hen duck say to the drake honey?
What did the hen duck say to the drake babe?
What did the hen duck say to the drake,
"There ain't no crawdads in that lake, "
Honey, baby mine.

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The Fightin' Side of Me

Merle Haggard

Guitar

Verse

1. I hear
 peo-ple talk-in' bad a-bout the way they have to live here in this count ry.
 Harp-in' on the wars we fight grip-in' 'bout the way things ought to be. I don't mind them
 switch-in' sides and stand-in' up for things they be-lieve in when they're run-nin' down our
 count-ry man they're walk-in' on the fight-in' side of me. They're walk-in' on the
 fight-in' side of me. Run-nin' down a way of life our fight-in' men have
 fought and died to keep, if you don't love it, leave it, let this song that i'm
 sing in' be a warn ing, when you're run-nin' down our count-ry hoss you're walk-in' on the
 fight-ing side of me. I me.

Chorus

1. G (blue) 2. G (blue)

Additional Lyrics

2. I read about some squirley guy who claims he just don't believe in fightin',
 And I wonder just how long the rest of us can count on bein' free.
 They love our milk and honey but they preach about some other way of livin',
 When they're runnin' down our country man they're walkin' on the fightin' side of me.

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The Long Black Veil

Marijohn Wilkin and Danny Dill

Guitar

Intro D (red) C (green) G (blue) *Verse* G (blue)

8 night— some - one was killed 'neath the town hall light. There were few at the scene but they

15 all a - greed that the slay - er who ran looked a lot like me. 2. The wife. She

Chorus C (green) G (blue) C (green) G (blue) C (green) G (blue) C (green) G (blue)

22 walks these hills in a long black veil. She vis - its my grave when the night winds

29 wail. No bod - y knows, no - bod - y sees, no - bod - y

36 knows but me. 3. The me.

To Coda C (green) G (blue) *D.S. al Coda (take 2nd ending)* C (green) G (blue) *Coda*

Additional Lyrics

2. The judge said, "Son, what is your alibi?
If you were somewhere else, then you won't have to die."
I spoke not a word althought it meant my life.
For I had been in the arms of my best friend's wife.
(Chorus)

3. The scaffold was high and eternity near.
She stood in the crowd and shed not a tear.
But sometimes at night when the cold wind moans
In a long black veil she cries o'er my bones.
(Chorus)

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The Old Time Religion

Spiritual

Guitar

It's the old time re - lig - ion, — It's the old time re - lig - ion, — It's the

5 old time re - lig - ion, — And it's good e - nough for me.

Additional Lyrics

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. It was good for Paul and Silas,
It was good for Paul and Silas,
It was good for Paul and Silas
And it's good enough for me. | 3. It is good for my brother,
It is good for my neighbor,
It is good for my country
And it's good enough for me. |
| 2. It was good for our mathers,
It was good for our mothers,
If it's good for our parents
Then it's good enough for me. | 4. Makes me love ev'rybody,
Makes me love ev'rybody,
Makes me love ev'rybody
And it's good enough for me. |

This Little Light of Mine

Traditional

Guitar

1. This lit-tle light of mine, _____ I'm gon-na let it _____ shine, _____

5 This lit - tle light of mine, _____ I'm gon-na let it _____ shine, _____

9 This lit-tle light of mine, _____ I'm gon na let it _____ shine, _____ Let it shine, Let it

14 shine, Let it shine. _____

G (blue)

C (green)

G (blue)

Em (yellow)

G (blue)

D (red)

G (blue)

Additional Lyrics

2. Hide it under a bushel, no! I'm gonna let it shine,
Hide it under a bushel, no! I'm gonna let it shine,
Hide it under a bushel, no! I'm gonna let it shine,
Let it shine, Let it shine, Let it shine.
3. Won't let Satan blow it out, I'm gonna let it shine,
Won't let Satan blow it out, I'm gonna let it shine,
Won't let Satan blow it out, I'm gonna let it shine,
Let it shine, Let it shine, Let it shine.
4. Let it shine 'til Jesus comes, I'm gonna let it shine,
Let it shine 'til Jesus comes, I'm gonna let it shine,
Let it shine 'til Jesus comes, I'm gonna let it shine,
Let it shine, Let it shine, Let it shine.

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This Train

Traditional

Guitar

1. This train is bound for glo - ry, this train, _____

5 This train is bound for glo - ry this train, _____

9 This train is bound for glo - ry, don't car - ry noth-ing but the right eous and the ho - ly

13 This train is bound for glo - ry, this train. _____

Additional Lyrics

2. This train don't carry no gamblers, this train,
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train,
This train don't carry no gamblers,
No hypocrites, no midnight rambles,
This train is bound for glory, this train.
3. This train don't carry no liars, this train,
This train don't carry no liars, this train,
This train don't carry no liars,
No hypocrites and no high flyers,
This train is bound for glory, this train.
4. This train don't carry no rustlers, this train,
This train don't carry no rustlers, this train,
This train don't carry no rustlers,
No street walkers, no two bit hustlers,
This train is bound for glory, this train.

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Travelin' Band

John C. Fogerty

Guitar

Sev-en Thir-ty Sev-en com-in' out of the sky, — Won't you
take me down to Memphis on a mid-night ride, I wan na move, Play-in' in a Tra-vel-in' Band. — Yeah!

Well, I'm fly in' cross the land, try'in' — to get a hand, Play in in' in a Tra vel in' Band.

Well, — I'm play - in' in a Tra - vel - in' Band; — Play - in' in a Trav - el - in' Band, —

What you gon-na tell I am, — well, I'm play-in' in a Trav-el-in' Band. — Well, I'm fly-in' cross the land, try'n'

— to get a hand, Play in' in a Tra vel in' Band, —

Additional Lyrics

2. Take me to the hotel, Baggage gone, oh, well,
Come on, come on, won't you get me to my room,
I wanna move.

3. Listen to the radio, Talkin' 'bout the last show,
Someone got excited, Had to call the State Militia,
Wanna move,

4. Here we come again on a Saturday night
With your fussin' and a-fight-in' Won't you get me to the rhymen,
I wanna move.

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Twist and Shout

Bert Russell and Phil Medley

Guitar

The musical score is written for guitar in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It includes guitar chords indicated by letters (G, C, D) and colors (blue for G, green for C, red for D). The score is divided into systems, with measure numbers 6, 11, 16, 21, 28, 32, and 37 marked at the beginning of each system. The lyrics are written below the guitar staff, with some lines having multiple verses. The score includes a guitar solo section (measures 21-24) and a bridge section (measures 25-28). The final section is a coda (measures 29-37) that repeats the main melody.

1. Well, shake it up (2.,3.)ba - by now _____

twist and shout. _____ Come on, come on, come on, come on, ba-by now, _____ come on and work it on

out. _____ Well, work it on out. _____ You know you look so good. _____

2.,3. You know you twist, little girl, _____ You know you twist so fine. _____

— You know you got me go - in' now, _____ just like I knew you would. _____ Well, shake it up

— Come on and twist alittle clos-er now, _____ and let me know thatyou're mine. _____

Guitar Solo (play 4 times)

Oo. Ah, ah, ah, ah,

Coda

ah! Shake it up Well, shake it, shake it, shake it, ba - by, now. _____

Well, shake it, shake it, shake it, ba - by, now. _____ Ah, ah,

ah, ah!

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Wabash Cannonball

Woode & Fulmer, 1881

Guitar

1. From the great At-lan-tic O-cean to the wide Pa-cif-ic shore, From the
queen of flow-ing mou-tains to the south land by the shore, She's might-y tall and hand some,
known quite well by all, She's the reg-u-lar com-bi-na-tion of the Wa-bash Can-non-ball.

Additional Lyrics

Chorus: Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar,
As she glides along the woodland through the hills and by the shore,
Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear the lonesome hobo's squall,
You're traveling through the jungle on the Wabash Cannonball.

2. She came down from Birmingham one cold December day,
As she pulled into the station you could hear all the people say,
There's a girl from Tennessee, she's long and she's tall,
She came down from Birmingham on the Wabash Cannonball
3. Our eastern states are dandy, so the people always say,
From New York to St. Louis, and Chicago by the way,
From the hills of Minnesota, where the rippling waters fall,
No changes can be taken, on the Wabash Cannonball.
4. Here's to Daddy Claxton, may his name forever stand,
And always be remembered in the courts throughout the land,
His earthly race is over and the curtains 'round him fall,
We'll carry him home to victory on the Wabash Cannonball.
5. I have rode the I.C. Limited, also the Royal Blue
Across the eastern countries on mail car number two,
I have rode those highball trains from coast to coast that's all,
But I have found no equal to the Wabash Cannonball.

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Waterloo

John Loudermilk
Marijohn Wilkin

Guitar

Verse

1. Now old A - dam — was the first in his - to - ry with an ap - ple. he was

4 temp - ted and de - ceived. Just for spite, the dev - il made him take a bite, and that's

7 where old A - dam met his Wa - ter - loo. Chorus Wa - ter - loo, Wa - ter - loo; Where will

11 you meet your Wa - ter - loo? Ev - ry pup - py has its' day ev - ry - bo - dy has to pay. Ev - ry

15 bo - dy has to meet he Wa - ter - loo. 2. Lit - tle loo. 3. Now a loo.

To Coda

1. G (blue)

2. G (blue)

D.S. al Coda

Coda

G (blue)

Additional Lyrics

2. Little General Napoleon of France
Tried to conquer the world, but lost his chance.
Met defeat known as Bonaparte's retreat.
And that's where Napoleon met his Waterloo.
(Chorus)

3. Now a fella who's darlin' proved untrue,
Took her life, but he lost his too.
Now he swings where the little birdies sing
And that's where Tom Dooley met his Waterloo.
(Chorus)

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What a Friend We Have in Jesus

Converse & Scriven, ca. 1868

Guitar

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, all our sins and griefs to bear!

5 What a priv-i-lege to car - ry, ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O, what peace we of-ten

10 for - feit, O, what need-less pain we bear, All be-cause we do not car - ry,

15 ev' - - - ry - thing to God in prayer.

Additional Lyrics

2. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged; take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful, who will all our burdens share?
Jesus knows our every weakness; take it to the Lord in prayer.
3. Are we weak and heavy laden, cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge, take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do your friends despise, forsake you? Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield you; you will find a solace there.
4. Blessed Savior, Thou hast promised, Thou wilt all our burdens bear,
May we ever, Lord, be bringing, all to Thee in earnest prayer.
Soon in glory bright unclouded, there will be no need for prayer,
Rapture, praise and endless worship, will be our sweet portion there.

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When I Lay My Burden Down

Traditional

Guitar

(Chorus) Glo ry glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, When I lay my

6 bur - den down, Glo - ry glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, When I lay my

14 bur - - - den down.

Additional Lyrics

1. I'm going home to live with Jesus,
When I lay my burden down
I'm going home to live with Jesus,
When I lay my burden down.
2. All my troubles will be over,
When I lay my burden down,
All my troubles will be over,
When I lay my burden down.
3. Going to meet my loving mother,
When I lay my burden down,
Going to meet my loving mother,
When I lay my burden down.
4. All my sickness will be over,
When I lay my burden down,
All my sickness will be over,
When I lay my burden down.

Stanley Bros., L. Sparks
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When the Roll is Called Up Yonder

J.M. Black, 1893

Guitar

Verse

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the

3 morn - ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver

6 on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll — is called up

10 yon - der, When the roll, — is called up yon - der, When the roll — is called up yon - der, When the

15 roll is called up yon - der I'll be there.

Chorus

G (blue)

C (green)

D (red)

G (blue)

G (blue)

G (blue)

D (red)

C (green)

G (blue)

D (red)

G (blue)

Additional Lyrics

2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share;
When His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
(Chorus)
3. Let us labor for the Master from the dawn 'til setting sun,
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care;
Then when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
(Chorus)

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When the Saints Go Marching In

Traditional

Guitar

1. Oh, when the saints, go march ing in, Oh, when the saints go

6 march - ing in, Lord, I want to be in that num - ber, When the

13 saints go march - ing in.

Additional Lyrics

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Oh, when that sun, refuse to shine,
Oh, when that sun refuse to shine,
Lord, I want to be in that number,
When that sun refuse to shine.</p> <p>3. Oh, when that moon, goes down in blood,
Oh, when that moon goes down in blood,
Lord, I want to be in that number,
When that moon goes doewn in blood.</p> | <p>4. Oh, when they crown Him King of kings,
Oh, when they crown Him King of kings,
Lord I want to be in that number,
When they crown Him King of kings.</p> <p>5. Oh, when they gather 'round the throne,
Oh, when they gather 'round the throne,
Lord, I want to be in that number,
When they gather 'round the throne.</p> |
| <p>6. Oh, while the happy ages roll,
Oh, while the happy ages roll,
Lord, I want to be in that number,
While the happy ages roll.</p> | |

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Who'll Stop the Rain

John C. Fogerty

Guitar

6 1. Long as I re - mem - ber The rain been com-in' down.

11 Clouds of mys - t'ry pour - in' Con - fus - ion on the ground. Good men through the

16 ag - es, Tryin' to find the sun; And I won - der, Still I won - der, Who'll Stop the Rain, —

22 1. 2.

26 3. Heard the sing - ers play - in', How we cheered for more. The crowd had rushed to- geth-

31 - er, Try-in to keep warm. Still the rain kept pour-in', Fall-in' on my

37 ears. And I won - der, Still I won - der, Who'll Stop the Rain. —

43 E m (yellow) repeat and fade

Additional Lyrics

2. I went down Virginia, Seekin' shelter from the storm.
Caught up in the fable, I watched the tower grow.
Five year plans and new deals, Wrapped in golden chains.
And I wonder, Still I wonder,
Who'll Stop the Rain.

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Why Me?

(Why Me, Lord?)

Kris Kristofferson

Guitar

C (green) G (blue) D (red) G (blue) D (red)

1. (Spoken):
Why me Lord?

Verse G (blue) C (green) G (blue) D (red) G (blue)

9 What have I ev - er done to de - serve e - ven one of the plea - sures — I've known?

16 (Spoken):
— Tell me Lord, What did I ev - er do that was worth lov - ing you, or the kind ness you've shown?

Chorus C (green) G (blue) D (red) G (blue)

24 — Lord, help me Je - sus, I've wast - ed it so, help me Je - sus, I know what I am. —

32 G (blue) C (green) G (blue) D (red) 1. G (blue)
To Coda

But now that I know that I've need - ed you so, help me Je - sus, my soul's in Your hands.

40 D (red) 2. G (blue) D.S. al Coda Coda G (blue) D (red) C (green) G (blue)

2. (Spoken):
Try me Lord, hands; hands. — Je - sus, my soul's in Your hands. —

Additional Lyrics

2. Try me, Lord, if you think there's a way
I can try to repya all I've taken from you.
Maybe, Lord, I can show someone else
What I've been thru myself, on my way back to you.

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Will the Circle Be Unbroken?

Traditional

Guitar

1. I was stand - ing by my win - dow, On a cold and

6 cloud - y day, When I saw the hearse come roll - ing For to

13 car - ry my moth - er a - way.

Additional Lyrics

Chorus: Will the circle be unbroken,
Bye and bye Lord bye and bye,
There's a better home a'waiting,
In the sky Lord in the sky.

2. Well I told the undertaker,
"Undertaker please drive slow,
For that body you are carrying,
Lord, I hate to see her go."

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

4. Went back home, Lord, my home was lonesome,
Since my mother, she was gone,
All my brothers, sisters crying,
What a home so sad and lone.

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Worried Man Blues

Traditional

Guitar

(Cho.)It takes a wor-ried man to sing a wor-ried song, It

5 takes a wor-ried man to sing a wor-ried song, I'm wor-ried now, But I

10 won't be wor-ried long.

Additional Lyrics

1. I went across the river, And i lay down to sleep,
I went across the river, And I lay down to sleep,
When I awoke, i had shacles on my feet.
2. Twenty nine links of chain around my leg,
Twenty nine links of chain around my leg,
And on each link an initial of my name.
3. I asked the judge, what might be my fine,
I asked the judge, what might be my fine,
Twenty one years on the R.C. Mountain Line.
4. If anyone should ask you, who composed this song,
If anyone should ask you, who composed this song,
Tell them 'twas I, and I sing it all day long.
5. I looked down the track, as far as I could see,
I looked down the track, as far as I could see,
A little hand was waving after me.

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You Don't Want My Love

Roger Miller

Guitar

Intro

C (green)

G (blue)

D (red)

1. G (blue)

2. G (blue) D (red)

Verse

G (blue)

In the sum mer time when

7

D (red)

G (blue)

all the trees and leaves are green___ and the red bird sings, I'll be blue___ 'cause you don't want my love.

14

D (red)

G (blue)

2. "Some oth er time," that's what you say when I want you.___ Then you laugh at me and make me cry___

21

G (blue)

C (green)

Chorus

"'cause you don't want my love.___ You don't seem to care a thing a - bout me,___ you'd rath-er live with-

27

G (blue)

D (red)

out me than to have my arms a - round you when the nights are cold and you're so all a - lone.___ 3. In the

Verse

G (blue)

34

D (red)

sum mer-time when all the trees and leaves are green___ and the red bird sings, I'll be blue___

40

1. G (blue)

D (red)

2. G (blue)

C (green)

Outro

___ 'cause you don't want my love.___ 4. Once up - want my love.___

46

G (blue)

D (red)

1. G (blue)

2. G (blue)

Additional Lyrics

4. Once upon a time you used to smile and wave to me
And walk with me but now you don't 'cause you don't want my love.

5. Some other guy is takin' up all your time.
Now you don't have any time for me, 'cause you don't want my love.

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