

Shepton Mallet Ukulele Group (SMUG)



Song Book No. 4 Country & Folk

www.sheptonmalletukulelegroup.com



Shepton Mallet Ukulele Group

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All Around My Hat (Key C) - 1820

artist - Maddie Prior & Steeleye Span, writer - Traditional

Strumming Pattern - Down Up

Time Signature - 4/4

(142)

Introduction - [F↓] [G↓]

[C] All a-[G]round my [C] hat, I will wear the green [G] willow,
And [C] all a-[G]round my [C] hat, for a twelve-month [D] and a [G] day,
And if [G] anyone should [C] ask me the [F] reason why I'm [Am] wearin' [Am↓] it,
It's [C] all [G] for my [C] true love who's far, [G] far, a-[C]way. [F↓] [G↓]

[C] Fare thee [G] well cold [C] winter, and fare thee well cold [G] frost,
Oh [C] nothing [G] have I [C] gained, but my own true [D] love I've [G] lost,
I'll [G] sing and I'll be [C] merry, [F] when occa...sion [Am] I do [Am↓] see,
[NC] He's a [C] false de-[G]luded [C] young man, let him go, [G] fare well [C↓] he.
[G↓] And

[C] All a-[G]round my [C] hat, I will wear the green [G] willow,
And [C] all a-[G]round my [C] hat, for a twelve-month [D] and a [G] day,
And if [G] anyone should [C] ask me the [F] reason why I'm [Am] wearin' [Am↓] it,
[NC] It's [C] all [G] for my [C] true love who's far, [G] far, a-[C]way. [F↓] [G↓]

The [C] other [G] night he [C] brought me a fine diamond [G] ring,
But he [C] thought [G] to de-[C]prive me of a far [D] finer [G] thing,
But I being [C] careful, like [F] true lovers [Am] ought to [Am↓] be,
[NC] He's a [C] false de-[G]luded [C] young man, let him go, [G] fare well [C↓] he.
[G↓] And

[C] All a-[G]round my [C] hat, I will wear the green [G] willow,
And [C] all a-[G]round my [C] hat, for a twelve-month [D] and a [G] day,
And if [G] anyone should [C] ask me the [F] reason why I'm [Am] wearin' it,
[NC] It's [C] all [G] for my [C] true love who's far, [G] far, a-[C]way [F↓] [G↓]

[C] All a-[G]round my [C] hat, I will [C] wear the green [G] willow,
And [C] all a-[G]round my [C] hat, for a [C] twelve-month [D] and a [G] day,
And if [G] anyone should [C] ask me the [F] reason why I'm [Am↓↓] wearin' [Am↓] it,
[NC] It's [C] all [G] for my [C] true love who's far, [G] far, a-[C]way, [F↓] [G↓] [C↓]



Amazing Grace (Key C) - 1772

artist - Judy Collins, writer - John Newton

Strumming Pattern - Down Up

Time Signature - 3/4

Introduction - Verse 1 played on harmonica

A-[C]mazing [C7] grace, how [F] sweet the [C] sound,
That [Am] saved a [D7] wretch like [G7] me,
I [C] once was [C7] lost, but [F] now i'm [C] found,
Was [Am] blind but [G7] now I [F] see. [C]

T'was [C] grace that [C7] taught my [F] heart to [C] fear,
And [Am] grace my [D7] fears re-[G7]lieved,
How [C] precious [C7] did that [F] grace ap-[C]pear,
The [Am] hour I [G7] first be-[F]lieved. [C]

Through [C] many [C7] dangers, [F] toils and [C] snares,
We [Am] have al-[D7]ready [G7] come,
T'was [C] grace hath [C7] brought us [F] safe thus [C] far,
And [Am] grace will [G7] lead us [F] home. [C]

When [C] we've been [C7] here ten [F] thousand [C] years,
Bright [Am] shining [D7] like the [G7] sun,
We've [C] no less [C7] days to [F] sing God's [C] praise,
Than [Am] when we [G7] first be-[F]gun. [C]

A-[C]mazing [C7] grace, how [F] sweet the [C] sound,
That [Am] saved a [D7] wretch [G7] like me,
I [C] once was [C7] lost, but [F] now am [C] found,
Was [Am] blind but [G7] now I [F] see. [C↓]



Black Velvet Band (Key G) - Circa 1800s

artist - The Dubliners, writer - Traditional

Strumming Pattern - Down Up, Down Up, Down

Time Signature - 3/4

Introduction - [G] [Am] [D] [G]

In a neat [G] little town they called Belfast, Apprentice to [C] trade I was [D] bound,
And [G] many an hour's sweet happiness, Have I [Am] spent in that [D] neat little [G] town,
A sad misfortune came over me, Which caused me to [C] stray from the [D] land,
Far away [G] from me friends and relations, Betrayed [Am] by the [D] black velvet [G] band.

Chorus

Her eyes they shown like diamonds, I thought her the [C] queen of the [D] land,
And her [G] hair, it hung over her shoulder, Tied [Am] up with a [D] black velvet [G] band

I took a stroll down Broadway, Meaning not long [C] for to [D] stay,
When who [G] should I meet but this pretty fair maid,
Come a-[Am]traipsing [D] along the [G] highway,
She was both fair and handsome, Her neck, it was [C] just like a [D] swan,
And her [G] hair, it hung over her shoulder, Tied [Am] up with a [D] black velvet [G] band.

Chorus

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid, And a gentleman [C] passing us [D] by,
Well, I [G] knew she meant the doing of him, By the [Am] look in her [D] roguish black [G] eye,
A gold watch she took from his pocket, And placed it right [C] into my [D] hand,
And the very first [G] thing that I said, was, What [Am] says to the [D] black velvet [G] band,

Chorus

Before the judge and the jury, Next morning, [C] I had to [D] appear,
The [G] judge, he says to me "Young man, you're [Am] case it is [D] proven [G] clear,
We'll give you seven years penal servitude, To be spent far [C] away from the [D] land,
Far away [G] from your friends and relations, Betrayed [Am] by the [D] black velvet [G] band".

Chorus

So come all you jolly young fellows, A warning [C] take by [D] me,
When you [G] are out on the town, me boys, Beware [Am] of the [D] pretty [G] colleens,
They'll feed you with strong drink, me lads, 'Til you are [C] unable to [D] stand,
And the [G] very first thing that you'll know is, You've [Am] landed in [D] Van Diemens [G] Land.

Repeat chorus ending [G↓]



Blowing In The Wind (Key C) - 1962

artist - Bob Dylan, writer - Bob Dylan

Strumming Pattern - Down Up,

Time Signature - 4/4

Introduction -

[G7] The [F] answer, my [G7] friend, is [C] blowin' in the [Am] wind,
The [F] answer is [G7] blowin' in the [C] wind.

[C] How many [F] roads must a [C] man walk down,
Before you [F] call him a [G] man? [G7]
[C] How many [F] seas must a [C] white dove [Am] sail,
Be-[C]fore she [F] sleeps in the [G] sand? [G7]
[C] How many [F] times must the [C] cannonballs fly,
Before they're for-[F]ever [G] banned? [G7]
The [F] answer, my [G7] friend, is [C] blowin' in the [Am] wind,
The [F] answer is [G7] blowin' in the [C] wind.

[C] How many [F] times must a [C] man look up,
Before he can [F] see the [G] sky? [G7]
[C] How many [F] ears must [C] one man [Am] have,
Be-[C]fore he can [F] hear people [G] cry? [G7]
[C] How many [F] deaths will it [C] take 'til he knows that,
Too many [F] people have [G] died? [G7]
The [F] answer, my [G7] friend, is [C] blowin' in the [Am] wind,
The [F] answer is [G7] blowin' in the [C] wind.

[C] How many [F] years can a [C] mountain exist,
Before it is [F] washed to the [G] sea? [G7]
[C] How many [F] years can some [C] people ex-[Am]ist,
Be-[C]fore they're a-[F]llowed to be [G] free? [G7]
[C] How many [F] times can a [C] man turn his head and,
Pretend that he [F] just doesn't [G] see? [G7]
The [F] answer, my [G7] friend, is [C] blowin' in the [Am] wind,
The [F] answer is [G7] blowin' in the [C] wind.

The [F] answer, my [G7] friend, is [C] blowin' in the [Am] wind,
The [F] answer is [G7] blowin' in the [C] wind. [G↓] [C↓]



Crazy (Key C) - 1961

artist - Patsy Cline, writer - Willie Nelson

Strumming Pattern - Down, Down Up, Down Up, Down

Time Signature - 4/4

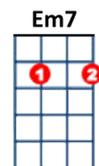
Introduction - [Dm] //// [G7] //// [C] //// [C] ////

[C] Crazy, I'm crazy [A7] for feeling so [Dm] lonely, [Dm]
I'm [G7] crazy, [G7] crazy for feeling so [C] blue, [G7]
[C] I knew, you'd [A7] love me as long as you [Dm] wanted, [Dm]
And then [G7] someday, you'd [G7] leave me for somebody
[C] new. [F] [C] [C7] - 2 beats all chords this line

Chorus

[F] Worry, [F] why do I let myself [C] worry? [C7]
[D7] Wond'rin [D7] what in the world did I [G7] do? [G7]

[C] Crazy, for [A7] thinking that my love could [Dm] hold you, [Dm]
I'm [F] crazy for [Em7] trying and [Dm] crazy for [C] crying,
And I'm [Dm] crazy for [G7] loving you. [C] - 4 beats [C] chord



Instrumental

[C] Crazy, for [A7] thinking that my love could [Dm] hold you, [Dm]
I'm [F] crazy for [Em7] trying and [Dm] crazy for [C] crying,
And I'm [Dm] crazy for [G7] loving you. [C] [C7] - 2 beats each [C] & [C7] chord

Chorus

[F] Worry, [F] why do I let myself [C] worry? [C7]
[D7] Wond'rin [D7] what in the world did I [G7] do? [G7]

[C] Crazy, for [A7] thinking that my love could [Dm] hold you, [Dm]
I'm [F] crazy for [Em7] trying and [Dm] crazy for [C] crying,
And I'm [Dm] crazy for [G7] loving (slowly) [C↓] you.



Dirty Old Town (Key C) - 1949

artist - The Pogues, writer - Ewan MacColl

Strumming Pattern - **Down Up**

Time Signature - **4/4**

Introduction - **Verse 1 played on harmonica**

[NC] I found my [C] love, by the [F] gas works [C] croft,
Dreamed a [F] dream, by the old ca-[C]nal,
[F] Kissed my [C] girl, by the [F] factory [C] wall,
Dirty old [Dm] town, dirty old [Am] town.

I heard a [C] siren [F] from the [C] docks,
Saw a [F] train set the night on [C] fire,
I [F] smelled the [C] spring on the [F] Salford [C] wind,
Dirty old [Dm] town, dirty old [Am] town.

Clouds are [C] drifting a-[F]cross the [C] moon,
Cats are [F] prowling on their [C] beats,
[F] Spring's a [C] girl in the [F] street at [C] night,
Dirty old [Dm] town, dirty old [Am] town.

I'm going to [C] make a [F] good sharp [C] axe,
Shining [F] steel tempered in the [C] fire,
I'll [F] chop you [C] down like an [F] old dead [C] tree,
Dirty old [Dm] town, dirty old [Am] town.

Instrumental

[NC] I found my [C] love, by the [F] gas works [C] croft,
Dreamed a [F] dream, by the old ca-[C]nal,
[F] Kissed my [C] girl, by the [F] factory [C] wall,
[C] Dirty old [Dm] town, dirty old [Am] town.

[NC] I found my [C] love, by the [F] gas works [C] croft,
Dreamed a [F] dream, by the old ca-[C]nal,
[F] Kissed my [C] girl, by the [F] factory [C] wall,
Dirty old [Dm] town, dirty old [Am] town,
(Slower)
Dirty old [Dm] town, dirty old [Am↓] town



Don't Think Twice (Key C) - 1962

artist - Bob Dylan, writer - Bob Dylan

Strumming Pattern - Down Up,

Time Signature - 4/4

Introduction - [C] [G] [C] [G7]

Well it [C] ain't no use to [G] sit and wonder [Am] why, babe, [Am]
[F] If'n you don't know me by [C] now, [G]
And it [C] ain't no use to [G] sit and wonder [Am] why, babe, [Am]
[D7] It'll never do some-[G7]how, [G7]
When your [C] rooster crows at the [C7] break of dawn,
[F] Look out your window and [D7] I'll be gone,
[C] You're the [G] reason I'm a [Am] trav'lin' [F] on,
[C] Don't think [G] twice, it's all [C] right. [G7]

And it [C] ain't no use in [G] turnin' on your [Am] light, babe, [Am]
[F] That light I never [C] knowed, [G]
And it [C] ain't no use in [G] turnin' on your [Am] light, babe, [Am]
[D7] I'm on the dark side of the [G7] road, [G7]
But I [C] wish there was somethin' you would [C7] do or say,
To [F] try and make me change my [D7] mind and stay,
[C] We never [G] did too much [Am] talkin' any-[F]way,
[C] Don't think [G] twice, its all [C] right. [G7]

No it [C] ain't no use in [G] callin' out my [Am] name, girl, [Am]
[F] Like you never did be-[C]fore, [G]
And it [C] ain't no use in [G] callin' out my [Am] name, gal, [Am]
[D7] I can't hear you any-[G7]more, [G7]
I'm a-[C]thinkin' and a-wond'rin' [C7] walking down the road,
I [F] once loved a woman [D7] a child I'm told,
I [C] gave her my [G] heart but she [Am] wanted my [F] soul,
[C] Don't think [G] twice, it's all [C] right. [G7]

So [C] looooooong [G] hoooooney [Am] babe, [Am]
[F] Where I'm bound, I can't [C] tell, [G]
But [C] goodbye's [G] too good a [Am] word, babe, [Am]
[D7] So I'll just say fare thee [G7] well, [G7]
I [C] ain't sayin' you treated [C7] me unkind,
You [F] could have done better but [D7] I don't mind,
[C] You just kinda [G] wasted [Am] my precious [F] time,
But [C] don't think [G] twice, it's all [C] right. [C↓] [G↓] [C↓]



Fields of Athenry (Key C) - 1979

artist - The Dubliners, writer - Peter St. John

Strumming Pattern - **Island Strum**

Time signature - 4/4

Introduction - [Dm] [G7] [C] [C]

By a [C] lonely prison wall...., I [F] heard a young girl [C] call.... [G]ing, [G7]
[C] Michael they have [F] taken you a-[G]way, [G]
For you [C] stole Trevelyn's [F] corn,
So the [C] young might see the [G] morn,
Now a prison ship lies [G7] waiting in the [C] bay. [C]

[C] Low.... [F] lie.... the [C] fields of Athen-[Am]ry,
Where [C] once we watched, the small free birds [G] fly, [G7]
Our [C] love was on the [F] wing,
We had [C] dreams and songs to [G] sing,
It's so [Dm] lonely round the [G7] fields of Athen-[C]ry. [C]

By a [C] lonely prison wall...., I [F] heard a young man [C] call.... [G]ing, [G7]
[C] Nothing matters [F] Mary when you're [G] free, [G]
Against the [C] famine and the [F] Crown,
I re-[C]-belled, they cut me [G] down,
Now you must raise our [G7] child with digni-[C]ty. [C]

[C] Low.... [F] lie.... the [C] fields of Athen-[Am]ry,
Where [C] once we watched, the small free birds [G] fly. [G7]
Our [C] love was on the [F] wing,
We had [C] dreams and songs to [G] sing,
It's so [Dm] lonely round the [G7] fields of Athen-[C]ry. [C]

By a [C] lonely harbour wall...., she [F] watched the last star [C] fall.... [G]-ing, [G7]
As the [C] prison ship sailed [F] out against the [G] sky, [G]
For she'll [C] live in hope and [F] pray, for her [C] love in Botany [G] Bay,
It's so lonely round the [G7] fields of Athen-[C]ry. [C]

[C] Low.... [F] lie..... the [C] fields of Athen-[Am]ry,
Where [C] once we watched, the small free birds [G] fly, [G7]
Our [C] love was on the [F] wing,
We had [C] dreams and songs to [G] sing,
It's so [Dm] lonely round the [G7] fields of Athen-[C]ry, [C]
It's so [Dm] lonely round the [G7] fields of Athen-[C]ry. [C↓] [G↓] [C↓]



I Walk The Line (Key A) - 1956

artist - Johnny Cash, writer - Johnny Cash

Strumming Pattern - **Down Up**
Introduction - **None**

Time Signature - **4/4**

[A] I keep a [E7] close watch on this heart of [A] mine,
[A] I keep my [E7] eyes wide open all the [A] time,
[A] I keep the [D] ends out for the tie that [A] binds,
[A] Because you're [E7] mine, I walk the [A] line.

[A] I find it [E7] very, very easy to be [A] true,
[A] I find my[E7]self alone when each day is [A] through,
[A] Yes, I'll [D] admit that I'm a fool for [A] you,
[A] Because you're [E7] mine, I walk the [A] line.

[A] As sure as [E7] night is dark and day is [A] light,
[A] I keep you [E7] on my mind both day and [A] night,
[A] And happi[D]ness I've known proves that it's [A] right,
[A] Because you're [E7] mine, I walk the [A] line.

[A] You've got a [E7] way to keep me on your [A] side,
[A] You give me [E7] cause for love that I can't [A] hide,
[A] For you I [D] know I'd even try to turn the [A] tide
[A] Because you're [E7] mine, I walk the [A] line,
[A] Because you're [E7] mine, I walk the [A] line [E7↓] [A↓]



If I Had a Hammer (Key C) - 1950

artist - Peter Paul & Mary, writer - Pete Seeger and Lee Hays

Strumming Pattern - Down, Down Up, Down Up, Down Time Signature - 4/4

Introduction - [C] Oooo [Am] oooo [F] oooo [G7] oooo
 [C] Oooo [Am] oooo [F] oooo [G7] oooo
 [C] Oooo [Am] oooo [F] oooo

If [G7] I had a [C] ha-[Am]-am-[F]mer,
I'd [G7] hammer in the [C] mo-[Am]-or-[F]ning,
I'd [G7] hammer in the [C] e-[Am]-eve-[F]ning, all over this [G7] land,
I'd hammer out [C] danger, I'd hammer out a [Am] warning,
I'd hammer out [F] love be-[C]tween my [F] brothers and my [C] sisters,
[F] All-[C]-[G7]-ll over this [C] land. [Am]/[F] [G7]/

[C] Oooo [Am] oooo [F] oooo

If [G7] I had a [C] bell, [Am]/
[F] I'd [G7] ring it in the [C] mo-[Am]-or-[F]ning,
I'd [G7] ring it in the [C] e-[Am]-eve-[F]ning, all over this [G7] land,
I'd ring out [C] danger, I'd ring out a [Am] warning,
I'd ring out [F] love be-[C]tween my [F] brothers and my [C] sisters,
[F] All-[C]-[G7]-ll over this [C] land, [Am]/[F] [G7]/

[C] Oooo [Am] oooo I [F] oooo

If [G7] I had a [C] song, [Am]/
[F] I'd [G7] sing it in the [C] mo-[Am]-or-[F]ning,
I'd [G7] sing it in the [C] e-[Am]-eve-[F]ning, all over this [G7] land,
I'd sing out [C] danger, I'd sing out a [Am] warning,
I'd sing out [F] love be-[C]tween my [F] brothers and my [C] sisters,
[F] All-[C]-[G7]-ll over this [C] land. [Am]/[F] [G7]/

[C] Oooo [Am] oooo [F] oooo

Well [G7] I got a [C] ha-[Am]-am-[F]mer,
And [G7] I got a [C] bell, [Am]/
[F] And [G7] I got a [C] song to sing, [F] all over this [G7] land,
It's the hammer of [C] justice, it's the bell of [Am] free-ee-dom
It's the song about [F] love be-[C]tween my [F] brothers and my [C] sisters,
[F] All-[C]-[G7]-ll over this [C] land, [Am]/
[F] It's the [G7] hammer of [C] justice, it's the bell of [Am] free-ee-dom,
It's the song about [F] love be-[C]tween my [F] brothers and my [C] sisters,
[F] All-[C]-[G7]-ll over this [C] la...[F]...a...[C]...and [C] [G7↓] [C↓]



Islands In The Stream (Key C) - 1983

artist - Kenny Rogers & Dolly Parton,
writer - The Bee Gees

Strumming Pattern - **Island Strum**

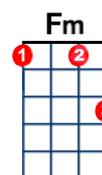
Time Signature - 4/4

Introduction - [C] [F↓] [C↓] [C] [F↓] [C↓]

[C] Baby when I met you there was peace unknown,
I set out to get you with a [C7] fine tooth comb,
I was [F] soft inside, there was something going [C] on, [F↓] [C↓]

[C] You do something to me that I can't explain,
Hold me closer and I [C7] feel no pain, every [F] beat of my heart,
We got something going [C] on.

Tender love is [F] blind it requires a dedication,
[Fm] All this love we feel needs no conversation,
We [C] ride it together uh huh, makin' love with each other uh huh.



Chorus

Islands [C] in the stream, that is what [F] we are,
No one in [Dm] between, how can we be wrong,
Sail a-[C]way with me, to a-[F]nother world,
And we re-[C]ly on each other uh huh,
From one [Dm] lover to another uh [C] huh.

[C] I can't live without you if the love was gone,
Everything is nothing when you've [C7] got no one,
And you did [F] walk in the night, slowly losing sight of the [C] real thing [F↓] [C↓]

[C] That won't happen to us and we got no doubt ,
Too deep in love and we got [C7] no way out,
And the [F] message is clear, This could be the year for the [C] real thing

No more will you [F] cry, baby I will hurt you never,
We [Fm] start and end as one in love forever
We can [C] ride it together uh huh, makin' love with each other uh huh

Chorus

Repeat Chorus ending on [C] [F↓] [C↓]



Jambalaya (Key C) - 1952

artist - Hank Williams, writer - Hank Williams

Strumming Pattern - Down, Down Up, Down Up, Down

Time Signature - 4/4

Introduction - [C] //// [G7] //// [C] //// [C↓]

[NC] Good-bye [C] Joe, me gotta go me oh [G7] my oh,
Me gotta go, pole the pirogue down the [C] bayou,
My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh [G7] my oh,
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the [C] bayou. [STOP]

[NC] Jamba-[C]laya and a crawfish pie and fillet [G7] gumbo,
'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher [C] amio,
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be [G7] gay-o,
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the [C] bayou. [STOP]

[NC] Thibo-[C]deaux, Fontainenot, the place is [G7] buzzin',
Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the [C] dozen,
Dress in style and go hog wild, me oh [G7] my oh,
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the [C] bayou. [STOP]

[NC] Jamba-[C]laya and a crawfish pie and fillet [G7] gumbo,
'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher [C] amio,
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be [G7] gay-o,
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the [C] bayou. [STOP]

[NC] Settle [C] down, far from town, get me a [G7] pirogue,
And i'll catch all the fish in the [C] bayou,
Swap my mon to buy Yvonne what she [G7] need-o,
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the [C] bayou. [STOP]

[NC] Jamba-[C]laya and a crawfish pie and fillet [G7] gumbo,
'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher [C] amio,
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be [G7] gay-o,
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the [C] bayou. [STOP]

[Slow down towards the end]

[G7] Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the [C] bayou [G7↓] [C↓]



King Of The Road (Key C) - 1964

artist - Roger Miller, writer - Roger Miller

Strumming Pattern - island Strum

Time Signature - 4/4

Introduction - [C] [F] [G7] [C]

[C] Trailers for [F] sale or rent,
[G7] Rooms to let [C] fifty cents,
No phone, no [F] pool, no pets,
[G7] Ain't got no cigarettes, ah but...

[C] two hours of [F] pushin' broom buys an,
[G7] eight by twelve [C] four-bit room,
I'm a [C7] man of [F] means by no means,
[G7] King of the [C] road.

[C] Third boxcar, [F] midnight train,
[G7] Destination [C] Bangor, Maine,
Old worn out [F] suits and shoes,
[G7] I don't pay no union dues, I smoke...

[C] old stogies [F] I have found,
[G7] Short, but not [C] too big around,
I'm a [C7] man of [F] means by no means,
[G7] King of the [C] road.

I know [C] every engineer on [F] every train,
[G7] All of their children, and [C] all of their names,
And [C] every handout in [F] every town,
And [G7] every lock that ain't locked when no one's around, I sing,...

[C] Trailers for [F] sale or rent,
[G7] Rooms to let [C] fifty cents.
No phone, no [F] pool, no pets,
[G7] Ain't got no cigarettes, ah but...

[C] two hours of [F] pushin' broom buys an,
[G7] eight by twelve [C] four-bit room,
I'm a [C7] man of [F] means by no means,
[G7] King of the [C] road,
[G7] King of the [C] road,
[G7] King of the [C↓] road.



Leaving on a Jet Plane (Key C) - 1969

artist - Peter Paul & Mary, writer - John Denver

Strumming Pattern - **Island Strum**

Time Signature - **4/4**

Introduction - **[C] [F] [C] [F]**

All my **[C]** bags are packed I'm **[F]** ready to go,
I'm **[C]** standing here out-**[F]**side your door,
I **[C]** hate to wake you **[F]** up to say good **[G7]** bye, **[G7]**
But the **[C]** dawn is breakin' it's **[F]** early morn,
The **[C]** taxi's waitin' he's **[F]** blowin' his horn,
Al-**[C]**ready I'm so **[F]** lonesome I could **[G7]** die. **[G7]**

Chorus

So **[C]** kiss me and **[F]** smile for me,
[C] Tell me that you'll **[F]** wait for me,
[C] Hold me like you'll **[F]** never let me **[G7]** go, **[G7]**
Cause I'm **[C]** leavin' **[F]** on a jet plane,
[C] Don't know when **[F]** I'll be back again,
[C] Oh **[F]** babe I hate to **[G7]** go. **[G7]**

There's so **[C]** many times I've **[F]** let you down,
[C] So many times I've **[F]** played around,
I **[C]** tell you now **[F]** they don't mean a **[G7]** thing, **[G7]**
Every **[C]** place I go I'll **[F]** think of you,
Every **[C]** song I sing I'll **[F]** sing for you,
When **[C]** I come back I'll **[F]** wear your wedding **[G7]** ring **[G7]**

Chorus

[C] Now the time has **[F]** come to leave you,
[C] One more time **[F]** let me kiss you,
Then **[C]** close your eyes, **[F]** I'll be on my **[G7]** way, **[G7]**
[C] Dream about the **[F]** days to come,
When **[C]** I won't have to **[F]** leave alone,
[C] About the times **[F]** I won't have to **[G7]** say. **[G7]**

Chorus

Cause I'm **[C]** leavin' **[F]** on a jet plane,
[C] Don't know when **[F]** I'll be back again,
[C] Oh **[F]** babe I hate to **[G7]** go. **[G7][C↓]**



Mairi's Wedding (Key C) - 1934

artist - Various, writer - J.R.Bannerman

Strumming Pattern - Down Up

Time signature - 4/4

Introduction - [F] / [G7] / [C] ///

[C] Step we gaily on w/e go,
[F] Heel for heel and [C] toe for toe,
[C] Arm in arm and row and row,
[F] All for Mairi's [G7] wedding.

[C] Over hillways, up and down,
[F] Myrtle green and [C] bracken brown,
[C] Past the shielings through the town,
[F] All for the sake of [G7] Mairi.

Chorus

[C] Step we gaily on we go,
[F] Heel for heel and [C] toe for toe,
[C] Arm in arm and row and row,
[F] All for Mairi's [G7] wedding.

[C] Red her cheeks as rowans are,
[F] Bright her eye as [C] any star,
[C] Fairest of them all by far,
[F] Is our darlin' [G7] Mairi.

Chorus

[C] Plenty herring, plenty meal,
[F] Plenty fish to [C] fill her creel,
[C] Plenty bonnie bairns as weel,
[F] That's the toast for [G7] Mairi.

Chorus

[C] Step we gaily on we go,
[F] Heel for heel and [C] toe for toe,
[C] Arm and arm and row and row,
[F] All for Mairi's [G7] wedding. [C↓]



Meet Me On The Corner (Key G) - 1972

artist - Lindisfarm, writer - Rod Clements

Strumming Pattern - Down Up

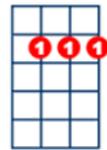
Time signature - 4/4

Introduction - [A7] //// [D] //// [G] //// [D] ////

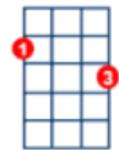
[G] Hey Mr [D] Dreamseller [Em] where have you [D] been,
Tell me [C] have you [D] dreams I can [G] see, [D]
I [C] came a-[D]long just to [G] bring [Bm] you this [Em] song,
Can you [A7] spare one [D] dream for [G] me. [D]

[G] You won't have [D] met me,
And [Em] you'll soon for-[D]get me,
So don't [C] mind me [D] tugging at your [G] sleeve,
[D] I'm [C] asking [D] you if I can [G] fix a [Bm] rendez-[Em]vous,
For your [A7] dreams are [D] all I be-[G]lieve.

Bm - alt



Am/C



Chorus

[Am/C] Meet me on the corner,
When the [Bm] lights are coming on,
And I'll be [G] there I [Bm] promise I'll be [Em] there,
[Am/C] Down the empty streets,
We'll disa-[Bm]pppear into the [Em] dawn,
If you have [Am] dreams e-[C]nough to [D] share [D7]

[G] Lay down your [D] bundles of [Em] rags and re-[D]minders,
And [C] spread your [D] wares on the [G] ground, [D]
Well [C] I've got [D] time if [G] you [Bm] deal in [Em] rhyme,
[A7] I'm just [D] hanging a-[G]round.

Chorus

[G] Hey Mr [D] Dreamseller [Em] where have you [D] been,
Tell me [C] have you [D] dreams I can [G] see,
[D] I [C] came a-[D]long just to [G] bring [Bm] you this [Em] song,
Can you [A7] spare one [D] dream for [G] me.

[G] Hey Mr [D] Dreamseller [Em] where have you [D] been,
Tell me [C] have you [D] dreams I can [G] see. [C↓] [G↓]



Mr. Tambourine Man (Key C) - 1965

artist - The Byrds, writer - Bob Dylan

Strumming Pattern - **Down, Down Up, Down Up**

Time Signature - **3/4**

Introduction -

[F] Hey Mr [G7] Tambourine Man [C] play a song for [F] me
In the [C] jingle jangle [F] morning I'll come [G7] followin' [C] you [C].

[F] Hey Mr [G7] Tambourine Man [C] play a song for [F] me,
I'm not [C] sleepy and there [F] ain't no [Dm] place I'm [G7] going to [G7],
[F] Hey Mr [G7] Tambourine Man [C] play a song for [F] me,
In the [C] jingle jangle [F] morning I'll come [G7] followin' [C] you [C].

[F] Take me for a [G7] trip upon your [C] magic swirlin' [F] ship,
All my [C] senses have been [F] stripped and my [C] hands can't feel to [F] grip,
And my [C] toes too numb to [F] step,
Wait [C] only for my [Dm] boot heels to be [G7] wanderin' [G7].

I'm [F] ready to go [G7] anywhere I'm [C] ready for to [F] fade,
In [C] to my own pa-[F]rade, cast your [C] dancing spell my [F] way,
I [Dm] promise to go [G7] under it [G7].

[F] Hey Mr [G7] Tambourine Man [C] play a song for [F] me,
I'm not [C] sleepy and there [F] ain't no [Dm] place I'm [G7] going to [G7],
[F] Hey Mr [G7] Tambourine Man [C] play a song for [F] me,
In the [C] jingle jangle [F] morning I'll come [G7] followin' [C] you [C].

Instrumental ending

[F] Hey Mr [G7] Tambourine Man [C] play a song for [F] me,
In the [C] jingle jangle [F] morning I'll come [G7] followin' [C↓] you



Puff the Magic Dragon (Key C) - 1962

artist - Peter Paul & Mary, writer - Peter Yarrow

Strumming Pattern - **Island Strum**

Time Signature - **4/4**

Introduction -

[C] Puff the magic [Em] dragon [F] lived by the [C] sea,
And [F] frolicked in the [C] autumn [Am] mist in a [D7] Land called Honah [G7] Lee,

[C] Puff the magic [Em] dragon [F] lived by the [C] sea,
And [F] frolicked in the [C] autumn [Am] mist in a [D7] land called Honah [G7] Lee,
[C] Little Jackie [Em] Paper [F] loved that rascal [C] Puff,
And [F] bought him strings and [C] sealing [Am] wax
and [D7] other [G7] fancy [C] stuff. [G7] Oh!



Chorus

[C] Puff the magic [Em] dragon [F] lived by the [C] sea,
And [F] frolicked in the [C] autumn [Am] mist in a [D7] Land called Honah [G7] Lee,
[C] Puff the magic [Em] dragon [F] lived by the [C] sea
And [F] frolicked in the [C] autumn [Am] mist in a [D7] Land called [G7] Honah [C] Lee.

[C] Together they would [Em] travel on a [F] boat with billowed [C] sail,
[F] Jackie kept a [C] look out [Am7] perched on [D7] Puff's gigantic [G7] tail,
[C] Noble kings and [Em] princes would [F] bow when e're they [C] came,
[F] Pirate ships would [C] low'r their [Am7] flag
when [D7] Puff roared [G7] out his [C] name. [G7] Oh!

Chorus

[C] A Dragon Lives for [Em] ever but [F] not so little [C] boys,
[F] Painted wings and [C] giant [Am7] rings make [D7] way for other [G7] toys,
[C] One grey night it [Em] happened, Jackie [F] Paper came no [C] more,
And [F] Puff that mighty [C] dragon, [Am7] he
[D7] ceased his [G7] fearless [C] roar. [G7] Oh!

Chorus

His [C] head was bent in [Em] sorrow, green [F] scales fell like [C] rain,
[F] Puff no longer [C] went to [Am7] play [D7] along the cherry [G7] lane,
With-[C]out his lifelong [Em] friend, [F] Puff could not be [C] brave,
(slowly with sadness)
So [F] Puff that mighty [C] dragon [Am7] sadly [D7] slipped in [G7] to his [C] cave. [G7] Oh!

Chorus - Ending on a [C↓]



Putting On The Style (Key C) - 1925

artist - Vernon Dalhart (1926) & Lonnie Donegan (1957)

writer - Henry Dawes & Robert Hughes

Strumming Pattern - **Down Up**

Time Signature - **4/4**

Introduction - **[C] [G7] [C] [G7]**

[C] Sweet sixteen goes to church just to see the **[G7]** boys,
Laughs and screams and giggles at every little **[C]** noise,
Turns her face a little and **[C7]** turns her head a **[F]** while,
But **[G7↓]** everybody **[G7↓]** knows she's only **[G7]** putting on the **[C]** style.

Chorus

[C] Putting on the agony, putting on the **[G7]** style,
That's what all the young folks are doing all the **[C]** while,
And as I look around me, I **[C7]** sometimes have to **[F]** smile,
[G7↓] Seeing all the **[G7↓]** young folks **[G7]** putting on the **[C]** style.

[C] Young man in his hot-rod car, driving like he's **[G7]** mad,
With a pair of yellow gloves he's borrowed from his **[C]** dad,
He makes it roar so lively just to **[C7]** see his girlfriend **[F]** smile,
[G7↓] But she knows **[G7↓]** he's only **[G7]** putting on the **[C]** style.

Chorus

[C] Preacher in the pulpit roars with all his **[G7]** might,
Singing 'Glory Hallelujah' puts the folks all in a **[C]** fright,
Now you might think it's Satan that's **[C7]** coming down the **[F]** aisle,
But **[G7↓]** it's only our **[G7↓]** poor preacher **[G7]** putting on the **[C]** style.

Chorus

[C] Putting on the agony, putting on the **[G7]** style,
That's what all the young folks are doing all the **[C]** while,
And as I look around me, I **[C7]** sometimes have to **[F]** smile,
[G7] Seeing all the young folks putting on the **[C]** style,
[G7] Seeing all the young folks putting on the **[C]** style **[G7↓] [C↓]**



Ring Of Fire (Key G) - 1963

artist - Johnny Cash,
writer - June Carter Cash & Merle Kilgore

Strumming Pattern - **Island Strum**
Introduction - **Kazoo x 4**

Time Signature - **4/4**

[G] Love is a [C] burning [G] thing,
And it makes a [C] fiery [G] ring,
[G] Bound by [C] wild de-[G]sire,
[G] I fell into a [C] ring of [G] fire.

Chorus

[D] I fell in to a [C] burning ring of [G] fire,
I went [D] down, down, down,
And the [C] flames went [G] higher,
And it [G↓] burns, [G↓] burns, [G↓] burns,
The [C] ring of [G] fire, the [C] ring of [G] fire.

[G] The taste of [C] love is [G] sweet,
When [G] hearts like [C] ours [G] meet,
I [G] fell for you [C] like a [G] child,
[G] Oh - but the [C] fire went [G] wild.

Chorus

[G] The taste of [C] love is [G] sweet,
When [G] hearts like [C] ours [G] meet,
I [G] fell for you [C] like a [G] child,
[G] Oh - but the [C] fire went [G] wild.

[D] I fell in to a [C] burning ring of [G] fire,
I went [D] down, down, down,
And the [C] flames went [G] higher,
And it [G↓] burns, [G↓] burns, [G↓] burns,
The [C] ring of [G] fire, the [C] ring of [G] fire.

And it [G↓] burns, [G↓] burns, [G↓] burns,
The [C] ring of [G] fire, the [C] ring of [G] fire,
Slow and Fade
The [C] ring of [G] fire, the [C] ring of [G↓] fire.



Rose Garden (Key C) - 1967

artist - Lynn Anderson, writer - Joe South

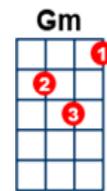
Strumming Pattern - **Down Up**

Time Signature - **4/4**

Introduction - **[C]////[C↓]**

[NC] I beg your **[Dm]** pardon **[G]** I never promised you a **[C]** rose garden,
Along with the **[Dm]** sunshine **[G]** there's gotta be a little **[C]** rain sometime,
When you **[F]** take you gotta give so live and let live or let **[Dm]** go
oh oh oh **[F]** oh,
I beg your **[G]** pardon I never promised you a **[C]** rose garden.

I could **[C]** promise you things like big diamond rings,
But you don't find roses growin' on stalks of **[Dm]** clover,
So you better think it **[G]** over,
Well, if **[C]** sweet talking you could make it come true,
I would give you the world right now on a silver **[Dm]** platter,
But what would it **[G]** matter.



So **[Dm]** smile for a while and **[G]** let's be jolly **[Gm]** love shouldn't be so
[A7] melancholy,
[Dm] Come along and share the good times while we **[Fm]** ca-a-a-**[G]**an,
[NC] I beg your **[Dm]** pardon **[G]** I never promised you a **[C]** rose garden,
Along with the **[Dm]** sunshine **[G]** there's gotta be a little **[C]** rain sometime.

Instrumental

[C] When you **[F]** take you gotta give so live and let live or let
[Dm] go oh oh oh **[F]** oh,
I beg your **[G]** pardon I never promised you a **[C]** rose garden.

I could **[C]** sing you a tune and promise you the moon,
But if that's what it takes to hold you I'd just as soon **[Dm]** let you go,
But there's one thing I **[G]** want you to know,
You'd better **[C]** look before you leap still waters run deep,
And there won't always be someone there to **[Dm]** pull you out,
And you know what I'm **[G]** talking about.

So **[Dm]** smile for a while and **[G]** let's be jolly **[Gm]** love shouldn't be so
[A7] melancholy,
[Dm] Come along and share the good times while we **[Fm]** ca-a-a-**[G]**an,
[NC] I beg your **[Dm]** pardon **[G]** I never promised you a **[C]** rose garden,
Along with the **[Dm]** sunshine **[G]** there's gotta be a little **[C]** rain sometime,
I beg your **[Dm]** pardon **[G]** I never promised you a **[C]** rose garden. **[C↓] [G↓] [C↓]**



Ruby (Don't Take Your Love To Town) (Key C) - 1968 artist - Kenny Rogers, writer - Mel Tillis

Strumming Pattern - **Island Strum**

Time Signature - **4/4**

Introduction - **[Tap] [Tap-Tap] x 3**

[NC] You've painted up your lips and rolled and curled your tinted **[G7]** hair, **[Dm]**
[C] Ruby are you contemplating **[F]** going out some-**[G]**where,
The **[Dm]** shadow on the wall tells me the **[G]** sun is going down, **[Dm]**
Oh **[C]** Ru-**[F]**by-**[Am]**y-**[Dm]**y, **[Dm↓]**
Don't take your love to **[C]** town.

It **[Dm]** wasn't me that started that old **[C]** crazy Asian war,
But **[Dm]** I was proud to go and do my **[F]** patriotic **[G]** chore,
And **[Dm]** yes it's true that I'm not the **[G]** man I used to be, **[Dm]**
Oh **[C]** Ru-**[F]**by-**[Am]**y-**[Dm]**y, **[Dm↓]**
I still need some compa-**[C]**ny.

[C] It's hard to love a man whose legs are **[F]** bent and para-**[G]**lysed, **[Dm]**
And the **[C]** wants and the needs of a woman your age
[F] Ruby I rea-**[G]**lize,
But it **[Dm]** won't be long I've heard them say un-**[G]**til I'm not around, **[Dm]**
Oh **[C]** Ru-**[F]**by-**[Am]**y-**[Dm]**y, **[Dm↓]**
Don't take your love to **[C]** town.

[C] She's leaving now 'cause I just heard the **[F]** slamming of the **[G7]** door,
[Tap] [Tap-Tap] x 4
The **[C]** way I know I've heard it slam one **[F]** hundred times be-**[G7]**fore,
And if **[Dm]** I could move I'd get my gun and **[G7]** put her in the ground, **[Dm]**
Oh **[C]** Ru-**[F]**by-**[Am]**y-**[Dm]**y, **[Dm↓]**
Don't take your love to **[C]** town.

Oh **[C]** Ru-**[F]**by-**[Am]**y-**[Dm]**y, **[Dm↓]**
For gods sake turn around.
[Tap] [Tap-Tap] x 4
[C↓]



Scarborough Fair (Key Am) - 1630

artist - Simon & Garfunkel, writer - Traditional

Strumming Pattern - Down, Down Up, Down Up

Time Signature - 3/4

Introduction - [Am] x 2

[Am] Are you going to [G] Scarborough [Am] Fair,
Parsley, [Am] sage, rose-[D]mary and [Am] thyme,
Remember [C] me to one who lives [G] there,
[Am] She once [G] was a true love of [Am] mine.

[Am] Tell her to make me a [G] cambric [Am] shirt,
Parsley, [Am] sage, rose-[D]mary and [Am] thyme,
Without any [C] seams or fine needle [G] work,
[Am] Then she'll [G] be a true love of [Am] mine.

[Am] Tell her to find me an [G] acre of [Am] land,
Parsley, [Am] sage, rose-[D]mary and [Am] thyme,
Between the salt [C] water and the sea [G] strands,
[Am] Then she'll [G] be a true love of [Am] mine.

[Am] Tell her to reap it with a [G] sickle of [Am] leather,
Parsley, [Am] sage, rose-[D]mary and [Am] thyme,
And gather it [C] all in a bunch of [G] heather,
[Am] Then she'll [G] be a true love of [Am] mine.

[Am] When you've done and [G] finished your [Am] work,
Parsley, [Am] sage, rose-[D]mary and [Am] thyme,
Then come into [C] me for your Cambric [G] shirt,
[Am] And you [G] shall be a true love of [Am] mine.

[Am] Are you going to [G] Scarborough [Am] Fair,
Parsley, [Am] sage, rose-[D]mary and [Am] thyme.
Remember [C] me to one who lives [G] there,
[Am] Then she'll [G] be a true love of [Am] mine [Am] [Am↓]



Silver Threads And Golden Needles (Key A) - 1956

artist - Linda Ronstadt, writer - Jack Rhodes & Dick Reynolds

Strumming Pattern - Down Up

Time Signature - 4/4

Introduction -

I don't [A] want your lonely mansion with a [D] tear in every room,
I just want the love you [A] promised, beneath the haloed [G] moon,

I don't [A] want your lonely mansion with a [D] tear in every room,
I just want the love you [A] promised, beneath the haloed [G] moon, [E7]
But you [A] think I should be happy with your [D] money and your name,
And hide myself in [A] sorrow while you [E7] play your cheatin' [A] game.

Silver [D] threads and golden needles cannot [A] mend this heart of mine,
And I dare not drown my sorrow in the warm glow of your [G] wine, [E7]
You can't [A] buy my love with money cuz I [D] never was that kind,
Silver threads and golden [A] needles cannot [E7] mend this heart of [A] mine.

Instrumental

I don't [A] want your lonely mansion with a [D] tear in every room,
I just want the love you [A] promised, beneath the haloed [G] moon,

But you [A] think I should be happy with your [D] money and your name,
And hide myself in [A] sorrow while you [E7] play your cheatin' [A] game.

Silver [D] threads and golden needles cannot [A] mend this heart of mine,
And I dare not drown my sorrow in the warm glow of your [G] wine, [E7]
You can't [A] buy my love with money cuz I [D] never was that kind,
Silver threads and golden [A] needles cannot [E7] mend this heart of [A] mine.

Silver [D] threads and golden [A] needles cannot [G] mend [D] this heart of [A]
mine [G↓] [A↓]



Skye Boat Song (Key C) - Circa 1870s

artist - The Corries, writer - Sir Harold Boulton

Strumming Pattern - **Down, Down Up, Down Up** Time signature - **3/4**
Introduction - **Play harmonica while strumming the chorus**

Chorus

[G] Speed bonnie [Em] boat like a [D] bird on the wing,
[G] Onward the [Am] sailors [G] cry,
[G] Carry the [Em] bairn that's [D] born to be king,
[G] Over the [Am] sea to [G] Skye.

[Em] Loud the wind howls, [Am] loud the waves roar,
[Em] Thunderclaps [C] rend the [Em] air,
[Em] Baffled, our foes [Am] stand by the shore,
[Em] Follow they [Am7] will not [Em] dare. [D7]

Chorus

[Em] Though the waves heave, [Am] soft shall ye sleep,
[Em] Ocean's a [C] royal [Em] bed,
[Em] Rocked in the deep, [Am] Flora will keep,
[Em] Watch by your [Am7] weary [Em] head. [D7]

Chorus

[Em] Many's the bairn, [Am] fought on that day,
[Em] Well the clay-[C]more could [Em] wield,
[Em] When the night came, [Am] silently lain,
[Em] Dead on Coll-[Am7]oden [Em] field. [D7]

Chorus

[Em] Burned are their homes, [Am] exile and death,
[Em] Scatter the [C] loyal [Em] men,
[Em] Yet e'er the sword [Am] cool in the sheath,
[Em] Charlie will [Am7] come [Em] again. [D7]

Play chorus and end on [G↓]



Streets Of London (Key C) - 1969

artist - Ralph McTell, writer - Ralph McTell

Strumming Pattern - Island Strum

Time Signature - 4/4

Introduction - [C] [G] [Am] [Em] [F] [C] [G7] [C] Last 2 lines of the chorus

[C] Have you seen the [G] old man in the [Am] closed-down [Em] market,
[F] Kicking up the [C] paper with his [F] worn out [G7] shoes?
[C] In his eyes you [G] see no pride, [Am] hand held loosely [Em] by his side,
[F] Yesterday's [C] paper telling [G7] yesterday's [C] news. [C]

Chorus

So [F] how can you [Em] tell me you're [C] lone-[Am]ly,
[D] And say for [D7] you that the sun don't [G] shine? [G7]
[C] Let me take you [G] by the hand and [Am] lead you through [Em] the streets of London,
[F] I'll show you [C] something to [G7] make you change your [C] mind.

[C] [G] [Am] [G]

[C] Have you seen the [G] old girl who [Am] walks the streets of [Em] London,
[F] Dirt in her [C] hair and her [F] clothes in [G7] rags?
[C] She's no time for [G] talking, she [Am] just keeps right on [Em] walking,
[F] Carrying her [C] home in [G7] two carrier [C] bags. [C]

Chorus

Instrumental

[C] Let me take you [G] by the hand and [Am] lead you through [Em] the streets of London,
[F] I'll show you [C] something to [G7] make you change your [C] mind.

[C] In the all night [G] café at a [Am] quarter past [Em] eleven,
[F] Same old [C] man is sitting [F] there on his [G7] own,
[C] Looking at the [G] world over the [Am] rim of his [Em] teacup,
[F] Each tea last an [C] hour - then he [G7] wanders home a-[C]lone. [C]

Chorus

[C] [G] [Am] [G]

[C] Have you seen the [G] old man, out-[Am]side the seaman's [Em] mission,
[F] Memory fading [C] with the medal [F] ribbons that he [G7] wears,
[C] In our winter [G] city the rain [Am] cries a little [Em] pity,
For [F] one more forgotten [C] hero and a [G7] world that doesn't [C] care. [C]

So [F] how can you [Em] tell me you're [C] lone-[Am]ly,
[D] And say for [D7] you that the sun don't [G] shine? [G7]
[C] Let me take you [G] by the hand and [Am] lead you through [Em] the streets of London,
[F] I'll show you [C] something to [G7] make you change your [C] mind. [F] [C↓]



The Ash Grove (Llwyn Onn) (Key G) - 1802 artist - Various, writer - Thomas Oliphant

Strumming Pattern - Down, Down Up, Down Up Time Signature - 3/4

Introduction - [C] [F] [G7] [C↓]

The [C] Ash Grove how [Am] graceful how [Dm] plainly 'tis [G7] speaking,
The [C] harp through its [F] playing has [G7] language for [C] me,
Whenever the [Am] light through its [Dm] branches is [G7] breaking,
A [C] host of kind [F] faces is [G] gazing on [C] me.

The [C] friends from my [Dm] childhood a-[G]gain are before me,
Each [Am] step wakes a [Dm] memory as [G] freely I roam,
With [C] soft whispers [Am] laden the [Dm] leaves rustle [G7] o'er me,
The [C] Ash Grove, the [F] Ash Grove a-[G7]lone is my [C] home.

Down [C] yonder green [Am] valley where [Dm] streamlets
me-[G7]ander,
When [C] twilight is [F] fading I [G7] pensively [C] rove,
Or [C] at the bright [Am] noon tide in [Dm] solitude [G7] wander,
Am-[C]id the dark [F] shades of the [G] lonely Ash [C] Grove.

'Twas [C] there while the [Dm] black bird was [G] cheerfully singing,
I [Am] first met that [Dm] dear one the [G] joy of my heart,
A-[C]round us for [Am] gladness the [Dm] blue bells were [G7] ringing,
But [C] then little [F] thought I how [G7] soon we should [C] part.

My [C] lips smile no [Am] more, my [Dm] heart loses [G7] lightness,
No [C] dream of the [F] future my [G7] spirit can [C] cheer,
I [C] only can [Am] brood on the [Dm] past and its [G7] brightness,
The [C] dear ones I [F] long for a-[G]gain gather [C] here.

From [C] ev'ry dark [Dm] nook they press [G] forward to meet me,
I [Am] lift up my [Dm] eyes to the [G] broad leafy dome,
And [C] others are [Am] there, looking [Dm] downward to [G7] greet me,
(slow towards the end)
The [C] Ash Grove, the [F] Ash Grove, a-[G7]gain is my [C↓] home.



Take Me Home, Country Roads (Key C) - 1971

artist - John Denver, writer - Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert & John Denver

Strumming Pattern - Down Up

Time Signature - 4/4

Introduction - [C] //// [Am] //// [G] //// [F] ////

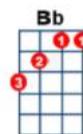
[C] Almost heaven... [Am] West Virginia,
[G] Blue ridge mountains [F] Shenandoah [C] river,
[C] Life is old there [Am] older than the trees,
[G] Younger than the moun-tains, [F] blowing like a [C] breeze.

Country [C] roads... take me [G] home,
To the [Am] place... I be-[F]long,
West Vir-[C]ginia... mountain [G] mama,
Take me [F] home... country [C] roads.

[C] All my memories... [Am] gathered round her,
[G] Miner's lady... [F] stranger to blue [C] water,
[C] Dark and dusty... [Am] painted on the sky,
[G] Misty taste of moonshine [F] teardrops in my [C] eye.

Country [C] roads... take me [G7] home,
To the [Am] place... I be-[F]long,
West Vir-[C]ginia... mountain [G] mama,
Take me [F] home... country [C] roads.

[Am] I hear her [G] voice in the [C] mornin' hour she calls me,
The [F] radio re-[C]minds me of my [G] home far away,
And [Am] drivin' down the [Bb] road I get a feel-[F]in' that I
[C] should have been home [G] yesterday... yester-[G7]day.



Country [C] roads... take me [G] home,
To the [Am] place... I be-[F]long,
West Vir-[C]ginia... mountain [G] mama,
Take me [F] home... country [C] roads.

Take me [G] home... down country [C] roads,
Take me [G] home... down country [C] roads. [C↓] [G↓][C↓]



The Belle Of Belfast City (Key G) - 1962

artist - Tommy Makem & The Clancy Brothers,
writer - Traditional

Strumming Pattern - Down Up
Introduction - None

Time Signature - 4/4

Chorus

[G] I'll tell me ma when [C] I get home,
The [D7] boys won't leave the [G] girls alone
They pulled me hair and they [C] stole me [G] comb,
But [D7] that's all right till [G] I go home.

[G] She is handsome [C] she is pretty,
[G] She's the Belle of [D7] Belfast city,
[G] She is courtin' [C] one two three,
[G] Please won't you [D7] tell me [G] who is she?

[G] Albert Mooney [C] says he loves her,
[D7] All the boys are [G] fightin' for her,
[G] They rap on her door and [C] ring on the [G] bell,
[D7] Will she come out [G] who can tell.

Chorus

[G] Let the wind and the rain and the [C] hail blow high,
And the [D7] snow come travellin' [G] through the sky,
[G] She's as nice as [C] apple [G] pie,
She'll [D7] get her own lad [G] by and by.

[G] When she gets a [C] lad of her own,
She [G] won't tell her ma when [D7] she gets home,
[G] Let them all come [C] as they will,
It's [G] Albert [D7] Mooney [G] she loves still.

Chorus

[G] She is handsome [C] she is pretty,
[G] She's the Belle of [D7] Belfast city,
[G] She is courtin' [C] one two three,
[G] Please won't you [D7] tell me [G] who is she? [G↓]



The Irish Rover (Key C) - 1937

artist - The Dubliners, writer - J.M.Crofts

Strumming Pattern - Down Up

Time Signature - 4/4

Introduction - [C] And they [G] called her the Irish [D] Ro-[G]ver.

On the [G] fourth of July, eighteen hundred and [C] six,
We set [G] sail from the sweet cobh of [D] Cork,
We were [G] sailing away with a cargo of [C] bricks,
For the [G] Grand City [D] Hall of New [G] York.

T'was a [G] wonderful craft, she was [D] rigged 'fore and aft,
And oh how [G] the wild wind [D] drove her,
She stood [G] several blasts, she had [Em] twenty-seven [C] masts,
And they [G] called her the Irish [D] Ro-[G]ver.

We had [G] one million bags of the best Sligo [C] rags,
We had [G] two million barrels of [D] stone,
We had [G] three million sides of old blind horse's [C] hides,
We had [G] four million [D] barrels of [G] bones,

We had [G] five million hogs, [D] six million dogs,
[G] seven million barrels of [D] porter,
We had [G] eight million bails of old [Em] nanny-goat's [C] tails.
In the [G] hold of the Irish [D] Ro-[G]ver.

There was [G] Barney McGee from the banks of the [C] Lee,
There was [G] Hogan from County Ty-[D]rone,
There was [G] Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of [C] work,
And a [G] man from [D] Westmeath called [G] Malone.

There was [G] Slugger O'Toole, who was [D] drunk as a rule,
And [G] fighting Bill Tracy from [D] Dover,
And your [G] man MacCann from the banks [Em] of the [C] Bann,
Was [G] the skipper of the Irish [D] Ro-[G]ver.

We had [G] sailed seven years when the measles broke [C] out,
And the [G] ship lost its way in the [D] fog,
And that [G] whole of a crew was reduced down to [C] two,
Just [G] meself and [D] the captain's old [G] dog.

Then the [G] ship struck a rock, oh Lord [D] what a shock,
[G] The bulkhead was turned right [D] over,
Turned [G] nine times around - and [Em] the poor dog was [C] drowned,
Now I'm [G] the last of the Irish [D] Ro-[G↓]ver.



The Leaving Of Liverpool (Key C) - 1885

artist - The Dubliners, writer - Traditional

Strumming Pattern - Down Up

Time Signature - 4/4

Introduction - [G] It's not the [C] leaving of Liverpool that [F] grieves [C] me,
But my darling when I [G7] think of [C] thee.

Fare-[C]well the Princes [F] landing [C] stage,
River Mersey fare thee [G7] well,
I am [C] bound for Cali-[F]-forn-[C]ia,
A place that I [G7] know right [C] well.

Chorus

So [G] fare thee well, my [F] own true [C] love,
When I return united we will [G] be,
It's not the [C] leaving of Liverpool that [F] grieves [C] me,
But my darling when I [G7] think of [C] thee.

I am [C] bound on a Yankee [F] clipper [C] ship,
Davy Crockett is her [G7] name,
And [C] her captain's name it is [F] Burg-[C]ess,
And they say that she's a [G7] floating [C] shame.

Chorus

I [C] sailed with Burgess [F] once [C] before,
And I think I know him [G7] well,
If a [C] man's a sailor he will [F] get [C] along,
If he's not then he's [G7] sure in [C] hell.

Chorus

The [C] ship is in the [F] harbour, [C] love,
And you know I can't [G7] remain,
I [C] know it will be a [F] long long [C] time,
Before I see [G7] you [C] again.

Chorus

So [G] fare thee well, my [F] own true [C] love,
When I return united we will [G] be,
It's not the [C] leaving of Liverpool that [F] grieves [C] me,
(Slowing)
But my darling when I [G7] think of [C] thee.



The Times They Are A-Changin' (Key C) - 1963

artist - Bob Dylan, writer - Bob Dylan

Strumming Pattern - **Down, Down Up, Down Up** Time signature - **3/4**
Introduction - **Vamp on C**

Come [C] gather 'round [Am] people, wher-[F]ever you [C] roam,
And ad-[C]mit that the [Dm] waters a-[F]round you have [G7] grown,
And a-[C]cept it that [Am] soon you'll be [F] drenched to the [C] bone,
If your [C] time to [Am] you is worth [G] saving, [G7]
then you [F] better start [C] swimming or you'll [F] sink like a [G7] stone,
For the [C] times [Am] they are a-[G7]cha -- [G7]--ang -- [C]in'.

Come [C] writers and [Am] critics, who prophe-[F]size with your [C] pen,
And [C] keep your eyes [Dm] wide, the chance [F] won't come a-[G7]gain,
And [C] don't speak too [Am] soon, for the [F] wheel's still in [C] spin,
And there's [C] no telling [Am] who that it's [G] naming, [G7]
for the [F] loser [C] now will be [F] later to [G7] win,
For the [C] times [Am] they are a-[G7]cha -- [G7]--ang -- [C]in'.

Come [C] senators, [Am] congressmen, [F] please heed the [C] call,
Don't [C] stand in the [Dm] doorway, don't [F] block up the [G7] hall,
For [C] he that gets [Am] hurt will be [F] he who has [C] stalled,
There's a [C] battle out-[Am]side and it's [G] raging, [G7]
It'll [F] soon shake your [C] windows and [F] rattle your [G7] walls,
For the [C] times [Am] they are a-[G7]cha -- [G7]--ang -- [C]in'.

Come [C] mothers and [Am] fathers, [F] throughout the [C] land,
And [C] don't crit-[Dm]icize what you [F] can't under-[G7]stand,
Your [C] sons and your [Am] daughters are [F] beyond your co-[C]mmand,
Your [C] old road is [Am] rapidly [G] aging, [G7]
please [F] get out the [C] new one if you [F] can't lend your [G7] hand,
For the [C] times [Am] they are a-[G7]cha -- [G7]--ang -- [C]in'.

The [C] line it is [Am] drawn, the [F] curse it is [C] cast,
The [C] slow one [Dm] now will [F] later be [G7] fast,
As the [C] present [Am] now will [F] later be [C] past,
The [C] order is [Am] rapidly [G] fading, [G7]
And the [F] first one [C] now will [F] later be [G7] last

For the [C] times [Am] they are a-[G7]cha -- [G7]--ang -- [C]in'.



The Whistling Gypsy (Key G) - 1952

artist - The Seekers, writer - Leo McGuire

Strumming Pattern - **Down Up**

Time signature - **4/4**

Introduction - **Harmonica or Strum the chords of verse 1**

[G] The gypsy [D7] rover came [G] over the [D7] hill,
[G] Down through the [D7] valley so [G] sha-[D7]dy,
He [G] whistled and he [D7] sang 'til the [G] greenwoods [Em] rang,
And [G] he won the [Am] heart of a [G] la-[C]-d-[G]y.

Chorus

[G] Ah-de-[D7]-do, ah-de-[G]-do-da-[D7]day,
[G] Ah-de-[D7]-do, ah-de-[G]-da-[D7]ay
He [G] whistled and he [D7] sang 'til the [G] greenwoods [Em] rang,
And [G] he won the [Am] heart of a [G] la-[C]-d-[G]y.

[G] She left her [D7] father's [G] castle [D7] gates,
[G] She left her [D7] own fine [G] lo-[D7]ver,
She [G] left her [D7] servants [G] and her [Em] state,
To [G] follow the [Am] gypsy [G] r-[C]-o-[G]ver.

Chorus

[G] Her father [D7] saddled up [G] his fastest [D7] steed,
[G] And roamed the [D7] valleys all [G] o-[D7]ver,
[G] Sought his [D7] daughter [G] at great [Em] speed,
And [G] the whistling [Am] gypsy [G] r-[C]-o-[G]ver.

Chorus

[G] He came at [D7] last to a [G] mansion [D7] fine,
[G] Down by the [D7] river [G] Clay-[D7]dee,
[G] And there was [D7] music and [G] there was [Em] wine,
For [G] the gypsy [Am] and his [G] la-[C]-d-[G]y.

Chorus

[G] "He is no [D7] gypsy, my [G] father" she [D7] said,
[G] "But lord of these [D7] lands [G] all [D7] over,
[G] And I shall [D7] stay 'til my [G] dying [Em] day,
With my [G] whistling [Am] gypsy [G] r-[C]-o-[G]ver."

Play chorus ending on [G↓]



Waltzing Matilda (Key C) - 1895

artist - Slim Dusty, writer - Banjo Paterson

Strumming Pattern - **Down Up**

Time Signature - **4/4**

Introduction - [C] You'll come a waltzing Ma-[G7]tilda with [C] me.

[C] Once a jolly [G7] swagman [C] camped by a [F] billabong,
[C] Under the shade of a [G7] coolibah tree,
And he [C] sang as he [G7] watched and [C] waited till his [F] billy boiled,
[C] You'll come a waltzing Ma-[G7]tilda with [C] me.

Chorus

[C] Waltzing Matilda, [F] Waltzing Matilda,
[C] You'll come a waltzing Ma-[G7]tilda with me,
And he [C] sang as he [G7] watched and [C] waited till his [F] billy boiled,
[C] You'll come a waltzing Ma-[G7]tilda with [C] me.

[C] Down Came a [G7] jumbuck to [C] drink at the [F] billabong,
[C] Up jumped the swagman and [G7] grabbed him with glee,
And he [C] sang as he [G7] stowed that [C] jumbuck in his [F] tuckerbag,
[C] You'll come a waltzing Ma-[G7]tilda with [C] me.

Chorus

[C] Up rode the [G7] squatter [C] mounted on his [F] thoroughbred,
[C] Up rode the troopers, [G7] one, two, three,
[C] "Where's the jolly [G7] jumbuck [C] you've got in your [F] tuckerbag?
[C] You'll come a waltzing Ma-[G7]tilda with [C] me “.

Chorus

[C] Up jumped the [G7] swagman and [C] sprang into the [F] billabong,
[C] "You'll never take me a-[G7]live," cried he,
(next line slower)
And his [C] ghost may be [G7] heard as you [C] ride beside that [F] billabong,
[C] “ You'll come a waltzing Ma-[G7]tilda with [C] me “.

[C] Waltzing Matilda, [F] Waltzing Matilda.
[C] You'll come a waltzing Ma-[G7]tilda with me.
And he [C] sang as he [G7] watched and [C] waited till his [F] billy boiled,
[C] You'll come a waltzing Ma-[G7]tilda with [C] me [C↓]



Wellerman (Key Am) - Circa 1960s

artist - The Longest Johns, writer - Traditional

Strumming Pattern - Down Up

Time Signature - 4/4

Introduction - None

[Am] There once was a ship that put to sea,
And the [Dm] name of the ship was the [Am] Billy of Tea,
The [Am] winds blew hard, her bow dipped down,
Oh [E7] blow, my bully boys, [Am] blow.

Chorus

[F] Soon may the [C] Wellerman come,
To [Dm] bring us sugar and [Am] tea and rum,
[F] One day, when the [C] tonguin's done,
We'll [E7] take our leave and [Am] go.

She [Am] had not been two weeks from shore,
When [Dm] down on her a [Am] right whale bore,
The [Am] captain called all hands and swore,
He'd [E7] take that whale in [Am] tow.

Chorus

[Am] Before the boat had hit the water,
The [Dm] whale's tail came [Am] up and caught her,
All [Am] hands to the side, harpooned and fought her,
When [E7] she dived down [Am] below.

Chorus

No [Am] line was cut, no whale was freed,
The [Dm] Captain's mind was [Am] not of greed,
But [Am] he belonged to the whaleman's creed,
She [E7] took the ship in [Am] tow.

Chorus

For [Am] forty days, or even more,
The [Dm] line went slack, then [Am] tight once more,
All [Am] boats were lost (there were only four),
But [E7] still that whale did [Am] go.

Chorus

As [Am] far as I've heard, the fight's still on,
The [Dm] line's not cut and the [Am] whale's not gone,
The [Am] Wellerman makes his regular call,
To [E7] encourage the Captain, [Am] crew, and all.

Chorus

[F] Soon may the [C] Wellerman come,
To [Dm] bring us sugar and [Am] tea and rum,
[F] One day, when the [C] tonguin's done,
We'll [E7] take our leave and [Am] go,
We'll [E7] take our leave and [Am] go,
We'll [E7] take our leave and [Am↓] go.



What shall we do with the drunken sailor? (Key Am) - Circa 1830s artist - Various, writer - Traditional

Strumming Pattern - Down Up

Time Signature - 4/4

Introduction - None

[Am] What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

[G] What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

[Am] What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

[G] Early in the [Am] morning.

Chorus

[Am] Hoo-ray and up she rises,

[G] Hoo-ray and up she rises,

[Am] Hoo-ray and up she rises,

[G] Early in the [Am] morning.

[Am] Put him in a long boat until he's sober,

[G] Put him in a long boat until he's sober,

[Am] Put him in a long boat until he's sober,

[G] Early in the [Am] morning.

Chorus

[Am] Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him,

[G] Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him,

[Am] Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him,

[G] Early in the [Am] morning.

Chorus

[Am] Put him in bed with the Captain's daughter,

[G] Put him in bed with the Captain's daughter,

[Am] Put him in bed with the Captain's daughter,

[G] Early in the [Am] morning.

Chorus

[Am] Shave him on the belly with a rusty razor,

[G] Shave him on the belly with a rusty razor,

[Am] Shave him on the belly with a rusty razor,

[G] Early in the [Am] morning.

Repeat chorus and end on [Am↓]



Whisky In The Jar (Key C) - 1728

artist - The Dubliners, writer - Traditional

Strumming Pattern - **Island Strum**

Time signature - 4/4

Introduction - [C] [Am] [F] [C]

As [C] I was a going over the [Am] far famed Kerry mountains,
I [F] met with Captain Farrell and his [C] money he was counting,
I first produced my pistol and I [Am] then produced my rapier,
Saying [F] "Stand and deliver" for he [C] were a bold deceiver.

Chorus

Mush-a [G] ring dum-a do dum-a da,
[Am] Whack for my daddy-o [F] whack for my daddy-o,
There's [C↓] whis-[C↓] -key [G↓] in [G↓] the [C] jar. [C]

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

Chorus

I [C] went into my chamber, all [Am] for to take a slumber,
I [F] dreamt of gold and jewels and for [C] sure it was no wonder,
But Jenny drew me charges and she [Am] filled them up with water,
Then [F] sent for Captain Farrell to be [C] ready for the slaughter.

Chorus

It was [C] early in the morning, just be-[Am]-fore I rose to travel,
Up [F] comes a band of footmen and [C] likewise Captain Farrell,
I first produced me pistol for she [Am] stole away me rapier,
I [F] couldn't shoot the water so a [C] prisoner I was taken.

Chorus

If [C] anyone can aid me it's my [Am] brother in the army,
If [F] I can find his station in [C] Cork or in Killarney,
And [C] if he'll go with me, we'll go [Am] roving in Kilkenny,
And I 'm [F] sure he'll treat me better than my [C] own a sporting Jenny.

Mush-a [G] ring dum-a do dum-a da,
[Am] Whack for my daddy-o [F] whack for my daddy-o,
There's [C↓] whis-[C↓] -key [G↓] in [G↓] the [C] jar. [C↓]



Wild Colonial Boy (Key C) - 1820

artist - Clancy Brothers & Tommy Makem, writer - Unknown

Strumming Pattern - Down, Down Up, Down Up, Down

Time Signature - 4/4

Introduction - [C] [F] [G] [C]

There [C] was a wild col-[F]onial boy, Jack [G7] Duggan was his [C] name,
He was born and raised in [G] Ireland, in a place called Castle-[C]maine,
He was his father's [G] only son, his [G7] mother's pride and [C] joy,
And dearly did his [F] parents love the [G] wild colonial [C] boy.

At the [C] early age of [F] sixteen years he [G7] left his native [C] home,
And to Australia's sunny [G] shore, he was inclined to [C] roam,
He robbed the rich, he [G] helped the poor [G7], he shot James Mac-[C]Evoy,
A terror to Aus-[F]tralia was the [G] wild colonial [C] boy.

One [C] morning on the [F] prairie, as Jack [G7] he rode a-[C]long,
A listening to the [G] mocking bird, sing its cheerful [C] song,
Up stepped a band of [G] troopers: Kelly [G7] Davis and Fitz-[C]roy,
They all set out to [F] capture him, the [G] wild colonial [C] boy.

Sur-[C]render now, Jack [F] Duggan, for you [G7] see we're three to [C] one,
Surrender in the [G] King's high name, for you are a plundering [C] son,
Jack drew two pistols [G] from his belt, he [G7] proudly waved them [C] high,
I'll fight, but not [F] surrender, said the [G] wild colonial [C] boy.

He [C] fired a shot at [F] Kelly, which brought [G7] him to the [C] ground,
And turning 'round [G] to Davis he received a fatal [C] wound,
A bullet pierced his [G] proud young heart from [G7] the pistol of Fitz-[C]roy,
And that was how they [F] captured him the [G] wild colonial [C] boy,
{Slowing}

And that was how they [F] captured him the [G] wild colonial [C] boy [C↓]



Wild Rover (Key C) - circa 1600s

artist – Various, writer - Traditional

Strumming Pattern – Down, Down Up, Down Up

Time Signature - 3/4

Introduction - None

I've [C] been a wild rover for many a [F] year,
And I [C] spent all me [G7] money on whiskey and [C] beer,
But [C] now I'm returning with gold in great [F] store,
And I [C] promise to [G7] play the wild rover no [C] more.

Chorus

And it's [G7] no, nay, never, (4 thumps)
[C] No, no, never, no [F] more,
Will I [C] play the wild [F] rover,
No [G7] never, no [C] more.

I [C] went to an ale house I used to fre-[F]quent,
And I [C] told the land-[G7]lady me money' s all [C] spent,
I [C] asked her for credit, she answered me [F] "Nay...
Sure a [C] custom like [G7] yours I could get any [C] day."

Chorus

[C] And from my pocket I took sovereigns [F] bright,
And the [C] landlady's [G7] eyes they lit up with de-[C]light,
She [C] said, "I have whiskeys and wines of the [F] best,
And I ' ll [C] take you up-[G7]stairs, and I ' ll show you the [C] rest.

Chorus

I ' ll go [C] home to me parents, confess what I 've [F] done,
And I ll [C] ask them to [G7] pardon their prodigal [C] son,
And [C] if they forgive me as oft times be-[F]fore,
Then I [C] promise I ' ll [G7] play the wild rover no [C] more!

Chorus

Repeat chorus and end on [C↓]