

# Black Velvet Band

Traditional

6 / 8

## INTRO: Count 123 123 [F] [G] [C] [C]

In a [C] neat little town they call Belfast  
Ap-[C]prenticed to trade I was [G] bound  
And [C] many an hour of sweet [Am] happiness  
I [F] spent in that [G] neat little [C] town  
Till [C] bad misfortune came o'er me  
And [C] caused me to stray from the [G] land  
Far a-[C]way from me friends and re-[Am]lations  
Be-[F]trayed by the [G] black velvet [C] band [C]

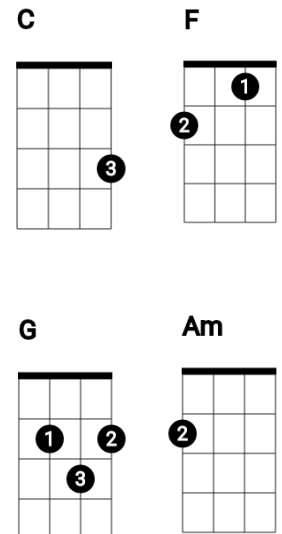
**CHORUS:** Her [C] eyes they shone like the diamonds  
You'd [C] think she was queen of the [G] land  
And her [C] hair hung over her [Am] shoulder  
Tied [F] up with a [G] black velvet [C] band [C]

Well [C] I was out strollin' one evening,  
Not [C] meanin' to go very [G] far  
When I [C] met with a fickle some [Am] damsel,  
She was [F] sellin' her [G] trade in the [C] bar  
When a [C] watch she took from a customer  
And [C] slipped it right into me [G] hand  
Then the [C] law came and put me in [Am] prison  
Bad [F] luck to her [G] black velvet [C] band [C]

This [C] mornin' before judge and jury  
For [C] trial I had to ap-[G]pear  
Then the [C] judge, he says "Me young [Am] fellow  
The [F] case against [G] you is quite [C] clear  
And [C] seven long years is your sentence  
You're [C] going to Van Diemen's [G] Land  
Far a-[C]way from your friends and re-[Am]lations  
Be-[F]trayed by the [G] black velvet [C] band" [C]

So come [C] all ye jolly young fellows  
I'll [C] have you take warnin' by [G] me  
And when-[C]ever you're out on the [Am] liquor me lads  
Be-[F]ware of the [G] pretty col-[C]leens  
For they'll [C] fill you with whiskey and porter  
Till [C] you are not able to [G] stand  
And the [C] very next thing that you [Am] know me lads  
You've [F] landed in [G] Van Diemen's [C] Land [C]

**CHORUS:** Her [C] eyes they shone like the diamonds  
You'd [C] think she was queen of the [G] land  
And her [C] hair hung over her [Am] shoulder  
Tied [F] up with a [G] black velvet [C] band [C]

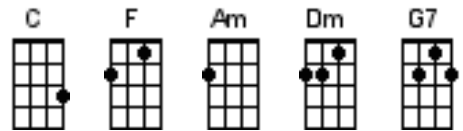


**CHORUS:**

**CHORUS:**

# DIRTY OLD TOWN Ewan McColl 1949

Count in 1 2 3 4. 1.



~~[C//] I met my [C] love by the gasworks door,  
Dreamed a [F] dream by the old [C] canal.  
Kissed my [Am] girl by the factory [C] wall,  
Dirty old [Dm] town, [G7] dirty old [Am] town. [Am]~~

[NC] I met my [C] love by the gasworks door,  
Dreamed a [F] dream by the old ca-[C]-nal.  
Kissed my [Am] girl by the factory [C] wall,  
Dirty old [Dm] town, [G7] dirty old [Am] town. [Am]

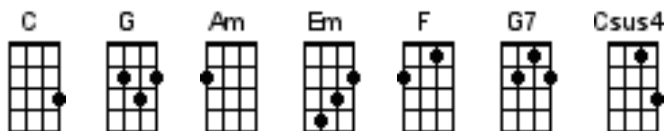
[NC] The moon is [C] shifting behind a cloud,  
Cats are [F] crawling all along the [C] beat.  
Springs a [Am] girl in the streets at [C] night,  
Dirty old [Dm] town, [G7] dirty old [Am] town. [Am]

~~I met my [C] love by the gasworks door,  
Dreamed a [F] dream by the old [C] canal.  
Kissed my [Am] girl by the factory [C] wall,  
Dirty old [Dm] town, [G7] dirty old [Am] town. [Am]~~

[NC] I met my [C] love by the gasworks door,  
Dreamed a [F] dream by the old [C] canal.  
Kissed my [Am] girl by the factory [C] wall,  
Dirty old [Dm] town, [G7] dirty old [Am] town. [Am]

[NC] I heard a [C] whistle coming from the docks,  
And a [F] train set the night on [C] fire.  
Smelled the [Am] spring on the smoke-filled [C] air,  
Dirty old [Dm] town, [G7] dirty old [Am] town. [Am]

[NC] I'm gonna [C] get me a nice sharp axe,  
Shining [F] steel tempered in the [C] fire  
Cut you [Am] down like an old dead [C] tree.  
Dirty old [Dm] town, [G7] dirty old [Am] town  
Dirty old [Dm] town, [G7] dirty old [Am] town  
Dirty old [Dm] town, [G7] dirty old [Am] town [Am]



4/4/ timing. 1, 2, 1 2 3 4. Intro: [C] [G] [Am] [Em] [F] [C] [G] [C] [C]

[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] and held loosely [C] at his side  
 [F] Yesterday's [C] paper telling [G] yesterday's [C] news [C]

**Chorus.** So [F] how can you [Em] tell me you're [C/] lo-[Csus4/]-ne-[Am]-ly  
 [D7] 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 though [Em] the streets of London  
 [F] \_ I'll show you [C] something to [G] make you change your  
 [C] mind [C] [C] [G] [Am] [Em] [F] [C] [G] [C] [C]

[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 [G] two carrier [C] bags [C]

### Chorus

[C] In the all night [G] café at a [Am] quarter past e-[Em]-leven  
 [F] Same old [C] man, sitting [F] there on his [G7] own  
 [C] Looking at the [G] world over the [Am] rim of his [Em] tea-cup  
 [F] Each tea lasts an [C] hour, and he [G] wanders home a-[C]-lone [C]

### Chorus

[C] Have you seen the [G] old man out-[Am]-side the Seaman's [Em] Mission  
 [F] Memory [C] fading with the [F] medal ribbons 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 [G] world that doesn't [C] care [C]

So [F] how can you [Em] tell me you're [C] lo-[Csus4]-ne-[Am]-ly  
 [D7] And say for you that the sun don't [G] shine [G7]

[C] Let me take you [G] by the hand and  
 [Am] lead you though [Em] the streets of London

*(Slowing)*

[F] \_ I'll show you [C] something to [G] make you change your [C] mind

The Leaving of Liverpool. Folk song or sea shanty. Origins mid C19th. Recorded by many.

4/4 time slow. Intro 1 2 3 4

[C] leaving of Liverpool that [F] grieves [C] me  
But my darling when I [G7] think of [C] thee [C]

(NC) Fare thee [C] well to you, my [F] own true [C] love  
I am going far, far a-[G7]-way  
I am [C] bound for Cali-[F]-forn-i-[C]-a  
And I know that I'll re-[G7]-turn some [C] day

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

(NC) I have [C] shipped on a Yankee [F] sailing [C] ship  
Davy Crockett is her [G7] name  
And her [C] Captain's name was [F] Burg-[C]-ess  
And they say that she's a [G7] floating [C] shame

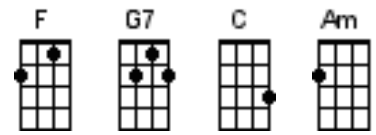
So [G7] fare thee well, my [F] own true [C] love  
For when I return, united we will [G7] be  
It's not the [C] leaving of Liverpool that [F] grieves [C] me  
But my darling when I [G7] think of [C] thee

(NC) Oh the [C] sun is on the [F] harbour [C] love  
And I wish that I could re-[G7]-main  
For I [C] know that it will be a [F] long, long [C] time  
Befor-ore I see [G7] you a-[C]-gain

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

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

# Blowin' in the Wind. 1963. Bob Dylan



4/4 time. 1, 2, 1 2 3 4 Intro: The [F] answer my [G7] friend is [C] blowin' in the [Am] wind, the [F] answer is [G7] blowin' in the [C] wind. [C]

[C] How many [F] roads must a [C] man walk [Am] down  
Be-[C]-fore you [F] call him a [G7] man? [G7]  
Yes 'n' [C] how many [F] seas must a [C] white dove [Am] sail,  
Be-[C]-fore she [F] sleeps in the [G7] sand? [G7]  
Yes 'n' [C] how many [F] times must the [C] cannon-balls [Am] fly  
Be-[C]-fore they're for-[F]-ever [G7] 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]

[C] How many [F] years can a [C] mountain ex-[Am]-ist,  
Be-[C]-fore it's [F] washed to the [G7] sea? [G7]  
Yes 'n' [C] how many [F] years can some [C] people ex-[Am]-ist,  
Be-[C]-fore they're [F] allowed to be [G7] free? [G7]  
Yes 'n' [C] how many [F] times can a [C] man turn his [Am] head  
And pre-[C]-tend he [F] just doesn't [G7] 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. [C]

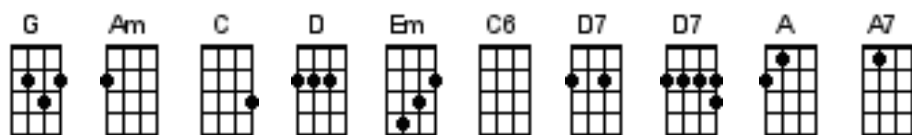
[C] How many [F] times must a [C] man look [Am] up  
Be-[C]-fore he can [F] really see the [G7] sky? [G7]  
Yes 'n' [C] how many [F] years must [C] one man [Am] have,  
Be-[C]-fore he can [F] hear people [G7] cry? [G7]  
Yes 'n' [C] how many [F] deaths will it [C] take till he [Am] knows  
That [C] too many [F] people have [G7] 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]

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

The [F] answer is [G7] blowin' in the [C//] wind. [E] [C]

# Together Forever. 1972. Rab Noakes. Lindisfarne.



4/4 time. 1, 2, 1 2 3 4 Intro: [G] [Am] [C/] [D/] [G] [G] [Am] [C/] [D/] [G]

[G] You and me, [Am] sittin' on a bench, [C/] watchin' the [D/] day go [G] by  
[G] no one payin' us [Am] any attention, not [C/] even to [D/] ask us [G] why.  
[D] Sunshine [Em] in our eyes, we're [G] watchin' it set and we [C6/] watched it [D/] rise  
[G] you and me [Am] sittin' on a bench, [C/] watchin' the [D/] day go [G] by.

[G] You and me [Am] sittin' on a bus, in the [C/] front seat [D/] at the [G] top  
[G] watchin' the people who [Am] don't look like us, [C/] goin' way [D/] past our [G] stop.  
[D] Travelin' [Em] everywhere, we [G] got no money but [C6/] what do we [D/] care  
[G] you and me [Am] sittin' on a bus, at the [C/] front seat [D/] at the [G] top.

Chorus:

[D7] Oooh, [D7] looks like we're stickin' to-[G]-gether [G]  
[A] Oooh, [A7] looks like lastin' for-[D]-ever. [D7]

[G] You and me by the [Am] side of the road, in the [C/] mornin' [D/] feelin' [G] bright  
[G] watchin' cars comin' and [Am] watchin' them go, still [C/] thinkin' we'll  
[D/] be home to-[G]-night.  
[D] As the day goes on and the [Em] lifts are few, we're [G] thinkin' might take us a  
[C6/] day or [D/] two  
[G] you and me by the [Am] side of the road, in the [C/] mornin' [D/] feelin' [G] bright.

Chorus:

[D7] Oooh, [D7] looks like we're stickin' to-[G]-gether  
[A] Oooh, [A7] looks like lastin' for-[D]-ever. [D7]

Outro Instrumental:

[G] [Am] [C/] [D/] [G]  
[G] [Am] [C/] [D/] [G] [Gdim] [G]

Slow Waltz time. Count in. 1 2 3, 1 2 3. [C] [G7] [C] [F] [C] [G7] [C] [C]

My [C] name is Jock [G7] Stewart, I'm a [C] canny young [F] man  
And a [C] roving young [G7] fellow I've [C] been [G7]  
So be [C] easy and [G7] free if you're [C] drinking with [F] me  
I'm a [C] man you don't [G7] meet every [C] day [C] [C] [G7] [C] [C]

I have [C] acres of [G7] land, I have [C] men I com-[F]-mand  
I have [C] always a [G7] shilling to [C] spare [G7]  
So be [C] easy and [G7] free if you're [C] drinking with [F] me  
I'm a [C] man you don't [G7] meet every [C] day [C] [C] [G7] [C] [C]

So come [C] fill up your [G7] glasses with [C] whiskey or [F] wine  
And what-[C]-ever the [G7] price I will [C] pay [G7]  
So be [C] easy and [G7] free if you're [C] drinking with [F] me  
I'm a [C] man you don't [G7] meet every [C] day [C] [C] [G7] [C] [C]

Oh I [C] took out my [G7] duck, and [C] him I did [F] shoot  
[C] Down in the [G7] County kil-[C]-dare [G7] (no, not really!)  
So be [C] easy and [G7] free if you're [C] drinking with [F] me  
I'm a [C] man you don't [G7] meet every [C] day [C] [C] [G7] [C] [C]

It's [C] often I've [G7] sat both with [C] bottle and [F] friend  
Is there [C] aye man could [G7] e'er ask for [C] more [G7]  
So be [C] easy and [G7] free if you're [C] drinking with [F] me  
I'm a [C] man you don't [G7] meet every [C] day [C] [C] [G7] [C] [C]

Let us [C] catch well the [G7] hours and the [C] minutes that [F] fly  
Let us [C] share them as [G7] weel as we [C] may [G7]  
So be [C] easy and [G7] free if you're [C] drinking with [F] me  
I'm a [C] man you don't [G7] meet every [C] day [C] [C] [G7] [C] [C]

My [C] name is Jock [G7] Stewart, I'm a [C] canny young [F] man  
And a [C] roving young [G7] fellow I've [C] been [G7]  
So be [C] easy and [G7] free if you're [C] drinking with [F] me  
I'm a [C] man you don't [G7] meet every [C] day. [C] [C] [G7] [C] [C]

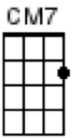
A Capella verse and chorus.

My [C] name is Jock [G7] Stewart, I'm a [C] canny young [F] man  
And a [C] roving young [G7] fellow I've [C] been [G7]  
So be [C] easy and [G7] free if you're [C] drinking with [F] me  
I'm a [C] man you don't [G7] meet every [C] day. [C]



## Introduction:

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



I'm [C] praying for [F] rain in Cali-[C]-fornia [C]  
 So the grapes will grow and they can make more [G] wine [G7]  
 And I'm [C] sitting in a [F] honky in Chic-[C]-ago [C]  
 With a broken heart and a [G7] woman  
 on my [C/] mi-[Cmaj7/]--i--[C7]-ind

I ask the [G] man behind the bar for the [C] jukebox [C]  
 And the music takes me back to Tennes-[G]-see [G7]  
 When they [C] ask who's the [F] fool in the [C] corner [F] crying  
 [NC] I say [C] [C] little old [G/] wine [G7/] drinker [C] me [G7]

I [C] got here last [F] week from down in Nash-[C]-ville [C]  
 'Cos my baby left for Florida on a [G] train [G7]  
 I said [C] I'd get a [F] job and just for-[C]-get her [C]  
 But in Chicago a broken [G7] heart  
 is just the [C/] same [Cmaj7/] [C7]

I ask the [G] man behind the bar for the [C] jukebox [C]  
 And the music takes me back to Tennes-[G]-see [G7]  
 When they [C] ask who's the [F] fool in the [C] corner [F] crying  
 [NC] I say [C] [C] little old [G/] wine [G7/] drinker [C] me [G7]

## Instrumental as verse

I'm [C] praying for [F] rain in Cali-[C]-fornia [C]  
 So the grapes will grow and they can make more [G] wine [G7]  
 And I'm [C] sitting in a [F] honky in Chic-[C]-ago [C]  
 With a broken heart and a [G7] woman  
 on my [C/] mi-[Cmaj7/]--i--[C7]-ind

I ask the [G] man behind the bar for the [C] jukebox  
 And the music takes me back to Tennes-[G]-see [G7]  
 When they [C] ask who's the [F] fool in the [C] corner [F] crying  
 [NC] I say [C] [C] little old [G/] wine [G7/] drinker [C//] me

[NC] I say [C] [C] little old [G/] wine [G7/] drinker [C//] me  
 [NC] I say [C] [C] little old [G/] wine [G7/] drinker [C/] me [F/] [C]



**Intro:** [G]/ [D]/ [G]//

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

**Chorus:** [G] She is handsome, [C] she is pretty,  
[G] She is the Belle of [D] Belfast city  
[G] She is courting – [C] // one, two three.  
[G] Please won't you [D] tell me [G] // who is she? [G]/ [D]/ [G]//

[G] Albert Mooney [C] says he loves her,  
[D] All the boys are [G] fighting for her.  
They [G] rap on her door and [C] ring on the bell.  
[D] Will she come out? [G] Who can tell?  
[G] Out she comes as [C] white as snow,  
[G] Rings on her fingers and [D] bells on her toes.  
[G] Old Jenny Murray [C] says that she will die  
If she [G] doesn't get [D] fella with the [G] roving eye.

**Chorus:** [G] She is handsome, [C] she is pretty, etc

Let the [G] wind and the rain and the [C] hail blow high  
And the [D] snow come travelling [G] through the sky.  
[G] She's as nice as [C] apple pie,  
[D] She'll 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 [D] she gets home.  
[G] Let them all come [C] as they will;  
It's [G] Albert [D] Mooney [G] she loves still.

**Chorus:** [G] She is handsome, [C] she is pretty, etc

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

**Chorus:** [G] She is handsome, [C] she is pretty,  
[G] She is the Belle of [D] Belfast city  
[G] She is courting – [C] // one, two three.  
[G] Please won't you [D] tell me [G] // who is she? [G]/ [D]/ [G]//

Santiana. Traditional. The Fisherman's Friends.

4/4 time 1, 2, 1 2 3 4 [Dm/] [C/] [Dm] [C] [Dm]

Oh! [Dm] Santianna [F/] won the [C/] day  
Heave a-[F]-way, Santi-[C]-anna!  
He [C] won the day down at [C] Mount-Del-Rey,  
All a-[Dm/]-long the [Am/] plains of [Dm] Mexico

Well [Dm] - heave her up and a-[F/]-way we'll [C/] go  
Heave a-[F]-way, Santi-[C]-anna!  
[C] Heave her up, and a-[C]-way we'll go  
All a-[Dm/]-long the [Am/] plains of [Dm] Mexico [Dm]

Oh! [Dm] Santianna [F/] fought for [C/] gold  
Heave a-[F]-way, Santi-[C]-anna!  
What [C] deeds he did have [C] oft been told  
All a-[Dm/]-long the [Am/] plains of [Dm] Mexico

Well [Dm] - heave her up and a-[F/]-way we'll [C/] go  
Heave a-[F]-way, Santi-[C]-anna!  
[C] Heave her up, and a-[C]-way we'll go  
All a-[Dm/]-long the [Am/] plains of [Dm] Mexico [Dm]

Oh! [Dm] Santianna [F/] fought for [C/] fame!  
Heave a-[F]-way, Santi-[C]-anna!  
And [C] Santianna [C] gained a name  
All a-[Dm/]-long the [Am/] plains of [Dm] Mexico

Well [Dm] - heave her up and a-[F/]-way we'll [C/] go  
Heave a-[F]-way, Santi-[C]-anna!  
[C] Heave her up, and a-[C]-way we'll go  
All a-[Dm/]-long the [Am/] plains of [Dm] Mexico [Dm]

And [Dm] Santianna [F/] shovelled his [C/] gold  
Heave a-[F]-way, Santi-[C]-anna!  
Sailed a-[C]-round Cape Horn through the [C] ice and snow  
All a-[Dm/]-long the [Am/] plains of [Dm] Mexico

Now [Dm] - heave her up and a-[F/]-way we'll [C/] go  
Heave a-[F]-way, Santi-[C]-anna!  
[C] Heave her up, and a-[C]-way we'll go  
All a-[Dm/]-long the [Am/] plains of [Dm] Mexico [Dm]

[Dm] - Heave her up and a-[F/]-way we'll [C/] go  
Heave a-[F]-way, Santi-[C]-anna!  
[C] Heave her up, and a-[C]-way we'll go  
(*Slowing*) All a-[Dm/]-long the [Am/] plains of [Dm] Mex-[Dm]-i-[Dm]-co

# John Kanaka Trad/Fisherman's Friends Acapella

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I thought I heard the old man say (boom)

**John Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay**

Today, today it's a holiday (boom)

**John Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay**

Chorus; Too-rye-ay, oh! Too-rye-ay (boom)

**John Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay**

We're bound away at the break of day (boom)

**John Kanaka-naka, too rye-ay**

We're bound away for Frisco bay (boom)

**John Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay**

Chorus; Too-rye-ay, oh! Too-rye-ay (boom)

**John Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay**

Them Frisco girls ain't got no comb (boom)

**John Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay**

They comb their hair with a herring backbone (boom)

**John Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay**

Chorus; Too-rye-ay, oh! Too-rye-ay (boom)

**John Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay**

Just one more heave and that'll do (boom)

**John Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay**

'cause we're the crew to pull her through (boom)

**John Kanaka-naka. Too-rye-ay**

**Too-rye-ay, oh! Too-rye-ay (boom)**

**John Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay**

I thought I heard the old man say (boom)

**John Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay**

Today, today it's a holiday (boom)

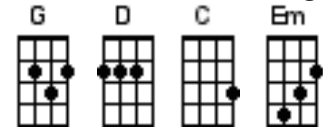
**John Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay**

**Chorus; Too-rye-ay, oh! Too-rye-ay (boom)**

**John Kanaka-naka, (too-rye-ay) BOOM**

# Cold on the Road. Colin Henderson

4/4 timing



1, 2, 1 2 3 4 [C] cold on the [D] road to-[G]-night.  
[G] \_ \_ \_ There's [G] no clouds in the [G] sky tonight,  
No [C] blanket for the [C] moon's cold light  
[G] Footsteps sliding [G] on the frozen [D] ground.  
[D] \_ \_ \_ your [G] breath like smoke be-[G]-fore your eyes,  
[C] fingers numb deep [C] down inside,  
[G] pockets of your [D] coat wrapped right a-[G]-round.

[G] \_ \_ \_ And It's [C] cold on the [D] road to-[G]-night. [G] \_ \_ \_ So [C] far from  
the [D] fireside, and the [G/] warmth of a [Em/] welcome [C] light.  
It's [G] cold on the [D] road to-[G]-night.

[G] \_ \_ \_ Jack [G] Frost is painting [G] cobble streets,  
His [C] brush is touching [C] all it meets,  
His [G] canvass is as [G] far as you can [D] see.  
[D] \_ \_ \_ His [G] palette is a [G] little bare,  
You'll [C] only find one [C] colour there,  
A [G] whitewash world hangs [D] in the galler-[G]-y.

[G] \_ \_ \_ And It's [C] cold on the [D] road to-[G]-night. [G] \_ \_ \_ So [C] far from  
the [D] fireside, and the [G/] warmth of a [Em/] welcome [C] light.  
It's [G] cold on the [D] road to-[G]-night.

[G] \_ \_ \_ You're [G] thinking 'bout your [G] room back home,  
That [C] shelters every-[C]-thing you own,  
The [G] friendly feel of [G] your favourite arm-[D]-chair.  
[D] \_ \_ \_ The [G] clock ticks gentle [G] hours away,  
As [C] night time wanders [C] into day,  
You'd [G] give up all you [D] have to be back [G] there.

[G] \_ \_ \_ And It's [C] cold on the [D] road to-[G]-night. [G] \_ \_ \_ So [C] far from  
the [D] fireside, and the [G/] warmth of a [Em/] welcome [C] light.  
It's [G] cold on the [D] road to-[G]-night.

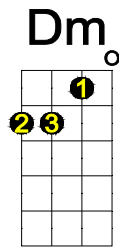
[G] \_ \_ \_ You [G] reach for home with [G] frozen hands,  
[C] Stumbling through this [C] silent land,  
[G] Tumbling snowflakes [G] silently ap-[D]-pear.  
[D] \_ \_ \_ [G] If you lift your [G] eyes up higher,  
[C] Diamond stars like [C] ice on fire,  
[G] Freeze your bones and [D] melt your icy [G] tears.

[G] \_ \_ \_ And It's [C] cold on the [D] road to-[G]-night. [G] \_ \_ \_ So [C] far from  
the [D] fireside, and the [G/] warmth of a [Em/] welcome [C] light.  
It's [G] cold on the [D] road to-[G]-night. [G] [D] [G]

# Star of the County Down V2 Cathal McGarvey (1866–1927) 4/4 time

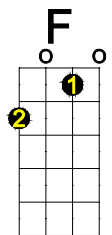
Intro; 1, 2, 1 2 3 4; [Dm] [F/] [C/] [Dm/] [C/] [Dm]

[Dm] \_ \_ \_ In [Dm] Bainbridge Town in the [F/] County [C/] Down  
One [Dm] morning last Ju-[C/]-ly  
From a [Dm] boreen green came a [F/] sweet col-[C/]-leen  
And she [Dm/] smiled as she [C/] passed me [Dm] by  
She [F] looked so neat from her [C] two bare feet  
To the [Dm] sheen of her nut brown [C] hair  
Such a [Dm] coaxing elf, sure I [F/] shook my-[C/]self  
For to [Dm/] see I was [C/] really [Dm] there



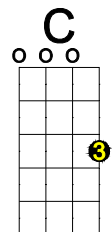
From [F] Bantry Bay up to [C] Derry Quay and  
From [Dm] Galway to Dublin [C] Town  
No [Dm] maid I've seen like the [F/] sweet col-[C/]-leen  
That I [Dm/] met in the [C/] County [Dm] Down [Dm] [F/] [C/] [Dm/] [C/] [Dm]

[Dm] \_ \_ \_ As she [Dm] onward sped, sure I [F/] scratched my [C/] head  
And I [Dm] looked with a feeling [C] rare  
And I [Dm] said, says I, to a [F/] passer [C/] by  
Who's the [Dm/] maid with the [C/] nut brown [Dm] hair?  
He [F] smiled at me and he [C] said says he  
She's the [Dm] gem of Ireland's [C] crown  
She's [Dm] Rosie McCann from the [F/] banks of the [C/] Bann  
She's the [Dm/] star of the [C/] County [Dm] Down



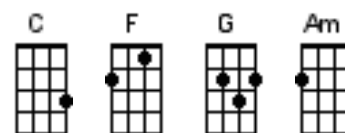
## Chorus

[Dm] \_ \_ \_ At the [Dm] Harvest Fair she'll be [F/] surely [C/] there  
And I'll [Dm] dress in my Sunday [C] clothes  
With my [Dm] shoes shined bright and my [F/] hat cocked [C/] right  
For a [Dm/] smile from my [C/] nut brown [Dm] rose  
No [F] pipe I'll smoke, no [C] horse I'll yoke  
Till my [Dm] plough turns rust coloured [C] brown  
Till a [Dm] smiling bride by my [F/] own fire [C/] side  
Sits the [Dm/] star of the [C/] County [Dm] Down



From [F] Bantry Bay up to [C] Derry Quay and  
From [Dm] Galway to Dublin [C] Town  
No [Dm] maid I've seen like the [F/] sweet col-[C/]-leen  
That I [Dm/] met in the [C/] County [Dm] Down  
That I [Dm/] met in the [C/] County [Dm/] Down [Dm]

# When We Meet Again Merry Hell



Intro; [C/] [F/] [C/] [G/] [C/] [C/] [F/] [C/] [G/] [C/] [C//]

[NC] There's a [C/] feeling [F/] in my [G] heart, in my [Am/] bones a [F/] kno-[C]-wing  
That [C/] Though we [F/] are a-[G]-part, [Am/] we will [F/] meet a-[C]-gain

And the [C/] party [F/] will be [G] grand and the [Am/] music [F/] gol-[C]-den  
And [C/] I will [F/] hold your [G] hand [Am/] when we [F/] meet a-[C]-gain [C]

*Chorus;* But the [F] night must [G] fall and the [C] sun must [Am] rise  
And [F] we will [G] wait for [C] clearer [Am] skies  
And [F] there shall [G] be no [C] last good-[Am]-byes for  
[F] we will [G] meet a-[C]-gain [F/] [C/] [G/] [C/] [C/] [F/] [C/] [G/] [C/] [C/]

There's a [C/] strength with-[F/] in your [G] smile and the [Am/] hope is [F/] ri-[C]-sing  
We will [C/] walk that [F/] extra [G] mile [Am/] when we [F/] meet a-[C]-gain

And our [C/] friends will [F/] all come [G] round where the [Am/] band is [F/] play-[C]-ing  
And I'll [C/] join you [F/] in the [G] crowd [Am/] when we [F/] meet a-[C]-gain [C]

*Chorus;* But the [F] night must [G] fall and the [C] sun must [Am] rise  
And [F] we will [G] wait for [C] clearer [Am] skies  
And [F] there shall [G] be no [C] last good-[Am]-byes for  
[F] we will [G] meet a-[C]-gain [C]

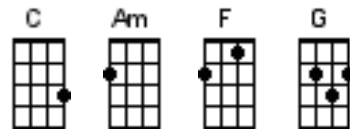
*Instrumental* But the [F] night must [G] fall and the [C] sun must [Am] rise  
*Chorus;* And [F] we will [G] wait for [C] clearer [Am] skies  
And [F] there shall [G] be no [C] last good-[Am]-byes for  
Yes, [F] we will [G] meet a-[C]-gain [C] [C/] [F/] [C/] [G/] [C/]

[C] Well, I've [C/] had my [F/] share of [G] fear and you've [Am/] had your [F/] share of  
[C] pain, but there'll be [C/] fire with-[F/] in our [G] hearts  
[Am/] when we [F/] meet a-[C]-gain

As the [C/] flowers [F/] wake and [G] bloom resur-[Am/]-rected [F/] by the [C] rain  
We'll [C/] be to-[F/] gether [G] soon [Am/] when we [F/] meet a-[C]-gain [C]

*Chorus;* But the [F] night must [G] fall and the [C] sun must [Am] rise  
And [F] we will [G] wait for [C] clearer [Am] skies  
And [F] there shall [G] be no [C] last good-[Am]-byes for  
[F] we will [G] meet a-[C]-gain [C]  
Yes [F] we will [G] meet a-[C]-gain [C/] [F/] [C/] [G/] [C/]

## Whiskey In The Jar. (Traditional)



4/4 time 1, 2, 1 2 3 4 Intro [C] [Am] [C] [Am]

As [C] I was going over the [Am] Cork and Kerry mountains

I [F] met with Captain Farrell and his [C] money he was counting.

I [C] first produced my pistol, and [Am] then produced my rapier.

I said [F] stand and deliver, or the [C] devil he may take you,

Musha [G] ring dumma do damma da [C] \_ Whack for the daddy 'o \_

[F] \_ Whack for the daddy 'o, there's [C/] whiskey [G/] in the [C] jar

I [C] counted out his money, and it [Am] made a pretty penny.

I [F] put it in my pocket and I [C] took it home to Jenny.

She [C] 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

Musha [G] ring dumma do damma da [C] \_ Whack for the daddy 'o \_

[F] \_ Whack for the daddy 'o, there's [C/] whiskey [G/] in the [C] jar

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 [C] Jenny took my charges and she [Am] filled them up with water,

Then [F] sent for Captain Farrell to be [C] ready for the slaughter.

Musha [G] ring dumma do damma da [C] \_ Whack for the daddy 'o \_

[F] \_ Whack for the daddy 'o, there's [C/] whiskey [G/] in the [C] jar

'Twas [C] early in the morning, be-[Am]-fore I rose up for travel,

Up [F] comes a band of footman and [C] likewise Captain Farrell.

I [C] first produced my pistol, for she [Am] stole away my rapier,

But I [F] couldn't shoot the water so a [C] prisoner I was taken.

Musha [G] ring dumma do damma da [C] \_ Whack for the daddy 'o \_

[F] \_ Whack for the daddy 'o, there's [C/] whiskey [G/] in the [C] jar

If [C] anyone can aid me, 'tis my [Am] brother in the army,

If [F] I can find his station down in [C] Cork or in Killarney.

And [C] if he'll come and save me, we'll go [Am] roving near Kilkenny,

An' I [F] swear he'll treat me better than me [C] darling sportling Jenny

Musha [G] ring dumma do damma da [C] \_ Whack for the daddy 'o \_

[F] \_ Whack for the daddy 'o, there's [C/] whiskey [G/] in the [C] jar

Now [C] some men take delight in the [Am] carriages a rolling,

But [F] others take delight in the [C] hurley or the bowlin'.

But [C] I take delight in the [Am] juice of the barley,

And [F] courting pretty fair maids in the [C] morning bright and early

Musha [G] ring dumma do damma da [C] \_ Whack for the daddy 'o \_

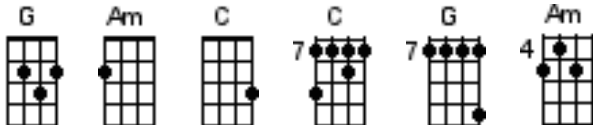
[F] \_ Whack for the daddy 'o, there's [C/] whiskey [G/] in the [C] jar

Musha [G] ring dumma do damma da [C] \_ Whack for the daddy 'o \_

[F] \_ Whack for the daddy 'o, there's [C/] whiskey [G/] in the [C] jar [G] [C]



You Ain't Goin' Nowhere (Written by Bob Dylan 1967) The Byrds, Earl Scruggs



4/4 time 1, 2, 1 2 3 4 Intro (As verse). [G] [Am] [C] [G] [G] [Am] [C] [G]

[G] Clouds so swift, [Am] rain won't lift  
[C] Gate won't close, [G] railings froze  
[G] Get your mind off [Am] wintertime,  
[C] You ain't goin' no-[G]-where.

Chorus: [G] Whoo-ee [Am] ride me high,  
[C] Tomorrow's the day my [G] bride's gonna come  
[G] Oh, oh, how [Am] we gonna fly,  
[C] Down in the easy [G] chair

Instrumental: [G] [Am] [C] [G] [G] [Am] [C] [G]

[G] Genghis Khan and his [Am] brother Don  
[C] They could not keep from [G] keepin' on  
[G] We'll cross that bridge [Am] after it's gone  
[C] After we've passed it [G] yeah.

Chorus: [G] Whoo-ee [Am] ride me high,  
[C] Tomorrow's the day my [G] bride's gonna come  
[G] Oh, oh, how [Am] we gonna fly,  
[C] Down in the easy [G] chair

Instrumental: [G] [Am] [C] [G] [G] [Am] [C] [G]

[G] Diamonds and rings and a [Am] gun that sings  
[C] A flute that toots and a [G] bee that stings  
[G] A sky that cried and a [Am] bird that flies  
[C] A dog that talks and a [G] fish that walks

Chorus: [G] Ooh-wee [Am] ride me high,  
[C] Tomorrow's the day my [G] bride's gonna come now  
[G] Oh, oh, how [Am] we gonna fly,  
[C] Down in the easy [G] chair

Instrumental: [G] [Am] [C] [G] [G] [Am] [C] [G]

(Written by Pete St John 1979)

**INTRO:** (~~For you~~) [D] ~~stole Trevelyan's~~ [G] ~~corn, so the~~ [D] ~~young might see the~~ [A] ~~morn~~  
 Now [A] ~~a prison ship lies waiting in the~~ [D] ~~bay~~ [D]

By the [D] lonely prison wall, I [G] heard a young girl [D] call-[A] -ing [A]  
 [D] Michael they have [G] taken you a-[A] -way [A]  
 For you [D] stole Trevelyan's [G] corn, so the [D] young might see the [A] morn  
 Now [A] a prison ship lies waiting in the [D] bay [D]

**Chorus:**

[D] Low [G] lie the [D] fields of Athen-[Bm] -ry  
 Where [D] once we watched the small free birds [A] fly [A]  
 Our [D] love was on the [G] wing  
 We had [D] dreams and songs to [A] sing  
 It's so [A] lonely round the fields of Athen-[D] -ry [D]

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

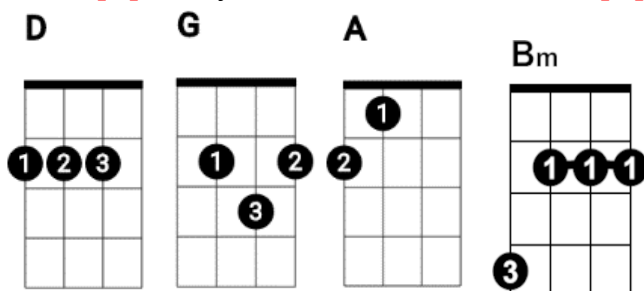
**Repeat Chorus (above)**

By the [D] lonely harbour wall, she [G] watched the last star [D] fall-[A] -ing [A]  
 As the [D] prison ship sailed [G] out against the [A] sky [A]  
 For she [D] lived to hope and [G] pray, for her [D] love in Botany [A] Bay  
 And it's so [A] lonely round the fields of Athen-[D] -ry [D]

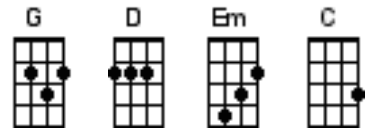
**Final Chorus and Outro:**

[D] Low [G] lie the [D] fields of Athen-[Bm] -ry  
 Where [D] once we watched the small free birds [A] fly [A]  
 Our [D] love was on the [G] wing  
 We had [D] dreams and songs to [A] sing  
 It's so [A] lonely round the fields of Athen-[D] -ry [Bm]  
 It's so [A] lonely round the fields of Athen-[D] -ry [Bm]  
*Slowing down*

It's so [A] lonely round the fields of Athen-[G] -ry [D]



# Wagon Wheel. 2003. Old Crow Medicine Show.



4/4 time. 1, 2, 1 2 3 4 Intro: [G] [D] [Em] [C] [G] [D] [C] [C]

[G] Headed down south to the [D] land of the Pine  
I'm [Em] thumbin' my way into [C] North Caroline  
[G] Staring up the road and I [D] pray to God I see [C] head lights. [C]  
I [G] made it down the coast in [D] seventeen hours  
[Em] Pickin' me a bouquet of [C] dogwood flowers and  
I'm [G] Hopin' for Raleigh I can [D] see my baby to-[C]-night.

Chorus [C] \_\_ So [G] rock me mama like a [D] wagon wheel  
[Em] Rock me mama any [C] way you feel  
[G] Hey-[D]-ey mama [C] rock me. [C]  
[G] Rock me mama like the [D] wind and the rain  
[Em] Rock me mama like a [C] south bound train  
[G] Hey-[D]-ey mama [C] rock me. [C]

[G] Runnin' from the cold up in [D] New England  
I was [Em] born to be a fiddler in an [C] old string band  
My [G] baby plays the guitar [D] I pick the banjo [C] now. [C]  
Oh [G] north country winters keep-a [D] gettin' me low  
Lost [Em] money playin' poker so I [C] had to go  
But I [G] ain't turning back to [D] live that life no [C] more.

Chorus

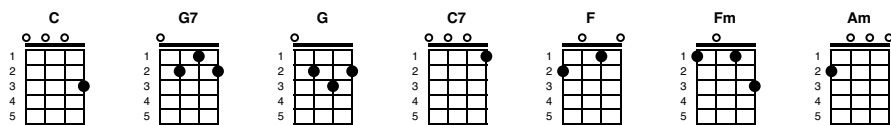
[G] Walkin' to the south out of [D] Roanoake  
I caught a [Em] trucker out of Philly had a [C] nice long toke  
But [G] he's a-headed west from the [D] Cumberland Gap,  
[C] Johnson City [C] Tennessee.  
I [G] gotta get a move on be-[D]-fore for the sun  
I [Em] hear my baby callin and I [C] know she's the one  
And [G] if I die in Raleigh at [D] least I will die [C] free. [C]

Chorus [C] \_\_ So [G] rock me mama like a [D] wagon wheel  
[Em] Rock me mama any [C] way you feel  
[G] Hey-[D]-ey mama [C] rock me. [C]  
[G] Rock me mama like the [D] wind and the rain  
[Em] Rock me mama like a [C] south bound train  
[G] Hey-[D]-ey mama [C] rock me. [C]

[G] [D] [Em] [C] [G] [D] [C] [C] [G]

# Banks Of The Ohio - Onsong

Key of C  
4/4



## Intro:

[C] [G7] [C/] [F/] [C ↓ ]

## Verse 1:

[NC] I asked my [C] love to take a [G] walk  
To take a [G7] walk just a little [C] walk  
Down be-[C7]-side where the waters [F] flow  
[Fm] Down by the [C] banks [G7] of the Ohi-[C/] -o [F/] [C ↓ ]

## Chorus:

[NC] And only [C] say that you'll be [G] mine  
And in no [G7] others' arms en-[C]-twine  
Down be-[C7]-side where the waters [F] flow  
[Fm] Down by the [C] banks [G7] of the Ohi-[C/] -o [F/] [C ↓ ]

## Verse 2:

[NC] I held a [C] knife against his [G] breast  
[G] \_ \_ As in-[G7]-to my arms he [C] pressed  
He cried my [C7] love don't you murder [F] me  
[Fm] I'm not pre-[C]-pared [G7] for eterni-[C/] -ty [F/] [C ↓ ]

## Chorus:

[NC] And only [C] say that you'll be [G] mine  
And in no [G7] others' arms en-[C]-twine  
Down be-[C7]-side where the waters [F] flow  
[Fm] Down by the [C] banks [G7] of the Ohi-[C/] -o [F/] [C ↓ ]

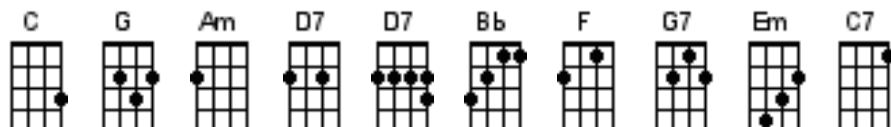
## Verse 3:

[NC] I wandered [C] home 'tween twelve and [G] one  
I cried, "My [G7] God what have I [C] done?  
I've killed the [C7] only man I [F] love  
[Fm] He would not [C] take [G7] me for his [C/] bride." [F/] [C ↓ ]

## Chorus and ending:

[NC] And only [C] say that you'll be [G] mine  
And in no [G7] others' arms en-[C]-twine  
Down be-[C7]-side where the waters [F] flow  
[Fm] Down by the [C] banks [G7] of the Ohi-[C/] -o  
[Am] Down by the [C] banks [G7] of the Ohi-[C/] -o [F/] [C ↓ ]

# City of New Orleans. 1971. Steve Goodman, Arlo Guthrie, Willie Nelson.



4/4 time. Intro: 1, 2, 1 2 3 4 [C] [G] [Am] [D7] [Bb/] [F/] [G] [C]

[C] Riding on the [G] City of New [C] Orleans [C],  
[Am] Illinois Central [F] Monday morning [C] rail [G7]  
[C] Fifteen cars and [G] fifteen restless [C] riders [C]  
[Am] Three conductors and [G] twenty-five sacks of [C] mail [C]  
All a-[Am]-long the southbound [Am] odyssey, the [Em] train pulls out at [Em] Kankakee  
[G] Rolls along past houses, [G] farms and [D] fields, [D]  
[Am] Passing trains that [Am] have no name, [Em] freight yards full of [Em] old black men  
and the [G] graveyards of the [G7] rusted autom-[C]-biles [C]

## Chorus:

Good [F] morning A-[G]-merica how [C] are you? [C]  
[Am] Don't you know me [F] I'm your native [C] son  
[G7] \_\_ I'm the [C] train they call the [G] City of New [Am] Orleans [D7]  
And I'll be [Bb/] gone five [F/] hundred [G] miles when the day is [C] done [C]

[C] Dealin' cards with the [G] old men in the [C] club car [C]  
[Am] Penny a point, ain't [F] no one keepin' [C] score [G7]  
[C] Pass the paper [G] bag that holds the [C] bottle [C]  
[Am] Feel the wheels a [G] grumbling 'neath the [C] floor [C]  
And the [Am] sons of Pullman [Am] porters and the [Em] sons of engin-[Em]-eers  
Ride their [G] father's magic [G] carpet made of [D] steel [D]  
[Am] Mothers with their [Am] babes asleep, a-[Em]-rockin' to the [Em] gentle beat  
And the [G] rhythm of the [G7] rail is all they [C] feel [C]

## Chorus

[C] Night time on The [G] City of New [C] Orleans [C]  
[Am] Changing cars in [F] Memphis, Tennes-[C]-see [G7]  
[C] Half way home, [G] we'll be there by [C] morning [C]  
Through the [Am] Mississippi darkness [G] rolling down to the [C] sea [C]  
And [Am] all the towns and [Am] people seem to [Em] fade into a [Em] bad dream  
And the [G] steel rail [G] still ain't heard the [D] news. [D]  
The con-[Am]-ductor sings his [Am] songs again the [Em] passengers will [Em] please refrain  
[G] This train's got the [G7] disappearin' railroad [C] blues [C]

## Chorus:

## Final Chorus

[C7] [F] Good morning A-[G]-merica how [C] are you? [C]  
[Am] Don't you know me [F] I'm your native [C] son [G7/]  
[G7/] I'm the [C] train they call the [G] City of New [Am] Orleans  
[D7] And I'll be [Bb/] *slow* gone five [F/] hundred [G] miles when the day is [C] done [C]