

Bold Riley

Well the [C] rain it rains [F] all day [C] long [G]
Bold [F] Riley [C] oh Bold [F] Ril- [G] ey
And the [Am] northern winds they [F] blow so [C] strong [G]
Bold [F] Riley [C] oh has [G] gone a- [C] way

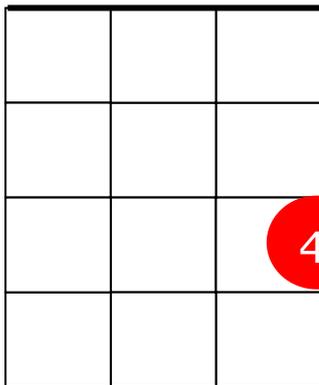
Chorus:

Goodbye my [C] sweetheart, goodbye my [G] dear-oh
Bold [F] Riley [C] oh Bold [F] Ril- [G] ey
Goodbye my [Am] darling, goodbye my [G] dear-oh
Bold [F] Riley [C] oh has [G] gone a- [C] way

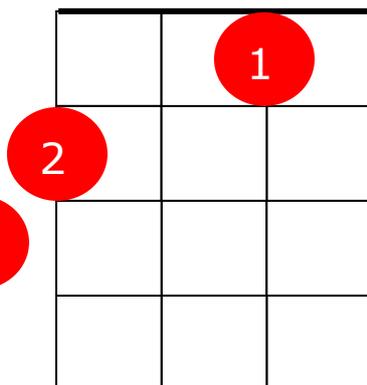
Well we're [C] outward bound for the [F] Bengal [C] Bay [G]
Bold [F] Riley [C] oh Bold [F] Ril- [G] ey
Get [Am] bending me lads; it's a [F] helluva [C] way [G]
Bold [F] Riley [C] oh has [G] gone a- [C] way

Well [C] cheer up darling: [F] don't be [C] glum [G]
Bold [F] Riley [C] oh Bold [F] Ril- [G] ey
Come white [Am] stocking day we'll be [F] drinking [C] rum [G]
Bold [F] Riley [C] oh has [G] gone a- [C] way

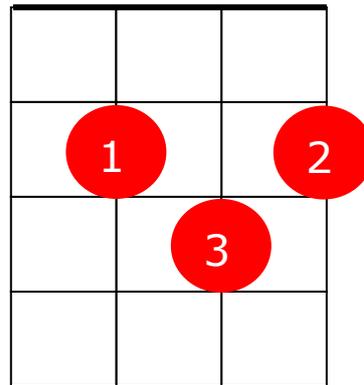
C



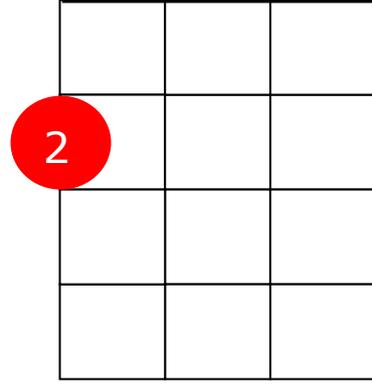
F



G



Am



The Roseville Fair Bill Staines kinda via Nanci Griffith

Oh [D] the night was clear and the [G] stars were [D] shining
And the moon came [Em] up [A] so quiet in the [D] sky
All the people gathered 'round and the [G] band was a- [D]
tuning
I can hear them [Em] now [A] playing "Comin' Through the [D]
Rye"

You were [D] dressed in blue and you [G] looked so [D] lovely
Just a gentle [Em] flower [A] of a small town [D] girl
You took my hand and we [G] stepped to the [D] music
With a single [Em] smile [A] you became my [D] world

Chorus

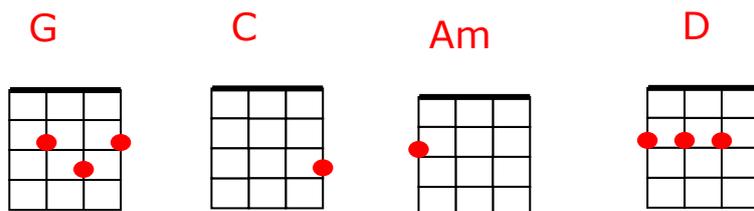
And [D] we danced all [G] night [A] to the fiddle and the [D]
banjo
Their drifting [Em] tunes [A] seemed to fill the [D] air
So long ag- [G] o [A] but I still re- [D] member
When we fell in [Em] love [A] at the Roseville [D] Fair

Now we [D] courted well and we [G] courted [D] dearly
And we'd rock for [Em] hours [A] on the front porch [D] chair
Then a year went by from the [G] time that I [D] met you
And I made you [Em] mine [A] at the Roseville [D] Fair

(To the tune of the chorus)

So here's a [G] song [A] for all of the [D] lovers
And here's a [Em] tune [A] that they can [D] share
May they dance all [G] night [A] to the fiddle and the [D] banjo
The way we [Em] did [A] at the Roseville [D] Fair

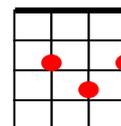
And another normal chorus



Boston Harbour

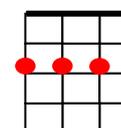
From [G] Boston Harbour we set sail
And [D] it was blowin' the [G] devil of a gale
With the ring-tail [D] set all a- [Em] vast the mizzen [C] peak
And [D] Rule Britannia ploughing up the deep
With a [G] big bow wow, [D] tow row row
[G] Fol de [C] rol de [D] ri do [G] day.

G



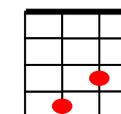
Then [G] up comes the skipper from down below
And it's [D] look aloft, boys, [G] look below
And it's look a-[D] low and it's [Em] look a- [C] loft
And it's [D] tie up your ropes, boys, fore and aft.
With a [G] big bow wow, [D] tow row row
[G] Fol de [C] rol de [D] ri do [G] day.

D



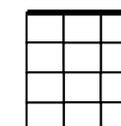
Then it's [G] down to his cabin well he quickly goes
And it's [D] to his poor old [G] steward then he bawls
"Go fix me a [D] glass that will [Em] make me [C] cough
'Cause it's [D] better weather here than it is up on top
With a [G] big bow wow, [D] tow row row
[G] Fol de [C] rol de [D] ri do [G] day.

Em



While it's [G] we poor seamen that are up on the decks
With the [D] blasted rain a- [G] falling down our necks
And not a drop of [D] grog will [Em] he af- [C] ford
But he [D] damns our eyes with every other word.
With a [G] big bow wow, [D] tow row row
[G] Fol de [C] rol de [D] ri do [G] day.

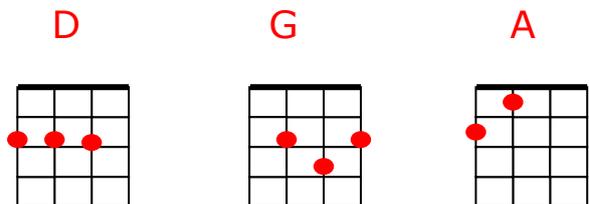
C



Now [G] there's one thing that we all do crave
That our [D] captain he meets with a [G] watery grave
We will throw him [D] down into [Em] some dark [C] hole
Where the [D] sharks'll have his body and the Devil have his soul.
With a [G] big bow wow, [D] tow row row
[G] Fol de [C] rol de [D] ri do [G] day.

With a [G] big bow wow, [D] tow row row
[G] Fol de [C] rol de [D] ri do [G] day.

Cotton Mill Girls



Chorus

It's [D] hard times, [G] Cotton Mill Girls,
[D] Hard times, [A] Cotton Mill Girls
It's [D] hard times, [G] Cotton Mill Girls,
[D] hard times [A] every- [D] where

I [D] worked in a cotton mill [G] all of my life
[D] Ain't got nothing but this [A] Barlow knife
It's [D] hard times [G] Cotton Mill Girls,
It's [D] hard times [A] every- [D] where

In [D] 1915 we [G] heard it said
[D] Move to cotton country and [A] get ahead
It's [D] hard times [G] Cotton Mill Girls,
It's [D] hard times [A] every- [D] where

[D] Us kids worked 14 [G] hours a day
For [D] 13 cents of [A] measly pay
It's [D] hard times [G] Cotton Mill Girls,
It's [D] hard times [A] every- [D] where

[D] When I die don't [G] bury me at all
Just [D] hang my body on the [A] spinning room wall
[D] Pickle my bones in [G] alcohol,
It's [D] hard times [A] every- [D] where

Dashing Away with the Smoothing Iron

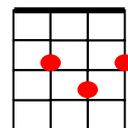
[G] 'Twas on a Monday [C] morn- [D] ing
When [G] I beheld my [C] dar- [D] ling
She [G] looked so neat and [C] charm- [D] ing
In [C] every [D] high de- [G] gree
She [C] looked so neat and [D] nimble, oh
A-[G] washing of her [C] linen, [D] oh

Chorus:

[G] Dashing away with the [C] smoothing [D] iron
[G] Dashing away with the [C] smoothing [D] iron
[G] Dashing away with the [C] smoothing [D] iron
She [C] stole my [D] heart a- [G] way.

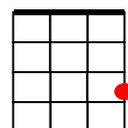
[G] 'Twas on a Tuesday [C] morn- [D] ing
When [G] I beheld my [C] dar- [D] ling
She [G] looked so neat and [C] charm- [D] ing
In [C] every [D] high de- [G] gree
She [C] looked so neat and [D] nimble, oh
A-[G] hanging of her [C] linen, [D] oh

G



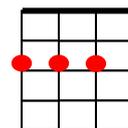
[G] 'Twas on a Wednesday [C] morn- [D] ing
When [G] I beheld my [C] dar- [D] ling
She [G] looked so neat and [C] charm- [D] ing
In [C] every [D] high de- [G] gree
She [C] looked so neat and [D] nimble, oh
A-[G] starching of her [C] linen, [D] oh

C



[G] 'Twas on a Thursday [C] morn- [D] ing
When [G] I beheld my [C] dar- [D] ling
She [G] looked so neat and [C] charm- [D] ing
In [C] every [D] high de- [G] gree
She [C] looked so neat and [D] nimble, oh
An-[G] ironing of her [C] linen, [D] oh

D

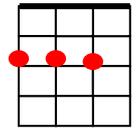


Friday: A-folding
Saturday: An-airing
Sunday: A-wearing

Donkey Riding

[D] Was you ever [G] in Que- [D] bec
[A] Stowin' timber on the deck,
[D] Where ye'd break yer [G] bleedin' [D] neck?
[A] Riding on a [D] donkey!

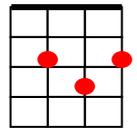
D



Chorus

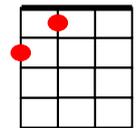
[G] Way [D] hey and a- [A] way we [D] go
[A] Donkey riding, donkey riding
[G] Way [D] hey and a- [A] way we [D] go
[A] Riding on a [D] donkey

G



[D] Was you ever [G] off Cape [D] Horn
[A] Where it's always fine and warm
[D] Wished to God you'd [G] never been [D] born?
[A] Riding on a [D] donkey!

A



[D] Was you ever in [G] Cardiff [D] Bay
[A] Where the girls all shout, "Hooray! -
[D] "Here comes Johnny with his [G] three years' [D] pay"?
[A] Riding on a [D] donkey!

[D] Was you ever in [G] London-[D] town
[A] Where the folks they do come down
[D] To see the King in his [G] golden [D] crown
[A] Riding on a [D] donkey!

[D] Was you ever in [G] Valli- [D] po
[A] Where the gals put on a show?
[D] Wriggle and giggle with a [G] roll and [D] go
[A] Riding on a [D] donkey!

[D] Was ye ever down [G] Mobile [D] Bay
[A] Screwin' cotton all the day?
[D] A dollar a day is [G] all you get [D] paid.
[A] Riding on a [D] donkey!

Wagon Wheel (Old Crow Medicine Show)

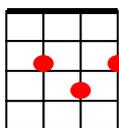
[G] Headed down south to the [D] land of the pines
And I'm [Em] thumbnin' my way into [C] North Caroline
[G] Starin' up the road
[D] Pray to God I see [C] headlights
I [G] made it down the coast in [D] seventeen hours
[Em] Pickin' me a bouquet of [C] dogwood flowers
And [G] I'm a hopin' for Raleigh
I can [D] see my baby to- [C] night

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

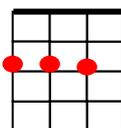
[G] Runnin' from the cold up in [D] New England
I was [Em] born to be a fiddler in an [C] old-time stringband
My [G] baby plays the guitar
[D] I pick a banjo [C] now
Oh, the [G] north country winters keep a [D] gettin' me now
Lost my [Em] money playin' poker so I [C] had to up and leave
But I [G] ain't a turnin' back
To [D] livin' that old life no [C] more

[G] Walkin' to the south [D] out of Roanoke
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
To [C] Johnson City, Tennessee
And I [G] gotta get a move on be- [D] fore the sun
I hear my [Em] baby callin' my name
And I [C] know that she's the only one
And [G] if I die in Raleigh, at [D] least I will die [C] free

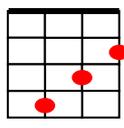
G



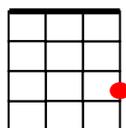
D



Em



C



Turn, Turn, Turn

Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8 / Pete Seeger via The Byrds

Chorus:

To every- [C] thing, [F] turn, [Em] turn, [G] turn
There is a [C] season, [F] turn, [Em] turn, [G] turn
And a [F] time to [Em] every [Dm] purpose [G] under [C]
heaven [Csus4] [C]

A time to be [G7] born, a time to [C] die
A time to [G7] plant, a time to [C] reap
A time to [G7] kill, a time to [C] heal
A time to [F] la- [Em] augh, a [Dm] ti- [G7] ime to [C] weep
[Csus4] [C]

Chorus

A time to [G7] build up, a time to break [C] down
A time to [G7] dance, a time to [C] mourn
... [G7] A time to cast-away [C] stones.
A time to [F] ga- [Em] ather [Dm] sto- [G7] ones to- [C]
gether [Csus4] [C]

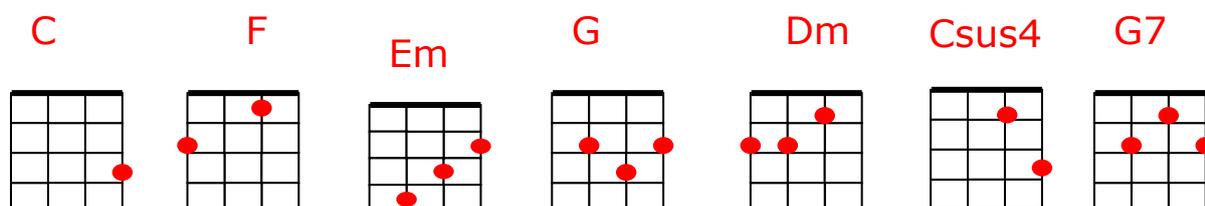
Chorus

A time of [G7] love, a time of [C] hate.
A time of [G7] war, a time of [C] peace.
... [G7] A time, you may em- [C] brace.
A time to [F] re- [Em] frain, [Dm] fro- [G7] om em- [C]
bracing [Csus4] [C]

Chorus

A time to [G7] gain, a time to [C] lose.
A time to [G7] rend, a time to [C] sew.
A time for [G7] love, a time for [C] hate.
A time for [F] pe- [Em] eace, I [Dm] swear it's [G7] not too [C]
late [Csus4] [C]

Chorus



Early One Morning

[D] Early one morning,
Just [G] as the sun was [A] rising,
I [D] heard a maid sing
In the [G] val- [A] ley be- [D] low.

Chorus:

[A] Oh, don't de- [D] ceive me,
[A] Oh, never [D] leave me.
[D] How could you [G] use
A [A] poor maiden [D] so?

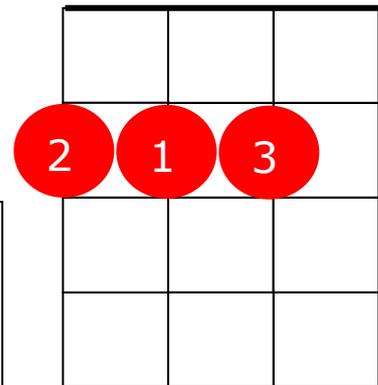
[D] Remember the vows
That you [G] made to your [A] Mary.
Re- [D] member the bower
Where you [G] promised [A] to be [D] true.

[D] Gay is the garland,
And [G] fresh are the [A] daisies,
I've [D] culled from the garden
To [G] bind [A] on thy [D] brow.

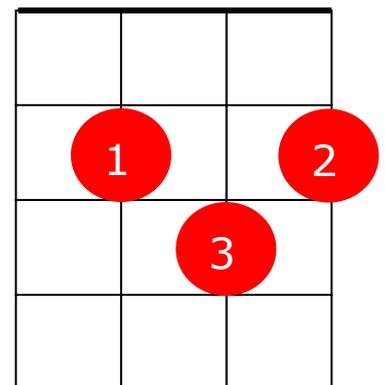
[D] Thus sang the maiden,
Her [G] sorrows be- [A] wailing,
[D] Thus sang the maid
In the [G] val- [A] ley be- [D] low.

[D] Early one morning,
Just [G] as the sun was [A] rising,
I [D] heard a maid sing
In the [G] val- [A] ley be- [D] low.

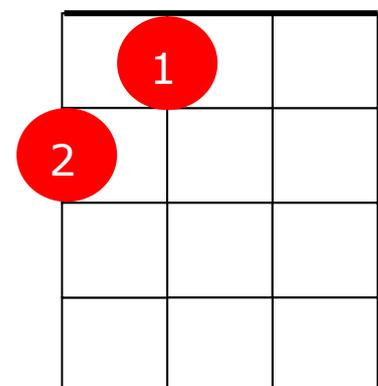
D



G



A



Lovely Joan – Trad

Intro: [F] [C] [G] [G]

A [F] fine young [C] man it [G] was indeed
[F] Riding up- [C] on a [G] milk white steed
He [F] rode and he [C] rode and he [G] rode all alone
Un- [F] til he [C] spied young [G] Lovely Joan

“Good [F] morning to [C] you, my [G] fair pretty maid”;
“And [F] twice good [C] morning to [G] you, sir” she said.
He [F] tipped her the [C] wink and she [G] rolled her brown eye;
Says [F] he to him- [C] self “I’ll be [G] there by and by.”

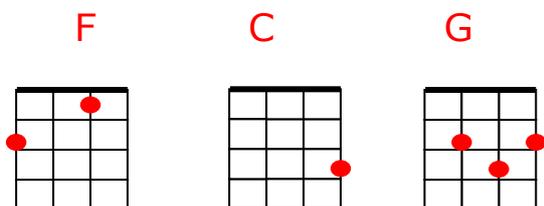
“Oh, [F] don’t you [C] think these [G] stooks of hay
A [F] pretty [C] place for [G] us to play?
So [F] come with [C] me, my [G] pretty, young thing
And [F] I will give to [C] you my [G] golden ring.”

And [F] he takes [C] off his [G] ring of gold
And [F] says “Pretty [C] miss, do [G] this behold.
I’ll [F] give it you [C] freely for your [G] maidenhead”
Her [F] cheeks they [C] blushed like the [G] roses red.

“Oh [F] give that [C] ring in- [G] to my hand
And [F] I will [C] neither [G] stay nor stand
For your [F] ring it is [C] worth much [G] more to me
Than [F] twenty [C] maiden- [G] heads” says she.

And [F] as he [C] makes for the [G] stooks of hay
She has [F] leapt on his [C] horse and she’s [G] galloped away
He [F] called and he [C] called but he [G] called her in vain
Young [F] Joan she [C] ne’er looked [G] back again

She [F] did not [C] think her- [G] self quite safe
Not un- [F] til she has [C] reached her own [G] true lover’s gate
She’s [F] robbed that young [C] man of his [G] horse and his ring
And [F] left him to [C] rage in the [G] meadows so green

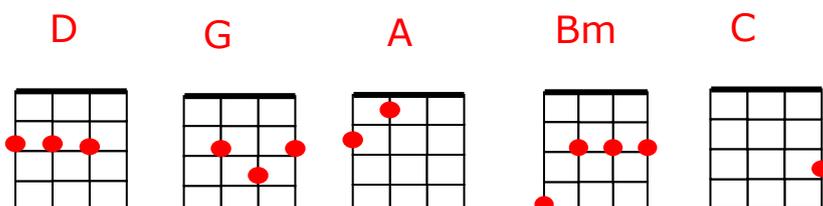


After the Goldrush – Neil Young

Well, [D] I dreamed I saw the knights in [G] armour coming,
Saying [D] something about a [G] queen.
There were [D] peasants singing and [A] drummers drumming
And the [G] archer split the [A] tree.
There was a [Bm] fanfare blowing [C] to the sun
That was [G] floating on the [C] breeze.
[D] Look at Mother Nature [A] on the run
In the [C] nineteen seven- [G] ties.
[D] Look at Mother Nature [A] on the run
In the [C] nineteen seven [G] ties.

I was [D] lying in a burned out [G] basement
With the [D] full moon in my [G] eyes.
I was [D] hoping for re- [A] placement
When the [G] sun burst through the [A] sky.
There was a [Bm] band playing [C] in my head
And I [G] felt like getting [C] high.
I was [D] thinking about what a [A] friend had said
I was [C] hoping it was a [G] lie.
[D] Thinking about what a [A] friend had said
I was [C] hoping it was a [G] lie.

Well, I [D] dreamed I saw the silver [G] spaceships flying
In the [D] yellow haze of the [G] sun;
There were [D] children crying and [A] colours flying
All a- [G] round the chosen [A] ones.
All in a [Bm] dream, all [C] in a dream
The [G] loading had be- [C] gun.
They were [D] flying Mother Nature's
[A] Silver seed to a [C] new home in the [G] sun.
[D] Flying Mother Nature's
[A] Silver seed to a [C] new home.



(C'mon Baby,) Let the Good Times Roll

Leonard Lee & Shirley Goodman via Harry Nilsson

[C] C'mon baby, let the good times roll
C'mon baby, let me [C7] thrill your soul, yeah
[F] C'mon baby, let the [C] good times roll
[D7] Roll all night [G7] long

[C] C'mon baby, yes, this is real
C'mon baby, show me [C7] how you feel, yeah
[F] C'mon baby, let the [C] good times roll
[G7] Roll all night [C] long [C7]

[F] Feel so [C] good, [G] now, that you're [C] home [C7]
[F] C'mon [C] baby, [D7] rock me all night [G7] long

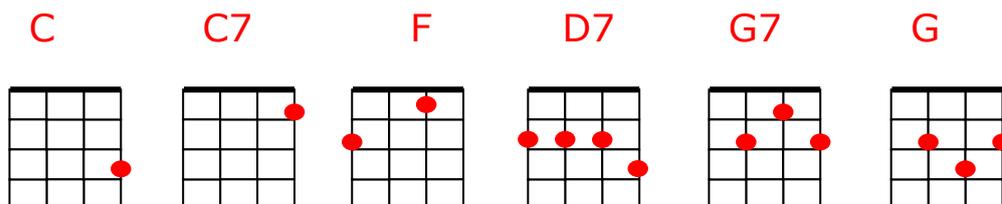
[C] C'mon baby, don't you lock the door
C'mon baby, let's [C7] rock some more
[F] C'mon baby, let the [C] good times roll
[G7] Roll all night [C] long

Instrumental – boxed section with kazoos

[F] Feel so [C] good, [G] now, that you're [C] home [C7]
[F] C'mon [C] baby, [D7] rock me all night [G7] long

[C] C'mon baby, let the good times roll
C'mon baby, let me [C7] thrill your soul,
[F] C'mon baby, let the [C] good times roll
[G7] Roll all night [C] long [C7]

[F] C'mon baby, let the [C] good times roll
[G7] *rall.* Roll all night [C] long.



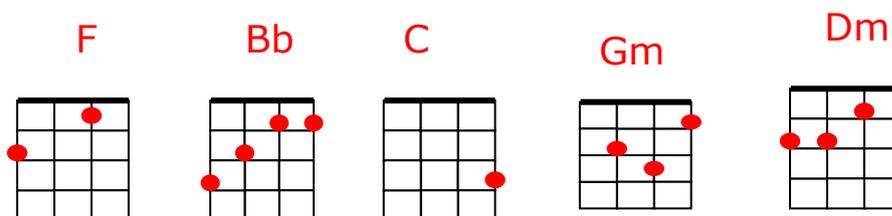
The Fields of Athenry Pete St. John

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

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

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

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



The Leaving of Liverpool

Fare- [C] well to you my [F] own true [C] love
I'm sailing far, far a- [G] way
I'm [C] bound for Cali- [F] forn-i- [C] a
But I know that I'll re- [G] turn some [C] day

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 [G] think of [C] thee

Fare- [C] well to Prince's [F] Landing [C] Stage
River Mersey, fare thee [G] well
I am [C] bound for Cali- [F] forn-i- [C] a
A place I [G] know right [C] well

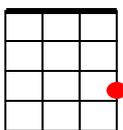
I'm [C] bound off for Cali- [F] forn-i- [C] a
By the way of stormy Cape [G] Horn
And I'm [C] bound to write to you a [F] letter, [C] love
When I am [G] homeward [C] bound

I have [C] signed on a Yankee [F] sailing [C] ship
Davy Crockett I do [G] tell
And the [C] captain's name it is [F] Burg- [C] ess
And they say that she's a [G] floating [C] hell

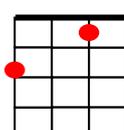
Fare- [C] well to lower [F] Frederick [C] Street
Ensign Terrace and Park [G] Lane
For I [C] think it will be a [F] long, long [C] time
Before I see [G] you a- [C] gain

Oh the [C] sun is on the [F] harbour, [C] love
And I wish I could re- [G] main
For I [C] know it will be a [F] long, long [C] time
Until I see [G] you a- [C] gain

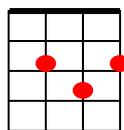
C



F



G



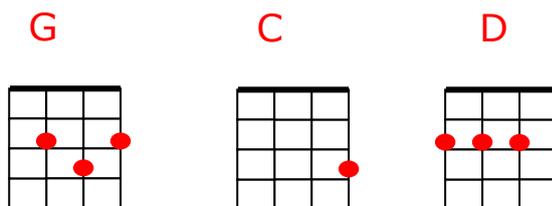
Mingulay Boat Song

Heel ya [G] ho, boys, let her go, boys
Swing her [D] head round and all to- [C] gether
Heel ya [G] ho, boys, let her go, boys
Sailing [D] homeward to Mingu- [G] lay

What care [G] we though white The Minch is
What care [D] we for wind or [C] weather
Swing her [G] head round, every inch is
Sailing [D] homeward to Mingu- [G] lay

Wives are [G] waiting by the quayside
They've been [D] waiting since break of [C] day-o
Swing her [G] head round, every inch is
Sailing [D] homeward to Mingu- [G] lay

When the [G] wind is wild with shouting
And the [D] waves mount ever [C] higher
Anxious [G] eyes turn ever seaward
To see us [D] home, boys, to Mingu- [G] lay



The Mountains of Mourne Lyrics: Percy French; tune trad Page 1 of 2

Oh [G] Molly this London's a [C] beautiful [Am] sight
Where the [D] people are workin' by [C] day and by [G] night
They [G] don't sow potatoes nor [C] barley nor [Am] wheat
But there's [D] gangs of them diggin' for [C] gold in the [G]
street

At [D] least when I asked them that's [G] what I was [Em] told
So I [G] took up my [E7] hand at this [A7] diggin' for [D] gold
But for [G] all that I [B7] found there I [Am] might as well [A7]
be

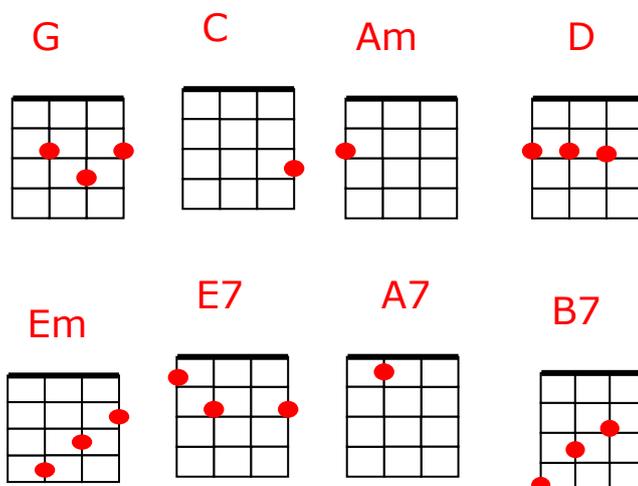
Where the [D] Mountains of Mourne sweep [C] down to the [G]
sea

I be- [G] lieve that when writing a [C] wish you'd ex- [Am]
pressed

As to [D] how the fine ladies of [C] London are [G] dressed
Well [G] if you believe me when [C] asked to the [Am] ball
Faith, they [D] don't wear no tops to their [C] dresses at [G] all
Oh, I've [D] seen it myself and I [G] tell you in [Em] truth
I can't [G] tell if they're [E7] bound for a [A7] ball or a [D]
bath

Don't go [G] startin' those [B7] fashions now [Am] Molly Ma-
[A7] chree

Where the [D] Mountains of Mourne sweep [C] down to the [G]
sea



The Mountains of Mourne

Page 2 of 2

You re - [G] member young Peter O' [C] Laughlin of [Am]
course
Well [D] now he is here at the [C] head of the [G] force
I [G] saw him one day I was [C] crossing The [Am] Strand
And he [D] stopped the whole street with one [C] wave of his
[G] hand
And [D] there we stood talking of [G] days long [Em] gone
While the [G] whole popu- [E7] lation of [A7] London looked
[D] on
But for [G] all his great [B7] power he's [Am] wishin' like [A7]
me
To be [D] back where the dark Mourne sweeps [C] down to the
[G] sea

There are [G] beautiful girls here; oh, [C] never you [Am] mind
With [D] beautiful shapes nature [C] never de- [G] signed
And [G] lovely complexions all [C] roses and [Am] cream
But O'- [D] Laughlin remarked with re- [C] gard to the [G]
same
That [D] if at those roses you [G] venture to [Em] sip
The [G] colours might [E7] all come a- [A7] way on your [D]
lip

Milk it!!!

So I'll [G]X wait ... for the [B7]X wild rose ... that's [Am]X
waiting for [A7]X me ...
Where the [D] Mountains of Mourne sweep [C] down to the [G]
sea
The [D] Mountains of Mourne sweep [C] down to the [G] sea

The Golden Vanity trad, via Sam Kelly

Well there [G] once was a lofty ship that sailed upon the sea
The [C] name of the ship it was the [D] Golden Vanity
And [G] one day she came upon the Spanish enemy
As she [C] sailed upon the [D] lowlands, [G] lowlands [Em] low
As she [C] sailed upon the [D] lowlands [G] low

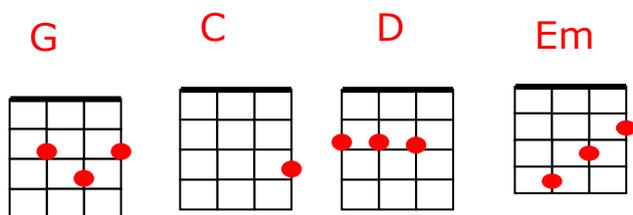
In the [D] lowlands, in the [G] low- [Em] lands
As she [C] sailed upon the [D] lowlands [G] low

Well [G] up spoke the cabin boy and boldly out spoke he
He [C] said to the captain "Now [D] what would you give to me
If [G] I were to swim up to the Spanish enemy
And [C] sink her in the [D] lowlands, [G] lowlands [Em] low
And [C] sink her in the [D] lowlands [G] low?"

In the [D] lowlands, in the [G] low- [Em] lands
And [C] sink her in the [D] lowlands [G] low

"Well [G] I will give you silver, and I will give you gold
[C] If you should attempt it's so [D] daring and so bold
Oh [G] and me lovely daughter's hand in marriage you shall
hold
If you [C] sink her in the [D] lowlands, [G] lowlands [Em] low
If you [C] sink her in the [D] lowlands [G] low"

In the [D] lowlands, in the [G] low- [Em] lands
If you [C] sink her in the [D] lowlands [G] low



The Golden Vanity

Page 2 of 2

Well [G] then the young cabin boy jumped straight into the sea
And with a [C] rope around his waist he swam up [D] to the
enemy

And [G] with the hammer bored a hole and then another three
And he [C] sunk her in the [D] lowlands, [G] lowlands [Em] low
And he [C] sunk her in the [D] lowlands, [G] low.

In the [D] lowlands, in the [G] low- [Em] lands
He [C] sunk her in the [D] lowlands [G] low

"Well [G] oh me captain I have done the deed you asked of me
[C] I have sunk the Spanish ship in- [D] to the briny sea
So [G] won't you throw a ladder down or drownèd I shall be
Cause I'm [C] sinking in the [D] lowlands, [G] lowlands [Em]
low
I'm [C] sinking in the [D] lowlands [G] low"

In the [D] lowlands, in the [G] low- [Em] lands
I'm [C] sinking in the [D] lowlands [G] low

But [G] to the drowning cabin boy the captain paid no heed
Cause [C] he had made a promise that he [D] never meant to
keep
His [G] daughter he would marry to a man with wealth to reap
So he [C] left him in the [D] lowlands, [G] lowlands [Em] low
He [C] left him in the [D] lowlands [G] low

In the [D] lowlands, in the [G] low- [Em] lands
He [C] left him in the [D] lowlands [G] low

In the [D] lowlands, in the [G] low- [Em] lands
He [C] left him in the [D] lowlands [G] low

In the [D] lowlands, in the [G] low- [Em] lands
He [C] left him in the [D] lowlands [G] low

When I'm Dead and Gone

Benny Gallagher and Graham Lyle / McGuinness Flint

Intro: G C G C

[G] Ooh I love you baby, I [C] love you night and day
[G] When I leave you baby, don't [C] cry the night
away
[G] When I die don't you write no [C] words upon my
tomb
[G] I don't believe I want to leave no [C] epitaph of
doom.

Chorus:

[G] Oh oh oh [D] oh
[Em] When I'm dead and [C] gone
I wanna [G] leave some happy [D] woman living [G]
on [C] [D]
[G] Oh oh oh [D] oh
[Em] When I'm dead and [C] gone
Don't [G] want nobody to [D] mourn beside my [C]
grave [G].

[G] Ooh, my Melinda, she's [C] out to get my hide
[G] She's got a shotgun and a [C] daughter by her side
[G] Hey there ladies, [C] Johnson's free
[G] Who's got the love, who's got enough to [C] keep a
man like me.

Chorus, kazoo verse. repeat chorus

Outro:

[G] [G] [C] [D] Ooh la la la ... and repeat several times

