

Inte bara

Bob Dylan

utan också

Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger
Joan Baez, Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton
Ed Mc Curdy, Leonard Cohen,
Malvina Reynolds, Peter, Paul & Mary

34 sånger

från 60-talets amerikanska visvåg

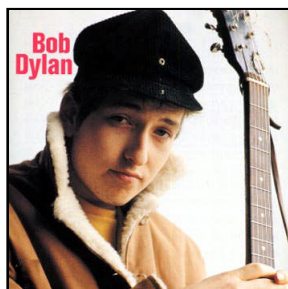
The First Season



Guitars Unlimited

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You're no good
 Talkin' New York
 In my time of dyin'
 Man of constant sorrow
 Fixin' to die
 Pretty Peggy-o
 Highway 51
 Gospel plow
 Baby, let me follow you down
 House of the risin' sun
 Freight train blues
 Song to Woody
 See that my grave is kept clean



Bob Dylan 1962

I november 1961, 20 år gammal, spelade Bob Dylan in sångerna till sitt debutalbum på CBS. Skivan, som producerades av Jack Hammond innehöll 13 spår.

De flesta var traditionella sånger eller sånger som var skrivna av andra författare. Flera av dem arrangerades om av Dylan. Bara två sånger var egna; *Song to Woody*, hans hyllingssång till Woody Guthrie och *Talkin' New York*, en talking blues i Guthrie's anda.

This land is your land Woody Guthrie

^D ^G ^D ^{A7}
 This land is your land, this land is my land from Ca - li - for - nia
^D ^G
 — to the New York Is - land from the Red - wood for - est —
^D ^{A7}
 — to the Gulf Stream wa - ters..... This land was
^D
 made for you and me.



^D ^G ^D
 As I went walking that ribbon of highway
^{A7} ^D
 I saw above me that endless skyway,
^G ^D
 I saw below me that golden valley
^{A7} ^D
 this land was made for you and me.

^D ^G ^D
 I roamed and rambled, and I followed my footsteps
^{A7} ^D
 to the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,
^G ^D
 and all around me a voice was sounding,
^{A7} ^D
 this land was made for you and me.

^D ^G ^D
 When the sun come shining, then I was strolling
^{A7} ^D
 and the wheat fields waving, and the dust clouds rolling,
^G ^D
 a voice was chanting as the fog was lifting
^{A7} ^D
 this land was made for you and me.

^D ^G ^D
 This land is your land, this land is my land
^{A7} ^D
 from California to the New York Island.
^G ^D
 from the Redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters.
^{A7} ^D
 this land was made for you and me.

Jesus Christ

Woody Guthrie

Je - sus Christ was a man that travel - led through the land, hard work - ing man and
brave. He_ said to the rich: Give your goods to the poor, so they
laid Je - sus Christ in his grave. Je - sus was a man a car - pen - ter by hand his
fol - lo - wers true and brave, one_ dir - ty lit - tle cow - ard called
Ju - das Is - car - iot has laid Je - sus Christ in his grave.

He went to the sick, he went to the poor
he went to the hungry and the lame;
said that the poor would one day win this world,
and so they laid Jesus Christ in his grave.

Jesus was a man a carpenter by hand
his followers true and brave.
One dirty little coward called Judas Iscariot
has laid Jesus Christ in his grave.

He went to the preacher, he went to the sheriff
told them all the same;
sell all your jewelry and give it to the poor
but they laid Jesus Christ in his grave.

Jesus was a man...

When Jesus came to town, the working folks around
 believed what he did say;
 the bankers and the preachers, they nailed him on a cross,
 and they laid Jesus Christ in his grave.
 Jesus was a man...

Poor working people, they followed him around
 sung and shouted gay;
 cops and the soldiers they nailed him in the air
 and they laid Jesus Christ in his grave.
 Jesus was a man...

When the love of the poor shall one day turn to hate,
 when the patience of the workers gives away.
 "Would be better for you rich if you never had been born,"
 so they laid Jesus Christ in his grave.
 Jesus was a man...

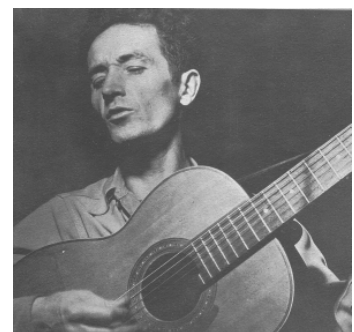
This song was written in New York City,
 of rich men, preachers and slaves,
 yes if Jesus was to preach like he did in Galilee
 they would lay Jesus Christ in his grave.
 Jesus was a man...

Woody Guthrie, 1912-1967, folksångare, låtskrivare, poet och författare.
 Han skrev mer än tusen sånger. "Woody är den typen av människa som skriver tre nya sånger på morgonen innan han äter frukost" lär Cisco Houston ha sagt.

Han försörjde sig tidigt som kringresande musiker med både folksånger och politiska visor på repertoaren. I samarbete med Moe Asch, Cisco Houston, Leadbelly och Sonny Terry spelade han i april 1944 in hundratals sånger under två veckor.

Woody hade ett stort socialt patos och en stark tro på musikens kraft.

För den som söker källorna till 60-talets visväg är Woody Guthrie en utmärkt utgångspunkt..



Go in ' down this old dusty road *Woody Guthrie*

I'm blow - ing down this old dust - y road, Lord, Lord_ I'm blow - ing down this
old dust - y road._____ I'm blow - ing down this old dust - y
road, Lord, Lord, and I ain't gon - na be treat - ed this - a - way

D
I'm going where the water tastes like wine
G **D**
I'm going where the water tastes like wine
G **D**
I'm going where the water tastes like wine, Lord, Lord.
A7 **D**
And I ain't gonna be treated this a way.

D
I'm going where these dust storms never blow,
G **D**
I'm going where these dust storms never blow,
G **D**
I'm going where these dust storms never blow, Lord, Lord.
A7 **D**
And I ain't gonna be treated this a way.

They say I'm a dust bowl refugee (3)
And I ain't gonna be treated this away.

I'm looking for a job with honest pay (3)
And I ain't gonna be treated this away.

My children needs three square meals a day (3)
And I ain't gonna be treated this away.

Takes a ten dollar shoe to fit my feat (3)
And I ain't gonna be treated this away.

Your two dollar shoe hurts my feet (3)
And I ain't gonna be treated this away.

I'm goin' where those grapes and peaches grow (3)
And I ain't gonna be treated this away.

We shall overcome

Pete Seeger / trad.

G C G Em G C G Em G C
We shall o - ver - come, we shall o - ver - come, we shall o - ver -
Em A7 D A7 3 D G C G
come some day Oh deep in my heart
C D7 Em G C G D7 G
I do be - lieve we shall o - ver - come some day.

G C G Em G C G Em
We are not afraid, we are not afraid
G C D Em A7 D A7 D
we are not afraid today.
D7 G C G C D7 Em
Oh deep in my heart, I do beleive
G C G D7 G
we shall overcome some day.

G C G Em G C G Em
We'll walk hand in hand, we'll walk hand in hand
G C D Em A7 D A7 D
we'll walk hand in hand someday
D7 G C G C D7 Em
Oh deep in my heart, I do beleive
G C G D7 G
we shall overcome some day.

G C G Em G C G Em
We shall live in peace, we shall live in peace
G C D Em A7 D A7 D
we shall live in peace someday
D7 G C G C D7 Em
Oh deep in my heart, I do beleive
G C G D7 G
we shall overcome some day.

Pete Seeger föddes 1919. Redan vid 16 års ålder försörjde han sig som trubadur. Han spelade gitarr och banjo och skrev tidigt egna sånger. Av folkbluessångaren Leadbelly lärde han sig under 30-talet att spela 12-strängad gitarr. 1940 blev han bekant med Woody Guthrie. De spelade på fackföreningsmöten och vid politiska sammankomster i gruppen *The Almanac Singers*.

1949 bildade Pete Seeger folkmusikgruppen *The Weavers*. 1950 var han med om att starta folkmusiktidningen *Sing out!* Under McCarthyeran ställdes han inför rätta för "oamerikansk verksamhet" men blev inte fälld.

Tidsandan fick dock till följd att Pete Seeger blev svartlistad och att varken han själv eller *The Weavers* fick framträda i amerikansk radio eller TV på 17 år.

Pete Seeger har spelat in mer än 100 LP-skivor. En hel del inspelningar finns nu på CD.



When the stars begin to fall trad.

D A7 D A7
 My Lord, what a mourn-ing, my_ Lord, what a mourn-ing, my
 D G D A7 D
 Lord, what a mourn-ing, when the stars be-gin to fall. Oh,
 A7 D A7
 sin-ner, what will you do, oh_ sin-ner what will you_ do? Oh_
 D G D A7 D
 sin-ner what will you_ do, when the stars be-gin to fall?

D A7 D
 You weep for the rocks and mountains
 A7
 You weep for the rocks and mountains
 D G
 You weep for the rocks and mountains
 D A7 D
 when the stars begin to fall.

D A7 D
 My Lord what a mourning
 A7
 My Lord what a mourning
 D G
 My Lord what a mourning
 D A7 D
 when the stars begin to fall.

D A7 D
 Will there be time to find salvation
 A7
 Will there be time to find salvation
 D G
 Will there be time to find salvation
 D A7 D
 when the stars begin to fall.

D A7 D
 Who will hear the shout of victory
 A7
 Who will hear the shout of victory
 D G
 Who will hear the shout of victory
 D A7 D
 when the stars begin to fall.

D A7 D
 My Lord what a mourning
 A7
 My Lord what a mourning
 D G
 My Lord what a mourning
 D A7 D
 when the stars begin to fall.

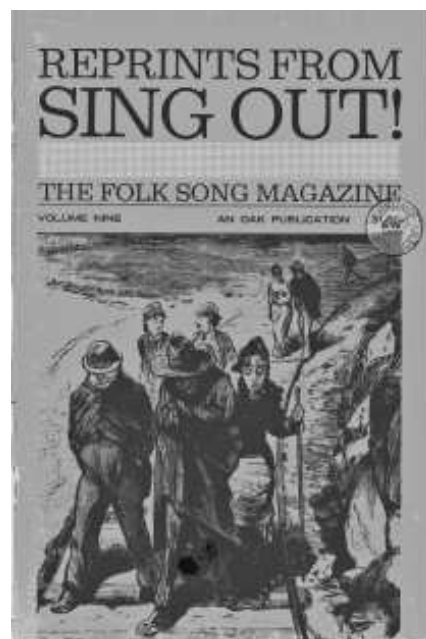
The Weavers

Här ser vi Pete Seeger (med banjo) tillsammans med Lee Hays, Ronnie Gilbert och Fred Hellerman.

Pete Seeger lämnade gruppen 1958. Han ersattes av Erik Darling.



I början av 50-talet hade The Weavers stora framgångar med sånger som: Goodnight Irene, This land is your land och On top of old Smoky.



We shall not be moved trad.

Musical notation for the first part of the song. It consists of three staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first staff has a D chord above it. The second staff has D and G chords above it. The third staff has D, A7, and D chords above it. The lyrics are: We shall not, we shall not be moved, we shall not, we shall not be moved, just like a tree, plant - ed by the wa - ter, we shall not be moved.

D A7
Jesus is our saviour, we shall not be moved,
D
Jesus is our saviour, we shall not be moved.
G D
Just like a tree, planted by the water,
A7 D
we shall not be moved

D A7
Black and white together, we shall not be moved...

Michael row the boat ashore

Musical notation for the second part of the song. It consists of two staves of music in C major and 4/4 time. The first staff has C, F, and C chords above it. The second staff has Em, Dm, C, G7, and C chords above it. The lyrics are: Mich - ael, row the boat a - shore, Hal - le - lu - ja, Mich - ael, row the boat a - shore, Hal - le - lu - ja.

C F C
Michael's boat is a music boat, halleluja.
Em Dm C G7 C
Michael's boat is a music boat, halleluja.

C F C
Sister help to trim the sail, halleluja.
Em Dm C G7 C
Sister help to trim the sail, halleluja.

C F C
Jordan's river is deep and wide, halleluja.
Em Dm C G7 C
Jordan's river is deep and wide, halleluja.

C F C
Jordan's river is chilly and cold, halleluja.
Em Dm C G7 C
Jordan's river is chilly and cold, halleluja.

Where have all the flowers gone

Detle Seeger

Musical score for the song 'Where have all the flowers gone'. It consists of four staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'Where have all the flow - ers gone, long time pass - sing, where have all the flow - ers gone, long time a - go. Where have all the flow - ers gone, young girls picked them ev - ery one. When will they e - ver learn, when will they e - ver learn?' The chords are indicated above the notes: G, Em, Am, D7, G, Em, Am, D7, C, G, Am, D7, G.

G Em
Where have all the young girls gone,
Am D7
long time passing?

G Em
where have all the young girls gone,
Am D7
long time ago?

G Em
Where have all the young girls gone?
A7 D
They've taken husbands everyone.

C G
When will they ever learn,
C D7 G
when will they ever learn?

G Em
Where have all the young men gone,
Am D7
long time passing?

G Em
where have all the young men gone,
Am D7
long time ago?

G Em
Where have all the young men gone?
A7 D
They are all in uniform

C G
When will they ever learn,
C D7 G
when will they ever learn?

G Em
Where have all the soldiers gone,
Am D7
long time passing?

G Em
where have all the soldiers gone,
Am D7
long time ago?

G Em
Where have all the soldiers gone?
A7 D
Gone to graveyards everyone.

C G
When will they ever learn,
C D7 G
when will they ever learn?

G Em
Where have all the graveyards gone,
Am D7
long time passing?

G Em
where have all the graveyards gone,
Am D7
long time ago?

G Em
Where have all the graveyards gone?
A7 D
Covered with flowers everyone.

C G
When will they ever learn,
C D7 G
when will they ever learn?

G Em
Where have all the flowers gone.....

Erie Canal

Thomas S. Allen

I've got a mule and her name is Sal fif-teen miles on the E-rie Ca-nal She's a
 good old wor-ker and a good old pal fif-teen miles on the E-rie Ca-nal We
 haul'd some bar-ges in our day filled with lum-ber, coal and hay
 We know e-very inch of the way from Al-ba-ny to Buff-a-lo
 Low bridge, ev'-ry-bo-dy down, low bridge we're
 com-ing to a town. You'll al-ways know your neigh-bor and you'll
 al-ways know your pal if you e-ver na-vi-ga-ted on the E-rie Ca-nal.

Dm A7 Dm
 We'd better look around for a job old gal
 A7 Dm
 fifteen miles on the Erie Canal
 A7 Dm
 You can bet your life I'll never part with Sal
 A7 Dm
 fifteen miles on the Erie Canal
 F A7
 Get up mule here comes a lock
 Dm
 we'll make Rome 'bout six o'clock
 A7 Dm
 one more trip and back we'll go
 A7 Dm
 right back home to Buffalo.
 F C7
 Low bridge, ev'rybody down
 F A7 Dm
 low bridge, we're coming to a town
 A7
 You'll always know your neighbor
 Dm
 and you'll always know your pal
 A7 Dm
 if you ever navigated on the Erie Canal.

Dm A7 Dm
 Where would I be if I lost my pal?
 A7 Dm
 fifteen miles on the Erie Canal
 A7 Dm
 I'd like to see a mule as good as my Sal
 A7 Dm
 fifteen miles on the Erie Canal
 F A7
 A friend of mine once got her sore
 Dm
 now he's got a broken jaw
 A7 Dm
 'cause she let fly with an iron toe
 A7 Dm
 and kicked him back to Buffalo.
 F C7
 Low bridge, ev'rybody down
 F A7 Dm
 low bridge, we're coming to a town
 A7
 You'll always know your neighbor
 Dm
 and you'll always know your pal
 A7 Dm
 if you ever navigated on the Erie Canal.

Pay me my money down Lydia A. Parrish

I thought I heard the cap-tain say, pay me my mo-ney down_ to-
mor-row is our sail-ing day_ pay me my mon-ey down_
Pay_ me_ oh pay_ me_ pay me my mo-ney down_
pay me or go to jail_ pay me my mon-ey down.

^C
As soon as the boat was clear of the bar,
^{G7}
pay me my money down
he knocked me down with the end of the spar,
^C
pay me my money down.
^{G7}
Pay me, oh pay me, pay me my money down
^C
pay me or go to jail, pay me my money down.

^C
I wish I was Mr. Howard's son
^{G7}
pay me my money down
sit in the house and drink good rum
^C
pay me my money down.
^{G7}
Pay me, oh pay me, pay me my money down
^C
pay me or go to jail, pay me my money down.

^C
I wish I was Mr. Steven's son
^{G7}
pay me my money down
sit on the bank and watch the work done
^C
pay me my money down.
^{G7}
Pay me, oh pay me, pay me my money down
^C
pay me or go to jail, pay me my money down.

Oh, Mary don't you weep

D A7 D
 If I could I sure-ly would, stand on the rock where Mo-ses stood
 G D A7 D
 Pha-roah's ar-my got drown-ded, oh, Ma-ry don't you weep.
 A7
 Oh, Ma-ry don't you weep don't you mourn,
 D
 oh, Ma-ry don't you weep don't you mourn
 G D A7 D
 Pha-roah's ar-my got drown-ded, oh, Ma-ry don't you weep.

D A7
 Mary wore three links of chain
 D
 every link was Jesus name
 G D
 Pharaoh's army got drowned
 A7 D
 oh, Mary don't you weep.

D A7
 Oh, Mary don't you weep don't you mourn
 D
 oh, Mary don't you weep don't you mourn
 G D
 Pharaoh's army got drowned
 A7 D
 oh, Mary don't you weep.

D A7
 One of these nights about twelve o'clock
 D
 this old world is gonna reel and rock.
 G D
 Pharaoh's army got drowned
 A7 D
 oh, Mary don't you weep.
Refr.

D A7
 God gave Noah the rainbow sign
 D
 no more water but fire next time
 G D
 Pharaoh's army got drowned
 A7 D
 oh, Mary don't you weep.
Refr.

D A7
 Moses stood on the Red Sea shore
 D
 smotin' the water with a two-by-four.
 G D
 Pharaoh's army got drowned
 A7 D
 oh, Mary don't you weep.
Refr.

D A7
 The Lord told Noah what to do
 D
 to lead those Hebrew children through
 G D
 Pharaoh's army got drowned
 A7 D
 oh, Mary don't you weep.
Refr.

Nobody knows you when you're down and out Jimmy Cox

Once I lived the life of a mil - lion - aire, spend - ing my mon - ey and

I did - n't care, tak - ing my friends out for a might - y good time buy - ing

high - priced li - quor, cham - pagne, and wine. But then I be - gan to

be so low I did - n't have a dol - lar and no place to go Well if I

ev - er get my hands on a dol - lar a - gain I'll hold on to it un - til the

ea - gle grins No - bo - dy knows you When you're down and out,

in your pock - et not one pen - ny and when it comes to friends,

you have - n't an - y But when you get back on your feet a - gain

eve - ry - bod - y wants to be your long lost friend Well it's migh - y strange,

with - out a doubt no - bod - y knows you when you're down and out.

Song to Woody *Bob Dylan*

G D7 G
I'm out here a thou-sand miles_ from my home
C G Am G
wal-king a road_ oth-er men have gone down
C G
I'm see-ing your world_ of peo-ple and things
your pau - pers
D7 G
and peas - ants and prin - ces and kings.

G D7 G
Hey, hey, Woody Guthrie, I wrote you a song,
C G Am G
'bout a funny old world that's a'comin' along,
C G
seems sick and it's hungry, it's tired and it's torn,
D7 G
it looks like it's a-dyin' and it's hardly been born.

G D7 G
Hey, hey, Woody Guthrie, but I know that you know,
C G Am G
all the things that I'm a-sayin', and a-many times more,
C G
I'm a-singin' you the song, but I can't sing enough
D7 G
'cause there's not many men that done the things that you've done.

G D7 G
Here's to Cisco and Sonny, and Leadbelly too,
C G Am G
and to all the good people that travelled with you,
C G
here's to the hearts and the hands of the men
D7 G
that come with the dust and are gone with the wind.

G D7 G
I'm a-leavin' tomorrow, but I could leave today,
C G Am G
somewhere down the road some day;
C G
The ver' last thing that I'd want to do
D7 G
is to say I've been hittin' some hard travellin' too.

Blowin' in the wind Bob Dylan

How ma-ny roads must a man walk down, be-fore you call him a man? Yes 'n' how ma-ny seas must a white dove sail, be-fore she sleeps in the sand? Yes 'n' how ma-ny times must the can-non-balls fly, be-fore they are for-ev-er banned? The ans-wer, my friend, is blow-in' in the wind, the ans-wer is blow-in' in the wind.

C F C Am
How many times must a man look up
C F C G7
before he can see the sky?
C F C Am
How many ears must one man have
C F G7
before he can hear people cry?
C F C Am
How many deaths will it take 'till he knows
C F G7
that too many people have died?
F G7
The answer my friend,
Em Am
is blowin' in the wind,
F G7 C
the answer is blowin' in the wind.

C F C Am
How many years can a mountain exist,
C F C G7
before it's washed to the sea?
C F C Am
How many years can some people exist
C F G7
before they're allowed to be free?
C F C Am
How many times can a man turn his head,
C F G7
and pretend that he just doesn't see?
F G7
The answer my friend,
Em Am
is blowin' in the wind,
F G7 C
the answer is blowin' in the wind.

Blowin' in the wind

Girl from the north country

Masters of war

Down the highway

Bob Dylan's blues

A hard rain's a-gonna fall

Don't think twice, it's all right

Bob Dylan's dream

Oxford town

Talking world war III blues

Corrina, Corrina

Honey just allow me one more chance

I shall be free

The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan 1963



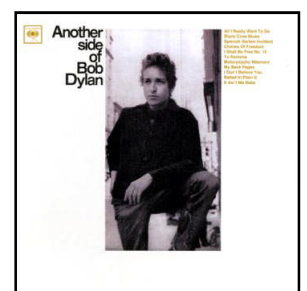
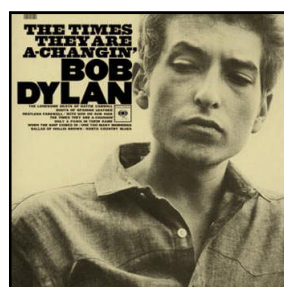
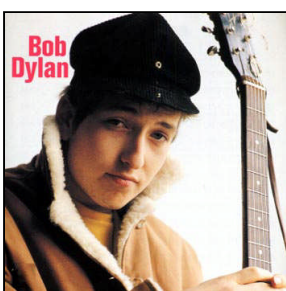
Bob Dylan's andra LP innehåller 11 sånger skrivna av honom själv. De andra två (*Corrina, Corrina* och *Honey, just allow me one more chance*) har fått egna arrangemang av Dylan.

Skivan blev en milstolpe för den nya musikrörelsen i USA. Här blandades traditionella sånger med politiska teman i sånger som *Masters of War* och *A hard rain's a-gonna fall*. Sången framför andra på den här LP:n är förstås *Blowin' in the wind*.

Mr. Tambourine Man *Bob Dylan*

Hey! Mis-ter Tam-bou-rine Man, play a song for me, I'm not sleep-y and there
 is no place I'm go-ing to. Hey! Mis-ter Tam-bou-rine Man,
 play a song for me. In the jing-le jang-le mor-nin' I'll come fol-low-ing
 you. Tho' I know that eve-nin's em-pire has re-turned in-to sand,
 va-nished from my hand, left me blind-ly here to stand, but still not slee-pin'
 My wear-i-ness a-maz-es me, I'm brand-ed on my feet, I
 have no one to meet, and the an-cient emp-ty
 street's too dead for dream-in'

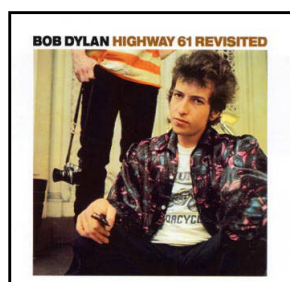
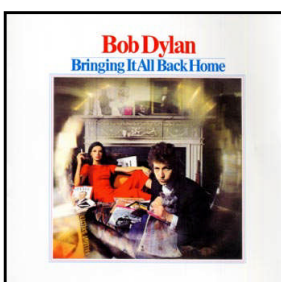
Refr. **D** **E** **A** **D**
 Hey, Mister Tambourine Man, play a song for me
A **D** **Hm** **E**
 I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
D **E** **A** **D**
 Hey, Mister Tambourine Man, play a song for me
A **D** **Hm** **E** **A**
 in the jingle, jangle morning I'll come following you.



2. ^D Take me on a trip upon your magic swirlin' ship
^A my senses have been stripped, ^D my hands can't feel to grip
^A my toes too numb to step, ^D wait only for my boot heels to be wanderin'
^D I'm ready to go anywhere, ^E I'm ready for to fade
^A into my own parade, ^D cast your dancin' spell my way
^{Hm} I promise to go under it.
^E Refr.

3. ^D Though you might hear laughin' spinnin' swingin' madly across the sun
^A it's not aimed at anyone, ^D it's just escapin' on the run
^A and but for the sky there are no fences facin'
^D and if you hear vague traces of skippin' reels of rhyme
^A to your tambourine in time, ^D it's just a ragged clown behind
^A I wouldn't pay it any mind, ^D it's just a shadow you're
^{Hm} seein' that he's chasin'.
^E Refr.

4. ^D Then take me disappearin' through the smoke rings of my mind
^A down the foggy ruins of time, ^D far past frozen leaves
^A the haunted, frightened trees out to the windy beach
^A far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow
^D Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand wavin' free
^A silhouetted by the sea, ^D circled by the circus sands
^A with all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves
^A let me forget about today until tomorrow.
^{Hm} Refr.
^E



The times they are a-changin' Bob Dylan

D Hm G D
 Come, gath- er 'round peo- ple where - ev - er you roam and ad-
 Em G A D Hm
 mit that the wa- ters a - round you have grown. And ac-cept it that soon you'll be
 G D Em A
 drenched to the bone. If your time to you is worth sa - vin'
 A7 D
 — then you bet- ter start swim- min' or you'll sink like a stone for the times
 G A7 D
 they are a - chang - in'.

2 **D Hm G D**
 Come writers and critics who prophesies with your pen
Em G A
 and keep your eyes wide the chance won't come again
D Hm G D
 And don't speak too soon for the wheel's still in spin
Em A
 and there's no tellin' who that it's namin'
A7
 For the loser now will be later to win
D G A7 D
 for the times they are a-changin'.

3. **D Hm G D**
 Come senators, congressmen please heed the call
Em G A
 don't stand in the doorway don't block up the hall.
D Hm G D
 For he that gets hurt will be he who has stalled
Em A
 there's a battle outside and it's ragin'
A7
 it will soon shake yor windows and rattle your walls
D G A7 D
 for the times they are a-changin'.

4. ^D Come ^{Hm} mothers and ^G fathers, ^D throughout the land
^{Em} and ^G don't criticize ^A what you can't understand
^D your ^{Hm} sons and your ^G daughters are ^D beyond your command
^{Em} your ^A old road is rapidly agin'
^{A7} please get out of the new one if you can't lend a hand
^D for the ^{G A7 D} times they are a-changin'.

5. ^D The ^{Hm} line it is ^G drawn the ^D curse it is cast
^{Em} the ^G slow one ^A now will later be fast
^D as the ^{Hm} present ^G now will later be ^D past
^{Em} the ^A order is rapidly fadin'
^{A7} and the first one now will later be last
^D for the ^{G A7 D} times they are a-changin'.

This land is your land

This land is your land, this land is my land from Ca- li-

6

for - nia to the New York Is - land. From the Red-wood fo - rest

11

to the Gulf Stream wa - ters. This land was made for you and me.

Mama, you've been on my mind *Bob Dylan*

Per - haps it's the col - or of the sun cut flat an' -
cov - er - in' the cross - roads I'm stand - in' at or
may - be it's the weath - er or some - thing like that but
ma - ma, you've been on my mind.

C **G7**
I don't mean trouble, please don't put me down or get upset
Am **D7**
I am not pleadin' or sayin' I can't forget.
C **Am** **F** **C**
I do not walk the floor bowed down and bent but yet
D7 **G7** **C**
mama, you've been on my mind.

C **G7**
Even though my mind is hazy and my thoughts they might be narrow
Am **D7**
where you been don't bother me nor bring me down in sorrow
C **Am** **F** **C**
It don't even matter to me where you're waking up tomorrow
D7 **G7** **C**
mama, you're just on my mind.

C **G7**
When you wake up in the morning, baby, look inside your mirror
Am **D7**
you know I won't be next to you, you know I won't be near,
C **Am** **F** **C**
I'd just be curious to know if you can see yourself as clear
D7 **G7** **C**
as someone who has had you on his mind.

Battle hymn of the republic

Julie Ward Howe
mel. John Brown's body

Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord, he is
tram - pling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored, he has
loosed the fate - ful light - ning of his ter - ri - ble swift sword, his truth is march - ing
on. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - ja! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le -
lu - ja! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - ja! His truth is march - ing on.

G
In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
C **G**
with a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me.
H7 **Em**
As he died to make man holy let us die to make men free,
Am **D7** **G**
His truth is marching on.
G **C** **G**
Glory, glory, halleluja! Glory, glory, halleluja!
H7 **Em** **Am** **D7** **G**
Glory, glory, halleluja! His truth is marching on.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

...har en melodi som är välbekant för många som John Browns body. På svenska känns den säkert igen som Halta Lottas krog. Bakgrunden till Battle Hymn of the Republic hittar vi dels i Joan Baez songbook och dels i bibeln.

Ur Joan Baez songbook: Julia Ward Howe was sitting in her hotel room in Washington listening to the soldiers singing "John Browns body" as they marched to the front in December 1861. As she watched and listened, a poem shaped itself in her mind and she rapidly put it down on a scrap of paper. It was later published in the Atlantic Monthly, and since become one of America's most stirring songs.

Så till bibeln. I Johannes uppenbarelse kap. 15 vers 18-20 står det att läsa:

..."Låt din vassa lie gå, och skär av frukten ifrån vinträden på jorden, ty deras druvor äro fullmogna."
Och ängeln högg till med sin lie på jorden och skar av frukten från vinträden på jorden och kastade den i Guds vredes stora vinpress.

Och vinpressen trampades utanför staden, och blod gick ut från pressen och steg ända upp till betslen på hästarna, på en sträcka av ett tusen sex hundra stadier.

Donna, Donna

Am E Am E Am Dm Am E
 On a wag - on bound for mar - ket, there's a calf with a mourn - ful eye,
 Am E Am E Am Dm E Am
 high a - bove him there's a swal - low wing - ing swift - ly through the sky.
 G C G C
 How the winds are laugh - ing, they laugh with all their might,
 G E Am E Am
 laugh and laugh the whole day through, and half the sum - mer's night.
 E Am G C
 Don - na, don - na, don - na, don - na. Don - na, don - na, don - na, don.
 E Am E Am
 Don - na, don - na, don - na, don - na. Don - na, don - na, don - na, don.

Am E Am E Am Dm Am E
 "Stop complaining," said the farmer, "Who told you a calf to be,
 Am E Am E Am Dm E Am
 why can't you have wings to fly with, like the swallow so proud and free?"

G C G C
 How the winds are laughing, they laugh with all their might,
 G E Am E Am
 laugh and laugh the whole day through, and half the summer's night.

E Am G C
 Donna, Donna, Donna, Donna, Donna, Donna, Donna, Don -
 E Am E Am
 Donna, Donna, Donna, Donna, Donna, Donna, Donna, Don.

Am E Am E Am Dm Am E
 Calves are easily bound and slaughtered, never knowing the reason why
 Am E Am E Am Dm E Am
 but whoever treasures freedom, like the swallow has learned to fly.

G C
 How the winds are laughing.....

Kumbaya

Kum - ba - ya, my Lord, kum - ba - ya, Kum - ba -
ya, my Lord, kum - ba - ya, Kum - ba - ya, my Lord
kum - ba - ya, Oh Lord, kum - ba - ya

1. A D A
Someone's singing Lord, Kumbaya
D E
Someone's singing Lord, Kumbaya
A D A
Someone's singing Lord, Kumbaya
E A E A
Oh, Lord, Kumbaya.

- Refr. A D A
Kumbaya, my Lord, Kumbaya
D E
Kumbaya, my Lord, Kumbaya
A D A
Kumbaya, my Lord, Kumbaya
E A E A
Oh, Lord, Kumbaya.

2. A D A
Someone's praying Lord, Kumbaya
D E
Someone's praying Lord, Kumbaya
A D A
Someone's praying Lord, Kumbaya
E A E A
Oh, Lord, Kumbaya.

Joan Baez, född 1941, var något av folkmusikens drottning i början av 1960-talet. Hon uppträdde ofta med Bob Dylan och bidrog mycket till hans tidiga sångers popularitet.

Medan Dylans politiska engagemang så småningom minskade ökade i stället hennes eget. Joan Baez var mycket aktiv i medborgarrättsrörelsen och stark motståndare till USA:s krig i Vietnam.

I dag är hon fortfarande aktiv både politiskt och musikaliskt.

Besök gärna hennes hemsida www.joanbaez.com. Här finns mycket att läsa om Joan Baez.



The last thing on my mind Tom Paxton

It's a les-son too late for the learn-ing_ made of sand, made of sand. In the
wink of an eye my soul is turn-ing_ in your hand, in your hand. Are you
go-ing a-way with no word of fare-well? Will there be not a trace left be-
hind? Well I could have loved you bet-ter, did-n't mean to be un-kind, you
know that was the last thing on my mind.

2. As we walk, all my thoughts are a-tumblin',
 'round and 'round, 'round and 'round.
 Underneath our feet the subway's rumblin',
 underground, underground.
 Are you going away with no word of farewell?
 Will there be not a trace left behind?
 I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind
 you know that was the last thing on my mind.

3. You've got reasons aplenty for goin',
 this I know, this I know.
 For the weeds have been steadily growing,
 please don't go, please don't go.
 Are you going away.....

4. As I lie in my bed in the morning,
 without you, without you.
 Each song in my breast dies a-borning,
 without you, without you.
 Are you going away.....

What did you learn in school today? Tom Paxton

What did you learn in school to - day dear lit - tle boy of mine?
 What did you learn in school to - day dear lit - tle boy of mine. I
 learned that Wash - ing - ton nev - er told a lie, I learned that sol - diers sel - dom die, I
 learned that ev - 'ry - bod - y's free, and that's what the teach - er said to me and
 that's what I learned in school to - day, that's what I learned in school.

2. What did you learn in school today,
 dear little boy of mine?
 What did you learn in school today,
 dear little boy of mine?
 I learned that policemen are my friends
 I learned that justice never ends,
 I learned that murderers die for their crimes
 even if we make a mistake sometimes.
 And that's what I learned in school today
 that's what I learned in school.

3. What did you learn in school today,
 dear little boy of mine?
 What did you learn in school today,
 dear little boy of mine?
 I learned that war is not so bad
 I learned of the great ones we had had
 We fought in Germany and in France
 and someday I might get my chance,
 and that's what I learned in school today
 that's what I learned in school.

4. What did you learn in school today,
 dear little boy of mine?
 What did you learn in school today,
 dear little boy of mine?

I learned our government must be strong,
 it's always wright and never wrong,
 our leaders are the finest men.
 and we elect them again and again,
 and that's what I learned in school today
 that's what I learned in school.

Ramblin' boy *Tom Paxton*

G D7 G D7

He was a man and a friend al- ways he stuck with me in the hard old

G C G D7

days He ne-ver cared if I had no dough we ram-bl'd round in the rain and

G C G D7

snow. And here's to you my ram-blin' boy, may all your ram - blin' bring you

G C G

joy. And here's to you my ramb - lin' boy may all your

D7 G

ram - blin' bring you joy.

G D7 G

2. In Tulsa town we chanced to stray

D7 G

we thought we'd try to work one day

C G

The boss said he had room for one

D7 G

says my old pal, "We'd rather bum!"

G C G

//: And here's to you, my ramblin' boy

D7 G

may all your ramblin' bring you joy. ://

G D7 G

3. Late one night in a jungle camp

D7 G

the weather it was cold and damp

C G

he got the chills and he got 'em bad

D7 G

they took the only friend I had.

G C G

//: And here's to you, my ramblin' boy

D7 G

may all your ramblin' bring you joy. ://

G D7 G

4. He left me here to ramble on

D7 G

my ramblin' pal is dead and gone

C G

if when we die we go somewhere

D7 G

I'll bet you a dollar he's ramblin' there.

G C G

//: And here's to you, my ramblin' boy

D7 G

may all your ramblin' bring you joy. ://

Tom Paxton, född 1937, skrev både barnvisor och politiska visor, helt i Woody Guthries anda. 1965 kom hans LP "Ramblin' boy ut på Elektras skivbolag. Så här sa Pete Seeger: "Tom's songs have a way of sneaking up on you. You find yourself humming them, whistling them, and singing a verse to a friend. Like the songs of Woody Guthrie, they're becoming part of America."



Fortfarande aktiv har han också en egen hemsida:
www.tompaxton.com.

Changes

Phil Ochs

G A D Em G

Sit by my side, come as close as the air, share in a

A F#m Hm Em A

mem - 'ry of grey, and wan - der in my words. And dream a - bout the

D Em A D

pic - tures that I play _____ of chang - es

2. G A D Em
Green leaves of summer turn red in the fall,
G A F#m
to brown and to yellow they fade;
Hm Em
and then they have to die,
A D Em A D
trapped within the circle time parade of changes.
3. G A D Em
Moments of magic will glow in the night
G A F#m
all fears of the forest are gone.
Hm Em
But when the morning breaks
A D Em A D
they're swept away by golden drops of dawn of changes.
4. G A D Em
Your tears will be trembling, now we're somewhere else.
G A F#m
One last cup of wine we will pour.
Hm Em
And I'll kiss you one more time
A D Em A D
and leave you on the rolling river shores of changes.

Phil Ochs, 1940-1976, hittade en egen stil som låtskrivare genom sin journalistiska bakgrund. Han debuterade 1964 med LP:n *All the news that fit to sing*. Sångerna häklade amerikansk livsstil och, förstås, USA:s utrikespolitik. Många sånger var politiska satirer men han skrev också ömsinta visor som *Changes* och *When I'm gone*.

Med sin provokativa framtoning väckte han inget gehör hos recensenterna:

Cheetah Mag: Ochs typifies what I dislike most about Modern Folk.

New York Times: He obviously has something to say but there must be a better way of projecting it.

Newport Daily News: We found Mr. Ochs much too vulgar for our tastes. Surely one can be entertaining without being vulgar...



When I'm gone

Phil Echs

There's no place in this world where I'll be - long when I'm gone_ And

I won't know the right_ from the wrong_ when I'm gone_ And

you won't find me sing - in' on this song, when I'm gone_ So I

guess I'll have to do it_ while I'm here!

2. And I won't feel the flowing of the time, when I'm gone.
All the pleasures of love will not be mine, when I'm gone.
My pen won't pour a lyric line, when I'm gone.
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.
3. Won't see the golden of the sun, when I'm gone.
And the evenings and the mornings will be one, when I'm gone.
Can't be singing louder than the guns, when I'm gone.
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.
4. All my days won't be dances of delight, when I'm gone
and the sands will be shifting from my sight, when I'm gone.
Can't add my name into the fight, when I'm gone.
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.
5. And I won't be laughing at the lies, when I'm gone.
And I can't question how or when or why, when I'm gone.
Can't live proud enough to die, when I'm gone.
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

There but for fortune Phil Ochs

D Gm D Gm D
 Show me a pris-on show me a jail show me a
 Hm Em A Hm
 pris-on man whose face is grow-in' pale and I'll show you a
 G Em F#m
 young man with ma-ny rea-sons why and there but for
 D Em A A D
 for-tune may go you or I. ...I, or I.

2. D Gm D Gm
 Show me an alley, show me train
 D Hm Em A
 show me a hobo who sleeps out in the rain,
 Hm G Em
 and I'll show you a young man with many reasons why
 F#m D Em A
 and there but for fortune may go you or I.

3. D Gm D Gm
 Show me the whiskey that stains on the floor,
 D Hm Em A
 show me a drunken man as he stumbles out the door
 Hm G Em
 and I'll show you a young man with many reasons why
 F#m D Em A
 and there but for fortune may go you or I.

4. D Gm D Gm
 Show me the country where the bombs had to fall,
 D Hm Em A
 show me the ruins of the buildings once so tall
 Hm G Em
 and I'll show you a young land with so many reasons why
 F#m D Em A D
 and there but for fortune may go you or I, or I.

What have they done to the rain?

Malvina Reynolds

Just a litt - le rain fal - ling all a - round. The grass lifts its head to the
hea - ven - ly sound. Just a litt - le rain, just a litt - le rain.
What have they done to the rain? Just a litt - le boy stan - ding in the rain. The
gent - le rain that falls for years. And the grass is gone. The boy dis - ap - pears. And
rain keeps fal - ling like help - less tears. And what have they done to the rain?

G Am D7
Just a little breeze out of the sky
G
the leaves nod their heads as the breeze blows by,
Em Hm
just a little breeze with some smoke in its eye,
C D
what have they done to the rain?

G Am D7
Just a little boy standing in the rain
G
the gentle rain that falls for years.
Em Hm
And the grass is gone, the boy disappears
C G
and rain keeps falling like helpless tears
C D
what have they done to the rain?

Malvina Reynolds, 1900-1978, skrev sånger som *What have they done to the rain*, *Little boxes* och *Morningtown ride*. Det var främst andra artister som gjorde sångerna kända, bl.a Joan Baez, Pete Seeger och Peter Paul & Mary. På svenska har hon tolkats av Jan Hammarlund.

Nyligen har en CD med 23 av Malvina Reynolds egna insjungningar släppts. Den finns i skrivande stund att köpa på www.cdon.com.



Morningtown ride

Mabina Reynolds

Train whis - tle blow - in' makes a sleep - y noise,
un - der - neath their blan - kets go all the girls and boys.
Rock - in', roll - in', rid - in' out a - long the bay
all bound for Mor - ning - town, ma - ny miles a - way.

2. Driver at the engine, fireman rings the bell
sandman swings the lantern to say that all is well.
Rockin' rollin' ridin', out along the bay
all bound for Morningtown, many miles away.

3. Maybe it is raining, where our train will ride,
all the little travelers are warm and snug inside
Rockin' rollin' ridin', out along the bay
all bound for Morningtown, many miles away.

4. Somewhere there is sunshine, somewhere there is day.
Somewhere there is Morningtown, many miles away.
Rockin' rollin' ridin', out along the bay
all bound for Morningtown, many miles away.

Puff, the magic dragon

Peter Farrow & Leonard Lipton

Puff, the mag-ic drag-on lived by the sea and frolicked in the
 au-tumn mist in a land called Ho-nah Lee, lit-tle Jack-ie Pa-per
 loved that ras-cal, Puff, and brought him strings and seal-ing wax and
 oth-er fan-cy stuff.

2. Together they would travel on a boat with billowed sail,
 Jackie kept a lookout perched on Puff's gigantic tail,
 Noble kings and princes would bow whenever they came
 pirate ships would lower their flag when Puff roared out his name.

Oh, Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea
 and frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee,
 Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea
 and frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee,

3. A dragon lives forever but not so little boys
 painted wings and giant rings make way for other toys.
 One grey night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more
 and Puff that mighty dragon, he ceased his fearless roar.

4. His head was bent in sorrow, green scales fell like rain,
 Puff no longer went to play along the cherry lane.
 Without his life-long friend, Puff could not be brave
 so Puff that mighty dragon, sadly slipped into his cave.

Day is done

Peter Farrow

G Am D G

Tell me why you're cry-ing my son, I know you're fright-ened like ev-ry- one_

Em Am H7 C

Is it the thun-der in the dis-tance you fear? Will it help if I stay___ ver-y

Am D G C

near?_____ I am here._____ And if you take my hand, my son_

G D G C

all will be well_ when the day is done_ and if you take my hand_ my son_

G D G

all will be well_ when the day is done.

2. G Am
Do you ask why I'm sighing, my son?
D G
You shall inherit what mankind has done.
Em Am
In a world filled with sorrow and woe
H7 C Am D
if you ask me why this is so...
G
I really don't know.

//: C G
And if you take my hand my son
D G
all will be well when the day is done ://

3. G Am
Tell me why you're smiling, my son?
D G
Is there a secret you can tell everyone?
Em Am
Do you know more than men that are wise?
H7 C Am D
Can you see what we all must disguise
G
through your loving eyes?

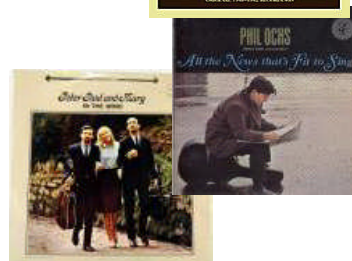
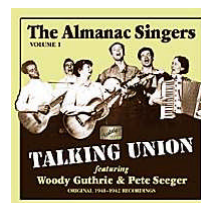
//: C G
And if you take my hand my son
D G
all will be well when the day is done ://

Var kan man köpa skivor?

Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, Peter, Paul & Mary, Pete Seeger, The Weavers, Woody Guthrie, Joan Baez, Judy Collins, Leonard Cohen, Malvina Reynolds, Donovan m.fl. - det är inte så lätt att hitta skivor av de här artisterna (utom Bob Dylan förstås) i skivaffärerna.

På internet finns det flera butiker med en stor sortering. Alla ovan nämnda artister finns på CD hos www.cdon.com, men också hos www.bengans.se

På www.naxos.se finns bland mycket annat två skivor med The Almanac Singers.



Suzanne Leonard Cohen



Su-zanne takes you down to her place by the riv-er, you can hear the boats go by you can spend the night be-side her, and you know that she's half cra-zy and that's why you want to be there; and she feeds you tea and or-an-ges_ that come all the way from Chi-na; and just when you mean to tell her that you have no love to give her, she gets you on her wave length and lets the riv-er an-swer that you've al-ways been her lov-er_ And you want to trav-el with her, and you want to trav-el blind_ and you know that you can trust her, for you've touched her per-fect bo-dy with your mind.

^G And Jesus was a sailor when he walked upon the water
^{Am} and he spent a long time watching from a lonely wooden tower,
^G and when he knew for certain only drowning men could see him
^{Hm} He said, "All men shall be brothers, then, until the sea shall free them
^C
^G but he himself was broken long before the sky would open
^{Am} forsaken, almost human, he sank beneath your wisdom like a stone. ^G

^{Hm} and you want to travel with Him,
^C and you want to travel blind,
^G and you think you maybe trust Him,
^{Am} for He's touched your perfect body
^G with His mind.

G
 Suzanne takes you down to her place by the river,
Am
 you can hear the boats go by, you can spend the night forever
G
 and the sun pours down like honey on our lady of the harbour;
Hm **C**
 and she shows you where to look amid the garbage and the flowers
G
 there are heroes in the seaweed, there are children in the morning
Am
 they are leaning out for love, and they will lean that way forever,
G
 while Suzanne holds the mirror.

Hm
 and you want to travel with her,
C
 and you want to travel blind,
G
 and you think maybe you'll trust her,
Am
 for you've touched her perfect body
G
 with your mind.

We shall overcome

Musical notation for the first system of "We shall overcome". It consists of a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in eighth notes. Above the staff are the chords: G, C, G, Em, G, C, G, Em, G, C. Below the staff is a guitar tablature with strings T, A, B and fret numbers: 0-0-2-2, 0-3-2, 0-0-2-2, 0-3-2, 0-0-2-4.

We shall o - ver - come, we shall o - ver - come we shall o - ver -

Musical notation for the second system of "We shall overcome". It consists of a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in eighth notes. Above the staff are the chords: Em, A7, D, A7, D, G, C, G. Below the staff is a guitar tablature with strings T, A, B and fret numbers: 0-2, 4-2-4-2, 0-2-4, 0-4-2-0.

come some day Oh deep in my heart

Musical notation for the third system of "We shall overcome". It consists of a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in eighth notes. Above the staff are the chords: C, D7, Em, G, C, G, D7, G. Below the staff is a guitar tablature with strings T, A, B and fret numbers: 2-0, 3-2, 0-0, 3-3, 2-0, 3-3.

I do be - lieve we shall o - ver - come some day.


Last night I had the strangest dream Ed McCurdy

Last night I had the strangest dream I ever had be -
 fore. I dreamed the world had all a - greed to put an
 end to war. I dreamed there was a might - y room and the
 room was filled with men, and the pap - er they were
 sign - ing said they'd nev - er fight a - gain.


G
 And when the paper was all signed
 C G
 and a million copies made,
 D7 G Em
 they all joined hands and circled 'round
 D7 G
 and grateful prayers were made.

C G
 And the people on the streets below
 D7 G
 were dancing 'round and 'round,
 C G Em
 with swords and guns and uniforms
 D7 G
 all scattered on the ground.


G
 Last night I had the strangest dream
 C G
 I ever had before,
 D7 G Em
 I dreamed the world had all agreed
 Am D7 G
 to put an end to war.



 Yel-low is the col-our of my true love's hair in the mor-nin',



 when we rise, in the morn-in', when we rise.



 That's the time, that's the time I love the best.

2. ^D Blue is the colour of the sky
^G in the morning ^D when we rise,
^G in the morning ^D when we rise
^A that's the time, ^G that's the time
^D I love the best.

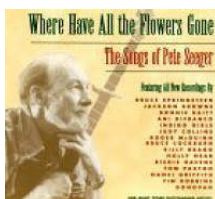
3. ^D Green is the colour of the sparkling corn
^G in the morning ^D when we rise,
^G in the morning ^D when we rise
^A that's the time, ^G that's the time
^D I love the best.

4. ^D Mellow is the feeling that I get
^G in the morning ^D when we rise,
^G in the morning ^D when we rise
^A that's the time, ^G that's the time
^D I love the best.

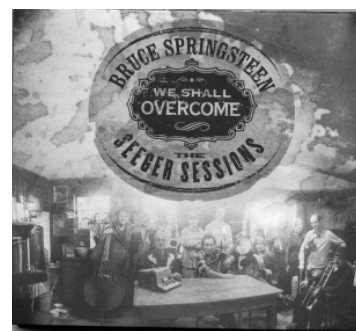
5. ^D Freedom is a word I rarely use
^G without thinking, ^D mm, hm
^G without thinking, ^D mm, hm
^A of the time, ^G of the time
^D when I've been loved.

We shall overcome - The Seeger Sessions

Pete Seeger har blivit källan som förmedlat och förnyat traditionerna under flera decennier. När så Bruce Springsteen tar upp delar av den repertoar som Pete Seeger sjöng tillsammans med The Weavers med CD:n *We shall overcome - The Seeger Sessions* har det hunnit gå mer än 60 år sedan Pete Seeger träffade Woody Guthrie för första gången.



Redan 1997 medverkade Bruce Springsteen på en hyllningsskiva till Pete Seeger med blandade artister. Hans eget bidrag var sången "We shall overcome" och det var i det här sammanhanget Springsteen började forska i den sångskatt som går tillbaka till Pete Seeger, Woody Guthrie och även tiden före dem.



When the stars begin to fall trad.

Refrain **D** **A7** **D**
My Lord what a mourning
 A7
My Lord what a mourning
 D **G**
My Lord what a mourning
 D **A7** **D**
when the stars begin to fall.

1. **D** **A7** **D**
Oh, sinner, what will you do?
 A7
Oh, sinner, what will you do?
 D **G**
Oh, sinner, what will you do?
 D **A7** **D**
when the stars begin to fall.

Refrain

2. **D** **A7** **D**
You weep for the rocks and mountains
 A7
You weep for the rocks and mountains
 D **G**
You weep for the rocks and mountains
 D **A7** **D**
when the stars begin to fall.

3. **D** **A7** **D**
Will there be time to find salvation
 A7
Will there be time to find salvation
 D **G**
Will there be time to find salvation
 D **A7** **D**
when the stars begin to fall.

Refrain

4. **D** **A7** **D**
Who will hear the shout of victory
 A7
Who will hear the shout of victory
 D **G**
Who will hear the shout of victory
 D **A7** **D**
when the stars begin to fall.

D **A7** **D**
My Lord what a mourning
 A7
My Lord what a mourning
 D **G**
My Lord what a mourning
 D **A7** **D**
when the stars begin to fall.
 G **D** **A7** **D**
when the stars begin to fall.

