

*The Sixth Season*



*Guitars Unlimited*

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# *Those were the days*

Gene Raskin

1. <sup>Em</sup> Once upon a time there was a tavern  
where we used to raise a glass or two. <sup>Am</sup>  
Remember how we laughed away the hours, <sup>Em</sup>  
and dreamed of all the great things we would do. <sup>F# H7</sup>
- Refrain: <sup>Em</sup> Those were the days my friend  
we thought they'd never end, <sup>Am</sup>  
we'd sing and dance for ever and a day; <sup>D D7 G</sup>  
we'd live the life we choose, <sup>Am</sup>  
we'd fight and never loose, <sup>Em</sup>  
for we were young, and sure to have our way. <sup>H7 Em</sup>  
la la la la la la la la la la <sup>Am</sup>  
those were the days, oh yes, those were the days. <sup>H7 Em</sup>
2. <sup>Em</sup> Then the busy years went rushing by us.  
We lost our starry notions on the way <sup>Am</sup>  
If by chance I'd see you in the tavern, <sup>Em</sup>  
we'd smile at one another, and we'd say: <sup>F# H7</sup>
3. <sup>Em</sup> Just tonight I stood before the tavern.  
Nothing seemed the way it used to be <sup>Am</sup>  
In the glass I saw a strange reflection <sup>Em</sup>  
was that lonely woman really me? <sup>F# H7</sup>
4. <sup>Em</sup> Through the door there came familiar laughter.  
I saw your face and heard you call my name. <sup>Am</sup>  
Oh, my friend, we're older, but no wiser. <sup>Em</sup>  
for in our hearts the dream is still the same. <sup>F# H7</sup>

# Rosie

Sung by Don Partridge

**D** **E**  
Rosie, oh Rosie,  
**G** **D**  
I'd like to paint your face up in the sky.  
**E**  
Sometimes when I'm busy,  
**G** **D**  
relaxing, I look up and catch your eye.  
**Em** **F#**  
Your eyes they're widening  
**Em** **F#**  
bring... thunder and lightening,  
**Em** **H7** **Em**  
and sunset stroke the colour to your skin.  
**F#**  
Your eyes are so blue, I just....  
**Em** **F#**  
think of a blue sky,  
**Em** **H7** **Em** **A7**  
and bumble bees buzzing on the wing.

**D** **E**  
Rosie, oh Rosie,  
**G** **D**  
it's raining when you look the other way  
**E**  
Rosie, oh Rosie,  
**G** **D**  
your laughter brings the sunshine out to play.  
**Em** **F#**  
And though I just met you,  
**Em** **F#**  
well... I silhouette you,  
**Em** **H7** **Em**  
or highlight golden shadows in your hair.  
**F#**  
I'm painting your mind's eye  
**Em** **F#**  
up... there in the blue sky,  
**Em** **H7** **Em** **A7**  
summer birds swinging through the air.

**D** **E**  
Rosie, oh Rosie,  
**G** **D**  
I paint your face for all the world to see.  
**E**  
Rosie, oh Rosie,  
**G** **D** **A** **D**  
I'd like to paint your face eternally.

*On the sunny side of the street*

Dorothy Fields  
Jimmy McHugh

Grab your <sup>G</sup> coat and get your <sup>H7</sup> hat  
leave your <sup>C</sup> worry on the <sup>D7</sup> doorstep,  
<sup>Em</sup> just direct your <sup>A7</sup> feet  
<sup>Am</sup> on the <sup>D7</sup> sunny side of the <sup>G</sup> street.

<sup>D7</sup> Can't you hear a <sup>G</sup> pitterpat? <sup>H7</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> And that happy tune is your <sup>D7</sup> step.  
<sup>Em</sup> Life can be so <sup>A7</sup> sweet  
<sup>Am</sup> to the <sup>D7</sup> sunny side of the <sup>G</sup> street.

//: I used to walk in the <sup>G7</sup> shade <sup>Dm</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
with those <sup>C</sup> blues on <sup>G7</sup> parade. <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>A7</sup> But I'm not <sup>Em</sup> afraid, <sup>A7</sup>  
<sup>D7</sup> this rover <sup>Am</sup> crossed <sup>D7</sup> over.

<sup>G</sup> If I never head a <sup>H7</sup> cent  
<sup>C</sup> I'll be rich like <sup>D7</sup> Rockefeller,  
<sup>Em</sup> gold dust on your <sup>A7</sup> feet  
<sup>Am</sup> on the <sup>D7</sup> sunny side of the <sup>G</sup> street.://

# Seven lonely days

Shuman/Shuman/Brown

<sup>D</sup>  
Seven lonely days make one lonely week,  
<sup>A7</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
seven lonely nights make one lonely me.  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Ever since the time you told me we were through,  
<sup>A7</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
seven lonely days I cried and cried for you.

<sup>D</sup>  
Oh, my darling, you're crying.  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Boo, boo, boo, boo.  
<sup>E7</sup> <sup>A7</sup>  
There's no use in denying  
<sup>D</sup>  
I cried for you.

I was your favourite pass time  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
making me blue.  
<sup>A7</sup>  
Last week was the last time  
<sup>D</sup>  
I cried for you.

<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Seven hankies blue I filled with my tears,  
<sup>A7</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
seven letters too I filled with my fears.  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Guess it never pays to make your lover blue.  
<sup>A7</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Seven lonely days I cried and cried for you.

<sup>D</sup>  
Oh, my darling, you're crying.....

## *My blue heaven*

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
Day is ending, birds are wending  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
back to their shelter of each little nest they love.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
Nightshade's falling lovebirds calling  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
what makes the world go round, nothing but love...

<sup>C</sup>  
When Whippoorwills call  
and evening is night  
<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
I hurry to my blue heaven.

<sup>C</sup>  
I turn to the right  
a little white light  
<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
will lead you to my blue heaven.

<sup>F</sup> <sup>A7</sup> <sup>Dm</sup>  
//: A smiling face, a fireplace, a cozy room  
<sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
a little nest that's nestled where the roses bloom.

<sup>C</sup>  
Just Molly and me  
and baby makes three  
<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
we're happy in my blue heaven.://





## *Alexander 's ragtime band*

<sup>G</sup>  
Oh, my honey, oh, my honey,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>D7</sup>  
better hurry and let's meander.  
<sup>G</sup>  
Ain't you going, ain't you going  
<sup>A7</sup> <sup>D7</sup>  
to the leader man, ragged meter man?

<sup>G</sup>  
Oh, my honey, oh, my honey,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>D7</sup>  
let me take you to Alexander's  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>Gdim</sup>  
grand stand, brass band,  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
ain't you coming along?

<sup>C</sup>  
Come on and hear, come on and hear  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Alexander's Ragtime Band  
<sup>C7</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
Come on and hear, come on and hear  
it's the best band in the land.  
<sup>C</sup>  
They can play a bugle call  
like you never heard before  
<sup>Am</sup>  
so natural that you want to go to war;  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
that's just the bestest band what am, honey lamb.

<sup>C</sup>  
Come on along, come on along.  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Let me take you by the hand  
<sup>C7</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
up to the man, up to the man,  
who's the leader of the band.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>C7</sup>  
And if you care to hear the Swanee River  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>Fdim</sup>  
played in ragtime,  
<sup>C</sup>  
Come on and hear, come on and hear  
<sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Alexander's Ragtime Band.

# Alice Blue Gown

Joseph McCarthy  
Harry Tierney

1. I once had a gown, it was almost new  
oh, the daintiest thing, it was sweet Alice blue  
with little forget-me-nots placed here and there  
when I had it on, oh, I walked on the air!  
And it wore, and it wore, and it wore  
'til it went, and it wasn't no more.

Refrain: In my sweet little Alice blue gown  
when I first wandered down into town,  
I was so proud inside,  
as I felt every eye,  
and in every shop window  
I primped, passing by.  
A new manner of fashion I'd found  
and the world seemed to smile all around  
'til it wilted I wore it,  
I'll always adore it,  
my sweet little Alice blue gown!

2. The little silk worms that made silk for that gown  
just made that much silk and then crawled in the ground  
'cause there never was anything like it before,  
and I don't care to hope there will be any more!  
and it's gone 'cause it just had to be,  
still it wears in my memory.

# *It's only love*

Lennon/McCartney

**G Hm F C D**  
I get high when I see you go by  
**D7**  
My oh my  
**G Hm F C D**  
When you sigh my my inside just dries  
**D7**  
Butterflies  
**C D G**  
Why am I so shy when I'm beside you?  
**Em F D7**  
It's only love and that is all  
**G Em**  
why should I feel the way I do  
**F D7**  
It's only love and that is all  
**C D7**  
but it's so hard loving you.

**G Hm F C D**  
Is it right that you and I should fight  
**D7**  
every night.  
**G Hm F C D**  
Just the sight of you makes night-time bright  
**D7**  
very bright  
**C D G**  
haven't I the right to make it up girl?  
**Em F D7**  
It's only love and that is all  
**G Em**  
why should I feel the way I do  
**F D7**  
It's only love and that is all  
**C D7**  
but it's so hard loving you.  
**C D7**  
Yes it's so hard loving you  
**G**  
loving you.

## *Six ribbons*

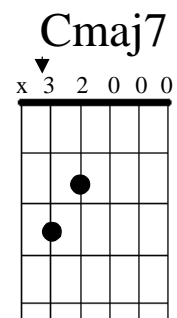
Em D Cmaj7 Hm  
 If I were a minstrel, I'd sing you six love songs  
 Em D Em D Em  
 to tell the whole world of the love that we share  
 D Cmaj7 Hm  
 If I were a merchant, I'd bring you six diamonds  
 Em D Em D Em  
 with six blood red roses, for my love to wear.  
 D Cmaj7 Hm  
 But I am a simple man, a poor common farmer  
 Em D Em D Em  
 so take these six ribbons, to tie back your hair.

Em D Cmaj7 Hm  
 If I was a nobleman, I'd bring you six carriages  
 Em D Em D Em  
 with six snow white horses to take you anywhere  
 Em D Cmaj7 Hm  
 If I were the Emperor, I'd build you six palaces  
 Em D Em D Em  
 with six hundred servants for comfort and care.  
 D Cmaj7 Hm  
 But I am a simple man, a poor common farmer  
 Em D Em D Em  
 so take these six ribbons, to tie back your hair.

D G D  
 Yellow and brown, blue as the sky  
 Em D Em  
 red as my blood, green as your eyes.

Em D Cmaj7 Hm  
 If I were a minstrel, I'd sing you six love songs  
 Em D Em D Em  
 to tell the whole world of the love that we share  
 Em D Cmaj7 Hm  
 So be not afraid my love, you're never alone love  
 Em D Em D Em  
 While you wear my ribbons, tie 'in back your hair.  
 D Cmaj7 Hm  
 Once I was a simple man, a poor common farmer  
 Em D Em D Em  
 I gave you six ribbons, to tie back your hair.

G Cmaj7  
 Toor-a-lee, toor-a-lai all I can share  
 G D Em  
 is only six ribbons tie 'in back your hair.



# *Are you lonesome tonight?*

Roy Turk  
Lou Handman

<sup>C</sup> Tonight I'm downhearted, for though we have parted,  
<sup>C</sup> I love you and I always will.

<sup>Em</sup> And while I'm so lonely, I'm writing you only,  
<sup>Em Gm E7 A7 D7</sup> to see if you care for me still.

<sup>G</sup> Are you lonesome tonight, do you miss me tonight,  
<sup>E7 Am E7 Am</sup> are you sorry we drifted apart?

<sup>D7 Am D7</sup> Does your memory stray to a bright summer day  
<sup>Am D7 G</sup> when I kissed you and called you sweetheart?

<sup>G7 C</sup> Do the chairs in your parlor seem empty and bare,  
<sup>A7 D7</sup> do you gaze at your doorstep and picture me there?

<sup>G</sup> Is your heart filled with pain,  
<sup>A7</sup> shall I come back again,  
<sup>Am7 D7 G</sup> tell me, dear, are you lonesome tonight?

<sup>C</sup> I hold with affection a fond recollection,  
<sup>C D7 G D7</sup> a romance of days now gone by

<sup>Em Gm D H7</sup> And often I wonder if I made a blunder  
<sup>Em Gm E7 A7 D7</sup> by letting you bid me "Good-bye".

<sup>G</sup> Are you lonesome tonight...

# American Pie

Don McLean

**D A Hm Em G**  
A long long time ago I can still remember  
**Hm A**  
how that music used to make me smile  
**D Hm**  
And I knew if I had my chance  
**Em G**  
that I could make those people dance  
**Hm G A**  
and maybe they'd be happy for a while.  
**Hm Em**  
But february made me shiver  
**Hm Em**  
with every paper I'd deliver  
**G Em**  
bad news on the doorstep  
**G A**  
I could not take one more step  
**D Hm**  
I can't remember if I cried  
**Em A**  
when I read about his widowed bride  
**D A D**  
but something touched me deep inside  
**G A7 D**  
the day the music died.

**D G D A**  
So bye, bye, Miss American Pie  
**D G D A**  
drove my chevy to the levy but the levy was dry  
**D G D A**  
and good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
**Hm E7**  
singin' this'll be the day that I die.  
**Hm A7**  
this'll be the day that I die.

**D Em**  
Did you write the book of love  
**G Em**  
and do you have faith in God above?  
**Hm A**  
If the bible tells you so  
**D A Hm**  
Do you believe in Rock'n Roll?  
**Em G**  
Can music save your mortal soul?  
**Hm E7 A**  
And can you teach me how to dance real slow?

Well I know that you're in love with him  
 'cause I saw you dancin' in the gym  
 you both kicked off your shoes  
 Man, I dig those rythm'n blues.  
 I was a lonely teenage broncin' buck  
 with a pink carnation and a pickup truck  
 but I knew I was out of luck  
 the day the music died. I started singing:  
 Bye, bye, Miss American Pie.....

Now for ten years we've been on our own  
 and moss grows fat on a rollin' stone  
 but that's not how it used to be  
 When the jester sang for the King and Queen  
 in a coat he borrowed from James Dean  
 and a voice that came from you and me

Oh, and while the King was looking down  
 the jester stole his thorny crown  
 the courtroom was ajourned  
 no verdict was returned  
 And while Lennon read a book of Marx  
 the court kept practice in the park  
 and we sang dirges in the dark  
 the day the music died. We were singing:

Bye, bye, Miss American Pie.....

# *Killing me softly*

Roberta Flack

<sup>Em</sup> Strumming my pain with his <sup>C</sup> fingers  
<sup>D</sup> singing my life with his <sup>G</sup> words  
<sup>Em</sup> killing me softly with his <sup>A</sup> song  
<sup>D</sup> killing me softly with his <sup>C</sup> song  
<sup>G</sup> telling my whole life with his <sup>C</sup> words.  
<sup>F</sup> Killing me softly with his <sup>E</sup> song.

<sup>Am7</sup> I heard he sang a good <sup>D</sup> song  
<sup>G</sup> I heard he had a <sup>C</sup> style  
<sup>Am7</sup> and so I came to see <sup>D</sup> him  
<sup>Em</sup> and listen for a while.  
<sup>Am7</sup> And there he was this young <sup>D7</sup> boy  
<sup>G</sup> a stranger to my <sup>H7</sup> eyes.

<sup>Em</sup> Strumming my pain with his <sup>C</sup> fingers...

<sup>Am7</sup> I felt I flushed with <sup>D</sup> fever  
<sup>G</sup> embarrassed by the <sup>C</sup> crowd  
<sup>Am7</sup> I felt he found my <sup>D</sup> letters  
<sup>Em</sup> and read each one out <sup>Em</sup> loud.  
<sup>Am7</sup> I prayed that he would <sup>D7</sup> finish  
<sup>G</sup> but he just kept <sup>H7</sup> right on

<sup>Em</sup> Strumming my pain with his <sup>C</sup> fingers...

<sup>Am7</sup> He sang as if he knew <sup>D</sup> me  
<sup>G</sup> in all my dark <sup>C</sup> despair  
<sup>Am7</sup> And then he looked <sup>D</sup> right through me  
<sup>Em</sup> as if I wasn't <sup>Em</sup> there.  
<sup>Am7</sup> But he was there this <sup>D7</sup> stranger  
<sup>G</sup> singing clear and <sup>H7</sup> strong.

<sup>Em</sup> Strumming my pain with his <sup>C</sup> fingers...



# *Bridge over troubled water*

Paul Simon

(C) G C G  
When you're weary, feeling small,  
C G C G  
when tears are in your eyes, I'll dry them all.  
D Em D G  
I'm on your side, oh, when times get rough  
G7 C A D  
and friends just can't be found,  
G7 C G E7  
like a bridge over troubled water,  
C H7 Em  
I will lay me down,  
G7 C G E7  
like a bridge over troubled water,  
C D7 G  
I will lay me down.

(C) G C G  
When you're down and out, when you're on the street  
C G C G  
when evening falls so hard, I will comfort you.  
D Em D G  
I'll take your part, oh, when darkness comes,  
G7 C A D  
and pain is all around.  
G7 C G E7  
Like a bridge over troubled water,  
C H7 E  
I will lay me down,  
D7 C G E7  
like a bridge over troubled water,  
C D7 G  
I will lay me down.

(C) G C G  
Sail on silver girl, sail on by,  
C G C G  
your time has come to shine, all your dreams are on their way  
D Em D G  
see how they shine, oh, if you need a friend  
G7 C A D  
I'm sailing right behind,  
G7 C G E7  
like a bridge over troubled water,  
C H7 Em  
I will lay me down,  
D7 C G E7  
like a bridge over troubled water,  
C D7 G  
I will lay me down.

## *Blame it on the bossa nova*

I was at this dance when she caught my eye  
standing all alone, looking sad and shy  
we began to dance, swayin' to and fro'  
and soon I knew I'd never let him go.

Blame it on the Bossa Nova with its magic spell  
blame it on the Bossa Nova that he did so well  
Well you know it started up with just one dance  
and soon it ended up a big romance  
Blame it on the Bossa Nova, the dance of love.

Now was it the moon? (*No, no, the Bossa Nova*)  
Or the stars above? (*No, no, the Bossa Nova*)  
Is that the tune? (*Yeah, yeah, the Bossa Nova*)  
The dance of love!

Now I'm proud to say I'm her man to be  
and we're going to raise a family.  
And when the children ask how it came about  
I'm gonna say to them without a doubt:

Blame it on the Bossa Nova with its magic spell  
blame it on the Bossa Nova that he did so well  
Well you know it started up with just one dance  
and soon it ended up a big romance  
Blame it on the Bossa Nova, the dance of love.

Now was it the moon? (*No, no, the Bossa Nova*)  
Or the stars above? (*No, no, the Bossa Nova*)  
Is that the tune? (*Yeah, yeah, the Bossa Nova*)  
The dance of love!

# Oh, Susanna

Stephen Foster

<sup>A</sup> I come from Alabama with my banjo on my <sup>E7</sup> knee,  
<sup>A</sup> I'm going to Louisiana my true love for to see.  
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was <sup>E7</sup> dry,  
<sup>A</sup> the sun so hot I froze to death, Susanna don't you see.  
<sup>D</sup> Oh, Susanna, oh don't you cry for me. <sup>E7</sup>  
<sup>A</sup> I come from Alabama with my banjo on my <sup>E7</sup> knee. <sup>A</sup>

<sup>A</sup> I had a dream the other night, when everything was still <sup>E7</sup>  
<sup>A</sup> I dreamed I saw Susanna a-coming down the hill. <sup>E7</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
A red red rose was in her cheek, a tear was in her eye <sup>E7</sup>  
<sup>A</sup> I said to her, Susanna girl, Susanna, don't you cry. <sup>E7</sup> <sup>A</sup>

<sup>D</sup> Oh, Susanna, oh don't you cry for me. <sup>E7</sup>  
<sup>A</sup> I come from Alabama with my banjo on my <sup>E7</sup> knee. <sup>A</sup>

<sup>A</sup> I soon will be in New Orleans, and then I'll look around, <sup>E7</sup>  
<sup>A</sup> and when I find Susanna, I'll fall upon the ground. <sup>E7</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
But if I do not find her then I'm surely bound to die, <sup>E7</sup>  
<sup>A</sup> and when I'm dead and buried, oh, Susanna, don't you cry. <sup>E7</sup> <sup>A</sup>

<sup>D</sup> Oh, Susanna, oh don't you cry for me. <sup>E7</sup>  
<sup>A</sup> I come from Alabama with my banjo on my <sup>E7</sup> knee. <sup>A</sup>

**Stephen Collins Foster**, född 4 juli 1826 i Lawrenceville i Pennsylvania, USA, död 13 januari 1864 i New York City, var en framträdande amerikansk kompositör och textförfattare.

Han skrev mer än 200 sånger, bland hans mest kända melodier finns:

Oh! Susanna!, Camptown Races, My Old Kentucky Home,  
Old Black Joe, Beautiful Dreamer och Old Folks at Home (Swanee River).

Han skrev även Angelina Baker, Beautiful child of song, Camptown races,  
Come where my love lies dreaming, Come with thy sweet voice again,  
Dolly day, Down among the cane brakes, Ellen Bayne, Fairy Belle,  
Farewell my Lilly dear, Gentle Annie, The glendy burke,  
Happy hours at home, Hard times, come again no more,

The hour for thee and me, Jeanie with the light brown hair, Katy Bell, Laura Lee, Massa's in de cold ground,  
The merry, merry month of may, My brudder gum, Nell and I, Oh! Boys, carry me 'long och Old dog Tray.



## *My darling Clementine*

<sup>C</sup>  
In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine <sup>G7</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
dwelt a miner, fortyniner, and his daughter, Clementine.

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
Oh, my darling, oh, my darling, oh my darling Clementine.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
Light she was and, like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
herring boxes, without topses, sandles were to Clementine.

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
Oh, my darling, oh, my darling, oh my darling Clementine.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
Drove she ducklings to the water, every morning just at nine,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
stubbed her toe upon a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
Oh, my darling, oh, my darling, oh my darling Clementine.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
but alas, I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
Oh, my darling, oh, my darling, oh my darling Clementine.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Oh My Darling, Clementine är en folkvisa från de västra delarna av USA. Det påstås att den är gjord av Percy Montrose 1884 men vissa säger att den gjordes av Barker Bradford. Sången sägs vara baserad på en annan sång, Down by the River Liv'd a Maiden av H. S. Thompson från 1863.

Sången handlar om en man som förlorat sin käresta i en drunkningsolycka. Hon är dotter till en så kallad 49:er, det vill säga en guldgrävare under guldruschen i Kalifornien 1849. Till slut blir samme man kär i hennes syster.

Sången blev sedan snabbt populär, särskilt bland scouterna och andra grupper med unga människor, särskilt vid eld och utflykt, och det finns flera versioner av sången. Det finns även en skotsk version.

Även andra sånger med samma melodi har gjorts med åren, och i Sverige har på senare år idrottsupportrar sjungit hejarsor på melodin. Sången gav namn till filmen My Darling Clementine från 1946.



# Travellin' light

Tepper - Bennet

<sup>G</sup>  
Got no bags and baggage to slow me down.  
<sup>C</sup>  
I'm travellin' so fast my feet ain't touchin' the ground <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Travellin' light, travellin' light.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
Well I just can't wait to be with my baby tonight.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
//: No comb and no toothbrush, I've got nothing to haul.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
I'm carryin' only: a pocket full of dreams, a heart full of love,  
and they weigh nothin' at all.  
<sup>G</sup>  
Soon I'm gonna see that love look in her eyes  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
I'm a hoot and a holler away from paradise.  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Travellin' light, travellin' light.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Well I just can't wait to be with my baby tonight. ://

# Poor little fool

<sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
I used to play around with hearts, that hastened at my call  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
but when I met that little girl I knew that I would fall.  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Poor little fool, oh yeah, I was a fool , uh huh...  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
She played around and teased me, with her carefree devil eyes,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
she'd hold me close and kiss me, but her heart was full of lies,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Poor little fool, oh yeah, I was a fool , uh huh...  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
She told me that she cared for me, and that we'd never part,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
and so for the very first time, I gave away my heart,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Poor little fool, oh yeah, I was a fool , uh huh...  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
I'd played this game with other hearts, but never thought I'd see <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
the day that someone else would play, love's foolish game with me.  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Poor little fool, oh yeah, I was a fool , uh huh...

## *Leaning on a lamp post*

I'm leaning on a lamp, maybe you think I look a tramp  
or you may think I'm hanging 'round to steal a car.  
But no, I'm not a crook, and if you think that's what I look  
I'll tell you why I'm here, and what my motives are:

I'm leaning on a lamp post at the corner of the street  
in case a certain little lady comes by.

Oh me, oh my, I hope the little lady comes by.

I don't know if she'll get away,

she doesn't always get away,

but anyhow I know that she'll try.

Oh me, oh my, I hope the little lady comes by.

There's no other girl I would wait for

But this one I'd break any date for

I won't have to ask what she's late for

she wouldn't leave me flat, she's not a girl like that.

Oh, she's absolutely wonderful and marvellous and beautiful  
and anyone can understand why,

I'm leaning on a lamp post at the corner of the street

in case a certain little lady passes by.

## *Dream lover*

<sup>C</sup> Every night I hope and pray, <sup>Am</sup> a dream lover will come my way  
<sup>C</sup> a girl to hold in my arms and know the magic of her charms  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
Because I want a girl to call my own  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>dm</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
I want a dream lover so I won't have to dream alone.

<sup>C</sup> Dream lover, where are you - <sup>Am</sup> with a love, oh so true  
<sup>C</sup> and a hand that I can hold, <sup>Am</sup> to feel you near when I grow old?  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
Because I want a girl to call my own  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>dm</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>C7</sup>  
I want a dream lover so I won't have to dream alone.

<sup>F</sup>  
Some-day, I don't know how,  
<sup>C</sup>  
I hope you'll hear my plea  
<sup>D7</sup>  
Some-way, I don't know how,  
<sup>G7</sup>  
she'll bring her love to me

<sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
Dream lover, until then, I'll go to sleep and dream again  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
that's the only thing to do, until my lover's dreams come true  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
Because I want a girl to call my own  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>dm</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
I want a dream lover so I won't have to dream alone.

## *Hard times of old England*

<sup>D</sup>  
Come all fellow tradesmen that travel along  
<sup>G</sup> oh, pray come and tell me where the trade is all gone.  
<sup>A7</sup> Long time I have travelled and I cannot find none.  
<sup>G</sup> And it's, oh the hard times of Old England, in old England <sup>D</sup> very hard times.

<sup>D</sup>  
Provisions you buy at the shop, it is true,  
<sup>G</sup> but if you've no money, there's none there for you.  
<sup>A7</sup> So, what's a poor man and his family to do?  
<sup>D</sup> And it's, oh the hard times of Old England, in old England <sup>G</sup> very hard times.

<sup>D</sup>  
If you go to a shop and you ask for a job,  
<sup>G</sup> they will answer you there with a shake and a nod;  
<sup>A7</sup> So that's enough to make a man turn out and rob,  
<sup>D</sup> And it's, oh the hard times of Old England, in old England <sup>G</sup> very hard times.

<sup>D</sup>  
You will see the poor tradesman a-walking the street  
<sup>G</sup> from morning till night, for employment to seek,  
<sup>A7</sup> and scarcely they've got any shoes on their feet.  
<sup>D</sup> And it's, oh the hard times of Old England, in old England <sup>G</sup> very hard times.

<sup>D</sup>  
Our soldiers and sailors have just come from war;  
<sup>G</sup> been fighting for Queen and their country, 'tis sure  
<sup>A7</sup> Come home to be starved, better stayed where they were  
<sup>D</sup> And it's, oh the hard times of Old England, in old England <sup>G</sup> very hard times.

<sup>D</sup>  
And now to conclude and to finish my song,  
<sup>G</sup> let us hope that these hard times they will not last long;  
<sup>A7</sup> I hope soon to have occasion to alter my song  
<sup>D</sup> And it's, oh the good times of Old England, in old England <sup>G</sup> very good times.



# Happy days are here again

Jack Yellen  
Milton Ager

1. <sup>Am G</sup> So long sad times!  
<sup>F E</sup> go 'long bad times!  
<sup>Am E7 Am</sup> We are rid of you at last.  
<sup>Am G</sup> Howdy gay times!  
<sup>H7 E</sup> Cloudy grey times,  
<sup>F#m H7 E7</sup> you are now a thing of the past.

2. <sup>Am G</sup> No more sighing  
<sup>F E</sup> no more crying  
<sup>Am E7 Am</sup> clouds of grey have turned to blue.  
<sup>Am G</sup> Sorrow flying,  
<sup>H7 E</sup> cares denying  
<sup>F#m H7 E7</sup> all our rosy dreams come true.

Refr. <sup>A</sup> Happy days are here again  
the skies above are clear again  
<sup>E7</sup> so let's sing a song of cheer again!  
<sup>A D A</sup> Happy days are here again!

Altogether shout it now!

There's no one who can doubt it now  
<sup>E7</sup> so let's tell the world about it now  
<sup>A D A</sup> Happy days are here again!

<sup>C# A# C#</sup> Your cares and troubles are gone,  
<sup>E H7 E7</sup> there'll be no more from now on.

<sup>A</sup> Happy days are here again  
the skies above are clear again  
<sup>E7</sup> so let's sing a song of cheer again!  
<sup>A D A</sup> Happy days are here again!

## *A teenager in love*

**G** **Em** **C** **D7**  
Each time we have a quarrel, it almost breaks my heart  
**G** **Em** **C** **D7**  
'cause I am so afraid, that we will have to part  
**G** **Em** **C** **D7**  
Each night I ask the stars up above:  
**G** **Em** **C** **D7**  
Why must I be a teenager in love?

**G** **Em** **C** **D7**  
One day I feel so happy, next day I feel so sad  
**G** **Em** **C** **D7**  
I guess I'll learn to take the good with the bad  
**G** **Em** **C** **D7**  
Each night I ask the stars up above:  
**G** **Em** **C** **D7**  
Why must I be a teenager in love?

**C** **D7** **C** **D7**  
I cried a tear for nobody but you  
**C** **D7** **C** **D7**  
I'll be a lonely one if you should say we're through.

**G** **Em** **C** **D7**  
Well if you want to make me cry, that won't be so hard to do  
**G** **Em** **C** **D7**  
and if you should say goodbye, I still go on loving you  
**G** **Em** **C** **D7**  
Each night I ask the stars up above:  
**G** **Em** **C** **D7**  
Why must I be a teenager in love?

**G** **Em** **C** **D7**  
Why must I be a teenager in love?

**G** **Em** **C** **D7** **G**  
Why must I be a teenager in love? In love.....

# The Rebel Girl

Joe Hill

1. There are women of many descriptions  
In this queer world, as everyone knows.  
Some are living in beautiful mansions,  
And are wearing the finest of clothes.  
There are blue blooded queens and princesses,  
Who have charms made of diamonds and pearl;  
But the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

Refräng That's the Rebel Girl, that's the Rebel Girl!  
To the working class she's a precious pearl.  
She brings courage, pride and joy  
To the fighting Rebel Boy.  
We've had girls before, but we need some more  
In the Industrial Workers of the World.  
For it's great to fight for freedom  
With a Rebel Girl.

2. Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor,  
And her dress may not be very fine;  
But a heart in her bosom is beating  
That is true to her class and her kind.  
And the grafters in terror are trembling  
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;  
For the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

# Casey Jones

Sibert/Newton

The <sup>G</sup>Workers on the S. P. line to strike sent out a call;  
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;  
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the bum,  
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of plumb.  
<sup>G</sup> Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;  
<sup>G</sup> Casey Jones was working double time;  
<sup>G</sup> Casey Jones got a wooden medal,  
For being good and faithful on the S. P. line.

The <sup>G</sup>workers said to Casey: "Won't you help us win this strike?"  
But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."  
Then some one put a bunch of railroad ties across the track,  
And Casey hit the river bottom with an awful crack.  
<sup>G</sup> Casey Jones hit the river bottom;  
<sup>G</sup> Casey Jones broke his blessed spine;  
<sup>G</sup> Casey Jones was an Angelino,  
He took a trip to heaven on the S. P. line.

When <sup>G</sup>Casey Jones got up to heaven, to the Pearly Gate,  
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S. P. freight."  
"You're just the man," said Peter, "our musicians went on strike;  
You can get a job a'scabbing any time you like."  
<sup>G</sup> Casey Jones got a job in heaven;  
<sup>G</sup> Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;  
<sup>G</sup> Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,  
Just like he did to workers of the S. P. line.

G  
 The angels got together, and they said it wasn't fair,  
 A7 D7  
 For Casey Jones to go around a'scabbing everywhere.  
 G  
 The Angels' Union No. 23, they sure were there,  
 D7 G  
 And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stairs.  
 G C  
 Casey Jones went to Hell a'flying;  
 G D7  
 "Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh fine:  
 G C  
 Casey Jones, get busy shovelling sulphur;  
 G D7 G  
 That's what you get for scabbing on the S. P. Line."

### *Which side are you on?*

*Florence Reece  
Trad.*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Come <sup>Am</sup> all of you good workers<br/> <sup>Dm</sup> good news to you I'll tell<br/> <sup>Dm</sup> of how the good old Union<br/> <sup>E7</sup> has come in here to dwell.</p> <p>Refr. <sup>Am</sup> Which side are you on?<br/> <sup>E7</sup> Which side are you on?<br/>     Which side are you on?<br/> <sup>E7</sup> Which side are you on?</p> <p>2. My daddy was a miner<br/> <sup>Dm</sup> and I'm a miner's son ***<br/> <sup>Dm</sup> and I'll stick with the Union<br/> <sup>E7</sup> 'til every battle's won.</p> <p>3. They say in Harlan county<br/> <sup>Dm</sup> there are no neutrals there<br/> <sup>Dm</sup> you'll either be a union man<br/> <sup>E7</sup> or a thug for J.H. Blair.</p> | <p>4. Oh, workers can you stand it?<br/> <sup>Dm</sup> Oh, tell me how you can!<br/> <sup>Dm</sup> Will you be a lousy scab<br/> <sup>E7</sup> or will you be a man?</p> <p>5. Don't scab for the bosses,<br/> <sup>Dm</sup> don't listen to their lies<br/> <sup>Dm</sup> us poor folks haven't got a chance<br/> <sup>E7</sup> unless we organize.</p> <p>Mrs Florence Reece var gift med en fackförenings-organisatör i National Miner's Union i Harlan County, Kentucky. En dag 1931 var hon hemma med sina barn när gruvbolagets inhyrda busar kom på besök.</p> <p>En av döttrarna började gråta när de beväpnade sökte igenom garderober, kikade under sängar och till och med petade med gevären bland smutskläderna.<br/>     - Vad gråter du för? sa en av dem. Det är inte dig vi är ute efter, det är din pappa!</p> <p>När de hade gått slet Florence ned ett almanacksblad från väggkalendern och skrev de här verserna. Hon satte en traditionell melodi till texten och hennes små flickor brukade sedan sjunga sången på fackföreningsmötena.</p> <p>*** Ursprungsraden lyder: "he's now in the air and sun"<br/>     - som betyder att han är svartlistad av gruvbolaget.</p> <p><i>Källa: American Favorite Ballads - Pete Seeger</i></p> |
|--|--|

## *Nearer my job to Thee*

<sup>D</sup> Nearer my <sup>G</sup> job to thee,  
<sup>D</sup> Nearer with <sup>A</sup> glee,  
<sup>D</sup> Three plunks for the <sup>G</sup> office fee,  
<sup>D</sup> But my fare is <sup>A7</sup> free. <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> My train is running <sup>D</sup> fast,  
<sup>G</sup> I've got a job at <sup>D</sup> last, <sup>A</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> Nearer my job to <sup>G</sup> thee  
<sup>D</sup> Nearer to <sup>A7</sup> thee. <sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup> Arrived where my <sup>G</sup> job should be,  
<sup>D</sup> Nothing in sight I <sup>A</sup> see,  
<sup>D</sup> Nothing but sand, by <sup>G</sup> gee,  
<sup>D</sup> Job went up a <sup>A7</sup> tree. <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> No place to eat or <sup>D</sup> sleep,  
<sup>G</sup> Snakes in the sage <sup>D</sup> brush <sup>A</sup> creep.  
<sup>D</sup> Nero a saint would <sup>G</sup> be,  
<sup>D</sup> Shark, compared to <sup>A7</sup> thee. <sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup> Nearer to town! <sup>G</sup> each day  
<sup>D</sup> (Hiked all the <sup>A</sup> way),  
<sup>D</sup> Nearer that <sup>G</sup> agency,  
<sup>D</sup> Where I paid my <sup>A7</sup> fee, <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> And when that shark I <sup>D</sup> see  
<sup>G</sup> You'll bet your boots that <sup>D</sup> he <sup>A</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> Nearer his god shall <sup>G</sup> be.  
<sup>D</sup> Leave that to <sup>A7</sup> me. <sup>D</sup>

# Shine On Harvest Moon

Nora Bayes  
Jack Norworth

- Am**  
1. The night was mighty dark so you could hardly see  
for the moon refused to shine. **E7**  
**Am**  
Couple sitting underneath a willow tree,  
**D7** **G7**  
for love they pine,  
**Dm**  
little maid was kind afraid of darkness  
**C**  
so she said, "I guess I'll go".  
**D7**  
Boy began to sigh,  
looked up at the sky,  
told the moon his little tale of woe. **G7**
- Refr. **A7** **D7**  
Shine on, shine on harvest moon up in the sky,  
**G7**  
I ain't had no loving since  
**C** **Dm** **Ddim** **C**  
January, February, June or July.  
**A7** **D7**  
Snow time ain't no time to stay  
outdoors and spoon.  
**G7** **C**  
So shine on, shine on harvest moon,  
**G7** **C**  
for me and my gal.
- Am**  
2. I can't see why a boy should cry when by his side  
is the girl he loves so true. **E7**  
**Am**  
All he has to say is "won't you be my bride,  
**D7** **G7**  
for I love you."  
**Dm**  
But why should I be telling you this secret,  
**C**  
When I know, that you can guess.  
**D7**  
Harvest moon will smile,  
shine on all the while,  
if the little girl should answer yes! **G7**

# *The tramp*

Joe Hill

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! was a Northern song written by George F. Root (1820-1895).

**D**  
If you all will shut your trap,  
**G** **D**  
I will tell you 'bout a chap  
**E7** **A**  
that was broke and up against it too for fair;  
**D**  
he was not the kind that shirk.  
**G** **D**  
He was looking hard for work,  
**E7** **A** **D**  
but he heard the same old story everywhere.

Refrain **D** **G** **D**  
Tramp, tramp, tramp and keep on tramping,  
**A** **E7** **A** **A7**  
nothing doing here for you.

**D**  
If I catch you 'round again,  
**G** **D**  
you will wear the ball and chain,  
**E7** **A7** **D**  
keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

**D**  
'Cross the road a sign he read  
**G** **D**  
"Work for Jesus", so it said,  
**E7** **A**  
and he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"  
**D**  
so he kneeled upon the floor  
**G** **D**  
till his knees got rather sore,  
**E7** **A** **D**  
but at eating time he heard the preacher say:

**D**  
Down the street he met a cop,  
**G** **D**  
and the copper made him stop,  
**E7** **A**  
and he asked him, "When did you blow into town?"  
**D**  
come with me up to the judge,"  
**G** **D**  
but the judge he said: "Oh, fudge,  
**E7** **A** **D**  
bums that have no money needn't come around."



D  
 Finally came that happy day,  
 G D  
 when his life did pass away,  
 E7 A  
 he was sure he'd go to heaven when he died.  
 D  
 When he reached the Pearly Gate,  
 G D  
 Santa Peter, mean old skate  
 E7 A D  
 slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried:

D  
 In despair he went to Hell  
 G D  
 with the Devil for to dwell  
 E7 A  
 for the reason he'd no other place to go.  
 D  
 And he said, "I'm full of sin,  
 G D  
 so for Christ's sake, let me in!"  
 E7 A D  
 But the Devil said, "Oh beat it, you're a 'bo.'"

### *Winchester Cathedral*

G D7  
 Winchester Cathedral, you're bringing me down,  
 G  
 you stood and you watched as my baby left home.  
 D7  
 You could have done something, but you didn't try  
 G  
 you didn't do nothing, you let her walk by.

G7 C  
 Now ev'ryone knows just how much I needed that girl,  
 A7  
 she wouldn't have gone far away  
 D7  
 if only you started ringing your bell.  
 G D7  
 Winchester Cathedral, you're bringing me down,  
 G  
 you stood and you watched as my baby left home.

# California dreaming

John Phillips  
M. Gilliam

All the leaves are brown,<sup>Em D C</sup>  
and the sky is grey<sup>D H7</sup>  
I've been for a walk<sup>C G H7 Em</sup>  
on a winter's day.<sup>C H7</sup>  
I'd be safe and warm,<sup>Em D C</sup>  
if I was in L.A.<sup>D H7</sup>  
California dreamin'<sup>Em D C</sup>  
on such a winter's day.<sup>D H7</sup>

Stopped into a church<sup>Em D C</sup>  
I passed along the way.<sup>D H7</sup>  
Oh, I got down on my knees<sup>C G H7 Em</sup>  
and I began to pray.<sup>C H7</sup>  
You know the preacher likes the cold,<sup>Em D C</sup>  
he knows I'm gonna stay.<sup>D H7</sup>  
California dreamin'<sup>Em D C</sup>  
on such a winter's day.<sup>D H7</sup>

All the leaves are brown,<sup>Em D C</sup>  
and the sky is grey<sup>D H7</sup>  
I've been for a walk<sup>C G H7 Em</sup>  
on a winter's day.<sup>C H7</sup>  
If I didn't tell her,<sup>Em D C</sup>  
I could leave today.<sup>D H7</sup>  
//: California dreamin'<sup>Em D C</sup>  
on such a winter's day. ://<sup>D H7</sup>  
California dreamin'<sup>Em D C</sup>  
on such a winter's day.<sup>D Cmaj7</sup>

# Bus Stop

The Hollies

Am G Am G Am G Am G  
Bus stop, wet day, she's there, I say please share my umbrella.  
Am G Am G Am G Am  
Bus stop, bus goes, she stays, love grows under my umbrella.  
C G F C Am F G  
All that summer we enjoyed it, wind and rain and shine.  
Am G Am G Am G Am  
That umbrella, we employed it, by August, she was mine.

C H7 Em Am  
Every morning I would see her waiting at the stop...  
H7 Em  
sometimes she'd shopped and she would show me what she'd bought.  
C H7 Em Am  
Other people stared as if we were both quite insane,  
H7 Em  
someday my name and hers are going to be the same.

Am G Am G Am G Am G  
That's the way the whole thing started, silly but it's true.  
Am G Am G Am G Am  
Thinking of a sweet romance beginning in a queue.  
C G F C Am F G  
Came the sun the ice was melting, no more sheltering now.  
Am G Am G Am G Am  
Nice to think that that umbrella led me to a vow.

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C H7 Em Am  
Every morning I would see her waiting at the stop...  
H7 Em  
sometimes she'd shopped and she would show me what she'd bought.  
C H7 Em Am  
Other people stared as if we were both quite insane,  
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Bus stop, wet day, she's there, I say please share my umbrella.  
Am G Am G Am G Am  
Bus stop, bus goes, she stays, love grows under my umbrella.  
C G F C Am F G  
All that summer we enjoyed it, wind and rain and shine.  
Am G Am G Am G Am  
That umbrella, we employed it, by August, she was mine.

*Love minus zero - No limit*

Bob Dylan

<sup>G</sup>  
My love she speaks like silence,  
<sup>C</sup> Without ideals or violence,  
<sup>C</sup> She doesn't have to say she's faithful,  
<sup>Am</sup> Yet she's true, like ice, like fire.  
<sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> People carry roses,  
<sup>C</sup> And make promises by the hours,  
<sup>G</sup> My love she laughs like the flowers,  
<sup>Am</sup> Valentines can't buy her.  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>

<sup>G</sup>  
In the dime stores and bus stations,  
<sup>C</sup> People talk of situations,  
<sup>C</sup> Read books, repeat quotations,  
<sup>Am</sup> Draw conclusions on the wall.  
<sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> Some speak of the future,  
<sup>C</sup> My love she speaks softly,  
<sup>C</sup> She knows there's no success like failure  
<sup>Am</sup> And that failure's no success at all.  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>

<sup>G</sup>  
The cloak and dagger dangles,  
<sup>C</sup> Madams light the candles.  
<sup>C</sup> In ceremonies of the horsemen,  
<sup>Am</sup> Even the pawn must hold a grudge.  
<sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> Statues made of match sticks,  
<sup>C</sup> Crumble into one another,  
<sup>C</sup> My love winks, she does not bother,  
<sup>Am</sup> She knows too much to argue or to judge.  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>

<sup>G</sup>  
 The bridge at midnight trembles,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 The country doctor rambles,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 Bankers' nieces seek perfection,  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 Expecting all the gifts that wise men bring.  
<sup>G</sup>  
 The wind howls like a hammer,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 The night blows cold and rainy,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 My love she's like some raven  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 At my window with a broken wing.

## *Spanish Harlem*

<sup>G</sup>  
 There is a rose in Spanish Harlem  
 A red rose up in Spanish Harlem.  
<sup>C</sup>  
 It is a special one, it's never seen the sun,  
 it only comes out when the moon is on the run,  
<sup>G</sup>  
 and all the stars are gleaming.  
<sup>D</sup>  
 It's growing in the street  
 right up through the concrete.....  
<sup>G</sup>  
 but soft and sweet and dreaming.

<sup>G</sup>  
 There is a rose in Spanish Harlem  
 A red rose up in Spanish Harlem.  
<sup>C</sup>  
 With eyes as black as coal, that look down in my soul,  
 and start a fire there, and then I lose control,  
<sup>G</sup>  
 I have to beg your pardon.  
<sup>D</sup>  
 I'm gonna pick that rose,  
 and watch her as she grows  
<sup>G</sup>  
 in my garden.

# Long may you run

Neil Young

1. <sup>G</sup> We've been through some things together,  
<sup>Em</sup> with trunks of memories still to come.  
<sup>G</sup> We found things to do in stormy weather.  
<sup>Em</sup> Long may you run.

Refr. <sup>G</sup> Long may you run, long may you run  
<sup>Em</sup> although these changes have come.  
<sup>G</sup> With your chrome heart shinin'  
<sup>C</sup> in the sun, long may you run.

2. <sup>G</sup> Well it was back in Blind River in nineteen sixtytwo  
<sup>Em</sup> when I last saw you alive.  
<sup>G</sup> But we missed that ship on the long decline  
<sup>Em</sup> Long may you run.

3. <sup>G</sup> Maybe the Beach Boys have got you now  
<sup>Em</sup> with those waves singin' Caroline.  
<sup>G</sup> Rollin' down that empty ocean road,  
<sup>Em</sup> get into the surf on time.





