

Simply Folk Sing-Along 2017

If I Had a Hammer

If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning
I'd hammer in the evening, all over this land
I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out a warning
I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters, all over this land

If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning
I'd ring it in the evening, all over this land
I'd ring out danger, I'd ring out a warning
I'd ring out love between my brothers and my sisters, all over this land

If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning
I'd sing it in the evening, all over this land
I'd sing out danger, I'd sing out a warning
I'd sing out love between my brothers and my sisters, all over this land

Well I've got a hammer, and I've got a bell
And I've got a song to sing, all over this land
It's the hammer of justice, it's the bell of freedom
It's the song about love between my brothers and my sisters, all over this land

Shenandoah

O Shenandoah, I long to hear you, away, you rollin' river
O Shenandoah, I long to hear you, away I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri

O Shenandoah, I love your daughter, away, you rollin' river
For her I'd cross your roaming water, away I'm bound away, cross the wide Missouri

'Tis seven long years since last I saw you, away, you rollin' river
'Tis seven long years since last I saw you, away I'm bound away, cross the wide Missouri

O Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you, away, you rollin' river
O Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you, away I'm bound away, cross the wide Missouri

Leaving On A Jet Plane

All my bags are packed, I'm ready to go, I'm standing here outside your door,
I hate to wake you up to say good-bye.
But the dawn is breaking, it's early morn, the taxi's waiting, he's blowing his horn.
Already I'm so lonesome I could die.
So kiss me and smile for me, tell me that you'll wait for me,
hold me like you'll never let me go.

*'Cause I'm leaving on a jet plane, don't know when I'll be back again.
Oh, babe, I hate to go.*

There's so many times I've let you down, so many times I've played around,
I tell you now they don't mean a thing.
Every place I go I'll think of you, every song I sing I'll sing for you,
when I come back, I'll bring your wedding ring.
So kiss me and smile for me, tell me that you'll wait for me,
hold me like you'll never let me go.

Now the time has come to leave you, one more time let me kiss you,
then close your eyes, I'll be on my way.
Dream about the days to come when I won't have to leave alone,
about the times I won't have to say:
kiss me and smile for me, tell me that you'll wait for me,
hold me like you'll never let me go.

Kisses Sweeter than Wine

When I was a young man and never been kissed,
got to thinkin' it over o' what I had missed
I got me a girl and I kissed her and then, oh, lord, I kissed her again

Oh, oh, kisses sweeter than wine, oh, oh, kisses sweeter than wine

I asked her to marry and be my sweet wife, we'd be so happy the rest of our life
I begged and I pleaded like a natural man, and oh Lord, she gave me her hand

I worked mighty hard and so did my wife, hand-in-hand to make a good life
There's corn in the fields and wheat in the bin, I was - oh lord - the father of twins

Our children numbered just about four, they've all got sweethearts knockin' at the door
They all got married, they didn't hesitate; I was - oh Lord - grandfather of eight

Now we are old, ready to go, get to thinkin' what happened a long time ago
We had a lot of kids, trouble and pain, but oh, Lord, we'd do it again!

She'll Be Coming 'Round the Mountain

She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes
She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes
She'll be comin' round the mountain, she'll be comin' round the mountain,
She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes

She'll be drivin' six white horses...
She'll be wearin' red pajamas...
We'll be singin' Hallelujah...
Oh we'll all go out to meet her...
She'll be comin' round the mountain...

I'll Fly Away

Some glad morning when this life is o'er, I'll fly away;
To a home on God's celestial shore, I'll fly away (I'll fly away).

I'll fly away, Oh Glory, I'll fly away; (in the morning)
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by, I'll fly away (I'll fly away).

When the shadows of this life have gone, I'll fly away;
Like a bird from prison bars has flown, I'll fly away (I'll fly away)

Just a few more weary days and then, I'll fly away;
To a land where joy shall never end, I'll fly away (I'll fly away)

The Ash Grove

The ash grove, how graceful, how plainly 'tis speaking
The harp through it playing has language for me
Whenever the light through its branches is breaking
A host of kind faces is gazing on me

The friends of my childhood again are before me
Each step wakes a memory as freely I roam
With soft whispers laden, its leaves rustle o'er me
The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home

Those Were the Days

Once upon a time there was a tavern,
where we used to raise a glass or two.
Remember how we laughed away the hours,
and dreamed of all the great things we would do.

Those were the days, my friend, we thought they'd never end,
we'd sing and dance for ever and a day;
We'd live the life we choose, we'd fight and never lose,
For we were young, and sure to have our way.
La la la la la la la la la la

Those were the days, oh yes those were the days.
Then the busy years went rushing by us.
We lost our starry notions on the way.
If by chance I'd see you in the tavern,
we'd smiled at one another, and we'd say:

Just tonight I stood before the tavern.
Nothing seemed the way it used to be.
In the glass I saw a strange reflection,
was that lonely woman really me?

Through the door there came familiar laughter.
I saw your face and heard you call my name.
Oh, my friend, we're older, but no wiser.
For in our hearts the dream are still the same.

This Land Is Your Land

This land is your land, this land is my land, from California to the New York island;
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters, this land was made for you and me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway, I saw above me that endless skyway:

I saw below me that golden valley; this land was made for you and me.

I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps, to the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts;

And all around me a voice was sounding: this land was made for you and me.

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling,
As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting: this land was made for you and me.

As I went walking I saw a sign there, and on the sign it said "No Trespassing."
But on the other side it didn't say nothing, that side was made for you and me.

In the shadow of the steeple I saw my people, by the relief office I seen my people;
As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking: Is this land made for you and me?

Nobody living can ever stop me, as I go walking that freedom highway;
Nobody living can ever make me turn back: this land was made for you and me.

Midnight Special

Well, you wake up in the mornin', you hear the big bell ring
You go marchin' to the table, you see the same old thing
Knife, fork on the table, ain't nothin' in a my pan
And if I say a thing about it, I'm in trouble with a man

Let the Midnight Special, shine a light on me
Let the Midnight Special, shine her everlovin' light on me

Now if you ever go to Houston, man you better walk right
You better not gamble, and you better not fight
Sheriff he'll arrest you, he gonna carry ya down
And when the jury finds you guilty, you're penitentiary bound

Yonder come miss Rosy, now how the world did you know?
Well I know'd her by her apron, and the dress that she wore
Umbrella on her shoulder, a piece of paper in her hand
She goes a' walkin' to the captain, she say a' turn a' loose a' my man

Well it's jumpin' jumpin' Judy, she was a mighty fine gal

She brought jumpin' to the whole long world, she's a mighty fine gal
Well she brought it in the morning, just a little 'fore dinner
She brought me the news, that my wife was dead
Well that started me to grievin', whoopin' hollerin' and a cryin'
That started me to thinkin', about my great long time

Kumbaya

Kumbaya, my Lord, Kumbaya, Kumbaya, my Lord, Kumbaya,
Kumbaya, my Lord, Kumbaya, oh, Lord, Kumbaya.

Someone's singing, Lord, Kumbaya...
Someone's praying, Lord, Kumbaya...
Someone's crying, Lord, Kumbaya...
Someone's sleeping Lord, Kumbaya...

We Shall Overcome

We shall overcome, we shall overcome, we shall overcome someday
Oh deep in my heart, I do believe, we shall overcome someday
We are not afraid, we are not afraid, we are not afraid today
Oh deep in my heart, I do believe, we shall overcome someday

Freight Train

Freight train Freight train run so fast, freight train Freight train run so fast
Please don't tell what train I'm on, they won't know what route I've gone

When I am dead and in my grave, no more good times here I crave
Place the stones at my head and feet, tell them all that I've gone to sleep.

When I die Lord bury me deep, way down on old Chestnut street
Then I can hear old Number 9, as she comes rolling by.

500 Miles

If you miss the train I'm on, you will know that I am gone
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles,
A hundred miles, a hundred miles, a hundred miles, a hundred miles,
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

Lord I'm one, Lord I'm two, Lord I'm three, Lord I'm four,
Lord I'm 500 miles from my home.
500 miles, 500 miles, 500 miles, 500 miles
Lord I'm five hundred miles from my home.

Not a shirt on my back, not a penny to my name
Lord I can't go a-home this a-way
This a-away, this a-way, this a-way, this a-way,
Lord I can't go a-home this a-way.

If you miss the train I'm on you will know that I am gone
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

M.T.A.

These are the times that try men's souls, in the course of our nation's history
The people of Boston have rallied bravely
Whenever the rights of men have been threatened
Today a new crisis has arisen
The Metropolitan Transit Authority, better known as the MTA
Is attempting to levy a burdensome tax on the population
In the form of a subway fare increase
Citizens, hear me out, this could happen to you
Well, let me tell you of the story of a man named Charlie
On a tragic and fateful day
He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his wife and family
Went to ride on the MTA, well, did he ever return?
No he never returned and his fate is still unlearned
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston
And he's the man who never returned
Charlie handed in his dime at the Kendall Square station
And he changed for Jamaica Plain
When he got there the conductor told him, "One more nickel"

Charlie couldn't get off of that train. But did he ever return?
No he never returned and his fate is still unlearned
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston
He's the man who never returned
Now, all night long Charlie rides through the station
Crying, "What will become of me?
How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea
Or my cousin in Roxbury?" But did he ever return?
No he never returned and his fate is still unlearned
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston
He's the man who never returned
Charlie's wife goes down to the Sculley Square station
Every day at quarter past two
And through the open window she hands Charlie a sandwich
As the train comes rumbling through. But did he ever return?
No he never returned and his fate is still unlearned
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston
He's the man who never returned
Pick it Davey, kind of hurts my fingers
Now, ye citizens of Boston don't you think it's a scandal
How the people have to pay and pay?
Fight the fare increase, vote for George O'Brian
Get poor Charlie off the MTA, or else he'll never return
No he'll never return and his fate is still unlearned
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston
He's the man who never returned
Ain't you, Charlie?

I Am a Man of Constant Sorrow

(In constant sorrow through his days)

I am a man of constant sorrow, I've seen trouble all my day.
I bid farewell to old Kentucky, the place where I was born and raised.
(The place where he was born and raised)

For six long years I've been in trouble, no pleasures here on earth I found

For in this world I'm bound to ramble, I have no friends to help me now.
(He has no friends to help him now)

It's fare thee well my old lover, I never expect to see you again
For I'm bound to ride that northern railroad, perhaps I'll die upon this train.
(Perhaps he'll die upon this train.)

You can bury me in some deep valley, for many years where I may lay
Then you may learn to love another, while I am sleeping in my grave.
(While he is sleeping in his grave.)

Maybe your friends think I'm just a stranger, my face you'll never see no more.
But there is one promise that is given, I'll meet you on God's golden shore.
(He'll meet you on God's golden shore.)

What a Wonderful World

I see trees of green, red roses, too, I see them bloom, for me and you
And I think to myself...what a wonderful world.
I see skies of blue, and clouds of white, the bright blessed day, the dark sacred night
And I think to myself...what a wonderful world.
The colors of the rainbow, so pretty in the sky, are also on the faces of people going by.
I see friends shaking hands, sayin', "How do you do?" They're really sayin', "I love you."
I hear babies cryin'. I watch them grow. They'll learn much more than I'll ever know
And I think to myself...what a wonderful world
Yes, I think to myself...what a wonderful world

Low Bridge, Everybody Down

I got a mule and her name is Sal, fifteen miles on the Erie Canal
She's a good old worker and a good old pal, fifteen miles on the Erie Canal
We've hauled some barges in our day, filled with lumber, coal and hay
And we know every step of the way, from Albany to Buffalo

*Low bridge, everybody down, low bridge for we're going through a town
And you'll always know your neighbor, you'll always know your pal
If you've ever navigated on the Erie Canal*

We'd better get along on our way old gal, fifteen miles on the Erie Canal
'Cause bet your life I'll never part with Sal, fifteen miles on the Erie Canal

Get up there, mule, here comes a lock, and we'll make Rome 'bout six o'clock
One more trip, then back we'll go, right on back home to Buffalo

Take Me Home Country Roads

Almost heaven, West Virginia, Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River
Life is old there, older than the trees, younger than the mountains, growin' like a breeze

*Country Roads, take me home, to the place I belong
West Virginia, mountain momma, take me home, country roads*

All my memories gathered 'round her, miner's lady, stranger to blue water
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky, misty taste of moonshine, teardrops in my eye

[chorus]

I hear her voice in the mornin' hour she calls me
The radio reminds me of my home far away
And drivin' down the road I get a feelin'
That I should have been home yesterday, yesterday

[chorus]

I've Been Working on the Railroad

I've been working on the railroad, all the live-long day.
I've been working on the railroad just to pass the time away.
Can't you hear the whistle blowing, rise up so early in the morn;
Can't you hear the captain shouting, "Dinah, blow your horn!"

Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow your horn?
Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow your horn?

Well someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, someone's in the kitchen I know
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, strummin' on the old banjo!

Singin' fee, fie, fiddly-i-o, fee, fie, fiddly-i-o-o-o-o
Fee, fie, fiddly-i-o, strummin' on the old banjo.

Hard Times, Come Again No More

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears;
Oh hard times come again no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard times, hard times, come again no more!
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;
Oh hard times come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say
Oh hard times come again no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard times, hard times, come again no more!
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;
Oh hard times come again no more.

Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard times, hard times, come again no more!
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;
Oh hard times come again no more.

So many days you have lingered around my cabin door;
Oh hard times come again no more!

The Wabash Cannonball

From the great Atlantic ocean to the wide Pacific shore
From the green of flowing mountains to the southland by the moor
She's mighty tall and handsome she known quite well by all
She's the combination called the Wabash Cannonball

Now she came down from Birmingham one cold December day
As she pulled into the station you could hear all the people say
There's the girl from Tennessee, she's long and she's tall

She came down from Birmingham on the Wabash Cannonball

*Oh listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the woodlands through the hills and by the shore
Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear the lonesome hobos squall
Travelin' thru the jungles on the Wabash Cannonball*

Our eastern states are dandy so the people always say
From New York to St. Louis, and Chicago by the way
From the hills of Minnesota where the ripplin' waters fall
No changes need be taken on the Wabash Cannonball

[Chorus]

Now here's to Daddy Claxton, may his name forever stand
And always be remembered 'round the courts of Alabam'
For his earthly days are over and the curtains 'round him fall
We'll carry him home to victory on the Wabash Cannonball

[Chorus]

City of New Orleans

Riding on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central Monday morning rail
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.
All along the southbound odyssey, the train pulls out at Kankakee
Rolls along past houses, farms and fields.
Passin' trains that have no names, and freight yards full of old black men
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles.

*Good morning America how are you? Don't you know me I'm your native son,
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.*

Dealin' cards with the old men in the club car, penny a point ain't no one keepin' score.
Won't you pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor.
And the sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engineers
Ride their father's magic carpets made of steam.
Mothers with their babes asleep, are rockin' to the gentle beat

And the rhythm of the rails is all they dream.

[Chorus]

Nighttime on The City of New Orleans, changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee.
Halfway home, we'll be there by morning, through the Mississippi darkness
Rolling down to the sea.
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream
And the steel rails still ain't heard the news.
The conductor sings his song again, the passengers will please refrain
This train's got the disappearing railroad blues.

[Chorus]

Where Have All the Flowers Gone?

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls have picked them everyone.
Oh, when will they ever learn? Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone, long time passing?
Where have all the young girls gone, long time ago?
Where have all the young girls gone?
Gone for husbands everyone.
Oh, when will they ever learn? Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the husbands gone, long time passing?
Where have all the husbands gone, long time ago?
Where have all the husbands gone?
Gone for soldiers everyone
Oh, when will they ever learn? Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the soldiers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Gone to graveyards, everyone.
Oh, when will they ever learn? Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone, long time passing?

Where have all the graveyards gone, long time ago?
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Gone to flowers, everyone.
Oh, when will they ever learn? Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls have picked them everyone.
Oh, when will they ever learn? Oh, when will they ever learn?

Danny Boy

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side.
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so!

But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
You'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.
And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,

Michael Row the Boat Ashore

*Michael row the boat ashore, alleluya, Michael row the boat ashore, alleluya
Sister help to trim the sail, alleluya, sister help to trim the sail, alleluya*

Michael's boat is a gospel boat, alleluya, Michael's boat is a gospel boat, alleluya
The river is deep & the river is wide, alleluya, green pastures on the other side, alleluya

[Chorus]

Jordan's river is chilly and cold, alleluya chills the body but not the soul, alleluya
Jordan's river is deep and wide, alleluya, meet my mother on the other side, alleluya

[Chorus]

Froggie Went a Courtin'

Mr. Froggie went a-courtin' and he did ride, uh-huh
Mr. Froggie went a-courtin' and he did ride, uh-huh
Froggie went a-courtin' and he did ride
A sword and pistol by his side, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

He went down to Miss Mousie's door, uh-huh
He went down to Miss Mousie's door, uh-huh
He went down to Miss Mousie's door
Where he had often been before, uh huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

He took Miss Mousie upon his knee, uh-huh
He said "Miss Mousie will you marry me?" uh huh
"Without my Uncle Rat's consent
I wouldn't marry the President," uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

Well Uncle Rat he gave his consent, uh-huh
Hey Uncle Rat he gave his consent, uh-huh
Now Uncle Rat he gave his consent
And the weasel wrote the publishment, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

Well now where will the wedding supper be? Uh-huh
Where will the wedding supper be? Uh-huh
Well where will the wedding supper be?
Way down yonder in a hollow tree, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh.

Yeah the first come in was a flying moth, uh-huh
First come in was a flying moth, uh-huh
First come in was a flying moth
Who laid out the tablecloth, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

Well the next to come in was a Junie bug, uh-huh
The next to come in was a Junie bug, uh-huh
Next to come in was a Junie bug

She brought the whiskey in a water jug, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

Next come in was a big black snake, uh-huh
Next come in was a big black snake, uh-huh
Next come in was a big black snake
Chased them all into the lake, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

Little piece of cornbread laying on a shelf, uh-huh
Little piece of cornbread laying on a shelf, uh-huh
Little piece of cornbread laying on a shelf
If you want any more, you can sing it yourself, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

Guantanamera

Yo soy un hombre sincero de donde crecen las palmas
Yo soy un hombre sincero de donde crecen las palmas
Y antes de morirme quiero echar mis versos del alma

Guantanamera, guajira Guantanamera
Guantanamera, guajira Guantanamera

Mi verso es de un verde claro y de un carmin encendido
Mi verso es de un verde claro y de un carmin encendido
Mi verso es un ciervo herido que busca en el monte amparo

[Chorus]

I am a truthful man from this land of palm trees
Before dying I want to share these poems of my soul
My verses are light green
But they are also flaming red

(the next verse says,)
I cultivate a rose in June and in January
For the sincere friend who gives me his hand
And for the cruel one who would tear out this
heart with which I live
I do not cultivate thistles nor nettles
I cultivate a white rose

Cultivo la rosa blanca en junio como en enero
Cultivo la rosa blanca en junio como en enero
Para el amigo sincero que me da su mano franca

[Chorus]

Y para el cruel que me arranca el corazón con que vivo
Y para el cruel que me arranca el corazón con que vivo
Cardo ni ortiga cultivo cultivo la rosa blanca

[Chorus]

Con los pobres de la tierra quiero yo mi suerte echar
Con los pobres de la tierra quiero yo mi suerte echar
El arroyo de la sierra me complace mas que el mar

[Chorus]

Puff the Magic Dragon

Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee,
Little Jackie Paper loved that rascal Puff,
And brought him strings and sealing wax and other fancy stuff, 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.*

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!

[Chorus]

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.

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, oh!

[Chorus]

Wagon Wheel

Headed down south to the land of the pines & I'm thumbin' my way into North Caroline
Starin' up the road, pray to God I see headlights

I made it down the coast in seventeen hours, pickin' me a bouquet of dogwood flowers
And I'm a hopin' for Raleigh, I can see my baby tonight

*So rock me mama like a wagon wheel, rock me mama anyway you feel
Hey mama rock me
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain, rock me mama like a south-bound train
Hey mama rock me*

Runnin' from the cold up in New England
I was born to be a fiddler in an old-time stringband
My baby plays the guitar, I pick a banjo now

Oh, the North country winters keep a gettin' me now
Lost my money playin' poker so I had to up and leave
But I ain't a turnin' back to livin' that old life no more

[Chorus]

Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke, I caught a trucker out of Philly
Had a nice long toke
But he's a headed west from the Cumberland Gap, to Johnson City, Tennessee

And I gotta get a move on before the sun I hear my baby callin' my name
And I know that she's the only one
And if I die in Raleigh, at least I will die free

[Chorus]

Down in the Valley

*Down in the valley, the valley so low, hang your head over, hear the wind blow
Hear the wind blow, dear, hear the wind blow
hang your head over, hear the wind blow.*

Well roses love sunshine, violets love dew, angels in Heaven, they know I love you,
They know I love you, dear, know I love you, angels in Heaven, they know I love you.

So write me a letter send it by mail, send it in care of the Birmingham jail
O the birmingham jail dear, the Birmingham jail, send it in care of the Birmingham jail

[Chorus]

When the Saints Go Marching In

We are trav'ling in the footsteps of those who've gone before
And we'll all be reunited, on a new and sunlit shore,

*Oh, when the saints go marching in, oh, when the saints go marching in
Oh Lord how I want to be in that number, when the saints go marching in*

And when the sun begins to shine, and when the sun begins to shine
Oh Lord, how I want to be in that number, when the sun begins to shine

Oh, when the trumpet sounds the call, oh, when the trumpet sounds the call
Lord, how I want to be in that number, when the trumpet sounds the call

Some say this world of trouble, is the only one we need
But I'm waiting for that morning, when the new one is revealed

Oh, when the new one is revealed, oh, when the new one is revealed
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number, when the new one is revealed

[Chorus]

Rocky Mountain High

He was born in the summer of his 27th year
Comin' home to a place he'd never been before
He left yesterday behind him, you might say he was born again
You might say he found a key for every door

When he first came to the mountains his life was far away
On the road and hangin' by a song
But the string's already broken and he doesn't really care
It keeps changin' fast and it don't last for long

But the Colorado rocky mountain high, I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky
The shadow from the starlight is softer than a lullabye
Rocky mountain high

He climbed cathedral mountains, he saw silver clouds below
He saw everything as far as you can see
And they say that he got crazy once and he tried to touch the sun
And he lost a friend but kept his memory

Now he walks in quiet solitude the forest and the streams
Seeking grace in every step he takes
His sight has turned inside himself to try and understand
The serenity of a clear blue mountain lake

And the Colorado rocky mountain high, I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky
You can talk to God and listen to the casual reply
Rocky mountain high

Now his life is full of wonder but his heart still knows some fear
Of a simple thing he cannot comprehend
Why they try to tear the mountains down to bring in a couple more
More people, more scars upon the land

And the Colorado rocky mountain high, I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky
I know he'd be a poorer man if he never saw an eagle fly
Rocky mountain high

It's Colorado rocky mountain high, I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky
Friends around the campfire and everybody's high
Rocky mountain high

Oh! Susanna

Oh I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee,
I'm going to Louisiana, my true love for to see

*Oh, Susanna, don't you cry for me
For I come from Alabama, with a banjo on my knee.*

It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry
The sun so hot I froze to death; Susanna, don't you cry.

[Chorus]

I had a dream the other night when everything was still,
I thought I saw Susanna a'coming up the hill

[Chorus]

A red red rose was in her hand, a tear was in her eye
I said "I come from Dixieland, Susannah don't you cry!"

[Chorus]

I soon will be in New Orleans, and then I'll look around
And when I see Susanna, I'll fall upon the ground

[Chorus X2]

Four Strong Winds

*Four strong winds that blow lonely, seven seas that run high,
All those things that don't change, come what may,
but our good times are all gone, and I'm bound for moving on.
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way.*

Guess I'll go out to the mountains, weather's good there in the fall.
Got some friends that I can go to working for, still I wish you'd change your mind
If I'd ask you one more time, but we've been through that a hundred times or more.

If I get there 'fore the snow flies, and if things are goin' good,
You could meet me if I sent you down the fare. But by then it would be winter
Nothin' much for you to do, and the wind sure blows cold way out there

Blowin' in the Wind

How many roads must a man walk down, before you call him a man ?
How many seas must a white dove sail, before she sleeps in the sand ?
Yes, how many times must the cannonballs fly before they're forever banned ?
The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind, the answer is blowin' in the wind.

Yes, how many years can a mountain exist, before it's washed to the sea ?
Yes, how many years can some people exist, before they're allowed to be free ?
Yes, how many times can a man turn his head, pretending he just doesn't see ?
The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind, the answer is blowin' in the wind.

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

The Times They are A'Changin'

Come gather 'round people wherever you roam
And admit that the waters around you have grown
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone
If your time to you is worth savin'

Then you better start swimmin' or you'll sink like a stone
For the times they are a-changin'.

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

Come senators, congressmen, please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway, don't block up the hall

For he that gets hurt will be he who has stalled
There's a battle outside and it is ragin'
It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come mothers and fathers throughout the land
And don't criticize what you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command
Your old road is rapidly agin'
Please get out of the new one if you can't lend your hand
For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn, the curse it is cast, the slow one now will later be fast
As the present now will later be past, the order is rapidly fadin'
And the first one now will later be last, for the times they are a-changin'.

Can't Help Falling in Love

Wise men say only fools rush in, but I can't help falling in love with you
Shall I stay, would it be a sin, if I can't help falling in love with you

Like a river flows, surely to the sea, darling so it goes, some things are meant to be...
Take my hand, take my whole life too, for I can't help falling in love with you (X2)

For I can't help falling in love with you, for I can't help falling in love with you

Grey Funnel Line

Don't mind the rain or the rolling sea, the weary night never worries me
But the hardest time in a sailor's day, is to watch the sun as it dies away
Here's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

The finest ship that sails the sea, is still a prison for the likes of me
But give me wings like Noah's dove, I'll fly above her to the one I love
Here's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

Oh Lord, if dreams were only real, I'd have my hands on that wooden wheel
And with all my heart I'd turn her round, and tell the boys that we're homeward bound
Here's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

I'll pass the time like some machine, until blue water turns to green
Then I'll dance on down that walk ashore, and sail the Grey Funnel Line no more
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more

You Are My Sunshine

The other night dear as I lay sleeping, I dreamed I held you in my arms,
When I awoke dear I was mistaken, and I hung my head and I cried

*You are my sunshine, my only sunshine,
You make me happy when skies are gray,
You'll never know dear, how much I love you,
Please don't take my sunshine away*

I'll always love you and make you happy, if you will only say the same,
But if you leave me to love another, you will regret it all someday

[Chorus]

You told me once dear, you really loved me, and no one else could come between,
But now you've left me and love another, you have shattered all my dreams

[Chorus]

On Top of Old Smokey

On top of Old Smokey, all covered with snow
I lost my true lover by courtin' so slow
For courting's a pleasure but parting is grief
And a false-hearted lover is worse than a thief

A thief will just rob you and take what you have
But a false hearted lover will lead you to the grave
And the grave will decay you, turn you to dust
Not one boy in a hundred, a poor girl can trust (how true)

They hug you and kiss you, tell you more lies
Than cross ties on the railroad or stars in the sky
So come all you young maidens and listen to me
Never place your affections on a green willow tree

For the leaves they will wither, the roots will die
You'll all be forsaken and never know why

So Long, It's Been Good To Know Yuh

I've sung this song, but I'll sing it again,
Of the place that I lived on the wild windy plains
In the month called April, county called Gray,
And here's what all of the people there say:

*So long, it's been good to know yuh; so long, it's been good to know yuh;
So long, it's been good to know yuh.
This dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home, and I got to be driftin' along.*

A dust storm hit, an' it hit like thunder;
It dusted us over, an' it covered us under;
Blocked out the traffic an' blocked out the sun,
Straight for home all the people did run,

We talked of the end of the world, and then
We'd sing a song an' then sing it again.
We'd sit for an hour an' not say a word,
And then these words would be heard:

Sweethearts sat in the dark and sparked,
They hugged and kissed in that dusty old dark.
They sighed and cried, hugged and kissed,
Instead of marriage, they talked like this:
"Honey..."

Now, the telephone rang, an' it jumped off the wall,
That was the preacher, a-makin' his call.
He said, "Kind friend, this may be the end;
An' you got your last chance of salvation of sin!"
The churches was jammed, and the churches was packed,
An' that dusty old dust storm blowed so black.
Preacher could not read a word of his text,
An' he folded his specs, an' he took up collection,

Goodnight, Irene

*Irene, goodnight, , Irene, goodnight,
Goodnight, Irene, Goodnight, Irene, I'll see you in my dreams.*

Last Saturday night I got married, me and my wife settle down,
Now me and my wife are parted, I'm gonna take another stroll in town.

[Chorus]

Sometimes I live in the country, sometimes I live in town,
Sometimes I have a great notion, to jump in the river and drown.

[Chorus]

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