

Simply Folk Sing-Along 2018

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

You Are My Sunshine

The other night dear as I lay sleeping, I dreamed I held you in my arms,
But when I woke 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 and love another, you'll regret it all someday

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

In all my dreams, dear, you seem to leave me; when I awake my poor heart pains
So won't you come back and make me happy, I'll forgive, dear, I'll take all the blame

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.

Night time 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.

This Little Light of Mine (G)

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine, this little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine, let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

All around the town, I'm gonna let it shine...

Everywhere I go, I'm gonna let it shine...

Outward from Wisconsin, I'm gonna let it shine...

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.

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

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)

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

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...

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

*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*

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

*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*

Crawdad

You get a line, I'll get a pole, honey; you get a line, I'll get a pole, babe
You get a line, I'll get a pole, we'll go down to the crawdad hole
Honey, sugar baby, mine

Hurry up babe you slept too late, honey,
hurry up babe you slept too late, babe
Hurry up, babe, you slept, too late, the crawdad man went past your gate
Honey, sugar baby, mine

Yonder come a man with a sack on his back, honey
Yonder come a man with a sack on his back, babe
Yonder come a man with a sack on his back
He's totin' all the crawdads he can pack...honey, sugar baby, mine

Watcha gonna do when the lake runs dry, honey
Watcha gonna do when the lake runs dry, babe
Watcha gonna do when the lake runs dry
Sit on the bank, watch the crawdads fly...honey, sugar baby, mine

What did the hen duck say to the drake, honey
What did the hen duck say to the drake, babe
What did the hen duck say to the drake
Ain't no crawdads in that lake...honey, sugar baby, mine

You get a line, I'll get a pole, honey; you get a line, I'll get a pole, babe
You get a line, I'll get a pole, we'll go down to the crawdad hole
Honey, sugar baby, mine

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 [continued next page]

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

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.

I Will Be Your Friend

If you've got troubles, and you need a helpin' hand
If you've got troubles, and you need a helpin' hand
If you've got troubles, and you need a helpin' hand
Come to me, I will be your friend

I will be your friend, I will be your friend
If you've got troubles, and you need a helpin' hand
Come to me, I will be your friend

If you are hungry, and you've got no place to stay
If you are hungry, and you've got no place to stay
If you are hungry, and you've got no place to stay
Come to me. I will be your friend

I will be your friend (Oh Lordy)I will be your friend
If you are hungry, and you've got no place to stay
Come to me, I will be your friend

If you are lonely, and you've got nobody to love (Have mercy)
If you are lonely, and you've got no one to love
If you are lonely, and you've got nobody to love
Come to me. I will be your friend

I will be your friend, I will be your friend
If you are lonely, nd you need somebody to love
Come to me I will be your friend

If you've got troubles, and you need a helpin' hand
If you've got troubles, and you need a helpin' hand
If you've got troubles, and you need a helpin' hand
Come to me, I will be your friend

I will be your friend, I will be your friend
If you've got troubles, and you need a helpin' hand
Come to me, I will be your friend!

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

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

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 & 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, and I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!

Oh! Susanna

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

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

I had a dream the other night when everything was still,
I dreamed I saw Susanna just a'comin' 'round the hill
A buckwheat cake was in her mouth a tear was in her eye
I said to her Susannah girl Susannah don't you cry

Chorus x2

I've Been Working on the Railroad

I've been workin' on the railroad all the live long day
I've been workin' on the railroad, just to pass the time away
Can't you hear the whistle blowin'? Rise up so early in the morn
Can't you hear the captain shoutin'? "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

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

And singin' fee fi fiddle-y-i-o, fee fi fiddle-y-i-o-o-o-o
Fee fi fiddle-y-i-o, strummin' on the old banjo

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

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]

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!

She'll Be Coming 'Round the Mountain

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

And we'll all go out to greet her...

She'll be drivin' six white horses...

She will wear her red pajamas...

And she'll have to sleep with Grandma

She'll be comin' around the mountain...

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, blowin' 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

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. 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'.

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

Shady Grove

Shady Grove, my true love, Shady Grove I know, Shady Grove, my true love, bound for Shady Grove

Apples in the summertime, peaches in the fall, if I can't get the girl I want, I won't have none at all

Cheeks as red as the bloomin' rose, eyes full of the darkest brown
You are the darlin' of my heart, stay till the sun goes down

Went to see my Shady Grove, standing at the door
Shoes and stockings in her hand, little bare feet on the floor

Shady Grove, my true love, Shady Grove I say, Shady Grove, my true love, now I'm goin' away

Today

*Today, while the blossoms still cling to the vine, I'll taste your strawberries, I'll drink your sweet wine
A million tomorrows shall all pass away, ere I forget all the joy that is mine, today*

I'll be a dandy, and I'll be a rover, you'll know who I am by the songs that I sing
I'll feast at your table, I'll sleep in your clover, who cares what tomorrow shall bring

*Today, while the blossoms still cling to the vine, I'll taste your strawberries, I'll drink your sweet wine
A million tomorrows shall all pass away, ere I forget all the joy that is mine, today*

I can't be contented with yesterday's glory, I can't live on promises winter to spring
Today is my moment, now is my story. I'll laugh and I'll cry and I'll sing

[Chorus x2]

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

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...*

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...*

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...*

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...*

[Repeat first verse]

Sunshine On My Shoulders

*Sunshine on my shoulders makes me happy, sunshine in my eyes can make me cry
Sunshine on the water looks so lovely, sunshine almost always makes me high*

If I had a day that I could give you, I'd give to you the day just like today
If I had a song that I could sing for you, I'd sing a song to make you feel this way. *Sunshine...*

If I had a tale that I could tell you, I'd tell a tale sure to make you smile
If I had a wish that I could wish for you, I'd make a wish for sunshine for all the while. *Sunshine...*

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

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.

Freight Train

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

Well when I die Lord bury me deep, way down on old Chestnut street
Bury my close to that old Number 9, so I can hear it as it goes rolling by.

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

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

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

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.)

Make New Friends (*In a round...*)

Make new friends, but keep the old
One is silver and the other gold

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.

[Continued]

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.

Carry it On

There's a man by my side walkin', there's a voice inside me talkin', there's a word, that needs a-sayin'
Carry it on, carry it on, carry it on, carry it on.

They will tell their lyin' stories, send their dogs to bite our bodies, they will lock us into prison, *carry it on...*

All their lies soon be forgotten, all their dogs gonna lie there rottin', all their prisons walls will crumble...

If you can't go on any longer, take the hand held by your brother, every victory's gonna bring another...

There's a man by my side walkin', there's a voice inside me talkin', there's a word that needs sayin'...

You'd better carry it on...

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

My Rainbow Race

One blue sky above us, one ocean lapping all our shore
One earth so green and round, who could ask for more
And because I love you, I'll give it one more try
To show my rainbow race it's too soon to die.

Some folks want to be like an ostrich,
Bury their heads in the sand.
Some hope that plastic dreams
Can unclench all those greedy hands.
Some hope to take the easy way:
Poisons, bombs. They think we need 'em.
Don't you know you can't kill all the unbelievers?
There's no shortcut to freedom.

One blue sky above us, one ocean lapping all our shore
One earth so green and round, who could ask for more
And because I love you, I'll give it one more try
To show my rainbow race it's too soon to die.
Go tell, go tell all the little children.
Tell all the mothers and fathers too.
Now's our last chance to learn to share
What's been given to me and you.
One blue sky above us, one ocean lapping all our shore
One earth so green and round, who could ask for more
And because I love you, I'll give it one more try
To show my rainbow race it's too soon to die.

Michael Row the Boat Ashore

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

Jordan river is chilly and cold, hallelujah chills the body but not the soul, hallelujah
Jordan river is deep and wide, hallelujah, milk and honey on the other side, hallelujah

Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah, Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah
Michael's boat is a music boat, hallelujah, Michael's boat is a music boat, hallelujah

Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah, Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah

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

Down in the valley...

Music in My Mother's House

There were wind chimes in the window. Bells inside the clock.
An organ in the corner and tunes on a music box.
We sang while we were cooking or working in the yard.
We sang because our lives were really hard.

*There was music in my mother's house - there was music all around!
There was music in my mother's house, and my heart's still full with the sound.*

She taught us all piano but my sister had the ear.
She could play the melody for any song she'd hear.
I don't claim much talent but I've always loved to play
and I guess I will until my dying day....Chorus

Those days come back so clearly although I'm far away.
She gave me the kind of gift I love to give away.
And when my mother died and she'd sung her last song.
We sat in the living room singing all night long.

Singing la la-la, la la-la
Singing the front porch songs.
Singing the old torch songs.
La la-la, la la-la
Singing the hymns to send her home.

*There was music in my mother's house - there was music all around!
There was music in my mother's house, and my heart's still full with the sound*

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

Will The Circle Be Unbroken

Will the circle be unbroken, by and by, lord, by and by
There's a better home a-waiting, in the sky, lord, in the sky

I was standing by my window, on one cold and cloudy day
When I saw that hearse come rolling, for to carry my mother away

I said to that undertaker, undertaker please drive slow
For this lady you are carrying, Lord, I hate to see her go

Oh, I followed close behind her, tried to hold up and be brave
But I could not hide my sorrow, when they laid her in the grave

I went back home, my home was lonesome, missed my mother, she was gone
All of my brothers, sisters crying, what a home so sad and lone

Will the circle...

So Long, It's Been Good To Know Ya

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 ya; so long, it's been good to know ya;
So long, it's been good to know ya, 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.

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

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

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

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