

John, Kathy, Betty and Jonathan

America the Beautiful-G-Short Version

Key of G

Katharine Lee Bates and Samuel Ward

G G
//// //

G D D7 G
O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain,
D A A7 D D7
For purple mountain majesties, above the fruited plain! / .

G D D7 G
America! America! God shed his grace on thee
C G C D7 G
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea!

G D D7 G
O beautiful, for patriot dream, that sees beyond the years,
D A A7 D D7
Thine alabaster cities gleam, undimmed by human tears! / .

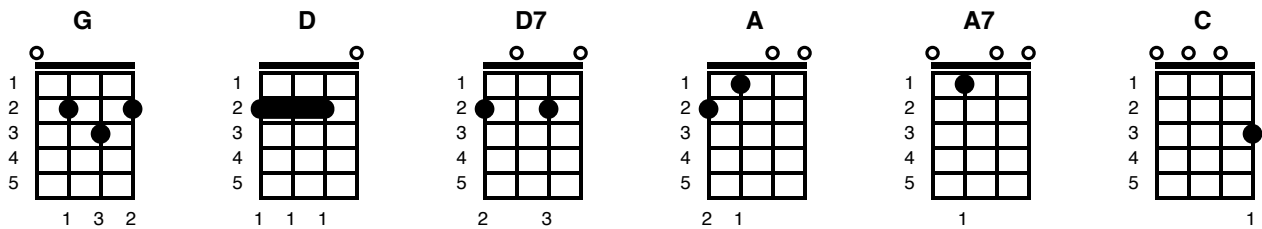
G D D7 G
America! America! God shed his grace on thee
C G C D7 G
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea!

G D D7 G
 O beautiful for heroes proved, in liberating strife.
D A A7 D D7
 Who more than self their country loved, and mercy more than life! / .

G D D7 G
America! America! May God thy gold refine.
C G C D7 G
Till all success be nobleness, and every gain divine!

G D D7 G
 O beautiful for glory-tale of liberating strife.
D A D D7
 When once and twice, for man's avail men lavished precious life! / .

G D D7 G
America! America! God shed his grace on thee
C G C D7 G
Till selfish gain no longer stain, the banner of the free!
C G C D7 G G
Till selfish gain no longer stain, the banner of the free! /



Centerfield

John Fogerty

F G C F G C F G C
// // //// // // //// // // ////

F E^m D^m G C C C C
//// //// //// //// //// //// //// ////

C F C
Well beat the drum and hold the phone, the sun came out today

C A^m G G
We're born again there's new grass on the field

C F C
A-roundin' third and headed for home, it's a brown-eyed handsome man

F G C C
Anyone can understand the way I feel.

C F C
Oh, put me in Coach I'm ready to play today

C F E^m
Put me in Coach I'm ready to play today

D^m G C C
Look at me I can be Centerfield

C F C
Well I spent some time in the Mudville Nine, watchin' it from the bench

C A^m G G
You know I took some lumps when the Mighty Case struck out

C F C
So "Say Hey" Willie, tell the Cobb, and Joe DiMaggio

F G C C
Don't say it ain't so, you know the time is now.

C F C
Oh, put me in Coach I'm ready to play today

C **F** **E^m**
Put me in Coach I'm ready to play today

D^m **G** **C** **C**
Look at me I can be Centerfield

F G C F G C F G C
 // // //// // // //// // // ////

F E^m D^m G C C C C
 //// //// //// //// //// //// //// ////

C **F** **C**
 Got a beat-up glove, a homemade bat, and a brand new pair of shoes

C **A^m** **G G**
 You know I think it's time to give this game a ride

C **F** **C**
 Just to hit the ball and touch 'em all . . a moment in the sun

F **G** **C C**
 It's gone and you can tell that one goodbye.

C **F** **C**
Oh, put me in Coach I'm ready to play today

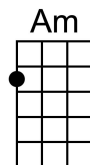
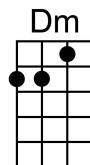
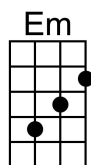
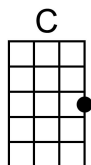
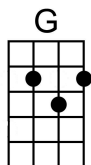
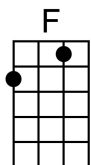
C **F** **E^m**
Put me in Coach I'm ready to play today

D^m **G**
Look at me I can be . . .

C **F** **C**
Oh, put me in Coach I'm ready to play today

C **F** **E^m**
Put me in Coach I'm ready to play today

D^m **G** **C** **C** **F** **G** **C**
Look at me gotta be Centerfield // // ///



City of New Orleans Arlo Guthrie (written by Steve Goodman)

Bb F G7 C C
 // // //// //// ////

C G C
 1. Riding on the City of New Orleans,
A^m F C G
 Illinois Central, Monday morning rail.
C G C
 Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,
A^m G C
 Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.

A^m
 All on a southbound odyssey,
E^m
 The train pulls out of Kankakee,
G D⁷
 And rolls along past houses, farms and fields.
A^m
 Passing towns that have no name
E^m
 And freight yards full of old black men,
G G⁷ C
 And the graveyards of rusted automobiles. Singing...

Chorus:

F G C
Good morning, America, how are you?
A^m F C G
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.
C G A^m D⁷
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans,
B^b F G⁷ C C
And I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

End With:				
Bb	F	G7	C	
//	//	////	/	

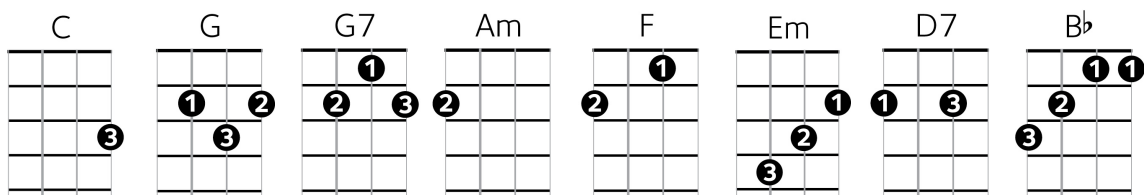
C G C
 2. Dealing cards to the old men in the club car,
A^m F C G
 Penny a point, and no one's keeping score.
C G C
 Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle,
A^m G C
 You can feel the wheels grumbling `neath the floor.

A^m **E^m**
 The sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engineers
G **D⁷**
 Ride their father`s magic carpet made of steel.
A^m
 And mothers with their babes asleep,
E^m
 Are rocking to the gentle beat,
G **G⁷** **C**
 The rhythm of the rails is all they feel. **+ CHORUS**

C **G** **C**
 3. Nighttime on the City of New Orleans,
A^m **F** **C** **G**
 Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee.
C **G** **C**
 Halfway home, and we`ll be there by morning,
A^m **G** **C**
 Through the Mississippi darkness rollin` down to the sea.

A^m
 But all the towns and people
E^m
 Seem to fade into a bad dream,
G **D⁷**
 The steel rail hasn`t heard the news.
A^m
 The conductor sings his song again,
E^m
 The Passengers will please refrain!
G **G⁷** **C**
 This train`s got the Disappearing Railway Blues. Singing.....

+ CHORUS, (change to Good night, America...)



God Bless America

Irving Berlin

D A⁷ D D
 // // // //

D A A⁷ D D⁷
 God bless America, land that I love

G D
 Stand beside her, and guide her

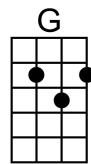
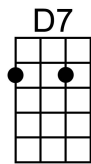
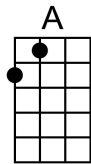
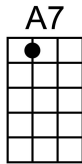
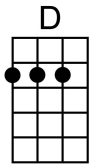
A⁷ D
 Through the night with the light from above

A A⁷ D
 From the mountains, to the prairies

A A⁷ D D⁷
 To the oceans, white with foam

G D G D A⁷ D D⁷
 God bless America, my home sweet home

G D G D A⁷ D D
 God bless America, my home sweet home.



You're A Grand Old Flag

George M. Cohan

(Briskly)

C **D⁷** **G⁷** **C**
 / / / / / / / / / / / / / / /

C
 You're a Grand Old Flag. You're a high flying flag

G⁷
 And forever in peace may you wave
 / / /

C
 You're the emblem of the land I love

D⁷ **G⁷**
 The home of the free and the brave
 / / /

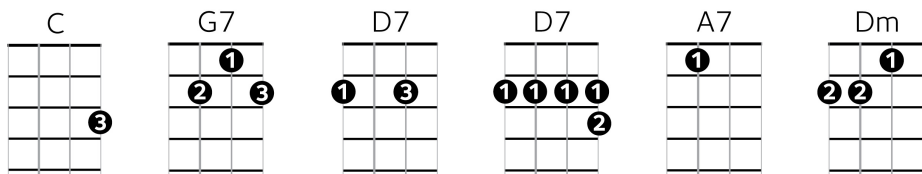
C
 Ev'ry heart beats true 'neath the Red, White and Blue

A⁷ **D^m** **G⁷**
 Where there's never a boast or brag
 / / /

C **G⁷**
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot

D⁷ **G⁷** **C**
 1) Keep your eye on the Grand Old Flag. **(repeat song)**
 / / /

D⁷ **G⁷** **C** **D⁷** **G⁷** **C**
 2) Keep your eye on the Grand Old Flag. // // ///
 / / / /



If I Had A Hammer

Lee Hays, Pete Seeger

C E^{m7} F G⁷ C E^{m7} F G⁷
 // // // // // // // //

C E^{m7} F G⁷ C E^{m7} F G⁷ C E^{m7} F
 Ooo - 000 - 000 - 000 000 - 000 - 000 - 000 000 - 000 - 000

G⁷ C E^{m7} F G⁷ C E^{m7} F
 If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning
G⁷ C E^{m7} F G⁷ G^{7sus2} G⁷
 I'd hammer in the evening all over this land,

C A^m
 I'd hammer out danger. I'd hammer out a warning

F C F C
 I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters

F C G⁷ C E^{m7} F G⁷ C E^{m7} F G⁷
 All - ll . .all over this land. Ooo - 000 - 000 - 000

C E^{m7} F G⁷ C E^{m7} F
 Ooo - 000 - 000 - 000 000 - 000 - 000

G⁷ C E^{m7} F G⁷ C E^{m7} F
 If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning

G⁷ C E^{m7} F G⁷ G^{7sus2} G⁷
 I'd ring it in the evening, all over this land,

C A^m
 I'd ring out danger. I'd ring out a warning

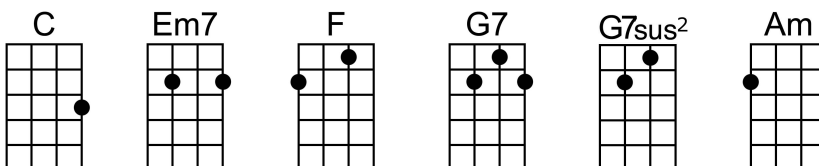
F C F C
 I'd ring out love between my brothers and my sisters

F C G⁷ C E^{m7} F G⁷ C E^{m7} F G⁷
 All - ll . .all over this land. Ooo - 000 - 000 - 000

C E^{m7} F G⁷ C E^{m7} F
 Ooo - 000 - 000 - 000 000 - 000 - 000

G⁷ C E^{m7} F G⁷ C E^{m7} F
 If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning
G⁷ C E^{m7} F G⁷ G^{7sus2} G⁷
 I'd sing it in the evening, all over this land,
C A^m
 I'd sing out danger. I'd sing out a warning
F C F C
 I'd sing out love between my brothers and my sisters
F C G⁷ C E^{m7} F G⁷ C E^{m7} F G⁷
 All - ll . . all over this land. Ooo - ooo - ooo - ooo
C E^{m7} F G⁷ C E^{m7} F
 Ooo - ooo - ooo - ooo ooo - ooo - ooo

G⁷ C E^{m7} F G⁷ C E^{m7} F
 Now I've got a hammer, and I've got a bell
G⁷ C E^{m7} F G⁷ G^{7sus2} G⁷
 And I've got a song to sing all over this land,
C A^m
 It's a hammer of justice. It's a bell of free . . dom.
F C F C
 It's a song about love between my brothers and my sisters
F C G⁷ C E^{m7} F
 All - ll . . all over this land.
G⁷ C Am
 It's a hammer of justice. It's a bell of free . . dom
F C F C
 It's a song about love between my brothers and my sisters
F C G⁷ C F C
 All - ll . . all over this la . a . nd.
 // // / //



Take Me Home, Country Roads

John Denver

F **F** **F** **F**
//// //// //// ////

F **D^m**
Almost heaven, West Virginia,
C **B^b** **F** **F**
Blueridge Mountain, Shenandoah River.

F **D^m**
Life is old there, older than the trees,
C **B^b** **F**
Younger than the mountains, blowing like a breeze.

F **C** **D^m** **B^b**
Country Roads, take me home, to the place, I belong
 F **C** **B^b** **F** **F**
West Virginia, Mountain Mama, take me home, country roads.

F **D^m**
All my memories gather round her,
C **B^b** **F** **F**
Miners` lady, stranger to blue waters.
F **D^m**
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky,
C **B^b** **F**
Misty taste of moonshine, tear-drop in my eye.

F **C** **D^m** **B^b**
Country Roads, take me home, to the place, I belong
 F **C** **B^b** **F** **F**
West Virginia, Mountain Mama, take me home, country roads.

D^m **C** **F**
 I hear her voice in the morning hour she calls me,

B^b **F** **C**
 Radio reminds me of my home far away,

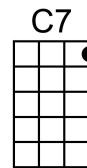
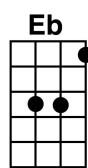
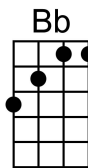
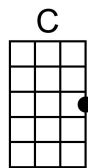
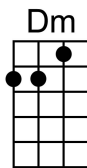
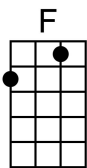
D^m **E^b** **B^b** **F**
 And driving down the road I get a feeling that I should have
C **C⁷**
 Been home yesterday, yesterday.

F **C** **D^m** **B^b**
 Country Roads, take me home, to the place, I belong

F **C** **B^b** **F**
 West Virginia, Mountain Mama, take me home, country roads.

C **F**
 Take me home, country roads,

C **B^b** Tacit: **F** **F** **C⁷** **F**
 Take me home, down country roads. / / /
 /



Take Me Out To The Ball Game

Jack Norworth, Albert Von Tilzer

A7 **Dm** **D7** **G7**
 /// /// /// /// /// /// /// ///

C **G** **G7**
 Take me out to the ball game

C **G7** **G7**
 Take me out with the crowd

A7 **Dm**
 Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack

D7 **G7**
 I don't care if I never get back. Let me

C **G** **G7**
 Root, root, root, for the home team

C **C7** **F** **F**
 If they don't win, it's a shame. / . .

F **D7** **C** **A7**
 For it's one, two, three strikes you're out,

D7 **G7** **C** **C7**
 At the old ball Game

F **D7** **C** **A7** **D7** **G7** **C** **G7**
 /// /// /// /// /// /// /// ///

C **G** **G7**
 Take me out to the ball game

C **G7** **G7**
 Take me out with the crowd

A7 **Dm**
 Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack

D7 **G7**
 I don't care if I never get back. Let me

C **G** **G⁷**
Root, root, root, for the home team

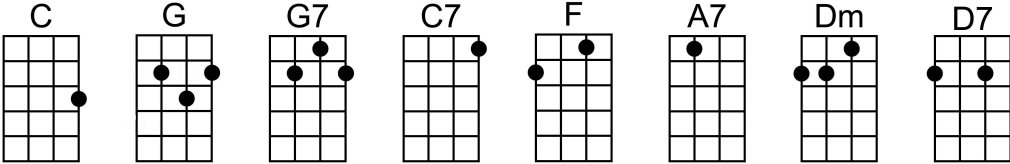
C **C⁷** **F** **F**
If they don't win, it's a shame. / . .

F **D⁷** **C** **A⁷**
For it's one, two, three strikes you're out,

D⁷ **G⁷** **C** **C**
At the old ball Game / . .

F **D⁷** **C** **A⁷**
For it's one, two, three strikes you're out,

D⁷ **G⁷** **C** **C**
At the old ball Game /



The Battle of New Orleans

Jimmy Driftwood
Performed by Johnny Horton
(original key = A)

C **F** **G⁷** **C**
//// // // //...

C **F**
In 1814 we took a little trip,
G⁷ **C**
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississip'.
F
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans
G⁷ **C**
And we caught the bloody British in a town in New Orleans.

CHORUS:

C
We fired our guns and the British kept a comin'
G⁷ **C**
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago
G⁷ **C** **C**
We fired once more and they began to runnin'
G⁷ **C** **C**
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

C **F**
We looked down the river and we see'd the British come
G⁷ **C**
And there musta been a hundred of 'em beatin' on the drum
F
They stepped so high and they made their bugles ring
G⁷ **C**
We stood beside our cotton bales and didn't say a thing

CHORUS:

C **F**
Old Hick'ry said we could take 'em by surprise
G⁷ **C**
If we didn't fire our musket 'til we looked 'em in the eyes
F
We held our fire 'til we see'd their faces well
G⁷ **C**
Then we opened up our squirrel guns and really gave em...well...

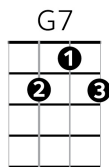
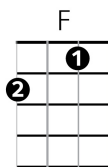
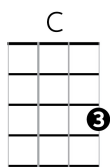
CHORUS:

C
Yeah, they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles
G⁷ **C**
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go
They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em
G⁷ **C** **C**
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

C **F**
We fired our cannon 'til the barrel melted down
G⁷ **C**
So we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round
F
We filled his head with cannon balls and powdered his behind
G⁷ **C**
And when we touched the powder off, the 'gator lost his mind!

CHORUS:

C
Yeah, they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles
G⁷ **C**
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go
They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em
G⁷ **C** **C** **G⁷** **C**
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico // /



The Old Rugged Cross

George Bennard

G G C C G D G G
/// /// /// /// /// /// /// //...

G C
On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross

D G D
The emblem of suffering and shame

G C
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best

D G
For a world of lost sinners was slain

D G
And I'll cherish the old rugged cross

C G
'Til my trophies at last I lay down

C
I will cling to the old rugged cross

G D G
And ex- change it some day for a crown

G C
O that old rugged cross, so de- spised by the world,

D G D
Has a wondrous attraction for me

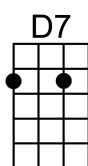
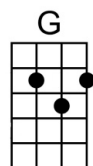
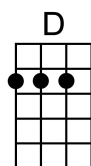
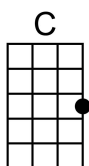
G C
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above

D G
To bear it to dark Calva- ry.

D **G**
And I'll cherish the old rugged cross
C **G**
'Til my trophies at last I lay down
C
I will cling to the old rugged cross
G **D** **G**
And ex- change it some day for a crown

G **C**
In that old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
D **G** **D**
A wondrous beauty I see,
G **C**
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
D **G**
To pardon and sanctify me.

D **G**
And I'll cherish the old rugged cross
C **G**
'Til my trophies at last I lay down
C
I will cling to the old rugged cross
G **D** **G** **D⁷**
And ex- change it some day for a crown
G **C**
I will cling to the old rugged cross
G **D** **C** **G**
And ex- change it some day for a crown
/



G **D⁷** **G**
Down on the road, the mountains so old, far on the country side.

G **D⁷** **G - G⁷**
Birds on the wing, forget in a while, so I'm headed for the windward side.

C **G**
In all of your dreams, sometimes it just seems, that I'm just along for the ride.

G
Some they will cry, because they have pride,

D⁷ **G**
For someone who's loved here has died.

D⁷ **G**
For someone who's loved here has died.

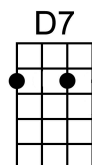
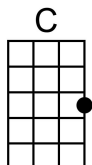
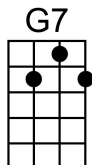
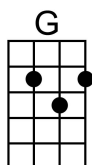
G **G** **D⁷** **G - G⁷**
//// // // // // //

C **G**
The beaches they sell to build their hotels, my fathers and I once knew.

D⁷ **G**
Birds all along, sunlight at dawn, Singin' Waimanalo Blues . . .

D⁷ **G**
Singin' Waimanalo Blues

D⁷ **G** **D⁷** **G**
Singin' Waimanalo Blues // // /
{ **Draw out to end** }



This Land Is Your Land

Woody Guthrie

C **G7** **C** **C7**
/ / / / / / / / / / / / / . . .

CHORUS:

F **C**
This land is your land, this land is my land

G **C** **C7**
From California, to the New York Island,

F **C** **A^m**
From the redwood forests, to the Gulfstream waters,

G **G⁷** **C** **(C)**
This land was made for you and me.

End With:

G **G⁷** **C** **G⁷** **C**
This land was made for you and me. / / /

F **C**
As I went walking that ribbon of highway,

G **C** **C7**
I saw above me that endless skyway,

F **C** **A^m**
I saw below me that golden valley,

G **G⁷** **C** **C7**
This land was made for you and me. / . . .

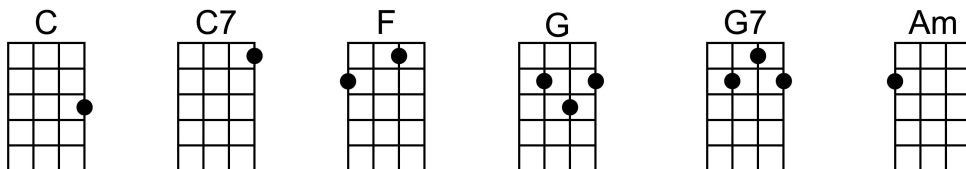
CHORUS:

F **C**
 I roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps
G **C** **C⁷**
 To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,
F **C** **A^m**
 And all around me a voice was sounding,
G **G⁷** **C** **C⁷**
 This land was made for you and me. / . . .

CHORUS:

F **C**
 When the sun comes shining and I was strolling,
G **C** **C⁷**
 And the wheat-fields waving, and the dust clouds rolling,
F **C** **A^m**
 A voice was chanting and a fog was lifting,
G **G⁷** **C** **C⁷**
 This land was made for you and me. / . . .

CHORUS:



Happy Birthday 3 Keys

Key of G

G D7 G G
/// /// /// //..

G D7 G
Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you,
G7 C G D7 G
Happy Birthday dear...xxxxxx..., Happy Birthday to you.

=====

C G7 C C
/// /// /// //..

C G7 C
Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you,
C7 F C G7C
Happy Birthday dear...xxxxxx..., Happy Birthday to you.

=====

F C7 F F
/// /// /// //..

F C7 F
Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you,
F7 Bb F C7F
Happy Birthday dear...xxxxxx..., Happy Birthday to you.

Larry and Betty -

Sixteenth Avenue Thom Schuyler (recorded by: Lacy J. Dalton)

C A^m G C
// // // //

C G C
From the corners of the country, from the cities and the farms

A^m F C G
With years and years of living tucked up underneath their arms

A^m F C F
They walked away from everything just to see a dream come true

C A^m F G⁷ C C
So God bless the boys who make the noise on Sixteenth Av-e-nue

C G C
With a million dollar spirit and an old flat top guitar

A^m F C G
They drive to town with all they own in a hundred dollar car

A^m F C F
'Cause one time someone told them about a friend of a friend they knew

C A^m F G⁷ C C
Who owns you know a studio on Sixteenth Av-e-nue

C G C
Now some are born to money they never had to say "survive"

A^m F C G
And others swing a nine pound hammer just to stay alive

A^m F C F
There's cowboys drunks and Christians, mostly white and black and blue

C A^m F G⁷ C C
They've all dialed the phone direct to home from Sixteenth Av-e-nue

C **G** **C**

Ah but then one night in some empty room where no curtains ever hung

A^m **F** **C** **G**

Like a miracle some golden words roll off of someone's tongue

A^m **F** **C** **F**

And after years of being nothing they're all looking right at you

C **A^m** **F** **G⁷** **C** **C**

And then for awhile they'll go in style on Sixteenth Av-e-nue

C **G** **C**

Hey it looks so uneventful so quiet and discreet

A^m **F** **C** **G**

But a lot of lives were changed down on that little one-way street

A^m **F** **C** **F**

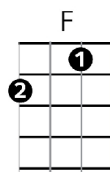
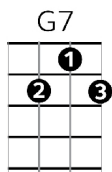
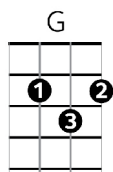
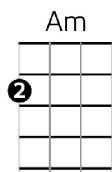
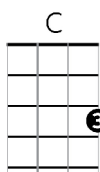
Cause they walked away from everything just to see a dream come true

C **A^m** **F** **G⁷** **C** **C**

So God bless the boys who make the noise on Sixteenth Av-e-nue

C **A^m** **F** **G⁷** **C** **G** **C**

So God bless the boys who make the noise on Sixteenth Av-e-nue // /



GENTLE ON MY MIND

John Hartford (by Glen Campbell)

INTRO: C C^{M7} C⁶ C^{M7} C C^{M7} C⁶ C^{M7}

C E^m C E^m D^m G⁷ D^m G⁷
It's knowin' that your door is always open and your path is free to walk

D^m G⁷ F
That makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag

G⁷ C C^{M7} C⁶ C^{M7}
rolled up and stashed behind your couch

C E^m C E^m
And it's knowing I'm not shackled by forgotten words and bonds

C E^m D^m G⁷ D^m G⁷
And the ink stains that have dried upon some line

D^m G⁷ F G⁷
That keeps you in the back roads by the rivers of my memory

D^m G⁷ C C^{M7} C⁶ C^{M7}
That keeps you ever gentle on my mind.

C E^m C E^m D^m G⁷ D^m G⁷
It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy planted on their columns now that bind me

D^m G⁷ F
Or something that somebody said be-cause

G⁷ C C^{M7} C⁶ C^{M7}
They thought we'd been together walkin'

C E^m C E^m
It's just knowing that the world will not be cursing or forgiving

C E^m D^m G⁷ D^m G⁷
When I walk along some railroad track and find

D^m G⁷ F G⁷
That you're movin' on the back roads by the rivers of my memory

D^m G⁷ C C^{M7} C⁶ C^{M7}
And for hours you're just gentle on my mind

C **E^m**
Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines

C **E^m** **D^m** **G⁷** **D^m** **G⁷**
And the junk yards and the highways come between us

D^m **G⁷** **F**
And some other woman crying to her mother

G⁷ **C** **C^{M7}** **C⁶** **C^{M7}**
Cause she turned and I was gone

C **E^m** **C** **E^m**
I still might run in silence, tears of joy might stain my face

C **E^m** **D^m** **G⁷** **D^m** **G⁷**
And the summer sun might burn me till I'm blind

D^m **G⁷** **F** **G⁷**
But not to where I cannot see you walkin' on the back roads

D^m **G⁷** **C** **C^{M7}** **C⁶** **C^{M7}**
By the rivers flowing gentle on my mind

C **E^m** **C** **E^m** **D^m** **G⁷** **D^m** **G⁷**
I dip my cup of soup back from a gurglin', cracklin', cauldron in some train yard

D^m **G⁷** **F**
My beard a roughening coal pile, and a dirty hat

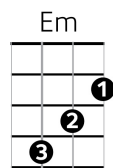
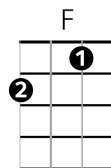
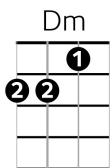
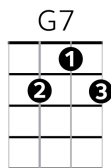
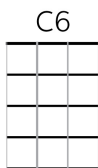
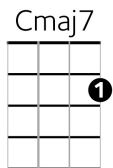
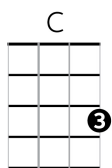
G⁷ **C** **C^{M7}** **C⁶** **C^{M7}**
Pulled low across my face

C **E^m**
Through cupped hands round a tin can

C **E^m** **D^m** **G⁷** **D^m** **G⁷**
I pretend to hold you to my breast and find

D^m **G⁷** **F** **G⁷**
That you're waitin' from the back roads by the rivers of my memories

D^m **G⁷** **C** **C^{M7}** **C⁶** **C^{M7}** **C**
Ever smiling, ever gentle on my mind /



Grandma's Feather Bed

Jim Connor

C **F** **G⁷** **C**
//// // // //

C **F**
When I was a little bitty boy

C **G⁷**
Just up off the floor

C **F**
We used to go down to Grandma's house

C **G⁷** **C**
Every month end or so

C **F**
We had chicken pie and country ham

C **G⁷**
And homemade butter on the bread

C **F**
But the best darn thing about Grandma's house

G⁷ **C**
Was her great big feather bed

CHORUS:

C
It was nine feet high and six feet wide

F **C**
Soft as a downy chick

C
It was made from the feathers of forty 'leven geese

D⁷ **G⁷**
Took a whole bolt of cloth for the tick

C
It'd hold eight kids, four hound dogs

F **C**
And a piggy we stole from the shed

F
We didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fun

G⁷ **C** **C**
On Grandma's feather bed

C **F**
After the supper we'd sit around the fire

C **G⁷**
The old folks'd spit and chew

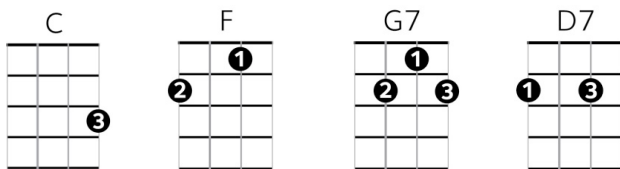
C **F**
 Pa would talk about the farm and the war
C **G⁷** **C**
 And Granny'd sing a ballad or two
F
 I'd sit and listen and watch the fire
C **G⁷**
 Till the cobwebs filled my head
C **F**
 Next thing I knew I'd wake up in the morning
G⁷ **C**
 In the middle of the old feather bed

REPEAT CHORUS:

C **F**
 Well I love my Ma, an' I love my Pa
C **G⁷**
 Love Granny and Grandpa too
C **F**
 Been fishing with my uncle, I wrestled with my cousin
C **G⁷** **C** **tacet**
 I even kissed Aunt Lou –oooh!
C **F**
 But if I ever had to make a choice
C **G⁷**
 I guess it ought to be said
C **F**
 That I'd trade them all plus the gal down the road
G⁷ **C**
 For Grandma's feather bed

REPEAT CHORUS:

C **F**
 We didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fun
G⁷ **C** **C** **G⁷** **C**
 On Grandma's feather bed / / /



Have You Ever Seen the Rain

John Fogerty

A^m F C G C C
//// // // // // //

C
Someone told me long ago,

C
There's a calm before the storm

G C C
I know - it's been comin' for some time

C
When it's over so they say,

C
It'll rain a sunny day

G C C
I know - shinin' down like water

F G C E^m A^m A^{m7}
I wanna know - Have you ever seen the rain?

F G C E^m A^m A^{m7}
I wanna know - Have you ever seen the rain?

F G C C
Comin' down on a sunny day

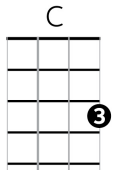
F G C E^m A^m A^{m7}
//// // // // // //

F G C C
//// // // //

C
Yesterday and days before,

C
Sun is cold and rain is hot

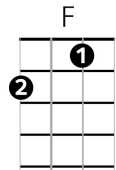
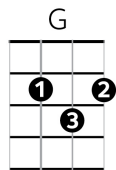
G **C** **C**
I know - been that way for all my time



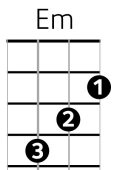
C
'Til forever on it goes,

C
Through the circle fast and slow

G **C** **C**
I know - and I can't stop. I wonder.

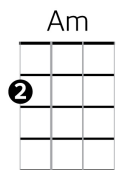


F **G** **C** **E^m** **A^m** **A^{m7}**
I wanna know - Have you ever seen the rain?



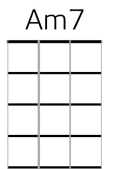
F **G** **C** **E^m** **A^m** **A^{m7}**
I wanna know - Have you ever seen the rain?

F **G** **C** **C**
Comin' down on a sunny day



F **G** **C** **E^m** **A^m** **A^{m7}**
I wanna know - Have you ever seen the rain?

F **G** **C** **E^m** **A^m** **A^{m7}**
I wanna know - Have you ever seen the rain?



F **G** **C** **C**
Comin' down on a sunny day ///

Knock Three Times

Irwin Levine, Larry Russel Brown

G **C** **D⁷** **G** **C** **D⁷**
//// // // //// // //

G
Hey girl what ya doin down there?

G **D⁷** **D⁷**
Dancin' alone every night while I live right above you

D⁷
I can hear your music playin'

D⁷
I can feel your body swayin'

D⁷ **G** **G**
One floor below me, you don't even know me, I love you /

CHORUS:

TACIT: **C** **G** **G**
Oh my darlin', knock three times on the ceiling if you want me

D⁷ **G** **G⁷**
Twice on the pipe if the answer is no

C **G** **G**
Oh my sweetness, (3 knocks) means you'll meet in the hallway

D⁷ **G** **C** **D⁷**
Twice on the pipe means you aint gonna show // //

G
If you look out your window tonight

G **D⁷** **D⁷**
Pull in the string with the note that's attached to my heart

D⁷

Read how many times I saw you

D⁷

How in my silence I adored you

D⁷

And only in my dreams did that wall between us come apart / **G G**

CHORUS:

TACIT: **C** **G G**
Oh my darlin', knock three times on the ceiling if you want me

D⁷ **G G⁷**
Twice on the pipe if the answer is no

C **G G**
Oh my sweetness, (3 knocks) means you'll meet in the hallway

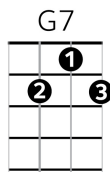
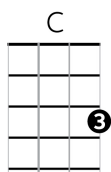
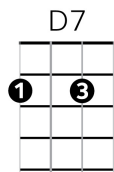
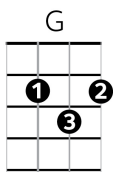
D⁷ **G G**
Twice on the pipe means you aint gonna show /

TACIT: **C** **G G**
Oh my darlin', knock three times on the ceiling if you want me

D⁷ **G G⁷**
Twice on the pipe if the answer is no

C **G G**
Oh my sweetness, (3 knocks) means you'll meet in the hallway

D⁷ **G C G**
Twice on the pipe means you aint gonna show // /



Margaritaville

Jimmy Buffet

C **F** **G⁷** **C** **C**
 // // // // //
 A-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
 E-3-3-3-1-3-|3-3-3-1-3-|5-5-5-3-1-|0-----|-----|
 C-4-4-4-2-4-|4-4-4-2-4-|5-5-5-4-2-|0-----|-----|
 G-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|

C **C**
 // Nibblin' on sponge cake, // watchin' the sun bake,

C **G⁷** **G⁷**
 // All of those tourists covered with oil.

G⁷ **G⁷**
 // Strummin' my four string, // on my front porch swing,

G⁷ **C** **C⁷**
 // Smell those shrimp they're beginnin' to boil.

G7

		1	
2			3

CHORUS:

F **G⁷** **C** **C⁷**
 // Wastin' a-way again in Margaritaville,

F **G⁷** **C** **C⁷**
 / Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.

F **G⁷** **C** **F**
 // Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,

G⁷ **C** **C**
 But I know, it's nobody's fault.

F

		1	
2			

C7

			1

C **C**
 // Don't know the reason, // I stayed here all season.

C **G⁷** **G⁷**
 // Nothin' to show but this brand new tattoo.

G⁷ **G⁷**
 // But it's a real beauty, // a Mexican cutie,

G⁷ **C** **C⁷**
 // How it got here I haven't a clue.

C

			3

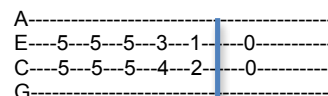
CHORUS:

F G7 C C7
 // Wastin' a-way again in Margaritaville,
 F G7 C C7
 / Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.
 F G7 C F
 // Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
 G7 C C
 Now I think, it could be my fault.

C C
 // I blew out my flip flop, // stepped on a pop top,
 C G7 G7
 // Cut my heel had to cruise on back home.
 G7 G7
 / But there's booze in the blender, // and soon it will render,
 G7 C C7
 // That frozen concoction that helps me hang on.

CHORUS:

F G7 C C7
 // Wastin' away again in Margaritaville,
 F G7 C C7
 / Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.
 F G7 C F
 // Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
 G7 C
 And I know, it's my own darn fault.
 C F G7 C tacet: F tacet:
 // Yes and, some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
 G7 C C C
 And I know, it's my own darn fault.



Midnight Special

Traditional

G **D⁷** **G** **G⁷**
//// / / / / / / / / / . . .

Well, you wake up in the mornin, you hear the work bell ring,

And they march you to the table, to see the same old thing. / . . .

Ain't no food upon the table, ain't no pork up in the pan.

But you better not complain, boy, you get in trouble with the man. / . . .

Let the Midnight Special shine its light on me,

Let the Midnight Special shine its light on me / . . .

Let the Midnight Special shine its light on me,

Let the Midnight Special shine its everlovin' light on me. / . . .

Yonder comes Miss Rosie, how in the world did you know?

By the way she wears her apron, and the clothes she wore. / . . .

Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand;

Well, she come to see the Gov'ner, to try and free her man. / . . .

C **G**
Let the Midnight Special shine its light on me,

D⁷ **G** **G⁷**
Let the Midnight Special shine its light on me / . . .

C **G**
Let the Midnight Special shine its light on me,

D⁷ **G** **G⁷**
Let the Midnight Special shine its everlovin' light on me. / . . .

C **G**
If you're ever in Houston, well, you better do right;

D⁷ **G** **G⁷**
You better not gamble, boy you better not fight / . . .

C **G**
Or the sheriff, he will grab you and the boys'll bring you down.

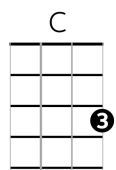
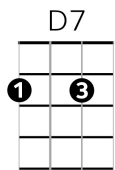
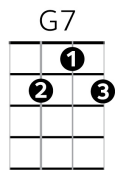
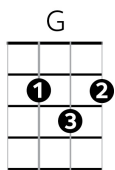
D⁷ **G** **G⁷**
And the next thing you know, boy, you'll be prison bound. / . . .

C **G**
Let the Midnight Special shine its light on me,

D⁷ **G** **G⁷**
Let the Midnight Special shine its light on me / . . .

C **G**
Let the Midnight Special shine its light on me,

D⁷ **G** **G**
Let the Midnight Special shine its everlovin' light on me. / / /



Mountain Of Love

Johnny Rivers

D **D** **D** **D**
// // // //

D

Standing on a mountain looking down on a city

D

The way I feel is a dog-gone pity

G

Teardrops are fallin' down a mountainside

D

Many times I've been here, many times I cried

A

G

We used to be so happy, when we were in love

D

A

D

High on a Mountain Of Love

D

Night after night I'm a-standing here alone

D

Weeping my heart out till cold grey dawn

G

Prayin' that you're lonely and you come here too

D

Hopin' just by chance that I'll get a glimpse of you

A

G

Tryin' hard to find you, somewhere up above

D

A

D

High on a Mountain Of Love

Bridge:

G

F#m

G

F#m

A

A Mountain of Love, a Mountain of Love, you should be ashamed / . .

//

G

F#m

G

F#m

A

You used to be a Mountain Of Love, but you just changed your name //

//

D

Way down below there's a half a million people

D

Somewhere there's a church and a big tall steeple

G

Inside the church there's an alter filled with flowers

D

Weddin' bells are ringing and they should've been ours

A

G

That's why I'm so lonely, my dream's gone above

D

A

D

High on a Mountain Of Love

INSTRUMENTAL: (Kazoo solo) to chords and melody of verse above

REPEAT BRIDGE:

D

Way down below there's a half a million people

D

Somewhere there's a church and a big tall steeple

G

Inside the church there's an alter filled with flowers

D

Weddin' bells are ringing and they should've been ours

A

G

That's why I'm so lonely, my dream's gone above

D

A

D

High on a Mountain Of Love

D

A

D

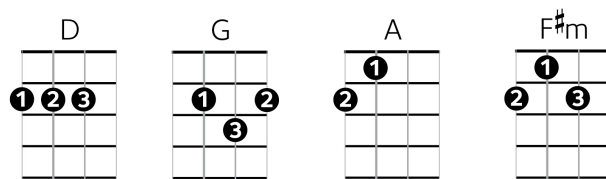
High on a Mountain Of Love

D

A

D

High on a Mountain Of Love



Oh Boy

Buddy Holly

D⁷ **C** **G** **C** **G**
//// //// // // ////

G
All of my love, all of my kissing

You don't know what you've been a-missing

C **G**
Oh Boy, (*Oh Boy*), when you're with me - Oh Boy, (*Oh Boy*)

D⁷ **C** **G** **C** **G**
The world will see, that you, were meant, for me.

G
All of my life I've been a-waitin'

Tonight there'll be no hesitatin'

C **G**
Oh Boy, (*Oh Boy*), when you're with me - Oh Boy, (*Oh Boy*)

D⁷ **C** **G** **C** **G**
The world will see, that you, were meant, for me.

D⁷
Stars appear and shadows a-fallin'

G
You can hear my heart a-callin'

C
A little bit a-lovin' makes everything right

D
I'm a-gonna see my baby tonight .

G

All of my love, all of my kissing

You don't know what you've been a-missing

C

Oh Boy, (*Oh Boy*), when you're with me -

G

Oh Boy, (*Oh Boy*)

D⁷

C

G

C

G

The world will see, that you, were meant, for me.

D⁷

Stars appear and a shadows a-fallin'

G

You can hear my heart a-callin'

C

A little bit a-lovin' makes everything right

D

I'm a-gonna see my baby tonight .

G

All of my life I've been a-waitin'

Tonight there'll be no hesitatin'

C

Oh Boy, (*Oh Boy*), when you're with me -

G

Oh Boy, (*Oh Boy*)

D⁷

C

G

C

G

The world will see, that you, were meant, for me.

D⁷

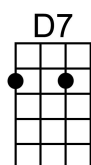
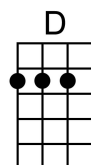
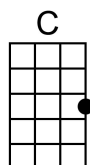
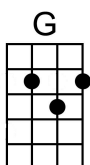
C

G

C

G

That you, were meant, for me. / //



D⁷
For every grain of sand upon the beach

G
I've got a kiss for you

D⁷
And I've got more left over

A⁷ **D⁷**
For each star that twinkles in the blue

G
Pearly Shells, (*pearly shells*), from the ocean, (*from the ocean*),

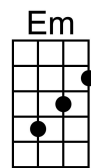
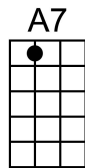
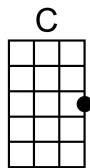
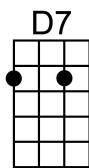
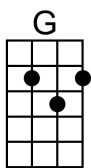
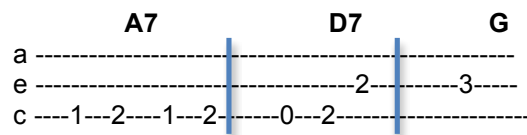
C **D⁷**
Shining in the sun, (*shining in the sun*), covering the shore, (*covering the shore*),

G **C**
When I see them, (*when I see them*), my heart tells me that I love you

G **D⁷** **G** **E^m**
More than all the little pearly shells

G **D⁷** **G** **A⁷** **D⁷** **G**
More than all the little pearly shells // // /

Instead of strumming the ending vamp, why not pick it:



When The Saints Go Marching In

Traditional

C **C⁷** **F** **F** **C** **G⁷** **C** **C**
//// //// //// //// //// //// //// /...

C
Oh When The Saints Go Marching In,

G⁷
Oh When The Saints Go Marching In,

C **C⁷** **F**
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number,

C **G⁷** **C**
When The Saints Go Marching In.

C
Oh when the sun refuse to shine

G⁷
Oh when the sun refuse to shine

C **C⁷** **F**
Oh Lord I want to be in that number

C **G⁷** **C**
When the sun refuse to shine

C
Oh when you hear, that trumpet sound

G⁷
Oh when you hear, that trumpet sound

C **C⁷** **F**
Oh Lord I want to be in that number

C **G⁷** **C**
When you hear that trumpet sound

C
Oh when the stars, have disappeared

G⁷
Oh when the stars have disappeared

C C⁷ F
Oh Lord I want to be in that number

C G⁷ C
When the stars have disappeared

C
Oh when they gather, around the throne

G⁷
Oh when they gather 'round the throne

C C⁷ F
Oh Lord I want to be in that number

C G⁷ C
When they gather 'round the throne

C
Oh When The Saints Go Marching In

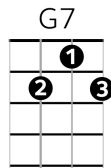
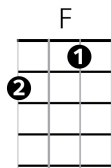
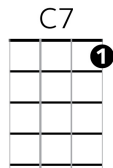
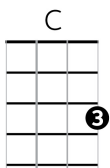
G⁷
Oh When The Saints Go Marching In

C C⁷ F
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number

C G⁷ C
When The Saints Go Marching In

C C⁷ F
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number

C G⁷ C C
When The Saints Go Marching In /



You Are My Sunshine

Jimmie Davis

C **G⁷**
 / / / / /

tacit: **C** **C⁷**
 You are my sunshine, my only sunshine,

F **C** **C⁷**
 You make me happy when skies are grey.

F **C** **A^m**
 You'll never know, dear, how much I love you.

C **G⁷** **C**
 Please don't take my sun-shine away.

C **C⁷**
 The other night, dear, as I lay sleeping,

F **C** **C⁷**
 I dreamed I held you in my arms.

F **C** **A^m**
 When I awoke dear, I was mis-tak-en,

C **G⁷** **C** **G⁷**
 So I hung down my head and I cried.

tacit: **C** **C⁷**
 You are my sunshine, my only sunshine,

F **C** **C⁷**
 You make me happy when skies are grey.

F **C** **A^m**
 You'll never know, dear, how much I love you.

C **G⁷** **C** **A^m**
 Please don't take my sun-shine away.

C **G⁷** **C**
 Please don't take my sun-shine away.

