

# Gumnful of Sound



U.S.C. 74

# Cumful of Sound

U.S.C. '64

Many thanks for their invaluable  
help to-

Joe Bennardello  
Pete Jacobson  
Dave Wexler  
Happy Hurwitz

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# Council



## WE SHALL OVERCOME

Unofficial theme song of Civil Rights Movement, first sung by Rev. Martin Luther King and bus boycotters in Montgomery, Ala. a few years ago.

**C F C C F**  
We shall overcome, we shall over-  
**C**  
come,

**B7 F G7 A7 D7 G-D7-G**  
We shall overcome someday.

**G7 F E7-C7**  
Oh--deep in my heart,

**F G7 E-A**  
I do believe

**C7 F C G7 C**  
That we shall overcome someday.

The truth shall make us free...

We shall live in peace...

We will end Jim Crow...

The Lord will see us through...

We are not afraid...

We'll go hand in hand...

We shall brothers be...

We shall overcome...

## THE FROGGY HE AM A QUEER BIRD

Music by Joe Bennardello and Pete Jacobson.

**E B7**  
The froggy he am a queer bird.  
**E**  
He ain't got no tail almost hardly.  
**A**  
He run and he jump and he land on  
his rump,  
**E B7**  
Where he ain't go no tail almost  
**E**  
hardly.

I know how ugly I are  
I know my face is no star.  
But yet I don't mind it because  
I'm behind it.  
The fellow in front gets the jar-  
har-har!

## I'M ON MY WAY TO THE CANAAN LAND

As sung by David Wexler.

**E7-A7-E7...**  
I'm on my way to the Canaan Land,  
**B7**  
I'm on my way to the Canaan Land,  
**E7-A7-E7...** **A7-A7**  
I'm on my way to the Canaan Land,  
**A7 E7**  
I'm on my way ,  
**B7**  
Glory Hallelujah,  
**E7-A7-E7**  
I'm on my way.

I asked my brother,  
"Won't you go with me?"...

Tell Paul and Silas  
I'm on my way...

I asked my Jesus,  
"Won't you lead the way?"...

Told that sinner  
He can't go with me...

Repeat I

SANTY ANNO

LISTEN, MR. BILBO

Written by a New York couple  
in 1945, in protest against  
Bilbo, a Louisiana senator, who  
personified bigotry in America.

CHORUS

<sup>G</sup> Listen, Mr. Bilbo, listen to me, <sup>D7</sup>  
I'll give you a lesson in history, <sup>G</sup>

Listen while I tell you that the  
<sup>Am</sup> foreigners you hate  
Are the very <sup>D7</sup> same people made  
<sup>G</sup> America great.

In 1492, just to see what he could  
see,  
Columbus, an Italian, sailed out  
across the sea.  
He said, "Isabella, babe, the world  
is round-  
And the U. S. A.'s just a-waitin'  
to be found." (cho.)

In 1609, on a bright summer's day,  
The Half Moon anchored in New York  
Bay.  
Henry Hudson, a Dutchman, took a  
look around,  
Said, "Boys, this is gonna be a  
heck of a town." (cho.)

When the king of England started  
pushing the Yankees around,  
They had a little trouble up in  
Boston town.  
There was a brave Negro, Crispus  
Attucks was the man-  
Was the first one to fall when the  
fighting began. (cho.)

Colin Kelly was a pilot, flying  
down low,  
Levin pushed the button that let  
the bomb go.  
They sank the Haruna to the bot-  
tom of the sea-  
Was foreigners like this that  
kept America free. (cho.)

CHORUS

<sup>Am</sup> Oh, heave 'er up and away <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> we'll go,  
<sup>Am</sup> Heave away, Santy Anno, <sup>G</sup>  
Heave 'er up and away  
<sup>Em</sup> we'll go,  
<sup>Am</sup> We are bound for Californio. <sup>E Am</sup>

Back in the days of '49,  
Heave away, Santy Anno,  
Those were the days of the  
good old times,  
We are bound for Californio.  
(chorus)

She's a fast clipper ship  
and a mighty good crew...  
A darn good Yankee for a  
captain, too... (cho.)

There's plenty of gold, so  
I've been told...  
Plenty of gold so I've been  
told... (cho.)

'Round Cape Horn to Frisco  
Bay...  
That was the way that I  
earned my pay... (cho.)



Now, Bilbo, you're takin' one  
heck of a chance-  
Your friends, the Duponts,  
came over from France.  
Another thing I'm sure will be  
news to you-  
The first Mr. Bilbo was a  
foreigner, too. (cho.)

You don't like Negroes and  
you don't like Jews,  
If there's anyone you do  
like, it sure is news.  
You don't like Poles,  
Italians, Catholics, too,  
Well, dead or alive, Bud, we  
don't like you! (cho.)

ITSY BITSY SPIDER

Children's song

The itsy-bitsy spider went up  
the water spout,  
Down came the rain and washed  
the spider out.  
Up came the sun and dried up  
all the rain.  
And the itsy-bitsy spider went  
up the spout again.



OH, MARY, DON'T YOU WEEP

Negro spiritual

CHORUS:

<sup>G C G D7</sup>  
Oh, Mary, don't you weep, don't  
you mourn,  
<sup>G</sup>  
Oh, Mary, don't you weep, don't  
you mourn.

<sup>C G</sup>  
Pharaoh's army got drowned,  
<sup>D7 G</sup>  
Oh, Mary, don't you weep.

If I could I surely would  
Stand on the rock where Moses  
stood,  
Pharaoh's army got drowned  
Oh, Mary, don't you weep.

CHORUS

One of these nights about  
twelve o'clock  
This old world's going to reel  
and rock,  
Pharaoh's army got drowned;  
Oh, Mary, don't you weep.

CHORUS

IF I HAD A HAMMER

Words by Lee Hayes, music by  
Pete Seeger.

<sup>D</sup>  
If I had a hammer,  
<sup>G D</sup>  
I'd hammer in the morning,  
I'd hammer in the evening,  
<sup>A7</sup>  
All over this land-  
<sup>D</sup>  
I'd hammer out danger-  
<sup>B7-G</sup>  
I'd hammer out a warning-  
<sup>D G</sup>  
I'd hammer out the love between  
<sup>D A</sup>  
my brothers and my sisters-  
<sup>D-G-D A7 D-G-D</sup>  
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 the 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 the love between  
my brothers and my sisters-  
All over this land.

Well, I have a hammer,  
And I have a bell,  
And I have 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 the love  
between my brothers and  
my sisters  
All over this land.

TEENGALEO

THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE  
Bob Gibson and SNCC members.

<sup>G</sup>  
This little light of mine,  
I'm gonna let it shine.<sup>G7</sup>

<sup>C</sup>  
This little light of mine,  
I'm gonna let it shine.<sup>G</sup>

This little light of mine,  
<sup>D7</sup> I'm gonna let it shine,<sup>Em</sup>  
Let it shine,<sup>G</sup> let it shine,<sup>D7</sup>  
Let it shine.<sup>G</sup>

Bridges:

Monday, he gave me the gift  
of love,  
Tuesday, peace came from above  
Wednesday, he told me to have  
more faith,  
Thursday, he gave me a little  
more grace.  
Friday, he told me to watch  
and pray,  
Saturday, he told me just  
what to say,  
Sunday, he gave me the power  
divine  
To let my little light shine.

Some say let us run and hide,  
We say there's no place to  
hide.  
Some say let the world decide,  
We say let the people decide.  
Some say that the time's not  
right,  
We know that the time's just  
right.  
And if there's a dark corner in  
this land-  
We're gonna let our little light  
shine.

We've got the light of freedom...  
We've got the torch of peace...  
Everywhere I go...

<sup>C</sup> I'm on my way to see my love,<sup>Am</sup>  
<sup>Dm</sup> The princess of my heart,<sup>G7</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> I hope she'll wait, cause I'm  
<sup>Am</sup> bound to be late  
<sup>Dm</sup> Cause the donkey won't pull<sup>G7</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> the cart.

CHORUS

Oh, Teengaleo,<sup>F C G7</sup> come, little  
donkey,<sup>C</sup> come,  
Oh, Teengaleo,<sup>F C G7</sup> come little  
donkey,<sup>C</sup> come.

I bought you at a bargain  
price,  
But I'll sell you at a loss,  
Cause the way you act, it's  
a natural fact  
That I should have bought a  
horse. (cho.)

I'll give you oats, I'll  
give you hay  
And if that's not enough,  
I'll add to you a new straw  
hat  
If you'll take me to my  
love. (cho.)





THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

Words and music by Woodie Guthrie

I WANT TO BE READY

Negro spiritual

<sup>E</sup>I want to be ready,  
<sup>A</sup>I want to be ready,  
<sup>B7</sup>I want to be ready,  
<sup>E</sup>To walk in Jerusalem just like <sup>E</sup> <sup>A</sup> John.

John said the city was just <sup>A</sup>  
 four square <sup>E</sup>,  
 a <sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
 Walk in Jerusalem just like John,  
 And he declared he'd meet me there, <sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
 Walk in Jerusalem just like John. <sup>A</sup> <sup>B7</sup> <sup>E</sup>

CHORUS

Oh, John, Oh John, what do you say..  
 That I'll be there in the coming  
 day.....

CHORUS

When Peter was preaching at  
 Pentacost.....  
 He was endowed with the Holy Ghost  
 .....

CHORUS

DEEP BLUE SEA

<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 Deep blue sea, Baby, deep blue  
 sea,  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 Deep blue sea, Baby, deep blue  
 sea,  
<sup>A7</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 Deep blue sea, Baby, deep blue  
 sea,

It was Willie what got drowned  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>A7</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 in the deep blue sea.

CHORUS:

<sup>E7</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
 This land is your land,  
<sup>E</sup>  
 This land is my land,  
<sup>B7</sup>  
 From California to the New York  
<sup>E</sup>  
 Island,  
<sup>E7</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
 From the Redwood forest to the Gulf  
<sup>E</sup>  
 Stream waters  
<sup>B7</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
 This land is made for you and me.

As I went walking that ribbon of  
 highway,  
 I saw above me the endless skyway,  
 I saw below me that golden valley-  
 This land is made for you and me.

CHORUS

I roamed and I rambled, and I followed  
 my footsteps  
 From the sparkling sands of her  
 diamond desert,  
 And all around me, a voice came  
 calling,  
 This land was made for you and me.

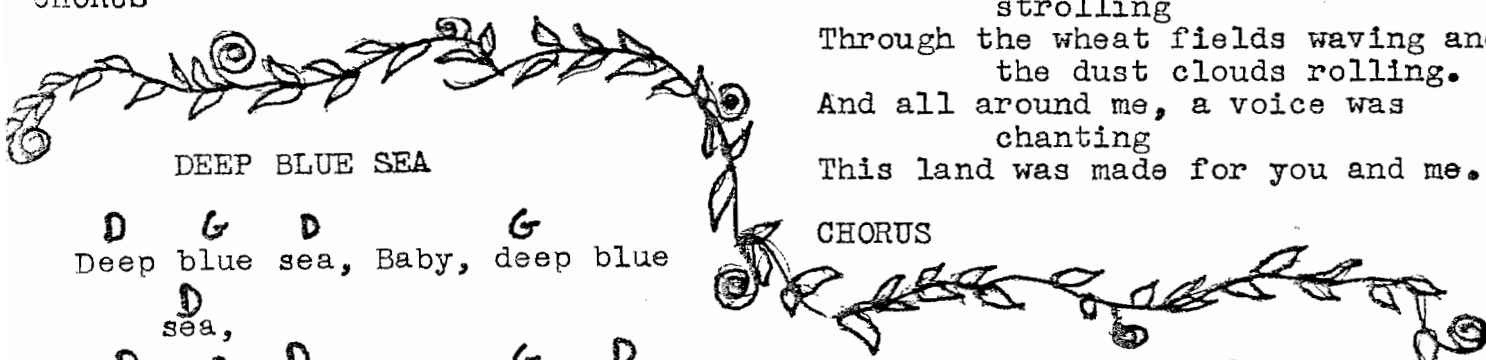
CHORUS

The sun came shining and I was  
 strolling  
 Through the wheat fields waving and  
 the dust clouds rolling.  
 And all around me, a voice was  
 chanting  
 This land was made for you and me.

CHORUS

Dig his grave with a silver  
 spade (3)  
 It was Willie what got drowned  
 in the deep blue sea.  
 Lower him down with a golden  
 chain (3)  
 It was Willie what got drowned  
 in the deep blue sea.

Repeat I



OH FREEDOM

Adaption of tradional Negro spiritual by SNCC.

PASSIN' THROUGH

Composed by a Universit y of Chicago student, Dick Blakeslee, in 1948.

I saw Adam leave the garden with a an apple in his hand, I said, "Now you're out, what are you gonna do?" "Plant my crops and pray for rain, maybe raise a little Cain- I'm an orphan and I'm only passing through."

CHORUS

Passing through, passing through, Sometimes happy, sometimes blue, Glad that I ran into you- Tell the people that you saw me passing through.

I saw Jesus on the cross on the hill call'd Calvary, "Do you hate mankind for what they've done to you?" He said, "Talk of love, not hate, things to do, it's gettingl'st late. We've so little time and I'm just passing through. (cho.)

I shivered next to Washington that night at Valley Forge, "Why do the soldiers freeze here like they do?" He said, "Men will suffer, fight, even die for what is right Even though they know they're only passing through." (chorus)

Oh freedom, oh freedom, oh freedom over me, And before I'll be a slave, I'll be buried in my grave And go home to my Lord And be free! No more cryin'..... No more moanin'..... No more Jim Crow..... No more misery..... No more starvin'..... No more shootin' I know you're gonna miss me..... There'll be singing..... No burning churches,,,,,, No more jailhouse..... No more Barnett..... No more segregation..... Oh freedom.....



I was at Franlin Roosevelt's side just a while before he died, He said, "One world must come out of World War II. Yankee, Russian, white, or tan, Lord, a man is just a man- We're all brothers and we're only passing through." (cho.)

SINNER MAN

"Holiness Hymn" popular among the "Holy Roller" sect of white revivalists.

Dm

Oh, sinner man, where you gonna run to ?

C

Oh, sinner man, where you gonna run to ?

Dm

Oh, sinner man, where you gonna run to ?

Dm C Am Dm All on that day.

Run to the rock, rock was a-meltin'.....

Run to the sea, sea was a-boilin'.....

Run to the moon, moon was a-bleedin'.....

Run to the Lord, Lord won't you hide me ?.....

Lord said, "Sinner man, you should've been a-prayin'.....

Run to the Devil, Devil was a-waitin'.....

Repeat first verse

FIVE TIMES FIVE

Collected from singing of Lannis Sutton of Dixie, Oklahoma, in 1951 by Sam Eskin and transcribed by Ruth Crawford Seeger.

CHORUS:

C Am Five times five is twenty-five,

C Am Five times six is thirty,

Em Gm Five times seven is thirty-five,

C Am C Five times eight is forty.

HALLELUJAH

Negro spiritual

CHORUS:

C Am Hallelujah, hallelujah,

F G7 I belong to that band,

C Hallelu.

C Am What kind of band you talkin' about?

C Am Talkin' about that angel band.

F G7 I belong to that band,

C Hallelu.

CHORUS

Get to heaven, gonna sing and about, No one there gonna toss me out.....

CHORUS

Talk about me just as much as you please, Talk about you down on my knees.....

CHORUS

If I could I surely would Stand on the rock where Moses stood

CHORUS



Way down yonder in the maple swamp Water's deep and muddy; There I met this pretty little miss, There I met my honey.

CHORUS

Take my little miss by her hand, Lead her like she's a pigeon; Make her dance one more reel, Scatter her religion.

CHORUS

Raccoon's out a-chopping wood, Possum he's a-haulin'; My old dog's sitting on a log, Spittin' his throst a-squallin'.

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE  
Negro Spiritual

I'm gonna <sup>D</sup> lay down my sword and  
shield  
Down by the riverside, <sup>A7</sup> down by the  
riverside, <sup>D</sup> down by the  
riverside.

I'm gonna lay down by sword and shield  
Down by the riverside  
Gonna <sup>A7</sup> study war no more. <sup>D</sup>

CHORUS:

I ain't gonna <sup>G</sup> study war no more  
I ain't gonna <sup>D</sup> study war no more  
I ain't gonna <sup>A7</sup> study was no more <sup>D</sup>

Repeat chorus.

I'm gonna join hands around the  
world.....

CHORUS

I'm gonna walk with the Prince of  
Peace.....

CHORUS

I'm gonna bury that atom bomb.....

CHORUS



SLOOP JOHN B

We <sup>E</sup> sail on the Sloop John B, <sup>(A) E</sup>  
My grandfather and me, <sup>(A) E</sup>  
Round Nassau town, we did roam, <sup>B7</sup>  
Drinkin' all <sup>E-E7</sup> night, <sup>A-A7</sup>  
Got into a fight,  
I feel so break up, <sup>B7</sup>  
I want to go home. <sup>E</sup>

CHORUS

So, <sup>E</sup> hoist up the John B sails, <sup>(A) E</sup>  
And see how the main sails set, <sup>(A) E</sup>  
Send for the captain ashore and  
let me go home, <sup>B7</sup>  
Let me go home I want to go <sup>E-E7</sup>  
home- <sup>A-A7</sup>  
I feel so break up, <sup>B7</sup>  
I want to go home. <sup>E</sup>

The first mate, he got drunk,  
Broke up the people's trunk,  
Constable had to come and take  
him away,  
Sheriff John Stone, please let  
me alone-  
I feel so break up, I want to  
go home. (chorus)



# Work Camp Songs



## DOWN IN THE MEADOW

Down in the meadow in an  
 iddy-biddy poo  
 Fam fee little fiddies and  
 a mama fiddie, too.  
 "Fim," said the mama fiddie,  
 "Fim if you can,"  
 And they fam, and they fam  
 all over the dam.  
 Oop, oop, didam dadam, wadam,  
 choo,  
 Oop, oop, didam, dadam, wadam,  
 choo,  
 Oop, oop, didam, dadam, wadam,  
 choo,  
 And they fam, and they fam all  
 over the poo.

## SAN FRANCISCO BAY BLUES

Jesse Fuller

I got the blues from my baby  
 layin' by the San Francisco  
 Bay,  
 Ocean liner, she goin' so far  
 away,  
 Didn't mean to treat her so  
 bad,  
 The best gal I ever have had-  
 Said good-bye, like to make  
 me cry-  
 I want to lay down and die.  
 Haven't got a nickel, I ain't  
 got a lousy dime.  
 She don't come back, I think  
 I'm gonna lose my mind.  
 Ever come back to stay, spend  
 another brand new day,  
 Walkin' with my baby down by  
 the San Francisco Bay.



Sittin' down, lookin' at my  
 back door,  
 Wonder which a-way to go,  
 Woman I'm so crazy about,  
 She don't love you no mo'.  
 Think I'll take a freight  
 train  
 Cause I'm feelin' blue,  
 Ride all the way to the end  
 of the line,  
 Thinkin' only of you.  
 Every while in another city,  
 Just about to go insane,  
 Sounds like I hear my baby  
 The way she used to call my  
 name.  
 Ever come back to stay,  
 It's been another brand new  
 day,  
 Walkin' with my baby down by  
 the Sanfrancisco Bay.



Every mornin'  
finds me  
mournin'...

MOTHERLESS CHILD

Traditional Negro spiritual

<sup>Am</sup>  
Sometimes I feel like a motherless  
child

<sup>D</sup> <sup>Dm</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
Sometimes I feel like a motherless  
child

Sometimes I feel like a motherless  
child-

<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>E-Dm</sup>  
A long way from home,

<sup>Am</sup> <sup>E</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
A long way from home.

Sometimes I feel like I have no  
friends.....

Sometimes I feel like a feather  
in the air.....

Sometimes I feel like I'm almost  
gone.....

BABY, LET ME FOLLOW YOU DOWN  
Traditional Negro blues

<sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
Baby, let me follow you down,

<sup>C</sup> <sup>C12</sup> <sup>C13</sup>  
Baby, let me follow you down,

<sup>D+5</sup> <sup>D+3</sup>  
Well, I'd do anything in this

<sup>D+1</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
God-Almighty world

<sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
If you'd just let me follow you

<sup>G</sup>  
down.

Baby, let me come home with you..

Baby, let me hold you hand...

Baby, let me kiss your lips...

Baby, let me follow you down...

Baby, let me lie with you...

Baby, well I love you so (2)

Well, I'd do anything in this  
God-Almighty world

If you could only know.

## LONESOME TRAVELER

Words and music by Lee Hayes

<sup>Am</sup>  
I am a lonely and a lonesome  
traveler,

<sup>D</sup> I am a lonely and a lonesome <sup>Am</sup>  
traveler,

I am a lonely and a lonesome  
traveler,

<sup>D</sup> I've been a-travelin' on. <sup>E7</sup> <sup>Am</sup>

I traveled here and then I  
traveled yonder...

I traveled cold and then I  
traveled hungry...

Traveled in the mountain,  
traveled down in the  
valley...

Traveled with the rich,  
traveled with the poor...

One of these days, gonna stop  
all my travelin'...

Gonna keep on a-travelin' on  
the road to freedom (3)  
Gonna keep right on a-travelin'  
home.

## GOIN' DOWN THAT ROAD

Folk Song, arranged by Joseph  
Liebling.

<sup>D</sup>  
I'm goin' down that road feelin'  
bad,

<sup>G</sup>  
I'm goin' down that road feelin'  
bad,

<sup>G</sup>  
I'm goin' down that road feelin'  
bad,

Lord, Lord, and I ain't gonna  
<sup>A7</sup> be treated this a <sup>D</sup> way.

I can't live on cornbread and  
beans...

Forty cents an hour won't pay  
my rent...

These two dollar shoes hurt my  
feet...

These ten dollar shoes fit me  
fine...

This prison water tastes like  
turpentine...

I'm goin' where the chilly winds  
don't blow...

I'm goin' where the climate suits  
my clothes...

I'm goin' down that road feelin'  
bad...



NOBODY KNOWS WHEN YOU'RE  
DOWN AND OUT

Traditional Negro blues

<sup>C</sup> Once I lived the life of a <sup>E7</sup>  
<sup>A7</sup> millionaire,  
<sup>Dm</sup> Spending my money and I didn't <sup>A7</sup> <sup>Dm</sup> <sup>A7</sup> <sup>Dm</sup>  
care,  
Taking my friends out for a <sup>B7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
good time,  
<sup>Dm</sup> Buyin' high price liquor, cham- <sup>Am</sup>  
pagne and wine. <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> Then I began to fall so low, <sup>E7</sup> <sup>A7</sup>  
<sup>Dm</sup> Didn't have friends or no <sup>A7</sup>  
place to go. <sup>Dm</sup> <sup>A7</sup> <sup>Dm</sup>  
If I ever get my hands on a <sup>B7</sup>  
dollar again, <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>Dm</sup> I'll hang onto it till the <sup>Am</sup>  
eagle grins. <sup>D7</sup> <sup>C</sup>

Nobody knows you when you're  
down and out.  
In your pocket, there's not a  
penny  
And your friends, you haven't  
any.  
But when you get back on your  
feet again,  
Everyone wants to be your long,  
lost friend.  
It's mighty strange, without a  
doubt,  
Nobody knows you when you're  
down and out.

WORRIED MAN BLUES

Folk song arranged by Waldemar  
Hille.

<sup>E</sup>  
It takes a worried man to sing  
a worried song.  
<sup>A</sup>  
It takes a worried man to sing  
a worried song. <sup>E</sup>  
It takes a worried man to sing  
a worried song.  
<sup>B7</sup>  
I'm worried now, but I won't be  
worried long. <sup>E</sup>  
I went across the river, and I lay  
down to sleep (3X)  
When I woke up with shackles on  
my feet.  
Twenty-nine links of chain around  
my leg, (3)  
And on each link an initial of my  
name.  
I asked the judge, what might be  
my fine, (3)  
"Twenty-one years on the R.C.Mt.  
Line."  
The train arrived, sixteen coaches  
long. (3)  
The girl I love is on that train  
and gone.  
I looked down that track, as far as  
I could see, (3)  
Little bitty hand was waving after me.  
If anyone asks you who composed this  
song, (3)  
Tell him it was I, and I sing it all day  
long.



## HARD TRAVELIN'

Words and music by Woodie Guthrie

<sup>G</sup> I've been havin' some hard <sup>Em</sup>  
travelin',  
<sup>G</sup> I thought you knowed,  
<sup>D7 G</sup>  
I've been havin' some hard  
travelin',  
<sup>A7 D</sup> Way down the road.  
<sup>G</sup>  
I've been havin' some hard  
<sup>G7 C</sup> travelin', hard ramblin',  
hard gamblin'-  
<sup>D D7</sup> I've been havin' some hard  
travelin', <sup>G</sup> Lord.  
I've been hittin' some hard  
harvestin',  
I thought you knowed,  
I've been hittin' some rough  
handlin',  
Way down the road;  
Cut that wheat and stack that hay  
Tryin' to make about a dollar a  
day-  
I've been havin' some hard  
travelin', Lord.  
I've been workin' in a hard rock  
tunnel,  
I thought you knowed;  
I've been leanin' on a pressure  
drill,  
Way down the road.  
Hammer flyin', air hose suckin',  
Six feet of mud, I sure been  
a-muckin'-  
I've been havin' some hard  
travelin', Lord.

I've been workin' that Pittsburgh  
Steel,  
I thought you knowed,  
I've been dumpin' red hot slag  
Way down the road.  
I've been blastin', I've been  
firin',  
And I've been pourin' red hot  
iron,  
And I've been havin' some hard  
travelin', Lord.

I've been layin' in Hard Rock  
Jail,  
I thought you knowed,  
I've been layin' on ninety days  
Way down the road,  
And the mean old judge, he said  
to me,  
"It's ninety days for vagrancy,"  
And I've been havin' some hard  
travelin', Lord,

Well, I've been hittin' that  
Lincoln Highway,  
I thought you knowed;  
I've been hittin' that sixty-six,  
Way down the road;  
Heavy load and a worried mind,  
Lookin' for a woman that's hard  
to find-  
I've been havin' some hard  
travelin', Lord.



ST. JAMES INFIRMARY

Traditional Negro blues

Am E E7 Am  
 I went down to old Joe's barroom,  
 E7 Am F E7  
 On the corner by the Square;  
 Am E-E7  
 They were servin' the drinks as  
 Am-C  
 usual,  
 C Am  
 And the usual crowd was there.



HE WAS A FRIEND OF MINE

Words and music adapted and arranged by Bob Dylan.

On my left stood old Joe  
 McKennedy,  
 And his eyes were bloodshot red;  
 He turned to the crowd around him  
 And these were the words he said:

"I went down to the St. James  
 Infirmary;  
 To see my baby there.  
 She was lyin' on a long white  
 table,  
 So sweet, so cool, so fair.

"Let her go, let her go, God bless  
 her;  
 Wherever she may be;  
 She may search this wide world  
 over,  
 An' never find a better man  
 than me.

"Oh, when I die, please bury me  
 In my high-top Stetson hat;  
 Put a twenty dollar gold piece  
 on mt watch chain  
 So my friends'll know I died  
 standin' pat.

Get six gamblers to carry me  
 coffin,  
 Six chorus girls to sing me a  
 song,  
 Put a twenty-piece jazz band on  
 my tail gate  
 To raise Hell as we go along.

Now that's the end of my story;  
 Let's have another round of booze  
 And if anyone should ask you,  
 just tell them  
 I've got the St. James Infirmary  
 blues."

C G7 C  
 He was a friend of mine,  
 G7 C  
 He was a friend of mine,  
 Am C E  
 Never had no money for to pay  
 F  
 for his fine.  
 C G7 C  
 He was a friend of mine.

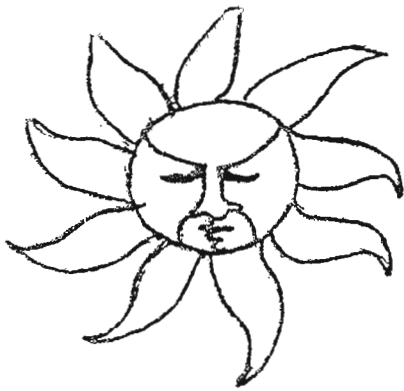
He died on the road,  
 He died on the road.  
 Never had no money for to pay  
 for his board.  
 He was a friend of mine.

He never done no wrong,  
 He never done no wrong.  
 Just a poor boy, a long, long  
 way from home.  
 He was a friend of mine.

I stole away and cried,  
 I stole away and cried.  
 Never had no money and I can't  
 be satisfied.  
 He was a friend of mine.

He was a friend of mine,  
 He was a friend of mine.  
 When I hear his name, I just  
 can't keep from cryin'.  
 He was a friend of mine.





### HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

Negro blues, known by jazz musicians before World War I. As sung by Bob Dylan.

There is a house in New Orleans  
 They call the Rising Sun.  
 It's been the ruin of a poor girl,  
 And me, oh Lord, was one.

If I had listened to what my momma  
 said,  
 I'd be at home today.  
 But being so young and foolish,  
 poor girl,  
 Let a gambler lead me astray.

My mother is a tailor,  
 She sews those new blue jeans.  
 My sweetheart is a drunkard, Lord,  
 Drinks down in New Orleans.

He'll fill his glasses to the brim,  
 He passes them around.  
 And the only pleasure he gets out  
 of life  
 Is bumming from town to town.

Go tell my baby sister,  
 Never do like I have done.  
 But shun that house in New Orleans  
 They call the Rising Sun.

It's one foot on the platform,  
 And the other on the train.  
 I'm going back to New Orleans  
 To wear the ball and chain.

I'm going back to New Orleans,  
 My race is almost run,  
 I'm going to spend my life  
 Beneath that Rising Sun.

### BLACK GIRL

Traditional Negro blues

Black girl, Black girl, don't  
 you lie to me,  
 Tell me, where did you sleep  
 last night?  
 In the pines, in the pines,  
 where the sun never shines,  
 I shivered the whole night  
 through.  
 You caused me to weep, you  
 caused me to mourn,  
 You caused me to leave my home.  
 I wish to the Lord I'd never  
 seen your face-  
 I'm sorry you was ever born.

My husband was a railroad man,  
 Killed a mile and a half from  
 here-  
 His head was found in the  
 driver's wheel,  
 And his body, it never was found.

Tell me, where d'ya get them  
 pretty red shoes  
 And the dress you wear so fine?  
 I got my shoes from a railroad  
 man  
 And my dress from a man in the  
 mine.





GOPPER KETTLE

Get you a copper kettle,  
 Get you a copper coil,  
 Cover with new ground cornmash  
 And never more you'll toil.

CHORUS:

Just lay there by the junipers,  
 While the moon is bright,  
 Watch the jugs a-fillin'  
 In the pale moonlight.

My daddy, he made whisky,  
 My grandad, he did too,  
 We ain't paid no whiskey tax  
 Since 1892. (We just)

CHORUS

Build you a fire with hickory,  
 With hickory, ash, and oak,  
 Don't use no green or rotten wood,  
 They'll get you by the smoke.

CHORUS

DARK AS A DUNGEON

Words and music by Merle Travis.

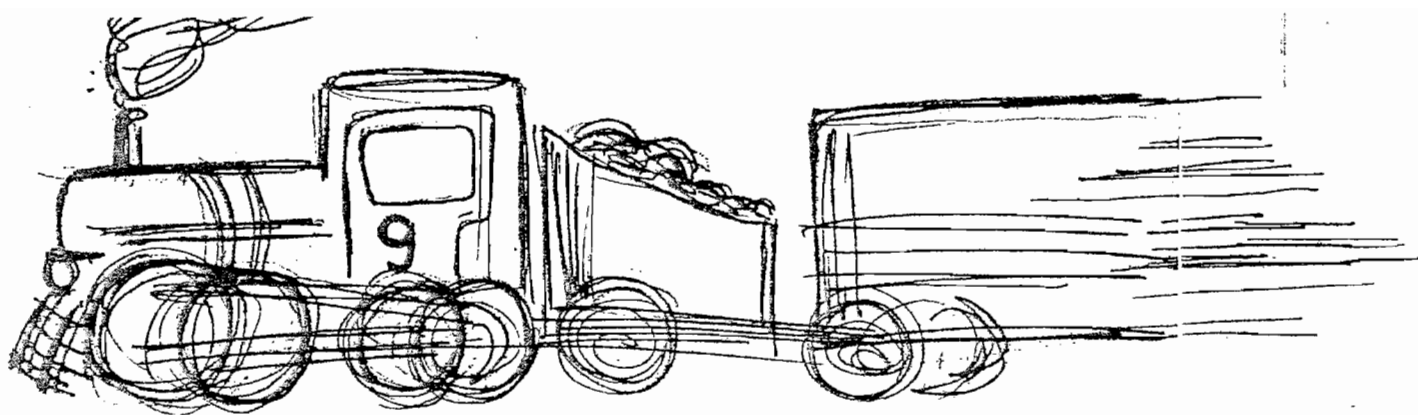
Come, all ye young fellers, so  
 young and so fine,  
 And seek not your fortune way  
 down in the mine.  
 It will form as a habit and  
 seep in your soul  
 'Til the veins of your blood  
 turn as black as the coal.

CHORUS

Where it's dark as a dungeon and  
 damp as the dew,  
 Where the danger is double, and  
 the pleasures are few,  
 Where the rain never falls and  
 the sun never shines-  
 It's dark as a dungeon 'way  
 down in the mines.

Oh, it's many a man I have seen  
 in my day  
 Who lives just to labor his  
 whole life away,  
 Like a fiend with his dope or  
 a drunk with his wine-  
 A man will have lust for the  
 lure of the mine. (cho.)

I hope when I die, though the  
 ages may roll,  
 My body will blacken and turn  
 into coal,  
 And I'll look from the door of  
 my heavenly home,  
 And I'll pity the miner a-diggin'  
 my bones. (cho.)



## RAILROAD BILL

As sung by Cisco Houston.

<sup>C</sup> Railroad Bill, Railroad Bill,  
<sup>E</sup> He never worked and he never  
<sup>F<sub>2</sub>-F</sup> will-  
<sup>C</sup> Oh it's ride, ride, ride.

Railroad Bill was a mighty mean  
 man,  
 He shot the midnight lantern out  
 of the brakeman's hand-  
 Oh, it's ride, ride, ride.

Railroad Bill took my wife,  
 Said if I didn't like it, he  
 would take my life...

Going up on a mountain, going  
 out West,  
 "Thirty-eight special" stickin'  
 out of my vest...

Buy me a pistol just as long  
 as my arm,  
 Kill everybody ever done me  
 harm...

I've got a "thirty-eight  
 special" on a "forty-five "  
 frame-  
 How in the world can I miss him  
 when I've got dead aim?...

Repeat I

Buy me a pistol just as long  
 as my arm,  
 Kill every body ever done me  
 harm...

Honey, Honey, think I'm a fool,  
 Think I would quit you while the  
 weather is cool...

## FREIGHT TRAIN

Words and music by Elizabeth Cotton

<sup>C</sup> Freight train, freight train, <sup>G<sub>7</sub></sup> goin'  
 so fast-

Freight train, freight train <sup>C</sup> goin'  
 so fast,

<sup>E</sup> Please don't tell what train I'm on  
<sup>E<sub>7</sub></sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>F<sub>1</sub></sup>  
<sup>C</sup> So they won't know where I've gone.

When I die, Lord, bury me deep,  
 Down at the end of Chestnut Street;  
 Place a stone at my head and feet  
 So they'll know I've gone to sleep.

Repeat first verse

When I die, Lord, bury me deep,  
 Down at the end of Chestnut Street;  
 So I can't hear old number nine  
 As the train comes rollin' by.

Repeat first verse

One more place I'd like to be,  
 One more place I'd love to see,  
 To watch those old Blue Ridge  
 Mountains climb  
 As I ride old Number Nine.

Repeat first verse

Freight train, freight train, comin'  
 round the bend,  
 Freight train, Freight train, gone  
 again,  
 One of these days, turn that train  
 around,  
 Go back to my home town.

Repeat first verse

## BALLAD OF THE CARPENTER

Words and music by Ewan MacColl.

**Dm**  
Jesus was a working man,  
A hero, as you can hear, **C Dm**  
Born in the slums of Bethlehem **Bm Am**  
At the turning of the year, **Dm C**  
Yes, the turning of the year. **A7 Dm**

When Jesus was a little lad,  
The streets rang with his name,  
For He argued with the alderman  
And He put 'em all to shame,  
Yes, He put 'em all to shame.

His father, he apprenticed Him,  
A carpenter to be-  
To plan and drill and work with  
skill  
In the town of Galilee...

He became a roving journeyman,  
And He wandered far and wide,  
And He saw how wealth and poverty  
Lived always side by side...

He said, "Come all you working  
man,  
You farmers and weavers, too.  
If you would only organize,  
The world belongs to you."

So the fishermen sent two  
delegates,  
And the farmers and weavers, too,  
And they formed a working commit-  
tee of twelve  
To see the struggle through...

When the rich men heard what the  
carpenter had done,  
To the Roman troops they ran,  
Saying, "Put this rebel Jesus  
down-  
He's a menace to God and man"...

The commander of the occupying  
troops,  
He laughed and then, he said,  
"There's a cross to spare on  
Calvary Hill-  
By the weelend, He'll be dead"...

Jesus walked among the poor,  
For the poor were His own kind,  
And they wouldn't let the cops get  
near enough  
To take Him from behind...

So they hired a man of the traitor's  
trade,  
And a stool pigeon was he,  
And he sold his brother to the  
butcher's men  
For a fistful of silver money...

When Jesus lay in the prisoners'  
cell,  
They beat Him and offered him bribes  
To desert the cause of His own dear  
folk  
And work for the rich men's tribe...

The sweat stood out upon His brow  
And the blood was in His eyes,  
And they nailed His body to the  
Roman cross,  
And they laughed as they watched  
Him die...

Two thousand years have passed and  
gone,  
And many a hero, too,  
But the dream of this poor carpenter  
At last is coming true...



## WAKE UP, JACOB

Cowboy holler

Wake up Jacob,  
Day's a-breakin',  
Peas in the pot and the  
hoecakes s-bakin'.  
Early in the morning,  
Break of day,  
Don't come soon,  
Gonna throw it all away-  
Wake up!

ROCK ISLAND LINE

Words and music by Huddie Ledbetter

CHORUS:

**E**  
 Oh the Rock Island Line is a mighty  
 good road,  
 Oh the Rock Island Line is the road **B7**  
 to ride.  
**E**  
 The Rock Island Line is a mighty good  
 road,  
**A** **E**  
 If you want to ride it, gotta ride it  
 like you're flyin'  
 Get you ticket **A** at the station  
 For the Rock Island Line. **B7** **E**  
**E**  
 I may be right, and I may be wrong  
**B7**  
 Know you're gonna miss me when I'm  
**E**  
 gone.

CHORUS

Jesus died to save our sins  
 Glory to God, we're gonna need them  
 again.

CHORUS

ABC double XYZ  
 Cat's in the corner but he don't  
 see me.

Derry derry down. **A**

**D ALL** Among the leaves so green-o. **A D**

The first doe she did cross the plain  
 The keeper fetched her back again;  
 Where she is now she will remain,  
 Among the leaves so green-o.....

The second doe she cross'd the brook;  
 The keeper fetched her back with his  
 hook

Where she is now you may go and look,  
 Among the leaves so green-o..



THE KEEPER

English folksong

**D** **G** **D**  
 The keeper would a-hunting go,  
**G** **D**  
 And under his coat he carried a bow,  
**D**  
 All for to shoot at a marrie little  
 doe,

**A1 D**  
 Among the leaves so green-o.

**D 1<sup>ST</sup> voice** **2<sup>ND</sup>** **1**  
 Jackie boy! Master! Sing ye well?

**2**  
 Very well.

**1** **2** **1** **A**  
 Hey down! Ho down! Derry down,

**ALL D**  
 Among the leaves so green-o.

**D 1**  
 To my hey down down!

**A 2 D** **A**  
 To my ho down down!

**D 1** **2**  
 Hey down! Ho down!



## PASTURES OF PLENTY

Words and music by Woodie Guthrie

<sup>Am</sup>  
It's a mighty hard row that my poor  
hands have hoed.

<sup>C</sup>  
My poor feet has traveled a hot  
<sup>Am</sup>  
dusty road.

Out of the dust bowl and westward  
<sup>Em</sup>  
we rolled

And your deserts was hot and your  
<sup>Am</sup>  
<sup>F</sup> mountains was cold. <sup>Am</sup>

I work in your orchards of peaches  
and prunes,  
I slept in the ground in the light  
of the moon;  
On the edge of the city you'll see  
us and then,  
We come with the dust and we go with  
the wind.

California, Arizona, I make all your  
crops,  
Well, it's north up to Oregon to  
gather your hops;  
Dig the beets from your ground, cut  
the grapes from your vine,  
To set on your table your light  
sparkling wine.

Green pastures of plenty from dry  
desert ground,  
From the Grand Coulee Dam where the  
waters run down;  
Every state in the Union us migrant  
has been,  
We'll work in this fight and we'll  
fight till we win.

It's always we rambled, that river  
and I,  
All along your green valley I work  
till I die;  
My land I'll defend with my life if  
need be,  
'Cause my pastures of plenty must  
always be free.

## FOLLOW THE DRINKIN' GOURD

Song of the underground railroad.

### CHORUS

<sup>A</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
Follow the drinking gourd,  
<sup>A</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
Follow the drinking gourd,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
For the old man is a-waitin'  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Bm</sup>  
For to carry you to freedom  
<sup>Em</sup> <sup>Bm</sup>  
If you follow the drinking  
<sup>Em</sup>  
gourd.

<sup>Am</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
Well, the river bank makes a  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
mighty good road,

<sup>Am</sup>  
The dead trees will show you  
<sup>Em</sup>  
the way.

<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
On the left foot, peg foot,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>B7</sup>  
travelling on-  
<sup>Em</sup> <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
Follow the drinking gourd.  
(chorus)

When the sun comes up and the  
first quail calls,  
Follow the drinking gourd,  
For the old man is a-waitin'  
for to carry you to free-  
dom  
If you follow the drinking  
gourd. (cho.)

The river ends between two  
hills,  
Follow the drinking gourd,  
There's another river on the  
other side  
If you follow the drinking  
gourd. (cho.)



## SPRINGHILL DISASTER

Words and music by Ewan MacColl  
and Peggy Seeger.

*Am G Am*  
In the town of Springhill, Nova  
*Em*  
Scotia,  
*Am C D*  
Down in the dark of the Cumber-  
*Am*  
land mines,  
*D*  
There's blood on the coal and the  
*G E*  
miners lie  
*Am G Am*  
In a road that's never seen sun  
*Em*  
nor sky,  
*Am D Am*  
A road that's never seen sun  
*E*  
nor sky.

In the town of Springhill, you  
don't sleep easy,  
Often the earth will tremble and  
roll.  
When the earth is restless,  
miners die,  
Bone and blood is the price of  
coal. (repeat last line)

In the town of Springhill, Nova  
Scotia,  
Late in the year of fifty-eight,  
Day still comes and the sun  
still shines,  
But it's dark as a grave in the  
Cumberland mines...

Down at the coalface, miners  
working,  
Rattle of the belt and the  
cutter's blade,  
Rumble of the rocks and the walls  
cave round,  
Living and the dead man two miles  
down...

Three days passed and the lamps  
gave out  
And Caleb Rustin, he ups and  
says,  
"There's no more water or light  
or bread,  
So we'll live on songs and hope  
instead..."

Twelve men lay two miles from  
the pitshaft,  
Twelve men lay in the dark and  
sang.  
Long, hot days in a miner's tomb-  
It was three feet high and a  
hundred long...

Listen for the shouts of the  
bareface miners,  
Listen through the rubble for a  
rescue team-  
Six hundred feet of coal and  
slag-  
Hope imprisoned in a three-foot  
seam...

Eight long days and some were  
rescued,  
Leaving the dead to lie alone.  
Through all their lives, they  
dug their graves,  
Two miles of earth for a marking  
stone...



JUST THE FACTS MA'AM

This song is really two songs. The first, BORN ABOUT TEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO, was written in the late nineteenth century. The other, JUST A LONESOME TRAVELER, was written by Woodie Guthrie. They are supposed to be sung alternately, and the first verses simultaneously.

<sup>G</sup>  
A. I was born about ten thousand years  
<sup>D<sub>1</sub></sup>  
ago,

There ain't nothing in the world that  
<sup>G</sup>  
I don't know.

<sup>C</sup> I saw Peter, Paul and Moses playing ring-  
<sup>G</sup>  
a-round-the-rosie

<sup>D<sub>1</sub></sup>  
And I can whip the guy that says it isn't  
<sup>G</sup>  
so.

<sup>G</sup>  
B. I'm just a lonesome traveler, the  
<sup>D<sub>1</sub></sup>  
great historical bum.

<sup>G</sup>  
Highly educated, from history I've  
come.

<sup>C</sup> I built the Rock of Ages, twas in the  
<sup>G</sup>  
year of One;

<sup>D<sub>1</sub></sup>  
And that was about the biggest thing  
<sup>G</sup>  
that man has ever done.

A.  
I saw Satan when he looked the Garden  
o'er,  
I saw Eve and Adam driven from the  
door.  
From behind the bushes peeping saw the  
apple they was eatin'  
And I'll swear that I'm the guy what  
ate the core.

B.  
Well, I BUILT the Garden of Eden, it  
was in the year of two,  
Joined the Apple Pickers Union, and I  
always paid my dues.  
I'm the man that signed the contract  
to Raise the Rising Sun  
And that's about the biggest thing  
that man has ever done.

A.  
I taught Samson how to use his mighty  
hands,  
Showed Columbus.....this happy land  
And for Pharaoh's little kiddies  
built all the pyramids,  
And to the Sahara carried all the  
sand.

B.  
I was straw boss on the pyramids, the  
Tower of Babel too.  
I opened up the ocean, let the  
migrant children through;  
Well, I fought a million battles, and  
I never lost a one,  
And that's about the biggest thing  
that man has ever done.

A.  
I taught Solomon his little ABC's  
I was the first one ate Limburger  
cheese,  
And while sailing down the bay with  
Methuselah one day,  
I saved his flowing whiskers from  
the breeze .

B.  
Well, I was in the Revolution when  
we set this country free.  
It was me and a couple of Indians  
that dumped the Boston Tea,  
Well, I won the battle of Valley  
Forge and the Battle of  
Bully Run,  
And that's about the biggest thing  
that man has ever done.





Songs of Love  
and Lament

THE FIRST TIME EVER I SAW  
YOUR FACE

Words and music by Ewan MacColl

<sup>E</sup> <sup>B7</sup>  
The first time ever I saw your  
<sup>E</sup>  
face

I thought the sun rose in your  
<sup>G#m</sup>  
eyes

<sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup> <sup>F#m</sup> <sup>B7</sup>  
And the moon and stars were the  
<sup>E</sup>  
gifts you gave

<sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
To the dark and empty skies,

<sup>E</sup>  
my love,

<sup>D</sup> <sup>B7</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
To the dark and empty skies.

SHADY GROVE

Old fiddle and banjo piece, as  
sung by Jean Ritchie.

<sup>EM</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Cheeks as red as the blooming

rose,  
<sup>EM</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Eyes of the deepest brown,

You sre the darling of my heart,  
<sup>D</sup>

<sup>EM</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>EM</sup>  
Stay till the sun goes down.

Shady Grove, my little love,  
Shady Grove, my dear,  
Shady Grove, my little love,  
I'm goin' to leave you here.

Shady Grove, my little love,  
Standin' in the door,  
Shoes and stockin's in her hand  
And her bare feet on the floor.

Wisht I had a big, fine horse,  
Corn to feed him on,  
Pretty little girl, stay at home,  
Feed him when I'm gone.

Shady Grove, my little love,  
Shady Grove, I say,  
Shady Grove, my little love,  
Don't wait till Judgement Day.



The first time ever I kissed your  
lips,  
I felt the earth move in my hand  
Like the trembling heart of a captive  
bird,  
That was there at my command,  
my love,  
That was there at my command.

The first time ever I lay with you,  
And felt your heart beat close to  
mine,  
I thought our joy would fill the earth,  
And last 'till the end of time,  
my love,  
And last 'till the end of time.

English Ballad

As <sup>C</sup> we <sup>Am</sup> marched <sup>F</sup> down to <sup>C</sup> Fernario,  
 As we marched down to Fernario,  
 Our captain fell in love with a  
 lady like a <sup>Am</sup> dove,  
 And the name she was called was  
 pretty Peggy-O.

Come, go along with me, pretty  
 Peggy-O (2)  
 In coaches you shall ride with  
 your true at you side,  
 Just as grand as any lady in the  
 areo.

What would your mother think,  
 pretty Peggy-O? (2)  
 What would your mother think  
 for to hear the guineas clink  
 And soldiers all are marching  
 before ye-o.

You're the man that I adore,  
 handsome Willy-O (2)  
 You're the man that I adore, but  
 your fortune is too low,  
 I'm afraid my mother would be  
 angry-o.

Come a-trippin' down the stair,  
 pretty Peggy-O (2)  
 Come a-trippin' down the stair  
 and tie up your yellow hair,  
 Bid a last farewell to handsome  
 Willy-O.

If I ever return, pretty Peggy-O,  
 If I ever return, pretty Peggy-O,  
 If ever I return, the city I will  
 burn  
 And destroy all the ladies in the  
 areo.

Our captain, he is dead, pretty  
 Peggy-O (2)  
 Our captain, he is dead and he  
 died for a maid,  
 And he's buried in the Louisiana  
 country-o.

WHEN FIRST UNTO THIS COUNTRY

As sung by Peggy Seeger

<sup>C</sup> When first unto this country <sup>G7</sup>  
<sup>F</sup> A stranger I came. <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>F</sup> I courted a fair maid <sup>G7</sup>  
<sup>F</sup> And Nancy was her name. <sup>C</sup>

I courted her for love,  
 Her love I didn't obtain.  
 Do you think I've any reason  
 Or right to complain?

I rode to see my Nancy  
 I rode both day and night,  
 I courted dearest Nancy  
 My own heart's true delight,

I rode to see my Nancy,  
 I rode both night and day.  
 Till I stole a stallion  
 Both white-looking and gray.

The sheriff's men had followed  
 And overtaken me.  
 They carted me away  
 To the penitentiary.

They opened up the door  
 And then they shoved me in;  
 They shaved off my hair  
 And they cleared off my chin.

They beat me and they banded me,  
 They fed me on dry beans,  
 Till I wished with my own heart  
 I'd never been a thief.

With my hands in my pockets,  
 My cap set on so bold,  
 And a coat, of all colors  
 Like Jacob's coat of old.



PRETTY POLLY

Southern mountain ballad

<sup>Em</sup>  
 I courted pretty Polly the live  
 long day,  
 I courted pretty Polly the live <sup>G</sup>  
 long night, <sup>Em</sup>  
 Then I left her next morning  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
 Before it was light.

Oh, Polly, pretty Polly, come away  
 with me. (2X)  
 Before we get married some pleasure  
 to see.

He led her over fields and valleys  
 so wide. (2)  
 Until pretty Polly, she fell by  
 his side.

Oh, Willy, oh Willy, I'm feared of  
 your ways. (2)  
 Feared you will lead my poor body  
 astray.

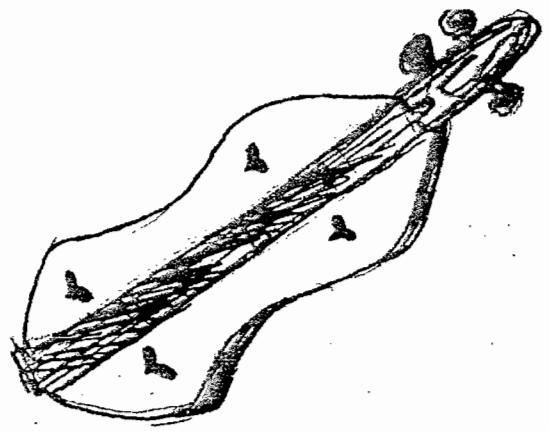
Polly, pretty Polly, you're guessing  
 just right. (2)  
 I dug your grave the best part of  
 last night.

She threw her arms around him and  
 trembled with fear. (2)  
 How can you kill the poor girl that  
 loves you so dear?

There's no time to talk and there's no  
 time to stand. (2)  
 Then he drew his knife all in his right  
 hand.

He stabbed her to the heart and her  
 heart's blood did flow. (2)  
 And into the grave pretty Polly did  
 go.

Then he threw a little dirt over her  
 and started for home. (2)  
 Leaving no one behind but the wild  
 birds to mourn.



I'M JUST A COUNTRY BOY

Words and music by Fred Brooks and Marshall Barer.

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 I ain't gonna marry in the Fall,  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 I ain't gonna marry in the Spring;  
<sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
 For I'm in love with a pretty little  
<sup>Am</sup>  
 girl  
<sup>Dm7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
 Who wears a diamond ring; And

CHORUS

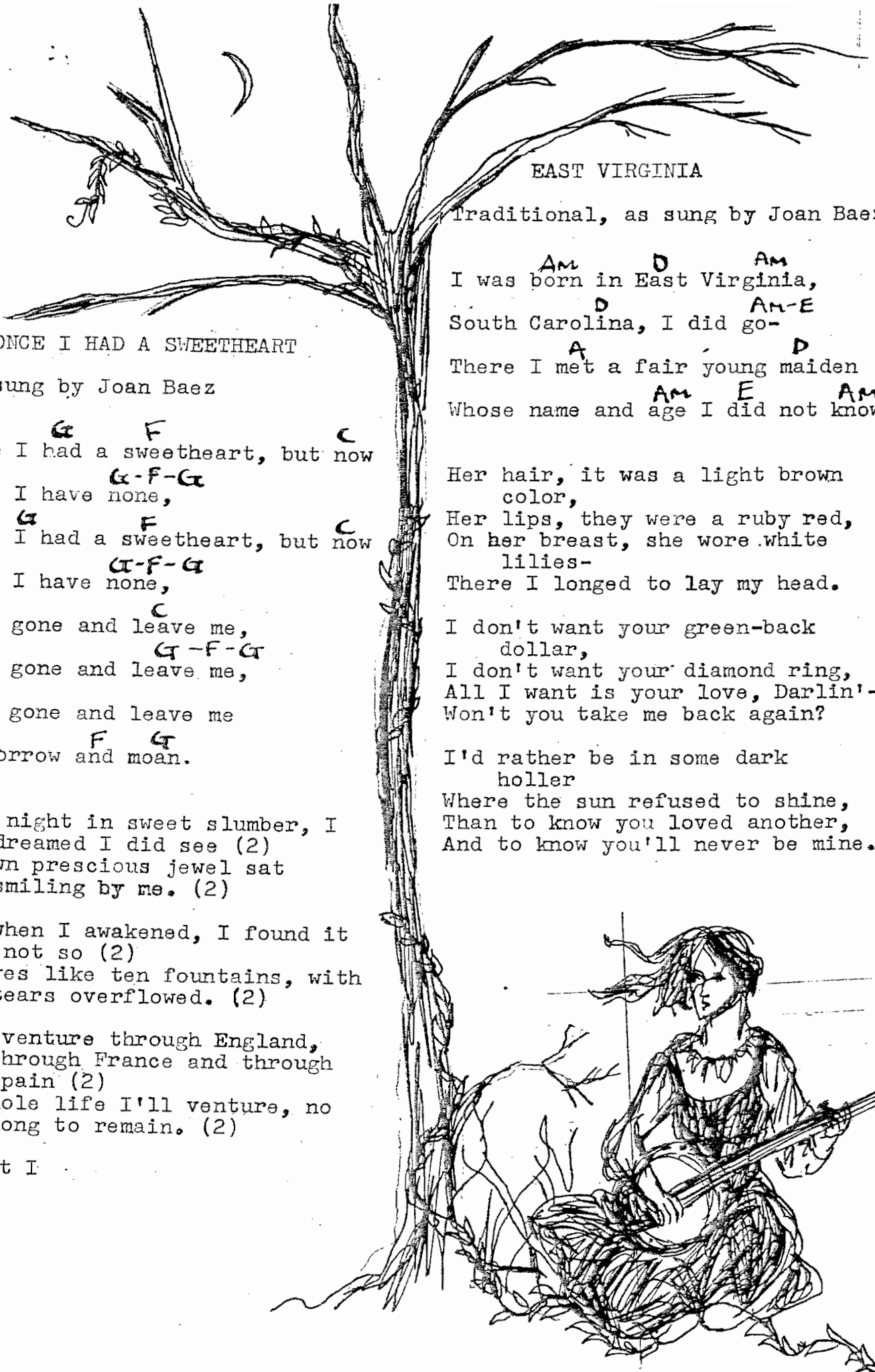
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>Dm7</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
 I'm just a country boy  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
 Money have I none,  
<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
 But I've got silver in the stars  
<sup>Dm7</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
 And gold in the morning sun, the sun  
<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 And gold in the morning sun.

I'm never gonna kiss the ruby lips  
 Of the prettiest girl in town;  
 I'm never gonna ask her if she'd  
 marry me  
 For I know she'd turn me down; cause

CHORUS

I never could afford a store-bought  
 ring  
 With a sparkling diamond stone;  
 All I could afford was a loving  
 heart,  
 The only one I own.

CHORUS



EAST VIRGINIA

Traditional, as sung by Joan Baez

I was <sup>Am</sup> born in <sup>D</sup> East <sup>Am</sup> Virginia,  
South <sup>D</sup> Carolina, I did <sup>Am-E</sup> go-  
There I met <sup>A</sup> a fair young <sup>D</sup> maiden  
Whose name and <sup>Am</sup> age I did not <sup>E</sup> know <sup>Am</sup>

Her hair, it was a light brown  
color,  
Her lips, they were a ruby red,  
On her breast, she wore white  
lilies-  
There I longed to lay my head.

I don't want your green-back  
dollar,  
I don't want your diamond ring,  
All I want is your love, Darlin'-  
Won't you take me back again?

I'd rather be in some dark  
holler  
Where the sun refused to shine,  
Than to know you loved another,  
And to know you'll never be mine.

ONCE I HAD A SWEETHEART

As sung by Joan Baez

<sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Once I had a sweetheart, but now  
I have none, <sup>G-F-G</sup>  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Once I had a sweetheart, but now  
I have none, <sup>G-F-G</sup>

<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
He's gone and leave me,  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>G-F-G</sup>  
He's gone and leave me,  
<sup>G</sup>  
He's gone and leave me  
To sorrow and moan. <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup>

Last night in sweet slumber, I  
dreamed I did see (2)  
My own precious jewel sat  
smiling by me. (2)

But when I awakened, I found it  
not so (2)  
My eyes like ten fountains, with  
tears overflowed. (2)

I'll venture through England,  
through France and through  
Spain (2)  
My whole life I'll venture, no  
long to remain. (2)

Repeat I





GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

Negro spiritual

Chorus

<sup>E</sup>  
Go tell it on the mountain,  
<sup>B7</sup> Over the hills and everywhere, <sup>E A B7</sup>  
<sup>E</sup>  
Go tell it on the mountain  
<sup>A E B7 E</sup>  
That Jesus Christ is born,  
<sup>A E</sup>  
Hallelujah!

<sup>B7 E</sup>  
When I was a learner,  
<sup>B7 E</sup>  
I sought both night and day,  
<sup>Bb E</sup>  
I asked the Lord to help me  
<sup>A E B7 E</sup>  
And he showed me the way.

While shepherds kept their watch,  
O'er wand'ring flock by night,  
Behold throughout salvation  
There shone the holy light. (cho.)

He made me a watchman  
Upon the city wall  
And if I am a Christian,  
I am the least of all. (cho.)

And lo, when they had seen it,  
They all bowed down and prayed,  
Then travelled on together,  
To where the Babe was laid. (cho.)

# Spirituals

VIRGIN MARY

Negro Christmas folksong, as  
sung by Peggy Seeger.

<sup>Am Dm Am F</sup>  
The Virgin Mary had a one son, mmm  
<sup>Dm G C-AM</sup>  
Glory hallelujah, mmm,  
<sup>C Am</sup>  
Pretty little baby,  
<sup>C E7 Am</sup>  
Glory to the newborn King.

Mary, what you gonna name that  
pretty little baby...

Some call him a one thing,  
think I'll name him Jesus...

Some call him a one thing,  
think I'll name him  
Emanuel...



TWELVE GATES TO THE CITY

Spiritual, as sung by Rev. Gary Davis.

Oh, what a beautiful city,  
Oh, what a beautiful city,  
Oh, what a beautiful city,  
Twelve gates to the city-  
Hallelu---yah!

Who are those children dressed  
in red?

There's twelve gates to the city-  
hallelu---yah!

It must be the children that  
Moses led.

There's twelve gates to the city-  
hallelu---yah! (cho.)

My God done just what He said...  
He healed the sick and raised the  
dead... (cho.)

When I get to heaven, gonna sing  
and shout...  
Ain't nobody there gonna toss me  
out... (cho.)

Who are those children dressed  
in black?...  
They must be the children that  
never came back... (cho.)

Well, if you see my dear old  
mother,  
Why don't you tell her please  
for me  
That I can't wait to see her  
Way over in Galilee... (cho.)

EZEKIAL SAW THE WHEEL

Spiritual

CHORUS:

Ezekial saw the wheel  
Way up in the middle of the air.  
Ezekial saw the wheel  
Way in the middle of the air.

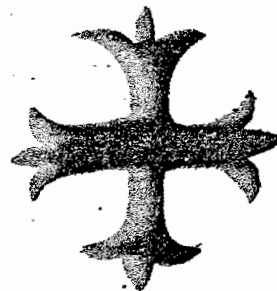
The big wheel runs by faith  
Little wheel runs by the grace of

God,  
A wheel in a wheel,  
Way in the middle of the air.

I'll tell you what a hypocrite'll

do,  
Way in the middle of the air,  
He'll talk about me and he'll talk  
about you,  
Way in the middle of the air.

CHORUS



# Freedom and Topical



## PLAYBOYS AND PLAYGIRLS

Words and music by Bob Dylan.

You <sup>A</sup>playboys and <sup>D</sup>playgirls  
<sup>A</sup>Ain't a-gonna ruin my world,  
<sup>E</sup>Ain't a-gonna ruin my world,  
<sup>C</sup>Ain't a-gonna ruin my <sup>A</sup>world.  
You <sup>A</sup>playboys and <sup>D</sup>playgirls  
<sup>A</sup>Ain't a-gonna ruin my world,  
<sup>D</sup>Not now or <sup>E</sup>no <sup>A</sup>other time.

You Goldwaters and Rockwells...

You Birchers and Bilbos...

You race-haters and segre-  
gators...

Repeat first verse

## SOLDIERS IN THE ARMY

Adaptation of traditional song  
by members of SNCC.

### CHORUS

<sup>G</sup>We are soldiers in <sup>D7</sup>the army  
We've got to fight <sup>G</sup>although  
we've <sup>C</sup>got to <sup>G</sup>cry.  
We've got to <sup>G7</sup>hold up the <sup>C</sup>freedom  
banner-<sup>G</sup>  
We've got to hold it up until we <sup>D7</sup>  
<sup>G</sup>die.

<sup>G</sup>My mother was a soldier, <sup>D7</sup>  
She had her <sup>G</sup>hand on the <sup>D7</sup>gospel  
plow,  
<sup>G</sup>But one day, she got old,  
Couldn't <sup>C</sup>fight anymore,  
But she <sup>G</sup>stood there and <sup>D7</sup>fought  
<sup>G</sup>anyhow. (cho.)

I'm glad I am a soldier,  
I've got my hand on the gospel  
plow,  
But one day, I'll get old, I  
can't fight anymore,  
I'll just stand here and fight  
on anyhow. (cho.)

I know I've been converted,  
And of this, I am not ashamed  
I was standing right there at  
the station  
When the Holy Ghost signed my  
name. (cho.)

UNION MAID

Woodie Guthrie and Redwing.

<sup>E<sub>7</sub> A</sup> There once was a union maid  
<sup>D A</sup> Who never was afraid  
<sup>E A</sup> Of goons and ginks and company  
 finks  
<sup>B</sup> And the deputy sheriffs that  
<sup>E</sup> made the raids.  
<sup>A</sup> She went to the union hall,  
<sup>D A</sup> When a meeting, it was called,  
<sup>E A</sup> And when the company boys  
 came 'round,  
<sup>E A</sup> She always stood her ground.

CHORUS

<sup>A D</sup> Oh, no, you can't scare me,  
<sup>A</sup> I'm stickin' to the union,  
<sup>E</sup> I'm stickin' to the union,  
<sup>A</sup> I'm stickin' to the union.  
<sup>D</sup> Oh, no, you can't scare me,  
<sup>A</sup> I'm stickin' to the union,  
<sup>E</sup> I'm stickin' to the union  
<sup>A</sup> Till the day I die.

The union maid was wise  
 To the bricks of the company  
 spies,  
 She couldn't be fooled by the  
 company stools-  
 She'd always organize the guys.  
 She'd always get her way  
 When she asked for better pay,  
 She'd show her card to the  
 company guard  
 And this is what she'd say:  
 (chorus)

I DON'T WANT YOUR MILLIONS, MISTER

Words by Jim Garland, to the tune of "Greenback Dollar."

<sup>G<sub>7</sub> C G<sub>7</sub> C</sup> I don't want you millions, mister,  
<sup>G<sub>7</sub> F G<sub>7</sub> C</sup> I don't want your diamond ring,  
<sup>G<sub>7</sub> F G<sub>7</sub></sup> All I want is the right to live,  
<sup>C-D<sub>7</sub></sup> mister,  
<sup>G<sub>7</sub> C</sup> Give me back my job again.  
 I don't want your Rolls-Royce,  
 mister;  
 I don't want your pleasure yacht;  
 All I want is food for my babies,  
 Give to me my old job back.

We worked to build this country,  
 mister,  
 While you enjoyed a life of ease,  
 You've stolen all that we've  
 built, mister,  
 Now, our children starve and  
 freeze.

Think me dumb, if you wish,  
 mister,  
 Call me green or blue or red;  
 This one thing, I sure know,  
 mister,  
 My hungry babies must be fed.

Take these two old parties,  
 mister,  
 No difference in them I can see,  
 But with a Farmer-Labor Party,  
 We could set the people free.



Now, you gals who want to be  
 free,  
 Just take a little tip from me;  
 Get you a man who's a union man  
 And fight together for liberty;  
 Married life ain't hard  
 When you got a union card,  
 And a union man leads a happy  
 life  
 When he's got a union wife.  
 (cho.)

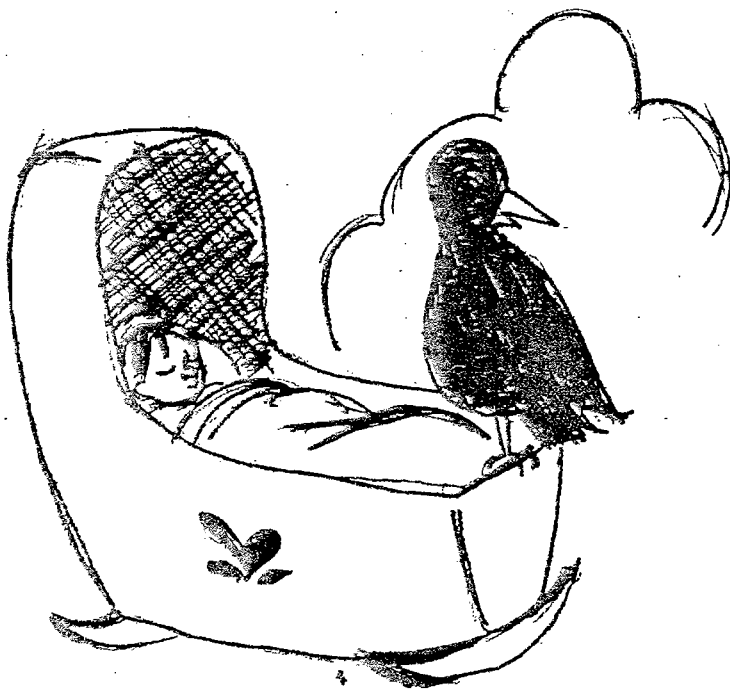
THE KLAN

<sup>Am</sup>  
The country side was cold and still  
<sup>Em</sup>  
There was a cross upon the hill.  
<sup>Am</sup>  
This cold cross wore a burning hood  
<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
To hide its rotten heart of wood.  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
Father, I hear the iron sound  
<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
Of hoofbeats on the frozen ground.

Down from the hills, the riders came  
Jesus, it was a crying shame  
To see the blood upon their whips  
And hear the snarling of their lips.  
Mother, I feel a stabbing pain,  
Blood flows down like the summer rain.

Now, each one wore a mask of white  
To hide his cruel face from sight,  
And each one sucked a little breath  
Out of the empty lungs of death.  
Sister, lift my bloody head-  
It's so lonesome to be dead.

He who travels with the Klan  
Is a monster, not a man,  
For underneath that white disguise,  
I have looked into his eyes.  
Brother, come and stand with me-  
It's not easy to be free.



CROW ON THE CRADLE

<sup>Am</sup>  
The sheep's in the meadow, the  
cow's in the corn-  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
Now is the time for a child to  
<sup>Am</sup>  
be born.  
He'll cry for the moon and  
laugh at the sun,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
And if he's a boy, he will carry  
<sup>Am</sup>  
a gun,  
<sup>D-E</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
Sang the crow on the cradle.  
And if it should be that our  
baby's a girl,  
Never you mind if her hair  
doesn't curl.  
With rings on her fingers and  
bells on her toes,  
And a bomber above her wherever  
she goes,  
Sang the crow on the cradle.  
Rock-a-bye, baby, the Dark and  
the Light,  
Somebody's baby was born for a  
fight.  
Rock-a-bye, baby, the white and  
the black,  
Somebody's baby is not coming  
back,  
Sang the crow on the cradle.  
Your mammy and pappy, they'll  
scrimp and they'll save,  
Build you a coffin and dig you  
a grave.  
So hushabye, little one, why do  
you weep?  
We've got a toy that can put  
you to sleep,  
Sang the crow on the cradle.  
Bring me a gun and I'll shoot  
that bird dead,  
That's what your mammy and  
pappy once said.  
Oh, crow on the cradle, now  
what shall I do?  
That is a thing that I leave up  
to you,  
Sang the crow on the cradle.

## BANKS OF MARBLE

Words and music by Les Rice.

I've travelled 'round this  
country,  
From shore to shining shore;  
It really makes me wonder,  
The things I heard and saw.

I saw the weary farmer  
Plowing sod and loam,  
I saw the auction hammer  
A-knocking down his home.

### CHORUS

But, the banks are made of  
marble  
With a guard at every door,  
And the vaults are stuffed  
with silver  
That the farmer sweated for.

I saw the seaman standing  
Idly by the shore,  
I heard the bosses saying,  
"Got no work for you no more."  
(cho.-seaman)

I saw the weary miner  
Scrubbing coal dust from his  
back,  
I heard his children crying,  
"Got no coal to heat the  
shack." (cho.-miner)

I've seen my brothers working  
Throughout this mighty land.  
I've prayed we'd get together  
And together, make a stand.

Then, we'd own those banks of  
marble,  
With a guard at every door,  
And we'd share these vaults of  
silver  
That the people sweated for!

## ONE MAN'S HANDS

Words by Alex Comfort, music  
by Pete Seeger.

One man's hands can't break a  
prison down,  
Two man's hands can't break a  
prison down,  
But if two and two and fifty  
make a million,

### Refrain

We'll see that day come round,  
We'll see that day come round.

One man's voice can't shout to  
make them hear,  
Two man's voices can't shout to  
make them hear,  
But if two and two and fifty  
make a million....

One man's strength can't ban  
the atom bomb...

One man's strength can't break  
the color bar...

One man's feet can't walk  
around the land...

One man's eyes can't see the way  
ahead...



HIROSHIMA

To the tune of "Silkie".

I come and stand at every door,  
 But none can hear my silent tread.  
 I knock and yet remain unseen,  
 For I am dead, for I am dead.

I'm only seven though I died  
 In Hiroshima long ago.  
 I'm seven now, as I was then-  
 When children die, they do not grow.

My hair was scorched by swirling  
 flames,  
 My eyes grew dim, my eyes grew blind  
 Death came and turned my bones to  
 dust,  
 And that was scattered by the wind.

I need no fruit, I need no rice,  
 I need no sweets nor even bread;  
 I ask for nothing for myself,  
 For I am dead, for I am dead.

All that I ask is that for peace  
 You fight today, you fight today,  
 So that the children of the world  
 May live and grow and laugh and  
 play.



UNITED NATIONS

Music based on a Negro spiritual,  
 Words by People's Songs members,  
 arranged by Samuel Matowsky.

United Nations makes a chain,  
 Every link is freedom's name,  
 Keep your hand on that plow,  
 hold on.

CHORUS

Hold on, hold on.  
 Keep your hand on that plow,  
 Hold on.

STRANGEST DREAM

Words and music by Ed McCurdy.

Last night, I had the strangest  
 dream  
 I'd never dreamed before-  
 I dreamed the world had all  
 agreed  
 To put an end to war.

I dreamed I saw a mighty room,  
 The room was full of men,  
 And the paper they were signing  
 said  
 They'd never fight again.

And when the paper was all  
 signed  
 And a million copies made,  
 They all joined hands and  
 bowed their heads  
 And grateful prayers were  
 prayed.

And the people in the streets  
 below  
 Were dancing round and round,  
 And swords and guns and uniforms  
 Were scattered on the ground.

Repeat first verse



Now the war is over and done,  
 Keep the peace that we have won,  
 Keep your hand on that plow,  
 hold on! (cho.)

Freedom's name is mighty sweet;  
 Black and white are gonna meet-  
 Keep your hand on that plow,  
 hold on! (cho.)

Many men have fought and died  
 So we could be here, side by  
 side-  
 Keep your hand on that plow,  
 hold on! (cho.)