BUG Jam Songs for June 2013

O Canada

BUG Jam Nite
★ Big Hair by Fred Eaglesmith in C
★ Big Joe Mufferaw by Stompin' Tom Connors in A
★ Breakfast in Hell by Slaid Cleaves in Bm
★ CALL OF ANGELS by Hal Brolund in C
★ Canadian Pacific by Ray Griff in C
★ Canadian Railroad Trilogy in D
★ C'est L'aviron by Traditional - The Travellers in C
★ CITADEL HILL by Folk Song in G
★ Crazy as a Loon by John Prine/Pat McLaughlin in G
★ Farewell to Nova Scotia by McGinty in Em
★ Four Strong Winds by Neil Young in C
★ Good Old Hockey Game by Stompin' Tom Connors in C
★ Happy Together by The Turtles in Am
★ I'se the b'y by Traditional in G
★ Jack was Every Inch a Sailor by Traditional Newfoundland folk song in C
★ Johnny Cash Is a Good Dog by Charles de Lint in Bm
★ KELLIGREWS SOIREE by Irish Folksong in C
★ Maybe Tomorrow (Theme from The Littlest Hobo) by Terry Bush in F
★ Long Long Road by David Francey in C
★ Long May You Run by Neil Young in D
★ Lucille by Fred Eaglesmith in C
★ Morning Train by David Francey in Dm
★ Navajo Rug by Tom Russell & Ian Tyson in G
★ Northwest Passage by Stan Rogers in D
★ O CANADA by Calixa Lavallée in G
★ OLD BLUE TRUCK by Charles de Lint in D
★ One of Us Can Not Be Wrong by Leonard Cohen in A
★ Snowbird by Gene McLellan in G
★ Someday Soon by Ian Tyson in G
★ Something to Sing About by Oscar Brand in G
★ Summerlea by Fred Eaglesmith in Am
★ SUNDOWN by Gordon Lightfoot in G
★ Suzanne by Leonard Cohen in G
★ The Opeongo Line by Karen Taylor in Am
★ The Squid-Jiggin' Ground by Arthur R. Scammell in A
★ The Train in Me by Brock Zeman in D
★ This Land is Your Land by The Travellers in F
★ We all Fall Down by Freeman Dre & the Kitchen Party in F
Well there's something 'bout my baby, I'm not really sure
But it makes other people stop and look at her
It's not the way she walks, it's not the clothes she wears
My baby's got big hair

She's said it's her religion, I asked her what that was
She says the higher the hair, the closer to God
But I guess there'll always be some things, we ain't gonna share
My baby's got big hair

The other day she's running up on Miller's Ridge
She didn't check the sign, she got stuck beneath the bridge
It took the cops an hour to get her out of there
My baby's got big hair
Now when I take her picture, just to get her in
I turn the camera sideways, use a wide angle lens
It makes people laugh, but she don't seem to care
My baby's got big hair

Big Hair
refrain 1:
A7          G          D
Heave-hi, Heave-hi-ho

A7          D
the best man in Ottawa was Mufferaw Joe, Mufferaw Joe

refrain 2:
D          G
Big Joe Mufferaw paddled into Mattawa

D          A7
All the way from Ottawa in just one day - hey-hey

D          G
On the river Ottawa the best man we ever saw

D          A7
was Big Joe Mufferaw the old folks say

D          A7          D
come and listen and I'll tell you what the old folks say

D          G
And they say Big Joe had an old pet frog

D          A7
bigger than a horse and he barked like a dog

D          G
And the only thing quicker than a train upon a track
was Big Joe riding on the bull-frog's back

refrain 1:
A7          G          D
Heave-hi, Heave-hi-ho

A7          D
the best man in Ottawa was Mufferaw Joe, Mufferaw Joe

D          G
And they say Big Joe used to get real wet
D          A7
from cutting down timber and working up a sweat
D          G
and everyone 'll tell you around Carlton Place
D          A7          D
the Mississippi dripped off of Big Joe's face

refrain 1:
A7          G          D
Heave-hi, Heave-hi-ho

A7          D
the best man in Ottawa was Mufferaw Joe, Mufferaw Joe

D          G
Now Joe had the portage from the Gatineau down
D          A7
to see a little girl he had in Kempville town
D          G
he was back and forth so many times to see that gal
D          A7          D
the path he wore became the Rideau Canal
refrain 1:
A7          G          D
Heave-hi, Heave-hi-ho

A7          D
the best man in Ottawa was Mufferaw Joe, Mufferaw Joe

refrain 2:
D          G
Big Joe Mufferaw paddled into Mattawa
D          A7
All the way from Ottawa in just one day - hey-hey
D          G
On the river Ottawa the best man we ever saw
D          A7
was Big Joe Mufferaw the old folks say
D          A7          D
come and listen and I'll tell you what the old folks say

D          G
Now they say Big Joe put out a forest fire,
D          A7
halfway between Renfrew and old Arnprior
D          G
he was fifty miles away down a-round Smith Falls
D          A7          D
but he drowneded out the fire with five spit balls

refrain 1:
A7          G          D
Heave-hi, Heave-hi-ho

A7          D
the best man in Ottawa was Mufferaw Joe, Mufferaw Joe

D          G
And he jumped into the Calabogie Lake real fast
and he swam both ways to catch a cross-eyed-bass
but he threw it on the ground and said "I can't eat that"

so he covered it over with Mount Saint Pat

refrain 1:
A7     G      D
Heave-hi, Heave-hi-ho

the best man in Ottawa was Mufferaw Joe, Mufferaw Joe

And they say Big Joe drank a bucket of gin
and he beat the livin' tar out of twenty-nine men
and high on the ceiling of the Pembroke Pub
there's twenty-nine boot marks and they're signed with love

refrain 1:
A7     G      D
Heave-hi, Heave-hi-ho

the best man in Ottawa was Mufferaw Joe, Mufferaw Joe

refrain 2:
D     G
Big Joe Mufferaw paddled into Mattawa
All the way from Ottawa in just one day - hey-hey
On the river Ottawa the best man we ever saw
D  A7
was Big Joe Mufferaw the old folks say
D  A7   D
come and listen and I'll tell you what the old folks say

D
Big Joe Mufferaw, Big Joe Mufferaw, Big Joe Mufferaw...

Big Joe Mufferaw
Breakfast in Hell
Slaid Cleaves

Key of Bm

Bm D A Bm
In the melting snows of On-tario where the wind'll make you shiver
Bm D A Bm
Twas the month of May up in Georgian Bay near the mouth of the Musquash River
D A D A Bm
Where the bears prowl and the coyotes howl and you can hear the osprey scream
A D A Bm
Back in '99 we were cutting pine and sending it down the stream

Bm D A Bm
Young Sandy Gray came to Go Home Bay all the way from P.E.I.
Bm D A Bm
Where the weather's rough and it make's you tough, no man's afraid to die
D A D A Bm
Sandy came a smilin', 30,000 Islands was the place to claim his glory
A D A Bm
Now Sandy's gone but his name lives on and this is Sandy's story

D Bm D Bm
Young Sandy Gray lives on today in the echoes of a mighty yell
A D A Bm
Listen close and you'll hear a ghost in this story that I tell, boys
D A Bm
This story that I tell
Now Sandy Gray was boss of the men who'd toss the trees onto the shore
They'd come and go til they'd built a floe, 100,000 logs or more
And he'd ride 'em down to Severn Sound to cut 'em up in the mills for timber
And ships would haul spring summer and fall til the ice came in December

One Sabbath day big Sandy Gray came into town with a peavy on his shoulder
With a thundercrack he dropped his axe and the room got a little colder
Said, Come on all of you, we got work to do, we gotta give 'er all we can give 'er
There's a jam of logs at the little jog near the mouth of the Musquash River

With no time to pray on the Lord's day they were hoping for God's forgiveness
But the jam was high in a troubled sky as they set about their business
They poked with their poles and ran with the rolls and tried to stay on their feet
Every trick they tried and one man cried, This log jam's got us beat

refrain:

But Sandy Gray was not afraid and he let out a mighty yell
I'll be damned, we'll break this jam, or it's breakfast in hell, boys
Breakfast in hell
Now every one of the men did the work of ten and Sandy scrambled to the top
He's working like a dog heaving 30 foot logs and it looked like he'd never stop
They struggled on these men so strong till the jam began to sway
Then they dove for cover to the banks of the river all except for Sandy Gray

Now with thoughts of death they held their breath as they saw their friend go down
They all knew in a second of two he'd be crushed or frozen or drowned
They saw him fall and they heard him call, just once and then it was over
Young Sandy Gray gave his life that day near the mouth of the Musquash River

refrain:
But Sandy Gray was not afraid and he let out a might yell
I'll be damned, we'll break this jam, or it's breakfast in hell, boys
Breakfast in hell

East of Giant's Tomb there's plenty of room, with no fences and no walls
And if you listen close you'll hear a ghost down by Sandy Gray Falls
Through the tops of the trees you'll hear in the breeze the echoes of a mighty yell
I'll be damned, we'll break this jam or it's breakfast in hell
And Sandy Gray lives on today in the echoes of a mighty yell
I'll be damned, we'll break this jam, or it's breakfast in hell, boys
Breakfast in hell

Breakfast in Hell
CALL OF ANGELS
Hal Brolund

I was ten when I first heard the call of angels
They were running through the bushes in my back yard
I never did know much about the gospel
But hearing angels never seemed that hard

CHORUS:
I got older I got wiser
I lived my life come what may
I still believe in the call of angels
I hear them every single day
Bb  F  C  Csus4
I can  still hear the call of  angels
Bb  F  C  Csus4
I can  still hear the call of  angels
Bb  F  C  Csus4
I can  still hear the call of  angels
Bb  F  C  Csus4
I can  still hear the call of  angels

C  Csus4  C
I remember fresh cut flowers
Csus4  C
The smell of momma's stale perfume
Csus4  C
She'd be out on the front porch singing
Csus4
Calling the angels to see us through

**CHORUS:**
G  F  C  Csus4
I got  older I got  wiser
G  F  C  Csus4
I lived my  life come what  may
G  F  C  Csus4
I still be-lieve in the call of  angels
G  F  C  Csus4
I hear them  every single  day

C  Csus4  C
Sometimes life deals you hard luck
Csus4  C
And you find trouble no matter what you do
Csus4  C
Lord I hope you’re listening somewhere
I need a few more angels to see me through

CALL OF ANGELS
Canadian Pacific
Ray Griff

Key of C

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>C</th>
<th>D7</th>
<th>G7</th>
<th>Dm</th>
<th>Am</th>
<th>F</th>
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<td>2 0 0 0</td>
<td>2 0 1 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

I C D7 G7

C Dm
I rode your ocean liner to Newfoundland
Am G7
Where I made a living in a iron mine
F G7
When I got my fill I went to Nova Scotia
D7 G7
And I fished the salty waters for a time

C Dm
Passing through Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick
Am G7
I could see the rocks and cliffs of solid stone
F G7
Listening to the seagulls calling to each other
C
Made me miss my darling and my distant home

D7 G7
Canadian Pacific
C
Carry me 3,000 miles
Through the valleys and the forests
G7 C
To the sunshine of her smile

Cross the plains and rugged mountains
G7 C
Keep this wandering boy from harm
F G7 C
Canadian Pacific take me to my baby's arms

The Atlantic disappeared on the horizon
Am G7
And Quebec lay waiting for me down the track
F G7
For a while I drove a truck to keep from starving
D7 G7
In Ontario I was a lumber jack

Manitoba and Saskatchewan then followed
Am G7
Where the wheat fields and the old Red River flow
F G7
In the quiet hours your whistling on the prairie
C D7 G7
Touched my heart and set my memories aglow

I could feel the nearness of her warm sweet kisses
Am G7
When you rolled into Alberta westward bound
F G7
I worked on an oil rig to make some money
For a D7 ticket to the sweetest girl around

C         Dm
Pushing on past Lake Louise in all its splendour
Am         G7
Where the trees and Rockies touch the sky above
F         G7
I got to British Columbia and heaven
C
On your track I made it back to my true love

D7       G7
Canadian Pacific
C
Carry me 3,000 miles
F
Through the valleys and the forests
G7       C
To the sunshine of her smile
Dm
Cross the plains and rugged mountains
G7       C
Keep the wandering boy from harm
F       G7       C
Canadian Pacific you took me to my baby's arms

Canadian Pacific
Canadian Railroad Trilogy

Key of D

D Am7 G D/C# G6 Asus4

D/C# 2224

Moderately

Intro:
I D Am7 D Am7 D

D G D D
There was a time in this fair land when the railroad did not run
D/C# G G6 Asus4

When the wild majestic mountains stood a-lone against the sun
D G D D

Long before the white man and long before the wheel
A C D Am7 D Am7 D

When the green dark forest was too silent to be real
But time has no beginnings and history has no bounds
As to this verdant country they came from all a-round
They sailed upon her waterways and they walked the forests tall
Built the mines, mills and factories for the good of us all

And when the young man's fancy was turnin' to the spring
The railroad men grew restless for to hear the hammers ring
Their minds were overflowing with the visions of their day
And many a fortune lost and won and many a debt to pay...
...For... they...

Brightly

looked in the future and what did they see
They saw an iron road running from the sea to the sea
Bringing the goods to a young growing land
All up from the seaports and into their hands

Look a-way said they a-cross this mighty land
From the eastern shore to the western strand
A                              Em
Bring in the workers and bring up the rails
        C                  D
We gotta lay down the tracks and tear up the trails
A                              Em
Open her heart let the life blood flow
        C                  D
Gotta get on our way 'cause we're moving too slow

A                              Em
Bring in the workers and bring up the rails
        C                  D
We're gonna lay down the tracks and tear up the trails
A                              Em
Open her heart let the life blood flow
        C                  D
Gotta get on our way 'cause we're moving too slow
C                              A                        A7/G
Get on our way 'cause we're moving too slow

Moderately (with harmonica)

D                                      G                  A7sus4
Be-hind the blue Rockies the sun is de-clining
D                                      G                  E7          A          A7
The stars they come stealing at the close of the day
D                                      G                  A7sus4
A-cross the wide prairie our loved ones lie sleeping
D                                      G                  A                  D
Be-yond the dark ocean in a place far a-way

D7                                      G                  A7sus4
We are the navvies who work upon the railway
D                                      G                  E7          A
Swinging our hammers in the bright blazing sun
Living on stew and drinking bad whiskey
Bending our backs til the long days are done

We are the navvies who work upon the railway
Swinging our hammers in the bright blazing sun
Layin’ down track and building the bridges
Bending our backs til the railroad is done...

So over the mountains and over the plains
Into the muskeg and into the rain
Up the St. Lawrence all the way to Gaspé
Swinging our hammers and drawing our pay
Layin' 'em in and tyin’ them down
A-way to the bunkhouse and into the town
A dollar a day and a place for my head
A drink to the living, a toast to the dead
Oh the song of the future has been sung
    D          Am7          D
All the battles have been won
    Am7          D
On the mountain tops we stand
    Am7          D
All the world at our com-mand
    Am7          D
We have opened up her soil
    Am7          A7sus4          A
With our teardrops and our toil ...

    D          G          D
For there...was a time in this fair land when the railroad did not run
    D/C#           G          G6          Asus4
When the wild majestic mountains stood a-lone against the sun
    D          G          D
Long before the white man and long before the wheel
    A           C           D
When the green dark forest was too silent to be real
    A           C           D
When the green dark forest was too silent to be real
    A           C           Cmaj7          D7
And many are the dead men...too silent...to be real.

**Canadian Railroad Trilogy**
C'est L'aviron
Traditional - The Travellers

Intro:
I \[ C \quad G \quad D \quad \text{(Ddd Ddd Ddd Ddududu ...)} \]

G \quad C
M'en revenant, de la jolie Rochelle
G \quad C
M'en revenant, de la jolie Rochelle
G \quad D7
J'ai rencontré, trois jolies demoiselles.

Refrain:
G \quad D7
C'est l'aviron qui nous mène, qui nous mène
G \quad D7 \quad G
C'est l'aviron qui nous mène en haut.

G \quad C
J'ai rencontré, trois jolies demoiselles
G \quad C
J'ai rencontré, trois jolies demoiselles
G \quad D7
J'ai point choisi, mais j'ai pris la plus belle

Refrain:
C'est l'aviron qui nous mène, qui nous mène haut.

J'ai point choisi, mais j'ai pris la plus belle
J'y fis monter, derrière moi, sur ma selle.

Refrain:
C'est l'aviron qui nous mène, qui nous mène
C'est l'aviron qui nous mène enhaut.

Je l'ai menée, auprès d'une fontaine
Quand elle fut là, elle ne voulut point boire.

Refrain:
C'est l'aviron qui nous mène, qui nous mène
C'est l'aviron qui nous mène enhaut.
Quand ell' fut là, ell' ne voulut point boire
Je l'ai menée au logis de son père.

Refrain:
C'est l'aviron qui nous mène, qui nous mène
C'est l'aviron qui nousmène enhaut.

Je l'ai menée, au logis de son père
Je l'ai menée, au logis de son père
Quand ell' fut là, ell' buvait à pleins verres.

Refrain:
C'est l'aviron qui nous mène, qui nous mène
C'est l'aviron qui nousmène enhaut.

Quand ell' fut là, ell' buvait à pleins verres
Quand ell' fut là, ell' buvait à pleins verres
A la santé, de son père et sa mère.

Refrain:
C'est l'aviron qui nous mène, qui nous mène
G D7 G
C'est l'aviron qui nous mène en haut.

G C
A la santé, de son père et sa mère
G C
A la santé, de son père et sa mère
G D7
A la santé, de ses soeurs et ses frères.

Refrain:

G D7
C'est l'aviron qui nous mène, qui nous mène
G D7 G
C'est l'aviron qui nous mène en haut.

G C
A la santé, de ses soeurs et ses frères
G C
A la santé, de ses soeurs et ses frères
G D7
A la santé, d'celui que son cœur aime.

Refrain:

G D7
C'est l'aviron qui nous mène, qui nous mène
G D7 G
C'est l'aviron qui nous mène en haut.

G D7
C'est l'aviron qui nous mène, qui nous mène
C G C D7 G
C'est l'aviron qui nous mène en haut.
C'est L'aviron
CITADEL HILL
Folk Song

Key of G

G     D     G
One day in December I'll never forget,
Am7   D
A charming young creature I happily met;
G     C     G
Her eyes shone like diamonds, she was dressed up to kill,
C     G     D     G
She was tripping and slipping down Citadel Hill.

CHORUS:
G
Sing fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
C
Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
G     C
Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
D     G
Lidy-I-die.

G     D     G
I says, "My fair creature, you will me excuse!"
Am7   D
I offered my arm and she did not refuse;
G     C     G
Her arm locked in mine made me feel love's sweet thrill,
As we walked off together down Citadel Hill.

**CHORUS:**

\[ G \]

Sing fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
\[ C \]

Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
\[ G \quad C \]

Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
\[ D \quad G \]

Lidy-I-die.

\[ G \quad D \quad G \]

The very next day to the church we did go,
\[ Am7 \quad D \]

The people all whispered, as well you must know;
\[ G \quad C \quad G \]

Said the priest, "Will you marry?" Says I, "That we will!"
\[ C \quad G \quad D \quad G \]

So we kissed and were hitched upon Citadel Hill.

**CHORUS:**

\[ G \]

Sing fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
\[ C \]

Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
\[ G \quad C \]

Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
\[ D \quad G \]

Lidy-I-die.

\[ G \quad D \quad G \]

So now we are married and of children have three,
But me and the missus can never agree;
The first she called Bridget, the second one Bill,
Says I, "The runt's name shall be Citadel Hill."

**CHORUS:**

G
Sing fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
C
Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
G
Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
D
G
Lidy-I-die.

G D G
Now come all you young fellows, take warning by me,

Am7 D
If ever in need of a wife you may be;

G C G
I'll tell you the place where you'll get your fill,

C G D G
Just go tripping and slipping down Citadel Hill.

**CHORUS:**

G
Sing fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
C
Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
G
Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
D
G
Lidy-I-die.
CHORUS: Optional Last Chorus

G
Sing fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
C
Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
G  C
Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
D  G
Lidy-I-die.

CITADEL HILL
Crazy as a Loon
John Prine/Pat McLaughin

Key of G

Intro:
I               G    C    G
I               D    G
I               C    G    D    G

C
Back before I was a movie star
G
Straight off of the farm
D
I had a picture of another man's wife
G
Tattooed on my arm
C
With a pack of Camel cigarettes
G
In the sleeve of my tee shirt
D
I headin' out to Hollywood
G
Just to have my feelings hurt

G    C
That town will make you crazy
G
Just give it a little time
You'll be walking 'round in circles

Down at Hollywood and Vine

You'll be waitin' on a phone call

At the wrong end of a broom

Yes, that town'll make you crazy

Crazy as a loon

So, I headed down to Nashville

To become a country star

Every night you'd find me hangin'

At every honky-tonk and bar

Pretty soon I met a woman

Pretty soon she done me wrong

Pretty soon my life got sadder

Than any country song

That town will make you crazy

Just give it a little time

You'll be walking 'round in circles
Lookin' for that country rhyme
You'll be waitin' on a phone call
At the wrong end of a broom
Yeah, that town'll make you crazy
Crazy as a loon

Instrumental:

G C G D G
G C G D G

So, I gathered up my savvy
Bought myself a business suit
I headed up to New York City
Where a man can make some loot
I got hired Monday morning
Downsized that afternoon
Overcome with grief that evening
Now I'm crazy as a loon
So I'm up here in the north woods
Just staring at a lake
Wondering just exactly how much
They think a man can take
I eat fish to pass the time away
'Neath this blue Canadian moon
This old world has made me crazy
Crazy as a loon
Lord, this world will make you crazy
Crazy as a loon

**Ending:**

I       G       C       G       D       G
I       C       G       D
I       G       C       G

Crazy as a Loon
Farewell to Nova Scotia

McGinty

Intro:

Em

G

The sun was setting in the west

Em

The birds were singing on every tree

G    D

All nature seemed inclined for to rest

Em    C    Em

But still there was no rest for me

Chorus:

G

Fare well to Nova Scotia, you seabound coast

Em

Let your mountains dark and dreary be

G    D

For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed

Em    C    Em

Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me?

G

I grieve to leave my native land

Em

I grieve to leave my comrades all
And my parents, whom I held so dear
And my bonny, bonny lass that I do adore

Chorus:
G
Fare well to Nova Scotia, you seabound coast
Em
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
G D
For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed
Em C Em
Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me?

G
The drums do beat and the wars do alarm
Em
My captain calls, I must obey
G D
So fare well, fare well to Nova Scotia's charm
Em C Em
For it's early in the morning, I'll be far, far away

Chorus:
G
Fare well to Nova Scotia, you seabound coast
Em
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
G D
For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed
Em C Em
Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me?
G
I have three brothers and they are at rest
   Em
Their arms are folded on their breasts
   G         D
But a poor and simple sailor just like me
   Em     C     Em
Must be tossed and driven on the dark, blue sea

Chorus:
   G
Fare well to Nova Scotia, you seabound coast
   Em
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
   G         D
For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed
   Em     C     Em
Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me?

slower ...
   Em     C     Em
Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me?

Farewell to Nova Scotia
Intro:

C Dm G7 C C Dm G7

Riff at G7:
A|2 2 2 2 2 2 2  
E|1 0 1 3 1 0 1  
C|2 2 2 2 2 2 2  
G|0 0 0 0 0 0 0  

Think I'll go out to Alberta

Weather's good there in the fall

I've got some friends that I could go working for

Still I wish you'd change your mind

If I ask you one more time

But we've been through this a hundred times or more

4 strong winds that blow lonely seas that run high

All those things that don't change come what may
If the good times are all gone
Then I'm bound for moving on
I'll look for you if I ever back this way

If I get there before the snow flies
And if things are looking good
You could meet me if I sent you down the fare
But by then it would be winter
Not too much for you to do
And those winds sure can blow cold way out there

4 strong winds that blow lonely seas that run high
All those things that don't change come what may
The good times are all gone so I'm bound for moving on
I'll look for you if I ever back this way

Instrumental:

Still I wish you'd change your mind
If I ask you one more time
But we've been through that a hundred times or more

4 strong winds that blow lonely seas that run high
All those things that don't change come what may
If the good times are all gone
Then I'm bound for moving on
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way

I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way

Four Strong Winds
Hello out there we're on the air, it's hockey night to-night

Tension grows the whistle blows and the puck goes down the ice

The goalie jumps and the players bump and the fans all go insane

Someone roars  Bobby scores at the good old hockey game

Chorus:

Oh! The good old hockey game
Is the best game you can name
And the best game you can name

Is the good old hockey game

Where players dance with skates that flash, the home team trails behind

But they grab the puck and go bursting up, and they're down across the line
They storm the crease like bumblebees they travel like a burning flame
We see them slide the puck inside it's a one one hockey game

Chorus:
G C
Oh! The good old hockey game
G7
Is the best game you can name
And the best game you can name
C C
Is the good old hockey game

Speak: 3rd period, last game of the playoffs too!

C G
Take me where those hockey players face off down the rink
C
And the Stanley cup is all filled up for the champs who win the drink
F
Now the final flick of a hockey stick and one gigantic scream
C G C
The puck is in the home team wins the good old hockey game

Chorus:
G C
Oh! The good old hockey game
G7
Is the best game you can name
And the best game you can name
C C
Is the good old hockey game
Chorus:
G    C
Oh! The good old hockey game
G7
Is the best game you can name
And the best game you can name
C    C
Is the good old hockey game

Chorus:
G    C
Oh! The good old hockey game
G7
Is the best game you can name
And the best game you can name
C    C
Is the good old hockey game

Scream: He shoots ... He scores!

Good Old Hockey Game
Happy Together
The Turtles

Key of Am

Strum Pattern :|    D – D – D – D –    |:

Am
Imagine me and you I do

G
I think about you  day and night  it's only right

F
To think about the  girl you love and hold her tight

E7
So happy to-gether

Am
If I should  call you up invest a dime

G
And you say you be-long to me and ease my mind

F
Imagine how the  world could be so very fine

E7
So happy to-gether

CHORUS:
A  Em  A  G
I can't see me  lovin' nobody but  you for all my  life
When you're with me
Baby the skies'll be blue for all my life

Me and you and you and me
No matter how they toss the dice it had to be
The only one for me is you and you for me
So happy together

CHORUS:
I can't see me lovin' nobody but you for all my life

When you're with me
Baby the skies'll be blue for all my life

Me and you and you and me
No matter how they toss the dice it had to be
The only one for me is you and you for me
So happy together

CHORUS2:
Ba-ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba-ba ba-ba- ba ba-ba-ba- ba
Am
Me and you and you and me
G
No matter how they toss the dice it has to be
F
The only one for me is you and you for me
E7
So happy to-gether

ENDING:
Am E7 Am E7 Am
So happy to-gether how is the weather
E7 Am E7 Am
So happy to-gether we're happy to-gether
E7 Am E7 Am
So happy to-gether happy to-gether
E7 Am E7 A
So happy to-gether so happy to-gether

Happy Together
I'se the b'y
Traditional

Key of G

4/4  | d - D u d - D u |
or
2/4  | d - D u |

Intro:
G  D G C D G D C D G

(Verse 1 - ukes only)

I'se the b'y that builds the boat and
I'se the b'y that sails her and
I'se the b'y that catches the fish and
Brings 'em home to Liza

Chorus:
G  D
Hip-yer-partner Sally Tibbo,
G  C  D
Hip-yer-partner Sally Brown
G  D
Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbour,
C    D    G
All a-round the circle

G    D
Sods and rinds to cover your flake
G    C    D
Cake and tea for supper
G    D
Codfish in the spring of the year
C    D    G
Fried in maggoty butter

Chorus:
G    D
Hip-yer-partner Sally Tibbo,
G    C    D
Hip-yer-partner Sally Brown
G    D
Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbour,
C    D    G
All a-round the circle

G    D
I don't want your maggoty fish
G    C    D
They're no good for winter
G    D
I can buy as good as that
C    D    G
Way down in Bona-vista

Chorus:
G    D
Hip-yer-partner Sally Tibbo,
G    C    D  
Hip-yer-partner  Sally Brown  
G    D
Fogo, Twillingate,  Morton's Harbour,  
C    D    G
All a-round the  circle

G    D
I took Liza  to a dance  
G    C    D
As  fast as she could  tra-vel  
G    D
And  every step that  she could take  
C    D    G
Was  up to her  knees in  gravel

Chorus:
G    D
Hip-yer-partner  Sally Tibbo,  
G    C    D
Hip-yer-partner  Sally Brown  
G    D
Fogo, Twillingate,  Morton's Harbour,  
C    D    G
All a-round the  circle

G    D
Susan White she's  outta sight  
G    C    D
Her  petticoat wants a  bor-der  
G    D
Well  old Sam Oliver  in the dark  
C    D    G
He  kissed her  in the  corner!
Chorus:
G    D
Hip-yer-partner  Sally Tibbo,
G    C    D
Hip-yer-partner  Sally Brown
G    D
Fogo, Twillingate,  Morton's Harbour,
C    D    G
All a-round the circle

G    D
I'se the b'y that builds the boat
G    C    D
And I'se the b'y that sails her and
G    D
I'se the b'y that catches the fish and
C    D    G
Brings them home to Liza

Chorus:
G    D
Hip-yer-partner  Sally Tibbo,
G    C    D
Hip-yer-partner  Sally Brown
G    D
Fogo, Twillingate,  Morton's Harbour,
C    D    G
All a-round the circle

I'se the b'y
Jack was Every Inch a Sailor

Traditional Newfoundland folk song

Key of C

Intro:

C G7  C
.
--STOP

C

Now, 'twas twenty-five or thirty years

G7

Since Jack first saw the light;
He came into this world of woe

C

One dark and stormy night.
He was born on board his father's ship

G7

As she was lying to,
'Bout twenty-five or thirty miles

C

Southeast of Bacal-hao.

CHORUS:

G7  C  G7

Oh, Jack was every inch a sailor,

C

Five and twenty years a whaler,

G7

Jack was every inch a sailor

C

He was born upon the deep blue sea.
When Jack grew up to be a man,
He went to Labrador,
He fished in Indian Harbour
Where his father fished before.
On his returning in the fog,
He met a heavy gale,
And Jack was swept into the sea
And swallowed by a whale.

CHORUS:
Oh, Jack was every inch a sailor,
Five and twenty years a whaler,
Jack was every inch a sailor
He was born upon the deep blue sea.

The whale went straight for Baffin's Bay
'Bout ninety knots an hour,
And ev'ry time he'd blow a spray,
He'd send it in a shower.
"Oh, now," says Jack unto himself,
"I must see what he's a-bout."
He caught the whale all by the tail

And turned him inside out.

**CHORUS:**

G7   C   G7
Oh, Jack was every inch a sailor,

C

Five and twenty years a whaler,

G7

Jack was every inch a sailor

C

He was born upon the deep blue sea.

Jack was Every Inch a Sailor
Johnny Cash Is a Good Dog
Charles de Lint

Key of Bm

Bm
My dog, he's a good dog, he won't go through the trash
Bm
my dog, he's not a tough dog, so I named him Johnny Cash
G
like a boy named Sue, he's true blue
A
stands much taller than he seems to
D
My dog, he's a good dog, so I named him Johnny Cash

Bm
My dog he can't really sing, but he howls and barks just fine
Bm
My dog he doesn't always wear black but he always walks the line
G
he's never been to Jackson or to Folsom
A
he cry cry cries when he gets lonesome
D
My dog, he's a good dog, and he always walks the line

Bm
My dog he's got rhythm and he's never been to jail
Bm
You can find him by Big River, just a-wagging his tail
He likes to ride on the Rock Island Line
And he never gets tired of hearing Suppertime
My dog's he's a good dog and he's never been to jail

My dog he doesn't have a gun and if he did he wouldn't take it to town
My dog he's never picked cotton but he knows about missing someone
he doesn't know Frankie, but he's heard her name
and he's never gone to the Fool's Hall of Fame
My dog he's a good dog and he wouldn't take a gun to town

My dog he doesn't like those songs where the dog dies in the end
my dog he likes it better when everybody just stays friends
maybe he's got a little Pollyanna
in the mix, with some Texarkana
My dog he's not going to die when this song comes to an end

My dog, he's a good dog, he won't go through the trash
my dog he's not a tough dog, so I named him Johnny Cash
like a boy named Sue, he's true blue
stands much taller than he seems to
My dog, he's a good dog, so I named him Johnny Cash

Johnny Cash Is a Good Dog
You may talk of Clara Nolan's Ball or anything you choose,
But it couldn't hold a snuffbox to the spree in Kelligrews;
If you want your eyeballs straightened just come out next week with me,
You'll have to wear your glasses at the Kelligrews Soir-ee.

There was birch rind, tar twine, cherry wine and turpentine,
Jowls and cava-lances, ginger beer and tea;
Pig's feet, cat's meat, dumplings boiled up in a sheet,
Dandelion and crackie's teeth at the Kelligrews Soir-ee.

Oh, I borrowed Cluney's beaver as I squared my yards to sail,
And a swallow tail from Hogan that was foxy on the tail;
Billy Cuddahie's old working pants and Patsy Nolan's shoes,
And an old white vest from Fogarty to sport at Kelligrews.
There was Dan Milley, Joe Lilly, Tantan and Mrs. Tilley,
Dancing like a little filly, 'twould raise your heart to see;
Jim Brine, Din Ryan, Flipper Smith and Caroline,
I tell you, boys, we had a time at the Kelligrews Soir-ee

Oh, when I arrived at Betsy Snook's that night at half past eight,
The place was blocked with carriages stood waiting at the gate;
With Cluney's funnel upon my pate, the first words Betsy said,
"Here comes the local preacher with the pulpit on his head".

There was Bill Mews, Dan Hughes, Wilson, Taft and Teddy Roose,
While Bryant, he sat in the blues and looking hard at me;
Jim Fling, Tom King, Johnson, champion of the ring,
And all the boxers I could bring to the Kelligrews Soir-ee

"The Saratoga Lancers first," Miss Betsy kindly said,
I danced with Nancy Cronin and her Granny on the Head;
And Hogan danced with Betsy, well you should have seen his shoes,
As he lashed the muskets from the rack that night at Kelligrews.

There was boiled guineas, cold guineas, bullock's heads and piccaninnies,

Everything to catch the pennies you'd break your sides to see;

Boiled duff, cold duff, apple jam was in a cuff,

I tell you, boys, we had enough at the Kelligrews Soir-ee

Crooked Flavin struck the fiddler and a hand I then took in,

You should see George Cluney's beaver and it flattened to the rim;

And Hogan's coat was like a vest, the tails were gone you see,

Says I, "The Devil haul ye and your Kelligrews Soir-ee"

There was birch rind, tar twine, cherry wine and turpentine,

Jowls and cava-lances, ginger beer and tea;

Pig's feet, cat's meat, dumplings boiled up in a sheet,

Dandelion and crackie's teeth at the Kelligrews Soir-ee.

There was birch rind, tar twine, cherry wine and turpentine,

Jowls and cava-lances, ginger beer and tea;
C  G  F  C
Pig's feet, cat's meat, dumplings boiled up in a sheet,
F  C  G  C
Dandelion and crackie's teeth at the Kelligrews Soir-ee.

KELLIGREWS SOIREE
I  

F

Dm         C
There's a voice that keeps on calling me

Dm         C
Down the road, that's where I'll always be

F         Dm
Every stop I make, I make a new friend,

Bb         C         F
Can't stay for long, just turn a-round and I'm gone a-gain

Dm         Bb         F         Am7         Dm
Maybe to-morrow, I'll want to settle down

Gm         Bb         F
Until to-morrow, I'll just keep moving on

Dm         C
Down this road that never seems to end,

Dm         C
Where new ad-venture lies just around the bend

F         Dm
And every stop I make, I make a new friend,
Can't stay for long, just turn around and I'm gone again

Dm Bb F Am7 Dm
Maybe tomorrow, I'll want to settle down

Gm Bb F
Until tomorrow, I'll just keep moving on

F Dm
So if you want to join me for awhile,

Bb C F
Just grab your hat and we'll travel light, that's hobo style

Dm Bb F Am7 Dm
Maybe tomorrow, I'll want to settle down

Gm Bb F
Until tomorrow, the whole world is my home

Maybe Tomorrow (Theme from The Littlest Hobo)
LONG LONG ROAD
David Francey

C5       F       C5
Red sun comes rising out of the sea 
Csus    G
On the long long road
C5       F       C5
And the bones of the ocean, this land under me 
G      C5
On the long long road

C5       F       C5
Up the St. Lawrence to the queen of the Lakes 
Csus    G
On the long long road
C5       F       C5
And the waves of the water, they endlessly break 
G      C5
On the long long road

F     Fadd9  C5
On the long long road 
Csus    G
On the long long road
C5       F       C5
The waves on the water, they endlessly break 
G      C5
On the long long road
C5   F    C5
The prairies a straight line, beginning and end
Csus G
On the long long road
C5   F    C5
And the mile posts marking the time that we spend
G    C5
On the long long road

C5   F    C5
West to the mountains, that greyness of stone
Csus G
On the long long road
C5   F    C5
And the setting sun sinking, tired to the bone
G    C5
On the long long road

F    Fadd9 C5
On the long long road
Csus G
On the long long road
C5   F    C5
And the mile posts marking, the time that we spend
G    C5
On the long long road

F    Fadd9 C5
On the long long road
Csus G
On the long long road
C5   F    C5
And the setting sun sinking, tired to the bone
On the long long road

Long Long Road
LONG MAY YOU RUN

Neil Young

D F#m G D
We've been through some things to-gether
Bm G A
With trunks of memories still to come
D F#m G D
We found things to do in stormy weather
Bm A D
Long may you run

CHORUS:
D F#m G D
Long may you run, long may you run
Bm G A
Although these changes have come
D F#m G D
With your chrome heart shinin', in the sun
Bm A D
Long may you run
Well it was back in Blind River in nineteen sixty two

When I last saw you a-live.

But we missed that ship on the long de-cline.

Long may you run

CHORUS:

Long may you run, long may you run

Although these changes have come

With your chrome heart shinin', in the sun

Long may you run

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE

Maybe the Beach Boys have got you now

With those waves singin' Caroline.

Rollin' down that empty ocean road,

Get into the surf on time.
CHORUS:
D F#m G D
Long may you run, long may you run
Bm G A
Although these changes have come
D F#m G D
With your chrome heart shinin', in the sun
Bm A D
Long may you run

G Bb D Dsus4 D

Long May You Run
Lucille
Fred Eaglesmith

C
Lucille was a woman and I was a boy, and it was obvious that she wanted more
F
Than a man her age could give her and that was me
C
I was wild as a summer squall, blowing through town no direction at all
G
I was wilder than even she could believe

Refrain:
I had a Cobra Jet 428 in a '65 Ford and it ran great
Take it on out to where that gravel turns to road
Take it on up to a hundred and ten, tires screaming in and out of the bends
And Lucille hanging on just as tight as she could
And it was cra-a-zy, but it sure was good

C
Lucille was fifty and I was nineteen, and you know it never bothered me
G
Not even when they called out in the bars
I'd get tough and I'd bust some heads, Lucille would laugh when the cops got there
We'd sneak out the back and take off in my car

Refrain:
I had a Cobra Jet 428 in a '65 Ford and it ran great
Take it on out to where that gravel turns to road
Take it on up to a hundred and ten, tires screaming in and out of the bends
And Lucille hanging on just as tight as she could
And it was cra-a-zy, but it sure was good

Well last week I turned forty-five, when I woke up well out in the driveway
My wife had fixed that old car up for me
She had it in the garage for a week or two, and when I got it back it was good as new
I started it up and I took off down the highway

Melody only ...
Refrain:
I had a Cobra Jet 428 in a '65 Ford and it ran great
Take it on out to where that gravel turns to road
Take it on up to a hundred and ten, tires screaming in and out of the bends
And Lucille hanging on just as tight as she could
And it was cra-a-zy, but it sure was good

F G C F C F

F C
I drove on up to Randolf Heights, there's an old folks' home there past the lights

F C
And Lucille sitting out there in the shade

F C
I wheeled her around to the passenger door, I picked her up and put her in that car

C G C
And we took off like a dustbowl hurricane

**Refrain:**

F C
And that Cobra Jet 428 and that '65 Ford well it ran great

F C
Took it on out to where that gravel turns to road

F C
Took it on up to a hundred and ten, tires screaming in and out of the bends

G
And Lucille hanging on just as tight as she could

F G C F C F
And it was cra-a-zy, but it sure was good

**Lucille**
Morning Train
David Francey

Intro:
I Dm /// Dm ///

Dm
I met Jesus in the morning
He was waiting for a train
   Dm
He said He thought it might be time
   Dm
To come down and explain
   G
How wrong it was to do some things
   G7
And do them in His name
   Dm
He said, "After all, everybody's
Riding on this train"

Dm
I met Buddha on the subway
On the subway underground
Dm
Saw his smile slowly fade
   Dm
I saw him look around
   G
He said He wished we'd understand
And do so in His name

He said, "After all, everybody's Riding on this train"

Met Allah on the El train
Above the city streets
We rattled down the railway line
And we looked down on the meek
He said He wondered why it was
Some never feel the pain
He said, "After all, everybody's Riding on this train"

I saw the Devil standing
At the station in the rain
He had a smile upon his face
Self satisfied and vain
Said, "Heaven is its own reward"
I don't have to explain"
He said, "After all, everybody's Riding on this train"
Dm / / / Dm / / / Dm / Dm /

Morning Train
Navajo Rug
Tom Russell & Ian Tyson

Well it's three eggs up on whiskey toast, and home-fries on the side
You wash it down with truck-stop coffee, it burns up your insides
It's just a Canyon, Colorado diner, and a waitress I did love
Where we sat in the back 'neath the old stuffed bear and a worn out Navajo rug

Well old Jack the boss he'd close at six, then it's Katie bar the door
She'd pull down that Navajo rug, and spread it on the floor
Hey I saw lightning in the sacred mountains, saw the woven turtle doves
When I was lyin' next to Katie, on that old Navajo rug

Refrain:
Ai-yi-yi, Katie, shades of red and blue
Ai-yi-yi, Katie, whatever became of the Navajo rug and you?
Katie, shades of red and blue
Well I saw old Jack about a year ago, he said the place burned to the ground
And all he saved was an old bear tooth, and Katie she left town
Ah, but Katie she got her a souvenir too, Jack spat a tobacco plug
He said "You shoulda seen her runnin' through the smoke, draggin' that Navajo rug."

Refrain:
Ai-yi-yi, Katie, shades of red and blue
Ki-yi-yi, Katie, whatever became of the Navajo rug and you?

So every time I cross the sacred mountains, and lightning breaks above
It always takes me back in time, to my long lost Katie love
Ah but everything keeps on movin', and everybody's on the go
Well you don't find things that last anymore, like a double-woven Navajo

Refrain:
Ai-yi-yi, Katie, shades of red and blue
Ki-yi-yi, Katie, whatever became of the Navajo rug and you?
Katie, shades of red and blue
Refrain (one last time):

    G   Em   C               D
Ai-yi-yi, Katie, shades of red and blue
    G   Em   C                   D   G
Ai-yi-yi, Katie, whatever became of the Navajo rug and you?
    Em   C               D
Katie, shades of red and blue

Navajo Rug
Northwest Passage
Stan Rogers

Chorus:

\[
\begin{align*}
D & \quad A & \quad G & \quad Bm \\
D & \quad A & \quad G & \quad Bm
\end{align*}
\]

Ah for just one time, I would take the Northwest Passage,

\[
\begin{align*}
G & \quad D & \quad Em & \quad G \\
D & \quad A & \quad G & \quad Bm
\end{align*}
\]

To find the hand of Franklin reaching for the Beaufort sea.

\[
\begin{align*}
D & \quad A & \quad G & \quad Bm \\
D & \quad A & \quad G & \quad Bm
\end{align*}
\]

Tracing one warm line, through a land so wide and savage,

\[
\begin{align*}
G & \quad D & \quad A & \quad D \\
G & \quad D & \quad A & \quad D
\end{align*}
\]

and make a Northwest Passage to the sea.

\[
\begin{align*}
D & \quad A & \quad G & \quad Bm \\
D & \quad A & \quad G & \quad Bm
\end{align*}
\]

Westward from the Davis Strait, 'Tis there was said to lie,

\[
\begin{align*}
G & \quad D & \quad G & \quad Em \\
G & \quad D & \quad G & \quad Em
\end{align*}
\]

The sea route to the Orient for which so many died,

\[
\begin{align*}
D & \quad A & \quad G & \quad Bm \\
D & \quad A & \quad G & \quad Bm
\end{align*}
\]

Seeking gold and glory, leaving weathered broken bones,

\[
\begin{align*}
G & \quad D & \quad A & \quad D \\
G & \quad D & \quad A & \quad D
\end{align*}
\]

and a long forgotten lonely cairn of stones.

Chorus:

\[
\begin{align*}
D & \quad A & \quad G & \quad Bm \\
D & \quad A & \quad G & \quad Bm
\end{align*}
\]

Ah for just one time, I would take the Northwest Passage,

\[
\begin{align*}
G & \quad D & \quad Em & \quad G \\
D & \quad A & \quad G & \quad Bm
\end{align*}
\]

To find the hand of Franklin reaching for the Beaufort sea.

\[
\begin{align*}
D & \quad A & \quad G & \quad Bm \\
D & \quad A & \quad G & \quad Bm
\end{align*}
\]

Tracing one warm line, through a land so wide and savage,
and make a Northwest Passage to the sea.

Three centuries there after, I take passage over land,

in the footsteps of brave Kelso,

here his "sea of flowers," began.

Watching cities rise before me, then behind me sink again,

this tardiest explorer driving hard across the plains.

Chorus:

Ah for just one time, I would take the Northwest Passage,

To find the hand of Franklin reaching for the Beaufort sea.

Tracing one warm line, through a land so wide and savage,

and make a Northwest Passage to the sea.

And through the night behind the wheel, the mileage clicking

West, I think upon Mackenzie, David Thompson and

the rest, Who cracked the mountain ramparts, and did

show a path for me, to race the roaring Fraser

to the sea.
Chorus:

D    A    G     Bm
Ah for just one time, I would take the Northwest Passage,
G    D    Em    G
To find the hand of Franklin reaching for the Beaufort sea.
D    A    G     Bm
Tracing one warm line, through a land so wide and savage,
G    D    A    D
and make a Northwest Passage to the sea.

D    A    G
How then am I so different from the first men through this way,
G    D    Em    G
Like them I left a settled life, I threw it all away,
D    A    G     Bm
To seek a Northwest Passage, at the call of many men,
G    D    A    D
To find there but the road back home again.

Chorus:

D    A    G     Bm
Ah for just one time, I would take the Northwest Passage,
G    D    Em    G
To find the hand of Franklin reaching for the Beaufort sea.
D    A    G     Bm
Tracing one warm line, through a land so wide and savage,
G    D    A    D
and make a Northwest Passage to the sea.

Northwest Passage
O CANADA
Calixa Lavallée

G D Em
O Cana-da!
G D
Our home and native land!
G A7 D
True patriot love
D A7 D
In all thy sons com-mand

D G
Car ton bras sait porter l'é-pée,
C A7 D
Il sait porter la croix!
D G
Ton his-toire est une épo-pée
D A7 D D7
Des plus bril-lants ex-ploits

G D Em
God keep our land
Am            D
Glorious and free!
G  Gaug  C
O  Canada,

Am            G            D            G
We stand on guard for thee,
G  Gaug  C
O  Canada,

Am            G            D7            G
We stand on guard for thee

O CANADA
OLD BLUE TRUCK

Charles de Lint

Intro:
| D   | F#m | G   | A   |
| D   | F#m | G   | A   |

Refrain:
D          F#m
I'm  sitting in the backyard, in my  old blue truck
G          A
the  floor's half-gone, and the  doors get stuck
D          F#m
it's  got no motor, it's  got no wheels
G          A
but I  like to remember, the  way it'd feel
D          F#m
when my  dad was alive, and he  drove us into town
G          A
in his  shiny new Ford, with the  windows down
D          F#m
we were  young and free, maybe  happier then
G          A
when I  sit in this truck it's like it  all comes back  again

| D   | F#m | G   | A   |
| D   | F#m | G   | A   |
D F#m
Sherry says it's time we got rid of that heap
G A
it's just an eyesore we don't need to keep
D F#m
there's snakes in the grass, weeds in the wells
G A
there's birds making nests, it just looks like hell
D F#m
there's mice in the seat springs and under the hood
G A
well, a truck like that it ain't much good
D F#m
I said it don't move an inch, but it's logging miles
G A
yeah, it don't do much, but it makes me smile

Refrain:
D F#m
I'm sitting in the backyard, in my old blue truck
G A
the floor's half-gone, and the doors get stuck
D F#m
it's got no motor, it's got no wheels
G A
but I like to remember, the way it'd feel
D F#m
when my dad was alive, and he drove us into town
G A
in his shiny new Ford, with the windows down
D F#m
we were young and free, maybe happier then
G A
when I sit in this truck it's like it all comes back again

I D F#m G A
I said re-member before the kids were born
we'd sit in that truck just to watch the corn
the moon'd come floating up over the trees
there was no one in the world, just you and me
and you held me close till I thought I might cry
just to see how the stars shone in your eyes
I was thinking when the kids're grown up and gone
we might do it again, just sit here and watch the dawn

Sherry says I guess it won't be a trial
we could clean it up some, maybe keep it awhile
everybody's got some crazy old load
we'll just have a truck we can't put on the road

Refrain:
I'm sitting in the backyard, in my old blue truck
the floor's half-gone, and the doors get stuck
it's got no motor, it's got no wheels
but I like to remember, the way it'd feel
when my dad was alive, and he drove us into town
in his shiny new Ford, with the windows down
we were young and free, maybe happier then
when I sit in this truck it's like it all comes back again

comes back a-again

OLD BLUE TRUCK
One of Us Can Not Be Wrong
Leonard Cohen

A  Bm  D  A
I lit a thin green candle, to make you jealous of me
       A  Bm
but the room just filled up with mosquitoes,
         D  E
they heard that my body was free
    F#m  C#m
then I took the dust from a long sleepless night
         D  A
and I put it in your little shoe
    Bm  G
and then I confess that I tortured the dress
    Bm  A  G
that you wore for the world to look through

A  Bm
I showed my heart to the doctor,
    D  A
he said I'd just have to quit
       A  Bm
then he wrote himself a prescription,
and your name was mentioned on it

then he locked himself in a library shelf

with the details of our honeymoon

and I hear from the nurse that he's gotten much worse

and his practice is all in a ruin

I heard of a saint who had loved you,

I studied all night in his school

he taught that the duty of lovers,

is to tarnish the golden rule

and just when I was sure that his teachings were pure

he drowned himself in a pool

his body is gone but back here on the lawn

his spirit continues to drool

an Eskimo showed me a movie, he'd recently taken of you

the poor man could hardly stop shivering,

his lips and his fingers were blue

I suppose that he froze when the wind took your clothes
and I guess he just never got warm
but you stand there so nice in your blizzard of ice, oh please
let me come into the storm

One of Us Can Not Be Wrong
Snowbird
Gene McLellan

Beneath it's snowy mantle cold and clean
The unborn grass lies waiting for its coat to turn to green
The snowbird sings the song he always sings
And speaks to me of flowers that will bloom again in spring

When I was young my heart was young then too
And any thing that it would tell me that's the thing that I would do
But now I feel such emptiness with in
For the thing that I want most in life's the thing that I can't win

Spread your tiny wings and fly a-way
And take the snow back with you where it came from on that day
The one I love for ever is un-true
And if I could you know that I would fly away with you
The breeze along the river seems to say
That he'll only break my heart again should I decide to stay
So little snowbird take me with you when you go
To that land of gentle breezes where the peaceful waters flow

Spread your tiny wings and fly a-way
And take the snow back with you where it came from on that day
The one I love for ever is un-true
And if I could you know that I would fly away with you

Yeah if I could you know that I would fly ...
Someday Soon
Ian Tyson

G     Em     C     G
There's a young man that I know, he's just turned twenty-one
D     C     D
comes from down in southern Colorado
G     Em     C     G
he's just out of the service, he's looking for his fun
Am     D     G
someday soon, going with him, someday soon

G     Em     C     G
My parents they can't stand him, because he works the rodeo
D     C     D
my father says that he will leave me crying
G     Em     C     G
but I would follow him right down, the toughest road I know
Am     D     G
someday soon, going with him, someday soon

Bridge:
D     C     G
when he comes to call my pa he ain't got a good word to say
Em     C     D
I'll bet that he was just as wild in his younger days
Blow you old blue northern, blow my love to me
he's riding in tonight from California
he loves his damned old rodeo, as much as he loves me
someday soon, going with him, someday soon

Instrumental verse ...

_Bridge:_
when he comes to call my pa he ain't got a good word to say
I'll bet that he was just as wild in his younger days

Blow you old blue northern, blow my love to me
he's riding in tonight from California
he loves his damned old rodeo, as much as he loves me
someday soon, going with him, someday soon

Someday Soon
I have walked on the strand of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland
Lazed on the ridge of the Mirami-chi
Seen the waves tear and roar on the stone coast of Labrador
Watched them roll back to the Great Northern Sea

CHORUS:
From the Vancouver Island to the Alberta Highland
'Cross the Prairies, the lakes to On-tario's towers
From the sound of Mount Royal's chimes, out to the Maritimes
Something to sing about, this land of ours

I have welcomed the dawn from the fields of Saskatchewan
Followed the sun to the Vancouver shore
Watched it climb shiny new up the snow peaks of Caribou
Up to the clouds where the wild Rockies soar

**CHORUS:**

\[G \quad Em \quad D7 \quad G\]

From the Vancouver Island to the Alberta Highland

\[Em \quad D \quad A7 \quad D\]

'Cross the Prairies, the lakes to On-tario's towers

\[G \quad C\]

From the sound of Mount Royal's chimes, out to the Maritimes

\[G \quad Em \quad D7 \quad G\]

Something to sing about, this land of ours

\[G \quad C\]

I have heard the wild wind sing the places that I have been

\[G \quad Em \quad C \quad D7\]

Bay Bull and Red Deer and Strait of Belle Isle

\[G \quad C\]

Names like Grand Mere and Silverthorne Moose Jaw and Marrowbone,

\[G \quad Em \quad D7 \quad G\]

Trails of the pioneer named with a smile

**CHORUS:**

\[D7 \quad G\]

From the Vancouver Island to the Alberta Highland

\[Em \quad D \quad A7 \quad D\]

'Cross the Prairies, the lakes to On-tario's towers

\[G \quad C\]

From the sound of Mount Royal's chimes, out to the Maritimes

\[G \quad Em \quad D7 \quad G\]

Something to sing about, this land of ours

\[G \quad C\]

I have wandered my way to the wild woods of Hudson Bay
G      Em      C      D7
Treated my toes to Que-bec's morning dew
      G                                      C
Where the sweet summer breeze kissed the leaves of the maple trees
G      Em      D7      G
Singing this song that I'm sharing with you

CHORUS:

D7                               G
From the Vancouver Island to the Alberta Highland
      Em      D      A7      D
'Cross the Prairies, the lakes to On-tario's towers
      G                                      C
From the sound of Mount Royal's chimes, out to the Maritimes
G      Em      D7      G
Something to sing about, this land of ours

G      C
Yes there's something to sing about, tune up a string about
G      Em      C      D7
Call out in chorus or quietly hum
      G                                      C
Of a land that,Äôs still young, with a ballad that's still unsung
G      Em      D7      G
Telling the promise of great things to come

FINAL CHORUS:

D7                               G
From the Vancouver Island to the Alberta Highland
      Em      D      A7      D
'Cross the Prairies, the lakes to On-tario's towers
      G                                      C
From the sound of Mount Royal's chimes, out to the Maritimes
G      Em      D7      G
Something to sing about, this land of ours
G    Em
Yes there's something to sing about...

D7     G   G   G   G   G D7   G
This... land of ours

Something to Sing About
Nighttime's fallin' on the summerlea, and supper's gettin' cold.

It's the second time in as many weeks he hasn't shown.

He's probably chasin' some old steer across some prairie storm.

And when she asks him, he'll just shrug and say "That's the way things go."

But he only gets in to town twice a month and he gets out as fast as he can.

He don't have a phone so she can't call him up and she never knows where he is.

He smells like horses and he chews tobacco and he cusses and he spits.

She's been in love a couple of times before, but never quite like this.

Next month it'll be those damned old rodeos and fairs,

And he'll be gone for six weeks straight to God only knows where.

And he won't win any money and, worse than that, he won't care.
And when she asks him, he'll just smile, he had a real good time out there.

Refrain:

Am    G
But he only gets in to town twice a month and he gets out as fast as he can.
Am    G
He don't have a phone so she can't call him up and she never knows where he is.
F    Am
He smells like horses and he chews tobacco and he cusses and he spits.
G    Am
She's been in love a couple of times before, but never quite like this.

Am    G
Well he stops his horse to get a light and the water pours off his hat.
Am    G
He's been out in the storm most of the night and he ought to be gettin' back.
F    Am
He's been thinkin' about the colour of her hair and the touch of her hand
G    Am
And the way she quietly smiles whenever she looks at him.

2nd Refrain:

Am    G
But he only gets in to town twice a month and he gets out as fast as he can.
Am    G
He don't have a phone so he can't call her up and he never knows where she is.
F    Am
She smells like flowers and perfume and tobacco and gin.
G    Am
He's been in love a couple of times before, but never quite like this.
I can see her lyin' back in her satin dress
In a room where you do what you don't confess
Sundown, you better take care
If I find you bin creepin' round my back stairs
Sundown, you better take care
If I find you bin creeping round my back stairs

She's been lookin' like a queen in a sailor's dream
And she don't always say what she really means
Sometimes I think it's a shame
When I get feelin' better when I'm feelin' no pain
Sometimes I think it's a shame
When I get feelin' better when I'm feelin' no pain
G
I can picture ev'ry move that a man could make
D    G
Getting' lost in her lovin' is your first mistake
C
Sundown, you better take care
F    G
If I find you bin creepin' round my back stairs
C
Sometimes I think it's a sin
F    G
When I feel like I'm winnin' when I'm losin' again
G
I can see her lookin' fast in her faded jeans
D    G
She's a hard lovin' woman got me feelin' mean
C
Sometimes I think it's a shame
F    G
When I get feelin' better when I'm feelin' no pain
C
Sundown, you better take care
F    G
If I find you bin creepin' round my back stairs
C
Sundown, you better take care
F    G
If I find you bin creepin' round my back stairs
C
Sometimes I think it's a sin
F    G    G
When I feel like I'm winnin' when I'm losin' again
SUNDOWN
Suzanne
Leonard Cohen

G
Suzanne takes you down to her place by the river
Am
You can hear the boats go by you can spend the night beside her
G
And you know that she's half crazy but that's why you want to be there
Bm
And she feeds you tea and oranges that come all the way from China
C
And just when you mean to tell her that you have no love to give her
G
Then she gets you on her wavelength and she lets the river answer
Am
That you've always been her lover

Bm
And you want to travel with her and you want to travel blind
C
And you know that she will trust you
Am
For you've touched her perfect body with your mind

G
And Jesus was a sailor when He walked upon the water
Am
And He spent a long time watching from his lonely wooden tower
G
And when He knew for certain only drowning men could see Him
Bm    C
He said All men will be sailors then until the sea shall free them
G    Am
But He Himself was broken long before the sky would open
G    Am    G
Forsaken almost human. He sank beneath your wisdom like a stone

Bm    C
And you want to travel with him and you want to travel blind
G
And you think maybe you'll trust him
Am    G
For he's touched your perfect body with his mind

G
Suzanne takes your hand and she leads you to the river
Am
She is wearing rags and feathers from Salvation Army counters
G
And the sun pours down like honey on our lady of the harbor
Bm    C
And she shows you where to look among the garbage and the flowers
G    Am
There are heroes in the seaweed there are children in the morning
G    Am
They are leaning out for love and they will lean that way forever
G
While Suzanne holds the mirror

Bm    C
And you want to travel with her and you want to travel blind
G
And you know that you will trust her
Am  G
For she's touched your perfect body with her mind

Suzanne
The Opeongo Line
Karen Taylor

CHORDS:
Am 2 0 0 0
G 0 2 3 2
Em 0 4 3 2
C 0 0 0 3

Am
On the Opeongo line,
G       Am
I drove a span of bays
Am    G    Em    G
One summer once up on a time,
Em    Am
For Hoolihan and Hayes
C       G
Now that the bays are dead and gone,
Am    Em    Em
And grim old age is mine

CHORUS:
Am
A phantom team and teamster
Em    Am
Leave Renfrew rain or shine
C    G    Am    Am
Dream-ing I was teaming
C    G    Am    Am
On the O-Opeongo Line

Am
On the Opeongo Line
I wore a steady trail each day
Hauling lumber from the camps
And looking for my pay
The years went by and my dreams they left me
Poor as a cut jack pine

CHORUS:
Now a ... A phantom team and teamster
Leave Renfrew rain or shine
Dreaming I was teaming
On the O-Opeongo Line

On the Opeongo Line
I cursed the heat and flies
I cursed the endless winding road
The bosses and their lies
But I knew each tree and rock and hill
Like they were friends of mine

CHORUS:
Am
Now a ... A phantom team and teamster
    Em       Am
Leave Renfrew rain or shine
C          G       Am       Am
Dream-ing I was teaming
    C          G       Am       Am
On the O-Opeongo Line

Am
Now the Opeongo Line
    G       Am
Still winds its weary way
    Am       G       Em      G
But the logs go by as fast as flight
    Em       Am
And the trail is paved with grey
    C          G
And now I set here all alone
    Am       Em       Em
Just waiting for my time

CHORUS:
Am
To join ... A phantom team and teamster
    Em       Am
Leave Renfrew rain or shine
C          G       Am       Am
Dream-ing I was teaming
    C          G       Am       Am
On the O-Opeongo Line

Am
On the Opeongo Line
    G       Am
I drove a span of bays
One summer once upon a time
For Hoolihan and Hayes
Now that they bays are dead and gone
And grim old age is mine

A phantom team and teamster
Come to take this soul of mine.
Dream-ing I was teaming
On the O-Opeongo Line

The Opeongo Line
The Squid-Jiggin' Ground
Arthur R. Scammell

Key of A

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A
D
E7
```

**Intro:**

A D E7 A

A D A
Oh, this is the place where the fishermen gather,
D A E7 D
In oilskins and boots and Cape Ann's batten'd down;
A D A
All sizes of figures with squid lines and jiggers,
D E7 A
They congregate here on the squid-jiggin' ground.

A D A
Some are working their jiggers while others are yarmin',
D A E7 D
There's some standing up and there's more lyin' down;
A D A
While all kinds of fun, jokes and tricks are begun,
D E7 A
As they wait for the squid on the squid-jiggin' ground.

A D A
There's men of all ages and boys in the bargain,
There's old Billy Cave and there's young Raymond Brown;
There's a red haired Tory out here in a dory,
A-running down Squires on the squid-jiggin' ground.

There's men from the Harbour, there's men from the Tickle,
In all kinds of motorboats, green, grey and brown;
Right yonder is Bobby and with him is Nobby,
He's a-chawin' hard-tack on the squid-jiggin' ground.

God bless my sou'wester, there's Skipper John Chaffey,
He's the best hand at squid jiggin' here, I'll be bound;
Hel-lo, what's the rough? Why he's jiggin' one now,
The very first squid on the squid-jiggin' ground.

The man with the whisker is old Jacob Steele,
He's getting well up but he's still pretty sound;
While Uncle Bob Hawkins wears six pairs of stockings,
Whenever he's out on the squid-jiggin' ground.
Holy smoke! What a scuffle, all hands are ex-cited,
'Tis a wonder to me that there's nobody drowned;
There's a bustle, confusion, a wonderful hustle,
They're all jiggin' squids on the squid-jiggin' ground.

Says Bobby, "The squids are on top of the water,
I just got me jiggers 'bout one fathom down."
But a squid in the boat squirted right down his throat,
And he's swearing like mad on the squid-jiggin' ground.

There's poor Uncle Billy, his whiskers are spattered,
With spots of the squid juice that's flyin' around;
One poor little boy got it right in his eye,
But they don't give a darn on the squid-jiggin' ground.

Now, if ever you feel inclined to go squiddin',
Leave your white shirts and collars behind in the town;
And if you get cranky without your silk hanky,
You better steer clear of the squid-jiggin' ground.
The Squid-Jiggin' Ground
The Train in Me
Brock Zeman

Well my blood's pumping faster than it ever has before
least that's the way that it feels
there's a rumbling in my soul and my footfalls on the floor
they sound like steel on steel

When I go out walking all the people gather 'round
just to pitch pennies round my feet
and they all jump back some as I step on every one
and smash 'em flat as an old bedsheets

Refrain:
And late at night when the moon is full
someone's shovelling coal through my brain
my bones are like steel rails, all my voice can do is wail
in another life I'll bet I was a train

And come Saturday night seems everybody knows
when I'm a-coming into town
they say if you stop and listen you'll hear a whistle in the distance
and a rumbling coming from the ground

Yeah once I get going I can't seem to stop
so you'd best be getting out of my way
and you'd better wave goodbye at the end of the night
I never know when I'll be coming back again

Refrain:
And late at night when the moon is full
someone's shovelling coal through my brain
my bones are like steel rails, all my voice can do is wail
in another life I'll bet I was a train

Refrain Break ...
Don't you take it bad darling, it's not that lonesome whistle that pulls you away from your dreams when you reach for me to hold and there's just a chunk of coal that's just the train in me

_D__G__D_  
_D__Bm_

**Refrain:**  
_G__D_  
_and late at night when the moon is full_

_D__Bm_

_someone's shovelling coal through my brain_

_D__G__D_  
_my bones are like steel rails, all my voice can do is wail_

_C__G__D_  
_in another life I'll bet I was a train_

_C__G__D_  
_yeah, in another life I'll bet I was a train_

_C__G__D_  
_yeah, in another life I'll bet I was a train_

**The Train in Me**
This Land is Your Land
The Travellers

CHORUS:
X  F
This land is your land
    C
This land is my land
    G7
From Bona-vista
    C
To Vancouver Island
    F
From the Arctic Circle
    C
To the Great Lake waters
    G7
This land was made for you and me (one downstroke)

X  F
As I was walking
    C
That ribbon of highway
    G7
I saw above me
    C
That endless skyway
I saw below me
That golden valley
This land was made for you and me (one downstroke)

CHORUS:
This land is your land
This land is my land
From Bona-vista
To Vancouver Island
From the Arctic Circle
To the Great Lake waters
This land was made for you and me (one downstroke)

X Le plus chère pays
De toute la terre
C'est notre pays
Nous sommes tous frères
De l'île Vancouver
Jusqu'à Terre-Neuve
C'est l'Canada, c'est notre pays (one downstroke)

CHORUS:
X F
This land is your land
C
This land is my land
G7
From Bona-vista
C
To Vancouver Island
F
From the Arctic Circle
C
To the Great Lake waters
G7 C C
This land was made for you and me (one downstroke)

X F
I've roamed and rambled
C
And I've followed my footsteps.
G7 C
To fir-clad forests, of our mighty mountains
F C
And all a-round me, a voice was sounding
G7 C C
This land was made for you and me (one downstroke)

CHORUS:
X F
This land is your land
C
This land is my land
From Bona-vista

To Vancouver Island

From the Arctic Circle

To the Great Lake waters

This land was made for you and me  (one downstroke)

When the sun comes shining

As I was strolling

The wheat fields waving

And the dust clouds rolling

The fog was lifting, a voice was chanting, singing

This land was made for you and me  (one downstroke)

CHORUS:

This land is your land

This land is my land

From Bona-vista

To Vancouver Island

From the Arctic Circle
C
To the Great Lake waters
G7 C C
This land was made for you and me (one downstroke)

ending with ...
I C G7 C (one downstroke each)

This Land is Your Land
We all Fall Down
Freeman Dre & the Kitchen Party

Intro:
I        F  C  G  C  F  C  G
F  C                            G
Well my good friend he hit rock bottom
C  F
Man he's dangerous when he gets down
C  G
He gets down I mean he gets down
F  C
And I don't see him much any more
G  C
Ain't like we're young now man we're older
F  C  G
But I still call him just to let him know that I'm around

Chorus:
F  C
And you know we all fall down
G  C
That's ok man it's no problem
F  C  G
As long as you've got friends to help you out
F  C  G  C
Cuz we all get lost that's a part of going walking
F  C  G
It's the getin' home, well that's what it's all about
That's what it's all about

Well my good friend she lost her mind
A couple years back and she gets crying
She can't go to sleep at night
She knows that I'm up late
So we go drinking on a weekday
Makes me feel better when she says it makes her feel alright

Chorus2:
And you know we all fall down
That's ok girl it's no problem
As long as you've got friends to help you out
Cuz we all get hurt that's a part of being human
It's the healin, that's what living's all about
That's what it's all about

Chorus:
And you know we all fall down
That's ok man it's no problem
As long as you've got friends to help you out
Cuz we all get lost that's a part of going walking
It's the getin' home, well that's what it's all about
That's what it's all about

We all Fall Down