BUG Jam Songs for June 2014

Celebrate Canada

BUG Jam Nite
1 2 3 4, Feist, C
Barrett’s Privateers, Stan Rogers, C
Big Hair, Fred Eaglesmith, C
Blackfly Song, Wade Hemsworth, F
Breakfast In Hell, Slaid Cleaves, Am
Canadian Railroad Trilogy, Gordon Lightfoot, D
C’est L’aviron, Traditional, The Travellers, C
Cousin Mary, Fludd, C
Diana, Paul Anka, G
Down By The Henry Moore, Murray McLauchlan, A
Farmer’s Song, Murray McLachlin, G
Hasn’t Hit Me Yet, Blue Rodeo, D
(You’re) Having My Baby, Paul Anka, C
Long Long Road, David Francey, C
Lucille, Fred Eaglesmith, C
Morning Train, David Francey, Dm
O Canada, Calixa Lavallée, G
Opeongo Line, Karen Taylor, Em
Snowbird, Gene McLellan, G
Someday Soon, Ian Tyson, G
Something To Sing About, Oscar Brand, G
Summer Of 69, Bryan Adams, D
Summer Vibe, Walk Off The Earth, Am
The Consumer, Stompin’ Tom Connors, G
This Land is Your Land, The Travellers, F
V’la L’bon Vent, Trad., Am
We’re Here For A Good Time, Trooper, C
When I First Stepped in a Canoe, Shelley Posen, G
Wreck Of The Edmund Fitzgerald, Gordon Lightfoot, C
1234
Feist

Key of C

I:
C  Cmaj7  Am  F

Cmaj7
Tell me that you love me more
Cmaj7
Sleepless long nights
Cmaj7
That was what my youth was for
C  Dm  Am  F
Oh teen-age hopes are lying at your door
C  Dm  Am  F
Left you with nothing but they want some more

CHORUS:
G  G6  G
Oh--oh--oh
F
You're changing your heart
G G6 G
Oh--oh--oh
F
You know who you are

C Cmaj7
Sweetheart bitter heart
Am F
Now I can't tell you apart
C Cmaj7
Cozy and cold
Am F
Put the horse be-fore the cart
C Dm Am F
Those teen-age hopes who have tears in their eyes
C Dm Am F
Too scared to own up to one little lie

CHORUS:
G G6 G
Oh--oh--oh
F
You're changing your heart
G G6 G
Oh--oh--oh
F
You know who you are

C Cmaj7
One, two, three, four,
Am F
Five, six, nine, and ten
C Cmaj7
Money can't buy you
Am F
Back the love that you had then
C   Cmaj7
One, two, three, four,
Am   F
Five, six, nine, and ten
C   Cmaj7
Money can't buy you
Am   F
Back the love that you had then
I:  C   Cmaj7   Am   F
I:  C   Cmaj7   Am   F
I:  C   Cmaj7   Am   F

**CHORUS:**
G   G6   G
Oh--oh--oh
F
You're changing your heart
G   G6   G
Oh--oh--oh
F
You know who you are

G   G6   G
Oh--oh--oh
F
You're changing your heart
G   G6   G
Oh--oh--oh
F
You know who you are

I:  C   Dm   Am   F
I: C  Dm  Am  F  C↓

1234
Barrett’s Privateers
Stan Rogers

Key of C

Intro: C

C        G        C
Oh, the year was seventeen seventy-eight
        F        C        G
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
C        G        C
A letter of marque came from the king
        G        F
To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen

Chorus:

G        C        F
God damn them all, I was told,
        C        F        C        F
We'd cruise the seas for A-merican gold
        G        C        G        F
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
        C        F        C        F
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
        G        C
The last of Barrett's Priv-a-teers

C        G        C
Well, Elcid Barrett cried the town
        F        C        G
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
For twenty brave men, all fishermen, who
Would make for him the Antelope's crew

Chorus:
God damn them all, I was told,
We'd cruise the seas for A-merican gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier

The last of Barrett's Priva-tees

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
She'd a list to the port and her sails in rags
And the cook in the scuppers with the staggers and jags

Chorus:
God damn them all, I was told,
We'd cruise the seas for A-merican gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Priva-teers

G   C
On the King's birth-day we put to sea
F   C   G
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
C   G   C
We were ninety-one days to Mon-tego Bay
G   F
Pumping like madmen all the way

Chorus:
G   C   F
God damn them all, I was told,
C   F   C   F
We'd cruise the seas for A-merican gold
G   C   G   F
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
C   F   C   F
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
G   C
The last of Barrett's Priva-teers

C   G   C
On the ninety-sixth day we sailed a-gain
F   C   G
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
C   G   C
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
G   F
With our cracked four-pounders, we made to fight

Chorus:
God damn them all, I was told,
We'd cruise the seas for A-merican gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Priva-teers

The Yankee lay low down with gold
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
She was broad and fat and loose in stays
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

Chorus:
God damn them all, I was told,
We'd cruise the seas for A-merican gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Priva-teers

Then at length we stood two cables a-way
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Our cracked four-pounders made an awful din
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in

Chorus:

God damn them all, I was told,
We'd cruise the seas for A-merican gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier

The last of Barrett's Priva-teers

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the main-truck carried off both me legs

Chorus:

God damn them all, I was told,
We'd cruise the seas for A-merican gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

So here I lay in me twenty-third year
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
It's been six years since we sailed a-way
And I just made Halifax yester-day

Chorus:
God damn them all, I was told,
We'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

Barrett’s Privateers
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 when I asked her what that was
She says the higher the hair, the closer to God
Well 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 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
Instrumental verse
I: C C Am Am
I: F F G G
I: C C Am Am
I: F↓ G↓ C C

C Am
Now when I take her picture, just to get her in
F G
I turn the camera sideways use a wide angle lens
C Am
It makes people laugh, but she don’t seem to care
F G C Em Am
↓ My baby’s ↓ got big ha-ai- r
F G C Em Am
↓ My baby’s ↓ got big ha-ai- r
F G C C
↓ My baby’s ↓ got big hair ↓

Big Hair
Blackfly Song
Wade Hemsworth

Key of F

F
↓ 'Twas early in the spring when I decide to go
Dm Am
For to ↓ work up in the woods in north On-↓ tar-i-o
F
And the ↓ unemployment office said they'd send me through
Dm Am
To the Little Abitibi with the survey crew

Dm
And the black flies, the little black flies
F
Always the black fly, no matter where you go
Gm
I'll die with the black fly a-picking my bones
Gm F
In north On-tar-i-o-i-o,
F Am Dm Dm F F
In ↓ north On-↓ tar-i-o

F
Now the man Black Toby was the captain of the crew
Dm Am
And he said, "I'm gonna tell you boys what we're gonna do
F
They want to build a power dam, we must find a way
For to make the Little Ab flow a-round the other way"

Dm
With the black flies, the little black flies
F
Always the black fly, no matter where you go
Gm
I'll die with the black fly a-picking my bones
Gm    F
In north On-tar-i-o-i-o,
F       Am      Dm    Dm    F    F
In ↓ north On- ↓ tar-i-o

F
So we survey to the east, survey to the west
Dm            Am
And we couldn't make our minds up how to do it best
F
Little Ab, Little Ab, what shall I do
Dm            Am
For I 'm all but goin' crazy with the survey crew

Dm
And the black flies, the little black flies
F
Always the black fly, no matter where you go
Gm
I'll die with the black fly a-picking my bones
Gm    F
In north On-tar-i-o-i-o,
F       Am      Dm    Dm    F    F
In ↓ north On- ↓ tar-i-o
It was black fly, black fly everywhere
Dm           Am
A-crawlin' in your whiskers, a-crawlin' in your hair
F
Swimmin' in the soup, swimmin’ in the tea
Dm           Am
The devil take the black fly and let me be

Dm
Black fly, the little black fly
F
Always the black fly, no matter where you go
Gm
I'll die with the black fly picking my bones
Gm           F
In north On-tar-i-o-i-o,
F           Am     Dm    Dm    F  F
In ↓ north On- ↓ tar-i-o

F
Black Toby fell to swearin', the work went slow
Dm           Am
And the state of our morale was a-gettin' pretty low
F
And the flies swarmed heavy, it was hard to catch a breath
Dm           Am
As you staggered up and down the trail talkin' to yourself

Dm
With the black flies, the little black flies
F
Always the black fly, no matter where you go
Gm
I'll die with the black fly a-picking my bones
In Gm north On-tar-i-o-i-o,
F Am Dm Dm F F
In ↓ north On- ↓ tar-i-o

F
Well now the bull cook's name was Blind River Joe
Dm Am
If it hadn't been for him we'd have never pulled through
F
Cuz he bound up our bruises, and he kidded us for fun
Dm Am
And he lathered us with bacon grease and balsam gum

Dm
For the black flies, the little black flies
F
Always the black fly, no matter where you go
Gm
I'll die with the black fly a-picking my bones
Gm F
In north On-tar-i-o-i-o,
F Am Dm Dm F F
In ↓ north On- ↓ tar-i-o ↓

F F
And at ↓ last the job was over, Black ↓ Toby said we're through
Dm Am
With the ↓ Little Abitibi and the ↓ survey crew
F F
'Twas a ↓ wonderful experience and ↓ this I know
Dm Am
I'll ↓ never go again to north On- ↓ tar-i-o
With the black flies, the little black flies
Always the black fly, no matter where you go
I'll die with the black fly a-picking my bones
In north On-tar-i-o-i-o, in north On-tar-i-o

Blackfly Song
In the melting snows of Ontario
Where the wind'll make you shiver
‘Twas the month of May up in Georgian Bay
Near the mouth of the Musquash River
Where the bears prowl and the coyotes howl
And you can hear the osprey scream
Back in ’99 we were cutting pine
And sending it down the stream

Young Sandy Gray came to Go Home Bay
All the way from P.E.I.
Where the weather's rough and it makes you tough,
No man's afraid to die
Sandy came a smilin', Thirty Thousand Islands
Was the place to claim his glo-o-ry

Now Sandy's gone but his name lives on

And this is Sandy's story

Young Sandy Gray lives on today

In the echoes of a mighty yell

Listen close and you'll hear a ghost

In this story that I tell, boys, 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,

A hundred thousand logs or more

And he'd ride 'em down towards Severn Sound

To cut 'em up in the mills for timber

And the ships would haul spring summer and fall

'Til the ice came in De-cember

One Sabbath day big Sandy Gray

Came into camp with a peavy on his shoulder
With a thundercrack he dropped his axe
And the room got a little bit colder
Said, “Come on all 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 for-giveness
But the jam was high in a troubled sky
And 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, 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, break-fast in hell

Now every one of the men did the work of ten
And Sandy scrambled up to the top
He's working like a dog heaving 30 foot logs
And it looked like he'd never stop
And they struggled on these men so strong
‘Til the jam be-gan to sway
Then they dove for cover to the banks of the river
All ex-cept 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 or two
He'd be crushed or frozen or drowned
They saw him fall, they heard him call,
Just once, then it was over
Young Sandy Gray gave his life that day
Near the mouth of the Musquash River
Refrain:

C                             Am
But Sandy Gray was not afraid
C                             Am
And he let out a mighty yell
G
“I'll be damned, we'll break this jam,
C                             G                             Am  C                             G                             Am  Am
Or it's breakfast in hell, boys, break-fast in hell”

Am                             C
East of Giant's Tomb there's plenty of room,
G                             Am
There’s no fences and no walls
Am                             C
And if you listen close you'll hear a ghost
G                             Am
Down by Sandy Gray Falls
C                             G
Through the tops of the trees you'll hear in the breeze
C                             G                             Am  Am  Am  Am
The echoes of a mighty yell
G                             C                             G                             Am  Am
“I'll be damned, we'll break this jam or it's breakfast in hell!”

C                             Am
And Sandy Gray lives on today
C                             Am
In the echoes of a mighty yell
G                             C                             G                             Am
“And Sandy Gray lived on today,
C                             G                             Am  Am
Break-fast in hell!” ↓
Canadian Railroad Trilogy
Gordon Lightfoot

[Intro: D Am7 D Am7]

(D) G (D) D
There was a time in this fair land when the railroad did not run
(F#m) 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

(D) G (D) D
But time has no be-ginnings and history has no bounds
(F#m) G (G6) Asus4
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 over-flowing with the visions of their day
And many a fortune lost and won and many a debt to pay……

(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

Bring in the workers and bring up the rails
We gotta lay down the tracks and tear up the trails
Open her heart let the life blood flow
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       Asus4       A7addG
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       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       A
Swinging our hammers in the bright blazing sun
     D       G       A7sus4
Living on stew and drinking bad whiskey
     D       G       A7sus4       D
Bending our backs til the long days are done

D7      G       A7sus4
We are the navvies who work upon the railway
     D       G       E7       A
Swinging our hammers in the bright blazing sun
D7      G       A7sus4
Layin' down track and building the bridges
     D       G       A7sus4
Yeah, Bending our backs til the railroad is
(Brightly)
D    Am7  D Am7
done...

A                Em
So over the mountains and over the plains
C               D
Into the muskeg and into the rain
A                Em
Up the St. Lawrence all the way to Gaspé
C               D
Swinging our hammers and drawing our pay
A                Em
Layin' 'em in and tyin' them down
C               D
A-way to the bunkhouse and into the town
A                Em
A dollar a day and a place for my head
C       A       A7
A drink to the living, a toast to the dead

D    Am7    D
Oh the song of the future has been sung
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 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
F#m          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
When the green dark forest was too silent to be real

When the green dark forest was too silent to be real

And many are the dead men….too silent…to be real.

Canadian Railroad Trilogy
**C'est L'aviron**

**Traditional, The Travellers**

Intro: C  G  D

G  C
M'en revenant, de la jolie Ro-chelle

G  C
M'en revenant, de la jolie Ro-chelle

G  D7
J'ai rencontré, trois jolies demoiselles.

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
J'ai rencontré, trois jolies demoiselles

G  C
J'ai rencontré, trois jolies demoiselles

G  D7
J'ai point choisi, mais j'ai pris la plus belle.

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
J'ai point choisi, mais j'ai pris la plus belle
G C
J'ai point choisi, mais j'ai pris la plus belle
G D7
J'l'y fis monter, derrière moi, sur ma selle.

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
Je l'ai menée, auprès d'une fontaine
G C
Je l'ai menée, auprès d'une fontaine
G D7
Quand ell' fut là, ell' ne voulut point boire.

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
Quand ell' fut là, ell' ne voulut point boire
G C
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 nous mène en haut.

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 nous mène en haut.

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

Key of C

C    Dm    F    C
Intro: Harmonica or kazoos
I:    C    Dm    F    C
I:    C    Dm    F    C

C    Dm
Cousin Mary was a lady
F    C
Who could really hold her own
C    Dm
She went fighting for her country
F    C
She went fighting for her home
G    Am
Then there's the time she lost her husband
Dm7    Am    Am
He was fighting for the right
C    Dm
She'll be leaving in the morning
F    C
Won't you please say goodnight

Harmonica or kazoos
I:    C    Dm    F    C

C    Dm
All the money in the world
Couldn't tie old Mary down
You can be-lieve her when she tells you
She's had her turn around
There could be knights and kings in armour
Horses waiting just to fight
She'll be leaving in the morning
Won't you please say goodnight
She'll be leaving in the morning
Won't you please say goodnight

Oh...lovely lady
Oh...lovely lady always out there ↓ <pause>
She'll be leaving in the morning
Won't you please take good care

Harmonica or kazoo

Oh...lovely lady
Oh...lovely lady always out there ↓ <pause>
C          Dm
She'll be leaving in the morning
    F          C
Won't you please take good care

Harmonica or kazoos
I:    C    Dm    F    C↓

Cousin Mary
Intro: ukes only
I:         G    Em   C   D7
ukes and kazoo
I:         G    Em   C   D7
ukes and kazoo
I:         G    Em   C   D7

G          Em
I'm so young and you're so old
C          D7
This my darling I've been told
G          Em
I don't care just what they say
C          D7
'Cause forever I will pray
G          Em
You and I will be as free
C          D7
As the birds up in the trees
G    Em   C   D7   G    Em   C   D7
Oh please stay by me Di-ana

G          Em
Thrills I get when you hold me close
C          D7
Oh my darling you're the most
G          Em
I love you but do you love me
C  D7
Oh Diana can't you see
G   Em
I love you with all my heart
C  D7
And I hope we will never part
G  Em  C  D7  G  Em  C  D7
Oh please stay with me Di-ana

C   C   Cm   Cm
↓ Oh my dar-↓ lin' ↓ oh my lo-↓ ver
G   G   G7   G7
↓ Tell me that↓ there↓ is no o-↓ ther
C   C   Cm   Cm
↓ I love you↓ ↓ with my heart↓
D7   D7   D7
Oh-↓ oh, oh-↓ oh, oh-oh oh-oh oh-oh oh-oh

G   Em
Only you canna take my heart
C  D7
Only you canna tear it apart
G   Em
When you hold me in your lo-ving arms
C  D7
I can feel you giving all yo-our charms
G   Em
Hold me darling ho-ho- hold me tight
C  D7
Squeeze me baby witha all your might
G  Em  C  D7  G  Em
Oh please stay by me Di-ana
C  D7  G  Em  C  D7  G
Oh please Di-ana     Oh please Di-ana
I:    Em  C  D7  G↓
Down By The Henry Moore
Murray McLauchlan

Key of A

```
A       F#m       D       E7
\(\begin{array}{cc}
2 & 1 & 0 & 0 \\
2 & 1 & 2 & 0 \\
2 & 2 & 2 & 0 \\
1 & 2 & 0 & 2 \\
\end{array}\)  
```

A       F#m
I walked down to Kensington Market, bought me a fish to fry
A       D       E7       A
I went to the Silver Dollar, looked a stranger in the eye
A       F#m
A friend of mine says that he don't think this town's so out of sight
A       D
But he's got shades all round his soul
E7       A
And he thinks he's seen the light, singin’

**CHORUS:**
A
Don't you want to keep on moving
A       F#m
Don't you want to get un-done
A       D
Don't you want a change from losing
A       E7       A       A
Don't you want to have some fun

A       F#m
I went down to the Palm Grove, I was jumpin' around the room
A       D       E7       A
I was wearing my sneakers down and castin' away my gloom
A       F#m
This fat girl come up and grabbed me, she sat me on her knee
A       D
She said you wrote that Farmer's Song
E7       A
And she spilled a drink on me, singin’
CHORUS:
A
Don't you want to keep on moving
A
Don't you want to get un-done
A
Don't you want a change from losing
A
Don't you want to have some fun

A
I went down to the Henry Moore, skated all in the Square
A
The moon above my shoulder and the ice was in my hair
A
A-alone but never lonely, that's how I like to be
A
If I want to have fun like a rock'n roll bum
A
Don't think the worst of me, singin’

CHORUS:
A
Don't you want to keep on moving
A
Don't you want to get un-done
A
Don't you want a change from losing
A
Don't you want to have some fun, singin’

A
Don't you want to keep on moving
A
Don't you want to get un-done
A
Don't you want a change from losing
A
Don't you want to have some fun
Farmer’s Song
Murray McLachlin


Instead of D & D7, play D7 2,2,2,3 & D9 2,4,2,3

G   G6   G   G6
Dusty old farmer out working your fields
   G   G6   D   D7
Hanging down over your tractor wheel
   D   D7   D   D7
The sun beatin' down turns the red paint to orange
   D   D7   G   G6
And rusty old patches of steel
   G   G6   G   G6
There's no farmer songs on that car radi-o
   G   G6   C   C
Just cowboys, truck drivers and pain
   C   Am   G   Em
Well this is my way to say thanks for the meal
   D7   D   G   G6   G   G6
And I hope there's no shortage of rain
CHORUS:
G  G6  G  G6
Straw hat and old dirty hankies
G  G6  D  D7
Moppin' a face like a shoe
D  D7  D  D7
Thanks for the meal here's a song that is real
D  D7  G  G6
From a kid from the city to you
G  G6  G  G6
Straw hat and old dirty hankies
G  G6  D  D7
Moppin' a face like a shoe
D  D7  D  D7
Thanks for the meal here's a song that is real
D  D7  G  G6  G G6
From a kid from the city to you

G  G6  G  G6
The combines gang up, take most of the bread
G  G6  D  D7
Things just ain't like they used to be
D  D7  D  D7
Though your kids are out after the A-merican dream
D  D7  G  G6
And they're workin’ in big factor-ies
G  G6  G  G6
If I come by, when you're out in the sun
G  G6  C  C
Can I wave at you just like a friend
C  Am  G  Em
These days when everyone's taking so much
D7  D  G G6  G G6
There's somebody giving back in
CHORUS:
G   G6   G   G6
Straw hat and old dirty hankies
G   G6   D   D7
Moppin' a face like a shoe
D   D7   D   D7
Thanks for the meal here's a song that is real
D   D7   G   G6
From a kid from the city to you
G   G6   G   G6
Straw hat and old dirty hankies
G   G6   D   D7
Moppin' a face like a shoe
D   D7   D   D7
Thanks for the meal here's a song that is real
D   D7   G   G6
From a kid from the city to you

Farmer’s Song
Hasn’t Hit Me Yet
Blue Rodeo

Key of D

D
Em
C
G
A

I:

D D Em C D D Em C G

G D
You say that you're leaving
Em C
Well that comes as no sur-prise
G D
Still I kinda like this feeling
Em C G A
Of being left be-hi-i- ind

G D
This ain't nothin’ new to me
Em C
Well it's just like going home
G D
It's kinda like those sunsets
Em
That leave you feeling
C G A
So sto-o-oned

Em G D A
Hey, hey I guess it hasn't hit me yet
Em G D A
I fell through this crack and I kinda lost my head
Em  G  D  A
I stand trans-fixed be-fore this street-light
Em  G
Watching the snow fall on this
D  A  D  DEm  C  D  DEm  C
Co-old December Night

G  D
I never thought this could happen
Em  C
But some-how the feeling's gone
G  D
You got sick of the patterns
Em  C  G  A
And I got lost in this so-o-ong

Em  G  D  A
Hey, hey I guess it hasn't hit me yet
Em  G  D  A
I fell through this crack and I kinda lost my head
Em  G  D  A
I stand trans-fixed be-fore this street-light
Em  G  D  A
Watching the snow fall on this Cold December night

Em  G  D  A
And out in the middle of Lake On-ta-r-i-o
Em  G
The same snow is falling
Em  G
On the deep silent water
Em  G
The great dark wonder
Em  D  A  A
Into the waves of my heart
Em    D    A    A    D
Into the waves of my heart, of my heart

Hasn’t Hit Me Yet
(You’re) Having My Baby
Paul Anka

Key of C

```
<table>
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<tr>
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<th>Em</th>
<th>G</th>
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I:

```
C F C F
C C
```

Havin' my baby

```
Em F G G
```

What a lovely way of sayin' how much you love me

```
C C
```

Havin' my baby

```
Em F Am Am
```

What a lovely way of sayin' what you're thinkin' of me

```
C C
```

I can see it, your face is glowin'

```
F G G
```

I can see it in your eyes, I'm happy knowin’

```
C C
```

That you're havin' my baby

```
Em F G G
```

You're the woman I love, and I love what it's doin' to you

```
C C
```

Havin' my baby

```
Em F Am Am
```

You're a woman in love, and I love what's goin' through you

```
C C
```

The need in-side you, I see it showin'
Whoa, the seed inside you, baby, do you feel it growin'?

Are you happy knowin' ...

That you're havin' my baby

I'm a woman in love and I love what it's doin' to me

Havin' my baby

I'm a woman in love and I love what's goin' through me

Didn't have to keep it, wouldn't put you through it

You could have swept it from your life, but you wouldn't do it

No, you wouldn't do it

And you're havin' my baby

I'm a woman in love and I love what it's doin' to me

Havin' my baby

I'm a woman in love and I love what's goin' through me

Oh, havin' my baby

What a lovely way of sayin' how much you love me

Havin' my baby, I'm a woman in love....<fade out>
Long Long Road
David Francey

Key of C

C5          F          C5
Red sun comes rising out of the sea
        C5      Csus4    G      G
On the long long road
        C5          F          C5
And the bones of the ocean, this land under me
        C5      G      C5      C5
On the long long road

C5          F          C5
Up the St. Lawrence to the queen of the Lakes
        C5      Csus4    G      G
On the long long road
        C5          F          C5
And the waves of the water, they endlessly break
        C5      G      C5      C5
On the long long road

F          Fadd9    C5      C5
On the long long road
        C5      Csus4    G      G
On the long long road
        C5          F          C5
The waves on the water, they endlessly break
        C5      G      C5      C5
On the long long road
C5       F       C5
The prairies a straight line, be-ginning and end
C5   Csus4   G   G
On the long long road
C5       F       C5
And the mile posts marking the time that we spend
C5   G   C5   C5
On the long long road

C5       F       C5
West to the mountains, that greyness of stone
C5   Csus4   G   G
On the long long road
C5       F       C5
And the setting sun sinking, tired to the bone
C5   G   C5   C5
On the long long road

F   Fadd9   C5   C5
On the long long road
C5   Csus4   G   G
On the long long road
C5       F       C5
And the mile posts marking, the time that we spend
C5   G   C5   C5
On the long long road

F   Fadd9   C5   C5
On the long long road
C5   Csus4   G   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
Lu-cille was a woman and I was a boy,
and it was obvious that she wanted more
Than a man her age could give her and that was me
I was wild as a summer squall,
blowing through town no direction at all
I was wilder than even she could be-lieve

CHORUS:
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
Lu-cille was fifty and I was nineteen,
and you know it never bothered me
Not even when they called out in the bars
I’d get tough and I’d bust some heads,
Lu-cille would laugh when the cops got there
We’d sneak out the back and take off in my car

CHORUS:
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

CHORUS final:
I drove on up to Randolf Heights,
there’s an old folks’ home there past the lights
And Lucille sitting out there in the shade
I wheeled her around to the passenger door,
I picked her up and put her in that car
And we took off like a dustbowl hurri-cane

And that Cobra Jet 428 and that ’65 Ford well it ran great
Took it on out to where that gravel turns to road
Took 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

Lucille
Morning Train
David Francey

Key of Dm

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</table>

Intro: Dm /// Dm ///

Dm
I met Jesus in the morning
Dm
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
G G7
And do them in His name
Dm
He said, "After all, everybody's
Dm
Riding on this train"

Dm
I met Buddha on the subway
Dm
On the subway underground
Dm
Saw his smile slowly fade
I saw him look around
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 ex-plain"
He said, "After all, everybody's
Riding on this train"

I: Dm /// Dm /// Dm /// Dm ↓

Morning Train
O Canada
Calixa Lavallée

G D Em
O Canada!
G D
Our home and native land!
G A7 D
True patriot love
D A7 D
In all thy sons command

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-da,
    Am G D G
We stand on guard for thee,
G Gaug C
O Canada-da,
    Am G D7 G
We stand on guard for thee

O Canada
Opeongo Line
Karen Taylor

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

CHORUS:
Em
A phantom team and teamster
Bm      Em
Leave from Renfrew rain or shine
G      D      Em      Em
Dream-in’ I was teaming
G D    Em    Em
On the O-Opeongo Line

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

CHORUS:
   Em
Now a phantom team and teamster
   Bm   Em
Leave from Renfrew rain or shine
   G    D    Em   Em
Dream-in’ I was teamin’
   G  D   Em  Em
On the O-Opeongo Line

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

CHORUS:
Em
Now a phantom team and teamster
Bm Em
Leave from Renfrew rain or shine
G D Em Em
Dream-in’ I was teamin’
G D Em Em
On the O-Opeongo Line

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

CHORUS:
Em
To join the phantom team
Bm Em
That leaves from Renfrew rain or shine
G D Em Em
Dream-in’ I was teamin’
G D Em Em
On the O-Opeongo Line

Em
On the Opeongo Line
D Em
I drove a span of bays
One summer once up-on a time
For Hoolihan and Hayes
Now that the bays are dead and gone
And grim old age is mine

**CHORUS final:**
A phantom team and teamster
Come to take this soul of mine
Dream-in’ I was teamin’
On the O-Opeongo Line
Dream-in’ I was teamin’
On the O-Opeongo Line

Opeongo Line
Snowbird

G       Bm      Am
Be-neath it's snowy mantle cold and clean
D7      G
The unborn grass lies waiting for its coat to turn to green
G       Bm      Am
The snowbird sings the song he always sings
D7      G
And speaks to me of flowers that will bloom again in spring

G       Bm      Am
When I was young my heart was young then too
D7      G
And any thing that it would tell me that's the thing that I would do
G       Bm      Am
But now I feel such emptiness with-in
D7      G
For the thing that I want most in life's the thing that I can't win

G       Bm      Am
Spread your tiny wings and fly a-way
D7      G
And take the snow back with you where it came from on that day
G       Bm      Am
The one I love for-ever is un-true
D7      G
And if I could you know that I would fly away with you

G       Bm      Am
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 …
away with you  ↓

Snowbird
Someday Soon
Ian Tyson

Key of G

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 Color-ad-o
G    Em    C    G
He's just out of the service, he's looking for his fun
Am    D    G    G
Someday soon, going with him, someday soon

G    Em    C    G
My parents they can't stand him, because he works the rode-o
D    C    D
My father says that he will leave me cry-ing
G    Em    C    G
But I would follow him right down, the toughest road I know
Am    D    G    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    D
I'll bet that he was just as wild in his younger days

G    Em    C    G
Blow you old blue northern, blow my love to me
D    C    D
He's riding in tonight from Cali-forni-a
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 Cali-forni-a
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
G     Em     C     D7
Lazed on the ridge of the Mirami-chi
G     C
Seen the waves tear and roar on the stone coast of Labrador
G     Em     D7     G
Watched them roll back to the Great Northern Sea

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

I have welcomed the dawn from the fields of Saskatchewan
G     Em     C     D7
Followed the sun to the Vancouver shore
G     C
Watched it climb shiny new up the snow peaks of Caribou
G     Em     D7     G
Up to the clouds where the wild Rockies soar
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
I have heard the wild wind sing the places that I have been
G  Em  C  D7
Bay Bull and Red Deer and Strait of Belle Isle
G  C
Names like Grand Mere and Silverthorne Moose Jaw and Marrowbone,
G  Em  D7  G  Chorus
Trails of the pioneer named with a smile

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
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  Chorus
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's 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                  D7G
This… land of ours   ↓   ↓   ↓
**Summer Of 69**
Bryan Adams

Key of D

```
Play each line starting with 8 down strums to the bar with the first two strums being stronger

**Strum:** :|  D d D d d d d l  d d d d d d D d l:

**INTRO:**  D  D

**D**
I got my first real six string

**A**
Bought it at the five-and-dime

**D**
Played it 'till my fingers bled

**A**
It was the summer of ‘69

**Change to swiss army strum:** :|  d - d u - u d (u) l:

**D**
Me and some guys from school

**A**
Had a band and we tried real hard
D
Jimmy quit, Jodie got married
A
Shoulda known we'd never get far

Bm   A
When I look back now
D   G
The summer seemed to last forever
Bm   A
And if I had the choice
D   G
Yeah, I'd always want to be there
Bm   A   D   D AA
Those were the ↓ best days of my life

D
Ain't no use in complaining
A
When you got a job to do
D
Spend my nights down at the drive-in
A
And that's when I met you, yeah

Bm   A
Standing on your mama's porch
D   G
You told me that you'd wait forever
Bm   A
Oh, and when you held my hand
D   G
I knew that it was now or never
Bm   A   D   D   A
Those were the ↓ best days of my life oh yeah
A D DA A
Back in the summer of ‘69 oh

**BRIDGE:**

F Bb
Man, we were killing time
C Bb
We were young and restless, we needed to unwind
F Bb C C
I guess nothing can last for-ever, for-ever...
I: D D A A D D A A

D
And now, the times are changing
A
Look at everything that's come and gone
D
Sometimes when I play that old six string
A
Think about you wonder what went wrong

Bm A
Standing on your mama's porch
D G
You told me it would last forever
Bm A
Oh, when you held my hand
D G
I knew that it was now or never
Bm A D D A
Those were the ↓ best days of my life oh yeah

A D DA
Back in the summer of ‘69
It was the summer of ‘69, oh yeah
Me and my baby in ‘69 oh
It was the summer, the summer, the summer of '69
↓ yeah

Summer Of 69
Summer Vibe
Walk Off The Earth

Key of Am

Am   F
↓ Ooo...(Ayo)  ↓ Ooo...(Ayo)
C    G
↓ Ooo...(Ayo)  ↓ Ooo
-       (Bop Bop Away-o)
Am   F   C   G   F
Summer vi--ibe... Summer vi--ibe...  ↓ (tap, tap)

Am
I'm lookin' for a summer vibe
   F    C
Got me turnin' on the radi-o
   G
I gotta kick these blues
Am   F
Working all day, tryin' to make pay
C    G
Wishin' those clouds a-way

Am
I wanna feel the sunshine
   F    C
In the sand take a walk in the waves
   G
With nothin' else to do
Am   F
Sippin' on suds, workin' on a buzz

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C                G
Keepin' my drink in the shade
F
Takin' my ↓ time

Am            F
With you by my side, a cadillac ride
C               G
Jammin' with the boys, by the fire at night
Am      F   C       G
Summer vi--ibe, lookin' for a summer vi--ibe

Am            F
I paid my dues, got nothin' to prove
C               G
Layin' on the dock, just talkin' to you
Am      F   C       G       F
Summer vi--ibe, lookin' for a summer vi--ibe ↓

Am
Jones'n for a good time
F       C       G
Hittin' beaches all down the coast, I find a place to post
Am
Gonna somehow, find a luau
C       G
Dance all night a- ↓ way

Short change in tempo and strum...

Am
Drinking somethin' ↓ blue from a coconut
F       C
↓ Music all up in the ↓ place
       G
Under the ↓ moonlight
Takin' my time

With you by my side, a cadillac ride
Jammin' with the boys, by the fire at night
Summer vi--ibe, lookin' for a summer vi--ibe

I paid my dues, got nothin' to prove
Layin' on the dock, just talkin' to you
Summer vi--ibe, lookin' for a summer vi--ibe

And the sun goes down
but it'll rise a--gain to-morrow, oh--oh--

Ayo, Ayo, Ayo Bop Bop Away-o

With you by my side, a cadillac ride
Jammin' with the boys, by the fire at night
Summer vi--ibe, lookin' for a summer vi--ibe

I paid my dues, got nothin' to prove
Layin' on the dock, just talkin' to you
Am F C G
Summer vi--ibe, lookin' for a summer vi--ibe

Am F
↓ Ooo...(Ayo) ↓ Ooo...(Ayo)
C G
↓ Ooo...(Ayo) ↓ Ooo
- (Bop Bop Away-o)
Am F C G
Summer vi--ibe... Summer vi--ibe...

Am F
↓ Ooo...(Ayo) ↓ Ooo...(Ayo)
C G
↓ Ooo...(Ayo) ↓ Ooo
- (Bop Bop Away-o)
Am F C G C7
Summer vi--ibe, lookin' for a summer vi--ibe ↓

Summer Vibe
INTRO: G G

G
The con-sumer...they call us, we're the people that buy
G A7 D
Well everyone else is out to sell some kind of merchan-dise
G C
We run to the boss and tell him we need a bit more gold
C G D G G
Some tax deductions later and we still wind up in the hole

CHORUS:
G
Oh yes we are the people, runnin' in the race
G A7 D
Buyin' up the bargains in the old market-place
G C
A-nother sale on something, we'll buy it while it's hot
C G D G
And save a lot of money spending money we don't got
C G D G G
We save a lot of money spending money we don't got

G
The con-sumer...they call us, we always get a fair shake
G A7 D
We buy a fridge that doesn't freeze and a stove that doesn't bake
G C
We can't buy nothin' lastin' lest we get that raise in pay
C G
Then they'd only charge more for the things
That cost us less to-day

The con-sumer...they call us, we're fussy what we eat
We look at the price of the T-bone steak & buy Hamburg meat
And all those fancy packages we take down from the shelf
They're always full of good fresh air
When they're not full of nothing else

**CHORUS:**

Oh yes we are the people, runnin' in the race
Buyin' up the bargains in the old market-place
A-nooner sale on something, we'll buy it while it's hot
And save a lot of money spending money we don't got
We save a lot of money spending money we don't got

The con-sumer...they call us, when the man comes in the door
They give us a deal on a vacuum if we buy a rug for the floor
And how do we pay the finance when the monthly bills arrive
They just send down the bailiff to repos-sess the car we drive

The con-sumer's what they call us, we're always deep in debt
From buyin' drawers in discount stores to fixin' the TV set
We go to the bank for the money and sign for another loan
And pray the Lord doesn't see us stop
In the tavern halfway home

**FINAL CHORUS:**
Oh yes we are the people, runnin' in the race
Buyin' up the bargains in the old market-place
A-nooner sale on something, we'll buy it while it's hot
And save a lot of money spending money we don't got
We save a lot of money spending money we don't got

I: C G D G G ↓ C ↓ G ↓

**The Consumer**
This Land is Your Land
The Travellers

Intro: F\\\///  C\\\///  G7\\\///  C↓

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 ↓

X
F
As I was walking
C
That ribbon of highway
G7
I saw above me
C
That endless skyway
F
I saw be-low me
That golden valley
G7       C   C
This land was made for you and me ↓

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 ↓

X     F
Le plus chère pays
C
De toute la terre
G7
C’est notre pays
C
Nous sommes tous frères
F
De l’île Van-couver
C
Jusqu’à Terre-Neuve
G7   C   C
C’est l’Canada, c’est notre pays ↓
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

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

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

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

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
I: C ↓ G7 ↓ C ↓

This Land is Your Land
**REFRAIN:**
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C G
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C Am
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at-↓ tend

G Am
Derrière chez ↓ nous y'a t'un é-↓ tang
G Am
Derrière chez ↓ nous y'a t'un é-↓ tang
G E7
Il n'est pas ↓ large comme il est gra-a-and

**REFRAIN:**
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C G
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C Am
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at-↓ tend
Trois beaux canards s'en vont bâignant

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant

REFRAIN:

V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent

V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle

V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent

V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at-tend

Avec son grand fusil d'argent

Visa le noir, tua le bla-à-anc

REFRAIN:

V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent

V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle

V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent

V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at-tend
O, fils du roi, tu es mélant

Tu as tué mon canard bla-a-anc

REFRAIN:
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C G
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C Am
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at-tend

Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang

Et par les yeux les dia-ma-a-ants

REFRAIN:
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C G
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C Am
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at-tend
Et par le \( G \) \( \times \) bec l'or et l'ar-\( G \) \( \times \) gent

Et par le \( G \) \( \times \) bec l'or et l'ar-\( G \) \( \times \) gent

Que ferons-\( G \) \( \times \) nous de tant d'ar-ge-e-ent

**REFRAIN:**
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C \( G \)
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C \( G \) Am
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at-\( G \) \( \times \) tend

Nous mettrons \( G \) \( \times \) les filles au cou-\( G \) \( \times \) vent
Am
Nous mettrons \( G \) \( \times \) les filles au cou-\( G \) \( \times \) vent
E7
Et les gar-\( G \) \( \times \) çons au régi-me-e-ent

**REFRAIN:**
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C \( G \)
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l’ joli vent
C \( G \) Am
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at-\( G \) \( \times \) tend
Toutes ses plumes s'en vont au vent,
trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant.
C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
pour y coucher tous les passants.

V'la L’bon Vent
We’re Here For A Good Time
Trooper

Intro: C (8 bars)

C
A very good friend of mine
G
Told me something the other day
Am
I'd like to pass it on to you
F
C
C
Cause I be-lieve what he said to be true

Chorus:

C
He said we're here for a good time
C
Not a long time (not a long time)
Am
So have a good time
F
C
The sun can't shine every day
Bridge:
C F
And the sun is shinin'
Dm C
In this rainy city F
And the sun is shinin'
Dm C C
Oooooh, isn't it a pity
Dm
And every year, has it's share of tears
G F Em
And every now and then it's gotta rain

C
We're here for a good time
G
Not a long time
Am
So have a good time
F C
The sun can't shine every day

Instrumental verse C G Am F C

Bridge:
C F
And the sun is shinin'
Dm C
In this rainy city F
And the sun is shinin'
Dm C C
Oooooh, isn't it a pity
And every year, has it's share of tears
And every now and then it's gotta rain

We're here for a good time
Not a long time
So have a good time
The sun can't shine every day (shine every day)

We're here for a good time (here for a good time)
Not a long time (not a long time)
So have a good time (have a good ... time)
The sun can't shine every day (shine every day...the sun can’t shine)

We're here for a good time (here for a good time)
Not a long time (not a long, not a long time)
So have a good time (have a good ... time)
The sun can't shine every day (the sun can’t shine, the sun can’t shine)

So have a good time (have a good... time)
The sun can't shine every day (the sun can’t shine every day)

We're here for a good time
Not a long time (not a long time)
So have a good time (have a good… time)

The sun can't shine every day

Chorus:

He said we're here for a good time
Not a long time (not a long time)
So have a good time

The sun can't shine every day

--> and Fade ...

We’re Here For A Good Time
When I first stepped in a canoe
I made a fatal mistake
I planted my heel to one side of the keel
And pitched head-first in the lake
I had no reason to think
It would tip before you could blink
Or take all your talents for keeping your balance
Or else you’d land in the drink
Which is what I proceeded to do
When I first stepped in a canoe
When I first soloed in a canoe

It took me a while to learn

That you sit in the bow

Though I didn’t know how

You could tell the damn thing from the stern

I paddled the rest of the day

In circles and growing dis-may

I hadn’t a clue that to steer the thing true

Your stroke had to end with a ↓ ‘J’

Which no-one had taught me to do

When I first soloed in a canoe

When I first kneel in a canoe

I paddle with languorous grace

But it’s all a mirage when you have to portage

With black flies all over your face

As I stagger off into the trees
At C least I’m off of my knees
Which I haven’t quite felt since the minute I knelt
And the ribs turned the caps into cheese
Which is what they instantly do
When I first kneel in a ca- \( \text{key change} \) no (key change)

Now \( \text{key change} \) …the best thing about a canoe
May be just what it is not
Like loud and aggressive
And big and excessive like a ski boat
Or a millionaire’s yacht

It’s at home on stream, lake, or chute
It won’t harm a beaver or coot
It may take some labour but like a good neighbour
It won’t make noise or pol-lute
So if asked if you want a SeaDoo
Say, \( \text{key change} \) “Thanks, but I’d \( \text{key change} \) rather can-oe.”
Now I \( \text{key change} \) have to skedaddle
-(God, I wish these had a saddle)
E7 A A
And paddle off in my canoe

When I First Stepped in a Canoe
Wreck Of The Edmund Fitzgerald
Gordon Lightfoot

6/8 time

INTRO: C/ Gm/ Bb  F/ C/ Bb/ F/ C/ C

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
Of the big lake they called Gitche Gumee
The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead
When the skies of November turn gloomy

With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more
Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty
That good ship and true was a bone to be chewed
When the gales of November came early

The ship was the pride of the American side
Coming back from some mill in Wisconsin
As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most
With a crew and good captain well seasoned

Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms
When they left fully loaded for Cleveland
And later that night when the ship’s bell rang
Could it be the north wind they’d been feelin’?

I: C/ Gm/ Bb F/ C/ C

The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound
And a wave broke over the railing
And every man knew, as the captain did too
‘Twas the witch of November come stealin’

The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait
When the gales of November came slashing
When afternoon came it was freezing rain
In the face of a hurricane west wind
When suppertime came, the old cook came on deck saying
Fellas, it’s too rough to feed ya
At seven p.m. a main hatchway caved in, he said
Fellas, it’s been good to know ya

The captain wired in he had water coming in
And the good ship and crew was in peril
And later that night when his lights went outta sight
Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

Does anyone know where the love of God goes
When the waves turn the minutes to hours?
The searchers all say they’d have made Whitefish Bay
If they’d put fifteen more miles behind her
They might have split up or they might have capsized
They may have broke deep and took water
And all that remains is the faces and the names
Of the wives and the sons and the daughters

I: C/ Gm/ Bb F/ C/ Bb/ F/ C/ C

Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings
In the rooms of her ice-water mansion
Old Michigan steams like a young man’s dreams
The islands and bays are for sportsmen

And farther below Lake Ontario
Takes in what Lake Erie can send her
And the iron boats go as the mariners all know
With the gales of November remembered

I: C/ Gm/ Bb F/ C/ Bb/ F/ C/ C

In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed
In the maritime sailors ca-thedral
The church bell chimed till it rang twenty-nine times
For each man on the Edmund Fitz-gerald

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
Of the big lake they call Gitche Gumee
Su-perior, they said, never gives up her dead
When the gales of No-vember come early!

I: \[ C / Gm / Bb \quad F / C / Bb / F / C / C \]

Wreck Of The Edmund Fitzgerald