Bug Jam Song PDF Book

Ballad of Jesse James, G
Big Rock Candy Mountain, C
Canoeing My Troubles Away, G
Dear Abby, C
Down by the Riverside, F
English Sparrow (I Wish I Was a Little Bar of Soap), C
Here We Are, C
Home on the Range, C
John Hardy was a desperate little man, C
Kokanee Canary Canoe, C
KUMBAYA, G
Land of the Silver Birch - My Paddle’s Keen and Bright Medley, Am
Let’s Talk Dirty In Hawaiian, C
Little Bitty, C
Lodi, C
Mountain Dew, Am
My Oklahoma Home, G
My Rifle, My Pony and Me, C
On Top of Spaghetti / ... Smokey, G
Quartermaster's Store, D
Risseldy Rosseldy, C
Should’ve been a Cowboy, C
Tennessee Waltz, G
THE FOX, C
The Green Grass Grew All Around, C
The Titanic, C
Those Lazy-hazy-crazy Days of Summer, G
Tom Dooley, C
When I First Stepped In a Canoe, G
Jesse James was a lad that killed many a man
He robbed the Glendale train
He stole from the rich and he gave to the poor
He'd a hand and a heart and a brain

Now poor Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life
Three children they were brave
But that dirty little coward that shot mister Howard
Has laid Jesse James in his grave

It was on a Wednesday night the moon was shining bright
They robbed the Glendale train
And folks from miles about all said without a doubt
It was robbed by Frank and Jesse James
Now poor Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life

Three children they were brave

But that dirty little coward that shot mister Howard

Has laid Jesse James in his grave

It was on a Saturday night when Jesse was at home

Talking to his family brave

A-long came Robert Ford like a thief in the night

And he laid Jesse James in his grave

Now poor Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life

Three children they were brave

But that dirty little coward that shot mister Howard

Has laid Jesse James in his grave

Now the people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death

And they wondered how Jesse came to die

It was one of his gang Lord, little Robert Ford
And he shot Jesse James on the sly

Now poor Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life

Three children they were brave

But that dirty little coward that shot mister Howard

Has laid Jesse James in his grave

The Ballad Of Jesse James
Big Rock Candy Mountain
Harry McClintock

Bluegrass Effect:
I  F/C (2-0-1-3) for F , and G7sus4 (0-2-1-3) for G7 I

C        G7        C
One evening as the sun went down and the jungle fire was burning
G7        C
Down the track came a hobo hikin' and he said boys I'm not turning
F        C        F        C        F        G7
I'm headed for a land that's far away beside the crystal fountains
C        G7        C
So come with me we'll go and see the big rock candy mountains

C        C7        F        C
In the big rock candy mountains there's a land that's fair and bright
F        C        F        G7
Where the handouts grow on bushes and you sleep out every night
C        C7        F        C
Where the boxcars all are empty and the sun shines every day
F        C        F        C
On the birds and the bees and the cigarette trees
F        C        F        C
The lemonade springs where the bluebird sings
G7        C
In the big rock candy mountains

C        C7        F        C
In the big rock candy mountains all the cops have wooden legs
F        C        F        G7
And the bulldogs all have rubber teeth and the hens lay soft boiled eggs
The farmers' trees are full of fruit and the barns are full of hay

Oh I'm bound to go where there ain't no snow

Where the rain don't fall and the wind don't blow

In the big rock candy mountains

In the big rock candy mountains you never change your socks

And the little streams of alcohol come a-tricklin' down the rocks

The brakemen have to tip their hats and the railroad bulls are blind

There's a lake of stew and of whiskey too

You can paddle all around 'em in a big canoe

In the big rock candy mountains

In the big rock candy mountains the jails are made of tin

And you can walk right out again as soon as you are in

There ain't no short-handled shovels no axes saws or picks

I'm a-going to stay where you sleep all day

Where they hung the jerk who invented work

In the big rock candy mountains

Whistle line 1 and line 4 of verse:

I'll see you all this coming fall in the big rock candy mountains
Big Rock Candy Mountain
| Alternate chords  | F/C  G7sus4  |

Canoeing My Troubles Away
Shelley Posen

Intro: G / G7 / C / C

When life in the city is wearing me down,
It’s hot and it’s smelly, the air’s turnin’ brown,
I’m tired of the traffic, tired of the town,
While the sun shines, I wanna make hay

Get out to the country, find a lake or a stream,
Where the blue waters glisten, the granite rocks gleam,
C7        F
Out of a nightmare, into a dream
    G         G7         C         C
Ca-noeing my troubles a-way

    F         G7         C         C
Ca-noeing my troubles a-way
    F         F#dim7      C         G
On a lake or a river, I could paddle all day,
    C         C7         F         C
I’d get endless en-joyment from fulltime em-ploymen
    G         G7         C         C         G7         G7         C         C
Ca-noeing my troubles a-way / / / / /

    C        G
On a warm summer’s night paddling under the moon,
    G7         C
The shush of my paddle, the cry of the loon,
    C7        F
Moonlight and starlight up-on the lagoon,
    Am        F        G
My ca-noe’s a cathedral to pray

    C        G
And while steering through rapids midst the boil and the hiss,
    G7         C
It’s “Look out! Bow rudder!” a-nother near miss,
    C7        F        F#dim7
I think “Lord, it just doesn’t get better than this!”
    G         G7         C         C
Ca-noeing my troubles a-way

    F         G7         C         C
Ca-noeing my troubles a-way
Give me flat or white water, I can paddle all day,

I’d trade a month down in Boca for an hour in Mus-koka

Ca-noeing my troubles a-way

Where Lake Kashagawigamog beckons to me,

Lake Rosseau, Lake Joseph, Wasse-sosa and Tea,

The French and Grand Rivers like-wise the Souris

They’re all blooms in the paddler’s bou-quet

I feel my heart lighten as I head up the lake,

My worries get smaller with each stroke I take

Disap-pear in the eddies that swirl in my wake

Ca-noeing my troubles a-way

Ca-noeing my troubles a-way

In shallows or white caps I can paddle all day

You can bet your sweet fanny, when I’m on the Na-hanni

I’m ca-noeing my troubles, they’re bursting like bubbles,

Ca-noeing my troubles a-way ↓
DEAR ABBY
John Prine

Key of C

C F C
Dear Abby, Dear Abby, my feet are too long
C D7 G7
My hair's falling out and my rights are all wrong
C F C
My friends they all tell me, that are no friends at all
C G C
Won't you write me a letter, won't you give me a call
F G C
Signed Bewildered

C F C
Bewildered, Bewildered you have no complaint
C D7 G7
You are what you are and you ain't what you ain't
C F C
So listen up buster and listen up good
C G C
Stop wishin' for bad luck and knockin' on wood
F G C

C F C
Dear Abby, Dear Abby, my fountain pen leaks
C D7 G7
My wife hollers at me and my kids are all freaks
C F C
Every side I get up on is the wrong side of bed
C G C
If it weren't so expensive I'd wish I were dead
F  G         C
Si-gned Un-hap-py

C        F           C
Unhap-py, Unhap-py, you have no com-plaint
C                          D7               G7
You are what you are and you ain't what you ain't
C        F           C
So listen up buster and listen up good
C                          G               C
Stop wishin' for bad luck and knockin' on wood
F  G  C

C        F           C
Dear Abby, Dear Abby, you won't believe this
C                          D7               G7
But my stomache makes noises when-ever I kiss
C        F           C
My girlfriend tells me it's all in my head
C                          G               C
But my stomache tells me to write you in stead
F  G           C
Si-gned Noisemaker.

C        F           C
Noisemaker, Noisemaker, you have no com-plaint
C                          D7               G7
You are what you are and you ain't what you ain't
C        F           C
So listen up buster and listen up good
C                          G               C
Stop wishin' for bad luck and knockin' on wood
F  G  C

C        F           C
Dear Abby, Dear Abby, well I never thought
C                          D7               G7
That me and my girlfriend would ever get caught
We were sittin' in the back seat just shootin' the breeze
With her hair up in curlers and her pants to her knees
Signed Just Married

Just Married, Just Married, you have no complaint
You are what you are and you ain't what you ain't
So listen up buster and listen up good
Stop wishin' for bad luck and knockin' on wood
Signed Dear Abby

DEAR ABBY
Down By The Riverside v2

Gonna lay down my sword and shield, down by the riverside
Down by the riverside, down by the riverside
Gonna lay down my sword and shield, down by the riverside
And study war no more

I ain’t gonna study war no more
I ain’t gonna study war no more
I ain’t gonna study war no more
I ain’t gonna study war no more
I ain’t gonna study war no more
I ain’t gonna study war no more
I ain’t gonna study war no more

Gonna put on that long white robe, down by the riverside
Down by the riverside down by the riverside
Gonna put on that long white robe, down by the riverside
And study war no more
Bb
I ain't gonna study war no more
F
I ain't gonna study war no more
C7    F    F7
I ain't gonna study war no more
Bb
I ain't gonna study war no more
F
I ain't gonna study war no more
C7    F    F
I ain't gonna study war no more
F
Gonna join hands with everyone, down by the riverside
C7    F
Down by the riverside down by the riverside
Gonna join hands with everyone, down by the riverside
C7    F    F7
And study war no more
Bb
I ain't gonna study war no more
F
I ain't gonna study war no more
C7    F    F7
I ain't gonna study war no more
Bb
I ain't gonna study war no more
F
I ain't gonna study war no more
C7    F    F
I ain't gonna study war no more
↓

Down By The Riverside v2
English Sparrow
Trad.

4/4 time 1, 2, 3, 4 / 1, 2, 3, 4 …

C \> G7
Oh, I wish I was a little English sparrow (English sparrow)
G7 \> C
Oh I wish I was a little English sparrow (English sparrow)
F \> C
I would ↓ sit up on the steeple and ↓ poop on all the people
G7 \> C
Oh I wish I was a little English sparrow (English sparrow)

C \> G7
I wish I was a little can of Coke (can of coke)
G7 \> C
Oh I wish I was a little can of Coke (can of coke)
F \> C
I'd go ↓ down with a slurp and come ↓ up with a burp
G7 \> C
Oh I wish I was a little can of Coke (can of coke)

C \> G7
I wish I was a little mos-quito (mosquito)
G7 \> C
Oh I wish I was a little mos-quito (mosquito)
F \> C
I'd ↓ buzzy and I'd bitey under ↓ everybody's nightie
Oh I wish I was a little mos-quito (mosquito)

I wish I was a fishy in the sea (in the sea)
Oh I wish I was a fishy in the sea (in the sea)
I'd swim about so cutey, with out my bathing suity
Oh I wish I was a fishy in the sea (in the sea)

I wish were a little hunk of mud (hunk of mud)
Oh I wish I were a little hunk of mud (hunk of mud)
I'd be ooey, ooey, gooey under everybody's shoey
Oh I wish I were a little hunk of mud (hunk of mud)

I wish I was a little running shower (running shower)
Oh I wish I was a little running shower (running shower)
All the sights that you would see, if you were only me
Oh I wish I was a little running shower (running shower)

I wish I was a little bar of soap (bar of soap)
Oh I wish I was a little bar of soap (bar of soap)
I'd ↓ slippy and I'd slidey over ↓ everybody’s hidey
G7 ↓ C
Oh I wish I was a little bar of ↓ soap
G7 ↓ C
... ( ↓ bar of ↓ soap )

English Sparrow
Here We Are
Ray Repp

Key of C

C          Am
Here we are
Dm      G7        C      Am
All to-gether as we sing our song
Dm      G
Joyful-ly
C          Am
Here we are
Dm      G7        C
All to-gether as we pray
G        C
We will always be

C          Am
Join we now as friends
Dm      G7
To celebrate
C          Am
The brotherhood we share
Dm      G
All as one
C          Am
Keep the fire burning
Dm      G7
Kindle it with care
C    Am    Dm    G7
And we’ll all join in and sing

C    Am
Here we are
Dm    G7    C    Am
All to-gether as we sing our song
Dm    G
Joyful-ly
C    Am
Here we are
Dm    G7    C
All to-gether as we pray
G    C
We will always be

C    Am
Let us make the world
Dm    G7
An alle-luia
C    Am
Let us make the world
Dm    G
A better place
C    Am
Keep a smile handy
Dm    G7
Show it every-where
C    Am    Dm    G7
And we’ll all join in and sing

C    Am
Here we are
Dm   G7   C   Am
All together as we sing our song
Dm   G
Joyful-ly
C   Am
Here we are
Dm   G7   C
All together as we pray
G   C   G7   C
We will always ↓ be ↓ ↓

Here We Are
"Home On The Range"
Daniel E. Kelley, Brewster M. Higley

Key of C

C
C7
F
D7
G7
Fm

Am

¾ time 1, 2, 3 / 1, 2, 3 …

C C7 F
Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam
C C7 G7 G7

Where the deer and the antelope play
C C7 F

Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
C G7 C

And the skies are not cloudy all day

CHORUS:
C G7 C
Home, home on the range
Am D7 G7 G7

Where the deer and the antelope play
C C7 F

Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
C G7 C

And the skies are not cloudy all day
C   C7     F
Where the air is so pure, and the zephyrs so free
C   D7   G7   G7
The breezes so balmy and light
C   C7   F   Fm
That I would not ex-change my home on the range
C   G7   C
For all of the cities so bright

CHORUS:
C   G7   C
Home, home on the range
Am   D7   G7   G7
Where the deer and the antelope play
C   C7   F   Fm
Where seldom is heard a dis-couraging word
C   G7   C
And the skies are not cloudy all day

C   C7     F
How often at night when the heavens are bright
C   D7   G7   G7
With the light from the glittering stars
C   C7   F   Fm
Have I stood there a-mazed and asked as I gazed
C   G7   C
If their glory ex-ceeds that of ours

CHORUS:
C   G7   C
Home, home on the range
Am   D7   G7   G7
Where the deer and the antelope play
C   C7   F   Fm
Where seldom is heard a dis-couraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Oh, I love these wild flowers in this dear land of ours
The curlew I love to hear cry
And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks
That graze on the mountain slopes high

CHORUS:
Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a dis-couraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Oh give me a land where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down in the stream
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream

CHORUS:
Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a dis-couraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Then I would not ex-change my home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play

Where seldom is heard a dis-couraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Home On The Range
John Hardy
~was a desperate little man~
Carter Family

Intro: Verse - kazoos, harmonicas ...

C  G
John Hardy was a desperate little man
C  G
He carried two guns every day
C  G
He shot a man on the West Virginia line
G  D  G
And you ought to see John Hardy getting a-way
I:  G  D  G  G

C  G
John Hardy got to the East Stone Bridge
C  G
He thought that he would be free
C  G
And up stepped a man and took him by his arm
G  D  G
Saying Johnny walk a-long with me
I:  G  D  G  G

C  G
He sent for his poppy and his mommy too
C  G
To come and go his bail
But money won't throw away a murdering case
And they locked John Hardy back in jail
I: \[G D G G\]

John Hardy had a pretty little girl
The dress that she wore was blue
As she came skipping thru the old jail hall
Saying Poppy I've been true to you
I: \[G D G G\]

John Hardy had another little girl
The dress that she wore was red
She followed John Hardy to his hanging ground
Saying Poppy I would rather be dead
I: \[G D G G\]

I've been to the East and I've been to the West
I've been this wide world around
I've been to the river and I've been baptized
And now I'm on my hanging ground
I: \[G D G G\]

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John Hardy (was a desperate little man)

Verse - kazoos, harmonicas ...
Kokanee Canary Canoe
Ross Douglas

Intro: C / F  G / C / F  G7/

C G7 C F Fm
Hey don’t you brood if your mood is a sour-in’
C Ab7 D7 G7
Come to the bow-ron it’s waiting for you
C G7
There ‘neath the moon
C F Fm
You will soon stop your glower-in’
C Ab7 D7 G7 C
I’ll take you out in my Kokanee Ca-nary Ca-noe

Am7 E7 Am7 E7
There in the night if the bugs start to bite
C D7 G7 G7
We’ll just think ‘bout the birds and the be-e-e-es
C G7 C F Fm
There on the lake we’ll par-take of the wo-oo
C Ab7 D7 G7 C
When I’m with you in my Kokanee Ca-nary Ca-noe
Whistling or kazoo or mouth trumpet solo:
l:  C / G / C / F  Fm/
l:  C / D / G / G  G7/
l:  C / G / C / F  Fm/
l:  C / D7  G7 / C  G7 / C  G7/

C      G7      C      F      Fm
Far from the hustle and bustle we’ll glide a-way
C      Ab7      D7      G
Into the evening out under the stars
C      G7      C      F      Fm
We’ll find the dance of ro-mance in our hidea-way
D7      G7      C      C
Soon very soon very soon

Am7      E7      Am7      E7
Just you and I and the deep purple sky
C      D7      G7      G7
As we ponder the wonders of lo-o-o-o-ve
C      G7      C      F      Fm
Ah it will seem like a dream has come true
C      Ab7      D7      G7      C
When I’m with you in my Kokanee Ca-nary Ca-noe

C      G7      C      F      Fm
We can ske-daddle and paddle and ↓ oooo- ↓ oooo!
C      Ab7      D7      G7      C
Plenty of things in my Kokanee Ca-nary Ca-noe
C      Ab7      D7      G7      C
Plenty of things in my Kokanee Ca-nary Ca-noe
C      Ab7
Plenty of things in my
D7      G7
↓ Kokanee Ca-↓ nary
We’ll be making merry
Kokanee Canary Canoe

I:  D7  G7 / C
Kumbaya
Peter, Paul and Mary

Key of G

G      C          G
Kumba-ya my Lord, kumba-ya
G      Am       D7
Kumba-ya my Lord, kumba-ya
G      C          G
Kumba-ya my Lord, kumba-ya
AmG    D7       G
Oh Lord, kumba-ya

G      C          G
Someone's singing Lord, kumba-ya
G      Am       D7
Someone's singing Lord, kumba-ya
G      C          G
Someone's singing Lord, kumba-ya
AmG    D7       G
Oh Lord, kumba-ya

G      C          G
Someone's laughing, Lord, kumba-ya
G      Am       D7
Someone's laughing, Lord, kumba-ya
G      C          G
Someone's laughing, Lord, kumba-ya
Am G D7 G
Oh Lord, kumba-ya
I: Am G D7 G

G C G
Someone's crying, Lord, kamba-ya
G Am D7
Someone's crying, Lord, kumba-ya
G C G
Someone's crying, Lord, kumba-ya
AmG D7 G
Oh Lord, kumba-ya

G C G
Someone's praying, Lord, kamba-ya
G Am D7
Someone's praying, Lord, kumba-ya
G C G
Someone's praying, Lord, kumba-ya
AmG D7 G
Oh Lord, kumba-ya
I: Am G D7 G

G C G
Someone's sleeping, Lord, kamba-ya
G Am D7
Someone's sleeping, Lord, kamba-ya
G C G
Someone's sleeping, Lord, kamba-ya
AmG D7 G
Oh Lord, kumba-ya
Am    D7    G
Oh Lord, kumba-↓ ya

Kumbaya
Land of the Silver Birch/My Paddle’s Keen and Bright

Traditional

Am
Land of the silver birch, home of the beaver
F    C
Where still the mighty moose
G    Am
Wanders at will

CHORUS:
F    C
Blue lake and rocky shore
G    Am
I will re-turn once more
Am
↓ Boom diddy boom boom
Am
↓ Boom diddy boom boom
Am
↓ Boom diddy boom boom
Am
↓ Boom

One round of My Paddle’s Keen and Bright – by itself
- then continue singing the two songs together

Am
High on a rocky ledge, I’ll build my wigwam
F   C
Close to the water’s edge
G   Am
Silent and still

**CHORUS:**
F   C
Blue lake and rocky shore
G   Am
I will re-turn once more
Am
↓ Boom diddy boom boom
Am
↓ Boom diddy boom boom
Am
↓ Boom diddy boom boom
Am
↓ Boom

Am
My heart grows sick for thee, here in the lowlands
F   C
I will re-turn to thee
G   Am
Hills of the north

**CHORUS:**
F   C
Blue lake and rocky shore
G   Am
I will re-turn once more
Am
↓ Boom diddy boom boom
Am
↓ Boom diddy boom boom
Am
↓ Boom diddy boom boom
Am
↓ Boom

Am
Swift as a silver fish, canoe of birch bark
F    C
By might waterways
G     Am
Carry me forth

CHORUS:
F    C
Blue lake and rocky shore
G     Am
I will re-turn once more
Am
↓ Boom diddy boom boom
Am
↓ Boom diddy boom boom
Am
↓ Boom diddy boom boom
Am
↓ Boom

Am
High as an eagle soars, over the mountains
F    C
My spirit rises up
G     Am
Free as a bird

CHORUS:
Blue lake and rocky shore
I will re-turn once more
Boom diddy boom boom
Boom diddy boom boom
Boom diddy boom boom
Boom

Land of the silver birch, home of the beaver
Where still the mighty moose
Wanders at will

CHORUS:
Blue lake and rocky shore
I will re-turn once more
Boom diddy boom boom
Boom diddy boom boom
Boom diddy boom boom
Boom
Am    Am    Am    Am    Am
↓ My paddle’s ↓ keen and bright, ↓ flashing with ↓ silver,
Am    Am    Am    Am    Am
↓ Follow the ↓ wild goose flight, ↓ dip, dip, and ↓ swing

Am    Am    Am    Am    Am
Dip, dip, and ↓ swing her back ↓ flashing with ↓ silver,
Am    Am    Am    Am    Am
Swift as the ↓ wild goose flies, ↓ dip, dip, and ↓ swing

Am
My paddle’s keen and bright, flashing with silver,
Am
Follow the wild goose flight, dip, dip, and swing

Am
Dip, dip, and swing her back flashing with silver,
Am
Swift as the wild goose flies, dip, dip, and swing

Am
My paddle’s keen and bright, flashing with silver,
Am
Follow the wild goose flight, dip, dip, and swing

Am
Dip, dip, and swing her back flashing with silver,
Am
Swift as the wild goose flies, dip, dip, and swing

Am
My paddle’s keen and bright, flashing with silver,
Am
Follow the wild goose flight, dip, dip, and swing

Am
Dip, dip, and swing her back flashing with silver,
Am
Swift as the wild goose flies, dip, dip, and swing

Am
My paddle’s keen and bright, flashing with silver,
Am
Follow the wild goose flight, dip, dip, and swing

Am
Dip, dip, and swing her back flashing with silver,
Am
Swift as the wild goose flies, dip, dip, and swing

Land of the Silver Birch/My Paddle’s Keen and Bright
Let's Talk Dirty In Hawaiian
John Prine/Fred Koller

Well, I packed my bags and bought myself a ticket
For the land of the tall palm tree
Aloha Old Milwaukee, hello Waiki-ki
I just stepped down from the airplane
When I heard her say
Waka waka nuka licka, waka waka nuka licka
Would you like a \(\downarrow\) lei? \(\downarrow\) Eh?

**Chorus:**

Let's talk dirty in Hawaiian
Whisper in my ear
Kicka pooka mok a wa wahini
Are the words I long to hear
Lay your coconut on my tiki
C7                               F
What the hecka mooka mooka dear
C    A
Let's talk dirty in Ha-waiian
D     G    C     G
Say the words I long to  ↓  hear  ↓

C
It's a ukelele Honolulu sunset
G7
Listen to the grass skirts sway
Drinking rum from a pineapple
C
Out on Honolulu Bay
The steel guitars all playing
C7                               F
While she's talking with her hands
C
Gimme gimme oka doka make a wish and want a polka
G    C    G
Words I understand
↓  stand  ↓  Hey!

**Chorus:**
C
Let's talk dirty in Hawaiian
G7
Whisper in my ear
Kicka pooka mok a wa wahini
C
Are the words I long to hear
Lay your coconut on my tiki
C7                               F
What the hecka mooka mooka dear
C    A
Let's talk dirty in Ha-waiian
D     G    C     G
Say the words I long to  ↓  hear  ↓
C
Well, I bought a lot a junka with my moola
G7
And sent it to the folks back home
I never had the chance to dance the hula
C
Well, I guess I should have known
When you start talking to the sweet wahini
C7 F
Walking in the pale moon-light
C
Oka noka whatta setta knocka-rocka-sis-boom-boccas
G C G
Hope I said it ↓ right ↓ Oh!

Final Chorus:
C
Let's talk dirty in Hawaiian
G7
Whisper in my ear
Kicka pooka mok a wa wahini
C
Are the words I long to hear
Lay your coconut on my tiki
C7 F
What the hecka mooka mooka dear
C A
Let's talk dirty in Ha-waiian
D G C
Say the words I long to ↓ hear
F C
Let's talk dirty in Ha-waiian
A D G C
Say the words I long to ↓ hear (Aloha!)
**INTRO:** C / C  G7 / C / C  G7/

**I:** C / C  G7 / C / C  G7 / C / C

Have a little love on a little honey-moon

You got a little dish and you got a little spoon

A little bitty house and a little bitty yard

A little bitty dog and a little bitty car

**CHORUS:**

Well, it's al-right to be little bitty

A little home town or a big old city

Might as well share, might as well smile

Life goes on for a little bitty while

**I:** C  G7 / C / C  G7 / C / C

A little bitty baby in a little bitty gown
It'll grow up in a little bitty town
Big yellow bus n' little bitty books
It all started with a little bitty look

**CHORUS:**

Well, it's al-right to be little bitty
A little home town or a big old city
Might as well share, might as well smile
Life goes on for a little bitty while

**INSTRUMENTAL CHØRUS:**

They know you got a job and a little bitty cheque
Six-pack of beer and a television set
Little bitty world goes a-round and a-round
Little bit of silence and a little bit of sound ↓

Slower ...

A good old boy and a pretty little girl
Start all over in a little bitty world
Little bitty \( \textit{\downarrow} \) plan and a \( \textit{\downarrow} \) little bitty \( \textit{\downarrow} \) dream

\( \textit{\downarrow} \) It's all \( \textit{\downarrow} \) part of a \( \textit{\downarrow} \) little bitty \( \textit{\downarrow} \) scheme

**CHORUS:**

\( \text{F} \quad \text{C} \)

Well, it's al-right to be little bitty

\( \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \)

A little home town or a big old city

\( \text{F} \quad \text{C} \)

Might as well share, might as well smile

\( \text{C} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \)

Life goes on for a little bitty while

**CHORUS final:**

\( \text{F} \quad \text{C} \)

Well, it's al-right to be little bitty

\( \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \)

A little home town or a big old city

\( \text{F} \quad \text{C} \)

Might as well share, might as well smile

\( \text{C} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \)

Life goes on for a little bitty while

**INSTRUMENTAL CHØRUS:**

| F / C / G7 / C / F / C / C / G7 / C / G7 / C / C |

Little Bitty
Lodi
Creedence Clearwater Revival

**Intro:** C / C / G    F / C

C
Just about a year ago
F       C
I set out on the road
C        Am
Seekin' my fame and fortune
F        G7
Lookin' for a pot of gold
C        Am
Things got bad and things got worse
F       C
I guess you know the tune
C        G        F        C
Oh, Lord! I'm stuck in Lodi a-gain

C
Rode in on the greyhound
F       C
I'll be walkin' out if I go
C Am
I was just passing through
   F G7
Must be seven months or more
C Am
Ran out of time and money
   F C
Looks like they took my friends
   C G F C
Oh, Lord! I'm stuck in Lodi a-again

I:   C / C / G F / C

C
The man from the magazine
   F C
Said I was on my way
   Am
Somewhere I lost connections
   F G7
I ran out of songs to play
   C Am
I came in to town a one night stand,
   F C
Looks like my plans fell through
   C G F C
Oh, Lord! I'm stuck in Lodi a-again

I:   C / C / G F / C /

I:   D /
D   G D
If I only had a dollar for ev'ry song I sung
D   Bm   G   A
Ev'ry time I've had to play while people sat there drunk
D     Bm
You know I'd catch the next train
G     D
Back to where I live
D     A     G     D
Oh, Lord! I'm stuck in Lodi a-gain
D     A     G     D
Oh, Lord! I'm stuck in Lodi a-gain

I:   D / A / G / D ↓

Lodi
There's a big potted tree down an old hill from me
Where you lay down a dollar or two
Well you go round the bend and when you come back again
There's a jug full of good old mountain dew

CHORUS:

They call it that old mountain dew
And them that refuse it are few
I'll shut up my mug if you fill up my jug
With some good old mountain dew

Now My uncle Nort he’s sawed off and short
He measures about four foot two
But he thinks he's a giant when you give him a pint
Of that good old mountain dew
My old aunt June bought some brand new perfume
It had such a sweet smellin' pew
But to her surprise when your handin' in a line
It's nothing but good old mountain dew

Instrumental verse

Now, the preacher rode by with his head hasted high
Said his wife had been down with the flu
And he thought that i ort just to sell him a quart
Of that good old mountain dew

My brother Bill got a still on the hill
Where he runs off a gallon or two
The buzzards in the sky get so drunk they can't fly
From smellin' that good old mountain dew

Chorus:
They call it that old mountain dew
And them that refuse it are few

I'll shut up my mug if you fill up my jug

With some good old mountain dew dew dew

Mountain Dew
My Oklahoma Home
Agnes ("Sis") Cunningham

Strum: | d - D u - u D u |

G          C          G
When they opened up the strip I was young and full of zip,
D
I wanted some place to call my home
G          C          G
And so I made the race, and I staked me out a place,
D          G
And I settled down along the Cimarron

C          G
It blowed away,(BLOWED AWAY!), it blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!)
D
My Oklahoma home, it blowed away
G          C          C
It looked so green and fair when I built my shanty there,
D          G
But my Oklahoma home, it blowed away

G          C          G
I planted wheat and oats, had some chickens and some shoats,
G          D
Aimed to have some ham and eggs to feed my face
G          C          G
Got a mule to pull the plow, got an old red muley cow
G          D          G
And I also got a fancy mortgage on the place
It blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!), it blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!)

All the crops that I have planted blowed away
You can't grow any grain if you ain't got any rain;
Everything except my mortgage blowed away

It looked so green and fair, when I built my shanty there,
I figured I was all set for life
I put on my Sunday best with my fancy scalloped vest
And I went to town to pick me out a wife

My Oklahoma woman blowed away
Mister as I bent and kissed her, she was picked up by a twister;
My Oklahoma woman blowed away

Then I was left alone just a-listenin' to the moan
‘the wind around the corners of my shack;
So I took off down the road when the south wind blowed,
A-travelin' with the wind upon my back
It blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!), it blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!)
Chasin' that dust cloud up ahead
Once it looked so green and fair, now it's up there in the air;
My Oklahoma farm is over head

Now I'm always close to home it don't matter where I roam,
For Oklahoma dust is everywhere
Makes no difference where I'm walkin', I can hear my chickens squawkin'
I can hear my wife a-talkin' in the air

It blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!), it blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!)
My Oklahoma home blowed away
But my home is always near; it's up in the atmosphere,
My Oklahoma home is blown away

I'm a roamin' Oklahoman, but I'm always close to home
And I'll never get homesick until I die
Cause no matter where I'm found, my home is all around;
My Oklahoma home is in the sky
It blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!), it blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!)

My farm down on the Cimarron

But all around the world, wherever dust is swirled,

There’s some from my Oklahoma home

It blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!), it blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!)

My Oklahoma home is blown away

Yeah it's up there in the sky in that dust cloud over n’ by,

My Oklahoma home is in the sky

My Oklahoma home is in the sky
My Rifle, My Pony and Me
Dean Martin & Ricky Nelson

Key of C

C          F          C          F
Purple light in the canyons that's where I long to be

C          F          C          F
With my three good companions just my rifle, pony and me

C          F          C          F
Gonna hang my sombrero on the limb of a tree

C          F          C          F
Comin' home sweetheart darling just my rifle, pony and me

C          F          C          F
With the wind ♪ in the willow ♪ sings a sweet ♪ melody

C          F          C          F
Ridin' to (Ridin' to) Amarillo (Amarillo) just my rifle, pony and me

C          F
No more cow (no more cow) to be ropin' (to be ropin')

C          F
No more strays (no more strays) will I see

C          F
Round the bend (round the bend) she'll be waitin' (she'll be waitin')
For my Rifle, pony and me

For my rifle, my pony and me

My Rifle, My Pony and Me
On Top Of Spaghetti
Traditional folk song, lyrics by Middle School students of Lodi, California

Key of G

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\begin{align*}
G & \quad \quad C & \quad \quad D7 \\
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¾ time  1, 2, 3 / 1 2, 3 / …

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On top of spaghettii, all covered in cheese

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I lost my poor meatball, when somebody sneezed.

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It rolled off the table, and onto the floor

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And then my poor meatball, it rolled out the door.

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It rolled into the garden, and under a bush

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And now my poor meatball, is nothing but mush.

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The mush was as tasty, as tasty can be

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And early next summer it grew into a tree.

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The tree was all covered with beautiful moss
And on it grew meatballs and spaghetti sauce.

So if you eat spaghetti, all covered in cheese

Hang on to your meatball and don't ever (tremolo) sneeze!

Ahhhhhh- ↓ choo!

**On Top Of Spaghetti**
On Top Of Old Smokey
Traditional folk song

Key of G

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{D7} \]

\[ \begin{array}{c}
0 & 2 & 3 & 2 \\
0 & 0 & 0 & 3 \\
2 & 0 & 2 & 0 \\
\end{array} \]

\[ \frac{3}{4} \text{ time } 1, 2, 3 / 1, 2, 3 / … \]

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \]
On top of old Smokey, all covered with snow,

\[ \text{D7} \quad \text{G} \]
I lost my true lover from courting too slow.

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \]
Now, courting is pleasure and parting is grief,

\[ \text{D7} \quad \text{G} \]
And a false-hearted lover is worse than a thief.

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \]
For a thief will just rob you and take what you have,

\[ \text{D7} \quad \text{G} \]
But a false-hearted lover will lead you to the grave.

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G} \]
And the grave will de-cay you and turn you to dust;

\[ \text{D7} \quad \text{G} \]
Not one boy in a hundred a poor girl can trust.

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \]
They'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies,
Than cross ties on a railroad or stars in the skies.

So, come all you young maidens and listen to me,

Never place your affection on a green willow tree.

For the leaves they will whither, and the roots they will die,

You'll all be forsaken and never know why.

**On Top Of Old Smokey**
Quartermaster's Store

Key of D

Intro: Play Chorus – ukes and kazoos only


Verse 1:

There is cheese, cheese, that brings you to your knees
A7
In the store (in the store)
D
In the store (in the store)

There is cheese, cheese, that brings you to your knees
A7 D
In the quartermaster’s store <--(quartermaster’s store)

CHORUS: (2 parts together)

1st part:

D G
My eyes are dim, I cannot see
E7 A7
I have not brought my specs with me
D G A7 D A7 D
I have not brought my spectacles with me

2nd part:

D G
My eyes... are dim...
Verse 2:

D

There is Tea, Tea, but not for you and me

A7

In the store (in the store)

D

In the store (in the store)

There is Tea, Tea, but not for you and me

A7

In the quartermaster’s store

CHORUS:

1st part:

D G

My eyes are dim, I cannot see

E7 A7

I have not brought my specs with me

D G A7 D A7 D

I have not brought my specs with me

2nd part:

D G

My eyes... are dim...

E7 A7

I can... not see...

D G A7 D A7 D

I have not brought my specs with me

Verse 3:

D

There are Rat, Rats, in bowler hats and spats
A7
In the store (in the store)
D
In the store (in the store)
There are Rats, Rats, in bowler hats and spats
A7 D
In the quartermaster’s ↓ store <=(quartermaster’s store)

CHORUS:
1st part:

D G
My eyes are dim, I cannot see
E7 A7
I have not brought my specs with me
D G A7 D A7 D
I have not brought my ↓ spectacles with ↓ me ↓ ↓

2nd part:

D G
My eyes... are dim...
E7 A7
I can... not see...
D G A7 D A7 D
I have not brought my ↓ specs with ↓ me ↓ ↓

Verse 4:

D
There are Beans, Beans as big as submarines
A7
In the store (in the store)
D
In the store (in the store)
There are Beans, Beans as big as submarines
A7 D
In the quartermaster’s ↓ store <=(quartermaster’s store)
CHORUS:
1st part:
  D   G
My eyes are dim, I cannot see
  E7   A7
I have not brought my specs with me
  D   G   A7   D   A7   D
I have not brought my \down\ specs with \down\ me \down\ \down

2nd part:
  D   G
My eyes... are dim...
  E7   A7
I can... not see...
  D   G   A7   D   A7   D
I have not brought my \down\ specs with \down\ me \down\ \down

Verse 5:
  D
There's a Chief, Chief, who never brings us beef
  A7
In the store (in the store)
  D
In the store (in the store)
There's a Chief, Chief, who never brings us beef
  A7   D
In the quartermaster’s \down\ store <=(quartermaster’s store)

CHORUS:
1st part:
  D   G
My eyes are dim, I cannot see
  E7   A7
I have not brought my specs with me
  D   G   A7   D   A7   D
I have not brought my \down\ specs with \down\ me \down\ \down
2nd part:

D       G
My eyes... are dim...
E7      A7
I can... not see...
D       G       A7       D       A7       D
I have not brought my ↓ specs with ↓ me ↓ ↓

Verse 6:

D
There are Mice, Mice, running through the rice
A7
In the store (in the store)
D
In the store (in the store)
There are Mice, Mice, running through the rice
A7       D
In the quartermaster’s ↓ store <--(quartermaster’s store)

CHORUS:

1st part:

D       G
My eyes are dim, I cannot see
E7      A7
I have not brought my specs with me
D       G       A7       D       A7       D
I have not brought my ↓ spectacles with ↓ me ↓ ↓

2nd part:

D       G
My eyes... are dim...
E7      A7
I can... not see...
D       G       A7       D       A7       D
I have not brought my ↓ specs with ↓ me ↓ ↓
Verse 7:

```
Verse 7:

D
There are Flies, Flies swarming 'round the pies
A7
In the store (in the store)
D
In the store (in the store)
There are Flies, Flies swarming 'round the pies
A7
In the quartermaster’s ↓ store <--(quartermaster’s store)
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**CHORUS:**

1st part:

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CHORUS:
1st part:

D       G
My eyes are dim, I cannot see
E7       A7
I have not brought my specs with me
D       G       A7
I have not brought my ↓ spectacles with ↓ me ↓ ↓
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2nd part:

```
2nd part:

D       G
My eyes... are dim...
E7       A7
I can... not see...
D       G       A7
I have not brought my ↓ specs with ↓ me ↓ ↓
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Verse 8:

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Verse 8:

D
There are Goats, Goats, eating all the oats
A7
In the store (in the store)
D
In the store (in the store)
There are Goats, Goats, eating all the oats
A7
In the quartermaster’s ↓ store <--(quartermaster’s store)
```
CHORUS:
1st part:
\[ \text{D} \quad \text{G} \]
My eyes are dim, I cannot see
\[ \text{E7} \quad \text{A7} \]
I have not brought my specs with me
\[ \text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \]
I have not brought my \( \downarrow \) spectacles with \( \downarrow \) me \( \downarrow \) \( \downarrow \)

2nd part:
\[ \text{D} \quad \text{G} \]
My eyes... are dim...
\[ \text{E7} \quad \text{A7} \]
I can... not see...
\[ \text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \]
I have not brought my \( \downarrow \) specs with \( \downarrow \) me \( \downarrow \) \( \downarrow \)

Verse 9:
\[ \text{D} \]
There are Apes, Apes eating all the grapes
\[ \text{A7} \]
In the store (in the store)
\[ \text{D} \]
In the store (in the store)
There are Apes, Apes eating all the grapes
\[ \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \]
In the quartermaster’s \( \downarrow \) store \(<--(\text{quartermaster’s store})

CHORUS:
1st part:
\[ \text{D} \quad \text{G} \]
My eyes are dim, I cannot see
\[ \text{E7} \quad \text{A7} \]
I have not brought my specs with me
\[ \text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \]
I have not brought my \( \downarrow \) spectacles with \( \downarrow \) me \( \downarrow \) \( \downarrow \)
2nd part:

\[
\begin{align*}
&D \quad G \\
My \ eyes... \ are \ dim... \\
&E7 \quad A7 \\
I \ can... \ not \ see... \\
&D \quad G \quad A7 \quad D \quad A7 \quad D \\
I \ have \ not \ brought \ my \ \downarrow \ specs \ with \ \downarrow \ me \ \downarrow \ \downarrow
\end{align*}
\]

Verse 10:

\[
D
\]
There are Turtles, Turtles, wearing rubber girdles

\[
A7
\]
In the store (in the store)

\[
D
\]
In the store (in the store)
There are Turtles, Turtles, wearing rubber girdles

\[
A7 \quad D
\]
In the quartermaster’s \downarrow\ store <-(quartermaster’s store)

CHORUS:

1st part:

\[
D \quad G
\]
My eyes are dim, I cannot see

\[
E7 \quad A7
\]
I have not brought my specs with me

\[
D \quad G \quad A7 \quad D \quad A7 \quad D
\]
I have not brought my \downarrow\ spectacles with \downarrow\ me \downarrow \downarrow

2nd part:

\[
D \quad G
\]
My eyes... are dim...

\[
E7 \quad A7
\]
I can... not see...

\[
D \quad G \quad A7 \quad D \quad A7 \quad D
\]
I have not brought my \downarrow\ specs with \downarrow\ me \downarrow \downarrow
Extra Verse 11:

There are BUGs, BUGs, that give you lots of hugs

In the store (in the store)

There are BUGs, BUGs, that give you lots of hugs

In the quartermaster’s store <--(quartermaster's store)

CHORUS:

1st part:

My eyes are dim, I cannot see

I have not brought my specs with me

I have not brought my specs with me

2nd part:

My eyes... are dim...

I can... not see...

I have not brought my specs with me

Quartermaster's Store
Risseldy, Rosseldy
Based on a Scottish folk song

CHORDS:
- C
- F
- G7

I married my wife in the month of June
Ris-sel-dy, ros-sel-dy, mow, mow, mow
I carried her off in a silver spoon

CHORUS:
G7               C
Ris-sel-dy, ros-sel-dy, hey bam-bas-si-ty
G7               C
Nick-e-ty, nack-e-ty ret-ri-cal qual-i-ty
G7           C           G7  C
Wil-low-by, wal-low-by, mow, mow, mow

She combed her hair but once a year
Risseldy, rosseldy, mow, mow, mow
With every rake she shed a tear

CHORUS:
G7               C
Ris-sel-dy, ros-sel-dy, hey bam-bas-si-ty
Nick-e-ty, nackt-e-ty re-t-ri-cal qual-i-ty
Wil-low-by, wal-low-by, mow, mow, mow

She swept the floor but once a year
Risseldy, rosseldy, mow, mow, mow

She swore her broom was much too dear

Chorus:
Ris-sel-dy, ros-sel-dy, hey bam-bas-si-ty
Nick-e-ty, nackt-e-ty re-t-ri-cal qual-i-ty
Wil-low-by, wal-low-by, mow, mow, mow

She churned her butter in Dad’s old boot
Risseldy, rosseldy, mow, mow, mow

And for a dasher used her foot

Chorus:
C         F     C
The butter came out a grizzly gray
G7        C
Risseldy, rosseldy, mow, mow, mow
         F     C
The cheese took legs and ran a-way

CHORUS:
G7         C
Ris-sel-dy, ros-sel-dy, hey bam-bas-si-ty
G7         C
Nick-e-ty, nack-e-ty ret-ri-cal qual-i-ty
G7         C     G7     C
Wil-low-by, wal-low-by, mow, mow, mow

C         F     C
There’s bread and cheese up-on the shelf
G7         C
Risseldy, rosseldy, mow, mow, mow
         F     C
If you want anymore you can sing it your-self

CHORUS:
G7         C
Ris-sel-dy, ros-sel-dy, hey bam-bas-si-ty
G7         C
Nick-e-ty, nack-e-ty ret-ri-cal qual-i-ty
G7         C     G7     C
Wil-low-by, wal-low-by, mow, mow, mow

Risseldy, Rosseldy
Should’ve Been A Cowboy
Toby Keith

INTRO:
I: C G F G
choppy strum ...
I: C G F G

C G F G C
I'll bet you've never heard ole Marshall Dillon say
G F G C
Miss Kitty have you ever thought of running a-way
G F G
Settling down, would you marry me
C G F G
If I asked you twice and begged you pretty please
C G F G C
She'd have said yes in a New York minute
G F G C
They never tied the knot, his heart wasn't in it
G F G
He just stole a kiss as he rode away
C G F F F
He never hung his hat up....... at Kitty's place

X C G F
I should've been a cowboy
G C G F G
I should've learned to rope and ride
C G
Wearing my six-shooter,
F G C G F
riding my pony on a cattle drive
I might’ve had a side-kick with a funny name
Running wild through the hills chasing Jesse James
Ending up on the brink of danger
Riding shot-gun for the Texas Rangers
Go west young man, haven't you been told
Cali-fornia's full of whisky, women and gold
Sleeping out all night beneath the desert stars
A dream in my eye and a prayer… in my heart

I should've been a cowboy
I should've learned to rope and ride
Wearing my six-shooter,
riding my pony on a cattle drive
Stealing the young girl's hearts
Just like Gene and Roy
Singing those campfire songs
Oh I should've been a cowboy
I should've been a cowboy
I should've learned to rope and ride
I'd be wearing my six-shooter,
riding my pony on a cattle drive
Stealing the young girl's hearts
Just like Gene and Roy
Singing those campfire songs
Oh I should've been a cowboy
Yeah, I should've been a cowboy
I should've been a cowboy
The Tennessee Waltz
Redd Stewart and Pee Wee King, (Leonard Cohen Version)

INTRO:  G / D7 / G / G

G          G7          C
I was dancing with my darlin' to the Tennessee Waltz
G          D7          D7
When an old friend I happened to see
G          G7          C
I introduced him to my darlin' and while they were dancing
G          D7          G          G
My friend stole my sweetheart from me

G          B7          C          G
I re-member the night and the Tennessee Waltz
D7          D7
'Cause I know just how much I have lost
G          G7          C
Yes I lost my little darlin' the night they were playing
G          D7          G          G
The beautiful Tennessee Waltz

I:  G / G / G7 / C /  
I:  G / G / D7 / D7 /  
I:  G / G / G7 / C /  
I:  G / D7 / G / G  

G          B7          C          G
I re-member the night and the Tennessee Waltz
D7          D7
'Cause I know just how much I have lost
Yes I lost my little darlin' the night they were playing
The beautiful Tennessee Waltz

She comes dancing through the darkness to the Tennessee Waltz
And I feel like I'm falling a-part
And it's stronger than drink, and it's deeper than sorrow
This darkness she's left in my heart

I re-member the night and the Tennessee Waltz
'Cause I know just how much I have lost
Yes I lost my little darlin' the night they were playing
The beautiful Tennessee Waltz
The beautiful Tennessee Waltz

The Tennessee Waltz
The Fox

Traditional folk song

A

The Fox went out on a chilly night

A

He prayed for the moon to give him light

A

For he had many a mile to go that night

A

Be-fore he reached the town-o

E7

Town-o, town-o

D

He had many a mile to go that night

E7

Be-fore he reached the town-o

A

He ran till he came to the farmer’s pen

A

The ducks and the geese were kept therein

A

He said a couple of you are gonna grease my chin

A

Be-fore I leave this town-o

E7

Town-o, town-o
A couple of you are gonna grease my chin

Be-fore I leave this town-o

**BRIDGE:**

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He grabbed the great goose by the neck

He threw a duck a-cross his back

And he didn't mind the quack, quack

And the legs all danglin' down-o

Down-o, down-o

He didn't mind the quack, quack

And the legs all danglin' down-o / /

Well the old gray Woman jumped out of bed

Out of the window she popped her head

Cryin' John, John the great goose is gone
The Fox is on the town-o,
Town-o, town-o
John, John the great goose is gone
And the Fox is on the town-o

He ran till he came to his nice warm den
And there were the little ones 8, 9, 10
Sayin' Daddy, Daddy better go back again
It must be a mighty fine town-o
Town-o, town-o
Daddy, Daddy go back again
For it must be a mighty fine town-o

The Fox and his Wife, without any strife
They cut up the goose with a fork and a knife
And they never had such a supper in their life
And the little ones chewed on the bones-o
Bones-o, bones-o
They never had such a supper in their life
G7          C   C
And the little ones chewed on the bones ↓

The Fox
The Green Grass Grew All Around
Harry Von Tilzer, William Jerome

Key of C

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>C</th>
<th>G7</th>
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Intro:  C / C / C / C ↓

C
Oh, in the woods...(echo), there was a tree...(echo),
G7  G7
The prettiest little tree...(echo) that you ever did see...(echo)

C  G7  C  G7
Now the tree was in a hole, and the hole was in the ground
C  G7  C  F
And the green grass grew all a-round, all a-round
C  G7  C  C
And the green grass grew all a-round ↓

C
And on that tree...there was a branch...  G7  G7
The prettiest little branch...that you ever did see...

C  G7  C  G7
The branch on the tree, and the tree in the hole,
C  G7
And the hole in the ground,
C  G7  C  F
And the green grass grew all a-round, all a-round
C  G7  C  C
And the green grass grew all a-round ↓
And on that branch... (echo) there was a nest... (echo)

The prettiest little nest... (echo) that you ever did see... (echo)

Now the nest on the branch, and the branch on the tree,
And the tree in the hole, and the hole in the ground,
And the green grass grew all a-round, all a-round
And the green grass grew all a-round

Now in that nest... (echo) there was an egg... (echo)

The prettiest little egg... (echo) that you ever did see... (echo)

The egg in the nest, and the nest on the branch,
And the branch on the tree, and the tree in the hole,
And the hole in the ground,
And the green grass grew all a-round, all a-round
And the green grass grew all a-round

Now in that egg... (echo) there was bird... (echo)

The prettiest little bird... (echo) that you ever did see... (echo)

The bird in the egg, and the egg in the nest,
And the nest on the branch, and the branch on the tree,
And the C tree in the G7 hole, and the C hole in the ground, C G7 C
And the green grass grew all a-round, all a-round C G7 C C
And the green grass grew all a-round ↓

C
Now on that C bird…(echo) there was a feather…(echo)
G7 G7
The prettiest little feather…(echo) that you ever did see…(echo)

C G7 C G7
The feather on the bird and the bird in the egg,
C G7 C G7
And the egg in the nest, and the nest on the branch,
C G7 C G7
And the branch on the tree, and the tree in the hole,
C G7
And the hole in the ground,
C G7 C F
And the green grass grew all a-round, all a-round
C G7 C C
And the green grass grew all a-round ↓

C
And on that feather…(echo) there was a bug…(echo)
G7 G7
The prettiest little bug…(echo) that you ever did see…(echo)

C G7 C G7
The bug on the feather, and the feather on the bird,
C G7 C
And the bird in the egg, and the egg in the nest,
C G7 C G7
And the nest on the branch, and the branch on the tree,
C G7 C G7
And the tree in the hole, and the hole in the ground,
C G7 C F
And the green grass grew all a-round, all a-round
And the green grass grew all a-round

And on that bug…(echo) there was a germ…(echo) G7 G7
The prettiest little germ…(echo) that you ever did see…(echo)

The germ on the bug, and the bug on the feather, C G7 C G7
And the feather on the bird, and the bird in the egg, C G7 C G7
And the egg in the nest, and the nest on the branch, C G7 C G7
And the branch on the tree, and the tree in the hole, C G7
And the hole in the ground,
And the green grass grew all a-round, all a-round C G7 C C
And the green grass grew all a-round

And on that germ…there was an ↓ elephant -

And everyone knows that elephants don't climb trees!
Oh, they built the ship Titanic,
To sail the ocean blue,
And they thought they had a ship
That the water wouldn't go through,
But the good Lord raised his hand,
Said "The ship would never land".
It was sad when the great ship went down

CHORUS:
It was sad (so sad), it was sad (so sad)
It was sad when the great ship went down
... (to the bottom of the ...)
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives,
It was sad when the great ship went down
They were nearing to the shore,
When the water began to pour,
And the rich refused to associate with the poor,
So they sent them down below,
Where they'd be the first to go,
It was sad when the great ship went down

CHORUS:
It was sad (so sad), it was sad (so sad)
It was sad when the great ship went down
... (to the bottom of the ...)
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives,
It was sad when the great ship went down

Oh, the heroes saved the weak,
As the ship began to leak,
And the band on deck played on,
With, "Nearer my God to Thee"
They were swept into the sea,
C G7 C C
It was sad when the great ship went down

**CHORUS:**
F C
It was sad (so sad), it was sad (so sad)
C G7
It was sad when the great ship went down
...
(to the bottom of the...)
C C7 F
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives,
C G7 C C
It was sad when the great ship went down

C
Lady Astor turned around
F C
Just to see her husband drown,
C G7
As the ship Titanic made a gurgling sound,
C C7
So she wrapped herself in mink,
F C
As the ship began to sink,
C G7 C C
It was sad when the great ship went down

**CHORUS:**
F C
It was sad (so sad), it was sad (so sad)
It was sad when the great ship went down
... (to the bottom of the ...)

Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives,

It was sad when the great ship went down

Now the moral of the story,
Is very plain to see,

You should wear a life preserver,

When you go out to sea.

The Ti-tanic never made it

And never more shall be,

It was sad when the great ship went down

CHORUS:

It was sad (so sad), it was sad (so sad)

Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives,

It was sad when the great ship went down
... (to the bottom of the ...)
It was sad (so sad), it was sad (so sad)
It was sad when the great ship went down
... (to the bottom of the ...)
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives,
It was sad when the great ship went down
down
down

The Titanic
Those Lazy-Hazy-Crazy Days Of Summer
Hans Carste, Charles Tobias

Sing:

A |---
E |---
C |---2--
G |---

G Gdim D G A7
Roll out those lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer,

D7 G
those days of soda and pretzels and beer

Gdim D7 G A7
Roll out those lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer,

D7 G
dust off the sun and moon and sing a song of cheer

B7
Just fill your basket full of sandwiches and weenies

Em
then lock the house up now you’re set

A7 Em7 A7
And on the beach you’ll see the girls in their bikinis,

D7
as cute as ever but they never get them wet
Roll out those lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer,
those days of soda and pretzels and beer
you’ll wish that summer could always be here
Don’t have to tell a girl and feller ‘bout a drive-in
or some romantic movie scene
Why from the moment that those lovers start arrivin’
You’ll see more kissing in the cars than on the screen

And there’s the good old fashioned picnic, and they still go,
always will go any time
And there will always be a moment that can thrill so,
as when the old quartet sings out “Sweet Adeline”
those lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer,
those days of soda and pretzels and beer
you’ll wish that summer could always be here
You’ll wish that summer could always be here

Those Lazy-Hazy-Crazy Days Of Summer
Tom Dooley
North Carolina folk song

C
Hang down your head Tom Dooley
G7
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head Tom Dooley
C
Poor boy, you’re bound to die

C
I met her on the mountain
G7
And there I took her life
Met her on the mountain
C
Stabbed her with my knife

C
Hang down your head Tom Dooley
G7
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head Tom Dooley
C
Poor boy, you’re bound to die
C
This time tomorrow
       G7
Reckon' where I'll be
Hadn't have been for Grayson
       C
I'd have been in Tennes-see

C
Hang down your head Tom Dooley
       G7
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head Tom Dooley
       C
Poor boy, you're bound to die

C
This time tomorrow
       G7
Reckon' where I'll be
Down in some lonesome valley
       C
Hangin' from a wide oak tree

C
Hang down your head Tom Dooley
       G7
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head Tom Dooley
       C
Poor boy, you're bound to die
C
Hang down your head Tom Dooley G7
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head Tom Dooley C
Poor boy, you’re bound to die G7 C
Poor boy, you’re bound to ↓ die

Tom Dooley
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
I:

When I first soloed in a canoe
C G D7 G G
It took me a while to learn
C G
That you sit in the bow
G
Though I didn’t know how
A7 D
You could tell the damn thing from the stern
G
I paddled the rest of the day
C G
In circles and growing dis-may
C G
I hadn’t a clue that to steer the thing true
A7 D
Your stroke had to end with a ↓ ‘J’
D G
↓ Which no-one had taught me to do
C D G
When I first soloed in a ca-noe

I:

When I first kneel in a canoe
C G D7 G G
I paddle with languorous grace
C G
But it’s all a mirage when you have to portage
A7 D
With black flies all over your face
G
As I stagger off into the trees
At 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- noe

Key change ...

Now … 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, “Thanks, but I’d rather can-oe.”
D
Now I ↓ have to skedaddle
A
-(God, I ↓ wish these had a saddle)
E7 A A
And paddle off in my can- ↓ oe ↓

When I First Stepped in a Canoe