

<b>07/28/23</b>		<b>Little Whitewashed Chimney (G)</b>	11/14	<b>Wichita (D)</b>	09/11
<b>Vocals:</b>		Lonesome Pine (A)	02/12	Wildwood Flower (C)	06/11
<b>A Simple Life (D)</b>	08/13	Love of the Mountains (A)	08/11	<b>Wildwood Flower (male version) (C)</b>	01/14
<b>Across the Great Divide</b>	11/14	Man of Constant Sorrow	05/10	Wreck of the Old 97 (G)	
<b>Arkansas Traveler</b>	09/13	<b>Martha White (G)</b>	01/17	You'll Never Leave Harlan Alive (A)	07/12
<b>Auctioneer Song (G)</b>	05/13	<b>Mary Ann (B)</b>	01/18		
<b>Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party</b>	06/12	<b>Molly and Tenbrooks (G)</b>		<b>Instrumentals:</b>	
<b>Back In Hancock County</b>	<b>07/18</b>	<b>Montana Cowboy (G)</b>		<b>Big Mon (A)</b>	02/16
Battle of New Orleans (G)		<b>My Angeline</b>	01/14	Big Scioto (G)	01/13
<b>Beautiful Star of Bethlehem (G)</b>	12/10	<b>Nellie Kane (D)</b>	05/14	Bill Cheatham (A)	
<b>Billy Gray (G)</b>	09/15	<b>Old Home Place (G)</b>	05/14	Billy in the Low Ground (C)	
Blue Ridge Cabin Home (G)		<b>Old Man at the Mill (A)</b>	11/12	Blackberry Blossom (G)	
Blue Virginia Blues (G)	09/14	<b>Ol' Slewfoot (A)</b>		Bluegrass Stomp (D)	
<b>Bringing in the Georgia Mail</b>	03/19	One More Dollar		Bonaparte Crossing the Rhine (D)	10/12
Bringing Mary Home	11/14	Paradise (G)		<b>Bonaparte's Retreat</b>	02/14
By the Mark		<b>Peach Picking Time in Georgia (C)</b>	06/12	Cherokee Shuffle (A)	
<b>Cabin on a Mountain (G)</b>	11/14	<b>Pig In A Pen</b>	02/19	Clinch Mountain Backstep (A)	
<b>Caleb Meyer (Dm)</b>	08/15	<b>Railroading On The Great Divide (G)</b>	08/15	<b>Colored Aristocracy</b>	
<b>Carolina Star (G)</b>		Randall Collins (E)	02/18	Cripple Creek (A)	
Catfish John	07/11	<b>Rattlesnake Rattler (F)</b>	11/18	Cuckoo's Nest	02/16
<b>Church Street Blues (C)</b>	02/18	Red Clay Halo (G)		<b>Dixie Hoedown (G)</b>	
Colleen Malone (C)	03/11	<b>Reuben's Train</b>	06/13	Down Yonder (G)	05/12
Corn Bread, 'Lasses and Sassafras Tea (D)		Rocky Top (G)		Fisher's Hornpipe (D)	10/13
Cryin' Holy to the Lord		<b>Rosa Lee McFall (D)</b>	01/14	<b>Gold Rush (A)</b>	02/13
Dark as a Dungeon		Roseville Fair	06/11	Jerusalem Ridge (A <sup>m</sup> )	10/13
<b>D-18 Song (D)</b>	05/17	<b>Sawing on the String (D)</b>	11/13	June Apple (A)	02/13
Dooley (A)	04/12	<b>Sea of Heartbreak (G)</b>	08/19	Kitchen Girl	
<b>Dust on the Bible (G)</b>	01/13	<b>Second Wind (E)</b>	09/13	Liberty (D)	
Engineers don't Wave from the Trains any more	03/12	<b>Shady Grove</b>	10/14	Mississippi Sawyer (D)	07/13
<b>Feast Here Tonight</b>	10	<b>Shenandoah Wind (D)</b>	04/14	Northwest Passage	
Fireball Mail (G)	06/12	<b>Sherwood Trestle (G)</b>	08/15	Old Joe Clark (A)	
<b>Forty Acres and a Fool (D)</b>	07/18	Small Country Towns (G)	12/11	Over the Waterfall (D)	
Fox on the Run (G)		<b>Sophonie (B)</b>	07/14	Panhandle Rag (D)	07/12
<b>Ginseng Sullivan</b>	07/17	Steel Rails		Ragtime Annie (D)	
<b>Goin' Home (A)</b>	06/14	<b>Still Sounds Good To Me (G)</b>	01/18	Rebecca (B)	08/13
Gold Watch and Chain (G)		<b>Streamline Cannonball</b>	01/14	Red-haired Boy (A)	
<b>Green Light On The Southern (D)</b>	03/18	<b>Sunny Side of the Mountain (G)</b>	05/14	Rights of Man (G)	07/13
<b>Green Pastures (B<sup>b</sup>)</b>	08/13	Sweet Sunny South (G)		Salt Creek (A)	
<b>Greenville Trestle (G)</b>	11/12	<b>Tall Pines (B<sup>b</sup>)</b>	03/15	St. Anne's Reel (D)	
<b>Hard Times</b>	11/13	Tear My Stillhouse Down (G)		<b>Shenandoah Valley Breakdown (A)</b>	06/16
<b>He Went to Sleep and the Hogs Eat 'Im (G)</b>	03/13	<b>Tennessee (B)</b>	12/17	Soldier's Joy (D)	05/12
<b>High Atmosphere</b>	02/16	<b>Tennessee Stud (D)</b>	06/13	<b>Squirrel Hunters</b>	09/18
High on a Mountain		Thank God I'm a Country Boy	07/23	<b>Temperance Reel (G)</b>	
Hold Fast to the Right (G)	07/13	<b>The Train That Carried My Girl From Town</b>	01/19	Togary Mountain	11/14
Hot Corn, Cold Corn		The Whole World Round (D <sup>m</sup> )	08/09	Turkey in the Straw (G)	
How Mountain Girls Can Love		There's Better Times a-Comin' (G)	09/11	<b>Wheel Hoss (G)</b>	02/16
<b>In The Jailhouse Now</b>	02/16	Thirty Years of Farmin' (G)	11/11	Whiskey Before Breakfast (D)	
<b>Is The Grass Any Bluer?</b>	02/19	Three Men on a Mountain (G)	08/11		
<b>I've Come To Take You Home</b>	05/18	Till the End of the World Rolls Round	09	<b>Country:</b>	
I've Endured (D)	05/15	Two Little Boys (B)	08/15	<b>Cattle Call (D)</b>	01/19
Jambalaya (D)	05/12	Uncle Eph's Got the Coon	06/23	<b>Cool Water</b>	08/19
<b>Kentucky Borderline (F)</b>	06/16	<b>Uncle Pen (A)</b>	10	<b>Don't Fence Me In</b>	08/19
<b>Lamplighting Time In The Valley</b>	11/15	<b>Unclouded Day</b>	10/15	<b>El Paso</b>	08/19
Legend of the Rebel Soldier (G)	07/12	Wabash Cannonball (G)		Folsom Prison Blues	10/18
<b>Less and Less (D)</b>	02/16	<b>Walking in Jerusalem (A or G)</b>	06/13	Hillbilly Fever	02/15
<b>Little Annie</b>	10/13	Walls of Time		Luckenback Texas	06/15
<b>Little Georgia Rose (G)</b>	11/14	<b>When I Get Home</b>	10/15	Mama Tried	08/13
Little Sadie (D <sup>m</sup> )		<b>Whiskey in the Jar (C)</b>		May the Bird of Paradise Fly up your Nose	02/15
		Who Will Watch The Home Place	12/12	<b>Riding Down The Canyon</b>	08/18

Sing Me Back Home 10/13  
Sleepin' at the Foot of the Bed 02/15  
Take an Old Cold Tater 02/16  
Tennessee Flattop Box 02/15  
**Tumblin' Tumbleweed** 08/18

**Haven't led:**

**Another Town** (B<sup>b</sup>) 08/15  
**Carolina Lightning** (D) 06/14  
**Carolina Wind** 06/16  
**John Hardy** (C) 02/19  
**Mountain's Gonna Sing** (D) 06/10  
**Open Country** (B/A) 11/14  
Remington Ride 02/16  
**Western Skies** (D) 05/23

**Learning:**

**Bringing In The Georgia Mail**

See the engine puffing, boy she's making time  
That old train is wearing out the rail, rail, rail  
Heading for the mountain that she's got to climb  
Bringing in the Georgia mail

Ninety miles an hour and she's gaining speed  
Listen to the whistle moan and wail, wail, wail  
Has she got the power I'll say yes indeed  
Bringing in the Georgia mail

See the driver's travel watch her spin the track  
Ought to put that engineer in jail, jail, jail  
Has he got her rolling watch her ball the jack  
Bringing in the Georgia mail

Rocking and a reeling spouting off the steam  
Bet the farm and hope the brakes don't fail, fail, fail  
Swerving to the depot listen to her scream  
Bringing in the Georgia mail

**High Lonesome Sound**

Whenever my soul is lonely  
Whenever I'm feeling blue  
I start thinkin' 'bout my blue-eyed darlin'  
My heart starts pinin' for you

I wanna hear that high lonesome sound  
'Cause my sweet baby ain't around  
When my life's got me down  
I wanna hear that high lonesome sound

When I'm lost in this ocean of darkness  
Not knowing which way I should turn  
And my eyes are filled with the sadness  
Of knowing you'll never return

### Is The Grass Any Bluer

You rolled out of Rosine a dedicated man  
You drove those country back roads to a thousand one-  
night stands  
The music from your mandolin, spread like wildfire in the  
wind  
And echoed through the hollows and the hills, so tell me,  
Bill

Is the grass any bluer on the other side  
Did it look like old Kentucky when the gates swung  
open wide  
Bet the good Lord's got you playin' somewhere up  
there every night  
Is the grass any bluer on the other side

I heard you on the Opry when I was just a kid  
I tried my best to learn to sing and play the way you did  
Just like me the day you died, the guitars and the fiddles  
cried  
The music ain't the same without you Bill, we miss you  
still

Just like me the day you died, the guitars and the fiddles  
cried  
The music ain't the same without you Bill, we miss you  
still-ill-ill

### Pig In A Pen

I got a pig at home in a pen corn to feed 'im on  
All I need is a pretty little girl to feed 'im when I'm  
gone.

Goin' on the mountain to sow a little cane  
Raise a barrel of Sorghum sweet lil' Liza Jane.

Black cloud's a-risin' surest sign of rain  
Get the old grey bonnet on Little Liza Jane.

Yonder comes that gal of mine how you think I know  
Can tell by that gingham gown hangin' down so low.

Bake them biscuits baby bake 'em good n' brown  
When you get them biscuits baked we're Alabamy bound.

When she sees me comin' she wrings her hands and cries  
Yonder comes the sweetest boy that ever lived or died.

Now when she sees me leavin' she wrings her hands and  
cries  
Yonder goes the meanest boy that ever lived or died.

### He Took Your Place

Recorded by Porter Wagoner  
Written by Lester Flatt & Earl Scruggs

[C]Upon the cruel tree of [F]Calvary  
[C]Was there my precious Savior [G]cried  
[C]Forgive them for they know not [F]what they do  
[C]Oh sinner [G7]friend for you He [C]died

[F]His hands are gently knocking [C]on your door  
Outside He's pleading to come [G7]in  
[C]His heart is breaking as He [F]waits for you  
[C]To wash you [G7]free from every [C]sin

Those cold thorns they pierced my Savior's head  
The blood was flowing down His face  
In shame forsaken there He hung and died  
Oh sinner friend He took your place

Someday He's coming back to claim His own  
We'll fly to Heaven's open door  
The crown of life He gives on that great day  
With Him we'll live forever more

## Kentucky Borderline

She pulled out of Mobile in the pouring rain,  
Moving through the darkness like a hurricane  
From southern gulfport waters to the Cumberland so green,  
Louisville by Nashville and all points in between.  
Pounding out a rhythm, making up lost time,  
She's headed for that bluegrass state of mine.

White smoke a-rollin', whistle blowin', listen to her  
engine keepin' time  
Kentucky borderline.

Montgomery by morning, Birmingham by noon,  
Off into the distance, upward to the moon.  
Her lonesome whistle cries a low, sad refrain  
Like the boys down on Beal Street sung of the pain.  
Nobody's gonna stop her from her appointed rounds,  
This train is moving on, she's glory bound.

Her lungs are full of fire, she's breathing burning coal.  
Raging locomotion like thunder when it rolls.  
She sings to the mighty who cast her molten steel,  
That drove the spikes and laid the rails that lie beneath her  
wheels.  
The pride of our nation, a monument to them,  
A southern belle, that mighty L&N.

## Carolina Wind

[D]Just a stretch of highway in your [G]song  
I been [D]longin' to get back to you so [G]long  
[Em]Maybe it's the beauty and the [G]sound of your sweet  
[D]name  
That [Em]always pulls me back and takes me [A]home  
again

[Em]Out on the horizon I can [G]see the mountains  
risin'  
And I [D]feel the comfort of a long lost [G]friend  
In my [Em]soul and in my spirit [G]I can almost hear  
it  
And I [D]know the answer's waitin' round the [G]bend  
[Em]Blowin' in the Carolina [D]wind  
[Em]Carolina [D]wind

Well I can't see the forest for the trees  
It always seems to go that way with me  
When I cross the Pigeon River I know I'm almost there  
It hangs upon the breeze and lingers in the air

## Ookpik Waltz

Ookpik

The musical notation for 'Ookpik' is a single staff in 3/4 time with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. Chords are indicated by letters above the notes: G, D, G, Em, G, Em, C, D, G, Em, Bm, Am, Em, Bm, Am, Em, D.

## High Atmosphere

In a dark holler where the trees shut out the light,  
Nothing could shake the loneliness of a moonless night,  
Like familiar refrains passed down through the years,  
From the voices of the old in the high atmosphere.

Melodies formed and fit by time,  
Harmonies that sent shivers up my spine,  
They warmed my soul whenever I did hear  
The voices of the old in the high atmosphere.

They could moan; they could whine  
Like the wind through the pines.  
They could break your heart while they brought you  
cheer,  
The voices of the old in the high atmosphere.

Down off North Mountain onto Jackson Street,  
Strangers are the only people that I meet.  
I'm lost in my solitude and desperate to be near  
The voices of the old in the high atmosphere.

### CHORUS

Like those hills of home, I'm tired and all used up,  
'Cause Jackson Street is cold and Jackson Street is rough,  
And I have nothing to comfort me down here  
Like the voices of the old in the high atmosphere.

## Still Sounds Good To Me

Jeff Gordon

Never lived in a cabin up on a hill.  
Never picked cotton, I probably never will.  
Never had to go barefoot, always had new shoes.  
Never had a good reason to ever sing the blues.

### CHORUS

But I like my music the way it used to be.  
That mountain music came from Tennessee.  
Not one coal miner in my family tree;  
That music still sounds good to me.

Never had to sleep in a hollow log,  
Plow a cornfield or slop a hog.  
Never heard the Carters sing from the opry stage,  
Never killed my lover in a jealous rage.

### BRIDGE

Now that down home is uptown, they're gettin' fancy  
It's bright lights, silk suits and fame.  
It's that high lonesome sound, that three finger roll,  
Draws me like a moth to a flame.

Bill Monroe started it all,  
Went from Rosine to Nashville to Carnegie Hall.

Never once let my deal go down,  
Hopped me a freight train to another town.  
Never drank no moonshine late into the night.  
Never owned a coon dog, never saw the light.

## In The Jailhouse Now

Jimmie Rodgers

I had a friend named Ramblin' Bob  
Who used to steal, gamble and rob  
He thought he was the smartest guy in town  
But I found out last Monday  
That Bob got locked up Sunday  
They've got him in the jailhouse way down town

### CHORUS

He's in the jailhouse now, he's in the jailhouse now  
I told him once or twice  
To quit playin' cards and shootin' dice  
He's in the jailhouse now

He played a game called poker  
Pinochle, whist and euchre  
But shootin' dice was his greatest game  
Now he's downtown in jail  
Nobody to go his bail  
The judge done said that he refused the fine

### CHORUS

I went out last Tuesday  
Met a girl named Susie  
I told her I was the swellest man around  
We started to spend my money  
Then she started to call me honey  
We took in every cabaret in town

We're in the jailhouse now, we're in the jailhouse now  
I told the judge right to his face  
We didn't like to see this place  
We're in the jailhouse now

### Caleb Meyer

Caleb Meyer, he lived alone in them hollerin' pines,  
And he made a little whiskey for himself, said it helped to  
pass the time  
On one evening in back of my house Caleb come around,  
And he called my name till I came out with no one else  
around.

#### CHORUS

Caleb Meyer, your ghost is gonna wear that rattlin'  
chain,  
But when I go to sleep at night, don't you call my  
name.

Where's your husband, Nellie Kane, where's your darling  
gone?  
Did he go on down the mountain side and leave you all  
alone?

Yes, my husband's gone to Bowlin' Green to do some  
business there.  
Then Caleb threw that bottle down and grabbed me by my  
hair.

#### CHORUS

He threw me on the needle bed, and on my dress he lay  
He pinned my hands above my head and I commenced to  
pray.  
I cried My God, I am your child; send your angels down  
Then feelin' with my fingertips, the bottle neck I found  
I pulled that glass across his neck as fine as any blade,  
and I felt that blood pour fast and hot  
around me where I laid.

#### CHORUS

### Tall Pines (B<sup>b</sup>)

Once in my youth I stood on this mountain  
And planted some pines in the sand.  
Every day I'd look their way,  
But just couldn't understand.

Why they never grew like I thought they should do,  
I just couldn't understand why.  
Now I've rambled around this wide world through  
And today I just happened by,

#### CHORUS

Tall pines, tall pines, reaching up for the clouds,  
Tall pines, tall pines, I'll bet you wouldn't know me  
now.

I'll never forget the morning I left,  
The hum of the bees in the hay.  
The farther I walked, the harder they talked.  
How silent it all seems today.

There's that old rail fence we built inch by inch  
Surrounding the old family graves.  
And there's one gravestone standing all alone  
They're waiting to join me in the shade.

#### CHORUS

Tall pines, tall pines, reaching up for the clouds,  
Tall pines, tall pines, I've come home to sleep beneath  
your boughs.

### Sophronie (B)

#### CHORUS

Love em and leave em, kiss em and grieve em  
That used to be my motto so high  
Till my Sophronie left me so lonely  
Now there's teardrops in my eyes

My Sophronie's from Kentucky, she's found another man  
Can't even kiss her, can't even hold her hand  
The moon we used to love beneath is still up in the sky  
But now I'm just a hotshot with a teardrop in my eye

#### CHORUS

Till Gabriel blows his bugle, I'll be loving that sweet girl  
She means more to me than the whole wide world  
I used to be a killer with the women me oh my  
But now I'm just a hot shot with a teardrop in my eye

#### CHORUS

I used to slay the pretty girls from Maine to Alabam,  
I loved 'em very much at first then I let them down.  
I've seen so many pretty eyes and filled with bitter tears,  
Find 'em and forget them but now I have my fears.

## Carolina Lightning (D)

by Jim Muller, performed by Southern Rail

[D]North Caro[G]lina [D]lightning, silver [G]threads  
across the [D]sky.  
North Caro[G]lina [D]lightning, thunder [F#m]rolling from  
on [A]high.  
[G]Lights my way down the [D]highway though the  
[Bm]rain is pouring [G]down,  
[D]Come the [G]morning I'll be [D]home in the  
[Bm]mountains that I[A] love.

Six thirty-five in the evening, and the sky is black and gray,  
Caressin' the tops of the mountains, all these clouds are  
here to stay.

How the wind through the valley shakes the trees against  
the sky.

It can't shake the power that told me to keep rolling down  
the road.

BREAK (tag with) ... [A]And the rain is pouring  
[Bm]down.

### BRIDGE

[G]I see my foolish life pass be[D]fore me, All the  
[A]roads that I've traveled,  
All the [Bm]hills that I've climbed and I [G]wonder  
why I ever went away.  
In an [D]hour I'll be coming home to [A]stay,  
[G]coming home to [A]stay.

North Carolina lightning, silver threads across the sky.  
Show me the way to tomorrow, as my home is drawing  
nigh.  
Don't let me ever think of leaving, steer me home if I try.  
Come the morning I'll be home in the mountains that I  
love.

### BREAK

[G]Don't let me ever think of [D]leaving, steer me  
[Bm]home if I [G]try.  
[D]Come the [G]morning I'll be [D]home in the  
[Bm]mountains that I[A] love.  
My Carolina [Bm]home, [G]in my Carolina [D]home.

## Goin' Home (A)

by Russell Johnson

[A(G)]Goin' home! How [D(C)]many years I've  
[E(D)]longed to see the [A(G)]mountains so  
[F#m(Em)]high,  
[D(C)]Watch the wild birds [E(D)]fly across the [A(G)]blue  
summer [F#m(Em)]sky,  
[D(C)]Feel the love light [E(D)]shining from my  
[A(G)]dear old mother's [F#m(Em)]eyes.  
Now I [D(C)]know, I'm [E(D)]really going [A(G)]home.

### CHORUS

[D(C)]Carry me [E(D)]back to [A(G)]East  
Tenness[F#m(Em)]see,  
Though my [D(C)]body be [E(D)]cold as the  
[A(G)]snow.  
[D(C)]Lay me down [E(D)]easy [A(G)]under a  
[F#m(Em)]tree  
Where [D(C)]only God and [E(D)]I may [A(G)]go.

[A(G)]I'll be gone--a [D(C)]thousand times more  
[E(D)]gladly than I [A(G)]ever was [F#m(Em)]here.  
[D(C)]Taking leave of [E(D)]senses, leave all [A(G)]doubts  
and all [F#m(Em)]fears.  
[D(C)]Perhaps you'll find it [E(D)]in your heart to  
[A(G)]shed an old [F#m(Em)]tear  
When you [D(C)]call my [E(D)]name and I'll be  
[A(G)]gone.

## Less and Less (D)

by Tim O'Brien

[D]I try to [A]travel around with [G]less and less  
[D]I tried them all and the [A]simple way is the [G]way  
that's best  
[D]I save a [A]lot of time not [G]havin' to choose  
[D]What color [A]shirt I wear or which [D]pair of shoes  
[A]Don't need a guitar to [D]sing my song  
[E]Wherever I land I'll always [A]get along

### CHORUS

[A]I've been [D]up and down the [A]road a time or  
[G]two I guess  
[D]Now I try to [A]travel around with [D]less and less

I had a woman once, she was not my wife  
I took a long detour on the road of life  
I carried that weight and almost broke my back  
Nearly lost the ones I love getting' back on track  
Wasted lots of time and I still feel the pain  
Made a vow that I won't go through that again

### CHORUS

Coffee in the mornin' a little wine at night  
A meal somewhere in the middle I think I'll be alright  
I've got my pride, I got a smile to greet the day  
I got a friend or two to help me through when I lose my  
way  
Don't need a guitar to sing my song  
Wherever I land I'll always get along

I've been up and down the road a time or two I guess  
Now it's time to travel around with less and less

### Reuben's Train

Ol' Reuben made a train & he put it on a track  
He ran it to the Lord knows where  
Oh me, oh my, ran it to the Lord knows where  
Should been in town when Reuben's train went down  
You could hear that whistle blow 100 miles  
Oh me, oh my, you could hear the whistle blow 100 miles  
Last night I lay in jail had no money to go my bail  
Lord how it sleeted and it snowed  
Oh me, oh my, Lord how it sleeted and it snowed  
I've been to the East, I've been to the West  
I'm going where the chilly winds don't blow  
Oh me, oh my, I'm going where the chilly winds don't blow  
Oh the train that I ride is 100 coaches long  
You can hear the whistle blow 100 miles  
Oh me, oh my, you can hear the whistle blow 100 miles  
I got myself a blade, laid Reuben in the shade,  
I'm startin' me a graveyard of my own.  
Oh, me, oh lordy my, startin' me a graveyard of my own.

### Shenandoah Wind (D)

by Eric Uglum, performed by Chris Stuart and Backcountry

In a time of trouble as the war drew near,  
I became a soldier, a Virginia volunteer.  
I left my farm and family, and as I fell in step  
I heard my Peggy crying on the Shenandoah wind.

Take this pack from my shoulder,  
Let me rest here, friend.  
Tell my Peggy I love her  
And I'll be home on the Shenandoah wind.

Days were hot and dusty, nights bitter cold.  
We followed General Jackson down the valley road.  
We met the Yankee army and through the smoke and lead  
I could hear the crying of the Shenandoah wind.

Now I walk the valley, I wander in the hills,  
I whisper on the waters and blow across the fields  
Through the Blue Ridge Mountains to the place so dear  
Where I kiss my Peggy and I dry her tears.

### Shenandoah Wind

by Eric Uglum

[D]In a time of trouble, [G]as the war drew near,  
[D]I became a soldier, a Virginia volun[A]teer.  
[D]I left my farm and family, and [G]as I fell in step,  
[D]I heard my Peggy crying on the [A]Shenandoah  
[D]wind.

Chorus:

[D]Take this pack from my [G]shoul[D]der  
[D]Let me rest here, [A]friend.  
[D]Tell my Peggy I [G]love her,  
And I'll be [D]home on the [A]Shenandoah [D]wind.

Days were hot and dusty, nights bitter cold.  
We followed General Jackson down the valley road.  
We met the Yankee army, and through the smoke and lead  
I could hear the crying of the Shenandoah wind.

Now I walk the valley, I wander in the hills,  
I whisper on the waters and blow across the fields  
Through the Blue Ridge Mountains, to the place so dear,  
Where I kiss my Peggy and I dry her tears.



### Streamline Cannonball

[D]It's a long steel rail and a short cross tie  
I'm [G]on my way back [D]home  
I'm on that [G]train the [D]king of them [Bm]all  
That [D]Streamline [A]Cannon[D]ball

#### CHORUS

She [D]moves along like a cannonball  
Like a [G]star in it's heavenly [D]flight  
The lonesome [G]sound of the [D]whistle you  
[Bm]love  
As she [D]travels [A]through the [D]night

I can see a smile on the engineer's face  
And although he's old and gray  
A contented heart he waits for his call  
On the Streamline Cannonball

The headlight beams out in the night  
And the firebox flash you can see  
I ride the blinds it's the life that I love  
Lord it's home sweet home to me

Author: Roy Acuff

### My Angeline

Angelina Baker lived just down the street  
And my heart would set to achin' every time we chanced to meet  
Although she's now another's, I still recall the time  
When my little Angie swore that she'd always be mine

Temper of a fury, Irish born and bred  
Skin of cream and roses and her hair was curly red  
She could sing just like a songbird in a sweet, magnolia  
June  
And she could play upon a young man's heart like sawin'  
on a fiddle tune

Well, the ocean is a mistress once she gets in the veins  
And to live a life without her, Lord, will drive a man insane  
My Angeline grew jealous, said, "It's either 'her' or me"  
And she cursed my name in a last farewell as I set out to sea

For ten long years I tarried in every port of call  
Tryin' to forget that gal of mine wouldn't do no good at all  
So I went to beg her pardon and make another start  
Just to find my Angeline had died of a broken heart

I'm not much good for nothin', my youth long passed away  
But if you hand me down my banjo, son, I do believe I'll  
play

#### CHORUS

Angelina Baker, Angeline, I know  
I should have married Angeline forty some odd years  
ago

### Wildwood flower (male version)

Oh, she'd twine and she'd mingle her raven black hair  
With roses so red and white lilies so fair.  
And the myrtle so bright with an emerald hue  
Made her eyes seem to sparkle like diamonds of blue.

Oh she'd dance and she'd sing and her laugh was so gay  
She would charm every heart and then steal it away.  
I fell under her spell and I gave her my love.  
She promised to cherish me over all others above

Oh, she taught me to love her, I called her my flow'r  
That was blooming to cheer me through life's dreary hour.  
I awoke from my dreams, found my love gone away:  
I'd given my heart but she threw it away.

Now my days are so long and my life is so bare  
And I dream of a beautiful flower so rare.  
Oh, I long to see her regret the dark hour  
She's broken my heart, this pale wildwood flow'r.

### Sawing on the Strings

Way back in the mountains  
Way back in the hills  
There used to live a mountaineer  
And they called him fiddlin' Will.  
He could play most anything  
And some say he could sing,  
But the one thing that he liked to do best  
Was sawing on the strings.

So get out the fiddle  
And rosin up the bow,  
Look at ol' Will a-tappin' his toe.  
We'll make music til the rafters ring,  
All that pickin' and a-sawin' on the strings.

When the neighbors had a shindig  
And they all had victuals to eat,  
We'd always have to wait on Will  
For the frolic to be complete.  
When he come down from the mountain  
All the gals began to sway.  
Sometimes he'd pick that ol' five string  
Until the break of day.

So tune up the five string,  
Tighten up the hide,  
Tell all the young folks to get inside.  
We'll make music til the rafters ring,  
All that pickin' and a-sawing on the strings.

### Arkansas Traveler

Oh, once upon a time in Arkansas,  
An old man sat in his little cabin door  
And fiddled at a tune that he liked to hear,  
A jolly old tune that he played by ear.  
It was raining hard, but the fiddler didn't care,  
He sawed away at the popular air,  
Tho' his roofree leaked like a waterfall,  
That didn't seem to bother the man at all.

A traveler was riding by that day,  
And stopped to hear him a-practicing away;  
The cabin was a-float and his feet were wet,  
But still the old man didn't seem to fret.  
So the stranger said "Now the way it seems to me,  
You'd better mend your roof," said he.  
But the old man said as he played away,  
"I couldn't mend it now, it's a rainy day."

The traveler replied, "That's all quite true,  
But this, I think, is the thing to do:  
Get busy on a day that is fair and bright,  
Then patch the old roof till it's good and tight."  
But the old man kept on a-playing at his reel,  
And tapped the ground with his leathery heel.  
"Get along," said he, "for you give me a pain;  
My cabin never leaks when it doesn't rain."

### Little Annie

Once more I must leave you, little Annie  
We must part at the end of the lane  
For you promised me, little Annie  
You'd be waiting when the springtime comes again.

Chorus:

When the springtime comes o'er the mountain  
And the wildflowers are scattered o'er the plain  
I will watch for the leaves to return to the trees  
And I'll be waitin' when the springtime comes again

When the sun shines down on the mountain  
And the wild sheep are wandering all alone  
And the birds and bees are singing  
It makes me think that springtime won't be long.

Chorus

Now the springtime is come to the mountain  
And I'm on my way back to the lane  
For you promised me, little Annie  
You'd be waiting when the springtime comes again.

## Second Wind

[G]Somethin' familiar blew [D]in with the wind  
A [Em]dream I let fall by the [C]way[D]side  
I [C]find myself yearnin' to [D]live it a[G]gain  
[C]Now, there's no stoppin' me this [D]time, 'cause

### CHORUS

[G]I've been sur[C]veyin' the [D]shape that I'm [G]in  
[C]Wasted and weary and [D]wearin' it [G]thin  
I know where I've [C]been but who [D]knows where I'm  
[Em]goin'  
[C]I feel a second wind [D]blowin', blowin' [G]my  
way [C] [D]  
[G] [C] [D]

The first time around you don't know what you have  
Until the day comes when you lose it  
Now, I'm gettin' ready for my second chance  
This time I won't refuse it, 'cause

### CHORUS

### BRIDGE:

I [D]won't be denyin' my [G]heart any longer  
The [C]longer I wait, this [D]feeling grows stronger

### CHORUS

## Reuben's Train

Ol' Reuben made a train & he put it on a track  
He ran it to the Lord knows where  
Oh me, oh my, ran it to the Lord knows where

Should been in town when Reuben's train went down  
You could hear that whistle blow 100 miles  
Oh me, oh my, you could hear the whistle blow 100 miles

Last night I lay in jail had no money to go my bail  
Lord how it sleeted and it snowed  
Oh me, oh my, Lord how it sleeted and it snowed

I've been to the East, I've been to the West  
I'm going where the chilly winds don't blow  
Oh me, oh my, I'm going where the chilly winds don't blow

Oh the train that I ride is 100 coaches long  
You can hear the whistle blow 100 miles  
Oh me, oh my, you can hear the whistle blow 100 miles

I got myself a blade, laid Reuben in the shade,  
I'm startin' me a graveyard of my own.  
Oh, me, oh lordy my, startin' me a graveyard of my own.

## A Simple Life

I live a simple life, I work all day, I sleep all night  
A couple kids that need a nap, Big dog and a little cat  
Wife that barks but rarely bites, So I live the simple life.

I live a simple life, A good coat when the cold winds bite  
Leather boots for my bare feet, Now and then a steak to eat  
I pick with the boys on Friday night So I live a simple life.

My favorite book was wrote about a man that died to  
save my soul  
And my favorite thing to hear is "Daddy, I'm so glad  
you're home"  
And my favorite woman is five three with long black  
hair and green eyes  
Still I live a simple life.

I live a simple life, Couple of friends I really like  
A little house outside of town, An old car that gets me  
around  
Complications may arise, But I live a simple life.

And I live a simple life, Cell phone when my old car dies  
The Internet to show me where, GPS to get me there  
Everywhere there's satellites, Oh, I live a simple life.

### Chorus

### Green Pastures

Troubles and trials often betray those  
Calling the weary body to stray.  
But we shall walk beside the still water  
With the good shepherd leading the way.

Going up home to live in green pastures  
Where we shall live and die never more.  
Even the Lord will be in that number  
When we have reached that heavenly shore.

Those who have strayed were sought by the master,  
He who once gave his life for the sheep.  
Out on the mountain still He is searching,  
Bringing them in forever to keep

We will not heed the voice of the stranger  
For he would lead us on to despair.  
Following home with Jesus our savior  
We shall all reach that country so fair.

### Walking In Jerusalem

Bill Monroe

#### CHORUS

I wanna be ready  
I wanna be ready  
I wanna be ready  
A-walkin' in Jerusalem a-just like John.

John, oh John, now what did you say?  
Walkin' ...  
I'll meet you there at the break of day.  
Walkin' ...

#### CHORUS

Some come a-walkin' and some come lame,  
Walkin' ...  
Some come a-walkin' in Jesus' name,  
Walkin' ...

#### CHORUS

Jesus lifted a cross upon his shoulder  
Walkin' ...  
I'll meet you there at the first cross over  
Walkin' ...

### Tennessee Stud

Along about eighteen twenty-five,  
I left Tennessee very much alive.  
I never would have got through the Arkansas mud  
If I hadn't been a-ridin' on the Tennessee Stud.  
I had some trouble with my sweetheart's pa,  
And one of her brothers was a bad outlaw.  
I sent her a letter by my Uncle Bud,  
And I rode away on the Tennessee Stud.

The Tennessee Stud was long and lean,  
The color of the sun, and his eyes were green.  
He had the nerve and he had the blood,  
And there never was a horse like the Tennessee Stud.

We drifted on down into no man's land,  
We crossed that river called the Rio Grande.  
I raced my horse with the Spaniard's foal  
'Til I got me a skin full of silver and gold.  
Me and a gambler, we couldn't agree,  
We got in a fight over Tennessee.  
We jerked our guns, and he fell with a thud,  
And I got away on the Tennessee Stud.

I got just as lonesome as a man can be,  
Dreamin' of my girl in Tennessee.  
The Tennessee Stud's green eyes turned blue  
'Cause he was a-dreamin' of a sweetheart, too,  
We loped right back across Arkansas;  
I whupped her brother and I whupped her pa.  
I found that girl with the golden hair,  
And she was a-riding on the Tennessee Mare.

Stirrup to stirrup and side by side,  
We crossed the mountains and the valleys wide.  
We came to Big Muddy, then we forded the flood  
On the Tennessee Mare and the Tennessee Stud.  
A pretty little baby on the cabin floor,  
A little horse colt playing 'round the door,  
I love that girl with the golden hair,  
And the Tennessee Stud loves the Tennessee Mare.

## THE AUCTIONEER

Recorded by LeRoy Van Dyke  
Words and music by LeRoy Van Dyke and Buddy Black

[C] There was a boy in Arkansas  
Who [F] wouldn't listen to his ma  
When [G] she told him he should go to [C] school [G]  
He'd [C] sneak away in the afternoon  
Take a [F] little walk and pretty soon  
You'd [G] find him at the local auction [C] barn.

He'd [F] stand and listen carefully  
Then [C] pretty soon he began to see  
How the [D] auctioneer could talk so rapid-[G] ly  
He [C] said, "Oh, my, it's do or die  
I've [F] got to learn that auction cry  
Gotta [G] make my mark and be an auction-[C] eer."

[C] Twenty-five dollar bid it now, thirty dollar, thirty  
Will you [F] gimmie thirty, make it thirty  
Bid it on a thirty dollar, will you gimmie thirty[G]  
Who'll-I bid it at a thirty dollar [C] bid? [G]  
[C] Thirty dollar bid it now, thirty-five  
Will you [F] gimmie thirty-five,  
To make it thirty-five, to bid it a thirty-five  
[G] Who woulda bid it at a thirty-five dollar [C] bid?

As time went on, he did his best  
And all could see he didn't jest  
He practiced calling bids both night and day  
His pap would find him behind the barn  
Just working up an awful storm  
As he tried to imitate the auctioneer.

Then his pap said, "Son, we just can't stand  
To have a mediocre man  
Sellin' things at auction using our good name  
I'll send you off to auction school  
Then you'll be nobody's fool  
You can take your place among the best."

Thirty-five dollar bid it now, forty dollar, forty  
Will you gimmie forty, make it forty  
Bid it on a forty dollar, will you gimmie forty  
Who'll-I bid it at a forty dollar bid?  
Forty dollar bid it now, forty-five  
Will you gimmie forty-five,  
To make it forty-five, to bid it a forty-five  
Who woulda bid it at a forty-five dollar bid?

So from that boy who went to school  
There grew a man who played it cool  
And came back home a full-fledged auctioneer  
And the people came from miles around  
Just to hear him make that rhythmic sound  
That filled their hearts with such a happy cheer.

His fame spread out from shore to shore  
He had all he could do and more  
Had to buy a plane to get around  
Now he's the tops in all the land

Let's pause and give that man a hand  
He's the best of all the auctioneers.

Forty-five dollar bid it now, fifty dollar, fifty  
Will you gimmie fifty, make it fifty  
Bid it on a fifty dollar, will you gimmie fifty  
Who'll-I bid it at a fifty dollar bid?  
Fifty dollar bid it now, fifty-five  
Will you gimmie fifty-five,  
To make it fifty-five, to bid it a fifty-five  
Sold that horse for a fifty-five dollar bill?

Hey, well alright sir, open the gate and let 'em out and walk  
'em boys  
Here we come with lot number 29 in, what'd ya gonna  
give?

## Across The Great Divide

Kate Wolf

I've been walkin' in my sleep  
Countin' troubles 'stead of countin' sheep.  
Where the years went, I can't say.  
I just turned around and they've gone away

I've been siftin' through the layers  
Of dusty books and faded papers  
They tell a story I used to know  
And it was one that happened so long ago.

### CHORUS

It's gone away yesterday.  
Now I find myself on the moutainside  
Where the rivers change direction  
Across the great divide.

Now, I heard the owl callin'  
Softly as the night was fallin'  
With a question and I replied,  
But he's gone across the borderline.

### CHORUS

The finest hour that I have seen  
Is the one that comes between  
The edge of night and the break of day  
It's when the darkness rolls away.

### CHORUS

## Dust On the Bible

### CHORUS

Dust on the Bible, dust on the holy word  
The words of all the prophets and the sayings of our  
Lord  
Of all the other books, you'll find, there's none  
salvation holds  
Get that dust off the Bible and redeem your poor soul

I went into a home one day to see some friends of mine  
Of all the books and magazines, not a Bible could I find  
I asked them for the Bible, when they brought it, what a  
shame  
For the dust was covered o'er it, not a fingerprint was plain

You can read your magazines, read of love and tragic things  
And not one word of Scripture, not one verse do you know  
When it is the very truth and its contents good for you  
Dust on the Bible will doom your poor soul

Oh, if you have a friend you'd like to help along life's way  
Just tell him that the Good Book shows a mortal how to  
pray  
The best advice to give him that will make his burdens light  
Is to dust the family bible, trade the wrong way for the  
right.

## Last Thing On My Mind

Tom Paxton

It's a lesson too late for the learnin'  
Made of sand, made of sand  
In the wink of an eye my soul is turnin'  
In your hand, in your hand.

Are you going away with no word of farewell  
Will there be not a trace left behind  
Well, I could have loved you better  
Didn't mean to be unkind  
You know that was the last thing on my mind.

As we walk on, my thoughts keep tumblin'  
Round and round, round and round  
Underneath our feet the subways rumblin'  
Underground, underground

### CHORUS

As I lie in my bed in the mornin'  
Without you, without you.  
Every song in my breast lies a bornin'  
Without you, without you.

### CHORUS

You've got reasons a-plenty for goin'  
This I know, this I know.  
For the weeds have been steadily growin'  
Please don't go, please don't go.

## Who Will Watch The Home Place

Laurie Lewis

Leaves are falling and turning to showers of gold  
As the postman climbs up our long hill  
And there's sympathy written all over his face  
As he hands me a couple more bills

### CHORUS

Who will watch the home place  
Who will tend my hearts dear space  
Who will fill my empty place  
When I am gone from here

There's a lovely green nook by a clear-running stream  
It was my place when I was quite small  
And its creatures and sounds could soothe my worst pains  
But today they don't ease me at all

### CHORUS

In my grandfather's shed there are hundreds of tools  
I know them by feel and by name  
And like parts of my body they've patched this old place  
When I move them they won't be the same

Now I wander around touching each blessed thing  
The chimney the tables the trees  
And my memories swirl 'round me like birds on the wing  
When I leave here oh who will I be

### Greenville Trestle

I remember as a boy how in wonderment and joy  
I'd watch the trains as they'd go by  
And the whistle's lonesome sound you could hear from  
miles around

As they rolled across that Greenville Trestle high

But the whistles don't sound like they used to  
Lately not many trains go by  
Hard times across the land mean no work for a  
railroad man

And the Greenville Trestle now don't seem so high

On the riverbank I'd stand with a cane pole in my hand  
And watch the freight trains up against the sky  
With the black smoke trailing back as they moved along the  
track

That runs across that Greenville Trestle high

When the lonesome whistles whined I'd get rambling on  
my mind

Lord I wish they still sounded that way

As I turned to head for home Lord she'd rumble low and  
long

Toward the sunset at the close of day

### Peach Picking Time in Georgia

When it's <sup>C</sup>peach picking time in Georgia <sup>C7</sup>

<sup>F</sup>Apple picking time in Tennessee <sup>C</sup>

<sup>G7</sup>Cotton picking time in Mississ <sup>C</sup>ippi

<sup>D7</sup>Everybody picks on me <sup>G7</sup> <sup>G</sup>

When it's <sup>C</sup>roundup time in Texas <sup>C7</sup>

The <sup>F</sup>cowboys make whoopee <sup>Dm6</sup> <sup>E7</sup>

Then <sup>F</sup>down in old Ala <sup>C</sup>bama <sup>A7</sup>

It's <sup>Dm</sup>gal picking <sup>G7</sup>time to <sup>C</sup>me

There's the bluegrass down in Kentucky

Virginia's where they do the swing

Carolina now I'm a coming

To you to spend the spring

Arkansas I hear you calling

I know I'll see you soon

There's where I'll do a little picking

Underneath the Ozark moon

Now when hard times overtake you

I hope they don't get me

For I've got a sweetie waiting

For me down in Tennessee

I know I'm goin' to see her

I hope it won't be long

There's where we'll pick a little cabin

And call it our mountain home.

Now after I've picked all my cotton

I'll pick a wedding ring

We'll go to town and pick a little gown

For the wedding in the spring

I hope the preacher knows his business

I know he can't fool me

When it's peach picking time in Georgia

It's gal picking time to me

### Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party

In the sky the bright stars glittered  
On the bank the pale moon shone  
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party  
I was seeing Nellie home

I was seeing Nellie home  
I was seeing Nellie home  
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party  
I was seeing Nellie home

On my arm a soft hand rested  
Rested like as ocean foam  
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party  
I was seeing Nellie home

On my lips a whisper trembled  
Trembled till it dared to come  
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party  
I was seeing Nellie home

On my life new hopes were dawning  
And those hopes have lived and grown  
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party  
I was seeing Nellie home

### Mountain's Gonna Sing

D G D G  
Deep in the shade the air stays cool  
Bm A D  
Truest one, when I return to you.  
G D G  
Strike a fire, hold back the night  
Bm A Em G  
See what remains of all I've left behind  
D G  
And I just come for what peace I can find

G Bm C  
And the mountain's gonna sing this song for me, wo  
G Bm  
The mountain's gonna sing this song for me  
C D  
Rock me off to sleep

Of all the stories that she did tell  
There in the stillness I learned her lesson well.  
The words forgotten, forever pure,  
Names unspoken and gone forevermore  
I have nothing left to lay upon her door.

Beneath the laurels pearls of rain  
Fall and shatter and sink into the clay  
Wash away these hills, wash away the dawn  
Somehow there's still the strength to carry on  
The spirit ever lingers in a song

### Sweet Sunny South

Take me back to the place where I first saw the light  
To that sweet sunny south take me home  
Where the mockingbirds sing me to sleep every night  
Oh why was I tempted to roam

I think with regret of the dear home I left  
Of the warm hearts that sheltered me there  
Of my wife and my children of whom I'm bereft  
Of the old place again I do sigh

Take me back to the place where the orange trees grow  
To my plot in the evergreen shade  
Where the flowers from the river's green margins did grow  
And spread their sweet scent through the glade

Take me back let me see what is left that I know  
Could it be that the old house is gone  
Dear friends from my childhood indeed must be few  
And I must face death all alone

The path to our cottage they say has grown green  
And the place is quite lonely around  
I know that the smiles and the forms I once knew  
Now lie 'neath the cold mossy ground

But yet I return to the place of my birth  
Where the children have played 'round the door  
Where they gathered wild blossoms that grew 'round the path  
Twill echo their footsteps no more

Take me back to the place where my little ones sleep  
Where poor mama lies buried close by  
O'er the graves of my loved ones I long for to weep  
And among them to rest when I die

### Molly and Tenbrooks

Run oh Molly run, run oh Molly run  
Tenbrooks gonna beat you to the bright shinin' sun.  
To the bright shinin' sun oh Lord to the bright shinin' sun

Tenbrooks was a big bay horse he wore that shaggy mane  
He run all around Memphis he beat the Memphis train  
Beat the Memphis train oh Lord beat the Memphis train

See that train a-comin' it's comin' round the curve  
See old Tenbrooks runnin' he's strainin' every nerve  
Strainin' every nerve oh Lord strainin' every nerve

Tenbrooks said to Molly what makes your head so red?  
Runnin' in the hot sun puts fever in my head  
Fever in my head oh Lord fever in my head

Molly said to Tenbrooks you're lookin' mighty squirrel  
Tenbrooks said to Molly I'm a-leavin' this old world  
Leavin'; this old world oh Lord leavin' this old world.

Out in California where Molly done as she pleased  
Come back to old Kentucky got beat with all ease  
Beat with all ease oh Lord beat with all ease

The women all a-laughin' the child'n all a cryin'  
The men all a-hollerin' old Tenbrooks a-flyin'  
Old Tenbrooks a-flyin' oh Lord old Tenbrooks a-flyin'

Kyper Kyper you're not a-ridin' right  
Molly's beatin' old Tenbrooks clear out sight  
Clear out of sight oh Lord clear out of sight

Kyper Kyper Kyper my son  
Give old Tenbrooks the bridle let old Tenbrooks run  
Let old Tenbrooks run oh Lord let old Tenbrooks run

Go and catch old Tenbrooks and hitch him in the shade  
We're gonna bury old Molly in a coffin ready made  
Coffin ready made oh Lord coffin ready made



### Jimmy Brown the Newsboy

I sell the morning paper, Sir, my name is Jimmy Brown  
Everybody knows that I'm the newsboy of the town

You can hear me yelling "Moming Star", as I run along the street  
I've got no hat upon my head, no shoes upon my feet  
I sell the morning paper, Sir, my name is Jimmy Brown  
Everybody knows that I'm the newsboy of the town

Never mind, Sir, how I look, don't look at me and frown  
I sell the morning paper, Sir, my name is Jimmy Brown  
I'm awful cold and hungry, Sir, my clothes are mighty thin  
I wander 'bout from place to place, my daily bread to win

I sell the morning paper, Sir, my name is Jimmy Brown  
Everybody knows that I'm the newsboy of the town

My father was a drunkard, Sir, I've heard my mother say  
And I am helping my Mother, Sir, as I journey on my way  
My mother always tells me, Sir, I've nothing in the world to lose  
I'll get a place in Heaven, Sir, selling the "Gospel News"

I sell the morning paper, Sir, my name is Jimmy Brown  
Everybody knows that I'm the newsboy of the town

### Whiskey In The Jar

As I was a goin' over the far famed Kerry mountains  
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting  
I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier  
Saying "Stand and deliver" for he were a bold deceiver

Chorus:

Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da  
Wack fall the daddy-o, wack fall the daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny  
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny  
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me  
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy

I went up to my chamber, all for to take a slumber  
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure 't was no wonder  
But Jenny blew me charges and she filled them up with water  
Then sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

't was early in the morning, just before I rose to travel  
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise captain Farrell  
I first produced me pistol for she stole away me rapier  
I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

Now there's some take delight in the carriages a rolling  
and others take delight in the hurling and the bowling  
but I take delight in the juice of the barley  
and courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

If anyone can aid me 't is my brother in the army  
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney  
And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' through Kilkenny  
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my own a-sporting Jenny

### He Went To Sleep And The Hogs Eat 'Im

Chorus:

Oh! he went to sleep and the hogs eat 'im  
Hogs eat 'im, Hogs eat 'im  
He went to sleep and the hogs eat 'im  
Now pa's gone forever  
Forever, Forever, Forever, Forever  
Now pa's gone forever.

He never worked a day in his life  
Left that for his lovin' wife  
The way my paw did it was a shame  
At harvest time he'd stay in the shade  
Find a spot and down he laid  
But we all loved 'im just the same.

He loved to spin big tall yarns  
Pa would tell 'em from dusk to dawn  
He would only stop awhile to eat  
About that civil war he'd tell  
Then let out a rebel yell  
Then pa'd get tired and go to sleep.

He watched us work from where he set  
He watched so hard he'd work up a sweat  
At this my pa was hard to beat  
He couldn't work, he got too fat  
He supervised from where he sat  
Then pa'd get tired and go to sleep.

### Beautiful Star of Bethlehem

Oh beautiful star of Bethlehem  
Shining afar through shadows dim  
Giving the light for those who long have gone  
Guiding the wise men on their way  
Unto the place where Jesus lay  
Oh beautiful star of Bethlehem, shine on

Oh beautiful star (Beautiful, beautiful star)  
Of Bethlehem (Star of Bethlehem)  
Shine upon us until the glory dawns  
Give us the light to light the way  
Unto the land of perfect day  
Oh beautiful star of Bethlehem, shine on

Oh beautiful star, the hope of life  
Guiding the pilgrims through the night  
Over the mountains till the break of dawn  
Into the light Of perfect day  
It will give out a lovely ray  
Oh beautiful star of Bethlehem, shine on

Oh beautiful star, the hope of rest  
For the redeemed, the good and the blest  
Yonder in glory when the crown is won  
Where Jesus is now the star divine  
Brighter and brighter he will shine  
Oh beautiful star of Bethlehem, shine on

### Carolina Star

Back in the hills, those slow rollin' hills  
Where North Carolina comes close to the stars  
There's livin' a lady who's shinin' so high  
They call her the "Carolina Star."

She works at the factory from Monday through Friday  
She's raisin' three daughters all alone  
Their daddy's away, he's a-chasing a dream  
They're waitin' for the day that he comes home

CHORUS:  
Oh, Carolina  
Even stars get lonesome now and then  
Oh, Carolina  
Don't you worry, he'll be comin' home again

He's playin' his songs down in Nashville  
He's pickin' for tips in a bar  
He's broke and all alone, but he ain't ready to come home  
He's gonna be a country singin' star

Sometimes she wakes up just thinking of him  
She remembers him beside her in the night  
While out across those hills that old moon is settled in  
And those Carolina stars are shining bright

CHORUS  
Yes he loves you and he's comin' home again.

### Church Street Blues

Norman Blake

Lord I been hangin' out of town in that low down rain  
Watchin' good time Charlie friend is drivin' me insane  
Down on shady Charlotte Street the green lights look red  
Wish I was back home on the farm in my feather bed.

Get myself a rockin' chair  
To see if I can lose  
Them thin dime hard times  
Hell on Church Street blues.

Found myself a picker friend who'd read yesterday's news  
Folded up page twenty-one and stuck it in my shoe  
Gave a nickel to the poor my good turn for the day  
Folded up my old billfold and threw it far away.

Lord I wish I had some guitar strings Old Black Diamond brand  
I'd string up this old Martin box and go and join some band  
But I guess I'll just stay right here just pick and sing a while  
Try to make me a little change and give them folks a smile.

### Walls of Time

The wind is blowing 'cross the mountains  
And down on the valley way below.  
It sweeps the grave of my darling.  
When I die that's where I want to go.

Lord send the angels for my darling  
And take her to that home on high  
I'll wait my time out here on earth, love  
And come to you when I die.

I hear a voice out in the darkness,  
It moans and whispers through the pines.  
I know it's my sweetheart a-calling  
I hear her through the walls of time.

Our names are carved upon the tombstone.  
I promised you before you died  
Our love will bloom forever darling  
When we rest side by side.

### Blue Ridge Cabin Home

There's a well beaten path on the old mountainside  
Where I wandered when I was a lad  
And I wandered alone to the place I call home  
In those Blue Ridge hills far away

Oh I love those hills of old Virginia  
From those Blue Ridge hills I did roam  
When I die won't you bury me on the mountain  
Far away near my Blue Ridge mountain home

Now my thoughts wander back to that ramshackle shack  
In those blue ridge hills far away  
Where my mother and dad were laid there to rest  
They are sleeping in peace together there

I return to that old cabin home with a sigh  
I've been longing for days gone by  
When I die won't you bury me on that old mountainside  
Make my resting place upon the hills so high

### Cornbread and 'Lasses and Sassafras Tea

Come here girls and listen to my noise  
Don't you marry an Arkansas boy  
Marry a feller from Tennessee, eat  
Cornbread and 'lasses and sassafras tea  
Cornbread and 'lasses and sassafras tea

Traveled all over this whole wide world  
Eat a lotta cookin' from a lotta pretty girls  
But there's none like Tennessee  
With cornbread, and 'lasses and sassafras tea  
Cornbread, 'lasses and sassafras tea

Grandpa Snazzy lives on the hill  
He ain't never died and I guess he never will  
The neighbors all around say he's ninety three  
The old man's happy as he can be eatin'  
Cornbread, 'lasses and sassafras tea

Old Uncle Jim on his dyin' bed  
He called 'em all around and then he said  
My last request just let it be  
Cornbread, 'lasses and sassafras tea  
Cornbread, 'lasses and sassafras tea

Come here girls and listen to my noise  
Don't you marry an Arkansas boy  
Marry a feller from Tennessee eat  
Cornbread, and 'lasses and sassafras tea  
Cornbread, and 'lasses and sassafras tea

### Wreck of the Old 97

Well, they gave him his orders in Monroe, Virginia  
Saying Steve you are way behind time  
This is not thirty eight, but it's old ninety seven  
You must put her into Spencer on time

He turned and said to his tired greasy fireman  
Shovel on a little more coal  
And when we cross the White Oak Mountain  
You can watch old Ninety-Seven roll

It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville  
On a line on a three mile grade  
It was on this grade that he lost his leverage  
You can see what a jump he made

He was going down the grade making ninety miles an hour  
When his whistle broke into a scream  
They found him in the wreck with his hand on the throttle  
He was scalded to death by the steam

Now all you ladies you must take warning  
From this time now on learn  
Never speak harsh words to your true loving husband  
He may leave you and never return

### Wabash Cannonball

From the great Atlantic ocean to the wide Pacific shore  
The green old flowing mountains to the south down by the  
moor  
She's mighty tall and handsome she's known quite well by all  
She's a regular combination on the Wabash Cannonball

Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar  
As she glides along the woodland o'er the hills and by the shore  
Hear the mighty rush of the engine hear the lonesome  
hobo's call  
As you travel across the country on the Wabash Cannonball

Oh the eastern states are dandy so the people always say  
From New York to St. Louis and Chicago by the way  
To the lakes of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall  
No chances can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball

Here's to Daddy Claxton may his name forever stand  
In the hills of Tennessee and in the courts throughout the land  
When his earthly race is over and them curtains round him fall  
We'll take him home to Dixie on the Wabash Cannonball

I went down from Birmingham one cold December day  
When she pulled into that station you could hear them  
people say  
There's a fellow from Tennessee, boys, he's long and he's tall  
He came down from Alabama on the Wabash Cannonball

### Colleen Malone

Tim O'Brien

It's been ten years and three since I first went to sea  
And I sailed from old Ireland and home  
And those hills lush and green were a part of my dreams  
When I dreamed of my Colleen Malone

On the day I returned to my sorrow I learned  
That the angels had called her away  
To a grave on a hill overlooking the mill  
There's the place where she's sleeping today

#### CHORUS

As the soft breezes blow through the meadow I go  
Past the mill with the moss covered stone  
Up the pathway I climb through the woods and the vines  
To be with my Colleen Malone

She was faithful each day while I sailed far away  
There was no one but me that she loved  
I remember those eyes soft and blue as the skies  
And her heart was as pure as a dove

For the rest of my life I will not take a wife  
I will live in this valley alone  
Planting flowers around in the soft gentle ground  
That's holding my Colleen Malone

## Wichita

CAPO 3

<sup>D</sup>She went back to Wichita,  
She went back to her Ma and Pa.

<sup>A</sup>Reckon I saw her next to my truck,

Pumpin' gas with the <sup>D</sup>car packed up.  
We talked as neighbors will,  
That're waiting for their tanks to fill.

<sup>A</sup>We talked about nothing—how it might snow,

How far she had to <sup>D</sup>go.

CHORUS

Going <sup>G</sup>back <sup>D</sup>where the <sup>Em</sup>grass <sup>D</sup>grows <sup>A</sup>tall,

And the <sup>Bm</sup>fields burn in the <sup>G</sup>fall.

You can <sup>G</sup>still <sup>D</sup>hear the <sup>Em</sup>night <sup>D</sup>birds <sup>A</sup>call,

Back in <sup>D</sup>Wichita.

She came in '85,  
She came here as a July bride.  
But it never got easy—she never got rich,  
Ain't got much but what she came here with.  
Good times have all been spent,  
She ain't broken but she's badly bent.  
There's nothing she wants here—nothing that shines,  
She's made up her mind.

(CHORUS)

*BRIDGE*

<sup>A</sup>She says for all my time

Well I <sup>G</sup>ain't got much to <sup>D</sup>show.

<sup>A</sup>You can tell that man of mine

And <sup>G</sup>anyone who <sup>A</sup>wants to know.

(CHORUS)

## Roseville Fair

by Bill Staines

Oh, the night was clear,  
And the stars were a-shinin'.  
The moon came up so quiet in the sky.  
All the people gathered 'round,  
And the band was a-tunin'.  
I can hear them now,  
Playin' "Comin' Through The Rye."

CHORUS

And we danced all night  
To the fiddle and the banjo.  
Their drifting tunes seemed to fill the air.  
So long ago, but I can still remember  
How we fell in love at the Roseville Fair.

You were dressed in blue and you looked so lovely,  
Just a gentle flower of a small-town girl.  
You took my hand and we stepped to the music,  
And with a single smile, you became my world.

Now we courted well, and we courted dearly,  
And we'd rock for hours on your front porch chair.  
Then a year went by from the time that I met you,  
And I made you mine at the Roseville Fair.

So here's a song for all the lovers,  
And here's a tune that they can share.  
May they dance all night  
To the fiddle and the banjo  
The way we did at the Roseville Fair.

## Love of the Mountains

Larry Sparks

Two trees on a hillside of the mountain  
Always looking up towards the sky  
Remind me of my papa and my mama  
Who lived there eighty years before they died

Now a bright moon is shining in the valley  
An old wagon leans against a stack of hay  
Two graves on a hillside by the cabin  
My mom and dad are resting there today

The burning of the green wood on the fireplace  
The fallen snow around the red bud trees  
The branches of the laurel by the creek bed  
And the rippling waters of the gentle stream

Papa used to talk about the young days  
When he and mama first were settled there  
He spoke about the love of the mountains  
That he and mama shared together there

## You'll Never Leave Harlan Alive

*Am*In the *F* deep, dark *C* hills of *G* eastern *Am* Kentucky  
That's the *F* place where I *C* trace my *F* bloodline  
And it's there I *C* read on a *G* hillside *Am* gravestone  
You will *F* never leave *E7* Harlan *Am* alive

Oh, my granddad's dad walked down Katahrins Mountain  
And he asked Tillie Helton to be his bride  
Said, won't you walk with me out of the mouth of this holler  
Or we'll never leave Harlan alive

Where the sun comes *C* up about *F* ten in the  
*C* morning

And the sun goes *Am* down about *G* three in the *F* day

And you fill your *C* cup with whatever *F* bitter brew  
you're *C* drinkin'

And you spend your *Am* life just thinkin' of *B<sup>b</sup>* how to  
get *Am* away

No one ever knew there was coal in them mountains  
'Til a man from the Northeast arrived  
Waving hundred dollar bills said, I'll pay you for your minerals  
But he never left Harlan alive

Granny sold out cheap and they moved out west of  
Pineville  
To a farm where big Richland River winds  
I bet they danced them a jig, laughed and sang a new song  
Who said we'd never leave Harlan alive

But the times they got hard and tobacco wasn't selling  
And ole granddad knew what he'd do to survive  
He went and dug for Harlan coal and sent the money back  
to granny  
But he never left Harlan alive

Where the sun comes up about ten in the morning  
And the sun goes down about three in the day  
And you fill your cup with whatever bitter brew you're  
drinkin'  
And you spend your life digging coal from the bottom of  
your grave

## The Engineers Don't Wave From The Trains Anymore By Tom T. Hall (BMI)

Bridge:

The Engineers don't wave from the trains anymore  
Not like they did back in nineteen fifty four  
They got computers and diesels and things  
The engineers don't wave from the trains anymore  
The engineers don't wave from the trains

When I was a little boy I'd hang around the tracks  
Watching them trains goin' to Louisville and back  
I had my dreams and I had my plans  
I was gonna be an engineer man

Bridge

Them big old trains used to chug a chug and spew  
They were my heroes and they knew that I knew  
No matter how far they snaked down the track  
They'd go some where and turn around and come back

Bridge

There's more important things that changed in the world  
The engineers forgot all us little boys and girls  
I still get a far away look in my eye  
When I hear an old train in the night

Tag:

The engineers don't wave from the trains anymore  
The engineers don't wave from the trains

## Ol' Slewfoot

High on the mountain tell me what you see  
Bear tracks bear tracks looking back at me  
Better get your rifle boys before it's too late  
The bear's got a little pig and he's headed through the gate

CHORUS

He's big around the middle and he's broad across the  
rump  
Running ninety miles an hour taking thirty feet a jump  
He ain't never been caught he ain't never been treed  
Some folks say he looks a lot like me

I saved up my money and I bought me some bees  
And they started making honey way up in the trees  
I cut down the trees but my honey's all gone  
Ol' Slewfoot done made himself at home

The winter's coming on and it's twenty below  
The river's froze over, so where can he go  
We'll chase him up the gully, then we run him in the well  
And we shoot him in the bottom just to listen to him yell

### Montana Cowboy

For many long years I played the lone hand  
I rode my horse in many strange lands  
Until one day I stopped for awhile  
For two blue eyes and sunny smile

#### CHORUS

So howl away you old coyote  
I hear your sad and lonesome song  
Calling me back to old Montana  
Back to those hills where I belong

One day I rode away from home  
I'm a traveling back but it won't be long  
I'll see you again in a little while  
You're my darling sweet my sunny smile

#### CHORUS

### Tiny Town of Fossil

by Molly Adkins

Tiny town of Fossil, lived there all my life.  
One tiny mercantile far away from city strife.  
Nestled in a valley with the blue skies above.  
Tiny town of Fossil that I love.

#### CHORUS

I never thought the day would come that I'd have to go.  
Summer's here but my heart's cold as snow  
We never will have everything no matter where we roam  
The tiny town of Fossil is our home

... got a baby on the way  
I lost my job this winter that's why we have to move away.  
Our family is growing, we'll need some room to grow.  
Tiny town of Fossil, I don't want to go

#### CHORUS

I got a better job that gets better pay  
My daughter sure is growing she'll be one in a couple days.  
Figured out just one thing, that no matter where we roam:  
The tiny town of Fossil is our home.

#### CHORUS

### Hard Times

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears  
While we all sup sorrow with the poor.  
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears:  
"Oh, hard times, come again no more."

#### CHORUS:

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary:  
"Hard times, hard times, come again no more.  
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door.  
Oh, hard times, come again no more."

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay  
There are frail forms fainting at the door.  
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say:  
"Oh, hard times, come again no more."

There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away  
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er.  
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day:  
"Oh, hard times, come again no more."

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave;  
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore.  
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave:  
"Oh, hard times, come again no more."

### When I Get Home

When I meet my savior over yonder  
I'll have me a mansion on the other side  
Gonna tell my friends how glad I am to see them  
When I get home I'm going be satisfied

I'll have me a harp of gold just like David's  
When i get over on the other side  
Gonna sing and play with a band of a million angels  
When I get home I'm gonna be satisfied

I'll have a little talk with Ruth and with Naomi  
Have a little talk with Peter, James, and Paul  
Gonna sit down and have a little talk with dad and mother  
But I'll sing my song with the angels first of all

Now when I meet my savior over yonder  
I'll have me a mansion on the other side  
Gonna leave my worldly troubles here behind me  
When I get home I'm gonna be satisfied

### Unclouded Day

Oh they tell me of a land far beyond the skies  
Oh they tell me of a home far away  
Oh they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise  
Oh they tell me of an unclouded day

Oh the land of cloudless day  
Oh the land of an unclouded sky  
Oh they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise  
Oh they tell me of an unclouded day

Oh they tell me of a home where my friends have gone  
Oh they tell me of that land far away  
Where the tree of life in eternal bloom  
Sheds its fragrance through the unclouded day

Oh they tell me of the King in his beauty there  
And they tell me that mine eyes shall behold  
Where He sits on the throne that is whiter than snow  
In that city that is made of gold

Oh they tell me that He smiles on his children there  
And His smile drives their sorrows all away  
And they tell me that no tears ever come again  
In that lovely land of unclouded day.

### Will The Circle Be Unbroken

I was standing by the window  
On a cold and cloudy day  
When I saw the hearse come rolling  
To carry my mother away

Will the circle be unbroken  
Bye and bye Lord bye and bye  
There's a better home a waiting  
In the sky Lord in the sky

I said to the undertaker  
Undertaker please drive slow  
For that body you are carrying  
Lord I hate to see her go

Well I followed close behind her  
Tried to hold up and be brave  
But I could not hide my sorrow  
When they laid her in that grave

I went back home Lord that home was lonesome  
Since my mother, she was gone  
All my brothers and sisters crying  
What a home so sad and alone



### I'll Fly Away

Some bright morning when this life is over I'll fly away  
To that home on God's celestial shore I'll fly away

I'll fly away oh glory I'll fly away (in the morning)  
When I die hallelujah by and by I'll fly away

When the shadows of this life have gone I'll fly away  
Like a bird from these prison walls I'll fly I'll fly away

Oh how glad and happy when we meet I'll fly away  
No more cold iron shackles on my feet I'll fly away

Just a few more weary days and then I'll fly away  
To a land where joys will never end I'll fly away

### Billy Gray

Norman Blake

Billy Gray rode into Gantry back in '83  
There he did meet young Sarah McCray  
The wild rose of morning that pale flower of dawning  
Herald of springtime in his young life that day

Sarah, she could not see the daylight of reality  
In her young eyes, Billy bore not a flaw  
Knowing not her chosen one was a hired gun  
Wanted back in Kansas City by the law

Then one day a tall man came riding o'er the badlands  
Lyin' to the north of New Mexico  
He was overheard to say he was lookin' for Bill Gray  
A ruthless man and a dangerous outlaw

Well, the deadly news came creepin' to Billy, fast sleepin'  
There in the Clarendon Bar and Hotel  
He fled towards the old church on the outskirts  
Thinking he'd climb up to that old steeple bell

But a rifle ball came flying face down he lay dying  
There in the dust of the road where he fell  
Sarah, she ran to him cursing the lawman  
Accepting no reason knowing that he was killed

Sarah lives in that same old white frame house  
Where she first met Billy some forty years ago  
And the wild rose of morning has faded with the dawning  
Of every day of sorrow that the long years have sown

And written on a stone where the dusty winds have long blown  
Eighteen words to a passing world say:  
"True love knows no season, no rhyme nor no reason  
Justice is cold as the Granger County clay"

### Railroading on the Great Divide

by Sara Carter

<sup>D</sup>Nineteen and sixteen I <sup>G</sup>started to <sup>D</sup>roam  
Out in the West, no money, no <sup>A</sup>home.  
<sup>D</sup>I went drifting a <sup>G</sup>long with the <sup>D</sup>tide.  
I landed on the <sup>A</sup>Great Di<sup>D</sup>vide.

#### CHORUS

Railroading on the Great Divide.  
Nothing around me but Rockies and skies.  
There you'll find me as years go by,  
Railroading on the Great Divide.

Ask any old timer from old Cheyenne,  
Railroading Wyoming the best in the land.  
The long steel rails, the short cross ties  
I laid across the Great Divide.

As I looked out across the breeze  
Number 3 coming, the fastest on wheels  
Through old Laramie she glides with pride  
And rolls across the Great Divide.

### Lamplighting Time In The Valley

There's a lamp shining bright in a cabin  
In the window it's shining for me  
And I know that my mother is praying  
For the boy she is longing to see

When it's lamp lighting time in the valley  
Still in dreams I go back to my home  
I can see that old lamp in the window  
It will guide me wherever I roam.

In the lamplight tonight I can see her  
As she rocks in her chair to and fro  
Though she prays that I'll come back to see her  
Still I know that I never can go.

So she lights up the lamp and sits waiting  
For she knows not the crime I have done  
So I've changed all my ways and I'll meet her  
Up in heaven when life's race is run.

### Western Skies [A]

Written by: Tim O'Brien, Nicholas Forster  
Performed by: Hot Rize

The cold and grey just wears me down  
Day after day in this hard luck town  
Can't keep a dollar; can't make a frown  
I don't believe I'll be content again

#### CHORUS

['Til / When / And] I see those western skies  
Sunshine on the open plain  
Blue sky across the mountain range  
When I'm free that's where I'll be

There's a girl who's been on my mind  
A precious jewel so hard to find  
I said some things that I take back now  
Maybe I'll get a second chance somehow

#### CHORUS

#### INTERLUDE:

[E]I fight my way through an[B]other day  
[E]Road blocks at every [B]turn  
[D]Nobody even [B]looks my way  
[D]Don't know how to make my [E]get away

A heavy load weighing on my back  
As I walk along these rusty tracks  
I sit alone out on the pier  
Marking time 'til I get out of here

#### CHORUS

When I'm free that's where I'll be.