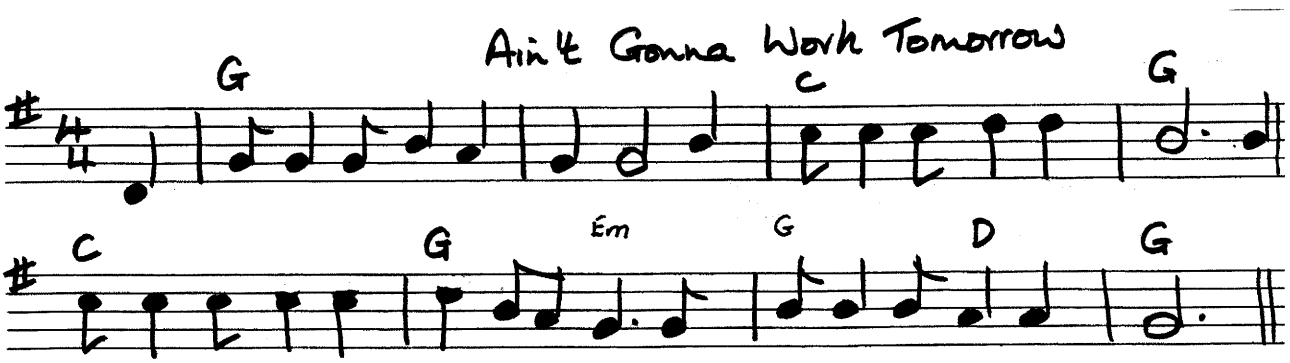
Ain't gonna Work Tomorrow

Chorus:
I ain't gonna work tomorrow
Ain't gonna work today
Ain't gonna work tomorrow Lord
It's my wedding day.

I love my Mama and Papa,
I love my Mama and Papa, too
I love my Mama and Papa, too
But I'd leave them both to go with you. Ch

I've been all around this country
I've been all around this world
I've been all around this country, Lord
For the sake of one little girl. Ch

Don't you hear my banjo ringing
Don't you hear its joyful sound
Don't you hear those pretty girls laughing
Standing in the Carnival grounds. Ch



Boil Them Cabbage Down

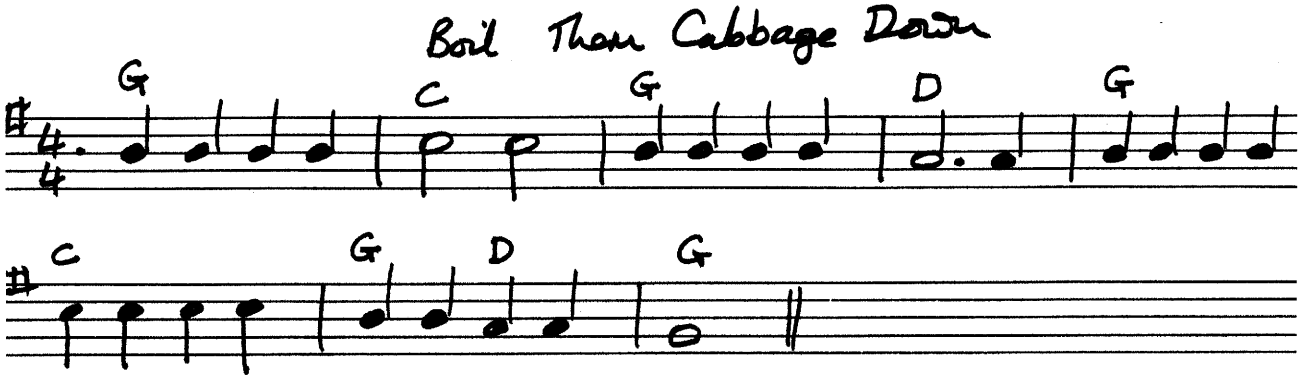
Chorus:
Boil them cabbage down boys
Bake that hoecake brown
The only song that I can sing is
Boil them cabbage down.

Raccoon has a bushy tail
Possum's tail is bare
Rabbit's got no tail at all
But a little bunch of hair. Ch.

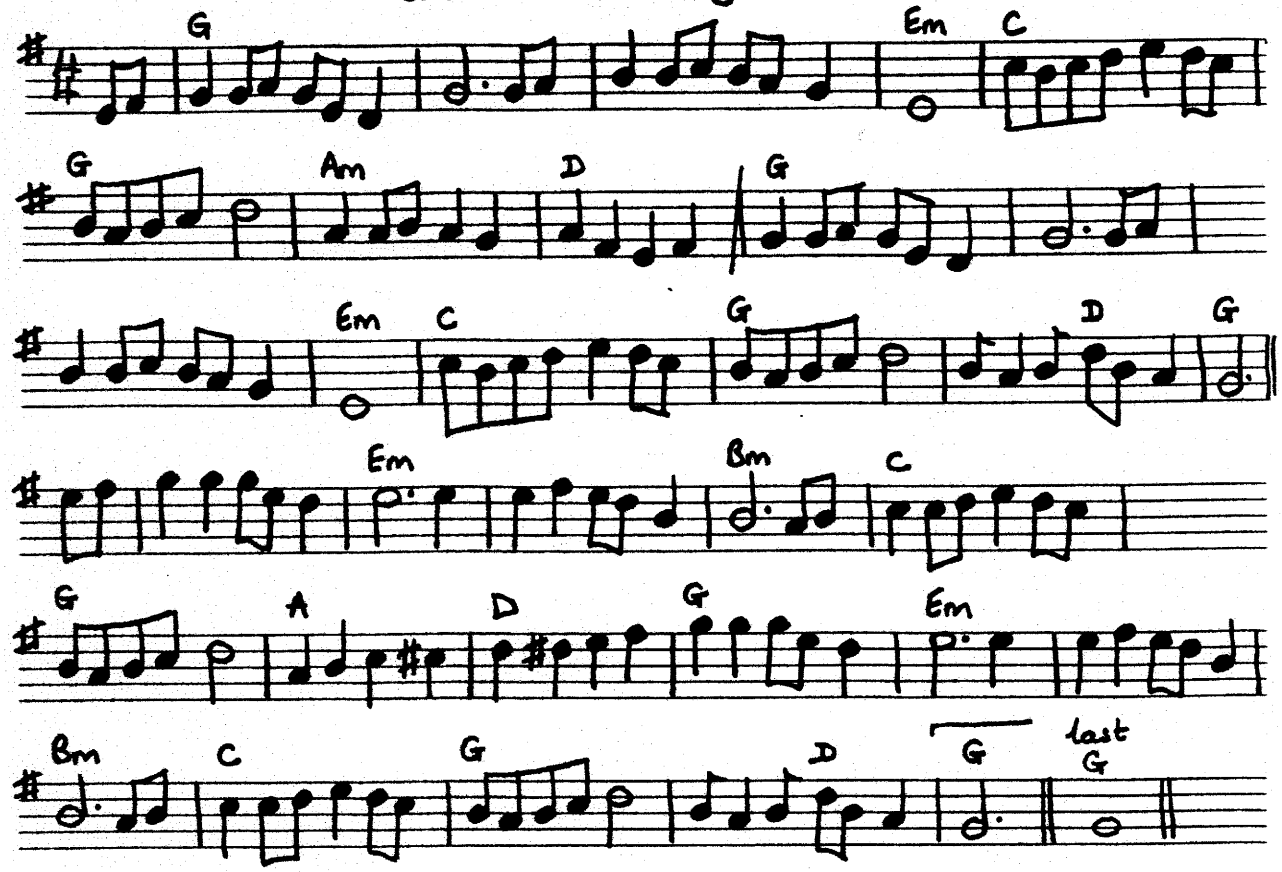
Raccoon and the possum
Coming cross the prairie
Raccoon said to the possum
Did you want to marry me? Ch.

Raccoon up a simmon tree
Possum on the ground
Possum say to the raccoon
Won't you shake them simmons down? Ch.

Jaybird died with the whooping cough
Sparrow died with the colic
Along came the frog with a fiddle on his back
Inquiring his way to the frolic. Ch.



Coloured Aristocracy



Cindy (start with Chorus)

I wish I was an apple
A-hanging on a tree
And every time that Cindy passed
She'd take a bite of me
Chorus:
Get along home Cindy, Cindy
Get along home Cindy, Cindy
Get along home Cindy, Cindy
I'll marry you some day

She told me that she loved me,
She called me sugar plum
She throwed her arms around me,
I thought my time had come. Ch.

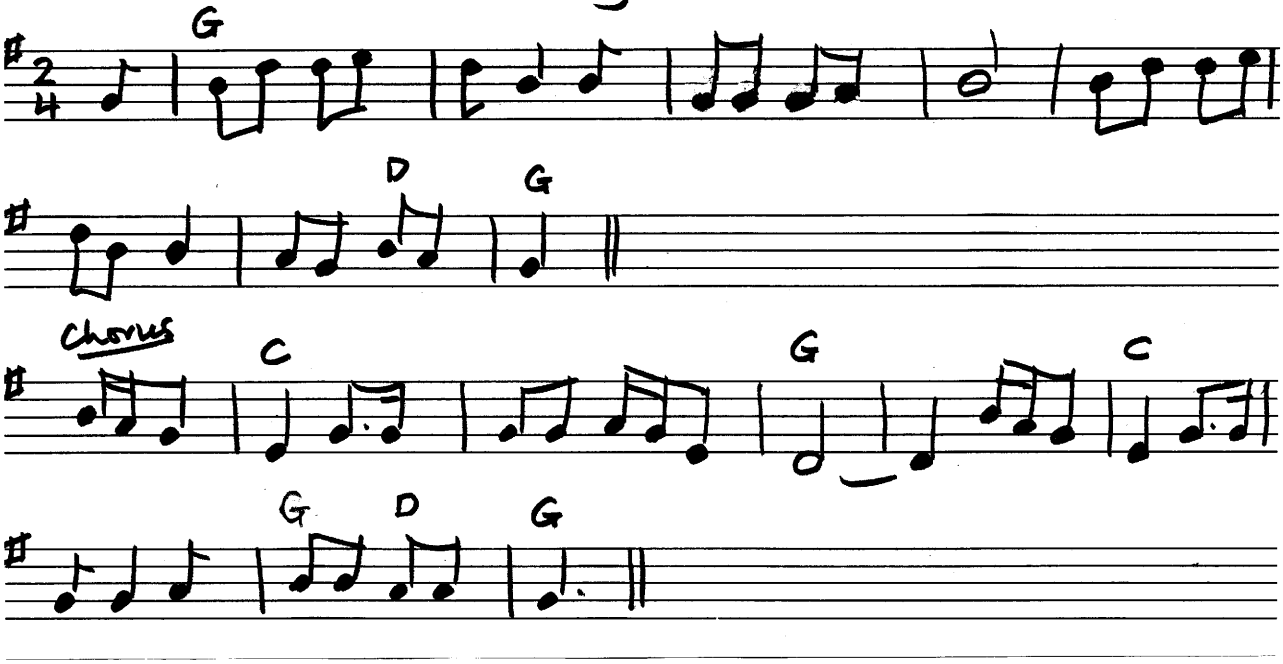
She took me to the parlor,
She cooled me with her fan
She swore that I was the prettiest little thing
In the shape of mortal man. Ch.

Oh where did you get your liquor,
Where did you get your dram?
From an old moon-shiner
Down in Rockingham. Ch.

Cindy got religion
She had it once before
And when she heard my old guitar, banjo
She danced all over the floor. Ch.

I wish I had a needle
As fine as I could sew
I'd sew my sweetheart to my back
And down the road I'd go. Ch.

Cindy



Rain And Snow

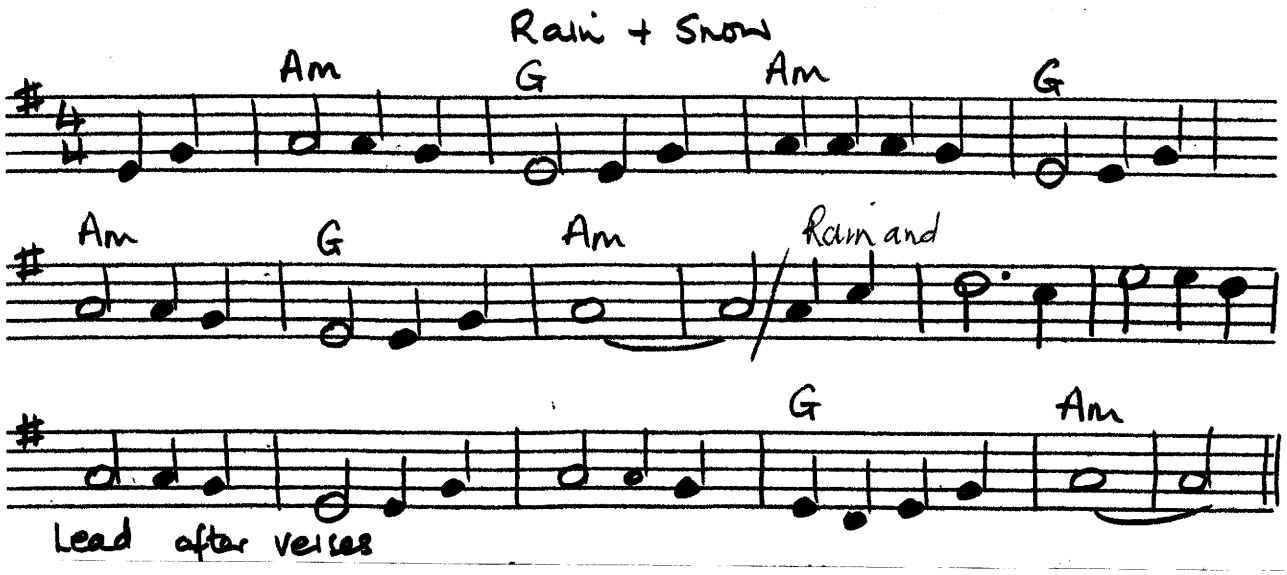
Am G
Well, I married me a wife
She gave me trouble all my life
She ran me out in the cold rain and snow;
Rain and snow, rain and snow....
She ran me out in the cold rain and snow.] ×2
Lead

Am G
She came a running on down the stairs
Combing back her long yellow hair
And her cheeks were as red as a rose;
As a rose, as a rose...
And her cheeks were as red as a rose.] ×2
Lead

Am G
Well, I ain't got no use
For your red apple juice
And I'm not gonna be treated this a way;
This a way, this a way...
And I'm not gonna be treated this way.] ×2
Lead

Am G
I see you sittin' in the shade
Counting every dime I've made
I'm so broke and I'm hungry too;
Hungry too, hungry too
I'm so broke and I'm hungry too.] ×2
Lead

Repeat verse 1



Barlow Knife

G D G D
I've been working all my life
G D G D
And all I've got is a Barlow knife (tune)
C G C G
Buckhorn handle and a Barlow blade
C G C G
Best damned knife that was ever made. (tune)

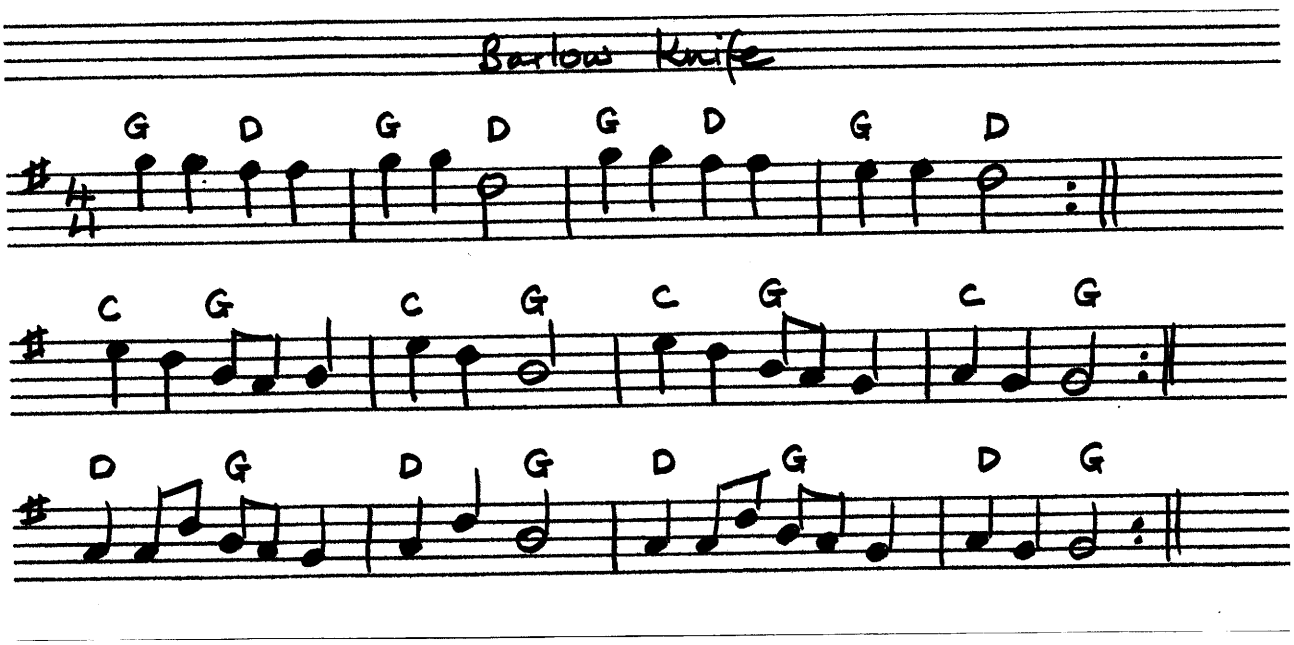
Tune: Cx2

I've been a whittling all my life
And all I've got is a Barlow knife (tune)
Buckhorn handle and a Barlow blade
Best damned knife that was ever made. (tune)

Tune: Cx2

I've been married all my life
And all I've got is a Barlow knife (tune)
Take my wife, take my life
Just don't take my barlow knife. (tune)

Tune: Cx2



Cripple Creek

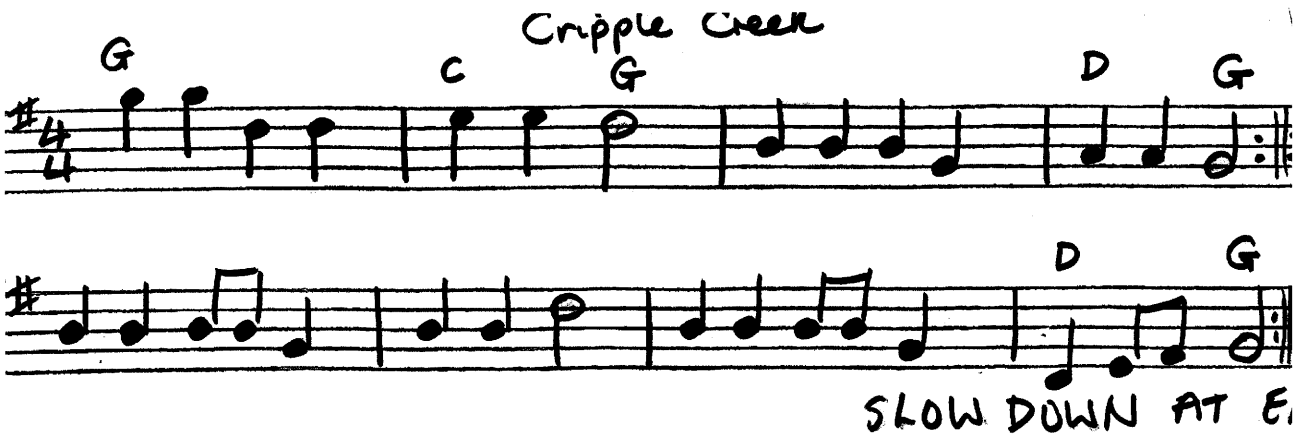
I got a girl at the head of the creek,
Go up to see her 'bout the middle of the week
Kiss her on the mouth just as sweet as any wine,
Wraps herself around me like a sweet potato vine.
Chorus:
Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' on a run,
Goin' up Cripple Creek to have a little fun
Goin' up Cripple Creek goin' in a whirl,
Goin' up Cripple Creek to see my girl.

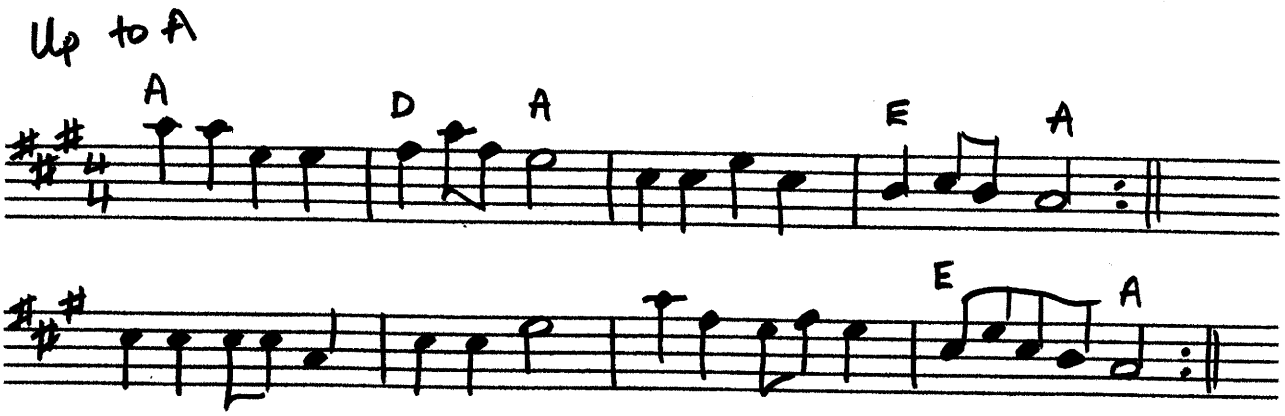
Girls on the Cripple Creek really have grown,
Jump on a boy like a dog on a bone
Roll my britches up to my knee,
I'll wade old Cripple Creek when I please. Ch.
LEAD: VERSE / CHORUS

Cripple Creek's wide and Cripple Creek's deep,
I'll wade old Cripple Creek afore I sleep
Roads are rocky and the hillsides muddy
And I'm so drunk I can't stand steady. Ch

I got a girl and she loves me,
She's as sweet as sweet can be
She's got eyes of baby blue,
Makes my gun shoot straight and true. Ch.
LEAD: VERSE / CHORUS

I got a girl and a hound dog too,
If the gal don't love me, then the hound dog do
Grab your gal and kiss her on the head,
If she don't like biscuits give her corn bread. Ch. x 2


Cripple Creek
G
C
G
D
G
D
G
SLOW DOWN AT E


Up to A
A
D
A
E
A
E
A

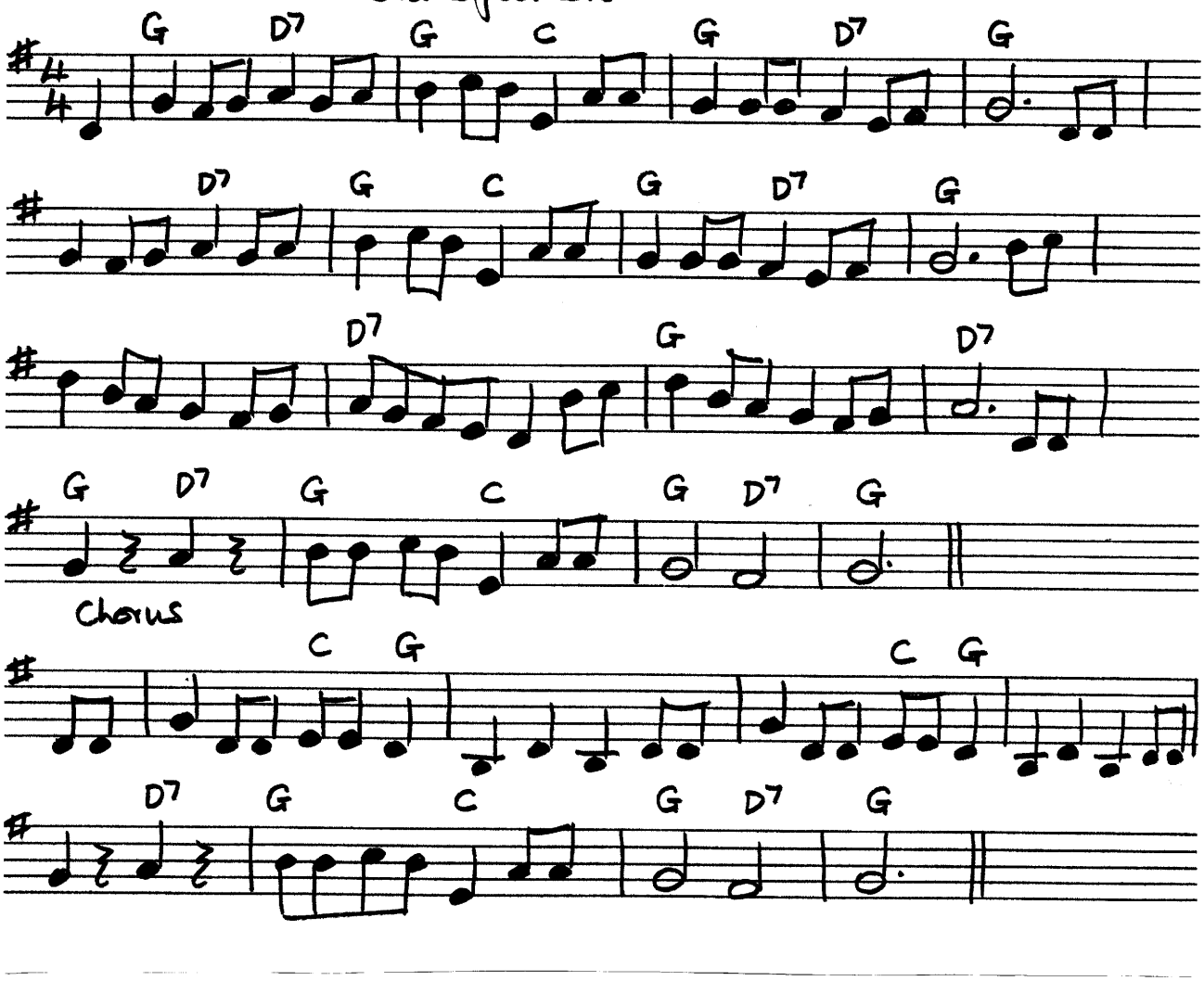
Grandfather's Clock

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf
So it stood ninety years on the floor
It was taller by half than the old man himself
Though it weighed not a penny weight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born
It was always his pleasure and pride
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died.

Chorus:

Ninety years without slumbering
Tick tock, tick tock,
His life seconds numbering
Tick tock, tick tock,
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died.

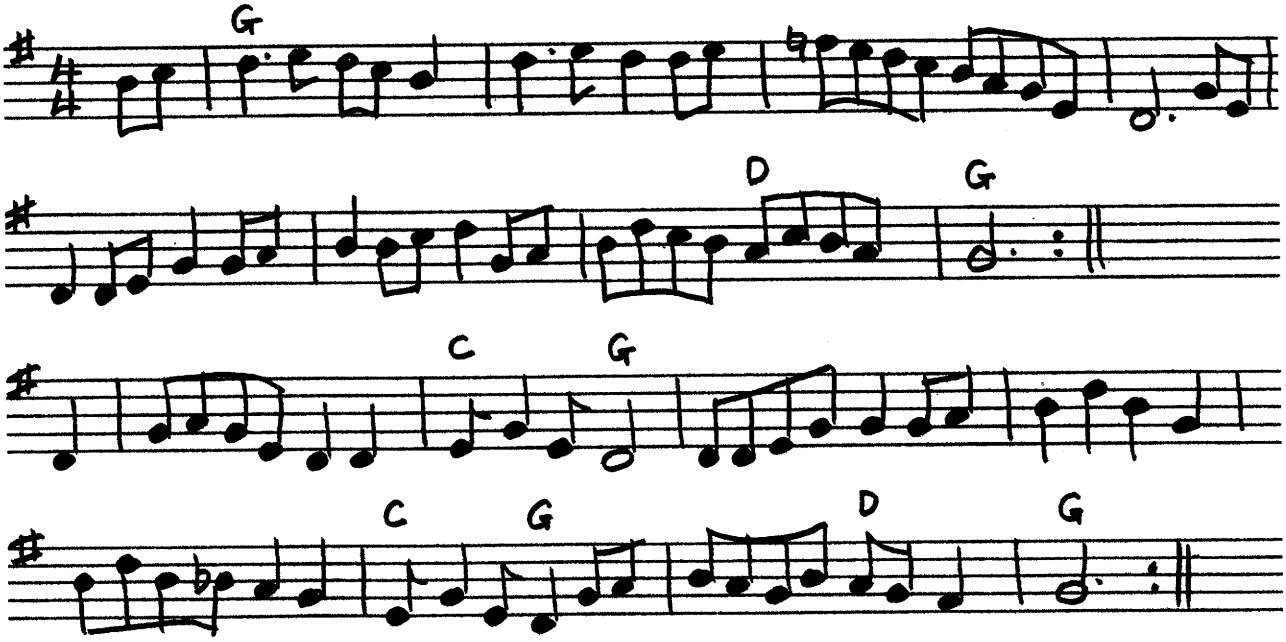
Grandfather's Clock



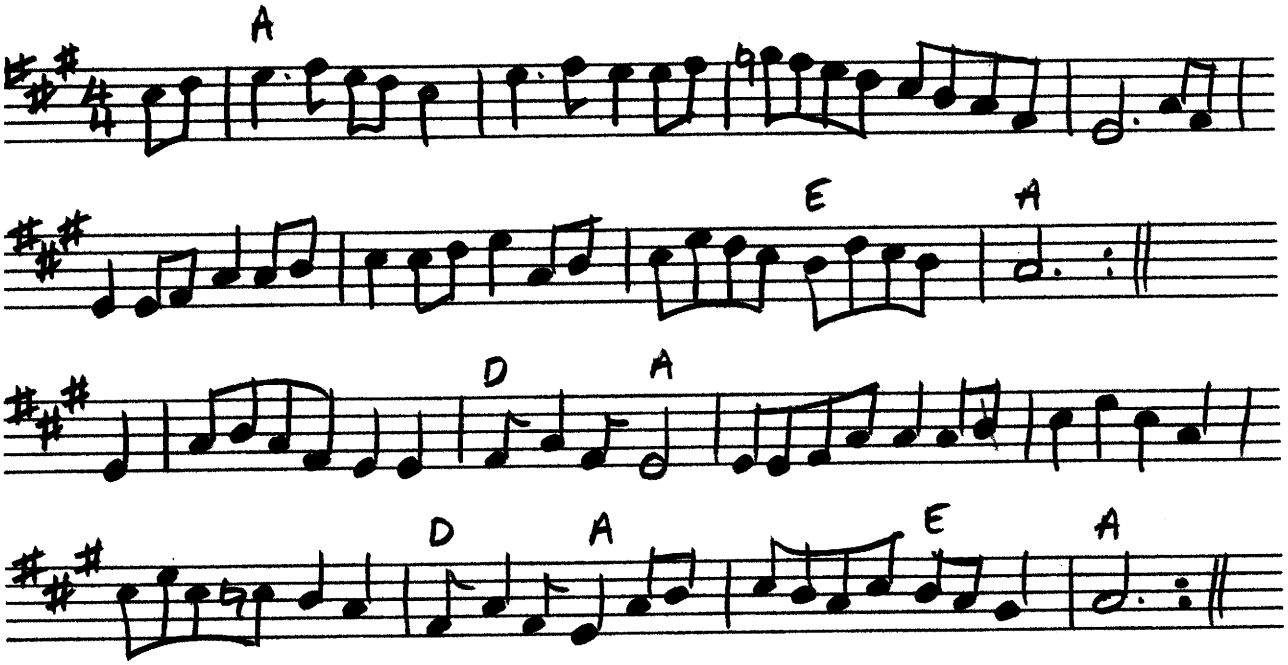
Capo 2 Banjo

Gold Rush

WOODSTOCK



Gold Rush



in A

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
Regular combination on the Wabash Cannonball.
Chorus:
Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the woodland, o'er the hills and by the shore
She climbs the flowery mountain, hear the lonesome hobo's call
As you travel across the country on the Wabash Cannonball.

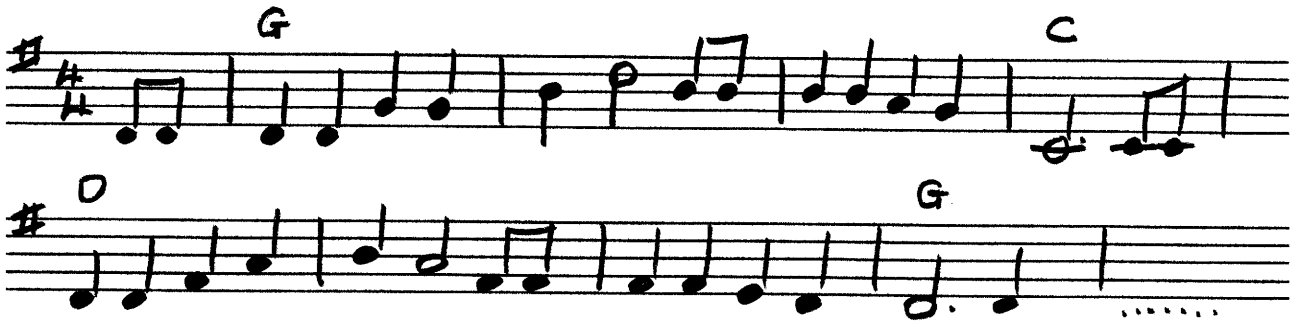
Oh the eastern states are dandy so the western people say
From New York to St. Louis and Chicago by the way
To the hills of Minnesota where them rippling waters fall
No changes can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball. Ch.

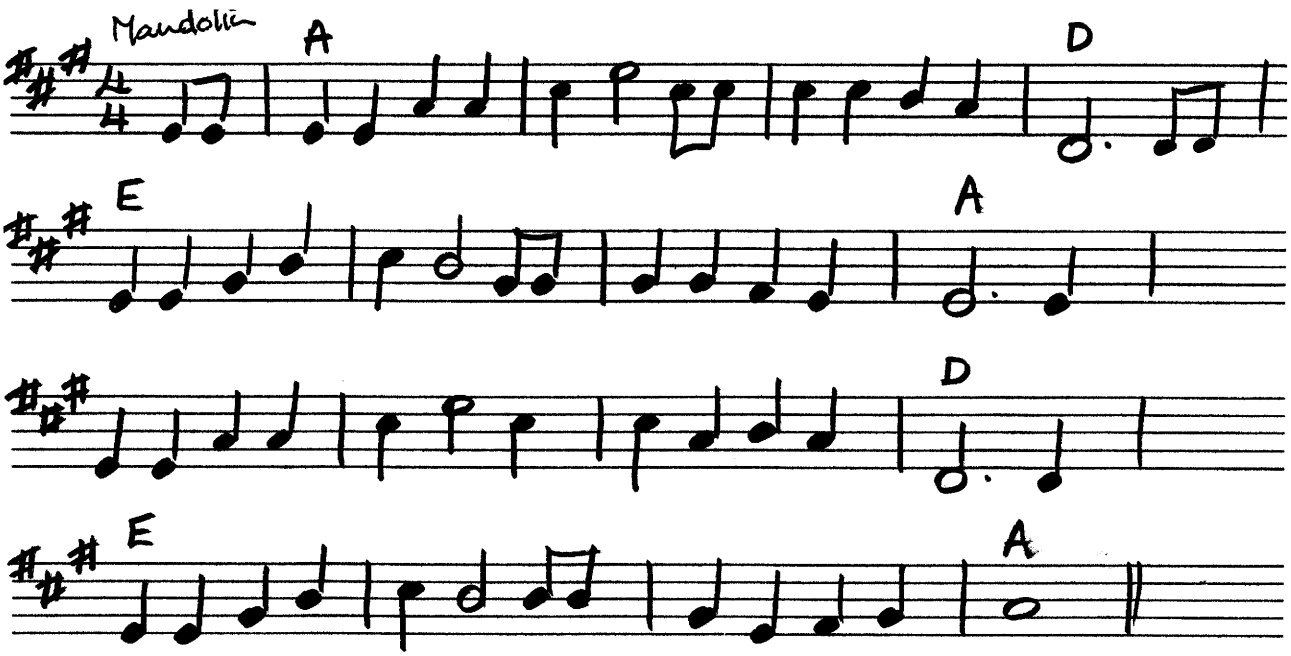
Here's to Daddy Claxton, may his name forever stand
In the hills of Tennessee, in the courts throughout the land
When his earthly race is over and them curtains round him fall
We'd take him home to Dixie on the Wabash Cannonball. Ch

I went down from Birmingham one cold December day
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 Alabam on the Wabash Cannonball. Ch.

Oh listen to that jingle, the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the woodland o'er hills and by the shore
She climbs the flowery mountain, hear the lonesome hobo's call
As you travel across the country on the Wabash Cannonball. Ch.

Banjo Capo 2 Wabash Cannonball





CAPO 2 A

June Apple

G
I wish I was a June Apple,
Hanging on that tree
Every time my true love passed,
She'd take a little bite out of me ×2

Peaches in the summer time
And apples in the Fall
If I can't have my pretty gal,
I'll have nobody at all ×2

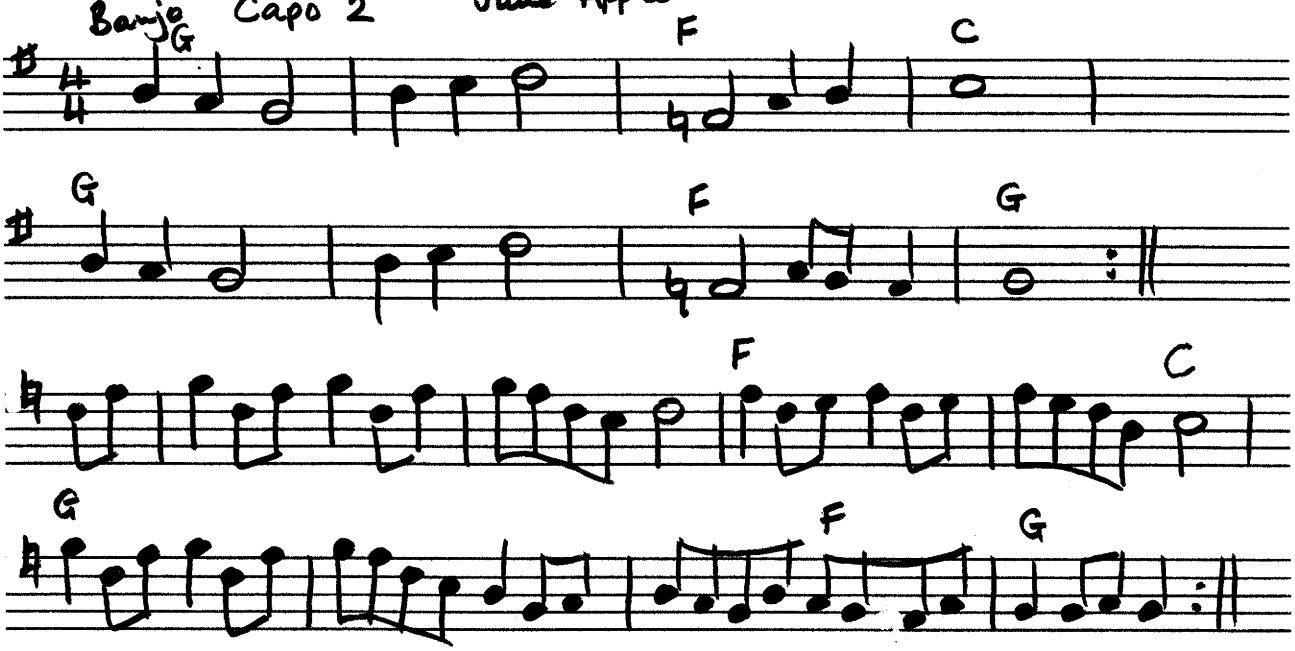
I'm going across the mountain,
I'm going in the spring
It's when I get on the other side
I'll hear my true love sing. ×2

Train on the island
Heard that whistle blow
Thought I heard my true love say
Yonder comes my beau ×2

Don't you hear the banjo sing
I wish that girl was mine?
Can't you hear the banjo sing
I wish that girl was mine? ×2

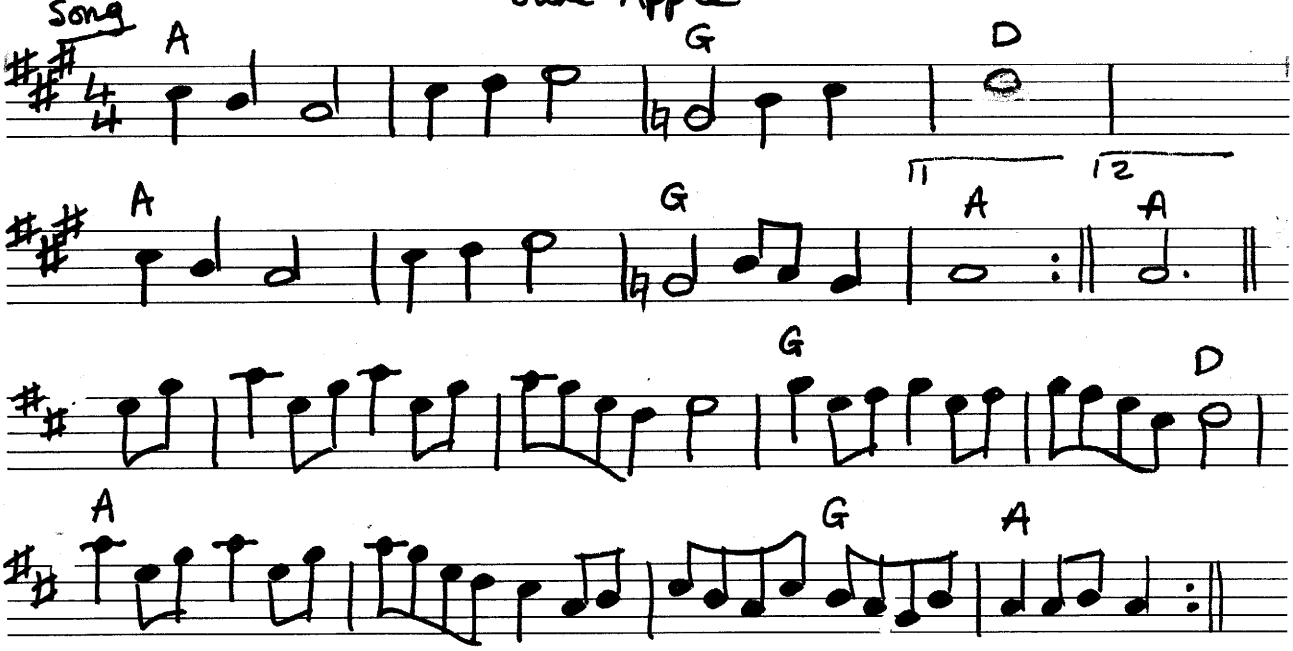
VERSE 1

Banjo Capo 2 June Apple



June Apple

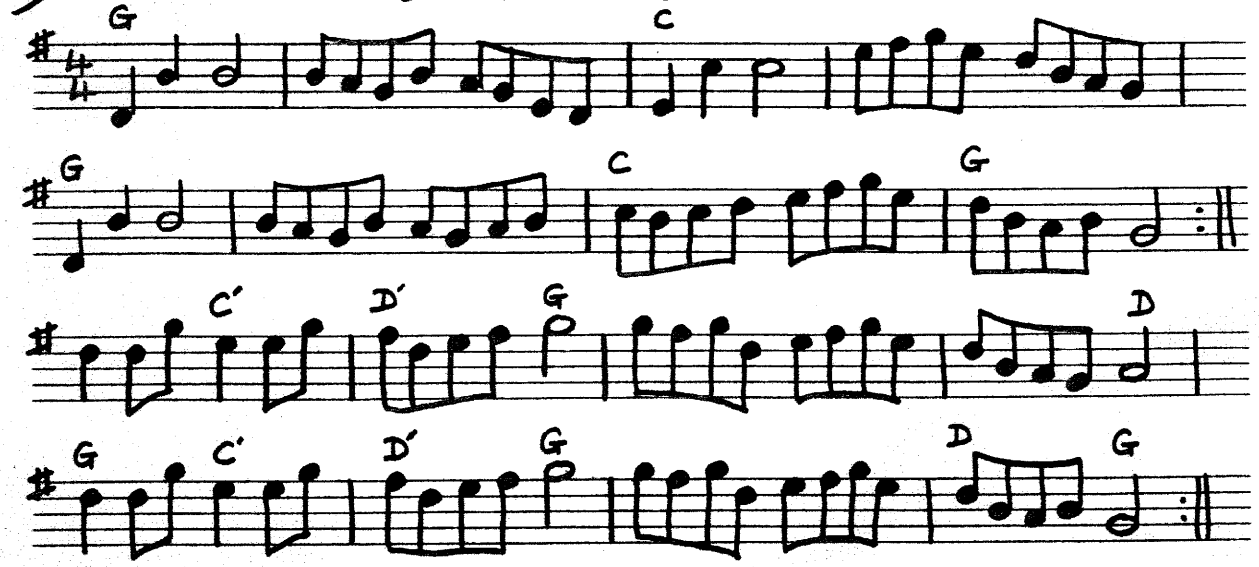
Song



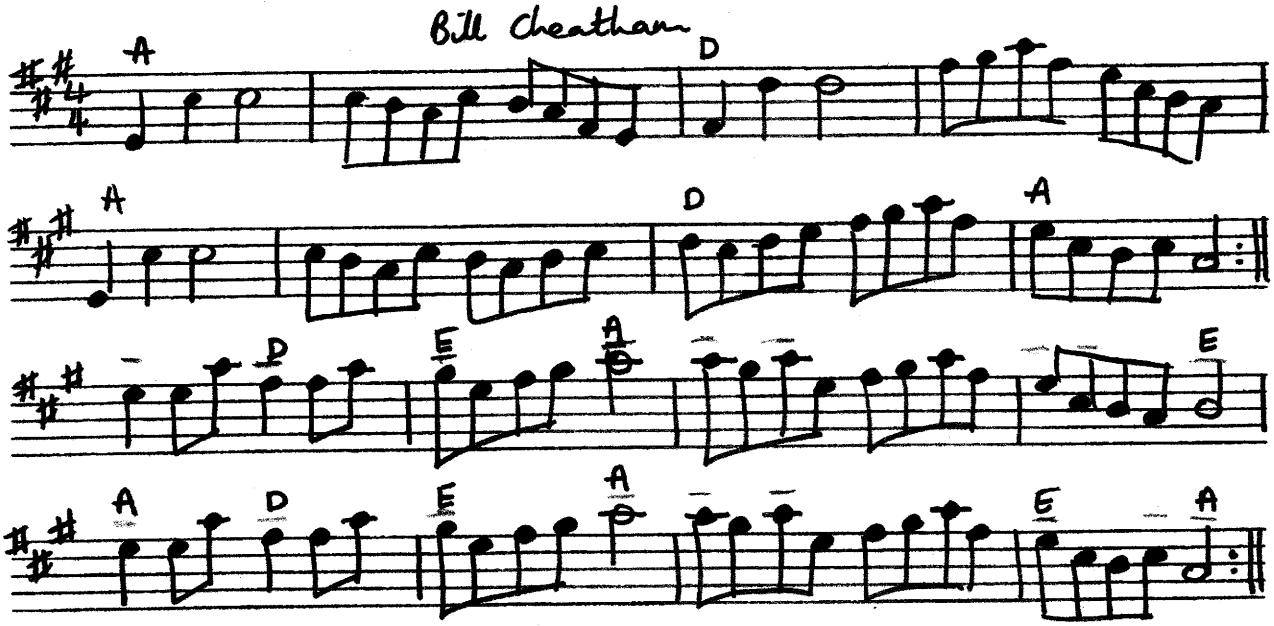
in A

Capo 2

Bill Cheatham



Bill Cheatham



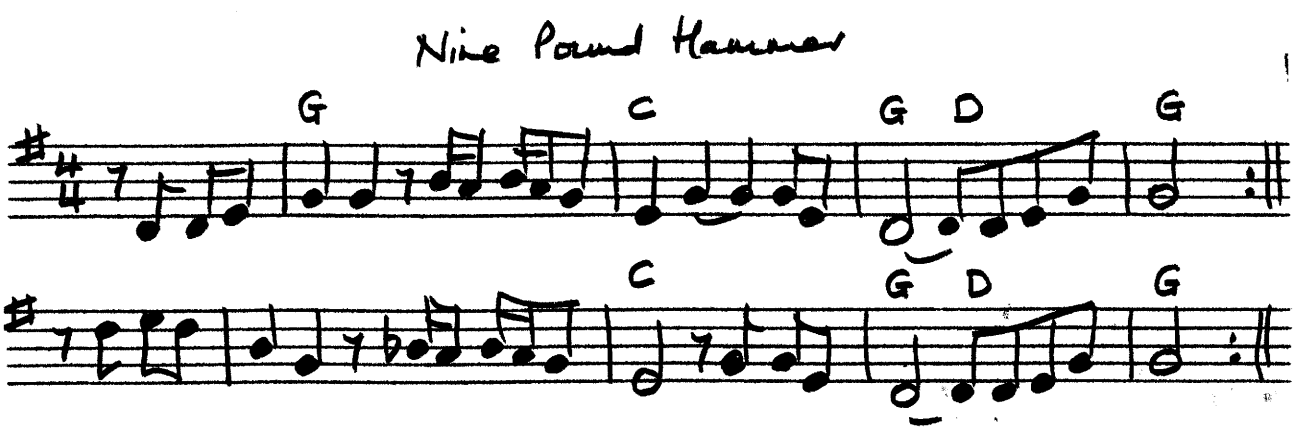
Nine Pound Hammer

Well this nine pound hammer, it's a little too heavy
Yes for my size, buddy for my size.
I went up into the mountain just to see my honey,
And I ain't coming back, Lord I ain't coming back.
Chorus:
Well roll on buddy, don't you roll so slow,
How can I roll, when my wheels won't roll?
Well roll on buddy, with your load of coal,
How can I pull, when my wheels won't roll?

It's a long way to Harlen, and a long way to Hazard,
Just to get a little brew, just to get a little brew.
Well an eight pound hammer that's in this tunnel,
Got a ring like mine, got a ring like mine. Ch

Well this old hammer, it killed John Henry
Ain't gonna kill me, buddy, ain't gonna kill me
Buddy when I'm gone, won't you make my tombstone
Out of Number 9 coal, out of number 9 coal. Ch.

I'm going down the mountain, now to see my baby,
And I ain't coming back, No, I ain't coming back.
Well the nine pound hammer, it's a little too heavy,
Yes for my size, honey for my size. Ch



Salty Dog

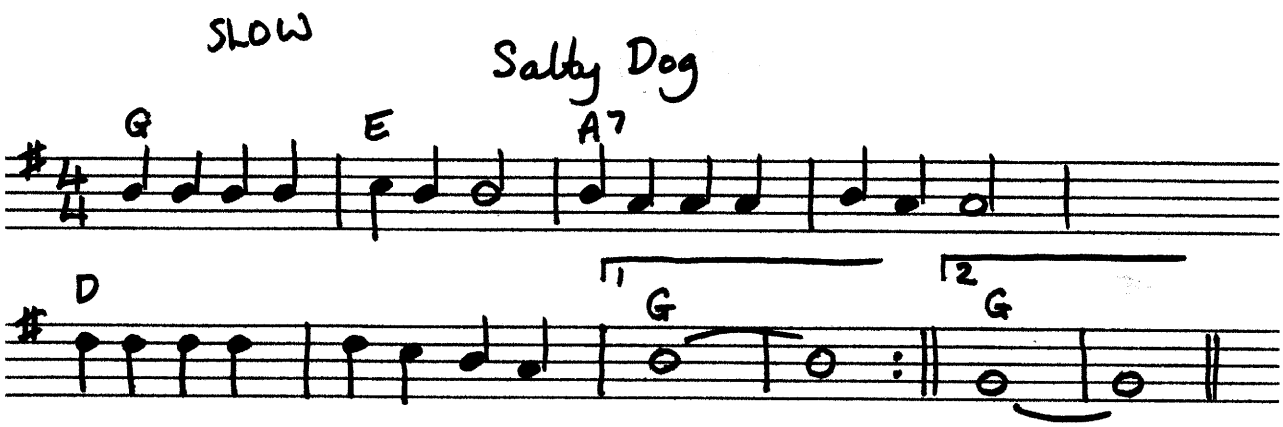
G E
Standin' on the corner with the low-down blues
A7
A great big hole in the bottom of my shoes
D G
Honey, let me be your salty dog

Chorus:
E
Let me be your salty dog
A7
Or I won't be your man at all
D G
Honey, let me be your salty dog

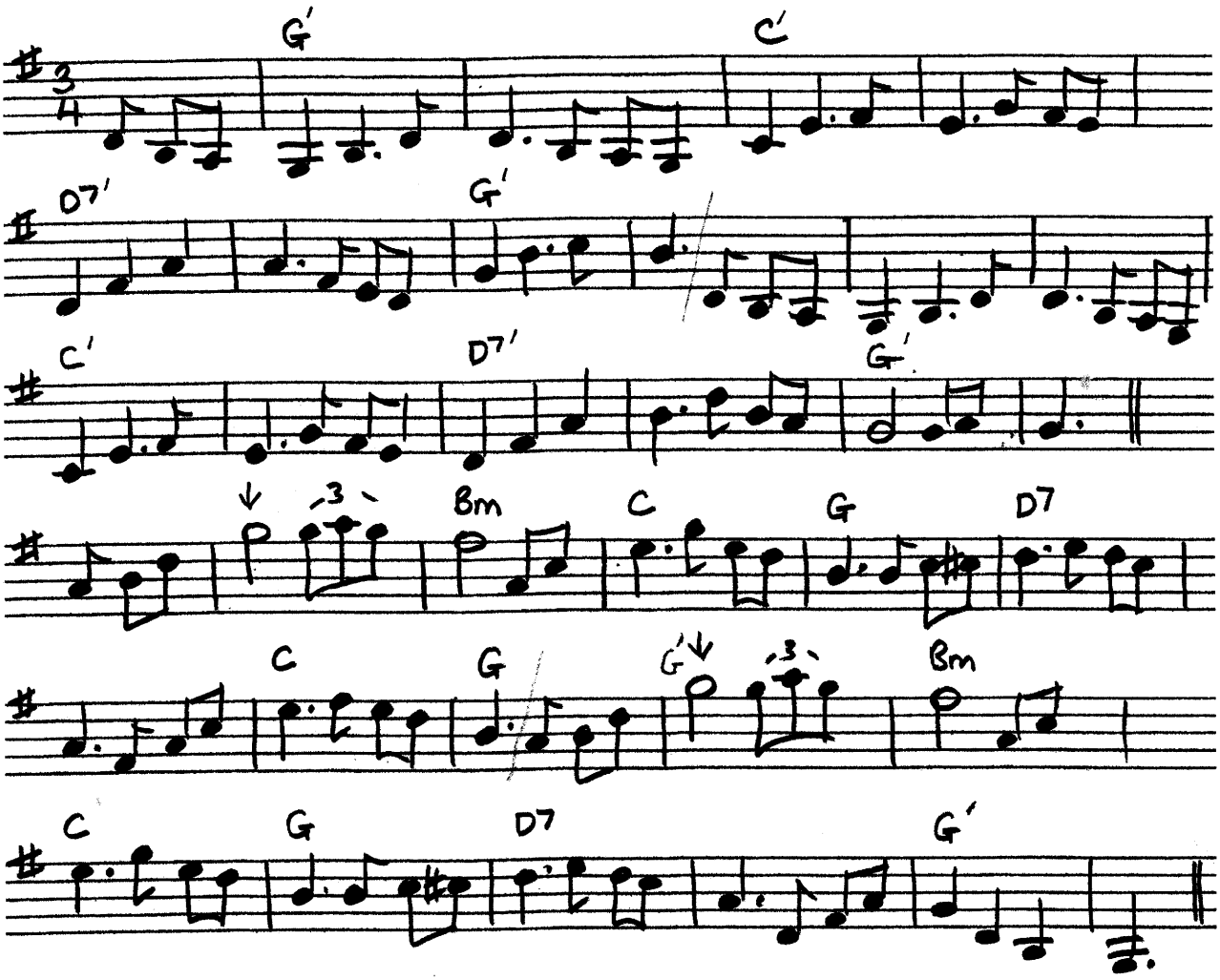
E
Now look-a hear, Sal, I know you
A7
A run-down stocking and a worn-out shoes
D G
Honey, let me be your salty dog

E
I was down in the wildwood sitting on a log
A7
Finger on the trigger and an eye on the hog
D G
Honey let me be your salty dog

E
I pulled the trigger and the gun said go
A7
Shot fell over in Mexico
D G
Honey let me be your salty dog



Cabri Waltz



Nine hundred miles

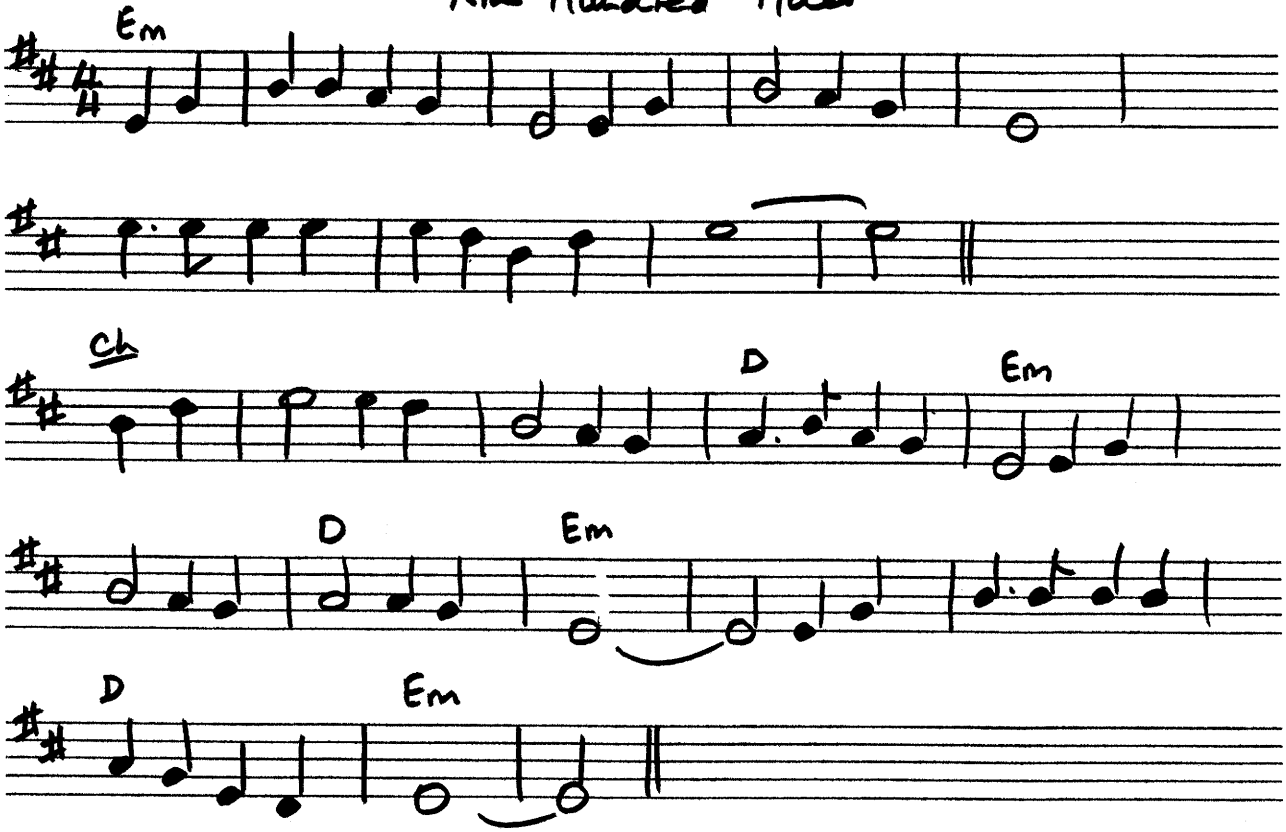
Em
Well I'm walking down this track,
I've got tears in my eyes,
Tryin' to read a letter from my home.
Chorus:
And if this train runs me right
D Em
I'll be home tomorrow night
D Em
'Cause I'm nine hundred miles from my home
D Em
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow.

I will pawn you my watch;
I will pawn you my chain;
Pawn you my gold diamond ring. Ch.

If my woman tells me so,
I will railroad no more;
I'll hang around her shanty all the time. Ch.

Now this train I ride on
Is a hundred coaches long;
Travels back a hundred miles or more. Ch.

Nine Hundred Miles



Banks Of The Ohio

I asked my love to take a walk,
Just a walk a little way
As as we walked along we talked
All about our wedding day.
Chorus
And only say that you'll be mine;
In no other's arms entwine
Down beside where the waters flow,
Down by the banks of the Ohio.

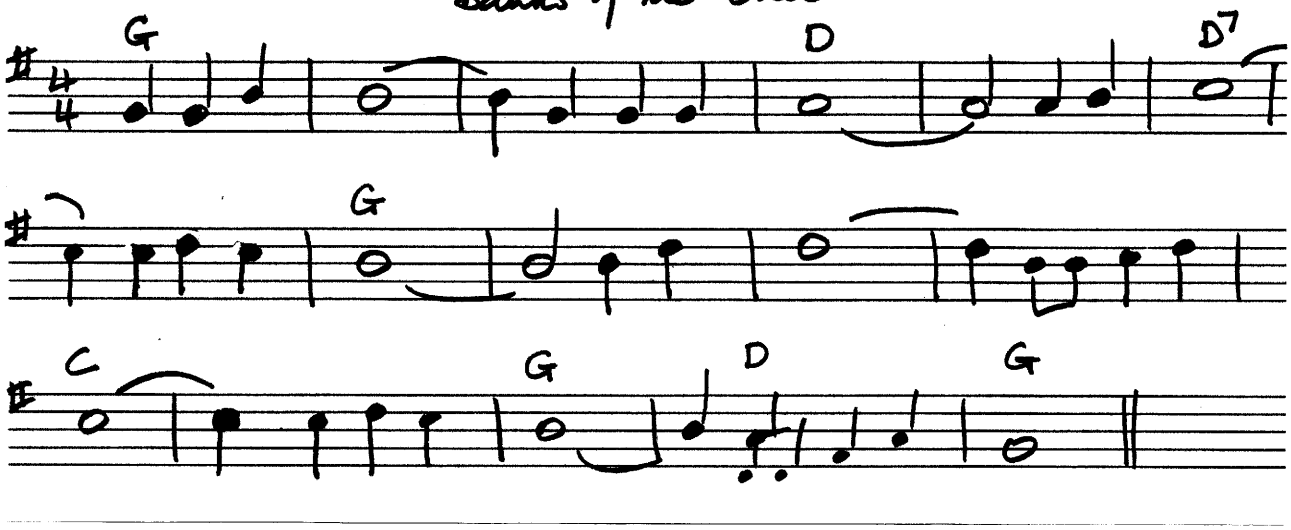
I held a knife against her breast
As into my arms she pressed
She said Willie, don't you murder me
I'm not prepared for eternity
Ch.

I took her by her lily white hand,
I led her down where the waters stand,
There I pushed her in to drown,
And watched her as she floated down.
Ch.

Returning home between twelve and one,
Thinking, Lord, what have I've done;
I'd killed the only girl I loved, you see,
Because she would not marry me.
Ch.

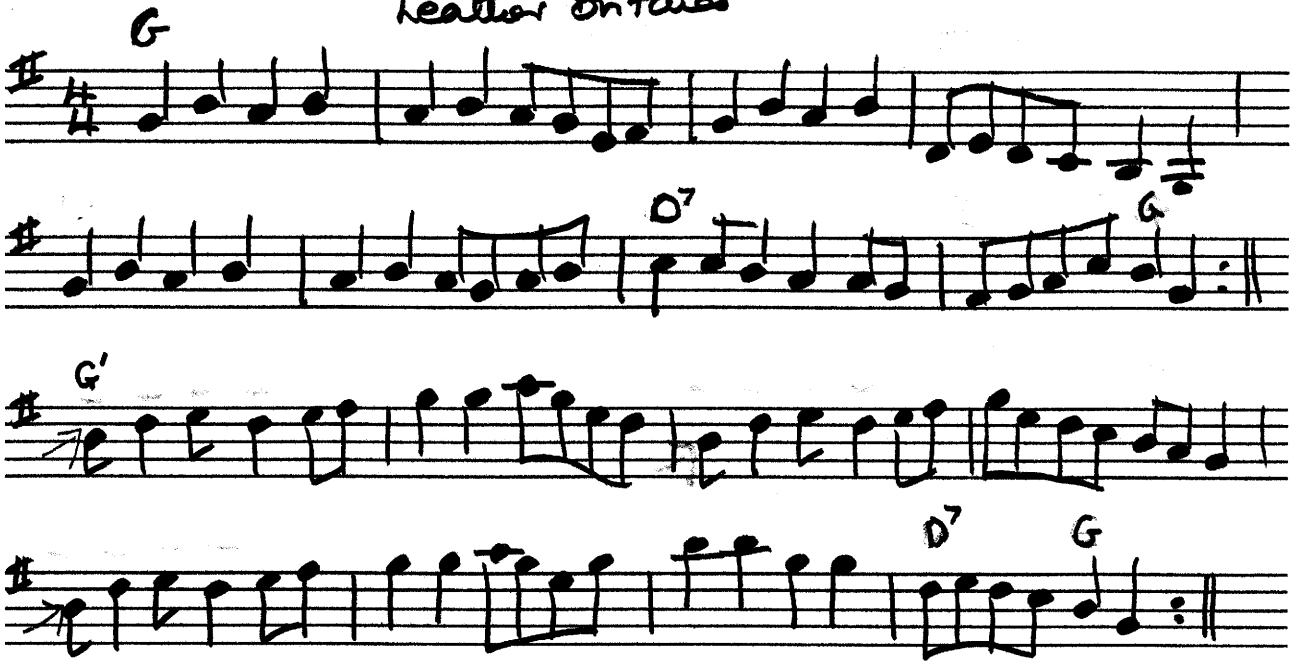
The very next day, at half past four,
The sheriff walked right to my door;
He says, "Young man, don't try to run.
You'll pay for this awful crime you've done".
Ch.

Banks of the Ohio



MEDIUM SPEED

Leather Britches



Dark Hollow

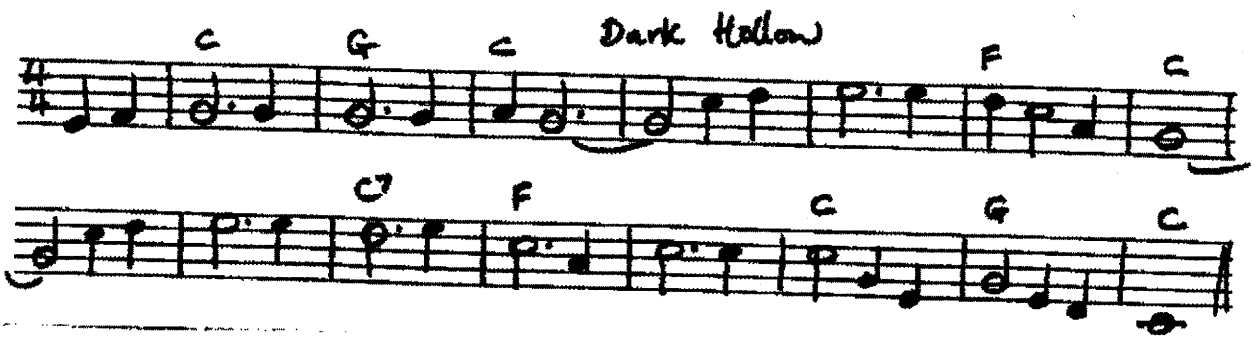
Well her hair was brown and curly
And her cheeks was rosy red
On her breasts she wore white lilies
For the tears that I have shed.
Chorus:
So blow your whistle freight train
Carry me far on down the track
For I'm going away, I'm leaving today
I'm going but I ain't coming back.

When I'm asleep I'm dreaming about you
When I wake I have no rest
Every moment seems like an hour
As the pain rolls through my breast. Ch.

I'd rather be in some dark hollow
Where the sun don't ever shine
Than to be all alone just knowing that you're gone
Would cause me to lose my mind. Ch

I'd rather be in some dark hollow
Where the sun don't never shine
Than to be all alone and far away from home
In a small room with you on my mind. Ch.

So blow your whistle freight train
Carry me far on down the track
I'm going away. I'm leaving today
I'm going and I ain't coming back. Ch.



Georgia Railroad

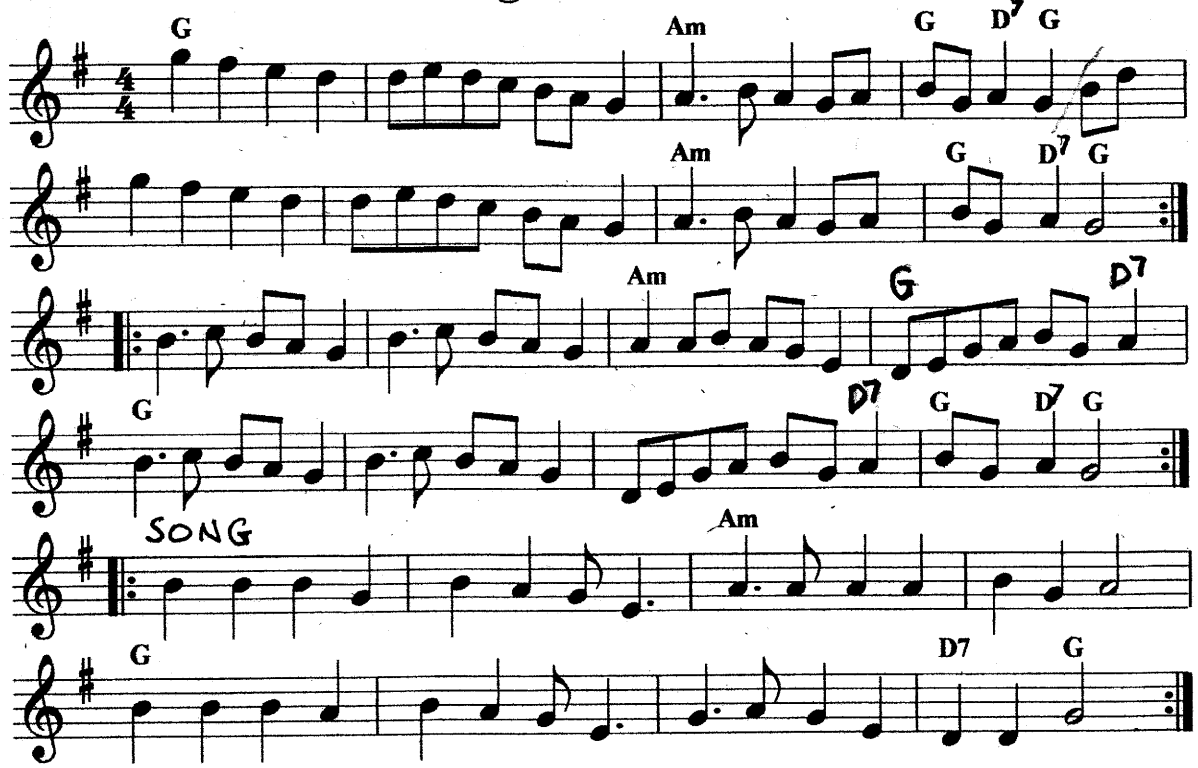
G
Peter and I we went a-fishing
Am
Georgia Railroad I am bound;
G
Catch a big mud-cat, put him in the kitchen,
D7 G
Georgia Railroad, ~~I am~~ Georgia bound. x2 Verse

Walked down the road, but the road's all muddy,
Am
Georgia Railroad I am bound;
*But I'm so drunk I can't stand steady,
D7 G
Georgia Railroad, Georgia bound. x2

I got drunk and fell in a gully
Georgia Railroad I am bound;
I got drunk but I never got muddy.
Georgia Railroad, Georgia bound. x2

Walked down the road, but the road's all muddy,
Georgia Railroad I am bound;
Talk to the girls, I ain't got money
Georgia Railroad, Georgia bound. x2

Georgia Railroad



Battle of New Orleans

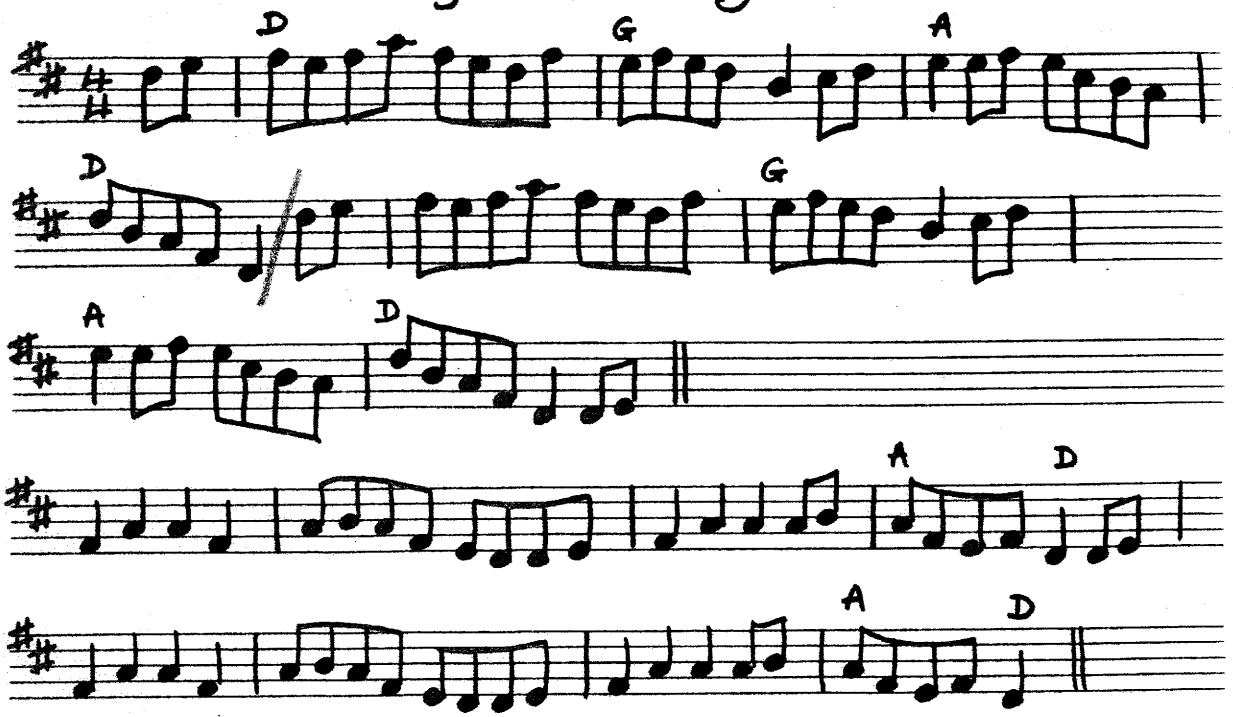
D G
In 1814 we took a little trip
A D
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississip.
G
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans
A D
And we caught the bloody British in the town of New Orleans.
Ch.
We fired our guns and the British kept a'coming.
A D
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago.
We fired once more and they began a running
A D
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

We looked down the river and we see'd the British come.
There must have been a hundred of 'em beating on the drum.
They stepped so high and they made the bugles ring.
We stood by our cotton bales and didn't say a thing. Ch.

Yeah, they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go.
They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. Ch.

We fired our cannon 'til the barrel melted down.
So we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round.
We filled his head with cannon balls and powdered his behind
And when we touched the powder off, the gator lost his mind. Ch.

Eighth of January



Sail Away Ladies

D A7 D
Ain't no use to sit and cry,
Sail away, ladies, sail away,
A7 D
You'll be an angel by and by,
Sail away, ladies, sail away,

Chorus:
G
Don't you rock 'em dad-dy-o,
D
Don't you rock 'em dad-dy-o,
A7
Don't you rock 'em dad-dy-o,
D
Don't you rock 'em dad-dy-o.

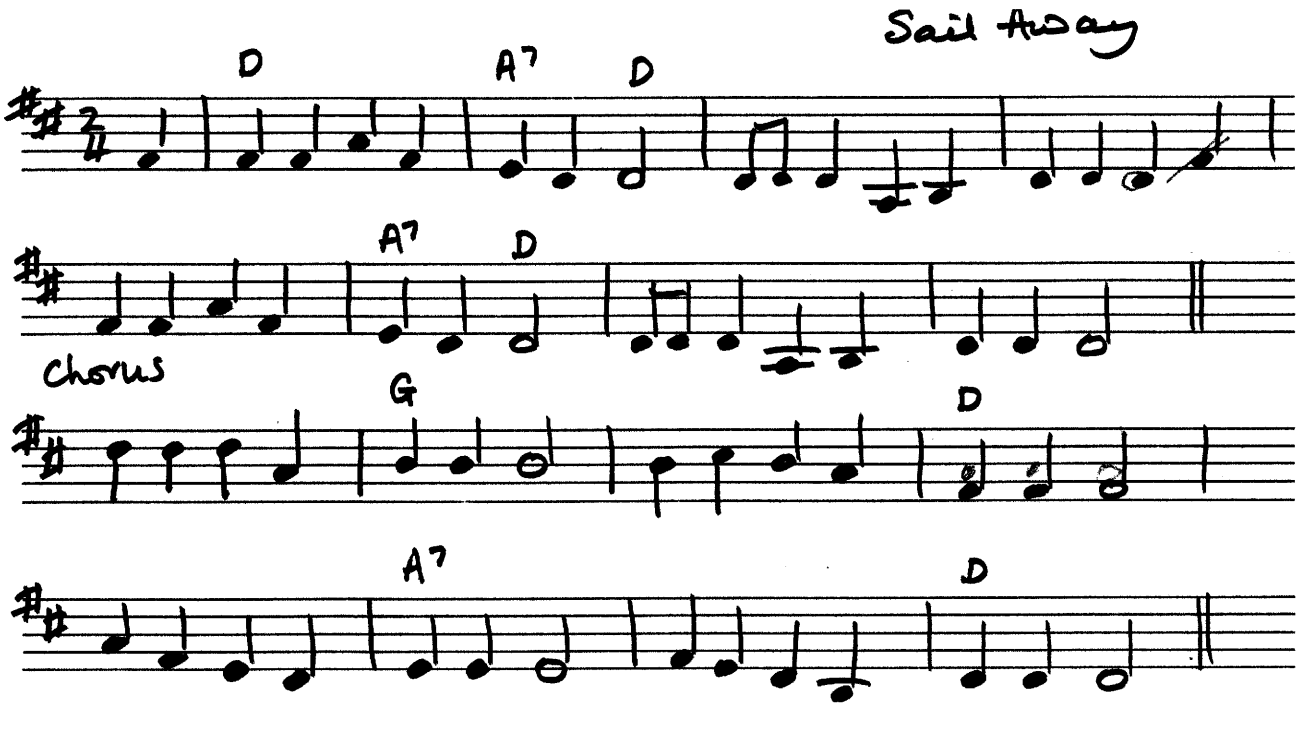
I've got a home in Tennessee, Sail away, ladies, sail away.
That's the place I wanna be, Sail away, ladies, sail away.

If ever I get my new house done, sail....
I'll give the old one to my son, sail....

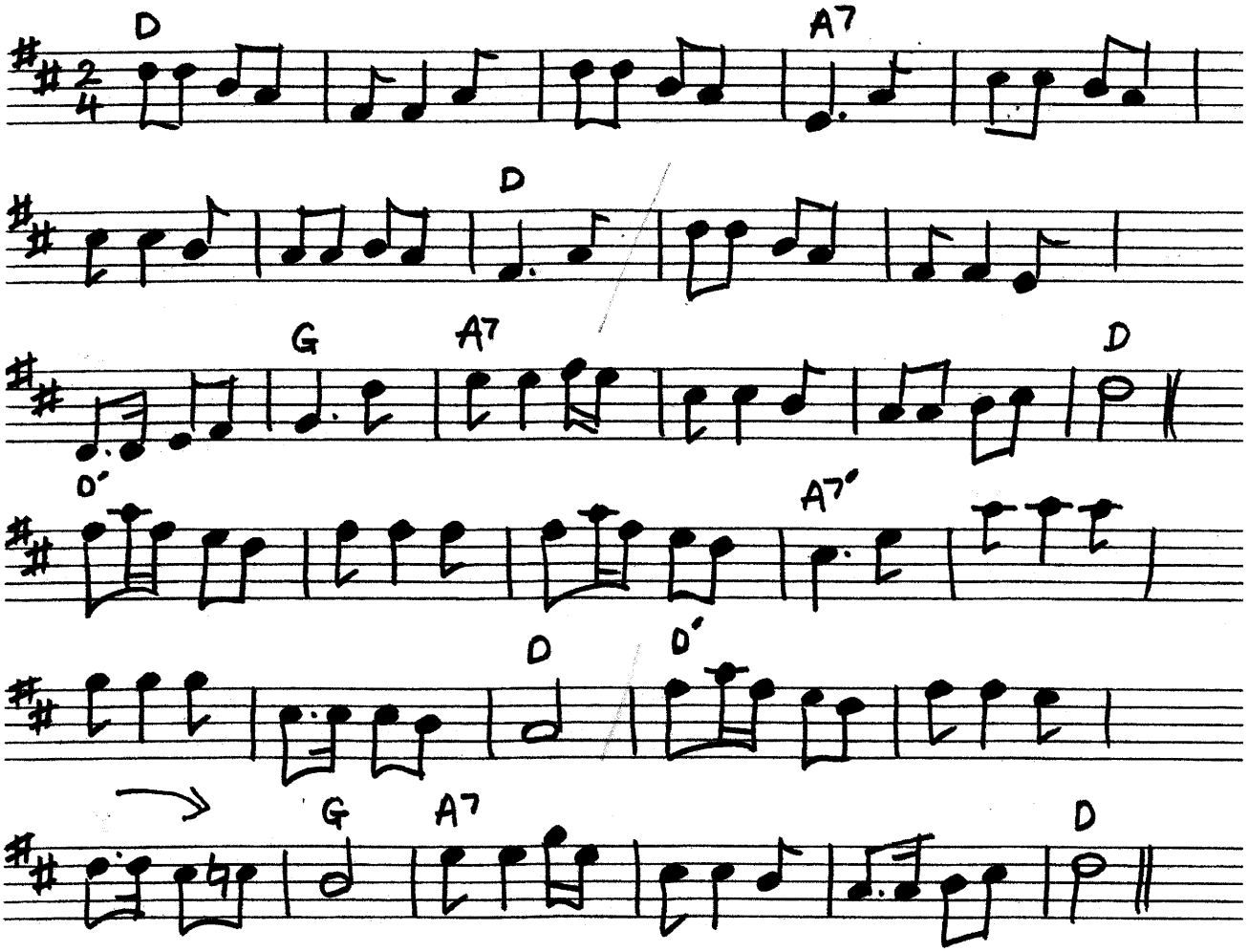
Come along, boys, and go with me, sail....
We'll go down to Tennessee, sail...

Ever I get my new house done, sail...
Love you, pretty girls, one by one, sail...

Hush, little baby, don't you cry, sail
You'll be an angel by and by, sail...


Sail Away
D
A7
D
A7
D
Chorus
G
D
A7
D

Chinese Breakdown



My home's across

Blue Ridge mountains

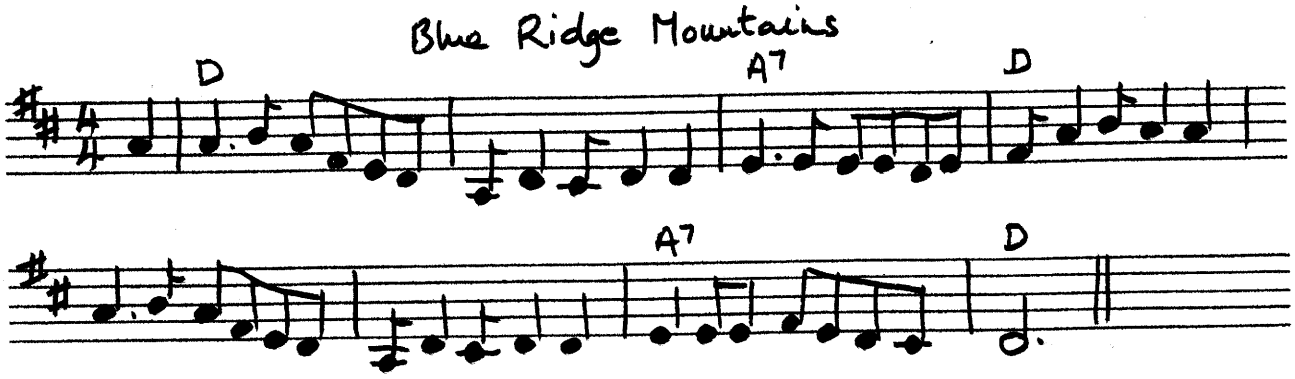
Chorus D

My home's across the Blue Ridge mountains
My home's A7 across the Blue Ridge D mountains
My home's across the Blue Ridge mountains
For I A7 never expect to see you any D more.

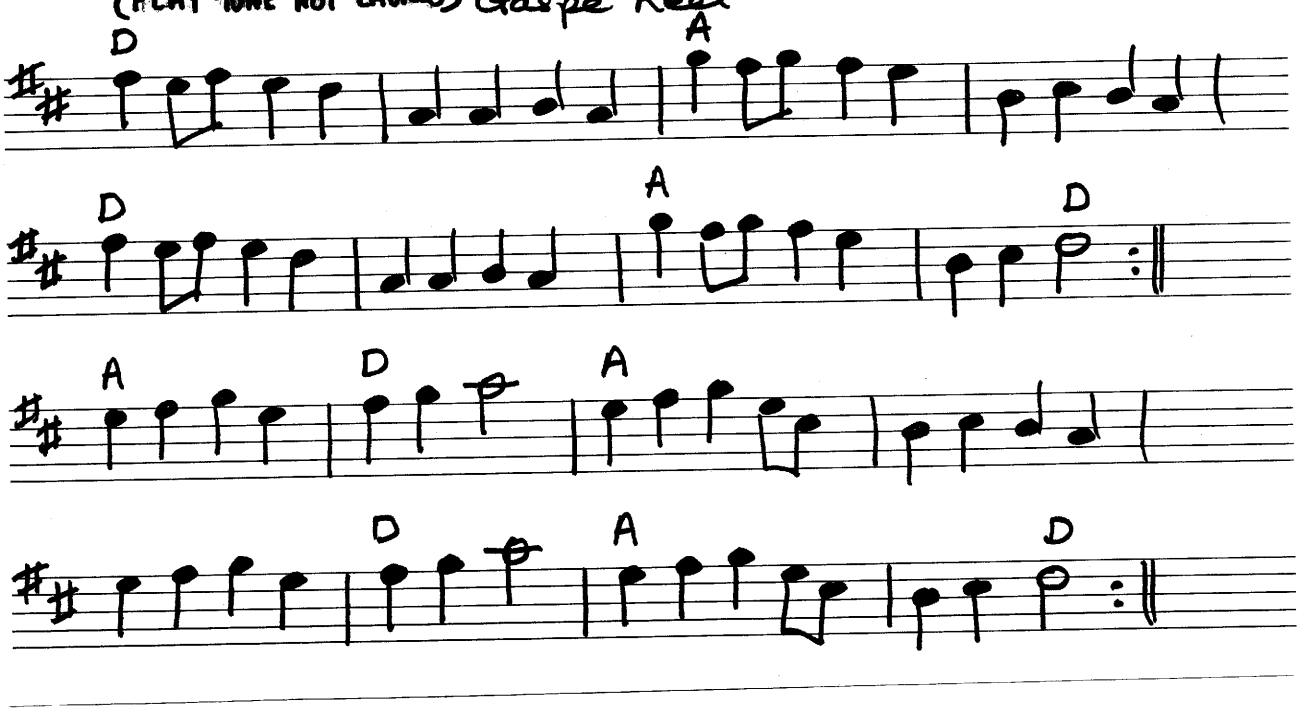
How can I keep from crying x3 CH.

Oh how I hate to leave you. x3 CH.

Goodbye my dearest darling x3 CH.



(PLAY TUNE NOT CHORDS) Gaspé Reel



Li'l Liza Jane

D
I know a gal that you don't know, Li'l Liza Jane
Way down south in Baltimore, Li'l Liza Jane A7 D ×2
G D
Chorus: O Eliza, Li'l Liza Jane
G D A7 D
O Eliza, Li'l Liza Jane ×2

Liza Jane looks good to me, Li'l Liza Jane
Sweetest one I ever see, Li'l Liza Jane. ×2 **Chorus**

Where she lives the posies grow, Li'l Liza Jane
Chickens round the kitchen door, Li'l Liza Jane. Ch

I wouldn't care how far we roam, Li'l Liza Jane
Where she's at is home, sweet home, Li'l Liza Jane.

There's a house in Baltimore, 16 storeys high
And every storey in that house was full of chicken pie.

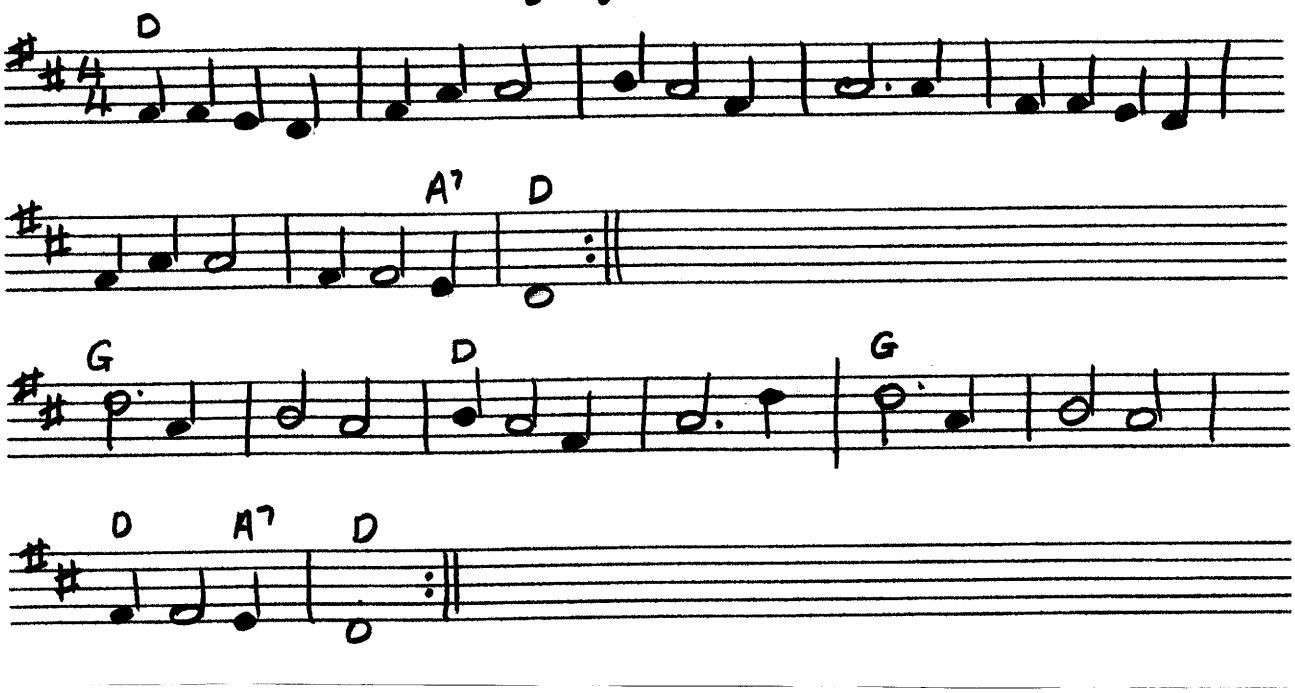
I went up on the mountain to give my horn a blow
And every girl in the countryside said yonder comes my beau.

When I was a little boy I liked to go in swimming
Now I am a bigger boy I like to go with women.

I wish I had a candy box to put my sweetheart in
I'd take her out and kiss her twice and put her back again.

WOODSTOCK

Eliza Jane



This land is your land

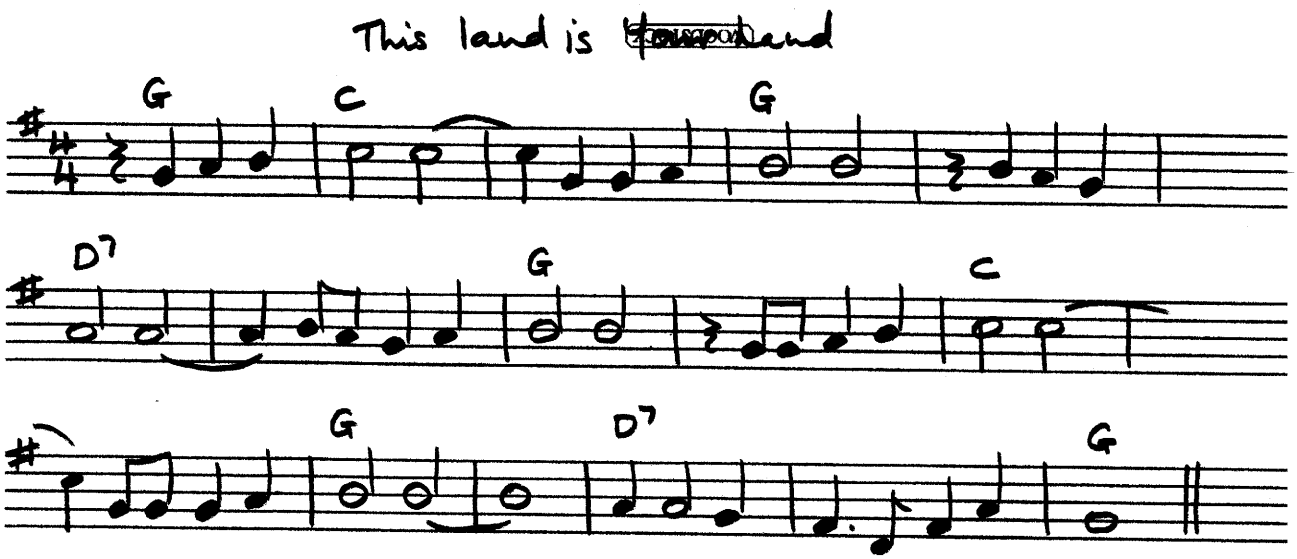
Chorus

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the red wood forests to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me.

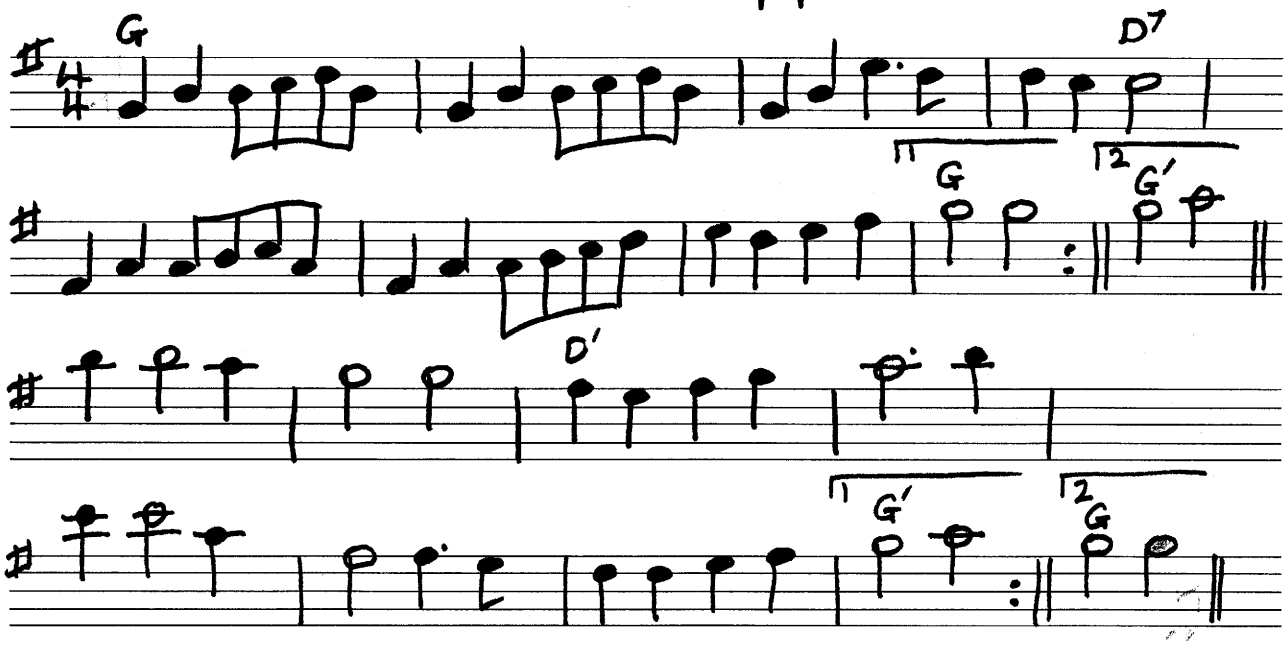
As I went a-walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me an endless skyway
I saw below me that golden valley
This land was made for you and me. Chorus

I roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of diamond deserts
All around me a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me. Chorus

When the sun comes shining and I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling
A voice was chanting as the fog was lifting
This land was made for you and me. Chorus.



Crooked Stovepipe



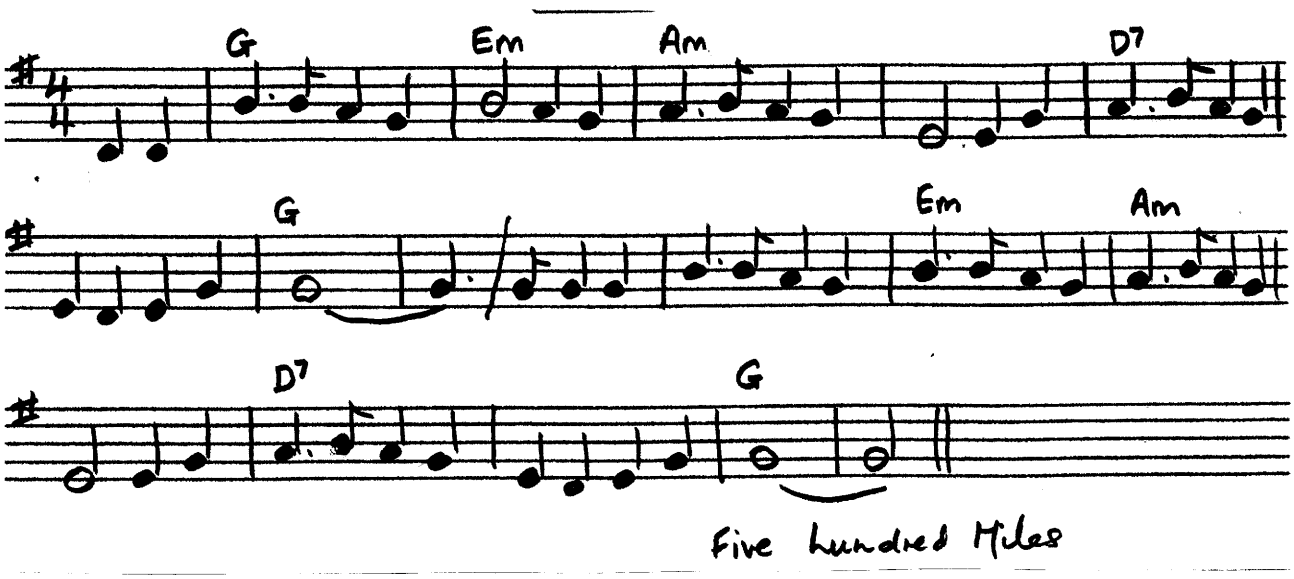
Five Hundred Miles

G Em Am
If you miss the train I'm on, you will know that I am gone,
D7 G
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.
Em
A hundred miles, a hundred miles,
Am
A hundred miles, a hundred miles,
D7 G
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

Em Am
Lord I'm one; Lord I'm two; Lord I'm three; Lord I'm four,
D7 G
Lord, I'm five hundred miles a way from home.
Em
Away from home, away from home,
Am
Away from home, away from home,
D7 G
Lord, I'm five hundred miles away from home.

Em Am
Not a shirt on my back, not a penny to my name. Lord,
D7 G
I can't go back home this-a way.
Em
This-a way, this-a way,
Am
This-a way, this-a way,
D7 G
Lord, I can't go back home this-a way.

First Verse



Don't Let Your Deal Go Down

(I've) been all around this whole wide world
Way down in Memphis Tennessee.
Any old place I hang my hat
Seems like home to me. / Oh honey

Chorus
Don't let your deal go down.
Don't let your deal go down. / Oh honey
Don't let your deal go down (sweet mama)
Till your last gold dollar is gone.

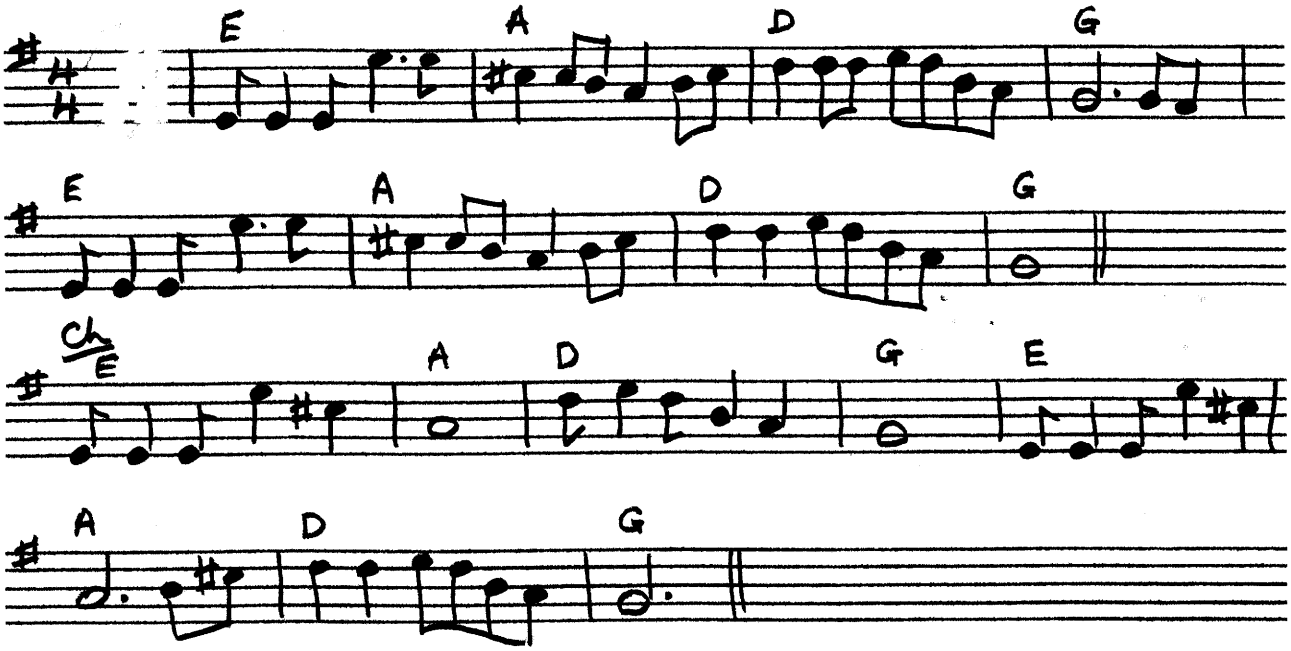
When I left my love behind,
She's standin' in the door,
She throwed her little arms around my neck and said,
'Sweet daddy please don't go."

(Now it's) who's gonna shoe your pretty little feet?
Who's gonna glove your hand?
And who's gonna kiss your ruby lips
Honey, who's gonna be your man?

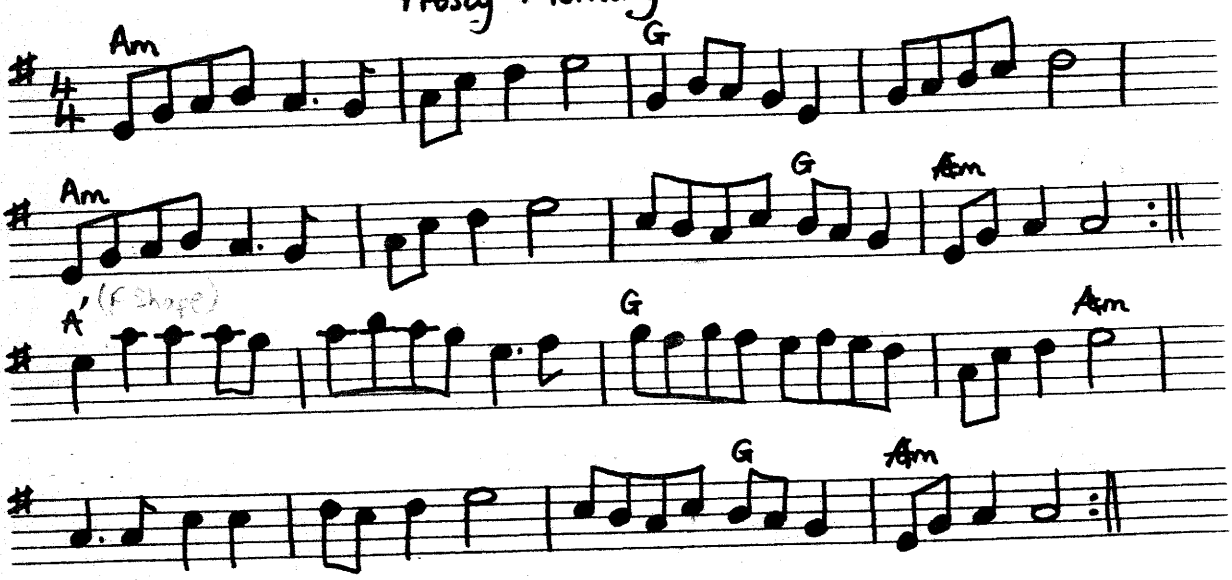
(She says) papa will shoe my pretty little feet,
Mama will glove my hand,
You can kiss my rosy lips
When you get back again.

Where did you get them high-heel shoes
And that dress you wear so fine?
Got my shoes from a railroad man
Dress from a driver in the mine.

Don't Let Your Deal Go Down



Frosty Morning



Times are getting hard

Chorus:
Times are gettin' hard, boys, money's gettin' scarce,
If things don't get much better boys, I'm gonna leave this place.

Take my true love by the hand, wandered through the town,
Say goodbye to everyone, I'm gonna leave this town.
Ch.

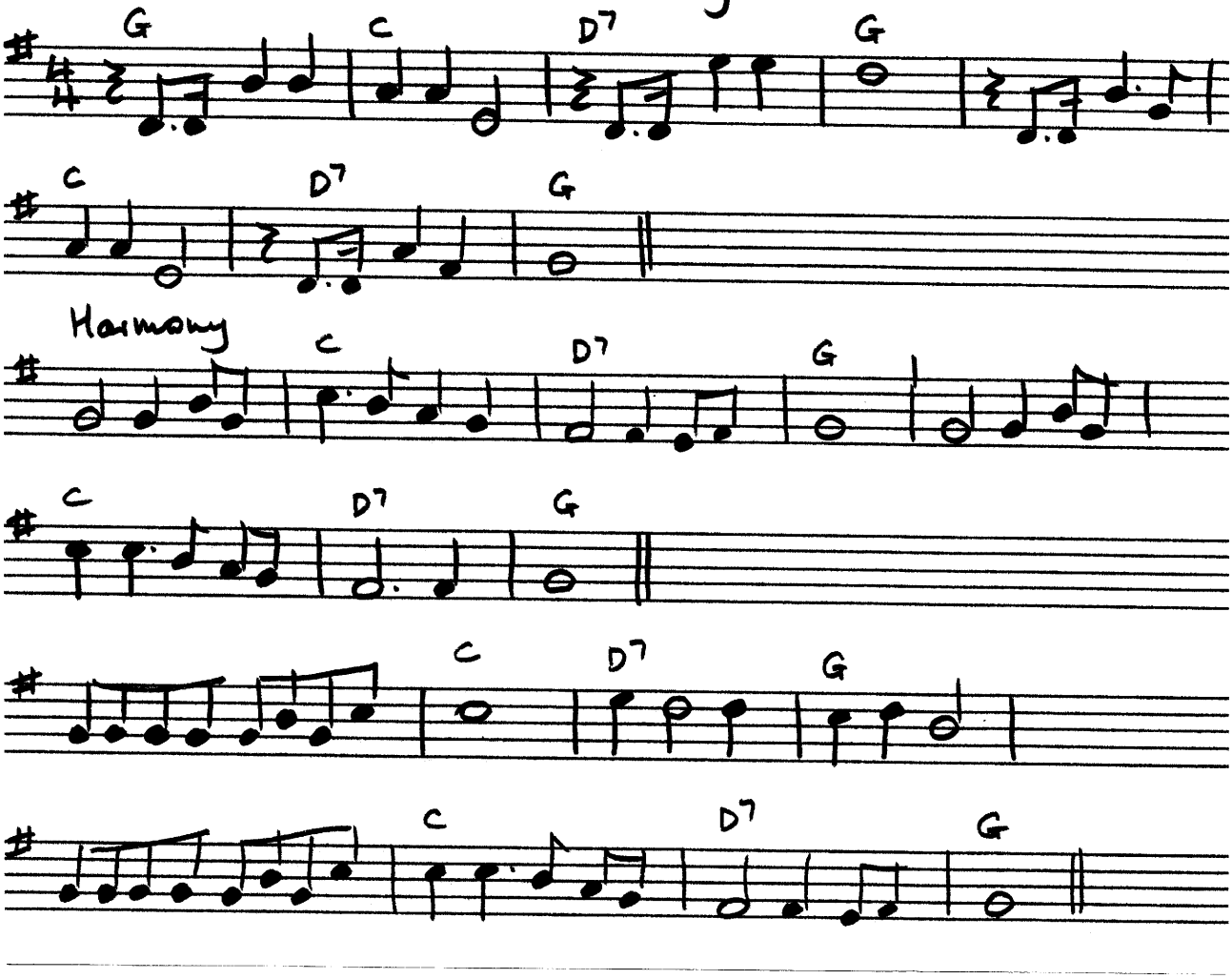
Take my pillow from the bed, shot gun from the wall,
Take old Sal and hitch her up, the wagon for to haul.
Ch.

Pile the chairs and beds up high, let nothing drag the ground,
Sal can pull and we can push, we're bound to leave the town.
Chorus.

Made a crop a year ago, it withered to the ground,
Tried to get some credit but the banker turned me down.
Ch.

Going to Californ-ia where everything is green,
Going to have the best old farm that you have ever seen.
Ch.

Times Are Getting Hard



Mama Don't Allow

G
Mama don't allow no music played in here
Mama don't allow no music played in here D7
But I don't care what mama don't allow
I'm gonna play my music anyhow
Mama don't allow no music played in here. G

FIDDLE
MANDOLIN

Mama don't allow no banjos played in here (2)
But I don't care what mama don't allow
I'm gonna pick my banjo anyhow
Mama don't allow no banjos played in here.

Mama don't allow no guitar players in here (2)
Makes no difference if you're flat or sharp
You're gonna wake up playing on a harp
Mama don't allow no guitar players in here.

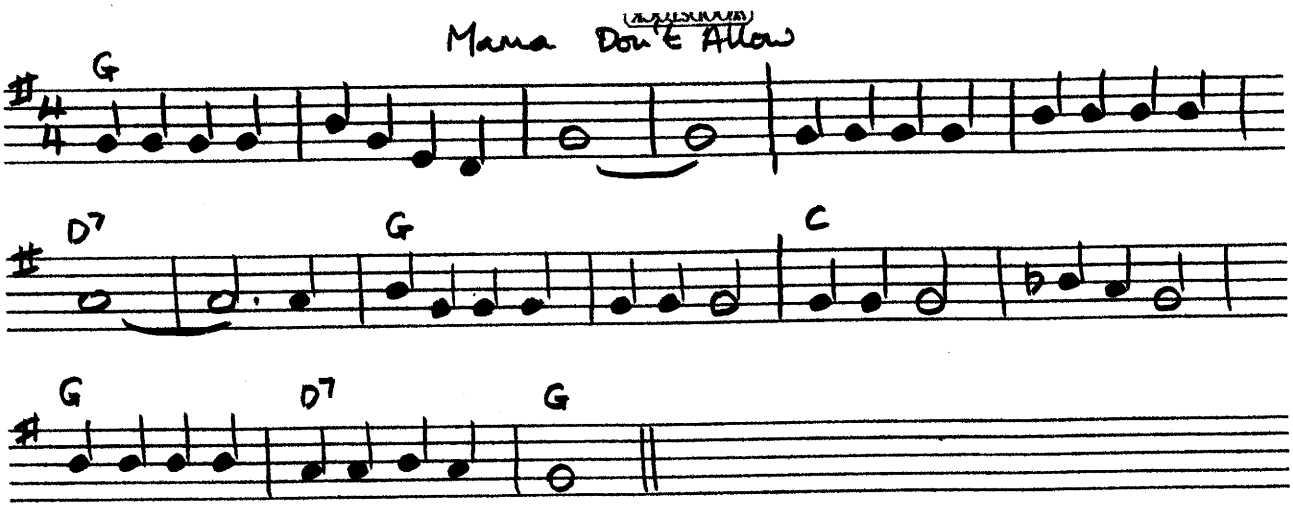
Mama don't allow no hand clapping round here (2)
I don't care what mama don't allow
We're going to clap our hands anyhow.....

Mama don't allow no singers round here (2)
I don't care what mama don't allow
We're going to sing our head off anyhow.....

Mama don't allow no foot stomping in here (2)
I don't care what mama don't allow
We're going to stomp our feet anyhow.....

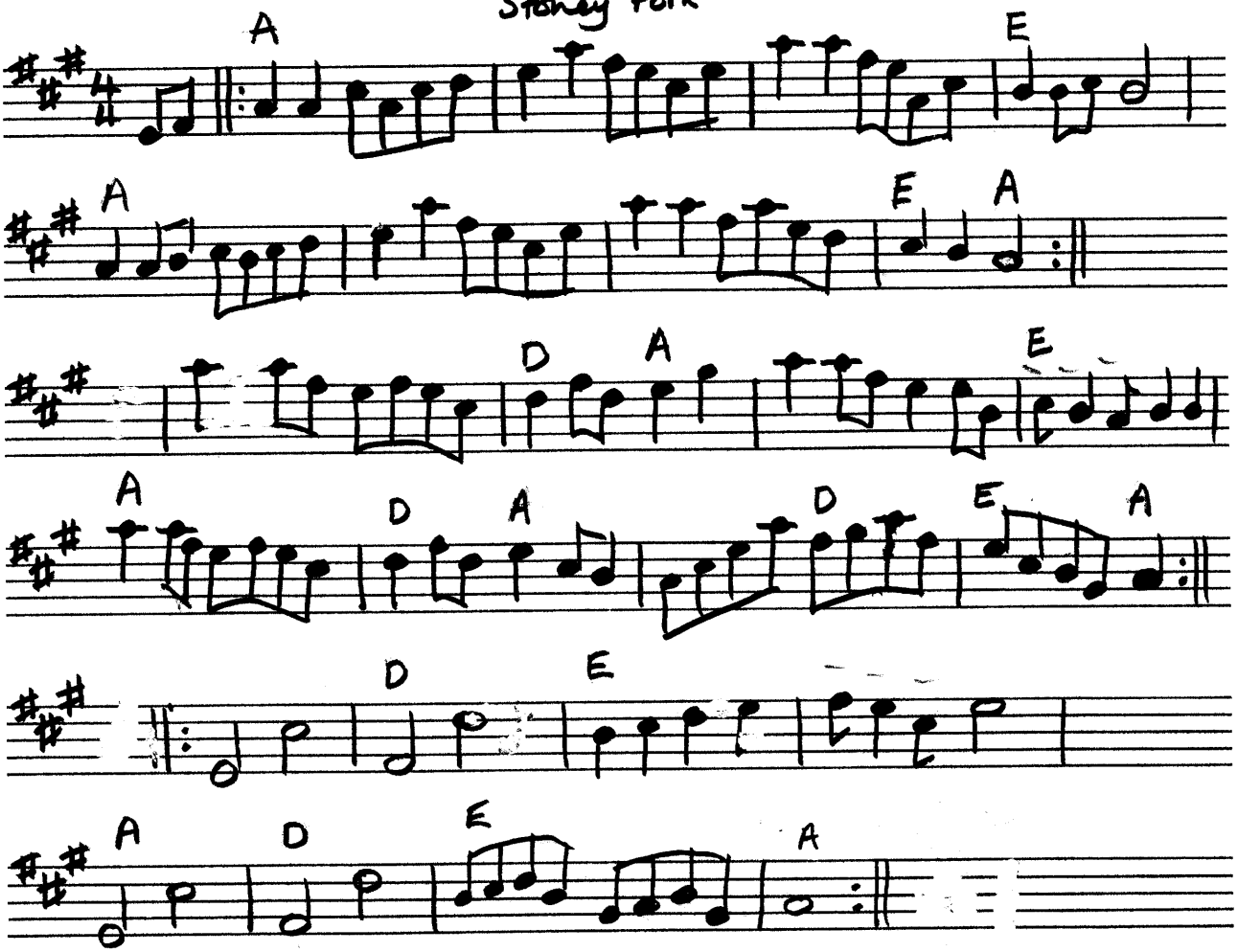
Mama don't allow no truckin' done in here (2)
After mama switches off the light
I like to do my truckin' e'vry night .....

Mama don't allow no accordion players in here (2)
It's only her that can push and pull
Dance all night with a great big bull....


Mama Don't Allow
G
D7
G
C
G
D7
G

WOODSTOCK

Stoney Fork



Roll in my sweet baby's arms (Capo 2 A)

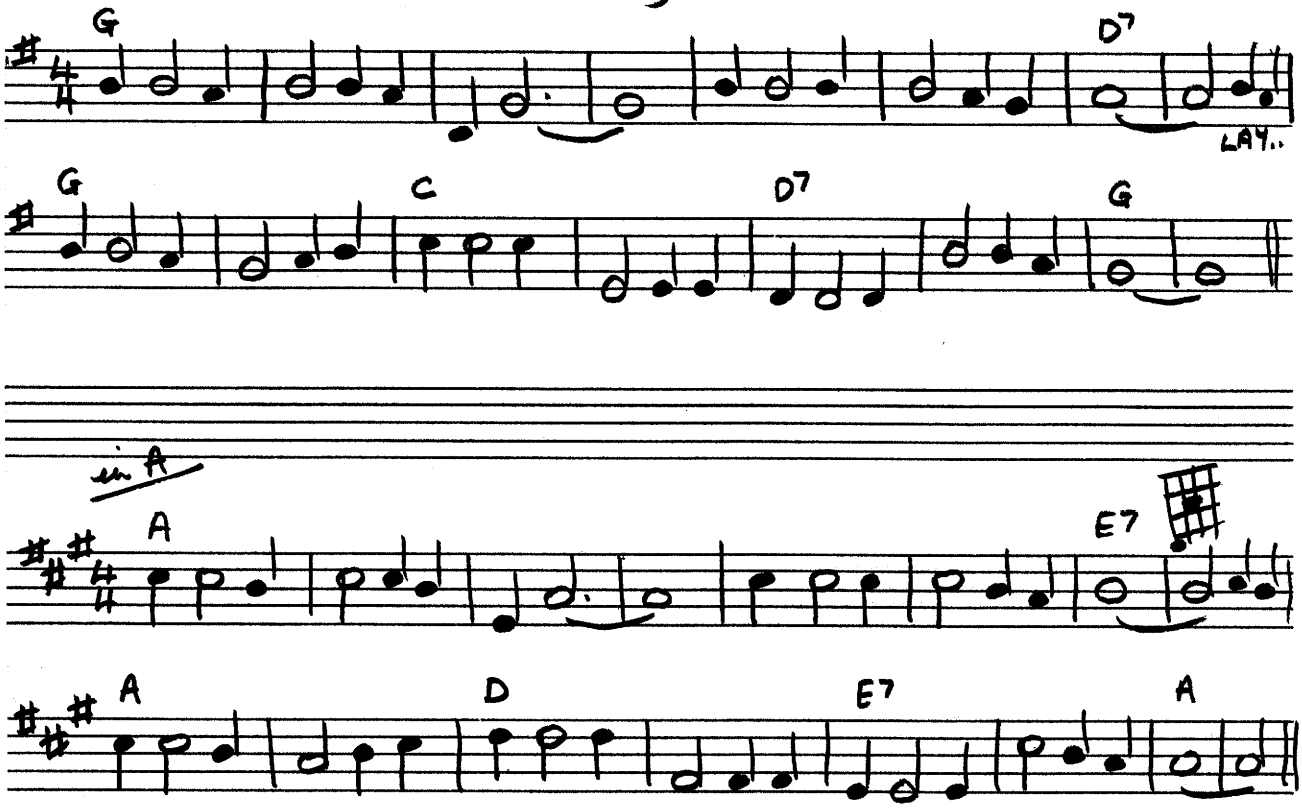
G
Ain't gonna live in the country,
Ain't gonna live on the farm **D7**
Well I'll lay **G** **'round the shack 'till the mail** **C** **train comes back,**
And I'll roll **D7** **in my sweet baby's arms.** **G**
Chorus:
Roll in my sweet baby's arms,
Roll in my sweet baby's arms. **D7**
Lay **G** ***'round the shack 'till the mail*** **C** ***train comes back***
Then I'll roll **D7** ***in my sweet baby's arms.*** **G**

Sometimes there's a change in the ocean,
Sometimes there's a change in the sea.
Sometimes there's a change in my own true love,
But there's never a change in me. Ch.

Mama's a ginger-cake baker,
Sister can weave and spin.
Dad's got an interest in that old cotton mill,
Just watch that old money roll in. Ch.

They tell me your parents don't like me
They have drove me away from your door.
If I had all my time to do over again
I would never go there any more. Ch.

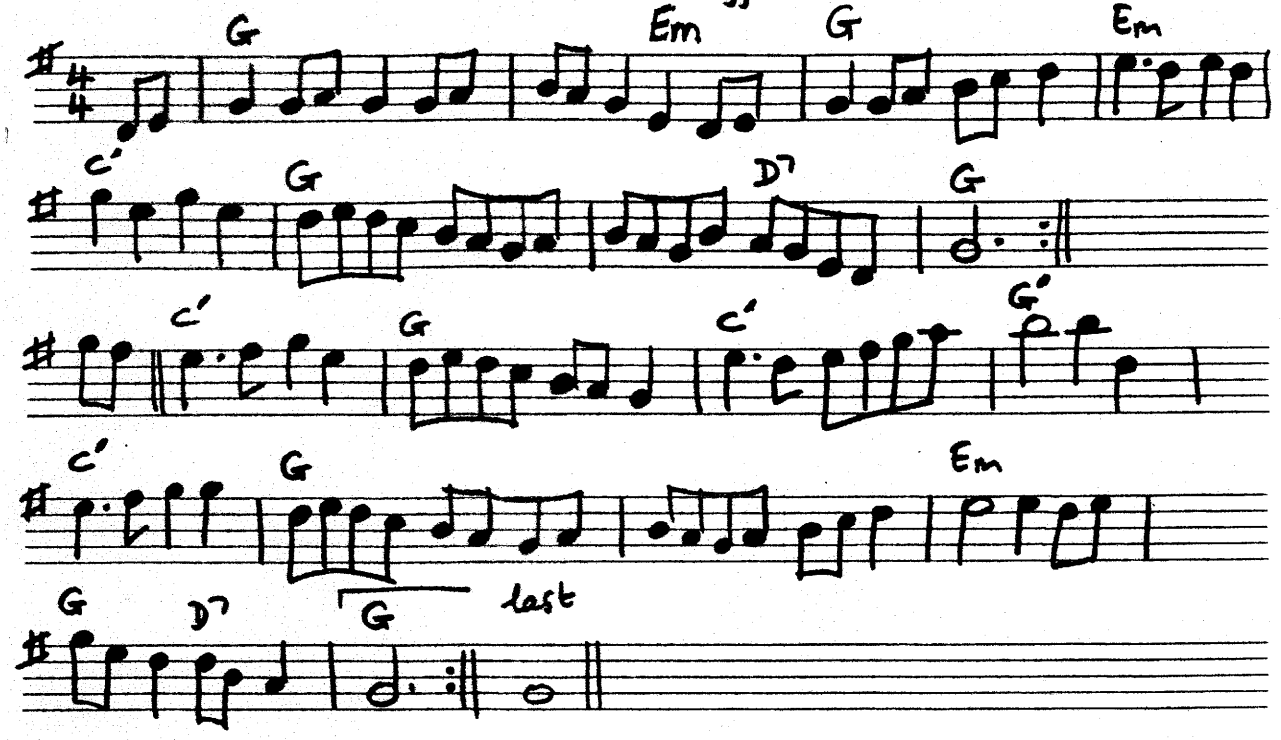
Roll in my Sweet Baby's Arms



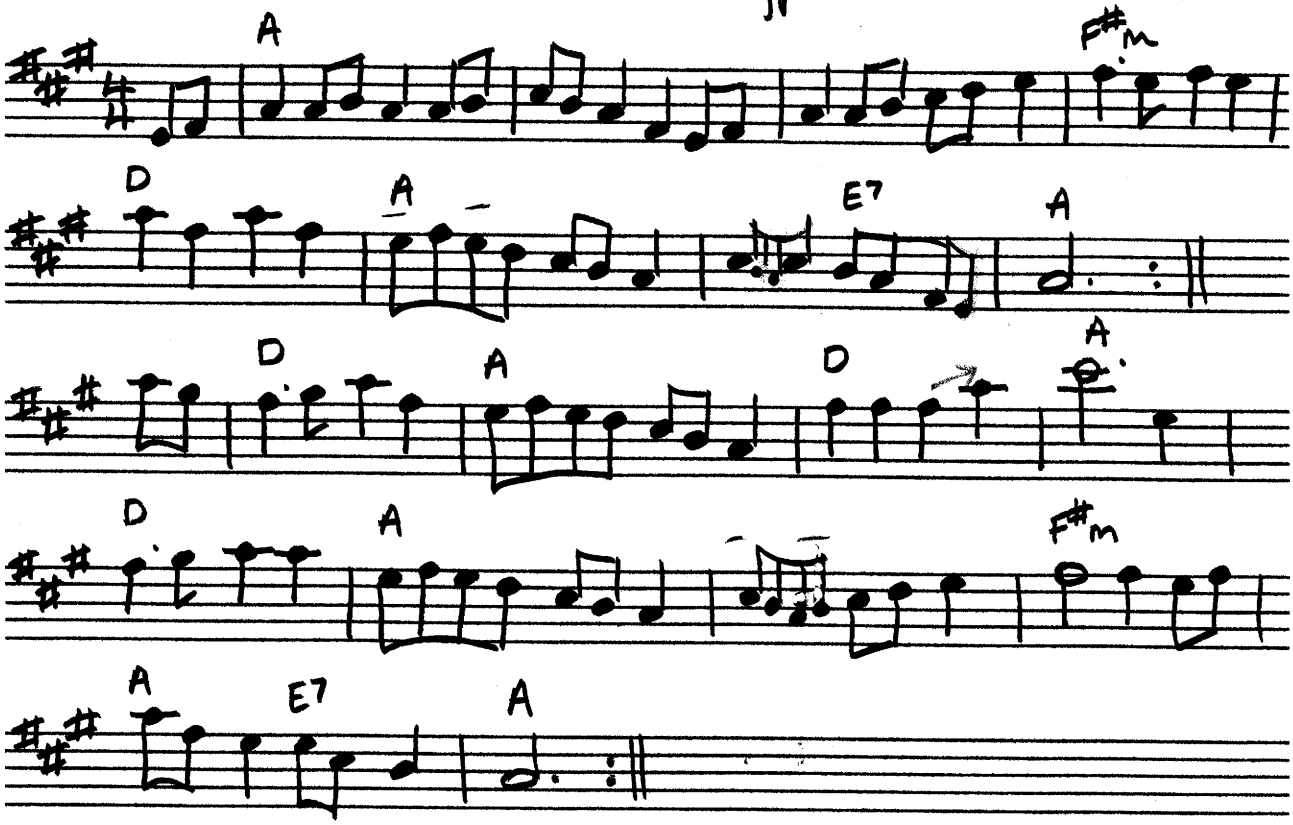
in A

Capo 2

Cherokee Shuffle



Cherokee Shuffle



The City of New Orleans Capo 2

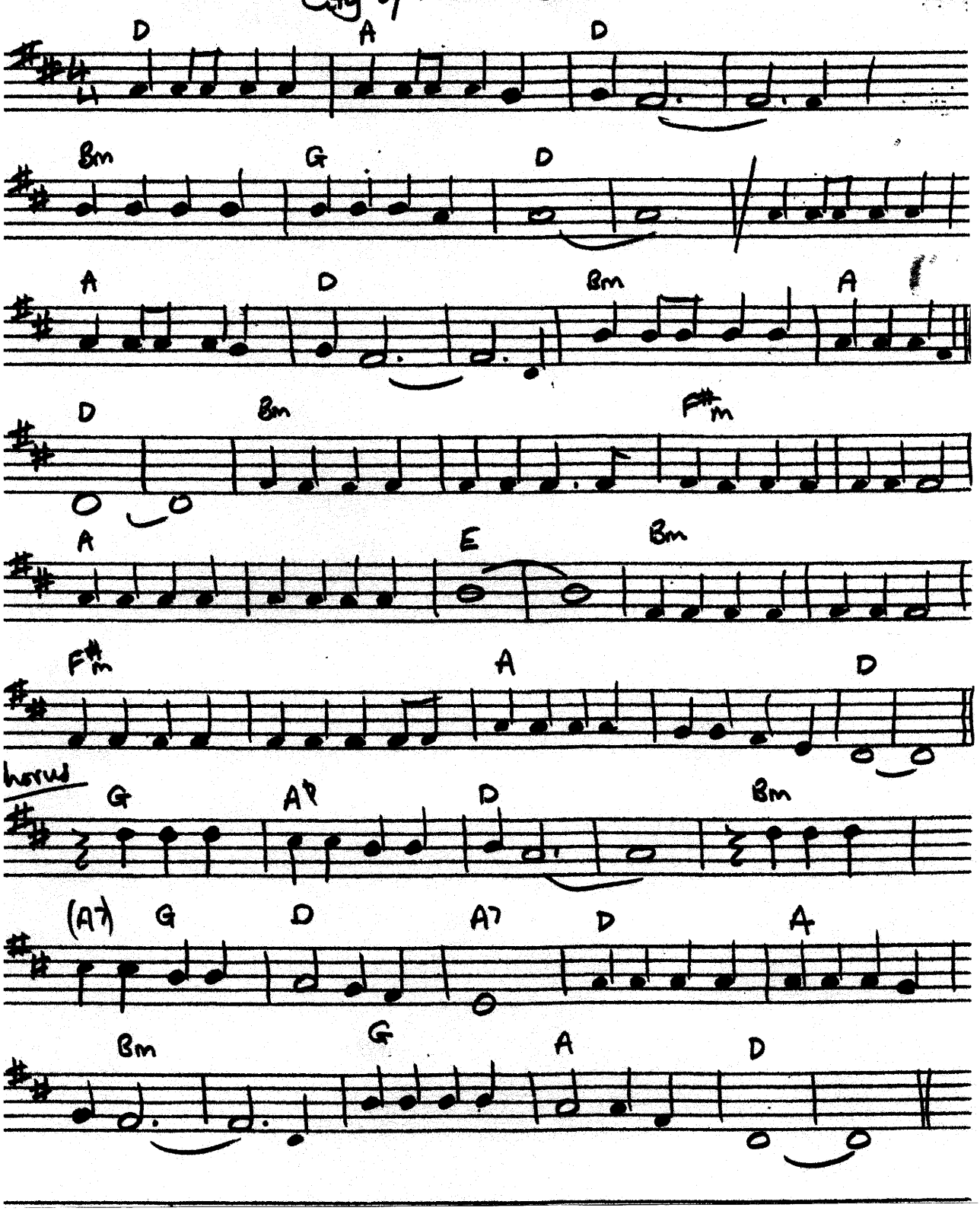
C G C
Riding on the City of New Orleans,
Am F C
Illinois Central Monday morning rail
G C
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,
Am G C
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.
Am Em
All along the southbound odyssey the train pulls out at Kankakee
G D
Rolls along past houses, farms and fields.
Am Em
Passing trains that have no names, freight yards full of old black men
G C
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles.

F G C
Ch. Good morning America how are you?
Am F C G7
Don't you know me I'm your native son,
C G Am
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,
F G C
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

G C
Dealing card games with the old men in the club car.
Am F C
Penny a point ain't no one keeping score.
G C
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
Am G C
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor.
Am Em
And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers
G D
Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel.
Am Em
Mothers with their babes asleep, are rocking to the gentle beat
G C
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel. Ch.

G C
Nighttime on The City of New Orleans,
Am F C
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee.
G C
Half way home, we'll be there by morning
Am G C
Through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.
Am Em
And all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream
G D
And the steel rails still ain't heard the news.
Am Em
The conductor sings his song again, the passengers will please refrain
G C
This train's got the disappearing railroad blues. Ch.

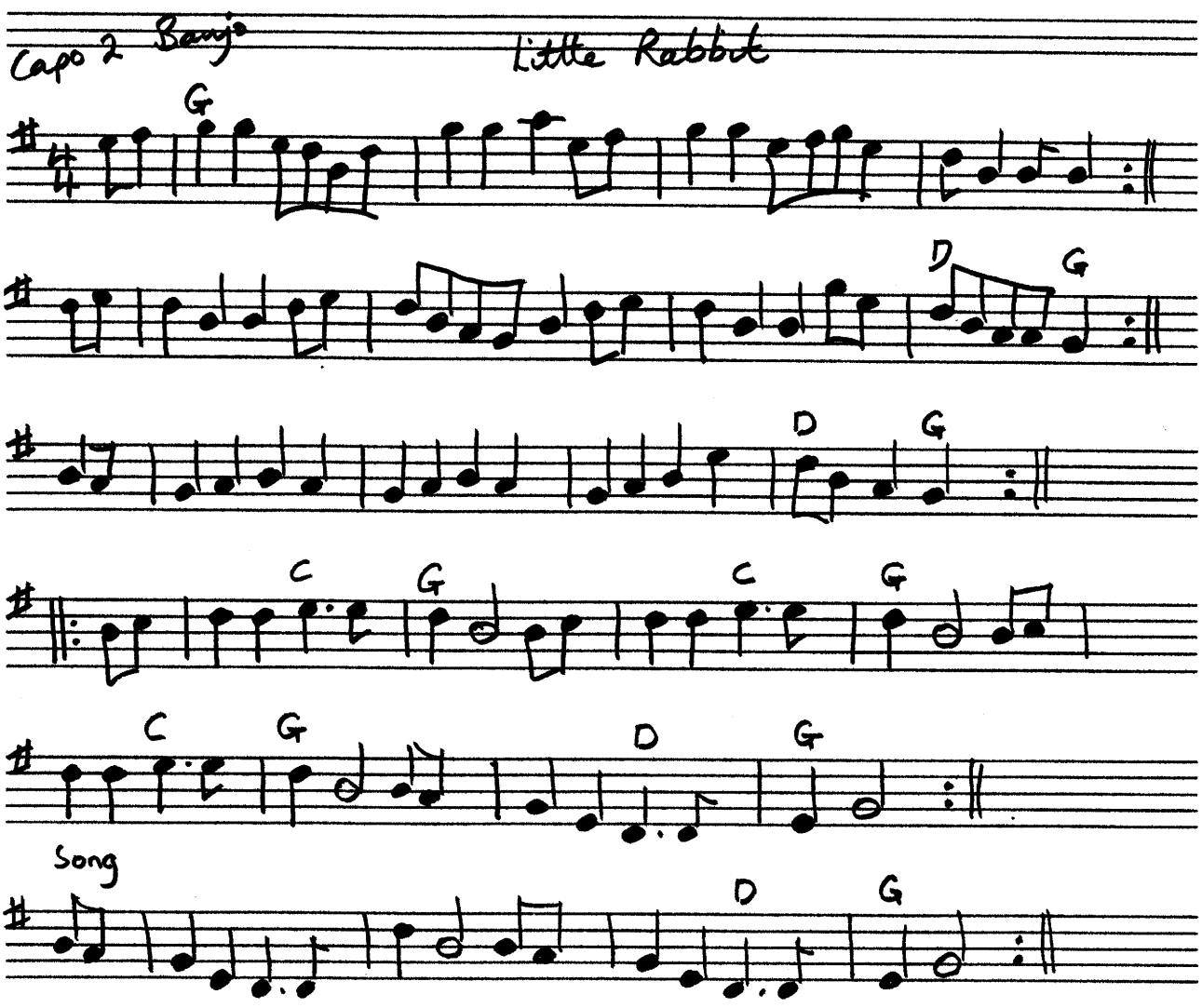
City of New Orleans

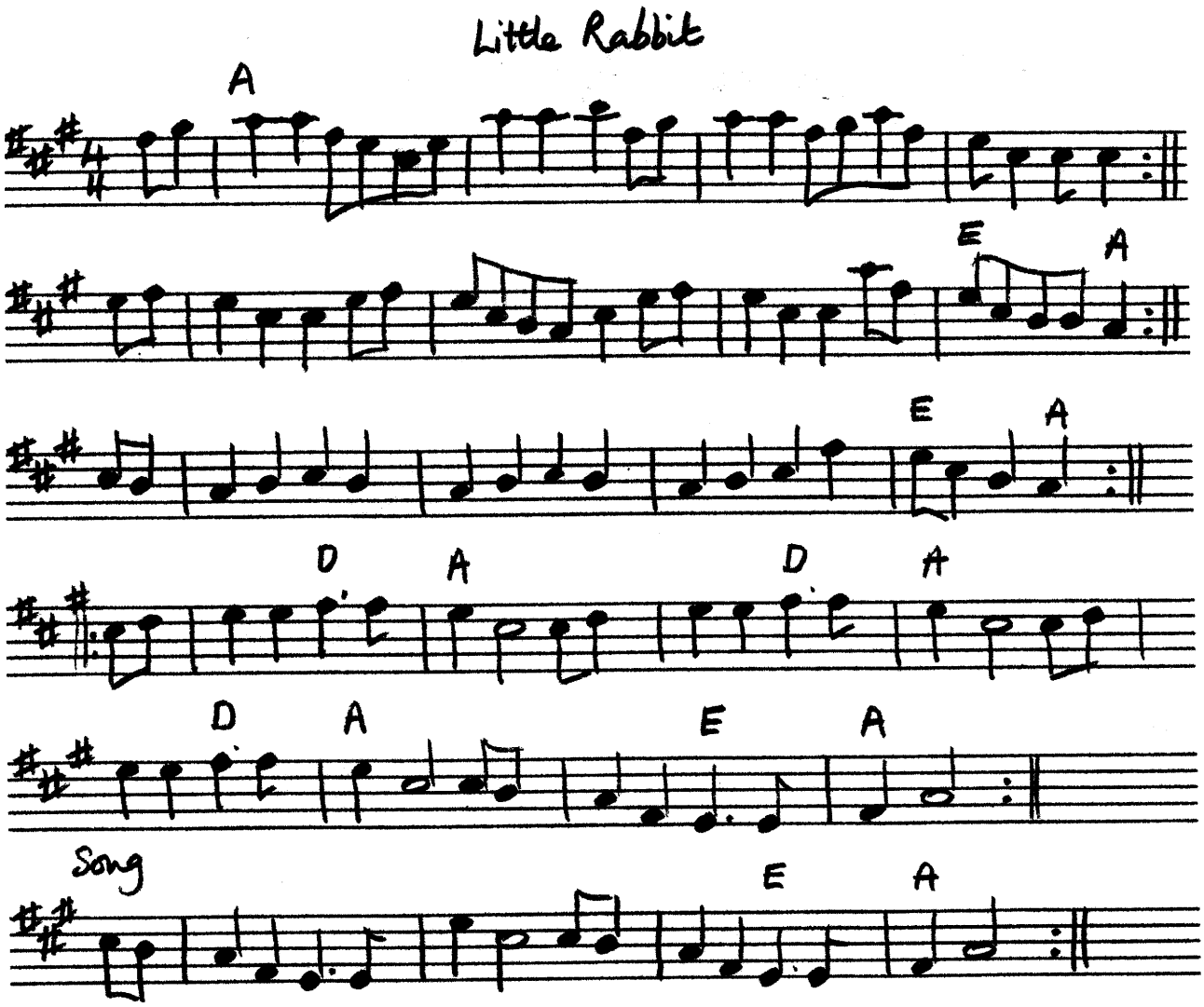


Little Rabbit

G
Little Rabbit where's your mammy?
Little Rabbit where's your mammy?
I want to see your mammy,
Tell me rabbit where's your mammy?

Little Rabbit where's your mammy? (x2)
Dead and gone to glory,
Little rabbit where's your mammy?



Little Rabbit where's your mammy? (x2)
Gone to Alabammy
Little Rabbit, where's your mammy?

Little Rabbit where's your mammy? (x2)
Some day I'm going to see her
Little Rabbit where's your mammy?