

Back To The Neck

(Greg Coffin)

1

D **A** **G** **A**
I can feel the uneasiness start to set in when the faces don't look much like home.
Bm **F#m** **Em** **A**
For a while I sit wondering where to begin, staying out of the way all alone.
D **A**
But the good times come quickly, the smiles filter through
G **A**
And the doubts that I had are set free.
Em **F#m** **G** **A**
They leave with the ospreys that fly down the creek and nest in the tall island trees.

Chorus:

Bm **F#m** **Em** **A** **D**
The faces change, the breezes shift, the paint might peel away.
Bm **F#m** **Em**
But the sound of the bell and the pine tree's shade send me back to my
A
yesterdays.
C **G/D** **D**
To a time when I ran much faster and stronger than I've ever run
A
before.
C **G/D** **Em** **A** **D**
Find the dream and make it last, take me back to the Neck once more.

Growing up with the friends that I've made in this place.
Helping out when times weren't quite right.
Searching for animals that don't leave a trace.
Counting stars in the sky every night.
Getting letters from home asking how I have been.
Writing back to assure that I'm fine.
Cause I hiked one more mountain and I paddled one more stream
And I've seen myself grow every time...

The faces change...

The morning is breaking, the buses await to take me back home once again.
The summer is over my time has grown late, so pack up and shake the hand of a friend.
And in all your dreams remember the campfires, the woodpaths that all twist and wind.
Listen in the wind for the call of the ocean, let the waves bring you back just to find...

The faces change...

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Can't Help But Wonder Where I'm Bound

(Tom Paxton)

2

C **Am** **F** **G**
It's a long and dusty road, it's a hard and heavy load,
G7 **C**
The folks I meet aren't always kind.
Am
Some are bad and some are good,
F **G**
Some are doin' the best they could.
G7 **C**
Some have tried to ease my troubled mind.

Chorus:

F **G** **C** **Am**
I can't help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm bound.
F **G** **C**
I can't help but wonder where I'm bound.

I've been around this land, just doing the best I can,
Trying to find what I was meant to do;
And the faces that I've seen are as varied as can be,
And it looks like they've been a-wandering too.

I can't help but wonder...

I've got a buddy way back home, but she started out to roam,
And I hear she's out by Frisco Bay;
And sometimes when I have a few, her voice comes ringing through,
And I'm going out to see her some old day.

I can't help but wonder...

If you see me a passing by and you sit and wonder why,
And you wish you were a rambler, too,
Nail your shoes to the kitchen floor, lace 'em up and bar the door,
And thank the stars for the roof that's over you.

I can't help but wonder...

Come By The Hills

3

Oh, come by the hills to the land where fancy is free.
Stand where the hills meet the sky and the locks meet the sea.
Where the rivers run clear, bracken is gold in the sun.
And the cares of tomorrow will wait 'till this day is done.

Oh come by the hills to the land where life is a song.
Stand where the birds fill the air with their songs all day long.
Where the trees sway in time, even the breeze sings a tune.
And the cares of tomorrow will wait 'till this day is done.

Oh come by the hills to the land where legends remain.
Stories of old rill the air and may yet come again,
Where the past has been lost the future is yet to be won.
Oh the cares of tomorrow will wait 'till this day is done.

(Repeat first verse)

Usually done *a capella* (Acapulco)

In My Time

(Bill Staines)

C **F**
In my time, in my time
C **G**
I might have been a _____ in my time.
C **F**
I might have been a lot of things, but at least I took the time to sing
C **F** **C** **G** **C**
A song about a _____ in my time.

The Hoboe's Lullabye

(Goebel Reeves)

4

G **C**
Don't you think about tomorrow.
D **G**
Let tomorrow come and go...
C
Tonight you're in a nice warm boxcar
D **G**
Safe from all the wind and snow.

Chorus:

G **C**
So go to sleep you weary hobo.
D **G**
Let the towns drift slowly by...
C
Can't you hear the steel rails humming?
D **G**
That's the hobo's lullabye.

I know the police have caused you trouble.
They cause trouble everywhere.
But when you die and go to heaven
You won't find no policemen there.

So go to sleep...

I know your clothes are torn and ragged
And your hair is turning grey.
But lift your head and smile at trouble,
You'll find happiness someday.

Hold Back The Days

(Bob Zentz)

Hold back the days in which we're living, so far from home, so far from free.

Hold back the ways we've all been given and let a sweet song of yesterday wash over me.

If we should meet like ships a-passin' some stormy night out on the blue.
We may not speak but for the asking. I'd let a sweet song from yesterday wash over me.

When all your dreams ain't worth the dreamin' and you can't find your way through.
And when your schemes ain't worth the schemin,'just let a sweet song of yesterday wash over you

Hold back the days...

Housewarming

5

(Fred Small)

D **A**
Brick and wood, mortar and planes
Bm G
Labor's love and all our faith
D A G A
You can see the structure taking form
D A
Ancient tools a new design
Bm G
Taking care, taking time
D G A
We've seen so many houses fall before...

Chorus:

D F#m
We are building a house, growing tall before our eyes,
G A Bm G D A
Stone on stone, watch it rise.
D A
We are building a house with our hands and our songs,
G A D
May it stand as long as our lives.

As we tinker with the plans, gentle friends lend their hands.
Laying down the sturdy hardwood floor.
For the future, from the past, room to change, built to last
Come the snows of winter we'll be warm

We are building a house...

Break:

G D
And sometimes you need a vacation (I'll need one too),
G D
Sunning in the sand, running in the blinding rain
G Bm
And after the recreation
G A
We will sleep in our own beds again.

That easy chair you've always known. Photographs from long ago
Thanksgiving day parade, moving in. So many books upon the shelves
So much more to teach ourselves. Under this roof we will begin.

We are building a house...

Sunny Road

(Bill Staines)

6

I've been up and I've been down, I've seen trouble all around.
I've fought the wind off a stormy sea.
But through the trouble and the strife I've walked a mile or two through life
With the sun shining down on me.

Chorus:

And I will sing my song until I've nothing to say.
I will play this old guitar until I die someday.
I will travel here and there until I make my way
To that long last sunny road.

I've been a rambler in my time, met a poet with a rhyme
Seeking shelter around the bend,
And once or twice, to my surprise, it seems with cold and clouded eyes
I've met a stranger and I've found a friend.

And I will sing my song...

Well I've had my share of wine, picked strawberries from the vine
And I've not known which way to go.
Seen my share of bumper deals, laid me down in tender fields
Where the sweet summer roses grow.

And I will sing my song...

Repeat first verse and Chorus

Willy's Song

7

C

Lately you've been travelling,

More than you are here,

G F C

As your dreams describe a circle, growing year by year.

F G C Am

And the postcard that you sent from Vancouver or South Bend

F G

Recalls a friend too far away.

Chorus:

C

May the rain run off your shoulders when you're caught in a storm.

G F C

When the frost comes a callin', may it find you safe and warm.

F G C Am

May your place be set, may your promises be kept.

F G F C

May you never forget that you are loved.

It was storming in Seattle when your car didn't start.

It was sunny in Salinas where you nearly broke your heart.

It was snowing in St. Paul but the people filled the halls.

And you sent them all home singing through the night.

May the rain...

Night falls hard in a far away place.

Where you never knew the name, and you can't recall the face.

Your timing's off, you're tired, you can't imagine why they hired you,

We are there in the darkness by your side.

May the rain...

(Best for young voices capoed up 2 frets or done in D)

Yellow Convertible

(David Barrington)

8

Chorus:

C G Am Em
She drove a yellow convertible
F G C
She drove it mighty fine.
C G Am Em
Drove all over the universe
F G C
Got back just in time.

C G7 C F C G Am G
She left me in a cloud of dust one hot summer's day
F C Dm C F G C
I stood there in that cloud of dust saying "Why'd you have to go away?"

She drove...

Last thing I ever saw of her was a great big wide-brimmed hat,
Tossed just a bit by the summer breeze that blew behind her back.

She drove...

I got a letter in the mail postmarked Germany,
And in that great big scrawling hand of hers she said "Come on, follow me!"

She drove...

When she got to Istanbul, she drove down to the sea,
Set adrift a bottle and note saying wishing you were here with me.

She drove...

She drove in from the western plains one cool autumn's eve,
Squeezed the blues right out of me and said "I'm done with wandering".

She drove...

River

(Bill Staines)

9

D **G** **D**
I was born in the path of the winter wind

A
And raised where the mountains are old.

D **G** **D**
Their springtime waters came dancing down

A **D**
And I remember the tales they told.

The whistling ways of my younger days
Too quickly have faded on by,
But all of their memories linger on
Like the light in a fading sky.

Chorus:

D **G** **A** **D**
River, take me along in your sunshine,
G **A** **G** **D**
Sing me your song. Ever moving and winding and free,
G **D** **G** **D**
You rolling old river, you changing old river
G **A** **G** **D**
Let's you and me, River, run down to the sea.

I've been to the city and back again;
I've been moved by some things that I've learned,
Met a lot of good people and I've called them friends,
Felt the change when the seasons turned.

I've heard all the songs that the children sing
And I've listened to loves melodies.
I've felt my own music within me rise
Like the wind in the autumn trees.

River, take me along...

Someday when the flowers are blooming still,
Someday when the grass is still green,
My rolling waters will 'round the bend
And flow into the open sea.

So, here's to the rainbow that's followed me here,
And here's to the friends that I know,
And here's to the song that's within me now.
I will sing it where e'er I go.

River, take me along...

Garden Song

(David Mallet)

10

Chorus:

D **G D G A D**
Inch by inch, row by row, gonna make this garden grow.
G A D Bm G A
All it takes is a rake and a hoe, and a piece of fertile ground.
D G D G A D
Inch by inch, row by row, someone bless these seeds I sow,
G A D Bm G A D
Someone warm them from below 'till the rains come tumblin' down.

Pullin weeds, pickin stones, man is made of dreams and bones.
Feel the need to grow my own for the time is close at hand.
Grain for grain, sun and rain, find my way in nature's chain,
Tune my body and my brain to the music from the land.

Inch by inch, row by row...

Plant your rows straight and long, temper them with prayer and song.
Mother Earth will make you strong if you give her love and care.
An old crow watches hungrily, from his perch in yonder tree.
In my garden I'm as free as that feathered one up there.

Inch by inch, row by row...

(Chords are the same for the verses as for the chorus. It can be played without the Bm chords, but is much more interesting with them.)

Simple Gifts

Tis a gift to be simple, tis a gift to be free,
Tis a gift to come round where we ought to be;
And when we find ourselves in a place just right
It will be in the valley of love and delight.

Chorus:

**When true simplicity is gained, to bow and to bend we won't be ashamed
To turn, turn will be our delight till by turning, turning we come round right.**

Tis a gift to be gentle, tis a gift to be fair,
Tis a gift to wake and breathe the morning air,
And every day to walk in the way that we choose,
Tis a gift that we pray that we ne'er come to lose.

When true simplicity is gained...

Tis a gift to be loving, tis the best gift of all,
Like a quiet rain it blesses where it falls.
And when we have the gift we will truly believe
Tis much better to give than it is to receive.

Peace

Peace I ask of thee oh River, Peace Peace, Peace.

When I learn to live serenely, cares will cease.

From the hills I gather courage,

Visions of the days to be.

Strength to lead and faith to follow.

All are given unto me.

Peace I ask of thee oh river, Peace, Peace, Peace.

(A capella)

C **G**
Dillan Bay, laddie-ay.
C **F**
Dillan Bay, laddie-o
C **G** **C**
All the boats are gone.

Boats are gone, laddie-o
Boats are gone, laddie-ay.
Boats are gone, laddie-o
With their topsails high.

Topsails high, laddie-o
Topsails high, laddie-ay
Topsails high, laddie-o
When the wind's away.

Wind's away, laddie-o
Wind's away, laddie-ay
Wind's away, laddie-o
Down on Dillan Bay.

Dillan Bay, laddie-o
Dillan Bay, laddie-ay.
Dillan Bay, laddie-o
All the boats are gone.

Dillan Bay

(Gordon Bok)

C **F**
Dillan Bay, laddie-o

Isle Au Haut Lullabye

(Gordon Bok)

D **G**
If I could give you three things,
A **D**
I would give you these:
G
Song and laughter and a wooden home
A **D**
In the shining seas.

Chorus:

D **G**
When you see old Isle au Haut
A **D**
Rising in the dawn,
G
You will play in yellow fields
A **D**
In the morning sun.

Sleep where the wind is warm
And the moon is high.
Give sadness to the stars,
Sorrow to the sea.

When you see old Isle au Haut...

Do you hear what the sails are saying
In the wind's dark song?
Give sadness to the wind,
Blown alee and gone.

When you see old Isle au Haut...

If I could give you three things,
I would give you these:
Song and laughter and a wooden home
In the shining seas.

Kumbaya, my Lord, Kumbaya.
D **G** **A**
Kumbaya, my Lord, Kumbaya.
D **G** **D** 12
Kumbaya, my Lord, Kumbaya.
G **D** **A** **D**
Oh, Lord, Kumbaya.

Someone's singing, my Lord, Kumbaya...

Someone's laughing...

Someone's crying...

Campfire's burning...

Daylight's fading...

Come by here...

Do be wa do be...

Loo loo loo loo loo...

Kumbaya

D **G** **D**

Sand Dollar

(Tom Wilson)

13

Am Walking on the beach one day, oh oh oh oh **Dm** **Am**

Spied along a little quay, oh oh oh oh **Dm** **E**

Chorus:

Dm **Am** **E** **Am**

Sand Dollar, Sand Dollar, What shall I buy?

Dm **Am** **E** **Am**

Sand Dollar, Sand Dollar, What shall I buy?

Buy a red and golden crab, oh oh oh oh.
Careful lest that it should grab...

Sand Dollar...

Buy a red and squiggly eel...
Black as night and cold as steel...

Sand Dollar...

Buy a great enormous whale...
Hoist a flag and take a sail...

Sand Dollar...

Buy the great enormous sun...
Light the night when day is done...

Sand Dollar...

To fancy it up a bit an Am/C bass can be added between the Am and Dm in the verses.

I Knew This Place

(David Mallett)

14

D I knew this place, I knew it well, every sound and every smell **G** **D**
G **D** **G** **A**
And every time I walked I fell for the first few years or so.
D **G** **D**
There across the grassy yard, I a young one running hard
G **D** **G** **A** **D**
Brown and bruised and battle scarred and lost in sweet illusion.

And from my window I can see the fingers of an ancient tree
Reaching out it calls to me to climb its sirley branches.
But all my climbing days are gone and these tired legs I'm standing on
Would scarcely dare to leave the spot upon which I am standing.

Chorus:

A **G** **D**
And I remember every word of every voice I ever heard,
G **D** **G** **A**
Every frog and every bird, yes this is where it starts.
D **G** **D**
My brother's laugh, the sighing wind, this is where my life begins.
G **D** **G** **A** **D**
This is where I learned to use my hands and hear my heart.

This house is old, it carries on like verses to an oldtime song
Always changed but never gone, this house can stand the seasons.
Our lives pass on from door to door, dust across the wooden floor
Like feather rain and thunder roar we need not know the reason.

And all these thoughts come back to me like ships across a friendly sea,
Like breezes blowing endlessly, like rivers running free.
The day is done. The lights are low, the wheels of life are turning slow.
And as these visions turn and go, I lay me down to sleep.

Repeat first verse

And I remember every word...

The Haying Song

(David Mallett)

C **G** **C**
 When the raspberries burst from the woodvine
F **C** **G**
 And the summer lies close to the ground
C **G** **Am**
 And the porch is the fit place for young ones to sleep
F **C** **G**
 And the brook in the hollow dies down.

Then with straw hats and wagons horses
 Like Young Tim and Tired Old Dan
 We head to the field to the creak of the wheel
 With a pitchfork that blisters your hand

Chorus:

F **G** **C**
 And ya' have to make hay when the sun shines
F **G** **C**
 That's what all of the hill people say
F **G** **C** **Am**
 Just keep your load wide and keep an eye on the sky
F **C** **G** **C**
 And make sure it's dry when you put it away.

I remember the chaff on the back of my neck
 The cool at the edge of the trees.
 Ya' rest for a time, you talk about the weather
 You drink from the spring and get mud on your knees

But it's back to the wagon, it's back to the mow
 Six loads in and eight more to go.
 And there's biscuits and beans at the late summer meal
 And there's nothing like beans when you're workin' you know.

And ya' have to make hay when the sun shines...

'Tis the season of clover and kildeer.
 'Tis the time when the earth does her best.
 It's when all men are strong and the work days are long
 And ya' know when to rise and ya' know when to rest.

And in the cool of the evening I'd perch on the load
 And let the wagon wind blow through my hair.
 And count of the stars and talk to the moon
 and sing to myself in the sweet summer air,
 Hang on at the corners and duck from the branches
 And sing to myself in the sweet summer air.

And ya' have to make hay when the sun shines...

A Place In The Choir

(Bill Staines)

16

Chorus:

G
All God's critters got a place in the choir,
D **G**
Some sing low, some sing higher,
C **G**
Some sing out loud on the telephone wire,
D **G**
And some just clap their hands, or paws, or anything they got now.

G
Listen to the bass it's the one on the bottom
D **G**
Where the bullfrog croaks and the hippopotamus
C **G**
Moans and groans with a big to-do
D **G**
And the old cow just goes "moo"

The dogs and the cats they take up the middle
While the honeybee hums and the cricket fiddles,
The donkey brays and the pony neighs
And the old coyote howls.

All God's critters...

Listen to the top where the little birds sing
On the melodies with the high notes ringing,
The hoot owl hollers over everything
And the jaybird disagrees.

Singin' in the nighttime, singing in the day,
The little duck quacks then he's on his way.
The 'possum ain't got much to say
And the porcupine talks to himself.

All God's critters...

It's a simple song of living sung everywhere
By the ox and the fox and the grizzly bear,
The grumpy alligator and the hawk above,
The sly raccoon and the turtle dove.

All God's critters...

Roseville Fair

17

(Bill Staines)

C
Oh the night was clear and the stars were shining
F G
And the moon came up so quiet in the sky.
F C
And the people gathered 'round and the band was a-tuning
F G
I can hear them now, playing "Coming Thru the Rye"

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 simple smile, you became my world.

Chorus:

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

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

And we danced all night...

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

And we danced all night...

My Land Is A Good Land

(Eric Anderson)

18

F G C Am
My land is a good land,
F G C Am
The grass is made of rainbow blades.
F G C Am
Its field and its rivers are blessed by God
F G C Am F G C
It's a good land, so they say..... It's a good land, so they say.

My land is a rich land,
Its hills and valleys are bound
Its highways go off to many good places
Where so many good people are found (2X)

My land is a sweet land,
It;s a sweet land so I've heard.
Its song is made of many folks' hands
And the throat of a hummingbird (2X)

My land is a free land,
It's a free land so I'm told.
Freedom is a thing that money can't buy
If it's worth even more than gold (2X)

My land is a homeland,
My homeland is so strong and true
It starts where the sun is growing each morn
And ends where the skies are blue (2X)

Peace Like A River

G C G
I've got peace like a river, peace like a river,
D
I've got peace like a river in my soul.
G (G7) C G
I've got peace like a river, peace like a river,
D G
I've got peace like a river in my soul.

I've got love like the sunshine...
Strength like a mountain...
Joy like a fountain...
Pain like an arrow...
Tears like the raindrops...
Smell of Limberger...

Rollin' Home

19

G Call all hands to man the capstan, see the cable it runs clear. **C**
D Heave away and with a will boys; for New England shores we'll steer. **G**

Chorus:

G
Rollin' home, rollin' home, **C**
Rollin' home across the sea.
D **G**
Rolling home to old New England,
D **G**
Rolling home dear land to thee.

Fare thee well ye Spanish maidens, It is time to say adieu.
Happy times we've spent together, happy times we've spent with you.

Rollin' home...

Around Cape Horn one frosty morning, and our sails were full of snow
Clear your sheets and sway your halyard, Swing her out and let her go.

Rollin' home...

And the girls of South Australia we will bid you a fond farewell
We will press you on our bosom and our fondest vows renew.

Rollin' home...

Up aloft amid the rigging blows a wild and raging gale
Like a monsoon in the springtime filling out each well known sail.

Rollin' home...

And the waves we leave behind us seem to murmur as they roll
"There's a hearty welcome waiting in the land to which you go."

Rollin' home...

Twice five thousand miles behind us, twice five thousand miles before
Ocean lifts her winds to bring us to that well remembered shore.

Rollin' home...

Jubilee

(Bill Staines)

20

Chorus:

C G C
Jubilee, wasn't it a Jubilee?
Am G
Jubilee, wasn't it a Jubilee?
Am F C Am
They were singing out together, they were shouting revelries,
C G C
Jubilee, Lord, wasn't it a Jubilee?

They were dancing by the river,
They were dancing by the sea,
They were bouncing all the babies
Up and down upon their knees.
They were laughing out happy,
They were crying out free,
Jubilee, Lord, wasn't it a Jubilee?

They were banging on the banjos,
They were picking on guitars.
They were blowing out the bass notes
On the crockery jars.
They were sliding on the washboards
Banging spoons upon their knees
Jubilee, Lord, wasn't it a Jubilee?

They were coming from the valleys
They were coming from the towns.
Well, they came to see the paddlewheel,
And the showboat clowns.
They were coming from the farmlands
They were coming from the seas
Jubilee, Lord, wasn't it a Jubilee?

Now isn't it a picture
All these times gone by.
Well, he used to tell me stories
With a twinkle in his eye.
And I wished I could have been there
As I sat upon his knee
Jubilee, grandad, I'll bet it was a Jubilee!

Jubilee...

Robin

21

Chorus:

F C G
No more, Robin no more
C F G C
Your outlaw days are over
C F G
Rise up from your bed of straw
C F G
And see if you can't bend your bow one last time.
G C
You're sick with your wounds and you think you don't care
Am F G
But you know it will weigh on your mind.
C G C C
And wherever your arrow falls to the ground
G C F C
We'll lay lonesome Robin down one last time.

No more...

Funny how hot is the sun
Now that you can't run away to the shade
And you can't help thinking of the deer you have run
And all the games that you have played
And wondering what Marion's found to do
That's better than coming to see you one last time.

No more...

When you were a little boy
You used to go to bed early while the sun still shone
Twas just like sleep was the end of the world
And tomorrow would never come.
Now lonesome Robin, won't you just close your eyes
And pretend that the sun will still rise one last time.

No more...

Now time has took your time away
Time and contraptions have whittled you down
And all the times that you ever have had
Have took to their heels and gone
Hold on to whatever is closest to you
That's all lonesome Robin can do one last time.

No more... (twice)

Isle Au Haut Lullabye

(Gordon Bok)

22

D **G**
If I could give you three things,
A **D**
I would give you these:
G
Song and laughter and a wooden home
A **D**
In the shining seas.

Chorus:

D **G**
When you see old Isle au Haut
A **D**
Rising in the dawn,
G
You will play in yellow fields
A **D**
In the morning sun.

Sleep where the wind is warm
And the moon is high.
Give sadness to the stars,
Sorrow to the sea.

When you see old Isle au Haut...

Do you hear what the sails are saying
In the wind's dark song?
Give sadness to the wind,
Blown alee and gone.

When you see old Isle au Haut...

If I could give you three things,
I would give you these:
Song and laughter and a wooden home
In the shining seas.

How Can I Keep From Singing

(Gordon Bok)

23

My live goes on in endless song
Above earth's lamentations.
I hear the real though far off hymn
That hails the new creation.

**Above the tumult and the strife
I hear the music ringing.
It sounds an echo in my soul.
How can I keep from singing?**

What though the tempest loudly roars,
I hear the truth it liveth.
What though the darkness round me close,
Songs in the night it giveth.

**No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that rock I'm clinging.
Since love is lord of heaven and earth
How can I keep from singing?**

When tyrants tremble sick with fear
And hear their death knell ringing.
When friends rejoice from far and near
How can I keep from singing?

**In prison cell and dungeon vile
Our thoughts to them are winging.
When friends by shame are undefiled,
How can I keep from singing?**

(Generally sung *a capella*)

Hills Of Isle Au Haut

(Gordon Bok)

24

G **C**
Away and to the westward is a place a man should go,
G **C**
Where the fishing is always easy; they've got no ice and snow.

Chorus:

F **C**
But I'll haul down the sail
F **C**
Where the bays come together,
F **C**
Bide away the days
F **C**
On the hills of Isle au Haut.

Now the Plymouth girls are fine, they put their hearts in your hand;
And the Plymouth boys are able, first-class sailors every man.

But I'll haul down the sail...

Now the trouble with old Martir, you don't try her in a trawler,
For those Bay of Biscay swells they roll your head from off your shoulder.

But I'll haul down the sail...

Now the winters drive you crazy and the fishing's hard and slow;
You're a damn fool if you stay, but there's no better place to go.

But I'll haul down the sail...

The girls of Cascais, they are strong across the shoulder;
They don't give a man advice, they don't want to cook his supper.

But I'll haul down the sail...

(Repeat first verse)

But I'll haul down the sail...

Murphy's Song

(Chewonki Original)

25

C
It is a very long way
G **C**
From Telos Creek to Baxter Peak

But if you're singing Murphy's Song
G **C**
It doesn't seem so very long.

Chorus

C **F** **C**
As you go walking, lend a helping hand
G **G**
One to every person in the land.

Well it was years and years ago
Long before you'd ever know.
That Mr. Murphy left his home
And around Katahdin went to roam.

As you go walking...

In riding on Great Northern's road
He lost his knapsack from off his load.
And his tent fell off Ripogenus Dam
But he made do, yes he made do.

As you go walking...

When Murphy got up in the spruce
He found a moose, out on the loose.
The moose said "Murphy my good man,
I have need of you pemmican."

As you go walking...

He went on up to Howe Brook pool
To get a drink of something cool.
There was a maiden bathing there
But he made do, yes he made do.

As you go walking...

When Murphy got up to the top
To his dismay he couldn't stop.
His clothes he'd given to a bear
A very old bear, in need of hair.

As you go walking...

(Repeat first verse)

As you go walking...

Rosin the Beau

26

C F C F
I've travelled the wide world all over, and now to another I'll go.
C F C G C
I know good quarters are waiting to welcome old Rosin the Beau.

Chorus:

C F C F
To welcome old Rosin the Beau, to welcome old Rosin the Beau,
C F C G C
I know good quarters are waiting, to welcome old Rosin the Beau.

And when I am dead in me coffin a voice you will hear from below
Sayin' send down a hogshead of whiskey to the memory of Rosin the Beau.

To the memory of...

And when I'm laid our I reckon my friends will be anxious I know
Just to open the lid of me coffin to look at old Rosin the Beau.

To look at...

Then get ye a dozen stout fellows and line them all up in a row
And give them all half gallon bottles to drink with old Rosin the Beau.

To drink with...

Now take these same stout fellows and let them all staggering go
Dig a great hole in the meadow and in it put Rosin the Beau.

In it put...

Then get you a couple of bottles, put one at me head and me toe
And with a diamond ring scratch upon them the name of Old Rosin the Beau.

The name of...

I hear that tyrant approaching, that cruel and remorseless old foe.
But I lift up me glass in his honor, take a drink with old Rosin the Beau.

Take a drink with...

But there is one small conciliation that's from this cruel world I do go.
But I know that the next generation will resemble old Rosin the Beau.

Resemble...

Martin

(Traditional)

27

Martin said to his man, "Fie man fie."
Martin said to his man "Who's the fool now?"
Oh, Martin said to his man "Fill another cup in either hand!"
Thou art well drunken man, who's the fool now?

I saw a flea heave a tree, fie man fie
I saw a flea heave a tree, who's the fool now?
I saw a flea heave a tree twenty miles out to sea.
Thou art well drunken man, who's the fool now?

I saw a mouse chase the cat...
Saw the cheese eat the rat.

I saw the hare chase the hound...
Twenty feet above the ground.

I saw the cat chase the dog...
Saw the goose ring the hog.

I saw the man in the moon...
Supping with a silver spoon.

I saw a maid milk the bull...
Every stroke a bucket full.

Martin said...

(Again, this one is usually done *a capella*)

Waltzing With Bears

28

(Dr. Seuss)

G **C** **G**
I went to his room in the middle of the night.

D **G**
I crept to his side and I turned on the light.

And to my surprise he was nowhere in sight,

C **G** **D** **D**
'Cause my Uncle Walter goes waltzing at night.

Chorus:

G **C** **C**
He goes wa-wa, wa-wa-wa, wa-waltzing with bears.

D **G**
Raggy bears, baggy bears, shaggy bears too.

There's nothing on earth Uncle Walter won't do

C **G** **C** **G**
So he can go waltzing, wa-wa-wa waltzing

C **G** **D** **G**
Wa-wa-wa waltzing go waltzing with bears.

We bought Uncle Walter a new coat to wear
But when he came home it was covered with hairs.
And lately I've noticed several new tears.
I'm sure Uncle Walter's been waltzing with bears.

He goes wa-wa...

We told Uncle Walter that he should be good
And do all the things we said that he should.
But I know he would rather be off in the woods.
I'm afraid we'll lose Uncle Walter for good.

He goes wa-wa...

We begged and we pleaded, oh please won't you stay
And managed to keep him home for a day.
But the bears all barged in and they took him away.
Now he's dancing with pandas, he won't understand us,
And the bears all demand at least one dance a day.

He goes wa-wa...

Fashioned In The Clay

29

(Elmer Beal)

C **G** **F** **C**
When it seems like everyone is worried for themselves
F **C** **G**
Making plans for fallout shelters, stocking up the shelves
C **G** **F** **G**
Living in the fast lane, staying high at night
F **C** **G** **C**
Thinking that by accident we will blow out all the lights.

Look now at the potter whose wheel is spinning 'round
Shaping with her hands the past and future from the ground
Cups that will be filled and drunk so warm in wintertime
Plates and bowls for dinners served by candlelight with wine

Chorus:

C **G**
She believes, she believes (later verses - he, they, we)
F **G**
By her work it's so easy to see
F **C** **Am**
That the future is more than the following day
C **G** **C**
It's fashioned securely in the clay.

Now come see the farmer working in the fields
Hoping for the sun and rain to guarantee his yields
Like a seed the wind has blow to unfamiliar ground
He waits to see what fate will bring as each year rolls around.

He believes...

Elsewhere there are lovers in a warm embrace
Happy with their plans to carry on the human race
Now their baby cries and wonders if it's all alone
Softly voices reassure there'll always be a home.

They believe...

So if you have been worried that tomorrow wouldn't come
Look to see the ones whose lives are following the sun
And the hope that springs so clearly from the work they do
Will spread a little farther when it's found a place in you.

We believe...

I Want A Hug

(Fred Small)

30

D
Dan Murrow is a mighty friendly man
G **D**
He's big and round like a bear.

He hugs his friends and his friends hug him anytime, anywhere. **A**
G **A**
His patients would come for therapy
D
To drive their blues away

And sooner or later they'd feel a lot better **G**
A **D**
'Cause this is what he'd say:

Chorus:

D
I want a hug when we say hello
G
I want a hug when it's time to go
A
I want a hug, 'cause I want you to know
G **D**
I'm awfully fond of you.

I want a hug, what a wonderful feeling
G
I want a hug, to feel you squeezing
A **G** **D**
I want a hug, it certainly feels like the natural thing to do.

But when the head of the hospital heard all about it
He got all annoyed
'Cause hugging is sexual sublimation
According to Dr. Freud
You can beat 'em down, you can hide 'em away
You can keep 'em quiet with drugs.
You can strap 'em and zap 'em with electro shock
But you better not give 'em a hug.

I want a hug...

So the boss says "Dan clean out your desk
Your conduct is lax and lewd
Any deviation from the standard medical
Practice can get us sued".
Dan don't feel too bad for himself
He's really kind of proud.
But he's sorry for the people who are locked away
Where hugging ain't allowed.

I want a hug...