



Amazing Grace

●→→↓((↓)) / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ D

Amazing ●Grace how ●sweet the ●sound

That saved a wretch like me

I once was lost but now am found

Was blind but ((now)) I see

●'twas ●Grace that ●taught my heart to fear

And Grace my fears relieved

How precious did that Grace ap-pear

The hour I ((first)) believed

●Through many ●dangers ●toils and snares

We have already come

'twas Grace that brought us safe thus far

And Grace will ((lead)) us home

●When we've been ●there ten ●thousand years

Bright shining as the sun

We've no less days to sing God's praise

Than when we ((first)) be-gun

*((word)) means sing your **black** note unless you are in **orange** team in which case sing the **red** (↓) note (optional)

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Angel Band

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ E

My ●latest ●sun is sinking fast
 My race is ●nearly run
 My strongest trials now are past
 My triumph is begun

O come ●an-gel ●band
 Come and around me st-and
 O bear me away on your ●snow white wings
 To my immortal home
 O bear me away on your snow white wings
 To my immortal home

O ●bear my ●long-ing heart to him
 Who bled and ●died for me
 Whose blood now cleanses from all sin
 And gives me victory

I've ●almost ●gained my heavenly home
 My spirit ●loudly sings
 The Holy one before me comes
 I hear the noise of wings

Auld Lang Syne

●→→↓((↓)) / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ D

Should ●old acquaint●ance be forgot

A-nd never brought ●to mind?

Should old acquaintance be forgot

A-nd auld la-ng syne?

For ●au-ld ●la-ng syne ●my dear

For auld lang syne

We'll take a cup of kindness yet

Fo-r auld la-ng syne

And ●surely you'll ●buy your pint cup

A-nd surely I'll ●buy mine

We'll take a cup of kindness yet

Fo-r auld la-ng syne

We ●two have run ●a-bout the hills

A-nd picked the dai●sies fine

We've wandered ma-ny a weary foot

Si-nce auld la-ng syne

We ●two have padd●led in the stream

Fr-om morning sun ●till down

But seas between us broad have roared

Si-nce auld la-ng syne

And ●there's a hand ●my trusty friend

A-nd give me a hand ●o' thine

We'll take a loving good will draught

Fo-r auld la-ng syne

Banks of the Ohio

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ D

I ●asked ●my love to take a walk
 To take a walk, ●just a little walk
 Down beside where the waters flow
 Down by the banks of the O-hio

And ●on●ly say that you'll be mine
 And in no other's ●arms entwine
 Down beside where the waters flow
 Down by the banks of the O-hio

I ●held ●a knife against her breast
 As close into ●my arms she pressed
 She cried, Oh Willie, don't you murder me
 I'm not prepared for eternity

I ●took ●her by the lily white hand
 And led her down to the ●water's strand
 I picked her up and pitched her in
 And watched her body floating by

I ●wan●dered home 'twixt twelve and one
 I cried "My God ●what have I done?
 I've killed the only woman I loved
 Because she would not be my bride."

A Blacksmith Courted Me

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((↑)) Bb

Oh a ●black●smith courted me, nine ●months and better
 He ((fairly)) won my heart, wrote me a letter
 With his ((hammer)) in his hand he looked so clever
 And if ((I were)) with my love I'd live for-e-ver

O-h ●where has my love gone with his ●cheeks like roses?
 He's ((gone ac))ross the fields, gathering primroses
 I'm a((fraid the)) scorching sun might shine and burn his beauty
 And if ((I were)) with my love I'd do my duty

Stra-nge ●news has come to town, strange ●news is carried
 Strange ((news flies)) up and down that my love is married
 Oh I ((wish them)) both much joy though they don't hear me
 And if ((I were)) with my love I'd do my duty

Oh what ●did you promise me when you ●lay beside me?
 You ((said you'd)) marry me and not deny me
 If I ((said I'd)) marry you it was only for to try you
 So ((bring your)) witness love and I'll not deny you

O-h ●witness have I none save ●God Almighty
 And may ((He re))ward you well for the slighting of me
 Her ((lips grew)) pale and wan, it made her
 poor heart tremble
 For to ((think she'd)) loved but one and he'd
 proved deceitful

*((word)) means sing your **black** note unless you are in **purple** team in which case sing your **blue** (↑) note (optional)

Bold Riley

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ Bb

Oh the ●rain ●it rains all day ●lo--ng
 Bold Riley-0, Bold Ri-ley
 And the northern wind, it blows so str-ong
 Bold Riley-0 has gone away

●Goodbye my ●sweetheart, goodbye my dear-0
 Bold Riley-0, ●Bold Ri-ley
 Goodbye my darlin', goodbye my dear-0
 Bold Riley-0 has gone away

The ●anchor's ●weighed and the rags we've all ●se-t
 Bold Riley-0, Bold Ri-ley
 Them Liverpool judies we'll never forge-t
 Bold Riley-0 has gone away

Well ●come ●on Mary, don't look ●gl-um
 Bold Riley-0, Bold Ri-ley
 Come White-stocking Day you'll be drinking ru-m
 Bold Riley-0 has gone away

We're ●outward ●bound for the Bengal ●Ba-y
 Bold Riley-0, Bold Ri-ley
 Get bending me lads, it's a hell-of-a-wa-y
 Bold Riley-0 has gone away

Country Life

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ A

●I like to rise ●when the sun she ●rises
 Early in the morning
 And I like to hear them small birds singing
 Merrily upon their laylum
 And hurrah for the life of a country boy
 And to ramble in the new mown hay

In ●spring we sow, ●at the harvest ●mow
 And that is how the seasons round they go
 Oh but of all the times if choose I may
 'Twould be rambling in the new mown hay

In ●winter when ●the sky is ●grey
 We hedge and we ditch our lives a-way
 But in the summer when the sun shines gay
 We go rambling in the new mown hay

Danny Boy

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ c

Oh ●Dan-ny ●boy

The pipes, the ●pipes are ca-ll-ing

From glen to glen and down the mountain side

The summer's gone and all the roses fa-lling

It's you, it's you must go and I must bide

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow

Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow

It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow

Oh Dan-ny boy, O Danny boy I love you so

But ●when you ●come

And all the ●flowers are dy-i-ng

If I am dead, as dead I well may be

You'll come and find the place where I am l-y-ing

And kneel and say an av-e there for me

And I shall hear though soft you tread a-bove me

And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be

For you will bend and tell me that you love me

And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me

Down By the Salley Gardens

•→→↓ / •→↑↓ / •→↑→((↑)) Bb

Do-wn •by th-e Sa-ll•ey gardens
 My love and I did •meet
 Sh-e passed th-e Sa-ll-ey gardens
 With little snow-white feet
 She ((bid)) me take love easy
 As the leaves grow o-n the tree
 Bu-t I being you-ng and foolish
 With her would not agree

•In a •fi-e-ld b-y •the river
 My love and I did stand
 An-d on m-y le-aning shoulder
 She laid her snow-white hand
 She ((bid)) me take life easy
 As the grass grows o-n the weirs
 Bu-t I w-as you-ng and foolish
 And now am full of tears

*((word)) means sing your **black** note unless you are in **purple** team in which case sing your **blue** (↑) note (optional)

Down In The River To Pray

•→→↓ / •→↑↓ / •→↑→((→)) Eb

•As I went •down in the river ((to)) pray
 Studying about that •good old way
 And who shall wear the starry crown
 Good Lord show me the way

O sisters •let's •go down
 ((Let's go down come on)) do-wn
 O sisters let's go down
 Down in the river to pray

O brothers, •let's •go down
 ((Let's go down come on)) do-wn
 Come on brothers, let's go down
 Down in the river to pray

O fathers •let's •go down
 ((Let's go down come on)) do-wn
 O fathers, let's go down
 Down in the river to pray

O mothers •let's •go down
 ((Come on down don't you wanna go)) do-wn?
 Come on mothers, let's go down
 Down in the river to pray

O sinners •let's •go down
 ((Let's go down come on)) do-wn
 O sinners, let's go down
 Down in the river to pray (End)

Farmer's Boy

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓((↓)) / ●→↑→ G

The ●sun had set ●behind yon hill
 a-cross yon drea●ry moor
 When weary and lame a poor boy came up to a
 farm((er's)) door
 Can you tell me where e'er there be one
 that will me employ
 To plough and sow to reap and mow
 To be a farmer's bo-o-o-y
 To be a farmer's boy

●My ●father's dead, my mother's left with
 five children large ●and small
 And what is worse for my mother still I'm the
 largest of ((them)) all
 Though little I am, I would labour hard if
 I could find employ
 To plough and sow to reap and mow
 To be a farmer's bo-o-o-y
 To be a farmer's boy

●And ●if you will not me em-employ
 one favour I ●do ask
 Shelter me till the break of day from this cold
 win((ter's)) blast
 At the break of day I'll wend my way el-sewhere to
 seek employ
 To plough and sow to reap and mow
 To be a farmer's bo-o-o-y
 to be a farmer's boy

•The •farmer's wife said try the lad
 let him no longer seek
 Yes father do the daughter cried as the tears rolled
 down ((her)) cheek
 For those who would work 'tis hard to want a-nd
 wander for employ
 Don't let him go but bid him stay
 To be a farmer's bo-o-o-y
 To be a farmer's boy

•The •farmer's boy grew up a man
 and the good old couple died
 Leaving the lad the farm they had and their
 daughter for ((his)) bride
 Now the lad that was, a man now is, often thinks and
 smiles with joy
 And he blesses the day he came that way
 To be a farmer's bo-o-o-y
 to be a farmer's boy

*((word)) means sing your blue note unless you are in green team in
 which case sing your red note (↓) (optional)

Fathom the Bowl

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ A

Come ●all you bold heroes ●lend an ear to ●my song
 I will sing in the praise of good brandy and rum
 If the clear crystal fountains
 O'er England shall ro-oll
 Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fath-om the bowl

●I'll fath●om the ●bowl
 I'll fath-om the bowl
 Bring me the punch ladle
 I'll fath-om the bowl

●From ●France we do get brandy, ●from Jamaica comes rum
 Sweet oranges and lemons from Portugal come
 But stout and strong ci-der are England's control
 Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fath-om the bowl

●My ●wife she do delight me ●as I sits at my ease
 For she says as she likes and she does as she please
 My wife she is my dar-ling
 She's a wild and free so-ul
 Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fath-om the bowl

●My ●father he do lie in ●th-e depths of the sea
 With no stone at his head but what matter for he?
 If the clear crystal fountains
 O'er England shall ro-oll
 Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fath-om the bowl

Grey Goose and Gander

•→→↓((→)) / •→↑↓((→)) / •→↑→ E

The •grey goose and •gander went over yon ((hill))

The •grey goose went barefoot for fear of being seen

For fear of being seen my boys

By the light of the moon

Rise early tomorrow morning all ((in the)) same tune x2

•The •blacksmith is old but his money is ((right))

And •he sits in the alehouse from morning till night

From morning till night, my boys

By the light of the moon

Rise early tomorrow morning all ((in the)) same tune x2

•The •landlord got drunk and his reckoning for((got))

So •we pulled down his signpost and broke all his pots

We broke all his pots, my boys

By the light of the moon

Rise early tomorrow morning all ((in the)) same tune x2

•The •shepherd is happy abroad on his ((down))

He would •not change his life for a sceptre and crown

A sceptre and crown my boys

By the light of the moon

Rise early tomorrow morning all ((in the)) same tune x2

•The •gentlemen took the ladies their

hounds for to ((view))

The •gentlemen to the ladies said "How do you do?"

Said "How do you do" my boys

By the light of the moon

Rise early tomorrow morning all ((in the)) same tune x2

*((word)) means sing your blue note unless you are in green team in which case sing your black note (→) (optional)

**((word)) means sing your red note unless you are in orange team in which case sing your black note (→). Does not apply to bass (optional)

Hanging on the Old Barbed Wire

•→→↓ / •→↑↓ / •→↑→((→)) D

If you •want to see the •general I ((know)) where he is
I know where he is, I ((know)) where he is

•If you want to see the general, I ((know)) where he is
He's pinning another medal on his chest

•I saw him, I saw •him

[•Pinning another medal on his chest I saw him
Pinning another medal on his chest]

•If you •want to see the •Colonel I ((know)) where he is
I know where he is, I ((know)) where he is

If you want to see the Colonel, I ((know)) where he is
He's sitting in comfort stuffing his bloody face

•If you •want to see the •Sergeant I ((know)) where he is
I know where he is, I ((know)) where he is

If you want to see the Sergeant, I ((know)) where he is
He's drinking all the company's rum

•If you •want to see the •Corporal I ((know)) where he is
I know where he is, I ((know)) where he is

If you want to see the Corporal, I ((know)) where he is
He's drunk upon the dug-out floor

•If you •want to see the •Private I ((know)) where he is
I know where he is, I ((know)) where he is

If you want to see the Private, I ((know)) where he is
He's hanging on the old barbed wire

Happy Birthday

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ D

Happy birthday ●to you
 ●Happy birthday to you
 Happy birth●day dear Daisy
 Happy Birthday to you

Hard Times

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ Bb

●Let us ●pause in life's plea●sures
 and count its many tears
 While we all sup sorrow with the poor
 There's a song that will linger for-ev-er in our ear
 Oh hard times come again no more

●'Tis the ●song, the sigh of the wea-ry
 ●Hard times, hard times come again no more
 ●Ma-ny days you have lingered a-round
 my cabin door
 Oh hard times come again no more

●While we ●seek mirth and beau●ty
 and mu-sic bright and gay
 There are frail forms fainting at the door
 Though their voices are silent their
 pleading looks still say
 Oh hard times come again no more

●There's a ●pale drooping mai-●den
 who toils her life a-way
 With a worn heart whose better days are o'er
 Though her voice would be merry she's sigh-ing all the day
 Oh hard times come again no more

Jamaican Farewell

•→→↓ / •→↑↓ / •→↑→ Bb

•Down the way where the nights are •gay
 And the sun shines daily on the •mountain top
 I took a trip on a sailing ship
 And when I reached Jamaica I made a •stop

But I'm •sad to •say I'm on my way I
 Won't be back for many a day
 •My-my-my heart is down
 My head is turning around
 I had to leave a little girl
 In Kingston Town

•Sounds of laughter every•where
 And the dancing girls swing •to and fro
 I must declare that my heart is there
 Though I've been from Maine down to Mex-i-co

•Down at the market you can •hear
 Ladies cry out as on their •heads they bear
 Husky rice and salt fish are nice
 And the rum is fine any time of year

John Barleycorn is a Hero Bold

•→→↓ / •→↑↓ / •→↑→((↑)) A

John •Barleycorn is a hero •bold
 As •an-y in the land
 For ages good his fame has stood
 And shall for ev-er stand
 The ((whole wide world re))spect in him
 No matter friend or foe
 And where they be that makes too free
 He's sure to lay them low

•Hey John Barley•corn
 Ho John Barley•corn
 Old and young thy praise have sung
 John Barleycorn

•To •see him in his pride of growth
 His •robes are rich and green
 His head is speared with prickly beard
 Fit nigh to serve the Queen
 And ((when the reaping)) time comes round
 And John is stricken down
 He yields his blood for England's good
 And Englishmen's re-nown

•Hey John Barley•corn
 Ho John Barley•corn
 Old and young thy praise have sung
 John Barleycorn

•The •Lord in courtly castle
 The •Squire in state-ly hall
 The great of name of birth and fame
 On John for succour call
 He ((bids the troubled)) heart rejoice
 Gives warmth to Nature's cold
 Makes weak men strong and old ones young
 And all men brave and bold

•Hey John Barley•corn
 Ho John Barley•corn
 Old and young thy praise have sung
 John Barleycorn

•Then •shout for great John Barleycorn
 Nor •heed the luscious vine
 I have no mind much charm to find
 In potent draught of wine
 Give ((me my native)) nut-brown ale
 All other drinks I'll scorn
 For English cheer is English beer
 Our own John Barleycorn

•Hey, John Barley•corn
 Ho, John Barley•corn
 Old and young thy praise have sung
 John Barleycorn``

*((word)) means sing your black note unless you are in purple team in
 which case sing your blue (↑) note (optional)

The Larks They Sang Melodious

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((→)) E

It was ●plea●sant and de-light●ful one midsummer's morn
 And the fields and th-e meadows were all ((covered in)) corn
 And the thrushes and songbirds sang ((on)) every gre-en spray
 And the larks they sang melod-ious at the dawning of the day
 And the larks they sang melodious
 And the larks they ((sang)) melo-dious
 And the larks they sang me-lo-dious ((at the)) dawning of the day

●A ●sai●lor and his true ●love were walking one day
 Says the sailor to his true love, I am ((bound far a))way
 I am bound for the East In-dies where ((the)) loud cannons roar
 I am bound to leave you Na-ncy you're the girl that I a-dore
 I am bound to leave you Nancy
 I am bound to ((leave)) you Na-n-cy
 I am bound to leave you Na-n-cy ((you're the)) girl that I a-dore

●Then the ●ring ●from off her fin-●ger she instant-ly drew
 Saying "take this dearest William and my ((heart it goes)) too"
 And as they were em-brac-ing tears from her ey((es)) fell
 Saying, "May I go a-long with you?" Oh no my love, farewell
 Saying May I go a-long with you
 Saying May I ((go)) along with you
 Saying, "May I go a-long with you?" ((Oh)) no, my love, farewell

●Now the ●wind ●is in the rig-ging and the anchor's a-weigh
 And the ship she will be sailing at the ((dawning of the)) day
 And the current is ri-s-ing on a fast flow((ing)) tide
 And if ev-er I re-turN again, I will make you my bride
 And if ever I re-turN again
 And if ever ((I)) return again
 And if ev-er I re-turN again ((I will)) make you my bride

*((word)) means sing your blue note unless you are in purple team in which case sing your black note (→) (optional)

Leave Her Johnny

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ Bb

I-I ●thought I heard th-e old man ●say

Leave her Johnny leave ●her

It's a long hard pull till the next pay day

And it's time for us to leave her

Leave her Johnny ●leave ●her

●Oh oh leave her Johnny leave her

(Repeat last two lines of verse)

●Well the ●captain was bad but the mate was worse

Leave her Johnny leave ●her

He could blow you down with a sigh and a curse

And it's time for us to leave her

●It was ●pump or drown th-e old man said

Leave her Johnny leave ●her

O-r else by Christ we'll all be dead

And it's time for us to leave her

●Now the ●rats are all gone and we the crew

Leave her Johnny leave ●her

Well it's time by Christ that we went too

And it's time for us to leave her

●And I ●thought I heard th-e old man say

Leave her Johnny leave ●her

Ju-st one more pull and then belay

And it's time for us to leave her

The Leaving of Liverpool

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ A

Fa-re●well ●to yo-u m-y own true love

●I am going far a-way

I am bound for Ca-l-i-i-forni-a

But I know that I'll return some day

S-o fare thee ●well my ●own true love

And when ●I return u-ni-ted we will be

It's not the leaving of Liv-er-pool that grieves me

But my darling when I think of thee

●I have ●shipped ●on a Ya-nk-ee-ee sailing ship

Da-vy Crockett is her name

A-nd Burgess i-s th-e Captain of her

And they say she's a float-ing shame

●I have ●shipped ●with Bu-r-ge-ss once be-fore

And I think I know him well

If a man is a sailor he can get a-long

If he's not then he's sure in hell

●Oh the ●sun ●is o-n th-e harbour love

And I wish I could re-main

For I know it will b-e some long long time

B-e-fore I see you a-gain

Linden Lea

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((→)) D

With•in the •wood•lands flowery gladed
 By the ((oak trees' mos))sy moot
 The shining grass blades timber shaded
 ((Now do quiver under))foot
 And birds do whistle overhead
 And water's bubbling in its b-ed
 And there for me the apple tree
 Do lean down ((low in Lin))den Lea

When •leaves that •late•ly were a-springing
 Now do ((fade within)) the copse
 And painted birds do hush their singing
 ((Up upon the timber)) tops
 And brown leaved fruit's a-turning red
 In cloudless sunshine o-verhe-ad
 With fruit for me, the apple tree
 Do lean down ((low in Lin))den Lea

Let •other •folk •make mon-ey fas-ter
 In the ((air of dark))-room'd towns
 I do not dread a peev-ish master
 ((Though no man may heed my)) frowns
 And I be free to go abroad
 Or take a-gain my home-ward ro-ad
 To where for me the apple tree
 Do lean down ((low in Lin))den Lea

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Mary Don't You Weep

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ E

If I could I surely would
 Stand on the rock where Moses stood for
 Pharaoh's army got drowned
 O Mary don't you weep

•O Ma-ry don't you weep don't you moan
 O Ma-ry don't you weep don't you moan for
 Pharaoh's army got drowned
 O Mary don't you weep

•Mary wore three links of chain
 And every one was Freedom's name for
 Pharaoh's army got drowned
 O Mary don't you weep

•One of these nights about twelve o'clock
 This old world's going to reel and rock for
 Pharaoh's army got drowned
 O Mary don't you weep

•God gave Noah the rainbow sign
 No more water but fire next time for
 Pharaoh's army got drowned
 O Mary don't you weep

•The Lord told Mo-ses what to do
 To lead those He-brew children through for
 Pharaoh's army got drowned
 O Mary don't you weep

May the Circle Be Unbroken

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((↑)) E

I was ●standing ●at my window
 On a cold and cloudy d-ay
 ●When I saw a hearse come rol((ling
 Oh)) to carry my sweetheart a-way

●May the ●circle ●be unbroken
 By and by Lord, by and b-y
 There's a better home a-wai((ting
 In)) the sky Lord, in the sky

●Oh I ●told the ●undertaker
 Undertaker please drive sl-ow
 'Cause this lady that you're hol((ding
 Oh)) I hate to see her go

●I will ●follow ●close behind her
 Try to hold up and be bra-ve
 But I could not hold my so((rrow
 As)) they laid her in her grave

*((word)) means sing your **black** note unless you are in **purple** team
 in which case sing your **blue** note (↑) (optional)

Midnight Special

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((→)) E

Well you wake up in the morning ●to the ding dong ●ring
 ((ding dong)) ring

Go marching to the ●table, see the same damn thing
 ((same damn)) thing

Knife and fork upon the ta-ble, nothing in my pan
 ((in my pan))

Say anything about it you're in trouble with the man
 with the man

●Let the Midnight special

●Shine its light on ●me

Let the midnight special

Shine its ever-loving light on me

Light on me

●Well yonder come Miss Rosy ●how in the world d'you ●know?
 ((did you know))

Well I knowed her by her apron and the dress she wore
 ((dress she wore))

Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand
 ((in her hand))

She's gonna tell the Guv'nor turn a-loose my man
 Loose my man

●Now jumping little Judy ●was a jumping ●Queen

And she's been jumping since she was sixteen

Well she bring me little coffee, she bring me little tea

She bring me damn near everything but the jailhouse key

●If you ever go to Houston ●then you'd better walk ●right

And you'd better not stagger and you'd better not fight

For the Sheriff will arrest you and carry you down

You can bet your bottom dollar you're penitentiary bound

One May Morning Early

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((↑)) D

One ●May morning early ●I chanced for to roam
 And strolled through the field by the side of the grove
 It was there that I heard the harmless birds singing
 And you never heard so sweet
 You never heard so sweet
 You ((never heard)) so sweet as the birds in the spring

●At the ●end of the grove ●I sat myself down
 And the song of the nightingale echoed all around
 Their song was so charming their notes were so clear
 No music, no songster
 No music, no songster
 No ((music)) no songster with them can compare

●All ●you that come here ●the small birds to hear
 I'll have you pay attention so pray all draw near
 And when you're growing old you'll have this to say
 That you never heard so sweet
 You never heard so sweet
 You ((never heard)) so sweet as the birds on the spray

*((word)) means sing your **black** note unless you are in **purple** team in which case sing your **blue** (↑) note (optional)

The Parting Glass

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓((→)) / ●→↑→ D

O-f ●all the mon●ey that e'er I had
 I've ●spent it in good compan-y
 A-nd all the harm th-at e'er I've done
 A-a-las it was to-o none but ((me))
 A-nd all I've done for want of wit
 To memory now I can't recall
 S-o fill to me th-e parting glass
 Go-odnight and joy be-e with you ((all))

●I-f ●I had mo●ney enough to spend
 A-nd leisure time t-o sit a while
 Th-ere is a young ma-id in this town
 Th-at surely has m-y heart be-((guiled))
 H-er rosy cheeks and ruby lips
 I own she has my heart in thrall
 S-o fill to me th-e parting glass
 Go-odnight and joy be-e with you ((all))

●O-f ●all the com●ades that e'er I had
 They are sorry for m-y going away
 A-nd all the sweethearts that e'er I had
 They would wish me one mo-re day to ((stay))
 B-ut since it falls unto my lot
 That I should rise and you should not
 I-'ll gently rise and I'll softly call
 Go-odnight and joy be-e with you ((all))

*((word)) means sing your blue note unless you are in green team in which case sing the black note (→) (optional)

Rose of Allendale

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ F

Th-e ●morn was fa-ir the ●sky was ●clear
 No breath came ov-er the sea
 Wh-en Mary le-ft her highland cot
 And wa-ndered fo-rth with me
 Though flowers decked the mountain side
 And fragrance fill-ed the vale
 B-y far the swe-ee-test flower there
 Was the Ro-se of A-l-lendale

●Sweet Rose ●of All●enda-le
 Sweet Rose of Allenda-le
 B-y far the swe-ee-test flower there
 Was the Ro-se of A-l-lendale

Wh-ere ●e'er I wa-ndered ●east or ●west
 Though fate beg-an to lower
 A-a solace sti-ll was she to me
 In sorrow's lo-ne-ly hour
 When tempests lashed my lonely barque
 And rent the quivering sail
 One maiden fo-rm withstood the storm
 'twas the Ro-se of A-l-lendale

And ●when my fe-e-vered ●lips were ●parched
 On Africa's bu-r-ning sands
 Sh-e whispered ho-pes of happiness
 And tales of fo-r-r-eign lands
 My life had been a wilderness
 Unblessed by fo-r-tune's gale
 Ha-d fate not li-nked my lot to hers
 The Rose of A-l-lendale

The Seeds of Love

•→→↓ / •→↑↓((→)) / •→↑→((↑)) F

Oh I sowed th-e •seeds of love
 •For •to blossom all in the spring
 I sowed them all on o-ne ((May mor))((ning))
 ((While the)) small bi-rds they did si-i-i-ng
 While the small bi-rds they did sing

•Oh I ((lo-ck-éd)) my •garden ((gay))
 And •I choose for to keep the key
 Until some you-ng man came a
 ((courting)) ((me))
 ((And he)) stole m-y heart aw-a-a-y
 And he stole m-y heart a-way

•Oh the ((ga-rdener)) was •standing ((by))
 And •I asked him to choose for me
 He chose me the violet the
 ((lily and the)) ((pink))
 ((All those)) flowers I refused all thr-e-e-ee
 Those flowers I refu-sed all three

•Oh the ((vi-olet)) I •did not ((like))
 Because it •would fade too soon
 The lily and the pink I did
 ((really over)) ((think))
 ((And I)) vowed I would stay till Ju-u-u-ne
 And I vowed I would stay till June

•For in ((June there grows)) a •red rose ((bud))
 And that is •the flower for me
 I off times had plucked th-at
 ((red rose)) ((bud))
 ((Till I)) gained th-e wil-low tr-ee-ee-ee
 Till I gained th-e willow tree

•Oh the ((willow tr))-ee •it will ((twist))
 And the willow tr-ee it will twine
 And so will •that false and
 de((luded young)) ((man))
 ((Who)) once stole this heart of mi-i-i-ne
 Who once stole this heart of mine

*((word)) means sing your **black** note unless you are in purple team
 in which case sing your **blue** note (↑) (optional)

((word)) means sing your **red note unless you are in green team in
 which case sing your **black** note (→) (optional)

Shallow Brown

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((→)) E

Well **it's** ●goodbye **Juliana**
Shallow oh **Sha**●llow **Brown**
And it's farewell **Juli-a**●na
 ((Shallow)) oh ((Shallow Brown))

●I **am** ●bound **for** to **leave you**
Shallow oh **Shallow** **Brown**
I am bound **for** to **leave** ●you
 ((Shallow)) oh ((Shallow)) **Brown**

●And **it's** ●get my **things** in **order**
Shallow oh **Shallow** **Brown**
For the packet **rides** to-mor-●row
 ((Shallow)) oh ((Shallow)) **Brown**

●And **it's** ●Shallow **in** the **morning**
Shallow oh **Shallow** **Brown**
Ju-st as the **day** is **dawn-**●ing
 ((Shallow)) oh ((Shallow)) **Brown**

Repeat verse 1

*((**word**)) means sing your **blue** note unless you are in **purple** team in which case sing your **black** note (→) (optional)

Silent Night

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ A

Si-i-lent ●night, ●ho-o-ly night

All is calm, ●all is bright

Round yon Virgin, Mo-ther and Child

Holy infant so tender and mild

Sleep in heavenly pea-ce

Sleep in heavenly peace

●Si-i-lent ●night, ho-o-ly night

Shepherds quake ●at the sight

Glories stream from heaven afar

Heavenly hosts sing Al-lelu-ia

Christ the Savior is bo-rn

Christ the Savior is born

●Si-i-lent ●night, ho-o-ly night

Son of God ●love's pure light

Radiant beams from Thy holy face

With dawn of rede-eming grace

Jesus Lord at Thy birth

Jesus Lord at Thy birth

Repeat Verse 1

Sloop John B

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((→)) E

We ●come on the sloop ((John)) B
 My grandfather ((and)) me
 ‘Round Nassau ●town we did roam
 Drinkin’ all ●night, got into a fi-gh-t
 I feel so break up, I want to go home

So ●hoist up the John ((-B)) sails
 See how the main ((sail)) sets
 Send for the Captain ((a))shore and
 ●Let me go home
 Please let me al●one
 I want to go ho-o-ome
 I feel so break up
 I want to go home

The ●first mate he ((got)) drunk
 He broke up the peo((ple’s)) trunk
 Constable had to ●come and take ((him)) a-way
 Sheriff John●stone please let me a-lo-o-own
 I feel so break up, I want to go home

The ●cook he got ((the)) fits
 Ate up all of ((my)) grits
 Then he went and ●ate up all ((of)) my corn
 O let me go ●home, please let me go ho-o-me
 This is the worst trip I’ve ev-er been on

South Australia

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ A

In ●South Austr●alia I was ●born

Heave away, haul away

In South Australia around Cape Horn

We're bound for South Australia

●Haul away you roll●ing kings

Heave away, haul away

Haul away oh hear me sing

We're ●bound for South Australia

●As ●I walked out ●one morning fair

Heave away, haul away

'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair

We're bound for South Australia

●I ●rolled her up, ●I rolled her down

Heave away, haul away

I rolled her round and round the town

We're bound for South Australia

●There ●ain't but one ●thing grieves my mind

Heave away, haul away

To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind

We're bound for South Australia

●Now ●here I am in ●a foreign land

Heave away, haul away

With a bottle of whisky in me hand

We're bound for South Australia

Sweet Chariot

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ D

●Swing ●low, sweet chari-○-ot
 Coming for to carry me home
 Swing low, sweet chario-ot
 Coming for to carry me home

●Well I ●looked ov-er Jordan and
 what did I see-ee?
 Coming for to ●carry me home
 A band of angels coming after m-e
 Coming for to carry me home

●Well if ●you get to heaven be-fore I do-oo
 Coming for to ●carry me home
 Tell all my friends I'm comin' there too-oo
 Coming for to carry me home

●Well if ●I get to heaven be-fore you do-oo
 Coming for to ●carry me home
 I'll cut a hole and I'll pull you throu-gh
 Coming for to carry me home

Sweet Nightingale

● → → ↓ / ● → ↑ ↓ / ● → ↑ → D

My ● sweetheart come a-long
 Don't you ● hear the sweet song
 Of the ● beautiful nightingale flow
 You will hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale
 As she sings in the valley belo-o-o-o-o-o-o-ow
 As she sings in the valley below

Pretty ● Betsy don't fail, I will ● carry your pail
 Straight ● home to your cottage we'll go
 We will hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale
 As she sings in the valley belo-o-o-o-o-o-o-ow
 As she sings in the valley below

Pray ● leave me alone, I have ● hands of my own
 And a ● long with you sir I'll not go
 For to hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale
 As she sings in the valley belo-o-o-o-o-o-o-ow
 As she sings in the valley below

Pray ● sit yourself down with ● me on the ground
 On the ● banks where the primros-es grow
 You will hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale
 As she sings in the valley belo-o-o-o-o-o-o-ow
 As she sings in the valley below

The two ● lovers a-greed to be ● married with speed
 A-nd ● straight to the church they did go
 Now no more she's afraid to go down in the shade
 Or to walk in the valley belo-o-o-o-o-o-o-ow
 Or to walk in the valley below

Take This Hammer

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ D

Take this ●hammer carry it to the Captain

●Take this hammer carry it to the Captain

Take ●this hammer carry it to the Ca-ap-tain

You can tell him that I'm gone Lord

You can tell him I'm go-ne

●If he ●asks you was I running

If he ask you was I running

If ●he ask you was I ru-un-ning

You can tell him I was flying Lord

You can tell him I was flying

●If he ●asks you was I laughin'

If he ask you was I laughin'

If ●he ask you was I la-ugh-in'

You can tell him I was crying Lord

You can tell him I was crying

●I don't ●want no cold ir-on shackles

I don't want no cold ir-on shackles

I ●don't want no cold ir-on sha-ack-les

'cause they hurts my feet Lord

'cause they hurts my fe-et

●I don't ●want no cornbread and mo-lasses

I don't want no cornbread and mo-lasses

I ●don't want no cornbread and mo-las-ses

'cause they hurts my pride Lord

'cause they hurts my pri-de

●Swing this ●hammer it looks like silver

Swing this hammer it looks like silver

Swing ●this hammer it looks like si-il-ver

But it feels like lead Lord it feels like le-ad

Thousands Or More

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((→)) D

The ●time ●passes o-o-ver more cheerful and gay
 Since we've ●learnt a new act to drive sorrows a-way
 Sorro-((ws)) a-((a))way, so-rrows a-way
 Sorro-ow-s a-awa-aa-ay
 Since we've learnt a new act to drive sorrows a-way

Bright ●Phoe●be a-wa-a-akes so high up in the sky
 With her ●red, rosy cheeks and her sparkl-ing eye
 Sparka((-a))li((-ng)) eye, sparkaling eye
 Sparka-ll-i-ng e-e-ye
 With her red, rosy cheeks and her sparkl-ing eye

If you ●ask ●for my cre-e-dit you'll find I have none
 With my ●bottle and friend you will find me at home
 Find me((-e)) a((-at)) home, find me at home
 Find m-e a-t ho-me
 With my bottle and friend you will fi-nd me at home

Al-●though ●I'm not ri-ch and al-though I'm not poor
 I'm as ●happy as those that's got thousands or more
 Thousa-and's o-or more, thousands or more
 Thousa((-ands)) o-((or)) mo-re
 I'm as happy as those that's got thousands or more

*((word)) means sing your blue note unless you are in purple team in which case sing your black note (→) (optional)

Tom Bowling

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((↑)) A

●Here a sheer hulk lies ●poor Tom Bow-l-ing
 The darling of our ((cre))-w
 No more he'll hear the tempest ho-wl-ing
 For death has broached him to
 His form was of the m-anliest beauty
 His ((heart was)) kind and ((so))ft
 Faithful be-low he did his d-u-ty
 But now he's gone a-loft
 But now he's go-ne a-a-loft

●Tom never from his ●word depa-rted
 His virtues were s-o ((ra))re
 His friends were many and true-he-arted
 His Poll was kind and fair
 Ah then he'd sing so bli-the a-nd j-ol-ly
 A-((many's the)) time and ((of))-ft
 But mirth has changed to melancho-ly
 Now Tom has gone a-loft
 Now Tom has go-ne a-a-loft

●Yet shall poor Tom find ●pleasant we-a-ther
 When he who all com((man))ds
 Shall give to call life's crew toge-ether
 The word to pipe all hands
 Thus Death, who kings and ta-rs di-i-sp-a-tches
 In ((vain Tom's)) life has ((doff))ed
 For though his body's under ha-tches
 His soul is gone a-loft
 His soul is go-ne a-a-loft

*((word)) means sing your **black** note unless you are in **purple** team in which case sing your **blue** (↑) note (optional)

Two Brethren

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ E

Come ●all jolly ploughmen and help me to sing
 I will sing in the ●praise of ●you all
 If a man he don't labour how can he get bread
 I will sing and make me-er-ry with all

It was ●of two young brethren, two young brethren bold
 It was of two young ●breth●ren bold
 One he was a shepherd and a tender of sheep
 The other a planter of corn

We will ●rile it we will tile it
 Through mud and through clay
 We will plough it up ●deeper ●and low
 Then after comes the seedsman his corn for to sow
 And the harrows to ra-ake it in rows

There is ●April, there is May, there is June and July
 What a pleasure it ●is for to see the ●corn grow
 In August we will reap it, we will cut, sheaf and bind it
 And go down with our scy-thes for to mow

And ●after we've reaped it of every sheaf
 And have gathered of ●e-ver●y ear
 With a drop of good beer, boys
 and our hearts full of cheer
 We will wish them an-o-ther good year

Our ●barns they are full and our fields they are clear
 Good health to our ●master ●and friends
 We will make no more to do
 but we'll plough and we'll sow
 And prepare for the ve-e-ry next year

The Water Is Wide

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((↑)) E

The ●water is ●wide I cannot get o'er
 ●And neither ((have)) I-I wings to fly
 Give me a boat that will car-ry ((two))
 And both shall row my love and I

●Oh ●down in the ●meadows the o-ther day
 A-gatherin((g)) ((flowers)) bo-th fine and gay
 A-gatherin((g)) flowers both red an-d ((blue))
 I lit-tle thought what love can do

●I ●put my ●hand into one soft bush
 Thinking the ((swee-te-st)) flower to find
 I pricked my fin-ger to the ((bone))
 And left the sweetest flower a-lone

●I ●leaned my ●back up a-gainst an oak
 Thinking that ((he)) was a trus-ty tree
 But first he ben-ded and then he ((broke))
 And so did my false love to me

●A ●ship there ●is and she sails the sea
 She's loa-ded ((deep)) a-s deep can be
 But not so deep as the love I'm ((in))
 I know not if I can sink or swim

●Oh ●love is ●handsome and love is fine
 And love's a ((jewel)) whi-le it is new
 But when it's old it soon grows ((cold))
 And fades a-way like morning dew

*((word)) means sing your **black** note unless you are in **purple** team in which case
 sing your **blue** (↑) note (optional)

A Week Before Easter

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓((↓)) / ●→↑→ D

Now a ●week before Easter the morn bright and clear
 Th-e ●sun it shone brightly and ke-en blew the ●air
 I went to the forest to gather ((fine)) flowers
 But the for((est)) would yield me no ro-ses

The ●roses are red the leaves they are green
 Th-e ●bushes and bri-i-ars are fair to be ●seen
 Where the small birds are singing and changing ((their)) notes
 Down a-mong ((the)) wild beasts of the forest

Now the ●first time I saw my love she was dressed all in white
 M-y ●eyes filled with te-a-rs that dazzled my ●sight
 When I thought to myself that I might have been ((that)) man
 But she's left ((me)) and gone with a-nother

Now the ●next time I saw my love she was in the church stand
 With a ●ring on her fi-n-ger white gloves on her ●hands
 So now she's gone from me and showed me ((false)) play
 She's gone ((and)) got tied to some o-ther

The ●men of the forest they all ask of me
 Ho-w ●ma-ny strawber-r-ies grow in the salt ●sea?
 But I'll ask them back with a tear in ((my)) eye
 How ma((ny)) ships sail in the forest?

So ●dig me a grave both long, wide and deep
 A-nd ●strew it all o-o-ver with roses so ●sweet
 That I might lay down there and take a ((long)) sleep
 And that's ((the)) best way to forget her

Westlin Winds

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ E

Now ●west●lin winds and slaughter-ing ●guns
 Bring autumn's pleasant weather
 The moorcock springs o-n whirring wings
 Among the blooming heather
 Now waving grain wild o'er the plain
 Delights the weary farmer
 And the moon shines bright as I rove at night
 To muse upon my charmer

●The ●part●ridge loves the fruitful fells
 The plover loves the mountain
 The woodcock haunts the lonely dells
 The soaring hern the fountain
 Through lofty groves the cushat roves
 The path of man to shun it
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush
 The spreading thorn the linnet

●Thus ●eve●ry kind their pleasure find
 The savage and the tender
 Some social join and leagues combine
 Some solitary wander
 Avaunt! Away! the cruel sway
 Tyrannic man's dominion
 The sportsman's joy, the murdering cry
 The fluttering gory pinion

•But •Pe•ggy dear the evening's clear
Thick flies the skimming swallow
The sky is blue, the fields in view
All fading green to yellow
Come let us stray our gladsome way
And view the charms of nature
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn
And every happy creature

•We'll •gen•tly walk and sweetly talk
Till the silent moon shines clearly
I'll grasp thy waist and fondly pressed
Swear how I love thee dearly
Not vernal showers to budding flowers
Not autumn to the farmer
So dear can be as thou to me
My fair, my lovely charmer

Wild Mountain Thyme

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((↑)) D

Oh the ●Summer-time has ●come
 ●And the trees are sweetly blooming
 And the wild mountain ((thyme))
 Grows a-round the blooming heather

●Will ye ●go lassie go?
 ●And we'll all go to-gether
 To pull wild mountain ((thyme))
 All a-round the blooming heather
 Will ye go lassie go?

●I will ●build my love a bower
 ●By yon clear crystal fountain
 And on it I will ((plant))
 All the flow-ers of the mountain

●And if my ●true love she won't come
 ●I will surely find a-nother
 To pull wild mountain ((thyme))
 All a-round the blooming heather

●I will ●build my love a shelter
 ●On yon high mountain green
 And my love shall be ((fairest))
 That the sum-mer sun has seen

*((word)) means sing your black note unless you are in purple team in which case sing your blue (↑) note (optional)

Amazing Grace • Angel Band
Auld Lang Syne • Banks of the Ohio
A Blacksmith Courted Me • Bold Riley
Country Life • Danny Boy • Down By the Salley
Gardens • Down In The River To Pray
Farmer's Boy • Fathom The Bowl
Grey Goose and Gander • Hanging on the Old Barbed
Wire • Happy Birthday • Hard Times
Jamaican Farewell • John Barleycorn
The Larks They Sang Melodious • Leave Her Johnny
Leaving of Liverpool • Linden Lea
Mary Don't You Weep • May The Circle Be Unbroken
Midnight Special • One May Morning Early
The Parting Glass • Rose of Allendale
The Seeds of Love • Shallow Brown • Silent Night
Sloop John B • South Australia • Sweet Chariot
Sweet Nightingale • Take This Hammer
Thousands or More • Tom Bowling • Two Brethren
The Water is Wide • A Week Before Easter
Westlin Winds • Wild Mountain Thyme