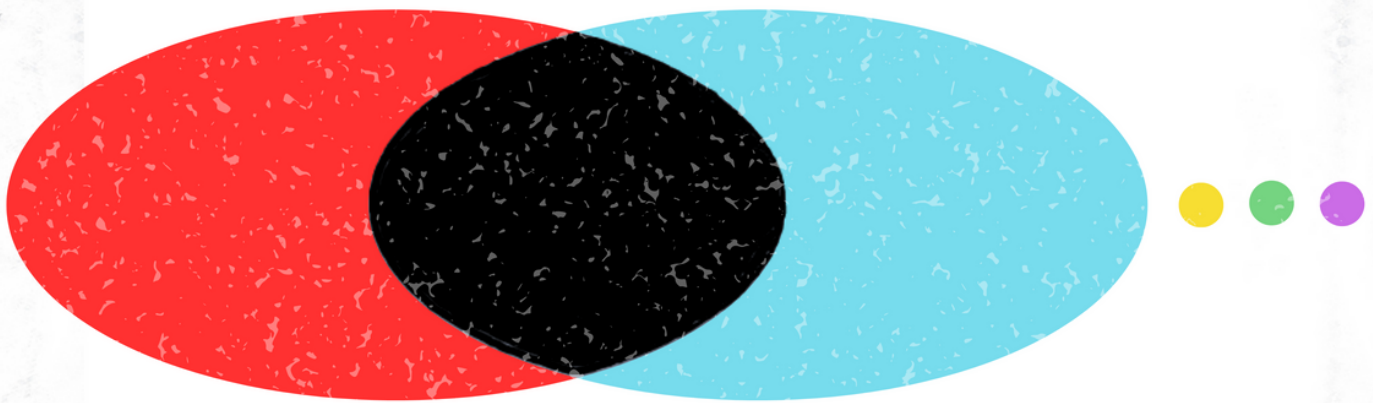


Colourchord



Leader's Score

Amazing Grace

A - ma - zing 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

Angel Band

My la - test sun - is sink - ing
fast, my race is near - ly run. My
strongest tri - als now_ are past, my tri - umph is be - gun.
O come_ an - gel band. Come and a - round me st and O
bear me a - way on your snow white wings to my im - mor - tal home.
O bear me a - way on your cold whitewings to my i - m mor - tal home.

● → → ↓ / ● → ↑ ↓ / ● → ↑ →

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

Should old ac-quain-tance be for-got an-d ne-ver brought to mind? Should
 old ac-quain-tance be for-got an-d auld— la-ng syne. For
 auld— lang— syne my dear, for— auld— lang— syne, we'll
 take a cup of kind-ness yet fo-r auld— la-ng syne.

● → → ↓ /
 ● → ↑ ↓ /
 ● → ↑ →

And ● surely you'll ● buy your pint cup
 A-and 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-and picked the dai-sies fine
 We've wandered ma-ny a weary foot
 Si-nce auld la-ng syne

We ● two have paddled 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-and give me a hand ● o' thine
 We'll take a loving good will draught
 Fo-r auld la-ng syne

Banks of the Ohio

I asked my love to take a walk to take a walk just a lit-tle walk. Down be - side where the wat-ers flow down by the banks of the O - hi - o.

Legend: Yellow dot → Blue arrow down / Green dot → Blue arrow up then down / Purple dot → Blue arrow up then right

And only 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 wandered 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

Oh a black smith cour- ted me, nine months or bet- ter He
 fair- ly won my heart, wrote me a let- ter With his
 ham- mer in his hand he look- ed so cle- ver And if
 I were with my love I'd live for- e- ver

● → ↓ / ● → ↑↓ / ● → ↑ → ((↑))

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

Bold Riley

Oh therain it rains all day long— Bold Ri - ley - o Bold Ri -

5 ley And the noth-ern wind it blows so strong— Bold

9 Ri - ley - O has gone a - way. Good-bye my sweet heart good-bye my

14 dear - o Bold Ri - ley - o Bold Ri - ley, good-bye my dar - lin'

18 good bye my dear - o Bold Ri - ley - o has gone a - way.


● → ↓ / ● → ↑ ↓ / ● → ↑ →

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

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

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

Country Life



I like to rise when the sun she ri-ses, ear-ly in the
mor-ning, and I like to hear them small birds sing-ing
mer-ri-ly u-pon their lay-lum, and hur-rah for the life of a
coun-try boy and to ram-ble in the new mown hay.

● → → ↓ / ● → ↑ ↓ / ● → ↑ →

• 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

Oh Dan-ny boy, the pipes, the pipes are call-ing, from glen to
glen and down the moun-tain side The sum-mer's gone and all the ros-es
fal-ling. It's you, it's you must go and I must bide. But come ye
back when sum-mer's in the mea-dow, or when the
val-ley's hushed and white with snow, It's I'll be here in sun-shine or in
sha-dow, Oh Dan-ny boy, O Dan-ny 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 Sally Gardens

Do-wn by th-e sa-lley gar-dens my love and I did
meet. Sh-e passed th-e Sa-lley gar-dens with
lit-tle snow white feet. She bid me take love ea-sy as the
leaves grow on the tree. Bu-t I be-ing yo-ung and
fool-ish with her would not a-gree.

● → → ↓ / ● → ↑ ↓ / ● → ↑ → ((↑))

• 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

Down In The River To Pray

As I went down in the ri-ver to pray stu-dy-ing a-bout that

good old way and who shall wear the star - ry crown, good

Lord show me the way. O sis-ters let's go down

let's go down come on do - wn O sis - ters

let's go down down in the ri-ver to pray.

● → → ↓ / ● → ↑ ↓ / ● → ↑ → ((→))

O broth[●]ers, ●let's ●go down
 ((Let's go down come on)) do-wn
 Come on broth[●]ers, let's go down
 Down in the river to pray

O fath[●]ers ●let's ●go down
 ((Let's go down come on)) do-wn
 O fath[●]ers, let's go down
 Down in the river to pray

O moth[●]ers ●let's ●go down
 ((Come on down don't you wanna go)) do-wn?
 Come on moth[●]ers, let's go down
 Down in the river to pray

O sinn[●]ers ●let's ●go down
 ((Let's go down come on)) do-wn
 O sinn[●]ers, let's go down
 Down in the river to pray (End)

Farmer's Boy

The sun had set behind yon hill across yon drea-ry
 moor, when wear-ry and lame a poor boy came up to a far-mer's
 door, can you tell me where e're there be one that will me em -
 ploy to plough and sow, to reap and mow, to
 be a far-mer's boy to be a far-mer'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-ploy
 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 lon•ger 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 cou•ple 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

Fathom The Bowl

Come all you bold he-roes lend an ear to my song I will
sing in the praise of good bran - dy and rum. If the
clear cry - stal foun - tains. O'er Eng - land shall ro - oll. Bring
me the punch la - dle I'll fa - thom the bowl. I'll
fa - thom the bowl, I'll fa - thom the bowl, bring
me the punch la - dle I'll fa - thom 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

The grey goose and gander went o - ver yon hill the_

grey goose went bare - foot for fear of be - ing seen. For

fear of be - ing seen my boys, by the light of_ the_ moon. Rise

ear - ly to - mor - row mor - ning all in the same tune, rise

ear - ly to - mor - row mor - ning all in the same tune.

● → → ↓ ((→)) / ● → ↑ ↓ ((→)) / ● → ↑ →

•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

Hanging on the Old Barbed Wire

A D A D A D G/((D^{sus4})) D A D A

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

D G/((D^{sus4})) D A D A D A D A D G/((D^{sus4})) D A D

I know where he is. If you want to see the general I know where he is, he's

G 3 D A D G D

pin-ning a-no-ther me-dal on his chest. I saw him, I saw him,

3 A D A D A

pin-ning a - no - ther me - dal on his chest, I saw him,

D 3 A D A D

pin-ning a - no - ther me - dal on his chest.

● → → ↓ / ● → ↑ ↓ / ● → ↑ → ((→))

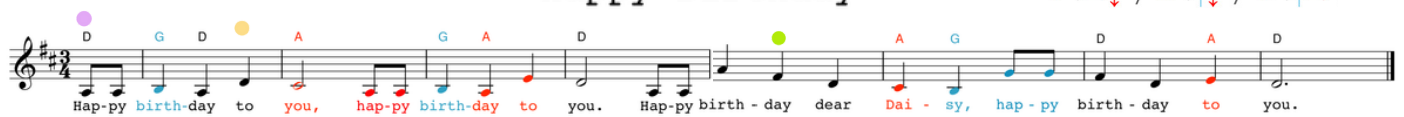
• If you want to see the Colonel I ((know)) where he is
 I know where he is, I ((know)) where he is
 If you want to see the Colonel, I ((know)) where he is
 He's sitting in comfort stuffing his bloody face

• 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



Hard Times



• While we • seek mirth and beauty
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



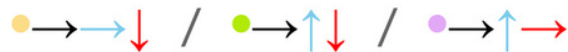
Down the way_ where the nights are gay_ and_ the sun shines dai-ly on the

moun-tain top, I took a trip on a sai-ling ship and when I

reached Ja - mai - ca_ I made a stop but I'm sad to say I'm on my way I

won't be back for_ ma-ny a day my my my heart is down, my head is

tur-ning a - round, I had to leave a lit-tle girl in King ston 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

John Bar - ley - corn is a he - ro bold as a - ny in the land. For a - ges good his fame has stood and shall for - e - ver stand. The whole wide world re - spect in him no mat - ter friend or foe, and where they be that makes too free he's sure to lay them low. Hey John Bar - ley - corn, oh John Bar - ley - corn, old and young thy praise have sung John Bar - ley - corn.

● → ↗ ↓ / ● → ↗ ↓ / ● → ↗ → ((↑))

•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

•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

•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

The Larks They Sang Melodious

It was pleasant and delightful one mid-summers morn and the
fields and the meadows were all covered in corn, and the thrushes and
song-birds sang on every green spray, and the larks they sang me-
lo - di-ous at the dawning of the day. And the larks they sang me-
lo - di-ous, and the larks they sang me-lo - di-ous, and the
larks they sang me-lo - di-ous at the dawning of the day.

● → → ↓ / ● → ↑ ↓ / ● → ↑ → ((→))

● A sailor 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 Indies where ((the)) loud cannons roar
I am bound to leave you Nancy 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 rigging 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

Leave Her Johnny

I - I thought I heard th-e old man say leave her John - ny
leave her. It's a long hard pull till the next pay day and it's
time for us to leave her. Leave her John - ny leave her, Oh - oh
leave her John - ny leave her, it's a long hard pull till the
next pay day and it's time for us to leave her.

● → → ↓ / ● → ↑ ↓ / ● → ↑ →

● 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

Fa-re-well to yo-u my-y own true love, I am go-ing_ far a-

way. I am bound for Ca-a-li-i-for-ni-a but I

know that I'll re-turn some day. So-o fare thee well my

own true love and when I re-turn u-ni-ted we will be it's not the

lea-ving of Li-ver-pool that grieves me but my dar-ling when I think of thee.

● → → ↓ / ● → ↑ ↓ / ● → ↑ →

● I have ● shipped ● on a Ya-nk-ee-ee sailing ship
Da-vy Crockett is her name
A-and 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

With - in the wood - lands flow - ery gla - ded by the

oak trees mos - sy moot. The shi - ning grass blades tim - ber sha - ded,

now do qui - ver un - der foot, and birds do whis - tle o - ver head, and wa - ter's

bub - bling in its be - d, and there for

me the ap - ple tree do lean down low in Lin - den Lea.

● → ↓ / ● → ↑↓ / ● → ↑ → ((→))

When ● leaves that ● lately 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

Mary Don't You Weep

If I could I sure-ly— would stand on the rock where

Mo - ses— stood for Phar-ao'h's ar - my got drown - ded—

O Ma - ry 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

Phar-ao'h's ar - my got drown - ded O Ma - ry don't you weep.

Legend:
 ● → → ↓ / ● → ↑ ↓ / ● → ↑ →

• 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 A E B E A E
 I was stan-ding at my win-dow on a cold and cloudy da-y
 A E B E B
 When I saw a hearse come roll-ing oh to car ry my sweet heart a
 E A E A
 way. May the cir-cle be un-brok-en By and by Lord by and
 E A E E/(C#m)
 by There's a bet-ter home a-wait-ing
 E/(C#m) B E B E
 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

Midnight Special

Well you wake up in the mor - ning_

to the ding dong_ ring_ Go march-ing to the ta - ble_

see the same damn thing. Knife and fork up-on the ta - ble_

no-thing in my_ pan_ Say a-ny-thing a-bout it_

you're in trou-ble with the man. Let the mid-night spe - cial_

shine its light on_ me_ Let the mid-night spe - cial_

shine its e - ver lo - ving light on_ me.

E B A A E B A E B E B E

● → ↓ / ● → ↑↓ / ● → ↑ → (→)

● 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

One May morning ear-ly I chanced for to roam and strolled through the field by the side of the gro-ve It was there that I hea-rd the harm-less birds si - ng And you ne-ver heard so sweet, you ne-ver heard so sweet, you ne-ver heard so sweet as the birds i - n the spring

● → → ↓ / ● → ↑ ↓ / ● → ↑ → ((↑))

• At the • end of the gro-ve • I sat my-self down
 And the song of the nightingale echoed all ar-ound
 Their song was so charming their notes were so cle-ar
 No mu-sic, no songster
 No mu-sic, no songster
 No ((music)) no songster with them c-an compare

• All • you that come he-re • 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 s-ay
 That you never heard so sweet
 You never heard so sweet
 You ((never heard)) so sweet as the birds o-n the spray

The Parting Glass

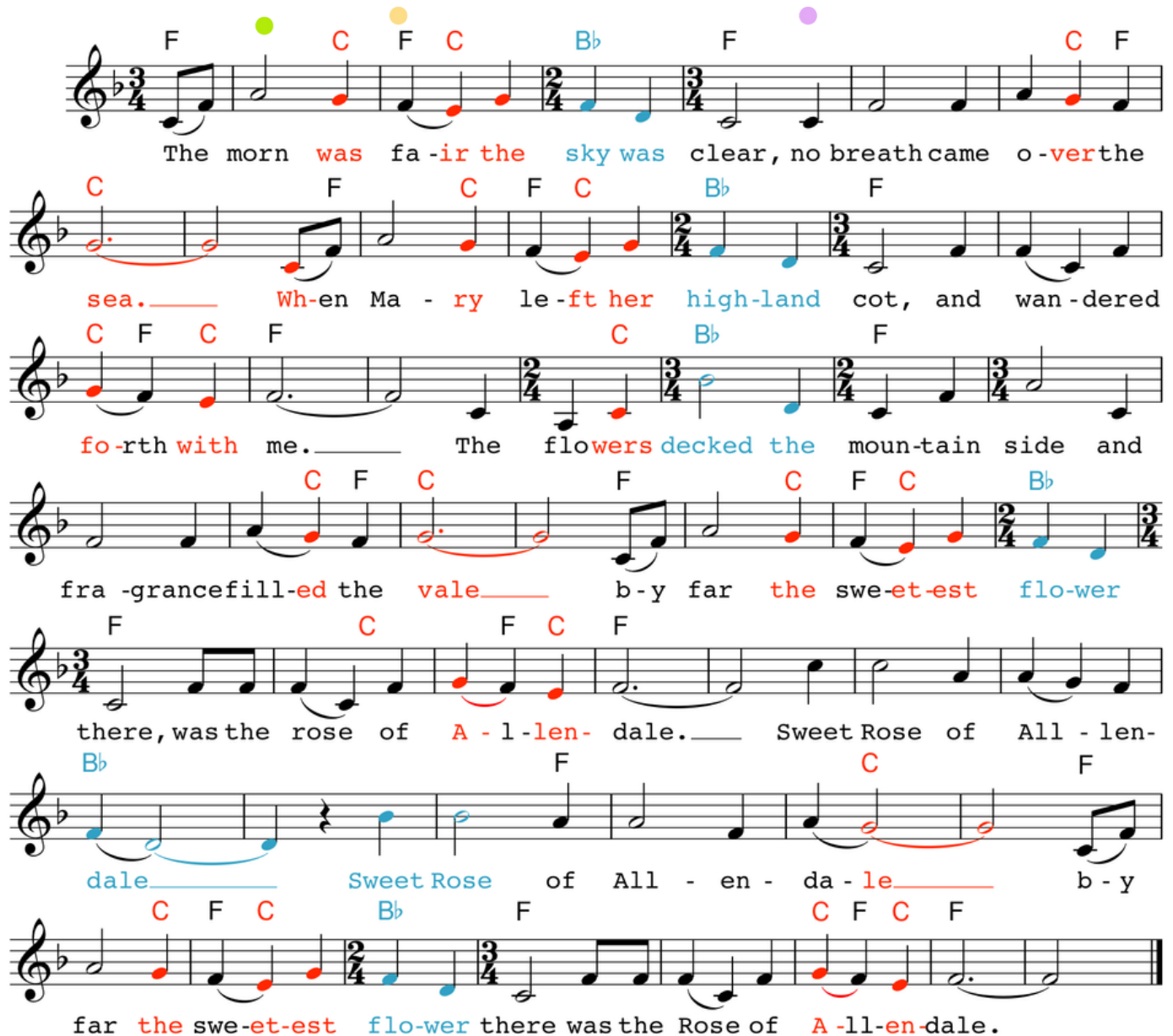
The musical score is written for guitar and voice. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a treble clef staff. Chords are indicated by letters (D, A, G, Bm) above the staff. Lyrics are written below the staff. The score is divided into five systems, each with a measure number (1, 2, 3, 4, 5) above the staff. The lyrics are: "O-f all the mo-ney that e'er I had I've spent it in go-od com - pa - ny A - nd all the harm th-at e'er I've done A - a - las it was t - o none but me. A - nd what I've done for want of wit to mem-ory now I can't re call s - o fill to me th-e par - ting glass go-od night and joy b - 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))

The Rose of Allendale



The morn was fa-ir the sky was clear, no breath came o-ver the
 sea. Wh-en Ma-ry le-ft her high-land cot, and wan-dered
 fo-rth with me. The flowers decked the moun-tain side and
 fra-grance fill-ed the vale b-y far the swe-et-est flo-wer
 there, was the rose of A-l-len-dale. Sweet Rose of All-len-
 dale Sweet Rose of All-en-da-le b-y
 far the swe-et-est flo-wer there was the Rose of A-ll-en-dale.

→ ↓ / → ↑ ↓ / → ↑ ↓

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-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

Oh I sow-ed th-e seeds of_ love for to blos-som all in the
spring. I_ sowed them all on on - e May_ mor - ning while the
small_ bir - ds they did si-i - i-ng while the small bir-ds 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

• 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 ((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

• 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

Shallow Brown

Sung freely

Well *it's* good bye_ Ju - li - an - a_ Sha-llow oh

Sha-llow_ Brown. And *it's* fare-well_ Ju - li - an - a_

Sha - llow_ oh Sha - llow_ 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

Silent Night

Si - i - lent night, ho - o - ly night. All is calm, all is bright.

Round yon Vir - gin, Mo - ther and Child. Ho - ly in - fant so ten - der and

mild. Sleep in hea - ven - ly peace — Sleep in hea - ven - ly 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 A/(E^{sus4}) E A/(E^{sus4}) E
 We come on the Sloop John B my grand-fa-ther and me
 A/(E^{sus4}) E B E
 'Round Nas-sau town we did roam Drink-ing all night
 A E B A E B E B
 got in-to a fi-gh-t I feel so break up I want to go
 E CHORUS A/(E^{sus4}) E (A)
 home. So hoist up the John B sails. See how the main sail
 E A/(E^{sus4}) A E B
 sets. Send for the cap-tain a-shore and let me go home.
 E B E A E
 Please let me a-lone, I want to go ho-o-o-
 B A E B E B E
 ome. - I feel so broke 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

In South Aus-tra-lia I was born, heave a - way, haul a - way. In

South Aus - tra - lia a - round Cape Horn we're bound for South Aus - tra - lia.

Haul a - way you roll - ing kings, heave a - way, haul a - way,

haul a - way, oh hear me sing we're bound for South Aus - tra - lia.

● → ↓ / ● → ↑↓ / ● → ↑→

- 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

Swing low sweet char-i-o-o-t co-ming for to car-ry me home. Swing

low sweet char-i-o-o-t co-ming for to car-ry me home. Well I

looked o-ver Jor-dan and what did I see-ee co-ming for to car-ry me

home. A band of an-gels co-ming af-ter me-e

co-ming for to car-ry me home.

Chord progressions: D, G, A, D, A, D, G, D, G, D, G, D, A, D, A, D.

● → ↓ / ● → ↑ ↓ / ● → ↑ →

• 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

A D A D A D A
 My sweet-heart come a-long, don't you hear the sweet song of the

D G D A D A D G A
 beau-ti-ful night-ing-ale flow. You will hear the fond tale of the

D G A D G D
 sweet night-ing-ale as she sings in the val-ley be-lo -

G D A D G D A D
 - o - o - ow. As she sings in the val-ley be-low

● → ④ ↓ / ● → ③ ↓ / ● → ③ →

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 primroses 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-o-ow
Or to walk in the valley below

Take This Hammer

Take **this** ham - mer _____ carry **it** to the Cap - tain. _____ Take **this**

ham - mer _____ carry **it** to the Cap - tain. _____ Take **this** ham - mer _____

_____ carry **it** to the Ca - ap - tain _____ You can **tell** him that I'm

gone Lord, you can **tell** him that 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 **it** hurts my pride Lord
 'cause it 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

The time pass-es o-ver more cheerful and gay since we've learnt a new

act to drive sorrows a-way. Sor-row-s a-a-way sor rows a-way,

sor-row-s a-a-wa - 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-ands o-or more, thousands or more
 Thousa((-ands)) o-((-or)) mo-re
 I'm as happy as those that's got thousands or more

Tom Bowling

Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bo-wl-ing the dar-ling of our cre - w. No

more he'll hear the tem-pest ho - wl - ling for death has broached him

to. His form was of the man - li - est beau - ty his heart was kind and

so - ft. Faith - ful be - low he did his du - u - ty but now he's gone a -

- lo - ft, but now he's go - ne a - a - loft.

● → ↓ / ● → ↑↓ / ● → ↑ → ((↑))

• Tom never from his word de - parted
 His virtues were so ((ra))re
 His friends were many and true - hearted
 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

Two Brethren

B E B E A E B

Come all jol-ly pough-men and help me to sing. I will sing in the

E A E B E

praise of you all. If a man he don't la - bour how—

A B E A E B E

can he get bread. I will sing and make me - r - ry with all.

● → → ↓ / ● → ↑ ↓ / ● → ↑ →

It was ● of two young brethren, two young brethren bold
 It was of two ● young brethren 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-● 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

The wa-ter is wide I can-not get o'er and neither have

I - wings to fly. Give me a boat that will ca - rr-y

two and both shall row my love and I.

● → ↓ / ● → ↑ / ● → ↑ → ((↑))

● Oh ● down in the ● meadows the o-ther day
 A-gatherin' ((flowers)) bo-th fine and gay
 A-gatherin' 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

A Week Before Easter

Now a week be-fore Eas-ter, the morn.bright and clear. The-
 sun itshone brightly and keen blew the air. I went to the for-est to
 ga-ther fine flowers, butthe 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

Now west - lin winds and slaughter ing guns bring

Au - tumn's pleasant wea - ther. The moor-cock springs o - n whirr ing

wings, a - mong the blooming hea - ther. Now waiving grain wild o'er the

plain de - lights the wear - y far - mer, and the moon shines

bright as I rove at night to muse u - pon my char - mer.

● → ↓ / ● → ↑ / ● → ↑

• 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 every 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 Peggy 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 gently 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

Sung freely

Oh the Sum-mer- time is come, and the trees are sweet-ly bloo-ming

And the wild moun-tain thyme grows a-round the bloom-ing hea-ther

Will ye go lassie go? And we'll all go to-ge-ther to pull

wild moun-tain thyme all a-round the bloom-ing

hea-ther. Will ye go las-sie 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 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 the ((fairest))
 That the sum-mer sun has seen

Amazing Grace • Angel Band
Auld Lang Syne • Banks of the Ohio
A Blacksmith Courtted 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