

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.
Allegretto.

Air: "John Brown's Body."

1. Mine eyes have seen
2. I have seen Him
3. I have read a
4. He has sound-ed forth
5. In the beau-ty

ing of the Lord; He
ed cir-ling camps; They
ed rows of steel; "As
r call re-treat; He
- cross the sea, With

tram-pling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed
build-
deal-
sift-ing out the hearts of men be-fore His judg-ment-seat; Oh, be swift,
glo-ry

STRANGEST DREAM

Old Songs for a New Day

fate-ful
right-eous
born of
soul, to
make men

h is march-ing o
is march-ing o
e march-ing o
d is march-ing o
d is march-ing o

CHORUS,

Glo-ry!

al-le-lu-ja





Young folksinger, Pacific Grove, app. 1972

The Songs that Ruined Me

Look, I'm grown up. I know it's not realistic. I know all the arguments; why we'll never end war. What about Hitler? Blah blah blah. What about Osama Ben Laden? Blah blah blah. There are bad people. Blah blah. They threaten others. Blah. I know.

Still, there was that Strangest Dream, and those other folk songs I listened to when I was a kid, and sung to my kids when they were kids. They ruined me for the real world, which breaks my heart, time after time.

Vietnam. El Salvador. Nicaragua.

Iraq.

Kashmir. Gaza. Darfur.

What a mess this world is!

I just can't shake the feeling that there's a better way. That we are capable of better. That we should do better.

The last eight years have been particularly bad. Bush took the 9/11 bait, terrible provocation that it was, and promoted the worst aspects of our character and power, moving us further from a world that could even dream of agreeing to put an end to war.

I know it's just a dream. There will never be such a convocation. But I think we can move toward the dream, not away from it as we have done so often.

So listen Barack: Don't break my heart!

Peter

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Last Night I Had the Strangest

Dream (Ed McCurdy)

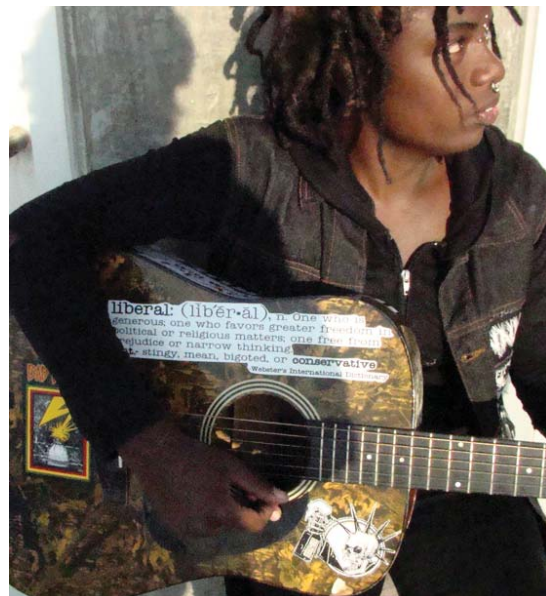
C
Last night I had the strangest dream
F C
I'd ever dreamed before
G7 Em Am
I dreamed the world had all agreed
Dm G7 C
To put an end to war

F C
I dreamed I saw a mighty room
G7 C
Filled with women and men
F C Am
And the paper they were signing said
Dm G7 C
They'd never fight again

C
And when the paper was all signed
F C
And a million copies made
G7 Em Am
They all joined hands and bowed their heads
Dm G7 C
And grateful prayers were prayed

F C
And the people in the streets below
G C
Were dancing 'round and 'round
F C
While swords and guns and uniforms
Dm G7 C
Were scattered on the ground

Last night I had the strangest dream
I'd never dreamed before
I dreamed the world had all agreed
To put an end to war.



Young folksinger

Venice

12/20/08

Battle Hymn of the Republic

(Julia Ward Howe)

into

John Brown's Body

into

Solidarity Forever

(Ralph Chaplin)



C

Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord: He is

4 F C

tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored;...

Am
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
F G7 C
His truth is marching on.

(Chorus)

C
Glory, glory, hallelujah!

F C
Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Am
Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Dm G7 C
His truth is marching on.

John Brown's body lies a-mold'ring in the grave
John Brown's body lies a-mold'ring in the grave
John Brown's body lies a-mold'ring in the grave
His soul goes marching on

Glory, Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory! Hallelujah!
His soul is marching on

He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men
so true
He frightened old Virginia till she trembled
through and through
They hung him for a traitor, themselves the traitor
crew
His soul is marching on

(Chorus)

When the union's inspiration through the workers'
blood shall run,
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath
the sun;
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble
strength of one,
But the union makes us strong.

Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
For the union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities
where they trade;
Dug the mines and built the workshops, endless
miles of railroad laid;
Now we stand outcast and starving midst the wonders
we have made;
But the union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never
toiled to earn,
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel
can turn.
We can break their haughty power, gain our freedom
when we learn
That the union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their
hoarded gold,
Greater than the might of armies, magnified a
thousand-fold.
We can bring to birth a new world from the ashes of
the old
For the union makes us strong.



This Land Is Your Land

(Woody Guthrie)

D7 **G** **D**
 As I went walking that ribbon of highway,
 A7 **D** **D7**
 I saw above me that endless skyway.
 G **D**
 I saw below me that golden valley.
A7 **D**
 This land was made for you and me.

<chorus>

D7 **G** **D**
 This land is your land, this land is my land,
 A7 **D** **D7**
 From California to the New York Island,
 G **D**
 From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters,
A7 **D**
 This land was made for you and me.

I've roamed and rambled, and followed my footsteps,
 O'er the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts.
 And all around me this voice came sounding,
 "This land was made for you and me."

I followed your low hills, and I followed your cliff
 rims,
 Your marble canyons and sunny bright waters,
 This voice came calling, as the fog was lifting,
 "This land was made for you and me."

As the sun was a-shining and I was strolling
 Through the wheat fields waving, and the dust
 clouds rolling.
 I could feel inside me and see all 'round me,
 "This land was made for you and me."

It Could Be a Wonderful World

(Hy Zaret, Lou Singer)

Chorus:

C **G7**
 If we could consider each other
 C
 A neighbor, a friend, or a brother
 F
 It could be a wonderful, wonderful world.
 C **G7** **C**
 It could be a wonderful world.

C **G7**
 If each little kid could have fresh milk each day,
 C
 If each working man had enough time to play,
 C7 **F**
 If each homeless soul had a good place to stay,
 C **G** **C**
 It could be a wonderful world.

Chorus

If there were no poor and the rich were content,
 If strangers were welcome wherever they went,
 If each of us knew what true brotherhood meant,
 It could be a wonderful world,
 It could be a wonderful world.

Chorus

The Abolitionist Hymn

We ask not that the slave should lie
 As lies his master, at his ease,
 Beneath a silken canopy,
 Or in the shade of blooming trees.

We ask not "eye for eye," that all
 Who forge the chain and ply the whip
 Should feel their torture, while the thrall
 Should wield the scourge of mastership.

We mourn not that the man should toil.
 'Tis nature's need. 'Tis God's decree.
 But let the hand that tills the soil
 Be, like the wind that fans it, free.

ROUND

And every man neath his vine and fig tree
 Shall live in peace and unafraid. (2x)

And into ploughshares turn their swords.
 Nations shall have war no more. (2x)



If I Had a Hammer

(Pete Seeger and Lee Hays)



G D7 G
If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning,
D7
I'd hammer in the evening, all over this land,
G G7 C
I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out a warning,
G C G
I'd hammer out the love between my brothers and
my sisters
C-G-D7 G
All over this land.

If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning,
I'd ring it in the evening, all over this land,
I'd ring out danger, I'd ring out a warning,
I'd ring out the love between my brothers and my
sisters
All over this land.

If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning,
I'd sing it in the evening, all over this land,
I'd sing out danger, I'd sing out a warning,
I'd sing out the love between my brothers and my
sisters
All over this land.

Now I have a hammer, and I have a bell.
And I have a song to sing all over this land.
It's the hammer of justice, it's the bell of freedom,
It's a song about the love between my brothers and
my sisters
All over this land.



What Did You Learn in School Today

(Tom Paxton, Pete Seeger)

Chorus:

G D7
What did you learn in school today, dear little boy of mine,
G D7 G-G7
What did you learn in school today, dear little boy of mine?

C G
I learned that Washington never told a lie,
C G
I learned that soldiers seldom die.
C G
I learned that everybody's free,
C G
That's what the teacher said to me. D7
And that's what I learned in school today, that's
G
what I learned in school.



(chorus)

I learned that policemen are my friends,
I learned that justice never ends.
I learned that murderers die for their crimes,
Even if we make a mistake sometimes.
And that's what I learned in school today, that's
what I learned in school.

(chorus)

I learned that wars are not so bad,
I learned of the great ones we have had.
We fought in Germany and in France,
And someday I might get my chance.
And that's what I learned in school today, that's
what I learned in school.

(chorus)

I learned our government must be strong,
It's always right and never wrong.
Our leaders are the finest men,
And so we elect them again and again.
And that's what I learned in school today, that's
what I learned in school.

The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down

(Robbie Robertson)

Am C F Dm
Virgil Caine is my name, and I drove on the Danville
train,
Am C F Dm
Til Stonewall's cavalry came and tore up the tracks
again.
C F C F
In the winter of '65, we were hungry, just barely
alive.
Am F
By May the tenth, Richmond had fell
C Am D-D7
It was a time I remember oh so well.

<chorus>:

C F C
The night they drove old Dixie down, and all
Am
the bells were ringing.
C F C
The night they drove old Dixie down, and all
Am
the people were singing.
C Am
They went, "Na na na na na na na na
D F
na na na na na na."

Back with my wife in
Tennessee, one day she
said to me.

"Virgil, quick come see,
here comes the Robert
E. Lee."

Well I don't mind chop-
ping wood,
And I don't care if my
money's no good.
You take what you need
and leave the rest,
But they should never
have taken the very
best.



The Band in Civil War uniforms, by
Guy Peellaert in his 1973 book
"Rock Dreams."

<chorus>

Like my father before me, I'm a working man.
And like my brother up above me, I took a rebel
stand.
He was just eighteen, proud and brave, but a Yan-
kee laid him in his grave.
I swear by the blood below my feet,
You can't raise a Caine back up when he's in defeat.



Sing Along

(Malvina Reynolds, 1958)

C F C
I get butterflies in my stomach whenever I start to sing,
F C D G
And when I'm at a microphone I shake like anything,
C F C
But if you'll sing along with me I'll holler right out loud,
F C G7
'Cause I'm awf'ly nervous lonesome, but I'm swell
C
when I'm a crowd.

Chorus:

F C
Sing along, Sing along,
G
And just sing "la la la la" if you don't know the song,
C F C
You'll quickly learn the music, you'll find yourself a word,
F G7 C
'Cause when we sing together we'll be heard.

Oh, when I need a raise in pay and have to ask my
boss,

If I go see him by myself I'm just a total loss,
But if we go together I'll do my part right pretty,
Cause I'm awf'ly nervous lonesome but I make a
fine committee.

(Chorus)

My congressman's important, he hobnobs with big
biz,
He soon forgets the rest of us who put him where
he is.

I'll just write him a letter to tell him what I need,
With a hundred thousand signatures why even he
can read.

(Chorus)

Oh, life is full of problems, the world's a funny place,
I sometimes wonder why the heck I join'd the human
race,
But when we work together, it all seems right and
true,
I'm an awful nothing by myself but I'm okay with
you.

(Chorus)

Passing Through

(Dick Blakeslee)

E A E
I saw Adam leave the garden with an apple in his hand
B7
I said "Now you're out what are you gonna do?"
E E7 A
Plant my crops and pray for rain, maybe raise a
E
little Cain
B7 E
I'm an orphan now I'm only passing through."

Chorus:

E
Passing through, passing through
E7
Sometimes happy, sometimes blue
A E
Glad that I ran into you
B7 E
Tell the people that you saw me passing through

I saw Jesus on that cross
on a hill called Calvary
"Do you hate mankind for what they did to you?"
He said, "Speak of love not hate,
there's things to do, it's growing late.
I've so little time and I'm just passing through."

Chorus

I shivered next to Washington
one night at Valley Forge.
"Why do your soldiers freeze here like they do?"
He said "Men will suffer, fight,
even die for what is right
even though they know they're only passing
through"

Chorus

I was at Franklin Roosevelt's side
just a while before he
died,
He said, "One world
must come out of World
War Two.
Yankee, Russian, white
or tan,
Lord, a man is just a
man.
We're all brothers, and
we're only passing
through."



OLD MAN ATOM

(Atomic Talking Blues/
Talking Atom)
(Vern Partlow, 1945)



Well, I'm gonna preach you a sermon 'bout Old Man Atom,
I don't mean the Adam in the Bible datum.
I don't mean the Adam that Mother Eve mated,
I mean that thing that science liberated.
Einstein says he's scared,
And when Einstein's scared, I'm scared.

Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Alamogordo, Bikini...

Here's my moral, plain as day,
Old Man Atom is here to stay.
He's gonna hang around, it's plain to see,
But, ah, my dearly beloved, are we?
We hold these truths to be self-evident
All men may be cremated equal.

Hiroshima, Nagasaki -- here's my text
Hiroshima, Nagasaki -- Lordy, who'll be next.

Complete lyrics: <http://www.fortunecity.com/tinpan/parton/2/atom.html>

Listen to a bit of it: <http://www.folkways.si.edu/trackdetail.aspx?itemid=35110>

So if you're scared of the A-bomb, I'll tell you what to do:

You got to get with all the people in the world with you.

You got to get together and let out a yell,
Or the first thing you know we'll blow this world to...

Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Moscow, too,
New York, London, Timbuktu,
Shanghai, Paris, up the flue,
Hiroshima, Nagasaki...

We must choose between
The brotherhood of man or smithereens.

The people of the world must pick out a thesis:

"Peace in the world, or the world in pieces!"

I Ain't Got No Home

(Woody Guthrie, 1938)

^G I ain't got no home, ^C I'm just a-roamin' 'round, ^G
^D
Just a wandrin' worker, I go from town to town.
^G And the police make it hard wherever I may go ^C ^G
^D ^G
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

My brothers and my sisters are stranded on this road,
A hot and dusty road that a million feet have trod;
Rich man took my home and drove me from my door
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Was a-farmin' on the shares, and always I was poor;
My crops I lay into the banker's store.
My wife took down and died upon the cabin floor,
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

I mined in your mines and I gathered in your corn
I been working, mister, since the day I was born
Now I worry all the time like I never did before
'Cause I ain't got no home in this world anymore

Now as I look around, it's mighty plain to see
This world is such a great and a funny place to be;
Oh, the gamblin' man is rich an' the workin' man is poor,
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.



Hobo. Nov. 2008. Santa Maria, CA



Woman Washing Clothes, LA River, July 2006

Down by the Riverside

^D
I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield,

Down by the riverside

^A
Down by the riverside

^D
Down by the riverside

I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield,

Down by the riverside

^A ^D
Study war no more

^G
I ain't gonna study war no more

^D
Ain't gonna study war no more

^A ^D
Ain't gonna study war no more

^G
I ain't gonna study war no more

^D
Ain't gonna study war no more

^A ^D
Ain't gonna study war no more

I'm gonna beat my sword into a plow...
I'm gonna lay down that atom bomb...
I'm gonna shake hands around the world...

Andorra

(Malvina Reynolds and Pete Seeger, 1962)

G
In the mountains of the Pyrenees
D
There's an independent state,

Its population five thousand souls,
C
And I think they're simply great
G
One hundred and seventy square miles big
Em
And it's awf'ly clear to me.
G **Em**
Spends less than five dollars on armaments,
A **D** **G**
And this I've got to see.

Chorus:

G **D** **G**
I want to go to Andorra, Andorra, Andorra,
A **D**
I want to go to Andorra, it's a place I adore,
C
They spent four dollars and ninety cents
G **B7** **Em**
On armaments and their defense,
C **G**
Did you ever hear of such confidence?
C **D** **G**
Andorra, hip hurrah!

It's governed by a council,
All gentle souls and wise,
They've only five dollars for armaments
And the rest for cakes and pies;
They didn't invest in a tommy gun
Or a plane to sweep the sky,
But they bought some blanks for their cap pistols
To shoot on their Fourth of July. (Chorus)

They live by the arts of farm and field
And by making shoes and hats,
And they haven't got room in their tiny land
For a horde of diplomats;
They haven't got room in their tiny land
For armies to march about,
And if anyone comes with a war budget
They throw the rascals out. (Chorus)

I wandered clown by the Pentagon
This newspaper clipping in hand
I said, "I want to see everyone
In McNamara's band."
I said, "Look what they did in Andorra,
They put us all to shame.
The least is first, the biggest is last,
Let's get there just the same."

The general said, "My dear boy,
You just don't understand.
We need these things to feel secure
In our great and wealthy land."
I said, "If security's what you need
I'll buy a couch for you,
A headshrinker is cheaper and quicker
And a damn site safer too."



Union Maid

(Woody Guthrie)

D **G** **D**
There once was a union maid, who never was afraid
A **D**
Of goons and ginks and company finks and the
E **A**
deputy sheriffs who made the raid.
D **G** **D**
She went to the union hall when a meeting it was called,
A **D**
And when the company boys come 'round
A **D**
She always stood her ground.

G **D**
Oh, you can't scare me, I'm sticking to the union,
A **D**
I'm sticking to the union, I'm sticking to the union.
G **D**
Oh, you can't scare me, I'm sticking to the union,
A **D**
I'm sticking to the union 'til the day I die.

This union maid was wise to the tricks of company spies,
She couldn't be fooled by a company stool, she'd
always organize the guys.
She always got her way when she struck for better
pay.
She'd show her card to the National Guard
And this is what she'd say

You gals who want to be free, just take a tip from
me;
Get you a man who's a union man and join the
ladies' auxiliary.
Married life ain't hard when you got a union card,
A union man has a happy life when he's got a union
wife.



Universal Soldier

(Buffy St. Marie)

C G F Am
He's five foot two, and he's six foot four,
C G C
He fights with missiles and with spears,
C G Dm Am
He's all of thirty-one and he's only seventeen,
F G
He's been a soldier for a thousand years.

He's a Catholic, a Hindu, and Atheist, a Jain,
A Buddhist, a Baptist, and a Jew.
He knows he shouldn't kill, but he knows he always
will,
Kill you for me, my friend, and me for you.

He's fighting for Canada, he's fighting for France,
He's fighting the U.S.A.
He's fighting for the Russians, and he's fighting for
Japan,
And he thinks he'll put an end to war this way.

He's fighting for democracy, he's fighting for the
Reds,
He says it's peace for all.
He's the one who must decide who's to live and
who's to die,
And he never sees the writing on the wall.

Without him how could Hitler have condemned
them at Dachau?
Without him Caesar would have stood alone.
He's the one who gives his body as a weapon of the
war,
And without him all this killing can't go on.

He's the universal soldier
and he really is to blame.
His orders come from far
away no more.
They come from him and
you and me and brothers
can't you see,
This is not the way to put
an end to war.



Deportee

(Plane Wreck at Los Gatos)
(Woody Guthrie, 1948)

D G D
The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting,
A7 D
The oranges piled in their creosote dumps;
G D
They're flying 'em back to the Mexican border
A7 D
To pay all their money to wade back again

CHORUS:
G D
Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye, Rosalita,
A7 D
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria;
G D
You won't have your names when you ride the
big airplane,
A7 D
All they will call you will be "deportee"

My father's own father, he waded that river,
They took all the money he made in his life;
My brothers and sisters come working the fruit
trees,
And they rode the truck till they took down and
died.

Some of us are illegal, and some are not wanted,
Our work contract's out and we have to move on;
Six hundred miles to that Mexican border,
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like
thieves.

We died in your hills, we died in your deserts,
We died in your valleys and died on your plains.
We died 'neath your trees and we died in your
bushes,
Both sides of the river, we died just the same.

The sky plane caught fire
over Los Gatos Canyon,
A fireball of lightning, and
shook all our hills,
Who are all these friends, all
scattered like dry leaves?
The radio says, "They are
just deportees"

Is this the best way we can
grow our big orchards?
Is this the best way we can
grow our good fruit?
To fall like dry leaves to rot
on my topsoil
And be called by no name
except "deportees"?



Hard Times Come Again No More

(Stephen Foster, 1854)

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

Chorus:

G7 C Em Am F C
Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
F C Em Am Bdim G7
Hard Times, hard times, come again no more
F C Em Am B7 G7
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;
C Am F C
Oh hard times come again no more.

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

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

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



BANKS OF MARBLE

(Les Rice)

C G7 C
I've traveled round this country
F C
From shore to shining shore.
G7 C
It really made me wonder
G7 C
The things I heard and saw.

I saw the weary farmer,
Plowing sod and loam;
I heard the auction hammer
A knocking down his home.

CHORUS:

C
But the banks are made of marble,
G7 C
With a guard at every door,
And the vaults are stuffed with silver,
G7 C
That the farmer sweated for.

I saw the seaman standing
Idly by the shore.
I heard the bosses saying,
Got no work for you no more.

Chorus

I saw the weary miner,
Scrubbing coal dust from his back,
I heard his children cryin',
Got no coal to heat the shack.

Chorus

I've seen my brothers working
Throughout this mighty land;
I prayed we'd get together,
And together make a stand.

FINAL CHORUS:

Then we'd own those banks of marble,
With a guard at every door;
And we'd share those vaults of silver,
That we have sweated for.

Dark as a Dungeon

(Merle Travis, 1947)

G C D
Come of all you young fellers so young and so fine
Em G C G
Seek not your fortune way down in the mine
C D
It'll form as a habit and seep in your soul
Em G C G
Till the blood in your veins runs as black as the coal

D C G
'Cause it's dark as a dungeon damp as the dew
D C G
Where danger is double and the pleasures are few
C D
Where the rain never falls the sun never shines
Em G C G
It's a dark as a dungeon way down in the mine

Well it's many a miner that I've seen in my day
Who has lived just to labor his whole life away
Like a fiend with his dope and a drunkard with his wine
A man will have lust for the lure of the mine

I pray when I'm dead and the ages shall roll
That my body would blacken and turn into coal
Then I'll look from the door of my heavenly home
and pity the miner digging my bones



Get Thee Behind Me, Satan

(New verses by Mimi Yahn, 1990)

The boss comes up to me with a five-dollar bill,
Says, "Get you some whiskey, gal, and drink your fill."

Chorus
Get thee behind me, Satan,
Travel on down the line.
I am a union woman,
Gonna leave you behind.

The big corporations say their profits are down,
Say they gotta cut our wages or they'll leave this town.



Get Thee Behind Me, Satan

(Almanac Singers, 1941)

c
Boss comes up to me with a five-dollar bill,
c7
Says, "Get you some whiskey, boy, and drink your fill."

CHORUS:

F
Get thee behind me, Satan,
C
Travel on down the line.
G
I am a union man,
C
Gonna leave you behind.

A red-headed woman took me out to dine,
Says, "Love me, baby, leave your union behind."

On the Fourth of July, the politicians say,
"Vote for us and we'll raise your pay."

Oh, then the company union sent out a call,
They said, "Join us in the summer, we'll forget you in the fall."

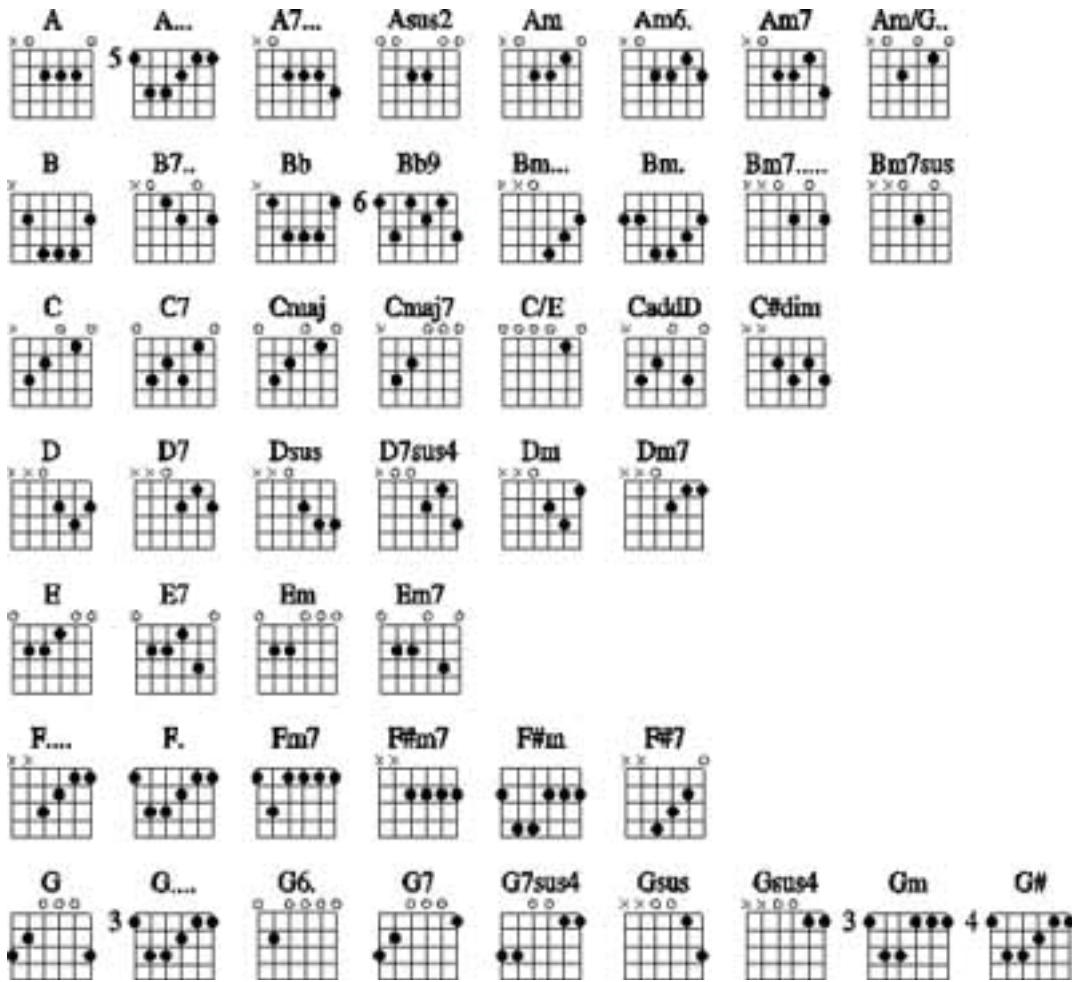
If anyone should ask you your union to sell,
Just tell him where to go, send him back to hell!

Listen: http://www.rhapsody.com/player?type=track&id=tra.2532591&remote=false&page=&pageregion=&guid=&from=&hasrhpx=true&__pcode=

The union busters tell us that we got to realize
That the way to heaven is to privatize.

You know, those plantation bosses wanna work you to death,
But the Avondale workers said, "Enough is enough!"

If you work for the City down in New Orleans
You won't even earn enough for to buy some rice and beans.



This Little Light of Mine

G
This little light of mine,
G7
I'm going to let it shine.
C C7
This little light of mine,
G D7
I'm going to let it shine.
G
This a little light of mine,
B7 Em A7
I'm gonna let it shine,
D7 G
Every day, every day,
C7 G
Every day, every day,
Gonna let my little light shine.

On Monday, He gave me the gift of love;
On Tuesday, peace came from above.
On Wednesday told me to have more faith;
On Thursday, gave me a little more grace.
On Friday, told me to watch and pray
On Saturday, told me just what to say,
On Sunday, gave the power divine
Just to let my little light shine.

Now some say, 'the time's too late,
This old world's in a sorry state'.
But we've got a different story.
We say, 'this world is a-bound for glory'
There's a little white dove flyin' in the blue
Gonna show ya what the powr of love can do.
Where there's a dark corner in this land,
I'm gonna let my little light shine.



We Shall Overcome

C F C F C
We shall overcome. We shall overcome
F G Am D G
We shall overcome someday
F C G Am
Oh, deep in my heart I do believe,
C F C G C
That we shall overcome someday
We'll walk hand in hand...
We shall live in peace...
We are not afraid...

The Times They Are A-Changin'

(Bob Dylan)

G Em C G
Come gather 'round people wherever you roam
G Am C D
And admit that the waters around you have grown
G Em C G
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone
G Am D
If your time to you is worth savin'
D D7 Gmaj7 D
Then you better start swimmin' or you'll sink like a stone,
G D G
For the times, they are a chang - in'

(4 additional verses)

Come writers and critics who prophesies with your pen
And keep your eyes wide the chance won't come again
And don't speak too soon for the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who that it's namin'
For the loser now will be later to win
For the times they are a-changin'

Come mothers and fathers throughout the land
And don't criticize what you don't understand
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command
Your old road is rapidly agin'
Please get out of the new one if you can't lend a hand
For the times they are a-changin'

Come senators, congressmen please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway, don't block up the hall
For he that gets hurt will be he who has stalled
There's a battle outside and it's ragin'
It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changin'

The line it is drawn the curse it is cast
The slow one now will later be fast
As the present now will later be past
The order is rapidly fadin'
And the first one now will later be last
For the times they are a-changin'

E	A	D	G	B	e
C	0	3	2	0	1 0
D	x	0	0	2	3 2
D7	x	3	0	2	3 2
Em	0	2	2	0	0 0
G	3	2	0	0	0 3
Gmaj7	x	2	0	0	3 2
Am	0	0	2	2	1 0
+-----+					

The Wild Rover

(Traditional Irish)

G **C**
I've been a wild rover, for many's the year
G **D** **G**
I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer
C
But now I'm returning with gold in great store
G **D** **G**
And I never will play the wild rover no more

Chorus:

D **D7**
And it's no, nay, never (clap-clap-clap-clap)
G **C**
No, nay, never, no more
G **C**
Will I play the wild rover
G **D** **G**
No, never, no more

I went to an ale house, I used to frequent
And I told the landlady me money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered my nay
Such a custom as yours I can get any day

(chorus)

I brought from my pocket, ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said I have whiskeys and wines of the best
And the words that I told you were only in jest

(chorus)

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask that the pardon their prodigal son
And if the caress me, as oft times before
I never will play the wild rover no more

(chorus)

Note to Obama: *It's about your cabinet. Not necessarily the people I'd have picked. But maybe all capable people. Maybe the best for the job and the time. I hope so. Maybe this special political moment will bring out the best in all of us. Myself included.*



That's why I've included this song! (Plus I like it. Plus my bro suggested it.)



Roll On Columbia

(Woody Guthrie, 1941)

G **D**
Roll on, Columbia, roll on
G
Roll on, Columbia, roll on
G7 **C**
Your power is turning our darkness to dawn
D7 **G**
So roll on, Columbia, roll on

Green Douglas firs where the waters cut through
Down her wild mountains and canyons she flew
Canadian Northwest to the oceans so blue
Roll on Columbia, roll on

Other great rivers add power to you
Yakima, Snake, and the Klickitat, too
Sandy Willamette and Hood River too
So roll on, Columbia, roll on

Tom Jefferson's vision would not let him rest
An empire he saw in the Pacific Northwest
Sent Lewis and Clark and they did the rest
So roll on, Columbia, roll on

It's there on your banks that we fought many a fight
Sheridan's boys in the blockhouse that night
They saw us in death but never in flight
So roll on Columbia, roll on

At Bonneville now there are ships in the locks
The waters have risen and cleared all the rocks
Shiploads of plenty will steam past the docks
So roll on, Columbia, roll on

And on up the river is Grand Coulee Dam
The mightiest thing ever built by a man
To run the great factories and water the land
So roll on, Columbia, roll on

These mighty men labored by day and by night
Matching their strength 'gainst the river's wild flight
Through rapids and falls, they won the hard fight
So roll on, Columbia, roll on



Imagine

(John Lennon, 1971)

Imagine there's no heaven
It's easy if you try
No hell below us
Above us only sky
Imagine all the people
Living for today...

Imagine there's no countries
It isn't hard to do
Nothing to kill or die for
And no religion too
Imagine all the people
Living life in peace...

You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
I hope someday you'll join us
And the world will be as one

Imagine no possessions
I wonder if you can
No need for greed or hunger
A brotherhood of man
Imagine all the people
Sharing all the world...

You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
I hope someday you'll join us
And the world will live as one



G-C- G-C-/ /C (c,b,a,g) D---

cho: C D G B7 (2x)/CDGB7 CDG-

This song was included in the list of songs deemed inappropriate by Clear Channel following the September 11, 2001 attacks. (Wikipedia)

