

Ben Farmer's

Folkie Uke Songbook 1

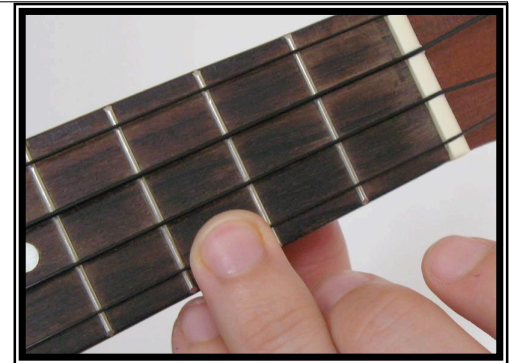
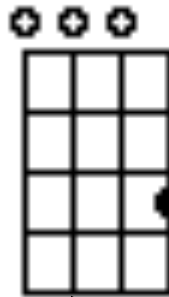
HOW TO READ UKULELE CHORDS

Chord Name

(N.B. a single letter is shorthand for major i.e. C Major)

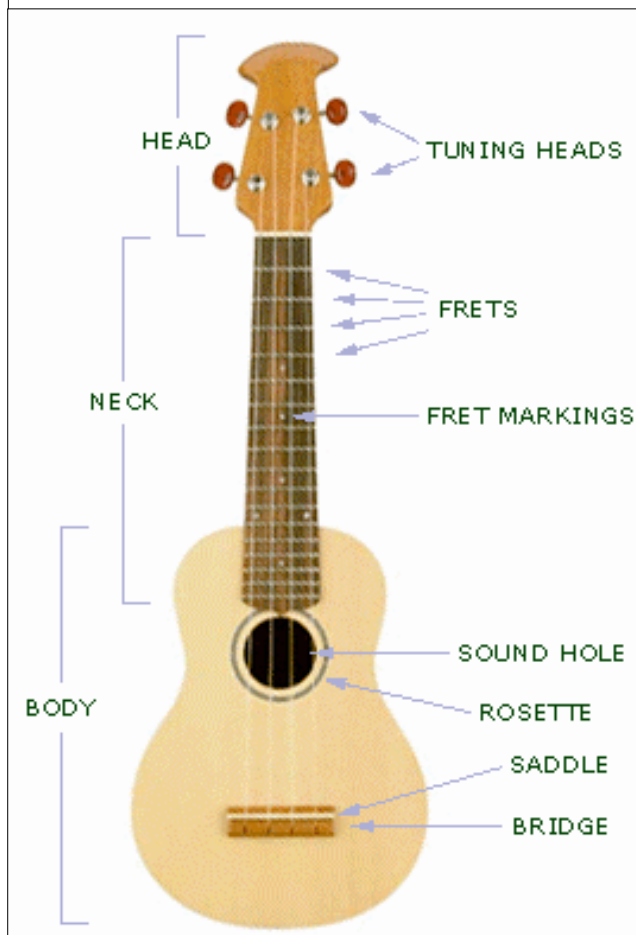
C

Open String
(no fingers)

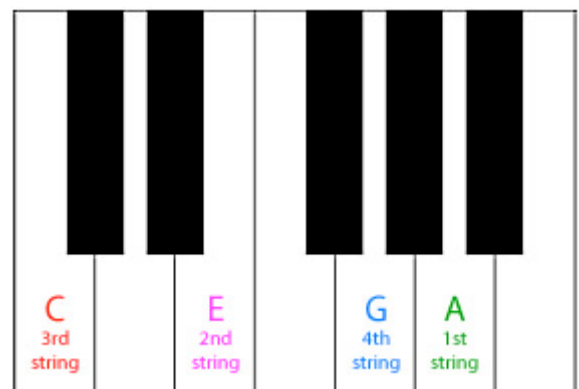


Put your finger here

Thickest string



Relative Tuning



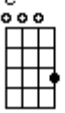

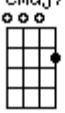
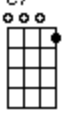
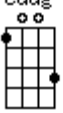
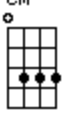
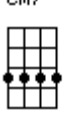
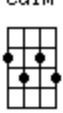
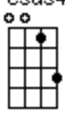
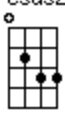
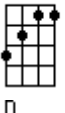

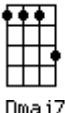
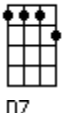
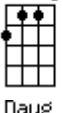
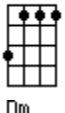
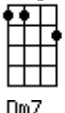
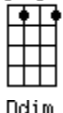
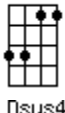
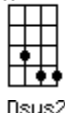
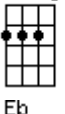

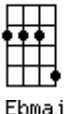
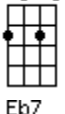
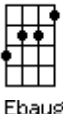
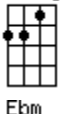
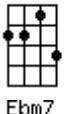
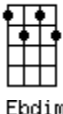
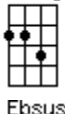
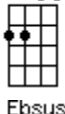
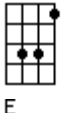
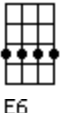
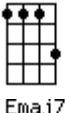
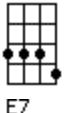
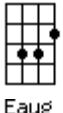
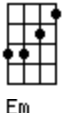
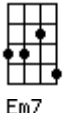
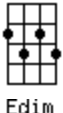
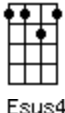
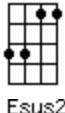
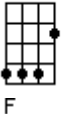
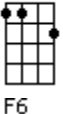
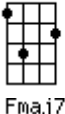
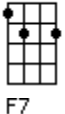
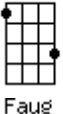
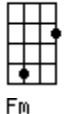
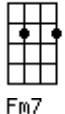
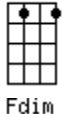
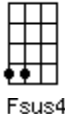
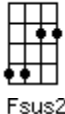
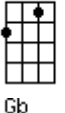
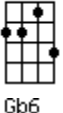
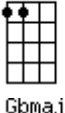
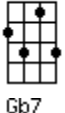
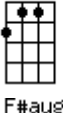
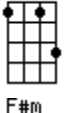
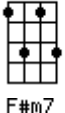
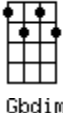
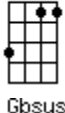
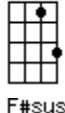
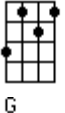
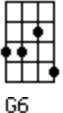
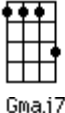
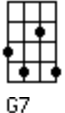
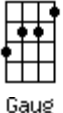
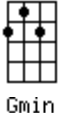
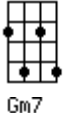
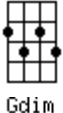
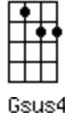
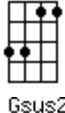
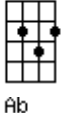
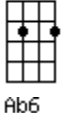
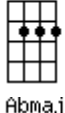
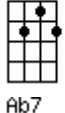
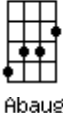
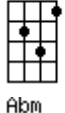
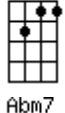

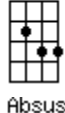
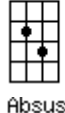
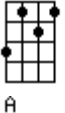
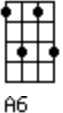
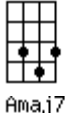
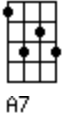
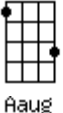
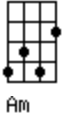
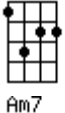
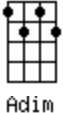
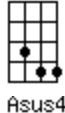
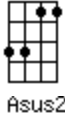
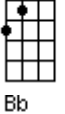
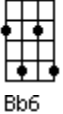
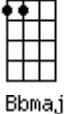

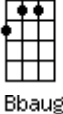
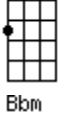
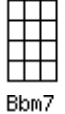
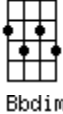
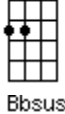
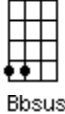
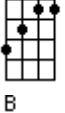
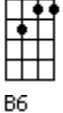
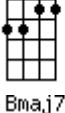
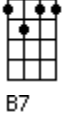
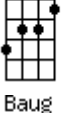
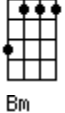


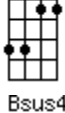
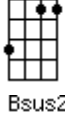
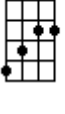
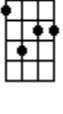
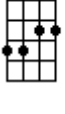
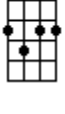
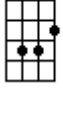
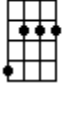
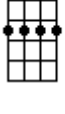
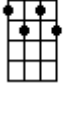
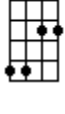
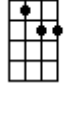
I recommend the ***DaTuner Life*** app for apple and android – it's free!
(C4, G4, E4, A4)

Sometimes it's a bit much at first to play the full chord. Sometimes you want more variety too. Here are some alternatives to commonly found chords:



Chord Name	Root Chord	Easier	Harder
C			
D		 	
D7			
Dm			
E			
Em		 	
F			
G		 	
G7			
Am			
A			
Bm			

Chromatic Root Position Chords:

	C	C6	Cmaj7	C7	Caug	Cm	Cm7	Cdim	Csus4	Csus2
C:										
	Db	Db6	Dbmaj7	Db7	Dbaug	Dbm	Dbm7	Dbdim	Obsus	Obsus2
Db/C#:										
	D	D6	Dmaj7	D7	Daug	Dm	Dm7	Ddim	Dsus4	Dsus2
D:										
	Eb	Eb6	Ebmaj7	Eb7	Ebaug	Ebm	Ebm7	Ebdim	Ebsus4	Ebsus2
Eb/D#:										
	E	E6	Ema7	E7	Eaug	Em	Em7	Edim	Esus4	Esus2
E:										
	F	F6	Fmaj7	F7	Faug	Fm	Fm7	Fdim	Fsus4	Fsus2
F:										
	Gb	Gb6	Gbmaj7	Gb7	F#aug	F#m	F#m7	Gbdim	Gbsus4	F#sus2
Gb/F#:										
	G	G6	Gmaj7	G7	Gaug	Gmin	Gm7	Gdim	Gsus4	Gsus2
G:										
	Ab	Ab6	Abmaj7	Ab7	Abaug	Abm	Abm7	Abdim	Absus4	Absus2
Ab/G#:										
	A	A6	Ama7	A7	Aaug	Am	Am7	Adim	Asus4	Asus2
A:										
	Bb	Bb6	Bbmaj7	Bb7	Bbaug	Bbm	Bbm7	Bbdim	Bbsus4	Bbsus2
Bb/A#:										
	B	B6	Bmaj7	B7	Baug	Bm	Bm7	Bdim	Bsus4	Bsus2
B:										

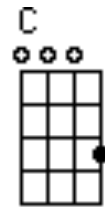
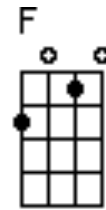


IKO IKO – Trad, Arr. B. Farmer

Intro: F

Verse 1

F C
My grandma and your grandma were sittin' by the fire.
C
My grandma told your grandma
F
I'm gonna set your flag on fire.



Chorus

F
Talkin' 'bout, hey now (hey now) hey now (hey now)
C
Iko, iko, unday
C F
Jockamo feeno ai nané, Jockamo fee nané

Verse 2

F C
Look at my king all dressed in red, iko, iko, unday
C
I betcha five dollars he'll kill you dead
F
Jockamo fee nané

Chorus

Verse 3

F C
My flag boy to your flag boy, were sittin' by the fire,
C
My flag boy told your flag boy
F
I'm gonna set your tail on fire.

Chorus

Verse 4

F C
See that guy all dressed in green, iko, iko, unday
C
He's not a man, he's a lovin' machine
F
Jockamo fee nané

Chorus

1st verse

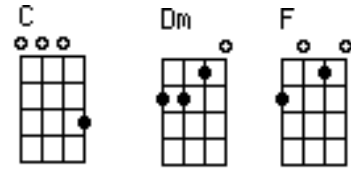
Chorus (x2)



DON'T WORRY; BE HAPPY

Bobby McFerrin

Whistle 2 x **C, Dm, F, C**



C Here's a little song I wrote, **Dm** you can learn it note for note,
F C
 Don't worry, be happy
C In every life we have some trouble, **Dm** when you worry you make it double,
F C

Don't worry, be happy

Ooh's 2x **C, Dm, F, C**

C Ain't got no place to lay your head, **Dm** somebody came and took your bed,
F C
 Don't worry, be happy
C The Landlord say your rent is late, **Dm** he may have to litigate,
F C
 Don't worry, be happy

Whistle 2x **C, Dm, F, C**

C Ain't got no cash, ain't got no style, **Dm** ain't got no goal to make you smile,
F C
 Don't worry, be happy
C Cos when you worry, your face will frown, **Dm** and that will bring everybody down,
F C
 Don't worry, be happy

Ooh's 2x **C, Dm, F, C**

C There's the little song I wrote, **Dm** hope you learnt it note for note,
F C
 Don't worry, be happy
C In your life expect some trouble, **Dm** but when you worry you make it double,
F C
 Don't worry, be happy

Whistle 3 x **C, Dm, F, C**

CATCH THE WIND

Donovan

Verse 1:

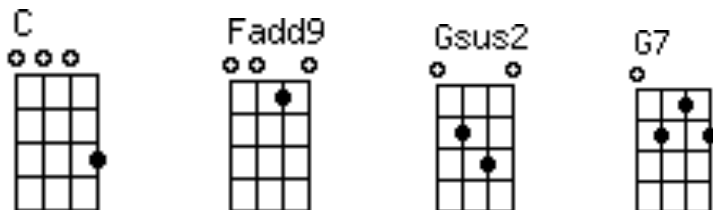
C **F^{add9}** **C** **F^{add9}**
 In the chilly hours and minutes of uncertainty, I want to be
C **F** **G^{sus2}** **C** **G7**
 In the warm hold of your lovin' mind
C **F^{add9}** **C** **F^{add9}**
 To feel you all around me and to take your hand along the sand
C **F^{add9}** **G^{sus2}** **C** **G7**
 Ah, but I may as well try and catch the wind.

Verse 2:

C **F^{add9}** **C** **F^{add9}**
 When sundown pales the sky, I want to hide a while behind your smile
C **F** **G^{sus2}** **C** **G7**
 And everywhere I'd look, your eyes I'd find
C **F^{add9}** **C** **F^{add9}**
 For me to love you now would be the sweetest thing t'would make me sing
C **F^{add9}** **G^{sus2}** **C** **G7**
 Ah, but I may as well try and catch the wind.

Verse 3:

C **F^{add9}** **C** **F^{add9}**
 When rain has hung the leaves with tears, I want you near to kill my fears
C **F^{add9}** **G^{sus2}** **C** **G7**
 To help me to leave all my blues behind
C **F^{add9}** **C** **F^{add9}**
 Standin' in your heart is where I want to be and long to be,
C **F^{add9}** **G^{sus2}** **C** **G7**
 Ah, but I may as well try and catch the wind.



Dirty Old Town

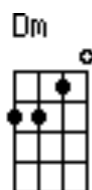
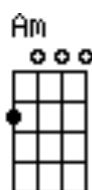
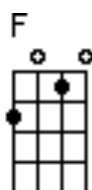
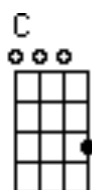
Ewan MacColl

C
 I met my love by the gasworks door,
F **C**
 Dreamed a dream by the old canal,
Am **C**
 Kissed my girl by the factory wall.
Dm **Am**
 Dirty old town, dirty old town.

C
 The moon is shifting behind a cloud
F **C**
 Cats are crawling all along the beat.
Am **C**
 Springs a girl in the streets at night.
Dm **Am**
 Dirty old town, dirty old town.

C
 I heard a whistle coming from the docks,
F **C**
 And a train set the night on fire,
Am **C**
 Smelled the spring on a smoke-filled air.
Dm **Am**
 Dirty old town, dirty old town.

C
 I'm gonna get me a nice sharp axe,
F **C**
 Shining steel, tempered in a fire,
Am **C**
 Cut you down like an old dead tree.
Dm **Am**
 Dirty old town, dirty old town.



Three Little Birds

Bob Marley

Chorus:

C
Don't worry, about a thing
F C
Cause' every little thing, gonna be alright
(C)
Singin' don't worry, about a thing
F C
Cause' every little thing, gonna be alright

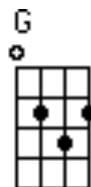
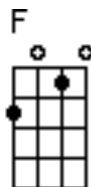
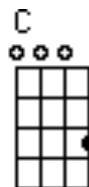
Verse:

C
Rise up this mornin'
G
Smile with the rising sun
F
three little birds perch by my doorstep
C
Singin' sweet songs
G
of melodys pure and true
F C
sayin', this my message to you-oo-oo

Chorus:

C
Singin' don't worry, about a thing
F C
Cause' every little thing, (is) gonna be alright
(C)
Singin' don't worry, (don't worry) about a thing
F C
Cause' every little thing, gonna be alright

Chorus



Chorus

Chorus

(Fade)



Matty Groves

Fairport Convention

Am Em7 Am
 A holiday, a holyday, the first one of the year
C Em7 Am Em7 Am
 Lord Arlen's wife came into the church, the gospel for to hear

Am Em7 Am
 And when the meeting it was done, she cast her eyes about
C Em7 Am Em7 Am
 And there she saw little Matty Groves, walking in the crowd

Am Em7 Am
 "Come home with me little Matty Groves, come home with me tonight
C Em7 Am Em7 Am
 Come home with me little Matty Groves, and sleep with me tonight"

Am Em7 Am
 "Oh, I can't come home, I won't come home and sleep with you tonight
C Em7 Am Em7 Am
 By the rings on your fingers I can tell you are Lord Arlen's wife".

Am Em7 Am
 "T'is true I am Lord Arlen's wife; Lord Arlen's not at home
C Em7 Am Em7 Am
 He is out to the far corn fields, bringing the yearlings home"

Am Em7 Am
 And the servant, who was standing by and hearing what was said,
C Em7 Am Em7 Am
 He swore Lord Arlen he would know before the sun would set.

Am Em7 Am
 And in his hurry to carry the news he filled his breast and ran
C Em7 Am Em7 Am
 And when he came to the broad mill stream, he took off his shoes and swam

Am Em7 Am
 Little Matty Groves, he laid down and took a little sleep
C Em7 Am Em7 Am
 When he awoke Lord Arlen was standing at his feet,

Am Em7 Am
 Saying "how do you like my feather bed and how do you like my sheets?
C Em7 Am Em7 Am
 And how do you like my lady who lies in your arms asleep?"

Am Em7 Am
 "Oh well I like your feather bed and well I like your sheets,
C Em7 Am Em7 Am

But better I like your Lady maid, who lies in my arms asleep".

Am **Em7** **Am**
Well "get up, get up", Lord Arlen cried, "get up as quick as you can,
C **Em7** **Am** **Em7** **Am**
It'll never be said in fair England I slew a naked man".

Am **Em7** **Am**
"Oh I won't get up, I won't get up, I can't get up for my life,
C **Em7** **Am** **Em7** **Am**
For you have two long beaten swords and I not a pocket knife".

Am **Em7** **Am**
"Well it's true I have two beaten swords, they cost me deep in the purse,
C **Em7** **Am** **Em7** **Am**
But you will have the better of them and I will have the worst.

Am **Em7** **Am**
And you will strike the very first blow and strike it like a man,
C **Em7** **Am** **Em7** **Am**
And I will strike the very next blow and hit you if I can".

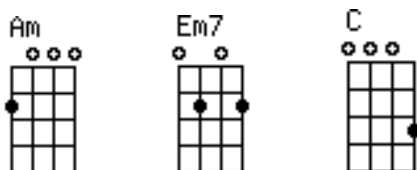
Am **Em7** **Am**
So Matty struck the very first blow, but struck Lord Arlen's sword,
C **Em7** **Am** **Em7** **Am**
Lord Arlen struck the very next blow and Matty struck no more.

Am **Em7** **Am**
And then Lord Arlen took his wife and he sat her on his knee,
C **Em7** **Am** **Em7** **Am**
Saying "Who do you like the best of us, Matty Groves or me?"

Am **Em7** **Am**
And then up spoke his own dear wife, never heard her speak so free,
C **Em7** **Am** **Em7** **Am**
"I'd rather get a kiss from dead Matty's lips than you and your finery"

Am **Em7** **Am**
Lord Arlen he jumped up and loudly he did bawl,
C **Em7** **Am** **Em7** **Am**
He stuck his wife right through the heart and pinned her against the wall

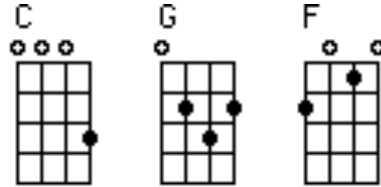
Am **Em7** **Am**
"A grave, a grave", Lord Arlen cried, "to put these lovers in,
C **Em7** **Am** **Em7** **Am**
But bury my lady at the top, for she was of noble kin".





All God's Critters

Bill Staines



Chorus:

C

All God's critters got a place in the choir

G

C

Some sing low, some sing higher,

F

C

Some sing out loud on the telephone wires,

G

C (stop)

And some just clap their hands, or paws, or anything they got now

Repeat

Verse 1

C

Listen to the bass, it's the one on the bottom

G

C

Where the bullfrog croaks and the hippopotamus

F

C

Moans and groans with a big t'do

G

C

And the old cow just goes moo.

C

The dogs and the cats they take up the middle

G

C

While the honeybee hums and the cricket fiddles,

F

C

The donkey brays and the pony neighs

G

C

And the old coyote howls.

Chorus:

C

All God's critters got a place in the choir

G

C

Some sing low, some sing higher,

F

C

Some sing out loud on the telephone wires,

G

C (stop)

And some just clap their hands, or paws, or anything they got now

**C**

Listen to the top where the little birds sing

G**C**

On the melodies with the high notes ringing,

F**C**

The hoot-owl hollers over everything

G**C**

And the jaybird disagrees.

C

Singin' in the night time, singing in the day,

G**C**

The little duck quacks, and he's on his way.

F**C**

The 'possum ain't got much to say

G**C**

And the porcupine talks to himself.

Chorus:**C**

All God's critters got a place in the choir

G**C**

Some sing low, some sing higher,

F**C**

Some sing out loud on the telephone wires,

G**C (stop)**

And some just clap their hands, or paws, or anything they got now

C

It's a simple song of living sung everywhere

G**C**

By the ox and the fox and the grizzly bear,

F**C**

The grumpy alligator and the hawk above,

G**C**

The sly raccoon and the turtle dove.

Chorus:**C**

All God's critters got a place in the choir

G**C**

Some sing low, some sing higher,

F**C**

Some sing out loud on the telephone wires,

G**C (stop)**

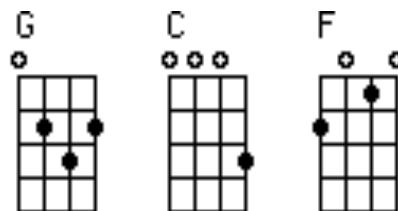
And some just clap their hands, or paws, or anything they got now

Goodnight Irene

Huddie William Ledbetter (Leadbelly)

Verse 1:

C **G**
 Last Saturday night I got married,
C
 Me and my wife settled down.
F
 Now me and my wife are parted;
G **C**
 Gonna take a long stroll down-town



Chorus:

C **G** **C**
 Irene, goodnight, Irene. Irene, goodnight.
F
 Goodnight Irene, goodnight Irene,
G **C**
 I'll see you in my dreams.

Verse 2:

C **G**
 Sometimes I live in the country,
C
 Sometimes I live in the town.
F
 Sometimes I take a fool notion
G **C**
 To jump in the river and drown.

Chorus:

C **G** **C**
 Irene, goodnight, Irene. Irene, goodnight.
F
 Goodnight Irene, goodnight Irene,
G **C**
 I'll see you in my dreams.

Verse 3:

C **G**
 Stop your ramblin', stop your gamblin'
C
 Stop stayin' out late at night.
F
 Go home to your wife and family
G **C**
 Stay there by the fireside bright.

Chorus:

C **G** **C**
 Irene, goodnight, Irene. Irene, goodnight.
F
 Goodnight Irene, goodnight Irene,
G **C**



Wreck of the Old 97 - Trad. USA

G **C**
Oh, they gave him his orders in Monroe, Virginia, saying,

G **D7**
"Steve, you're way behind time

G **C**
This is not 38, this is old Ninety-Seven

G **D7** **G**
You must put her into Spencer on time".

G **C**
Then he turned around and said to his black greasy fireman

G **D7**
Shovel on a little more coal

G **C**
And when we cross that White Oak Mountain

G **D7** **G**
Watch old Ninety-Seven roll

G **C**
But it's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville

G **D7**
And from Lima it's on a three mile grade

G **C**
It was on that grade that he lost his air brakes

G **D7** **G**
See what a jump he made

G **C**
He was goin' down the grade makin' ninety miles an hour

G **D7**
When his whistle broke into a scream

G **C**
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle

G **D7** **G**
A-scalded to death by the steam

G **C**
Then the telegram came to Washington station

G **D7**
And this is how it read

G **C**
Oh that brave engineer that run old Ninety-Seven

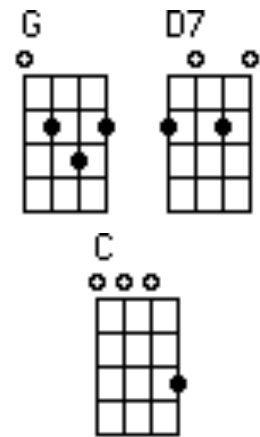
G **D7** **G**
He's a layin' in old Danville dead

G **C**
So now all you ladies you better take a warnin'

G **D7**
From this time on and learn

G **C**
Never speak harsh words to your true lovin' husband

G **D7** **G**
He may leave you and never return



Big Yellow Taxi

Joni Mitchell

Verse 1:

F **C**
 They paved paradise and put up a parking lot
F **G7** **C**
 With a pink hotel, a boutique and a swingin' hot spot

Chorus:

C
 Don't it always seem to go
F **C (pause)**
 That you don't know what you've got 'till it's gone
F **G7** **C**
 They paved paradise and put up a parking lot

Verse 2:

F **C**
 They took all the trees, put 'em in a tree museum
F **G7** **C**
 And they charged the people a dollar and a half just to see 'em

Chorus

Verse 3:

F **C**
 Hey farmer, farmer, put away that DDT, now
F **G7** **C**
 Give me spots on my apples, but leave me the birds and the bees, please

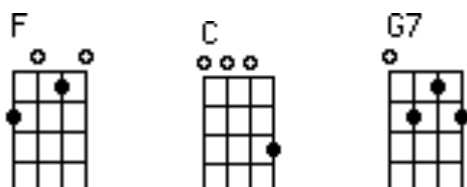
Chorus

Verse 4:

F **C**
 Late last night I heard the screen door slam
F **G7** **C**
 And a big yellow taxi took away my old man

Chorus (ooooh la la-la)

Chorus



Wild Mountain Thyme

Francis McPeake

D G D G D
 Oh, the summer time is coming and the leaves are sweetly turning
G F#m Em G Em
 And the wild mountain thyme looms across the purple heather

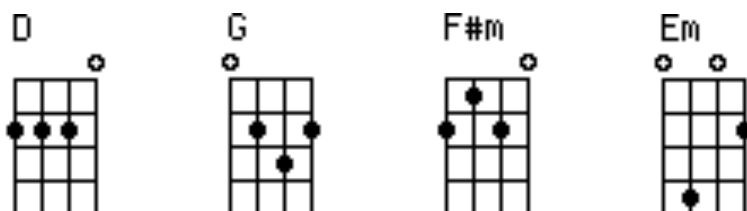
D G D
 Will you go, Lassie, go?

D G D G D
 If you will not go with me, I will surely find another
G F#m Em G Em
 To pull wild mountain thyme all across the purple heather

D G D
 Will you go, Lassie, go?

G D G F#m Em
 And we'll all go together, to pull wild mountain thyme
G Em D G D
 All across the purple heather, will you go, Lassie, go?

G D G F#m Em
 And we'll all go together, to pull wild mountain thyme
G Em D G D
 All across the purple heather, will you go, Lassie, go?



Fields of Athenry - Pete St John

Verse 1:

G
 By the lonely prison wall,
C G D7
 I heard a young girl calling
G C D7
 Michael, they are taking you away,
G C G D7
 For you stole Trevelyn's corn, so the young might see the morn,
G
 Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay.

Chorus:

G C G Em
 Low lie the fields of Athenry,
G D7
 Where once we watched the small free birds fly.
G C G D7
 Our love was on the wing, we had dreams and songs to sing,
G
 It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.

Verse 2:

G
 By a lonely prison wall
C G D7
 I head a young man calling.
G C D7
 Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free,
G C G D7
 Against the Famine and the Crown, I rebelled, they cut me down.
G
 Now you must raise our child with dignity.

Chorus:

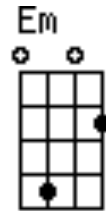
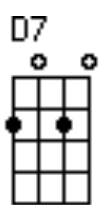
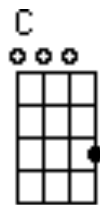
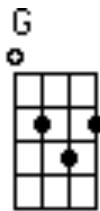
G C G Em
 Low lie the fields of Athenry,
G D7
 Where once we watched the small free birds fly.
G C G D7
 Our love was on the wing, we had dreams and songs to sing,
G
 It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.

Verse 3:

G
 By a lonely harbour wall
C **G D7**
 She watched the last star falling.
G **C** **D7**
 And that prison ship sailed out against the sky.
G **C** **G** **D7**
 Sure she'll wait and hope and pray, for her love in Botany Bay,
G
 It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.

Chorus:

G C G Em
 Low lie the fields of Athenry,
G **D7**
 Where once we watched the small free birds fly.
G C G D7
 Our love was on the wing, we had dreams and songs to sing,
G
 It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.





Whiskey in the Jar

Trad. Irish

Verse 1:

C **Am**
 As I was going over the Cork and Kerry mountains,
F **C**
 I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was counting.
C **Am**
 I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier,
F **C**
 Saying: "Stand and deliver", for you are a bold deceiver.

Chorus:

G **C**
 Musha ring durram do durram dah, wack fol de daddy o,
F **C** **G** **C**
 Wack fol de daddy o, there's whiskey in the jar.

Verse 2:

C **Am**
 I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,
F **C**
 I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny.
C **Am**
 She sighed and she swore that she never would believe me,
F **C**
 But the devil take the women for they never can be easy.

Chorus

Verse 3:

C **Am**
 I went unto my chamber all for to take a slumber,
F **C**
 I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder.
C **Am**
 But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water,
F **C**
 Then sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.



Chorus

Verse 4:

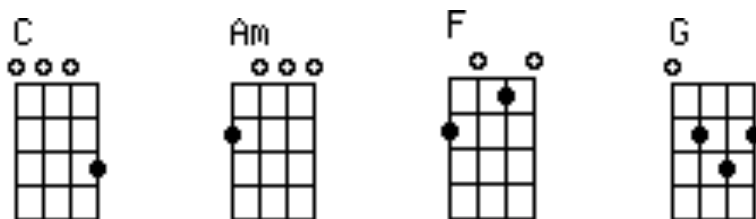
C **Am**
 It was early in the morning just before I rose to travel,
F **C**
 Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell.
C **Am**
 I first produced my pistol for she'd stolen away me rapier,
F **C**
 But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

Chorus

Verse 5:

C **Am**
 And if anyone can aid me 'tis me brother in the army,
F **C**
 If I can find a station in Cork or in Killarney.
C **Am**
 And if he'll go with me we'll go roaming in Kilkenny,
F **C**
 And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my only sporting Jenny.

Chorus x 2



Black is the Colour Trad. Scottish

Verse 1:

F G Am
 Black is the colour of my true loves hair
F G E7
 Her lips are like some roses fair
F G E7
 She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
F G Am
 And I love the ground whereon she stands

Verse 2:

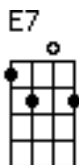
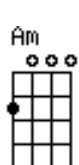
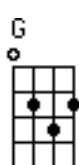
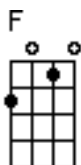
F G Am
 I love my love and well she knows
F G E7
 I love the ground whereon she goes
F G E7
 I wish the day it soon would come
F G Am
 When she and I would be as one

Verse 3:

F G Am
 I go to the Clyde and I mourn and weep
F G E7
 For satisfied I ne'er can be
F G E7
 I wrote her a letter just a few short lines
F G Am
 And suffer death a thousand times

Verse 1 reprise:

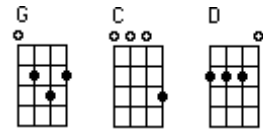
F G Am
 Black is the colour of my true loves hair
F G E7
 Her lips are like some roses fair
F G E7
 She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
F G Am
And I love the ground whereon she stands





Roseville Fair – Bill Staines

Oh, the night was clear and the stars were shining
 And the moon came up, so quiet in the sky
 And all the people gathered round while the band was tuning
 I can hear them now, playing 'Coming Through the Rye'



She was dressed in blue and she looked so lovely,
 Just a gentle flower of a small town girl,
 Then he took her hand and they danced to the music,
 With a single smile she became his world

Chorus:
 And they danced all night, to the fiddle and the banjo,
 Their drifting tunes, seemed to fill the air,
 So long ago, but they still remember,
 When they fell in love, at the Roseville Fair

Now, they courted well, and they courted dearly
 They rocked for hours in the front porch chair
 Then a year went by from the time that he met her
 And he made her his, at the Roseville Fair

Chorus:
 And they danced all night, to the fiddle and the banjo,
 Their drifting tunes, seemed to fill the air,
 So long ago, but they still remember,
 When they fell in love, at the Roseville Fair

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

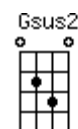
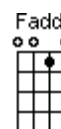
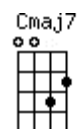
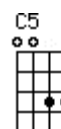
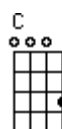
(in the Chris Wood version it's changed to 'the way that we did, at the Roseville Fair in the last verse').



Who Will Sing Me Lullabies

Kate Rusby (arr. B. Farmer 2014)

C **F^{add9}** **C** **G^{sus2}**
 Lay me down gently, lay me down low,
C **F^{add9}** **G^{sus2}** **G**
 I fear I am broken and won't mend, I know.
F **G** **C** **F** **F**
 One thing I ask when the stars light the skies,
Am **G** **C5** **Cmaj7**
 Who now will sing me lullabies,
Am **G** **C** **F** **C** **F**
 Oh who now will sing me lullabies.



C **F^{add9}** **C** **G^{sus2}**
 In this big world I'm lonely, for I am but small,
C **F^{add9}** **G^{sus2}** **G**
 Oh angels in heaven, don't you care for me at all?
F **G** **C** **F** **F**
 You heard my heart breaking for it rang through the skies,
Am **G** **C5** **Cmaj7**
 So why don't you sing me lullabies,
Am **G** **C** **F** **C** **F**
 Oh why don't you sing me lullabies.

C **F^{add9}** **C** **G^{sus2}**
 I lay here; I'm weeping for the stars they have come,
C **F^{add9}** **G^{sus2}** **G**
 I lay here not sleeping; now the long night has begun.
F **G** **C** **F** **F**
 The man in the moon, oh he can't help but cry,
Am **G** **C5** **Cmaj7**
 For there's no one to sing me lullabies,
Am **G** **C** **F** **C** **F**
 Oh there's no one to sing me lullabies.

C **F^{add9}** **C** **G^{sus2}**
 Lay me down gently, lay me down low,
C **F^{add9}** **G^{sus2}** **G**
 I fear I am broken and won't mend, I know.
F **G** **C** **F** **F**
 One thing I ask when the stars light the skies,
Am **G** **C5** **Cmaj7**
 Who now will sing me lullabies,
Am **G** **C5** **Cmaj7**
 Oh who now will sing me lullabies.

C **F^{add9}**
 Who will sing me to sleep
C **G^{sus2}**
 Who will sing me to sleep
C **F^{add9}**
 Who will sing me to sleep
C **G^{sus2}**
 Who will sing me to sleep