

## The last thing on my mind – Tom Paxton

It's a lesson too late for the learning

Made of sand, made of sand

In the blinking of an eye my soul is turning,

In your hand, in your hand,

Chorus

Are you going away with no word of farewell

Will there be not a trace left behind

Well I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind

You know that was the last thing on my mind

As we walk all my thoughts are tumbling

Round and round, round and round,

Underneath our feet the subway's rumbling

Underground, underground

Chorus

You've got reasons of plenty for going

This I know, this I know

For the weeds have been steadily growing

Please don't go, please don't go

Chorus

As I lie in my bed in the morning

Without you, without you

Every song in my heart dies a burning

I'm so blue, I'm so blue

Chorus



# Pick a bale of Cotton

1. I'm gonna **G**jump down, **turn** around, **pick** a bale of **cotton**

I'm gonna **jump** down, **turn** around, **D**pick a bale a **G**day

I'm gonna **G**jump down, **turn** around, **pick** a bale of **cotton**

I'm gonna **jump** down, **turn** around, **D**pick a bale a **G**day

## Chorus

Oh **G**Lordy, **pick** a bale of **cotton**

Oh Lordy, **pick** a bale a **G**day

Oh **G**Lordy, **pick** a bale of **cotton**

Oh Lordy, **D**pick a bale a **G**day

2. **Massa** give me **one** dram to **pick** a bale of **cotton**

3. **Me** and my **partner** can **pick** a bale of **cotton**

4. I **had** a little **woman** who could **pick** a bale of **cotton**

5. I **believe** to my **soul** I'll **pick** a bale of **cotton**

6. **Pick** a Pick a **Pick** a Pick a **Pick** a bale of **cotton**

Chords - G , D

# Gotta Travel On

G. 26

## CHORUS

I've laid around and played around - This old town too long  
Summer's almost gone - Yes, winter's comin' on  
I've laid around and played around - This old town too long  
And I feel like I gotta travel on

Poppa writes to Johnny  
But Johnny can't come home  
Johnny can't come home  
No, Johnny can't come home  
Poppa writes to Johnny  
But Johnny can't come home  
Cause he's been on the chain gang too long

## CHORUS

High sheriff and police riding after me  
Riding after me, yes, coming after me  
High sheriff and police coming after me  
And I feel like I gotta travel on

po-lice

## CHORUS

Want to see my honey  
Want to see her bad  
Want to see her bad  
Oh, want to see her bad  
Want to see my honey  
Want to see her bad,  
She's the best girl  
This poor boy ever had

CHORUS (Repeat last line) And I feel like I gotta travel on

# Where have all the flowers gone - Pete Seeger

4

<sup>C</sup> Where have all the flowers gone, <sup>A m</sup> long time <sup>F</sup> passing? <sup>G.</sup>  
<sup>E</sup> Where have all the flowers gone, <sup>A m</sup> long time <sup>F</sup> ago? <sup>G.</sup>  
<sup>E</sup> Where have all the flowers gone? <sup>A m</sup>  
<sup>F</sup> Young girls have picked them every one. <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>E</sup> Oh, when will they ever learn?  
<sup>F</sup> Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the young girls gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the young girls gone?  
Gone to husbands every one.  
Oh, when will they ever learn?  
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the husbands gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the husbands gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the husbands gone?  
Gone for soldiers every one  
Oh, when will they ever learn?  
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the soldiers gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Gone to graveyards, every one.  
Oh, when will they ever learn?  
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the graveyards gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the graveyards gone?  
Covered in flowers, every one.  
Oh, when will they ever learn?  
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the flowers gone?  
Young girls have picked them every one.  
Oh, when will they ever learn?  
Oh, when will they ever learn?

# I'll be your baby tonight - Dylan

C

Close your eyes, close the door

D

You don't have to worry any more

F      G              C      G

I'll be your baby tonight

C

Shut the light, shut the shade

D

You don't have to be afraid

F      G              C

I'll be your baby tonight

F

Well, that mockingbird's gonna sail away

C

We're gonna forget it

D

That big, fat moon is gonna shine like a spoon

G

But we're gonna let it, you won't regret it

C

Kick your shoes off, do not fear

D

Bring that bottle over here

F   G              C

I'll be your baby tonight

Repeat bridge and last verse

## Side by Side – Patsy Cline

C F C  
Oh we ain't got a barrel of mon-ey

F C  
Maybe we're ragged and fun-ny

F  
But we'll travel along

C A7  
Singing a song

D7 G7 C  
Side by side

C F C  
I don't know what's coming tomor-row

C F C  
Maybe it's trouble and sor-row

F  
But we'll travel the road

C A7  
Sharing our load

D7 G7 C  
Side by side

E7  
Through all kinds of weather

A7  
What if the sky should fall

D7  
Just as long as we're together

G7  
It really doesn't matter at all

When they've

C F C  
all had their quarrels and part-ed

F C  
We'll be the same as we start-ed

F  
Just traveling along

C A7  
Singing a song

D7 G7 C  
Side by side

I got married on Sunday,  
The party lasted till Monday  
Then we staggered off home,  
To our honeymoon home  
Side by side

Started getting ready for bed then,  
I very nearly dropped dead when,  
her teeth and her hair  
she placed on the chair  
Side by side.

She took off her left leg,  
popped out her glass eye so small  
Then along with her padded bra  
She placed on the chair by the wall,

Now I'm so broken hearted,  
From most of my wife I've been parted,  
So I slept on the chair  
There was more of her there  
Side by side

# Sloop John B

We come on the sloop John B -  
 My grandfather and me;  
 Around Nassau town we did roam.  
 Drinking all night,  
 Got into a fight.  
 Well I feel so broke up,  
 I want to go home.

## Chorus

So hoist up the John B sail,  
 See how the mainsail sets,  
 Call for the captain ashore,  
 Let me go home, Let me go home,  
 I wanna go home, yeah yeah.  
 Well I feel so broke up,  
 I wanna go home.

The first mate he got drunk,  
 And broke in the capn's trunk,  
 The constable had to come and take him away.  
 Sheriff John Stone,  
 Why dont you leave me alone? Yeah, yeah.  
 Well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

## Repeat Chorus

The poor cook he caught the fits  
 And threw away all my grits  
 And then he took and he ate up all of my corn.  
 Let me go home,  
 Why dont they let me go home? Yeah, yeah.  
 This is the worst trip Ive ever been on.

**We shall overcome - Zilphia Hart., Frank Hamilton,  
Guy Carawan and Pete Seeger**

Cap 2 C (D)

C F C C f C  
 We shall overcome, we shall overcome,  
 C f G Am D7 G-DG  
 We shall overcome someday;  
 C f C F E  
 Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe,  
 C f C G C  
 We shall overcome someday.

We'll walk hand in hand, we'll walk hand in hand,  
 We'll walk hand in hand someday;  
 Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe,  
 We'll walk hand in hand someday.

We are not afraid, we are not afraid,  
 We are not afraid today;  
 Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe,  
 We are not afraid today.

The truth shall make us free, the truth shall make us free,  
 The truth shall make us free someday;  
 Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe,  
 The truth shall make us free someday:

We shall live in peace, we shall live in peace,  
 We shall live in peace someday;  
 Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe,  
 We shall live in peace someday