

Skiffle Session 9 November 2018

Grand Coulee Dam	C Capo2 (D)
Battle of New Orleans	D
Dead or Alive	A
No Hiding Place	C Capo2 (D)
I'm Alabama Bound	G
Railroad Bill	D
Freight Train	C Capo2 (D)

Skiffle Session 9 November 2018

Grand Coulee Dam C Capo2 (D)

Now the world holds seven wonders that the travellers always tell
Some gardens and some towers, I guess you know them well
But now the greatest wonder is in Uncle Sam's fair land
It's the big Columbia River, and the big Grand Coulee Dam

She heads up the Canadian Rockies where the rippling waters glide
Comes a-roaring down the canyon for to meet that salty tide
Of the big Pacific Ocean where the sun sinks in the west
In the big Grand Coulee country, In the land I love the best

In the misty crystal glitter of the wild and windward spray
Men have fought the pounding waters and met a watery grave
Why, she tore their boats to splinters but she gave men dreams to dream
Of the day the Coulee Dam would cross that wild and wasted stream

Now Uncle Sam took up the challenge in the year of thirty three
For the farmer and the factory and all of you and me
He said, "Roll along Columbia, you can roll down to the sea
But river, while you're rambling you can do some work for me."

Now from Washington and Oregon you can hear the factories hum
Making chrome and making manganese and white aluminum
Now the roar of the Flying Fortress for to fight for Uncle Sam
On the howling King Columbia and the big Grand Coulee Dam

In the misty crystal glitter of the wild and windward spray
Men have fought the pounding waters and met a watery grave
Why, she tore their boats to splinters but she gave men dreams to dream
Of the day the Coulee Dam would cross that wild and wasted stream

Now the world holds seven wonders that the travellers always tell
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Woody Guthrie

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Battle Of New Orleans D

D G
In eighteen fourteen we took a little trip
A7 D
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississip'
D G
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans
A7 D
And we fought the bloody British in the town of New Orleans

Chorus

D
We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'
A7 D
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago
D
We fired once more and they began to runnin'
D A7
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

We looked down the river and we see'd the British come
And there must have been a hundred of 'em beatin' on the drum
They stepped so high and they made their bugles ring
We stood behind our cotton bales and didn't say a thing

Chorus

Old Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise
If we didn't fire our muskets 'till we looked 'em in the eyes
We held our fire 'till we seed their faces well
Then we opened up our squirrel guns and really gave 'em, well,

Chorus

Yeah they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go
They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

Chorus

We fired our cannon 'till the barrel melted down
So we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round
We filled his head with cannonballs 'n' powdered his behind
And when we touched the powder off, the gator lost his mind

Chorus

Jimmie Driftwood

Skiffle Session 9 November 2018

Dead or Alive A

A
Well, the new sher'ff wrote me a letter,

D A
Yes, the new sher'ff wrote me a letter:

A
Come up and see me dead or alive,

E A
Come up and see me dead or alive.

A
It's a hard road dead or alive.

E7 A
It's a hard road dead or alive.

A
It's a hard road dead or alive.

E7 A
It's a hard road dead or alive.

Well, he even sent me my picture:
Yes, he even sent me my picture;
How do I look, boys, dead or alive?
How do I look, boys, dead or alive?

It's a hard road dead or alive.

It's a hard road dead or alive.

It's a hard road dead or alive.

It's a hard road dead or alive.

I don't like your hard-rock hotel;
I don't like your hard-rock hotel;
Dead or alive, no sheriff
Dead or alive, no sheriff

It's a hard road dead or alive.

It's a hard road dead or alive.

It's a hard road dead or alive.

It's a hard road dead or alive.

I gotta go down and see my little sweet thing;
Gonna go down and see my little sweet thing;
Dead or alive, yeah sheriff
Dead or alive, yeah sheriff

It's a hard road dead or alive.

It's a hard road dead or alive.

It's a hard road dead or alive.

It's a hard road dead or alive.

Woody Guthrie

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No Hiding Place C capo 2

Chorus:

 C
There's no hiding place down here
 G7
No hiding place down here.
 C C7
I went to the rock to hide my face
 F
The rock cried out "No hiding place!"
 C G7 C
There's no hiding place down here

 C
Boatman, boatman you'd better row one side
 G7
Boatman, boatman you'd better row one side
 C C7
Boatman, boatman, row one side
 F
If you're gonna get to Heaven get the wind and tide
 C G7 C
There's no hiding place down here

Chorus:

Sinner man, sinner man you had better repent.
Sinner man, sinner man you had better repent.
Sinner man, sinner man better repent,
God's ghost going to call you to judgement
There's no hiding place down here

Chorus x2

Skiffle Session 9 November 2018

I'm Alabama Bound G

Chorus

G (G6) (G6)
 I'm Alab**a**ma bound (I'm Alab**a**ma bound)
C(C6) (C6)
 I'm Alab**a**ma bound (I'm Alab**a**ma bound)
G (G7) (G7)
 And if the train don't stop and turn around
G (G6) (G6)
 I'm Alab**a**ma bound (I'm Alab**a**ma bound)

Don't you leave me here
 Don't you you leave me here
 But if you must go sweet Polly Ann
 Leave me a dime for beer

Chorus

Well the Preacher preach
 Pass his hat around
 Crying "Brothers and Sisters leave your money to me"
 I'm Alabama bound

Chorus

Well your hair don't curl
 And your eyes ain't blue
 But if you don't want me sweet Polly Ann
 Then I don't want you

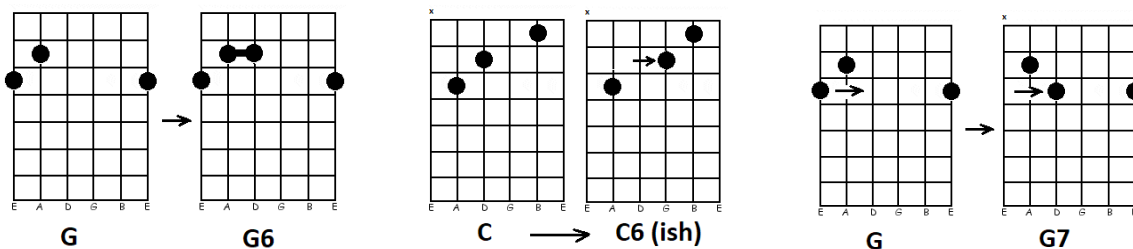
Chorus

Note:

G6:- add 4th string 2nd fret to G

C6:- add 3rd string 2nd fret to C

G7:- add 4th string 3rd fret to G



Leadbelly

Skiffle Session 9 November 2018

Railroad Bill

D

Chorus

D

Railroad Bill, Railroad Bill

G

He never worked and he never will

A7

D

I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill

A7

D

I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill

D

Well Railroad Bill he done stole my wife

G

If you don't look out he's going to take your life

A7

D

I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill

A7

D

I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill

Chorus

Got a 38 pistol just as long as my arm

Kill anybody that done me harm

I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill

I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill

Chorus

Got a 38 pistol on a 45 frame

How can I miss when I've got that aim

I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill

I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill

Chorus

Going up the mountain Lord I'm going out West

38 pistol sticking out of my vest

I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill

I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill

Chorus

Got a 38 pistol just as long as my arm

Kill anybody that done me harm

I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill

I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill

Chorus x2

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Freight Train C capo 2 (D)

C G7
Freight train, Freight train, goin' so fast,
C
Freight train, Freight train, goin' so fast,
E7 F
Please don't tell what train I'm on
C G7 C
So they won't know where I'm gone.

Freight train, Freight train, goin' round the bend,
Freight train, Freight train, comin' back again,
One of these days turn that train around
And go back to my home town.

One more place I'd like to be,
One more place I'd lie to see,
To watch them old Blue Ridge Mountains climb,
When I ride old number nine.

When I die Lord, Bury me deep,
Down at the end of Chestnut street,
Where I can hear old number nine
As she comes down the line.

Freight train, Freight train, goin' so fast,
Freight train, Freight train, goin' so fast,
Please don't tell what train I'm on
So they won't know where I'm gone.

Libba Cotten