

# Skiffle Session 10 December 2021

<b>Freight Train</b>	<b>C capo2</b>
<b>Railroad Bill</b>	<b>D (C capo 2)</b>
<b>Grand Coulee Dam</b>	<b>D (C capo2)</b>
<b>Lonesome Traveller</b>	<b>Am capo2</b>
<b>I'm Alabama Bound</b>	<b>G</b>
<b>Wabash Cannonball</b>	<b>D (C capo2)</b>
<b>Roll in My Sweet Baby's Arms</b>	<b>G</b>

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## Freight Train- Elizabeth Cotton C capo2

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.

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## Railroad Bill D (C capo 2)

*Chorus*

**D(C)**

Railroad Bill, Railroad Bill

**G(F)**

He never worked and he never will

**A7(G7) D(C)**

I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill

**A7(G7) D(C)**

I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill

**D(C)**

Well Railroad Bill he done stole my wife

**G(F)**

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

**A7(G7) D(C)**

I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill

**A7(G7) D(C)**

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*

## Skiffle Session 10 December 2021

### Grand Coulee Dam- Woody Guthrie D(C capo2)

D(C) G(F)  
Now the world holds seven wonders that the travellers always tell  
A7(G7) D(C)

Some gardens and some towers, I guess you know them well  
D(C) G(F)

But now the greatest wonder is in Uncle Sam's fair land  
A7(G7) D(C)

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."

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 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  
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

# Skiffle Session 10 December 2021

## Lonesome Traveller Am Capo2

*Chorus*

**Am**

I am a lonely and a lonesome traveller

**D** **Am**

I am a lonely and a lonesome traveller

I am a lonely and a lonesome traveller

**D** **E7** **Am**

I've been travelling on

**Am**

I travelled here and then I travelled yonder

**D** **Am**

I travelled here and then I travelled yonder

I travelled here and then I travelled yonder

**D** **E7** **Am**

I've been travelling on

*Chorus*

I travelled cold and then I travelled hungry (x3)

I've been travelling on

*Chorus*

I travelled with the rich and I travelled with the poor (x3)

I've been travelling on

*Chorus*

One of these days I'm going to stop all my travelling (x3)

I've been travelling on

*Chorus*

# Skiffle Session 10 December 2021

## I'm Alabama Bound – Leadbelly G

Chorus:

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

Don't you leave me here  
 Don't you you leave me here  
 But if you must go sweet Polly Ann

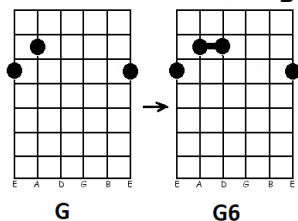
Leave me a dime for beer  
*Chorus*

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

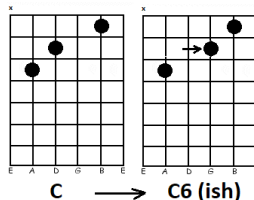
Well your hair don't curl  
 And your eyes ain't blue  
 But if you don't want me sweet Polly Ann  
 Then I don't want you  
 Chorus

Note:

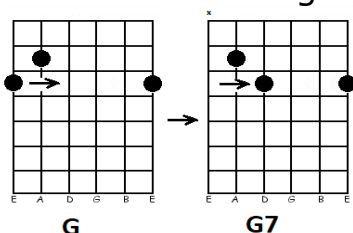
G6:- add 4<sup>th</sup> string 2<sup>nd</sup> fret to G



C6:- add 3<sup>rd</sup> string 2<sup>nd</sup> fret to C



G7:- add 4<sup>th</sup> string 3<sup>rd</sup> fret to G



# Skiffle Session 10 December 2021

## Wabash Cannonball – Carter Family D(C capo2)

D(C) G(F)  
From the great Atlantic Ocean to the wide Pacific shore  
A(G) D(C)  
From the green and flowing mountains to the south land by the shore  
G(F)  
She's mighty tall and handsome, and known quite well by all  
A7(G7) D(C)  
She's the combination known as the Wabash Cannonball

Chorus:

G(F)  
Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar  
A(G) D(C)  
As she glides along the woodlands, o'er the hills and by the shore  
G(F)  
Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear that lonesome hobo squall  
A7(G7) D(C)  
You're travelling through the jungles on the Wabash Cannonball

She came down from Birmingham, one cold December day  
As she rolled into the station, you could hear all the people say  
There's a girl from Tennessee, she's long and she's tall  
She came down from Birmingham on the Wabash Cannonball

Chorus

Our Eastern states are dandy, so the people always say  
From New York to St. Louis and Chicago by the way  
From the hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall  
No changes can be taken on that Wabash Cannonball

Chorus

Here's to Daddy Clayton, may his name forever stand  
And always be remembered 'round the courts of Alabam'  
His earthly race is over and the curtains 'round him fall  
We'll carry him home to Dixie on the Wabash Cannonball

# Skiffle Session 10 December 2021

## Roll In My Sweet Baby's Arms G

G  
Ain't gonna work on the railroad  
D7  
Ain't gonna work on the farm  
G G7 C  
Gonna lay around the shack till the mail train comes back  
D7 G  
Then I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms

Chorus:

G  
Roll in my sweet baby's arms  
D7  
Roll in my sweet baby's arms  
G G7 C  
Lay around the shack till the mail train comes back  
D7 G  
Then I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms

Can't see what's the matter with my true love  
She done quit writing to me  
She must think I don't love her like I used to  
Ain't that a foolish idea.

Sometime there's a change in the ocean  
Sometime there's a change in the sea  
Sometime there's a change in my own true love  
But there's never a change in me

They tell me your parents don't like me  
They have drove me away from your door  
If I had my time all over  
I would never go there any more

Now where was you last Friday night  
While I was locked up in jail  
You was walking the streets with another man  
Wouldn't even go my bail