

Chords and Words for

Pete's Simple Song Session 24

Friday 11th August 2023

Everyone join in!!

1. You ain't goin' nowhere – Bob Dylan
2. Four Marys
3. Blowin' in the wind – Bob Dylan
4. Father and Son – Cat Stevens
5. The Risin' of the moon
6. I'll tell me Ma

Practice Session 7:30 – 8:30 pm

After the Break Session – 9:45pm approx

Pete Thompson – gigs@northwichfolk.co.uk

You Ain't Goin Nowhere – Dylan G capo 2

G Am C G D
Clouds so swift - Rain won't lift - Gate won't close - Railings froze
G Am C D G D
Get your mind off wintertime - You ain't goin nowhere

CHORUS –

G Am
Whoo-ee ride me high –
C G D
Tomorrow's the day - My bride's gonna come
G Am C D G
Oh, Oh are we gonna fly - Down in the easy chair

I don't care - How many letters they sent –

Morning came and morning went

Pack up your money - Pick up your tent –

You ain't goin nowhere CHORUS

Buy me a flute - And a gun that shoots –

Tailgates and substitutes

Strap yourself - To a tree with roots –

You ain't goin nowhere CHORUS

Now Genghis Kahn - He could not keep –

All his kings - Supplied with sleep

We'll climb that hill no matter how steep –

When we get up to it CHORUS

No Capo

Four Marys

^G Last night there were four Marys ^{C G}
^G Tonight there'll be but three ^D
^{C Am7} There was Mary Seaton and Mary Beaton ^{G Em7}
^G And Mary Carmichael and me. ^{D G}

Oh, often have I dressed my Queen
And put on her braw silk gown
But all the thanks I've got tonight
Is to be hanged in Edinburgh Town.

Full often have I dressed my Queen
Put gold upon her hair
But I have got for my reward
The gallows to be my share.

Oh, little did my mother know
The day she cradled me
The land I was to travel in
The death I was to dee.

Oh, happy, happy is the maid
That's born of beauty free
Oh, it was my rosy, dimpled cheeks
That's been the devil to me.

They'll tie a kerchief around my eyes
That I may not see to dee
And they'll never tell my father or mother
But that I'm across the sea.

The four Marys were Mary, Queen of Scots' ladies-in-waiting, but these were Mary Seton, Mary Beaton, Mary Fleming and Mary Livingston. There was no Mary Carmichael but this popular song was believed to be relating to Mary, Queen of Scots until it was traced back to the court of the Tsar. The ballad dates between 1719 and 1764 and narrates the story of Mary Hamilton, a Scottish maid of Peter the Great's wife Catherine, who was executed for the murder of her illegitimate child, product of an affair with the Tsar Peter.

The two stories of Mary Hamilton and Mary, Queen of Scots were grafted onto each other.

Blowing in the Wind – Bob Dyan

No Capo

G C G D) (G)
How many roads must a man walk down,
C D
before you call him a man

G C G D G
How many seas must a white dove sail,
C D
before she sleeps in the sand

G C G D G
Yes, and how many times must the cannonballs fly,
C D
before they're forever banned

[Chorus]

C D G (Em)
The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind
C D G
The answer is blowin' in the wind

Yes, and how many years can a mountain exist,
before it is washed to the sea
Yes, and how many years can some people exist,
before they're allowed to be free
Yes, and how many times can a man turn his head,
and pretend that he just doesn't see [Chorus]

Yes, and how many times must a man look up,
before he can see the sky
Yes, and how many ears must one man have,
before he can hear people cry
Yes, and how many deaths will it take till he knows,
that too many people have died [Chorus]

Father and Son – Cat Stevens

Father G D
 It's not time to make a change
 C G Am7
 Just relax, take it easy
 G Em
 You're still young, that's your fault
 Am D
 There's so much you have to know
 G D
 Find a girl, settle down
 C Am7
 If you want, you can marry
 G Em Am7 D
 Look at me, I am old, but I'm happy
 G D
 I was once like you are now
 C Am7
 And I know that it's not easy
 G Em.
 To be calm when you've found
 Am7 D
 something going on
 G D
 And take your time, think a lot
 C Am7
 Think of everything you've got
 G Em.
 For you will still be here tomorrow
 D G C G
 But your dreams may not

Son G D
 How can I try to explain?
 C Am7
 When I do, he turns away again
 G Em
 It's always been the same
 Am D
 Same old story
 G D
 From the moment I could talk
 C Am7
 I was ordered to listen
 G Em
 Now, there's a way and I know
 D G
 That I have to go away
 D C G G Am7 C G Am7 C
 I know, I have to go

No Capo

Father
 It's not time to make a change
 Just relax, take it easy
 You're still young, that's your fault
 There's so much you have to know
 Find a girl, settle down
 If you want, you can marry
 Look at me, I am old, but I'm happy
 And all the times that I've cried
 Keeping all the things I knew inside
 It's hard, but it's harder to ignore it!
 If they were right, I'd agree
 But it's them they know, not me
 Now, there's a way and I know
 That I have to go away
 I know, I have to go

The Rising of the Moon

No Capo

Oh, come tell me Shaun O'Farrel,
Tell me why you hurry so,
Hush a boogle, hush and listen,
And his cheeks were all a glow.
I bear orders from the captain,
Make you ready quick and soon,
For the pikes must be together
At the rising of the moon.

CHORUS - At the rising of the moon, At the rising of the moon,
Lines 7 and 8. For the pikes must be together, At the rising of the moon.

And then tell me Shaun O'Farrel,
Where the gathering is to be,
At the old spot by the river,
Right well known to you and me.
One word more for signal token,
Whistle up a marching tune,
With your pike upon your shoulder
At the rising of the moon, CHORUS

Out of many a mud walled cabin,
Eyes were watching through the night.
Many a manly heart was beating,
For the coming morning light.
Murmurs ran along the valley,
Like the banshee's lonely croon
And a thousand pikes were flashing
By the rising of the moon. CHORUS

All along the singing river,
That dark mass of men was seen,
High above their shining weapons,
Flew their own beloved green.
Death to every foe and traitor,
Whistle out the marching tune,
For Tarrah me boys for freedom
At the rising of the moon. CHORUS

Well they fought for poor old Ireland
And full bitter was their fate
Oh what glorious pride and sorrow
Fills the name of 98
Yet Thank God whilst hearts are beating
In manhood's burning noon
We will follow in the footsteps
At the rising of the moon. CHORUS

I'll tell me Ma

CAPO 5

CHORUS

I'll tell me ma, when I go home, The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pull my hair, they stole my comb Well, that's alright, 'til I go home
She is handsome, she is pretty She is the belle of Belfast City
She is a-courting one, two, three Pray, won't you tell me who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves her
All the boys are fighting for her
Knock at the door and they ring that bell
Oh, my true love, are you well?
Out she comes, as white as snow
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
Old Johnny Murray says, "She will die
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye" CHORUS

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high

And the snow come a-tumbling from the sky

She's as nice as apple pie

And she'll get her own lad, by and by

When she gets a lad of her own

She won't tell her ma, 'til she comes home

Let them all come, as they will

For it's Albert Mooney she loves still CHORUS X 2

Finish
who is she?