

Chords and Words for

Pete's Simple Song Session 27

Friday 16th January 2026

Everyone join in!!

1. My Lady of Autumn
2. We'll sing Halleluyah
3. Ghost Riders in the Sky
4. The Roseabella
5. As I leave behind Néidin
6. Little Boxes.

Practice Session 7:30 – 8:30 pm

Pete Thompson – gigs@northwichfolk.co.uk



Northwich Folk
Club



My Lady of Autumn – Dave Webber

No Capo

CHORUS

G C G
My Lady of Autumn, sing me your song
C G C D
Play me your tune; tell me I'm wrong
G C G
Tell me you don't mean the things that you say
C D G
Tell me that we'll find a way.

G C G
Your eye clear as winter, your touch fresh as spring
C G C D
Your way like the summer, free as birds on the wing
G C G
But the seasons are changing, it's time you were gone
C D G
But the colours of you will go on. - CHORUS

G C G
The fields that were golden are changing to brown
C G C D
Leaves that were green tumble to the ground
G C G
The warm sun of summer makes way for the snow
C D G
I know it's time; you must go. - CHORUS

G C G
For the light, it is changing, the sky's overcast
C G C D
Winter is here now, autumn is past
G C G
And deep in this dark world some warmth I must find
C G D G
Though it's winter in the valley, it's still autumn in my mind. - CHORUS

Dave Webber

We'll Sing hallelujah – Richard Thompson

Gyo 3
No capo. R-T

^G A man is like a ^D rusty wheel
^G On a ^D rusty cart
^G He sings his song as he rattles along ^{Am} ^D
^C And then he falls apart ^D ^G

CHORUS –

^G And we'll sing hallelujah ^D
^G At the turning of the year ^D
^G And we work all day in the old-fashioned way ^{Em} ^C ^D
^C Till the shining star appears ^D ^G

A man is like a briar
He covers himself with thorns
He laughs like a clown when his fortune's down
And his clothes are ragged and torn

A man is like a three string fiddle
Hanging up on the wall
He plays when somebody scrapes on the bow
Or he can't play at all

A man is like his father
Wishes he never was born
He longs for the time when the clock will chime
And he's dead forevermore

Chorus x 2

Ghost Riders in the Sky – Stanley Jones

Capo 3

^{Am} An old cowboy went riding out ^C One dark and windy day
^{Am} Upon a ridge he rested As he ^C went along his way
^{Am} When all at once a mighty herd Of red eyed cows he saw
^F Plowin' through the ragged skies And ^{Dm7} up the cloudy ^{Am} draw

Their brands were still on fire And their hooves were made of steel
Their horns were black and shiny And their hot breath he could feel
A bolt of fear went through him As they thundered through the sky
For he saw the riders coming hard And he heard their mournful cry

CHORUS

^{Am} ^C ^{Am.}
Yippie-yi-o Yippie-yi-yay
^F ^{Dm7} ^{Am.}
Ghost riders in the sky

Their faces gaunt Their eyes were blurred Their shirts all soaked with sweat

He's riding hard to catch that herd But he ain't caught 'em yet
'Cause they've got to ride forever On that range up in the sky
On horses snorting fire As they ride on, hear their cry CHORUS

As the riders loped on by him He heard one call his name
'If you wanna save your soul From hell a-riding on our range
Then, cowboy, change your ways today Or with us you will ride
Trying to catch the devil's herd Across these endless skies

CHORUS

^F ^{Dm7} ^{Am}
Ghost riders in the sky
^F ^{Dm7} ^{Am.}
Ghost riders in the sky

The Roseabella C capo 3

CHORUS

: O, we're going on board the Roseabella :
: O, we're going on board the Roseabella :
We're going on board, right down to board
The saucy Roseabella

1: It was one fine morning in the month of May
It was one fine morning in the month of May
I thought I heard the Captain say
The Roseabella she sails today

2. : Farewell ye ladies of London town : X2
We hate to leave, but we're going on down
To board the Roseabella

3. : She's a deep water ship with a deep water crew : X2
She could hug the shore, but damned if we do
Aboard the Roseabella

4. : Around Cape Horn where the dolphins play : X2
Around Cape Horn is a mighty long way
Aboard the Roseabella

5. Those Exmouth Girls they all should grieve : X2
Because they spent my money and made me leave
Aboard the Roseabella

6. Those Krakov girls they are good and true : X2
But they're not for the likes of me and you
Aboard the Roseabella

As I leave behind Néidín

C Capo 3.

As I leave behind Néidín

It's like purple splashed on green

My soul is strangely fed

Through the winding hills ahead

And she plays a melody

On wind and streams for me

Won't you remember Won't you remember

Won't you remember me

And we wind and climb and fall

Like the greatest waltz of all

Float across the floor

Her sweet breath outside the door

And it's time that I was gone

Cross the silver tear

CHORUS

Won't you remember Won't you remember

Won't you remember me

Won't you remember Won't you remember

Won't you remember me

As I leave behind Néidín

In the hall where we have been

Rhododendrons in her hair

In the mountain scented air

I still feel her spirit song

Cross the silver tear

CHORUS

Néidín is gaelic name of Kenmare

Little Boxes - Malvina Reynolds

INTRO: C, G7, C

Little boxes on the hillside, little boxes made of ticky-tacky

Little boxes on the hillside, little boxes all the same

There's a green one, and a pink one, and a blue one, and a yellow one

And they're all made out of ticky-tacky, and they all look just the same

And the people in the houses, all went to the uni-versity

Where they were put in boxes, and they came out all the same

And there's doctors, and there's lawyers, and business ex-ecutives

And they're all made out of ticky-tacky, and they all look just the same

And they all play on the golf course, and drink their mar-tinis dry

And they all have pretty children, and the children go to school

And the children go to summer camp, and then to the uni-versity

Where they are put in boxes, and they come out all the same

And the boys go into business, and marry and raise a family

In boxes made of ticky-tacky, and they all look just the same

There's a green one, and a pink one, and a blue one, and a yellow one

And they're all made out of ticky-tacky, and they all look just the same