

set two

cat & dino

1. i've been working on the railroad
2. oh my darlin' clementine
3. oh when the saints
4. autumn leaves
5. all of me
6. blue moon
7. stew ball
8. over the rainbow
9. daisy bell
10. what a wonderful world
11. the band played on
12. believe me if all those endearing young charms
13. you ain't going nowhere
14. bill bailey
15. i'll fly away
16. Take Me Home, Country Roads

1

I've been working on the railroad

I've been working on the railroad, all the livelong day;
I've been working on the railroad, just to pass the time away.

Can't you hear the whistle blowin'?

Rise up so early in the morn.

Can't you hear the captain shoutin',

"Dinah, blow your horn!"

Dinah, wont' you blow,

Dinah, wont' you blow,

Dinah, won't you blow your horn?

Dinah, won't you blow,

Dinah, won't you blow,

Dinah, won't you blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,

Someone's in the kitchen, I know.

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,

Strummin' on the old banjo and singin',

"Fee, fi, fiddle-ee-i-o, fee, fi, fiddle-ee-i-o. Fee, fi, fiddle-ee-i-o,"

strummin' on the old banjo

2

Oh, My Darling Clementine

1. In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine dwelt a miner
niner and his Daughter Clementine.

Chorus:

Oh, my darling, oh, my darling, oh, my darling Clementine:

You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

2. Light she was and like a fairy and her shoes were number nine
Herring boxes without topses, sandals were for Clementine.

To Chorus

3. Drove she ducklings to the water, every morning just at nine.
Stubbed her toe upon a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.

To Chorus

4. Ruby lips above the water blowing bubbles soft and fine.
But alas, I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.

To Chorus

5. There's a churchyard on the hillside where the flowers grow at
twine.
There grow roses, 'mongst the posies, fertilized by Clementine.

To Chorus

When the Saints go Marching in

1. Oh, when the saints go marching in,
Oh, when the saints go marching in,
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in.
2. Oh, when the sun refuse to shine,
Oh, when the sun refuse to shine,
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number
When the sun refuse to shine.
3. Oh, when they crown Him Lord of All,
Oh, when they crown Him Lord of All,
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number
When they crown Him Lord of All.
4. Oh, when they gather 'round the throne,
Oh, when they gather 'round the throne,
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number
When they gather 'round the throne.

14

Autumn Leaves

The falling leaves drift by the window,
The Autumn Leaves of red and gold.
I see your lips, the summer kisses,
The sunburned hands, I used to hold.
Since you went away, the days grow long,
And soon I'll hear old winter's song.
But I miss you most of all my darling,
When Autumn Leaves start to fall.

5

All of Me

All of Me, why not take all of me?
Can't you see, I'm no good without you?
Take my lips, I want to lose them.
Take my arms, I'll never use them.

Your goodbye left me with eyes that cry.
How can I, go on dear without you?
You took the part that once was my heart,
So why not take All of Me?

6

Blue Moon

Blue Moon, you saw me standing alone
Without a dream in my heart, without a love of my own
Blue Moon, you knew just what I was there for
You heard me saying a prayer for, someone I really could
care for

(bridge) And then there suddenly appeared before me
The only one my arms will ever hold
I heard somebody whisper "Please adore me"
And when I looked, the moon had turned to gold!

Stewball

7 Oh Stewball was a racehorse and I wish he were mine|

He never drank water, he always drank wine|

His bridle was silver, his mane it was gold|

And the worth of the saddle has never been told|

Oh the fair grounds were crowded and Stewball was there|

But the betting was heavy on the bay and the mare|

And away up yonder ahead of them all|

Came prancin' and a dancin' my noble stewball|

I bet on the grey mare, I bet on the bay|

If I'd a bet on old Stewball, I'd be a rich man today|

Oh the hoot owl she hollered, and the turtle dove moaned|

I'm a poor boy in trouble, I'm a long way from home|

8

Over the Rainbow

Somewhere Over the Rainbow way up high,
There's a land that I heard of once in a lullaby.
Somewhere Over the Rainbow, skies are blue.
And the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true.

Someday I'll wish upon a star
And wake up where the clouds are far behind me.
Where troubles melt like lemon drops,
Away, above the chimney tops, that's where you'll find me.

9

Daisy Bell
Intro - 4 bars

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do!
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you!
It won't be a stylish marriage, I can't afford a carriage
But you'll look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two
D - G D / A D E A / - D DG D / DA (3x) D

Harry, Harry, here is your answer true
I'll not marry all for the likes of you
If you can't afford a carriage, there won't be any marriage
And I'll be switched if I'll be hitched on a bicycle built for two

10 WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD -- Louis Armstrong

G. D C G
I see trees of green, red roses too

C G B⁷ E^m
I see them bloom, for me and you,

C D G
And I think to myself, "What a wonderful world".

D C G
I see skies of blue and clouds of white

C G B⁷ E^m
The bright blessed day, the dark sacred night,

C D G CG
And I think to myself, "What a wonderful world".

D G
The colors of the rainbow, so pretty in the sky

D G
Are also on the faces of people going by

C G C G
I see friends shaking hands, saying, "How do you do?"

C G Am D
They're really saying, "I love you."

G C G
I hear babies cry, I watch them grow

C G B⁷ E^m?
They'll learn much more than I'll ever know.

C D G
And I think to myself, "What a wonderful world"

C D CG
Yes I think to myself, "What a wonderful world"

C G
oh yeah!!

11

The Band Played On

Casey would waltz with a strawberry blond
And the Band played on
 He'd glide cross the floor with the girl he adored
And the Band played on
 But his brain was so loaded it nearly exploded
 The poor girl would shake with alarm
 He'd ne'er leave the girl with the strawberry curls
And the ...



(in 3/4) D - - - / A - - - / - - - - / D - - -
 D A₇ D₇ G / - - E_m - / - D_{dim} D B_m / E A D -

— w: Charles B. Ward, 1895 — m: John F. Palmer

On Bill & Taffy Aces, G Lombardo Gr H & Best of, & rec by Roto Rooter.
 In S We Sang, Fav S of the '90s, Flashes of Merriment, Best Loved S of
 the Am People, 100 S of Nost, Read 'Em & Weep, Gr Legal FakeB, Life of
 the Party, S for the Rotary Club & Am Treas of Gold Oldies. **GA29**

12

Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms

Believe me if all those endearing young charms
 Which I gaze on so fondly today
 Were to change by tomorrow & flee from my arms
 Like fairy gifts fading away
 Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will
 And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
 Would entwine itself verdantly still

C C₇ F - / C G C G / C C₇ F - / C G C -
 / " / C D_m E G₇ / " / C G C -

It is not that while beauty & youth are thine own
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear
 That the fervor & faith of a soul can be known
 To which time will but make thee more dear
 No the heart that has truly loved never forgets
 But as truly lives on to the close
 As the sunflower turns on her God when he sets
 The same look which she turned when he rose

— w: Thomas Moore, 1808 — m: trad.

On Kenneth McKellar S of Ireland & Frank Patterson My Dear Native Land.
 In FiresB of Am S, S We Sang, FSEncy v1, Joyful Singing WAS), Grtst
 Legal FakeB, S Am Sings & S that Reach the Heart. **GA30**

13 **YOU AIN'T GOING NOWHERE - Bob Dylan | E-Chords** Key of G

G Am
Clouds so swift, the rain won't lift

C G
The gates won't close, the railings froze

Am
Get your mind off wintertime

C G
You ain't going nowhere

G Am
Ooo-wee, ride me high

C G
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come

Am
Ooh, ooh, are we gonna fly

C G
Down in the easy chair

G Am
I don't care how many letters they sent

C G
The morning came and the morning went

Am
Pick up your money, pack up your tent,

C G
You ain't going nowhere

G Am
Ooo-wee, ride me high

C G
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come

Am
Ooh, ooh, are we gonna fly

C G
Down in the easy chair

G Am
Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots
C G
Tailgates and substitutes
Am
Strap yourself to the tree with roots
C G
You ain't going nowhere

G Am
Ooo-wee, ride me high
C G
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come
Am
Ooh, ooh, are we gonna fly
C G
Down in the easy chair

G Am
Gengis Khan he could not keep
C G
All his kings supplied with sleep
Am
We'll climb that hill no matter how steep
C G
When we get up to it

G Am
Ooo-wee, ride me high
C G
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come
Am
Ooh, ooh, are we gonna fly
C G
Down in the easy chair

14

Bill Bailey

"Won't you come home, Bill Bailey, won't you come home?"
She moans the whole night long
"I'll do the cookin', darlin', I'll pay the rent
I know I've done you wrong
'Member that rainy evening that I drove you out
With nothing but a fine tooth comb?
I know I'm to blame, well ain't that a shame?
Bill Bailey, won't you please come home!"

15

I'll Fly Away

Some bright morning when this life is o'er, I'll fly away
To a home on God's celestial shore, I'll fly away
I'll fly away, O Lordy, I'll fly away (in the morning)
When I die, Hallelujah, by & by, I'll fly away

D - G D / - - DA D :||

When the shadows of this life have grown, I'll ...
Like a bird that prison bars has flown, I'll ...

Just a few more weary days & then ...
To a land where joys will never end ...

— Albert E. Brumley

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Annel. On *The Dillards* Wheat Straw Suite. *Hobov Traum Am Stranger &*

Take Me Home, Country Roads

Almost heaven, West Virginia
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River
Life is old there, older than the trees
Younger than the mountains, growing like a breeze

G - E_m - / D - C G :||

Country roads, take me home
To the place I belong
West Virginia, Mountain Mama
Take me home, country roads

G - D - / E_m - C - / G - D - / C - G -

All my memories, gather round her
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water
Dark & dusty, painted on the sky
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eyes

Chorus - instrumental
(bridge) I hear her voice, in the morning hours she calls me
Radio reminds me of my home far away
Drivin' down the road, I get a feelin' that I should have
Been home yesterday, yesterday

E_m D G - / C G D - / E_m F C G / D - D₇ -

— Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert & John Denver

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