

Come all you Fair and Tender

Ladies

Traditional

ii V I
Come all ye fair and tender ladies
ii V vi
Take warning how you court your men
V I
They're like a star on a summer morning
ii V vi
They first appear and then they're gone

They'll tell to you some loving story
Then they'll make you think that they love you well
And away they'll go to court some other
And leave you there in grief to dwell

I wish I was on some tall mountain
Where the ivy rocks are black as ink
I'd write a letter to my false true lover
Whose cheeks are like the morning pink

Oh love is handsome, love is charming
And love is pretty while it's new
But love grows cold as love grows old
And fades away like the morning dew

1st verse

Chart - Verse

$\frac{4}{4}$ | **ii** | **V** | **I** | **I** |
ii	**V**	**vi**	**vi**
V	**V**	**I**	**I**
ii	**V**	**vi**	**vi**

The Lakes of Pontchartrain

-Traditional

I V I
As I walked out one March morning

IV V I
I bid New Orleans adieu

I IV vi V
I took the road to Jackson town

I IV
My fortune to renew

I IV vi V
Having only foreign money

I IV
No credit could I gain

I V vi
And I found myself longing for

IV V I
The Lakes of Pontchartrain

So I stepped aboard a railroad car
There in the morning sun
And I rode the rods 'til evening
Then laid me down again
All strangers there No friends to me
'Til a bonnie girl towards me came
And I fell in love with a Creole girl
On the lakes of Pontchartrain

I said to the pretty Creole girl
"My money here is no good
And if it weren't for the alligators
I'd sleep out in the wood."
She said "You're welcome here kind stranger
Though our house is very plain
But we'd never turn a stranger out
On the lakes of Pontchartrain"

So she took me to her mother's house
She treated me quite well
Her hair upon her shoulders
In jet black ringlets fell
To try and paint her beauty
Assured 't'would be in vain
So pretty was the creole girl
on the lakes of Pontchartrain

I asked her if she would marry me
She said it could never be
For she loved a sailor
Who was far off at sea
She told him that she would wait for him
And true she would remain
So faithful was the Creole girl
On the lakes of Pontchartrain

So It's fare-thee-well my Creole girl
I'll never see you no more
But I'll never forget your kindness
In the cottage by the shore
So I remember her with these words
As I sing this refrain
A song to the love of a creole girl
On the lakes of Pontchartrain

Chart - Verse

$\frac{3}{4}$ | I | I | V | I |

| IV | V | I | I |

| I | IV | vi | V |

| I | I7 | IV | IV |

| I | IV | vi | V |

| I | I | IV | IV |

| I | I | V | vi |

| IV | V | I | I |

Greenlight on the Southern

Norman Blake

I
Standing on the sidetrack
V I
At the south end of town

On a hot dry dusty august day
V
The steam pipe pouring down
I
The fireman with his long oil can
V I
Oiling the old valve gears

Waiting for the semaphore
V I
The fast mail train to clear

The engineer in the old high cab
His gold watch in his hand
Looking at the waterglass
And letting down the sand
Rolling out on the old main line
Taking up the slack
Gone today so they say
But tomorrow he'll be back

Chorus

Oh if I could return
To those boyhood days of mine
And the greenlight on the southern
Southern railroad line

Creeping down the rusty rails
Of the weed grown branch line
The section houses gray and white
By the yard limit sign
The hoppers call the old high ball
No more time to wait
Rolling down to Birmingham
With a 10 car local freight

The whistle scream
With a hiss of steam
The headlight gleams clear
The drivers roll on the green and go
Getting mighty near
Handing up the orders to
The engine crew on time
It's the Alabama Great Southern
AGS railroad line

Chorus

Chart - Verse

$\frac{4}{4}$ | I | I | V | I |

| I | I | V | V |

| I | I | V | I |

| I | I | V | I |

Chart - Chorus

| I | V IV | I | I |

| IV | IV | V | V |

| I | I | I V | I | I |

West Virginia My Home

Hazel Dickens

Chorus

I IV
West Virginia, oh, my home
I V
West Virginia's where I belong.
I I7
In the dead of the night in the still and the quiet
IV
I slip away like a bird in flight
I V I
Back to those hills the place that I call home

It's been years now since I left there,
And this city life's about got the best of me.
I can't remember why I left so free
What I wanted to do what I wanted to see
But I can sure remember where I come from

Chorus

Well I've paid the price for the leaving
And this life I have's not one I thought I'd find
Well let me live, love let me cry
When I go just let me die
Among the friends who'll remember when I'm gone

Chorus

IV I
Home home home
V
Oh I can see it so clear in my mind
IV I
Home home home
V
I can almost smell the honeysuckle vine
I
In the dead of the night in the still and the quiet
IV
I slip away like a bird in flight
I V I
Back to those hills the place that I call home home

Chart – Chorus / Verse

$\frac{4}{4}$ | I | I | IV | IV |
I	I	V	V
I	I7	IV	IV
I	V	I	I

Chart - Bridge

IV	IV	I	I
I	I	V	V
IV	IV	I	I
I	I	V	V
I	I7	IV	IV
I	V	I	I

Train on the Island

Tim O'Brien

I VI
Train on the island, hear that whistle blow
I V I
Makes me want to pack my grip hop that freight and go
I VI
Still miss my darling she left me all alone
I V I
This old house is empty silent like a stone

Chorus

V I
Train on the island
IV I
Hear that whistle blow

Nothing much to keep me here don't know why I stay
Nothing much that I could lose nothing to throw away
Take a little whiskey tobacco I can roll
Bring along my overcoat to keep me from the cold

Chorus

Hear that sound a fading now I missed my chance again
Train's already west of town the blues are moving in
Wonder where you are girl do you hear that whistle too
Does it sound just as lonesome what does it say to you

I keep hoping that you will come back home
Fall into my arms again never more to roam
Train on the island hear that whistle blow
Makes me need to pack my grip hop that freight and go

Chart Chorus

$\frac{4}{4}$ | I | I | I | VI |

| I | I | V | I |

| I | I | I | VI |

| I | I | V | I |

Chart Chorus

| V | V | I | I |

| IV | I | I |

San Antonio Rose

Bob Wills

I6 IV II7
Deep within my heart lies a melody

V7 I6
A song of old San Antone

IV II7
Where in dreams I live with a memory

V7 I6
Beneath the stars, all alone

Well it was there I found, beside the Alamo
Enchantments strange as the blue up above
For that moonlit pass, that only she would know
Still hears my broken song of love

Refrain

V6 II7
Moon in all your splendor, know only my heart

V6
Call back my rose, rose of San Antone

II7
Lips so sweet and tender, like petals falling apart

V6 V7
Speak once again of my love, my own

Broken song, empty words I know
Still live in my heart all alone
But that moonlit pass by the Alamo
And rose, my rose of San Antone

Chart - Verse

$\frac{4}{4}$ | I6 | I6 | IV | II7 |

| V7 | V7 | I6 | I6 |

| I6 | I6 | IV | II7 |

| V7 | V7 | I6 | I6 |

Chart - Refrain

| V6 | V6 | II7 | II7 |

| II7 | II7 | V6 | V6 |

| V6 | V6 | II7 | II7 |

| II7 | II7 | V6 | V7 |

Peg and Awl

Traditional

I IV I
In eighteen-hundred and one Peg and Awl
I V
In eighteen-hundred and one Peg and Awl
I
In eighteen-hundred and one
ii IV
Pegging shoes is all I done
vi IV V I
Gonna lay me down my awl my peg and awl

In eighteen-hundred and two Peg and Awl
In eighteen-hundred and two Peg and Awl
In eighteen-hundred and two
pegging shoes is all I'd do
Gonna lay me down my awl my peg and awl

In eighteen-hundred and three Peg and Awl
In eighteen-hundred and three Peg and Awl
In eighteen-hundred and three
pegging shoes is all you'd see
Gonna lay me down my awl my peg and awl

They've invented a new machine peg and awl
They've invented a new machine peg and awl
They've invented a new machine
I peg one shoe it pegs fifteen
Gonna lay me down my awl my peg and awl

In eighteen-hundred and four Peg and Awl
In eighteen-hundred and four Peg and Awl
In eighteen-hundred and four
I'll be pegging shoes no more
Gonna lay me down my awl my peg and awl

Chart - Verse

$\frac{4}{4}$ | **I** | **IV** | **I** | **I** |

| **I** | **I** | **V** | **V** |

| **I** | **I** | **ii** | **IV** |

| **vi** | **IV** **V** | **I** | **I** |

Wish We Had Our Time Again

John Hartford

$\frac{4}{4}$ | **I** | **I** | **IV** | **IV** |

I
Oh the roads we ran and the folks we knew.

IV
The risky things that we used to do.

I
Now it's over and I know we're through.

ii
And I wish we had our time again

V **I**
I wish we had our time again

ii
I wish we had our time again

V **I**
I wish we had our time

| **I** | **I** | **I** | **ii** |

| **V** | **I** | **I** | **I** |

| **ii** | **V** | **I** | **I** |

Well, I couldn't go to sleep.
Got up and made a light.
Trying to run it down in the middle of the night.
Looking for the words, but they won't come right
And I wish we had our time again...

If not for love I can hardly see.
I looked at you and you looked at me
Your memory love won't let me be
And I wish we had our time again...

Oh me-oh my how the years do fly
Makes no difference and we all know why
Dear old friends have to turn their eye
And I wish we had our time again...

Along the Navajo Trail

Roy Rogers

I6
Every day along about evening

When the sunlight is beginning to pale
i6 IV7
I ride through the slumbering shadows
I6 V I6
Along the Navajo Trail

When it's night and crickets are calling
And coyotes are making a wail
I dream by a smoldering fire
Along the Navajo Trail

Refrain

IV7 iv6 I6
I love to lie and listen to the music
IV7 iv6 I6
When the wind is strumming a sagebrush guitar
iii7 VII7 iii7
When over yonder hill the moon is climbing
II7 V7
It always finds me wishing on a star

Well what do you know it's morning already
There's the dawning so silver and pale
It's time to climb into my saddle
And ride the Navajo Trail

Refrain

Last Verse

Chart – Verse

$\frac{4}{4}$ | I6 | I6 | I6 | I6 |
| i6 | IV7 | I6 V | I6 |

Chart – Refrain

| IV7 iv6 | I6 | IV7 iv6 | I6 |
| iii7 VII7 | iii7 | II7 | V7 |