

Table of Contents

Amazing Grace.....	2
Battle Hymn Of The Republic.....	3
Blowing In The Wind.....	4
Country Roads.....	4
Crawdad.....	5
Down In The Valley.....	6
Edelweiss.....	6
El Condor Pasa.....	7
Fennario.....	8
Freight Train.....	9
God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen.....	10
Good King Wenceslas.....	11
He's Got The Whole World In His Hand.....	11
House Of The Rising Sun.....	12
I'm Just A Poor Wayfaring Stranger.....	13
I've Been Working On The Railroad.....	14
Malaguena Salerosa.....	15
Michael, Row The Boat Ashore.....	15
My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean.....	16
Oh Come All Ye Faithful (Adeste Fideles).....	16
On Top Of Old Smoky.....	17
Portland Town.....	17
Railroad Bill.....	18
Red River Valley.....	19
Riddle Song.....	19
Rock My Soul In The Bossom Of Abraham.....	20
Scarborough Fair.....	20
Silent Night.....	21
Skip To My Lou.....	21
Soal Cake (round).....	22
Sound Of Silence.....	23
Sugar Babe.....	24
Sunrise, Sunset.....	25
Tom Dooley.....	26
You Are My Sunshine.....	26
Walk The Line.....	27
We Three Kings.....	27
Wildwood Flower.....	28
When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again.....	29
When The Saints Go Marching In.....	30
Where Have All The Flowers Gone.....	31
Where Have All The Flowers Gone (German).....	32
Will The Circle Be Unbroken?.....	33

Amazing Grace

(John Newton)

**Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost, but now I'm found
Was blind, but now I see**

**'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
And grace that fear relieved
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.**

**Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far
And grace will lead me home.**

**How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.**

**Must Jesus bear the cross alone
And all the world go free
No, there's a cross for everyone
And there's a cross for me.**

**When we've been here ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.**

**recorded on Judy Collins Whales + Nightingales
Newport '63 Old Time**

Battle Hymn Of The Republic

(Julia Ward Howe)

**Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored,
He has loosed the fateful lightening of His terrible swift sword
His truth is marching on.**

**cho: Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.**

**I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps
His day is marching on.**

cho:

**I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of steel,
"As ye deal with my contemners, So with you my grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel
Since God is marching on.**

cho:

**He has sounded forth (forth ?) the trumpet that shall never call retreat
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.**

cho:

**He has sounded forth (forth ?) the trumpet that shall never call retreat
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.**

cho:

**In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.**

Blowing In The Wind

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly
Before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes, 'n' how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea?
Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head,
Pretending he just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

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

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

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 eye

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

Copyright John Denver

Crawdad

**You get a line and I'll get a pole, honey,
You get a line and I'll get a pole, babe.
You get a line and I'll get a pole,
And we'll go down to the Crawdad hole,
Honey, sugar baby, mine,**

**Get up old man, you slept too late, honey, (2x)
Get up old man, you slept too late,
Last piece of crawdad's on your plate,
Honey, sugar baby mine.**

**Get up old woman, you slept too late, honey, (2x)
Get up old woman, you slept too late,
Crawdad man done passed your gate,
Honey, sugar baby mine.**

**Along come a man with a sack on his back, honey, (2x)
Along come a man with a sack on his back,
Packin' all the crawdads he can pack,
Honey, sugar baby mine.**

**What you gonna do when the lake goes dry, (2x)
What you gonna do when the lake goes dry,
Sit on the bank and watch the crawdads die,
Honey, sugar baby mine.**

**What you gonna do when the crawdads die, honey? (2x)
What you gonna do when the crawdads die,
Sit on the bank until I cry,
Honey, sugar baby mine.**

**I heard the duck say to the drake, honey, (2x)
I heard the duck say to the drake,
There ain't no crawdads in this lake,
Honey, sugar baby mine.**

Down In The Valley

**Down in the valley, valley so low
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow
Hear the wind blow, dear, hear the wind blow
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow**

**Writing this letter, containing three lines
Answer my question, will you be mine?
Will you be mine, dear, will you be mine?
Answer my question, will you be mine?**

**Write me a letter, send it by mail
Send it in care of the Birmingham jail,
Birmingham jail, dear, Birmingham jail
Send it in care of the Birmingham jail**

**Roses love sunshine, violets love dew
Angels in Heaven know I love you
Know I love you, dear, know I love you
Angels in Heaven Know I love you**

Edelweiss

**Edelweiss, Edelweiss
Every morning you greet me
Small and white, clean and bright
You look happy to meet me**

**Blossom of snow may you bloom and grow
Bloom and grow forever**

**Edelweiss, Edelweiss
Bless my homeland forever**

**Blossom of snow may you bloom and grow
Bloom and grow forever**

**Edelweiss, Edelweiss
Bless my homeland forever**

El Condor Pasa

**I'd rather be a sparrow than a snail
Yes I would,
If I could
I surely would
Hmm...**

**I'd rather be a hammer than a nail
Yes I would,
If I could
I surely would
Hmm...**

**Away, I'd rather sail away
Like a swan that's here and gone
A man gets tied down to the ground
He gives the world
Its saddest sound
Its saddest sound**

**I'd rather be a forest than a street
Yes I would,
If I could
I surely would**

**I'd rather feel the earth beneath my feet
Yes I would,
If I only could
I surely would**

Copyright Simon and Garfunkle

Fennario

**As we rode out to Fennario, as we rode out to Fennario
Our captain fell in love with a lady like a dove
And called her by a name, pretty Peggy-O.**

**Will you marry me pretty Peggy-O, will you marry me pretty Peggy-O
If you will marry me, I'll set your cities free
And free all the ladies in the area-O.**

**I would marry you sweet William-O, I would marry you sweet William-O
I would marry you but your guineas are too few
And I fear my mama would be angry-O.**

**What would your mama think pretty Peggy-O,
What would your mama think pretty Peggy-O,
What would your mama think if she heard my guineas clink
Saw me marching at the head of my soldiers.**

**If ever I return pretty Peggy-O, if ever I return pretty Peggy-O
If ever I return your cities I will burn
Destroy all the ladies in the area-O.**

**Come steppin' down the stairs pretty Peggy-O,
Come steppin' down the stairs pretty Peggy-O,
Come steppin' down the stairs combin' back your yellow hair
Bid a last farewell to your William-O.**

**Sweet William he is dead pretty Peggy-O, sweet William he is dead pretty Peggy-O,
Sweet William he is dead and he died for a maid
And he's buried in the Louisiana country-O.**

**As we rode out to Fennario, as we rode out to Fennario
Our captain fell in love with a lady like a dove,
And called her by a name, pretty Peggy-O.**

Freight Train

(Libba Cotton)

**Freight train, freight train going so fast
Freight train, freight train going so fast
Please don't tell what train I'm on
So they won't know where I'm gone**

**Freight train, freight train, going round the bend
Freight train, freight train, gone again
One of these days, turn that train around
Go back to my home town**

**One more place I'd like to be
One more place I'd love to see
To watch those old Blue Ridge Mountain climb
While I ride old Number Nine**

**When I die please bury me deep
Down at the end of Chestnut Street
So I can hear old Number Nine
As she goes rolling by**

God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen was one of the most popular carols in the 1800s Victorian England, and remains popular to this day.

**God rest ye merry gentlemen
Let nothing you dismay
Remember Christ our savior
Was born on Christmas day
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray
Oh tidings of comfort and joy**

**From God our heavenly father
The blessed angel came
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
Oh tidings of comfort and joy**

**Fear not said the angel
Let nothing you affright
This day is born a savior
Of the pure virgin bright
To free all those who trust in him
From Satan's power and might
Oh tidings of comfort and joy**

**And when they came to Bethlehem
Where our dear savior lay
They found him in the manger
Where oxen feed on hay
His mother Mary kneeled down
And to the Lord did pray
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
Oh tidings of comfort and joy**

Good King Wenceslas

Good King Wenceslas looked out on the feast of Stephen.
When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fuel.

Hither page and stand by me if thou knowst it telling
Yonder peasant, who is he, where and what his dwelling?
Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence, by Saint Agnes' fountain.

Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pinelogs hither
Thou and I will see him dine when we bear them thither
Page and monarch forth they went, forth they went together
Through the rude winds wild lament, and the bitter weather.

Sire the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger
Fails my heart I know now (not ?) how, I can go no longer.
Mark my footsteps my good page, tread thou in them boldly
Thou shalt find the winter's rage freeze thy blood less coldly.

In his master's steps he trod where the snow lay dinted
Heat was in the very sod which the saint had printed
Therefore Christian men be sure, wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor, shall yourselves find blessing.

He's Got The Whole World In His Hand

He's got the whole world in his hand
The whole wide world in His hand,
He's got the whole world in his hand
He's got the whole world in his hand.

He's got you and me brother, in his hand (3x)
He's got the whole world in his hand.

He's got you and me sister, in his hand (3x)
He's got the whole world in his hand.

He's got the little bitty babies in his hand (3x)
He's got the whole world in his hand.

He's got the lyin' man in his hand (3x)
He's got the whole world in his hand.

He's got the gamblin' man in his hand (3x)
He's got the whole world in his hand.

House Of The Rising Sun

**There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
It has been the ruin of many a poor girl
And me, oh, God, I'm one**

**My mother was a tailor,
She sewed them new blue jeans.
My lover he was a gambler, Oh Lord
Gambled down in New Orleans.**

**My husband<lover>, he was a gambling man
He went from town to town;
And the only time he was satisfied
Was when he drank his liquor down.**

**Now the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk;
And the only time he's ever satisfied
I when he's on a drunk**

**Go and tell my baby sister
Never do like I have done,
But to shun that house in New Orleans
That they call the Rising Sun**

**With one foot on the platform,
And one foot on the train
I'm goin' back to New Orleans
To wear the ball and chain.**

**I'm going back to New Orleans
My race is almost run;
I'm going back to spend my days
Beneath that Rising Sun.**

**The Weavers
The sign of the rising sun was simply a red lantern. DC**

I'm Just A Poor Wayfaring Stranger

**I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger
A-trav'ling through this land of woe.
And there's no sickness, toil or danger
In that bright world to which I go.**

I'm going home to see my father (mother, sister, brother etc.)

I'm going there no more to roam;

I'm just a-going over Jordan

I'm just a-going over home.

**I know dark clouds will gather 'round me
I know my way is steep and rough;
But beauteous fields lie just beyond me
Where souls redeemed their vigil keep.**

I'm going there to meet my mother

She said she'd meet me when I come

I'm just a-going over Jordan

I'm just a-going over home.

**I want to wear a crown of glory
When I get home to that bright land
I want to shout Salvation's story
In concert with that bloodwashed band.**

I'm going there to meet my Saviour

To sing His praises forevermore

I'm only going over Jordan

I'm only going over home.

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 blowing
Rise up so early in the morn
Can't you hear the captain shouting
Dinah, blow your horn**

**Dinah, won't you blow
Dinah, won't 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
Strumming on the old banjo, and singing**

**Fie, fi, fiddly i o
Fie, fi, fiddly i o
Fie, fi, fiddly i o
Strumming on the old banjo**

Malaguena Salerosa

Galindo/Ramirez

**Que bonitos ojos tienes
Debajo de esas dos cejas,
Debajo de esas dos cejas,
Que bonitos ojos tienes!**

**Ellos me quieren mirar,
Pero si tu no los dejas,
Pero si tu no los dejas
Ni siquiera parpadear.**

**Malagueña salerosa,
Besar tus labios quisiera,
Besar tus labios quisiera,
Malagueña salerosa.**

**Y decirte nina hermosa
Eres linda y hechicera,
Eres linda y hechicera,
Como el candor de una rosa.**

**Si por pobre me desprecias
Yo te concedo razon,
Yo te concedo razon,
Si por pobre me desprecias.**

**Yo no te ofrezco riquezas
Te ofrezco mi corazon,
Te ofrezco mi corazon
A cambio de mi pobreza.**

Michael, Row The Boat Ashore

**Michael, row the boat ashore, Hallelujah,
Michael, row the boat ashore, Hallelujah.**

**Sister help to trim the sail, Hallelujah,
Sister help to trim the sail, Hallelujah.**

**The river is deep and the river is wide, Hallelujah,
Milk and honey on the other side, Hallelujah.**

**Jordan's river is chilly and cold, Hallelujah,
Chills the body but not the soul, Hallelujah.**

My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean

My bonnie lies over the ocean,
My bonnie lies over the sea,
My bonnie lies over the ocean,
O bring back my bonnie to me.

cho: Bring Back, bring back
O bring back my bonnie to me, to me.
Bring Back, bring back
O bring back my bonnie to me.

O blow ye winds over the ocean
O blow ye winds over the sea;
O blow ye winds over the ocean
And bring back my bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed;
Last night as I lay on my pillow
I dreamed my poor bonnie was dead

The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea;
The winds have blown over the ocean
And brought back my bonnie to me.

Oh Come All Ye Faithful (Adeste Fideles)

Oh come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem.
Come and behold him, born the king of angels,

cho: Oh come let us adore him, oh come let us adore him
Oh come let us adore him, Christ the lord.

Sing, choirs of angels, sing with exultations,
Sing all ye citizens of heav'n above.
Glory to God, in the highest

Yea, Lord we greet thee, born this happy morning,
Jesus, to thee be glory giv'n
Word of the father, now In flesh appearing

Adeste fideles, laete triumphantes
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.
Natum videte, Regem anglelorum
Venite adoremus
Venite adoremus, venite adoremus, Dominum.

On Top Of Old Smoky

**On top of old Smoky, all covered with snow
I lost my true lover from courting too slow**

**Though courting's a pleasure and parting is grief
A false-hearted lover is worse than a thief**

**For a thief will just rob you and take what you have
But a false-hearted lover will lead you to the grave**

**The grave will decay you and turn you to dust
Not one boy in a thousand a poor girl can trust**

**He'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies
Than cross-ties on a railroad or stars in the skies**

Portland Town

{Woody Guthrie}

**I was born in Portland town,
I was born in Portland town,
Yes I was, yes I was, Yes, I was.**

**I was born in Portland town,
Got married in Portland town,
Yes I did, yes I did, Yes, I did.**

**Got married in Portland town,
Had children one, two, three,
Yes I did, yes I did, Yes, I did.**

**They sent them away to war,
Ain't got no kids no more,
No I ain't, no I ain't, No, I ain't.**

**I was born in Portland town,
I was born in Portland town,
Yes I was, yes I was, Yes, I was.**

Railroad Bill

Railroad Bill, Railroad Bill
He never worked, and he never will,
And it's ride, ride, ride.

Railroad Bill's a mighty mean man
Shot the light out of the poor brakeman's hand

Railroad Bill, up on a hill
Lightin' a seegar with a ten-dollar bill.

Railroad Bill took my wife,
If I didn't like it, gonna take my life.

Goin' on a mountain, goin' out west
Thirty-eight special stickin' out of my vest.

Buy me a pistol just as long as my arm
Shoot everybody ever done me harm.

Got a thirty-special in a forty-five frame,
I can't miss 'cause I got dead aim.

Railroad Bill, he ain't so bad
Whipped his mama, shot his old dad.

Early one morning, standing in the rain
Round the bend come a long freight train.

Railroad Bill a-comin' home soon
Killed McMillan by the light of the moon

McMillan had a special train
When they got there they was prayin'

Kill me a chicken, send me the wing
They think I'm workin', Lord, I ain't doin' a thing.

Kill me a chicken, send me the head,
Think I'm workin', Lord, I'm layin' in bed.

Gonna drink my whiskey, drink it in the wind
The doctor said it'd kill me but he didn't say when.

Red River Valley

From this valley they say you are going
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That has brightened our path for a while

Come and sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
But remember the Red River Valley
And the cowboy who loved you so true

Won't you think of the valley you're leaving
Oh how lonely, how sad it will be?
Oh think of the fond heart you're breaking
And the grief you are causing to me

As you go to your home by the ocean
May you never forget those sweet hours
That we spent in the Red River Valley
And the love we exchanged mid the flowers

Riddle Song

I gave my love a cherry that has no stone,
I gave my love a chicken that has no bone,
I gave my love a baby with no cry-in.
I gave my love a story that has no end,

How can there be a cherry that has no stone?
How can there be a chicken that has no bone?
How can there be a baby with no cry-in?
How can there be a story that has no end?

A cherry, when it's blooming, it has no stone,
A chicken when it's pipping, it has no bone,
A baby when it's sleeping, has no cry-in.
The story that I love you, it has no end,

Traditional

This version is from the Kentucky mountains. An earlier version was discovered in a 15th century manuscript.

Rock My Soul In The Bosom Of Abraham

Peter Yarrow- Pepamar Music ASCAP

Peter performs this song by leading the audience to sing along. He divides them into three groups, each with their own part. The lyrics are provided here for each of the three parts.

**Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham
Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham
Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham
Oh, rock my soul**

**So high I can't get over it
So low I can't get under it
So wide I can't get round it
Oh, rock my soul**

**Rock my soul x 3
Oh, rock my soul**

Scarborough Fair

**Are you going to Scarborough Fair
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
Remember me to one who lives there
For once she was a true love of mine**

**Tell her to make me a cambric shirt...
Without any seam or fine needlework..**

**Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well
Where water ne'er sprung nor drop of rain fell**

**Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born**

**Now he has asked me questions three
I hope he will answer as many for me**

**Oh, will you find me an acre of land
Between the sea foam and the sea sand**

**Oh, will you plow it with a lamb's horn
And sow it all over with one peppercorn**

**Oh, will you reap it with a sickle of leather
And tie it all up with a peacock's feather**

**And when you have done and finished your work
Come to me for your cambric shirt**

Silent Night

(Joseph Mohr, 1818-- translation anon.)

note: music, Franz Xavier Gruber, 1818

Silent night, holy night, all is calm all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and child, holy infant so tender and mild
Sleep in heavenly peace, sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night, shepherds quake at the sight
Glories stream from heaven afar, Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia
Christ the savior is born, Christ the savior is born.

Silent night, holy night, wondrous star, lend thy light
With the angels let us sing Alleluia to our King
Christ the Saviour is here, Jesus the Saviour is here!

Silent night, holy night. Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face, with the dawn of redeeming grace
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth, Jesus, Lord at Thy birth.

Skip To My Lou

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou,
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou,
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou,
Skip to my Lou, my darlin'

Choose your partners, Skip to my Lou,
Lost my partner what'll I do
I'll get another one prettier than you ...
I got a red bird, a pretty one too...
Can't get a red bird, a blue bird will do ...
Cat's in the cream jar, what'll I do?...
Fly's in the buttermilk, Shoo, fly, shoo...

Soal Cake (round)

**cho: Soal, a soal, a soal cake, please good missus a soul cake.
An apple, a pear, a plum, a cherry,
any good thing to make us all merry,
One for Peter, two for Paul, three for Him who made us all.**

**Hey ho, nobody home, meat nor drink nor money have I none.
Yet shall we be merry, Hey ho, nobody home.
Hey ho, nobody home, Meat nor drink nor money have I none.
Yet shall we be merry, Hey ho, nobody home.
Hey Ho, nobody home.**

cho:

**God bless the master of this house, and the mistress also.
And all the little children that round your table grow.
The cattle in your stable and the dog by your front door.
And all that dwell within your gates
we wish you ten times more.**

cho:

**Go down into the cellar and see what you can find.
If the barrels are not empty we hope you will be kind.
We hope you will be kind with your apple and strawber'
For we'll come no more a 'soalin' till this time next year.**

cho:

**The streets are very dirty, my shoes are very thin.
I have a little pocket to put a penny in.
If you haven't got a penny, a ha' penny will do.
If you haven't got a ha' penny then God bless you.**

cho:

**Now to the Lord sing praises all you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood each other now embrace.
This holy tide of Christmas of beauty and of grace,
Oh tidings of comfort and joy.**

cho:

Sound Of Silence

**Hello darkness, my old friend
I've come to talk with you again
Because a vision softly creeping
Left its seeds while I was sleeping
And the vision that was planted in my brain
Still remains
Within the sound of silence**

**In restless dreams I walked alone
Narrow streets of cobblestone
'Neath the halo of a street lamp
I turned my collar to the cold and damp
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light
That split the night
And touched the sound of silence**

**And in the naked light I saw
Ten thousand people, maybe more,
People talking without speaking
People hearing without listening
People writing songs that voices never share
And no-one dare,
Disturb the sounds of silence**

**Fools said I "You do not know
Silence like a cancer grows."
Hear my words that I might teach you
Take my arms that I might reach you
But my words, like silent raindrops fell
And echoed in the wells of silence**

**And the people bowed and prayed
To the neon God they made
And the sign flashed out its warning
In the words that it was forming
And the sign said
"The words of the prophets are written on the subway walls and
tenement halls."
And whispered in the sounds of silence.**

**Words and music by Paul Simon. Copyright 1964 and 1965 by
Charing Cross Music.**

Sugar Babe

From Tom Rush "Take A Little Walk With Me"
Elektra Records 1996
<http://www.tomrush.com>

Sugar babe I'm tired of you
You don't treat me like you use to do
Sugar babe, Sugar babe, it's all over now

Sugar babe what's the matter with you
Your running round with somebody new
Sugar babe, Sugar babe, it's all over now

All I want my baby to do
Is to make five dollars and give me take two
Sugar babe, Sugar babe, it's all over now

Gonna go downtown and get me a line
And I hope that woman changes her mind
Sugar babe, Sugar babe, it's all over now

Went downtown and I got me a rope
Whipped my baby til she (buzzer'd low) ??????????????
Sugar babe, Sugar babe, it's all over now

Sugar babe what's the matter with you
You don't love me like you use to do
Sugar babe, Sugar babe, it's all over now

Sugar babe what's the matter with you
It ain't your honey but the way you do
Sugar babe, Sugar babe, it's all over now

Sunrise, Sunset

Is this the little girl I carried?
Is this the little boy at play?
I don't remember growing older.
When did they?
When did she get to be a beauty?
When did he grow to be this tall?
Wasn't it yesterday when they were small?

Sunrise, sunset.
Sunrise, sunset.
Swiftly flow the days.
Seedlings turn overnight to sunflowers,
Blossoming even as we gaze.
Sunrise, sunset.
Sunrise, sunset.
Swiftly fly the years.
One season following another,
Laden with happiness and tears.

What words of wisdom can I give them?
How can I help to ease their way?
Now, they must learn from one another,
Day by day.
They look so natural together,
Just like two newlyweds should be.
Is there a canopy in store for me?

Sunrise, sunset.
Sunrise, sunset.
Swiftly flow the days.
Seedlings turn overnight to sunflowers,
Blossoming even as we gaze.
Sunrise, sunset.
Sunrise, sunset.
Swiftly fly the years.
One season following another,
Laden with happiness and tears

Tom Dooley

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry
Killed poor Laura Foster
You know you're bound to die

You took her on the hillside, as God almighty knows
You took her on the hillside and there you hid her clothes

You took her by the roadside where you begged to be excused
You took her by the roadside where there you hid her shoes

You took her on the hillside to make her your wife
You took her on the hillside where there you took her life

Take down my old violin and play it as you please
At this time tomorrow, it'll be no use to me

I dug a grave four foot long, I dug it three feet deep
And throwed the cold clay o'er her and tramped it with my feet

This world and one more then where do you reckon I'd be
If it hadn't been for Grayson, I'd a-been in Tennessee

You Are My Sunshine

(Jimmy Davis + Charles Mitchell)

The other night dear, as I lay sleeping
I dreamed I held you in my arms
When I awoke, dear, I was mistaken
So I hung my head and I cried.

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are gray
You'll never know dear, how much I miss you
Please don't take my sunshine away

I'll always love you and make you happy,
If you will only say the same.
But if you leave me to love another,
You'll regret it all some day:

CHORUS

You told me once, dear, you really loved me
And no one else could come between.
But not you've left me and love another;
You have shattered all my dreams:

CHORUS

Copyright 1940 and 1977 by Peer International Corporation. Jimmie Davis was a country gospel singer who later served two terms as governor of Louisiana (mid 1940's and early 1960's).

Walk The Line

I keep a close watch on this heart of mine
I keep my eyes wide open all the time
I keep the ends out for the tie that binds
Because you're mine I walk the line

I find it very very easy to be true
I find myself alone when each day is through
Yes I'll admit that I'm a fool for you
Because you're mine I walk the line

As sure as night is dark and day is light
I keep you on my mind both day and night
And happiness I've known proves that it's right
Because you're mine I walk the line

You've got a way to keep me on your side
You give me cause for love that I can't hide
For you I know I'd even try to turn the tide
Because you're mine I walk the line

We Three Kings

We three kings of orient are, bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain, following yonder star.

cho: Oh, star of wonder, star of night, star with royal beauty bright.
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide with thy perfect light.

(Melchior) Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring to crown him again
King for ever, ceasing never over us all to reign.

(Casper) Frankincense to offer have I, incense owns a Deity nigh
Pray'r and praising, all men raising,
Worship him, God most high, oh.....

(Balthazar) Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume breathes a life of
gathering gloom.
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, sealed in the stone cold tomb.

(All Three) Glorious now behold him arise, king and God and sacrifice
Alleluia, alleluia, heaven to earth replies.

Wildwood Flower

**I will twine and will mingle my waving black hair
With the roses so red and the lilies so fair
The myrtle so green of an emerald hue
The pale emanita and violets of blue**

**Oh he promised to love me, he promised to love
To cherish me always all others above
I woke from my dream and my idol was clay
My passion for loving had vanished away**

**Oh he taught me to love him, he called me his flower
A blossom to cheer him through life's weary hour
But now he has gone and left him alone
The wild flowers to weep and the wild birds to moan**

**I'll dance and I'll sing and my life shall be gay
I'll charm every heart in the crowd I survey
Though my heart now is breaking, he shall never know
How his name makes me tremble, my pale cheeks to glow**

**I'll dance and I'll sing and my life shall be gay
I'll banish this weeping, drive troubles away
I'll live yet to see him, regret this dark hour
When he won and neglected his frail wildwood flower**

When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again

This is the ORIGINAL version of "Johnny Comes Marching Home," before it was patriotized. There are several versions. Tommy Makem is probably as well known as anyone who sings it. The name is "Drums and Guns" or "Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye."

While goin' the road to sweet Athay Ho-roo, ho-roo
While goin' the road to sweet Athay Ho-roo, ho-roo
While goin' the road to sweet Athay
A stick in me hand an a drop in me eye
A doleful damsel I heard cry
Ach, Johnny I hardly knew ye

Whi' yer drums and guns and drums and guns
Ho-roo, ho-roo
Whi' yer drums and guns and drums and guns
Ho-roo, ho-roo
Whi' yer drums and guns and drums and guns
The enemy nearly slew ya
Me darlin' dear ya looked so queer
Ach Johnny I hardly knew ya

Where are the legs with which ya run... (as above)
...when first ya went to carry a gun
I fear your dancin' days are done
Ach Johnny I hardly knew ya

Where are the eyes which were so mild...
...when my poor heart you first beguiled
Why did ya skedaddle from me and the child?
Ach Johnny I hardly knew ya

Ya haven't an arm and ya haven't a leg...
...You're an eyless, boneless, chickenless egg
You'll have to gettin a bowl to beg
[or You'll have to put in a bowl to beg]
Ach Johnny I hardly knew ya

I'm happy for to see you home...
...All from the Islands of Ceylon
So low in the flesh, so high in the bone
Ach Johnny I hardly knew ya

[a modern final verse]

They're rollin' out the guns again...
...but they'll never take my sons again
no they'll never take my sons again
Johnny I'm swearin' to ya

When The Saints Go Marching In

Written By: Emma Cotton - Copyright Unknown

**We are trav'ling in the footsteps
Of those who've gone before,
And we'll all be reunited,
On a new and sunlit shore,**

**Oh, when the saints go marching in
Oh, when the saints go marching in
Lord how I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in**

**And when the sun begins to shine
And when the sun begins to shine
Lord, how I want to be in that number
When the sun begins to shine**

**Oh, when the trumpet sounds its call
Oh, when the trumpet sounds its call
Lord, how I want to be in that number
When the trumpet sounds its call**

**Some say this world of trouble,
Is the only one we need,
But I'm waiting for that morning,
When the new world is revealed.**

Where Have All The Flowers Gone

**Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls have picked them ev'ry one.
Oh, When will you ever learn?
Oh, When will you ever learn?**

**young girls
Gone to young men ev'ry one.**

**young men
Gone to soldiers ev'ry one**

**soldiers
Gone to graveyards ev'ry one.**

**graveyards
Gone to flowers ev'ry one.**

**flowers
Young girls have picked them ev'ry one.**

Written by Peter Seeger. Copyright 1961 and 1977 by Fall River Music, Inc. The song was inspired by a passage from Mikhail Sholokhov's novel "And Quiet Flows the Don" with additional verses by Joe Hickerson.

The song made its greatest impact in Germany, translated into German and sung by Marlene Dietrich. The combination of the language and the setting had a shattering effect on those who heard it.

Where Have All The Flowers Gone (German)

**Sagt mir wo die Blumen sind
Wo sind sie geblieben?
Sagt mir wo die Blumen sind
Was ist gescheh'n?**

**Sagt mir wo die Blumen sind
Maedchen flueckten sie geschwind
Wann wird man je versteh'n,
Wann wird man je versteh'n?**

**Sagt mir wo die Maedchen sind
Wo sind sie geblieben?
Sagt mir wo die Maedchen sind
Was ist gescheh'n?**

**Sagt mir wo die Maedchen sind
Maenner nahmen sie geschwind
Wann wird man je versteh'n,
Wann wird man je versteh'n?**

**Sagt mir wo die Maenner sind
Wo sind sie geblieben?
Sagt mir wo die Maenner sind
Was ist gescheh'n?**

**Sagt mir wo die Maenner sind
Zogen fort, der Krieg beginnt
Wann wird man je versteh'n,
Wann wird man je versteh'n?**

**Sagt mir wo die Maenner sind
Wo sind sie geblieben?
Sagt mir wo die Maenner sind
Was ist gescheh'n?**

**Sagt mir wo die Maenner sind
Ueber Graeber weht der Wind
Wann wird man je versteh'n,
Wann wird man je versteh'n?**

**Und sagt mir wo die Graeber sind
Blumen bluehn im Sommerwind
Wann wird man je versteh'n,
Wann wird man je versteh'n?**

Will The Circle Be Unbroken?

**cho: Will the circle be unbroken,
By and by, Lord, bye and bye?
There's a better home a-waiting
In the sky, Lord, in the sky.**

**I was standing by the window
On one cold and cloudy day;
And I saw the hearse come rolling
For to carry my mother away.**

**Lord, I told the undertaker,
"Undertaker, please drive slow;
For this body you are hauling,
Lord, I hate to see her go"**

**I followed close behind her,
tried to hold up and be brave
But I could not hide my sorrow
When they laid her in the grave.**

**Went back home, Lord, my home was lonesome
Since my mother, she was gone;
All my brothers, sisters crying
What a home so sad and lone.**

**Now my mother, she's crossed over
Where so many have gone before.
And I know, Lord, I will meet her
Just waiting at glory's door.**