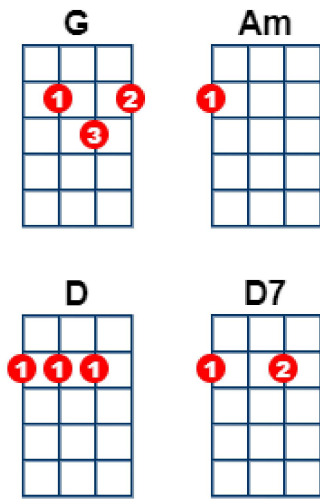


WE'LL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR

Newfoundland folk song

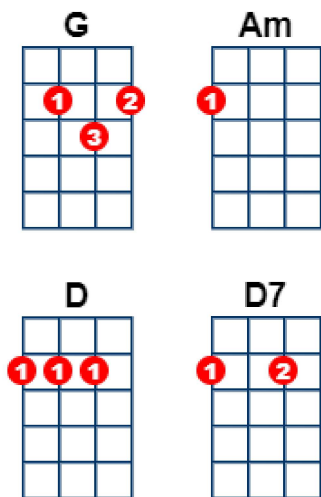


CHORUS:

We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfoundland-landers,
 We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below
 Until we see bottom in-side of two sunkers,
 Then straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go.

I'm the son of a seacook and a cook on a trader,
 I can dance, I can sing, I can reef the main boom;
 I can handle a jigger and I cuts a fine figure,
 When-ever I gets in a boat's standing room.
 If the voyage is good then this fall I will do it,
 I want two-pound-ten for a ring and a priest;
 A couple of dollars for clean shirts and collars,
 And a handful of coppers to make up a feast.

CHORUS:



G Am D
 We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfound-landers,
 D7 G G
 We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below

Am D
 Until we see bottom in-side of two sunkers,
 D G Am D G
 Then straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go.

G Am D
 I went to a dance one night in Fox Harbour,
 D7 G G
 There were plenty of girls as nice as you'd wish;
 Am D
 There was one pretty maiden a-chawing on frankgum,
 G Am D G G
 Just like a young kitten a-gnawing fresh fish.
 G Am D
 There's plump little Polly, her name is Golds-worthy,
 D7 G G
 There's John Coady's Kitty and Mary Tib-bo;
 Am D
 There's Clara from Brule and young Martha Foley,
 G Am D G G
 But the nicest of all is my girl from Toslow.

CHORUS:

G Am D
 We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfound-landers,
 D7 G G
 We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below
 Am D
 Until we see bottom in-side of two sunkers,
 D G Am D G
 Then straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go.

G Am D
Fare-well and adieu to ye fair ones of Valen,
D7 G G
Farewell and adieu to ye ones in the cove;

Am D
Now let ye be jolly, don't be melan-choly,

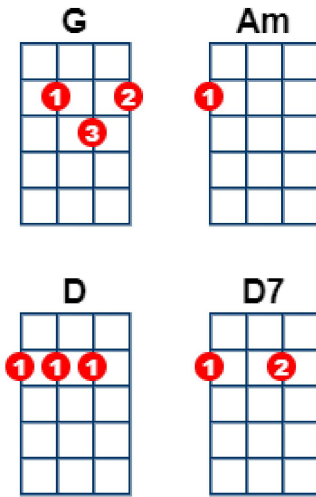
G Am D G G
For I can't marry all or in the chokey I'd be.

G Am D
Fare-well and adieu to you girls of Fox Harbour,

D7 G G
Oderin and Presque, Crabbes Hole and Brule;

Am D
I'm bound to the westward to the wall with the hole in,

G Am D G G
For I can't marry all or in the chokey I'd be.

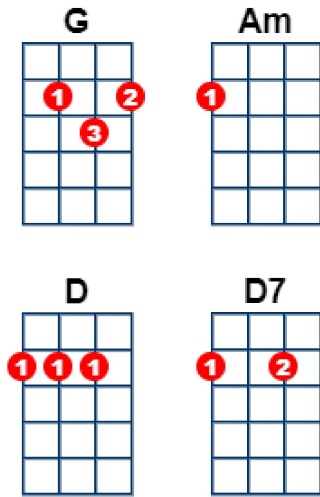


CHORUS:

G Am D
We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfound-landers,
D7 G G
We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below
Am D
Until we see bottom in-side of two sunkers,
D G Am D G
Then straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go.

G Am D
Fare-well and adieu to ye girls of St. Kyran's,
D7 G G
Of Paradise and Presque, big and little Bo-na;
Am D
I'm bound unto Toslow to marry sweet Biddy,
G Am D G G
And if I don't do so, I'm afraid of her da.

G Am D
 I've bought me a house from Katherine Davis,
D7 G G
 A twenty-pound bed from Jimmy Mc-Graw;
Am D
 I'll get me a settle, a pot and a kettle,
G Am D G G
 And then I'll be ready for Bidy - hurrah!



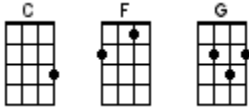
CHORUS:

G Am D
 We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfoundlanders,
D7 G G
 We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below
Am D
 Until we see bottom in-side of two sunkers,
D G Am D G
 Then straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go.

Note: Standard GCEA Soprano Ukulele Tuning. | Powered by [UkeGeeks' Scriptasaurus](https://ukegeeks.com) • ukegeeks.com

I'se the B'y

Traditional Newfoundland, Canada



INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 /

[C] I'se the b'y that [G] builds the boat and
[C] I'se the b'y that [F] sails [G] her and
[C] I'se the b'y that [G] catches the fish and
[F] Brings ' em [G] home to [C] Liza

[C] I'se the b'y that [G] builds the boat and
[C] I'se the b'y that [F] sails [G] her
[C] I'se the b'y that [G] catches the fish and
[F] Brings ' em [G] home to [C] Liza

CHORUS:

[C] Hip-yer-partner [G] Sally Tibbo
[C] Hip-yer-partner [F] Sally [G] Brown
[C] Fogo, Twillingate [G] Moreton's Harbour
[F] All a-[G]round the [C] circle

[C] Sods and rinds to [G] cover your flake
[C] Cake and tea for [F] sup-[G]per
[C] Codfish in the [G] spring of the year
[F] Fried in [G] maggoty [C] butter

CHORUS:

[C] Hip-yer-partner [G] Sally Tibbo
[C] Hip-yer-partner [F] Sally [G] Brown
[C] Fogo, Twillingate [G] Moreton's Harbour
[F] All a-[G]round the [C] circle

[C] I don't want your [G] maggoty fish
[C] That's no good for [F] win-[G]ter
[C] I can buy as [G] good as that
[F] Down in [G] Bona-[C]vista

CHORUS:

[C] Hip-yer-partner [G] Sally Tibbo
[C] Hip-yer-partner [F] Sally [G] Brown
[C] Fogo, Twillingate [G] Moreton's Harbour
[F] All a-[G]round the [C] circle

[C] I took Liza [G] to a dance
And [C] faith but she could [F] tra-[G]vel
And [C] every step that [G] Liza took
She was [F] up to her [G] knees in [C] gravel

CHORUS:

[C] Hip-yer-partner [G] Sally Tibbo
[C] Hip-yer-partner [F] Sally [G] Brown
[C] Fogo, Twillingate [G] Moreton's Harbour
[F] All a-[G]round the [C] circle

[C] Sarah White she's [G] outta sight
Her [C] petticoat needs a [F] bor-[G]der
Well [C] old Sam Oliver [G] in the dark
He [G]↓ kissed her in the corner!

CHORUS:

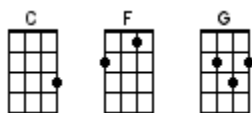
[C] Hip-yer-partner [G] Sally Tibbo
[C] Hip-yer-partner [F] Sally [G] Brown
[C] Fogo, Twillingate [G] Moreton's Harbour
[F] All a-[G]round the [C] circle

Now [C] Liza she went [G] up the stairs
And [C] I went up be-[F]hind [G] her
[C] Liza she crawled [G] into bed
But [F] I know [G] where to [C] find her

[C] I'se the b'y that [G] builds the boat and
[C] I'se the b'y that [F] sails [G] her
[C] I'se the b'y that [G] catches the fish and
[F] Brings them [G] home to [C] Liza

CHORUS:

[C] Hip-yer-partner [G] Sally Tibbo
[C] Hip-yer-partner [F] Sally [G] Brown
[C] Fogo, Twillingate [G] Moreton's Harbour
[F] All a-[G]round the [C]↓ cir-[C]↓cle



Drift Away

Dobie Gray

[F] Day after day I'm more con-[C]-fused
[F] So I look for the [G] light in the pouring [C] rain
[F] You know that's a game that I hate to [C] lose
[Dm] I'm feelin' the strain, [F] ain't it a shame



Oh, [C] give me the beat, boys, and free my soul
I [G] wanna get lost in your rock and roll and [F] drift away
Oh, [C] give me the beat, boys, and free my soul
I [G] wanna get lost in your rock and roll and drift [F] away

Won't you take me a [Dm] way [C]

[F] Beginning to think that I'm wastin' [C] time
[F] I don't under [G] stand the things [C] I do
[F] The world outside looks so un-[C]-kind
[Dm] I'm countin' on you to [F] carry me through

Oh, [C] give me the beat, boys, and free my soul
I [G] wanna get lost in your rock and roll and [F] drift away
Oh, [C] give me the beat, boys, and free my soul
I [G] wanna get lost in your rock and roll and drift [F] away [C]

[Dm] And when my mind is free
[F] You know a melody can [C] move me
[Dm] And when I'm feelin' blue
[F] The guitar's comin' through to [G] soothe me

[F] Thanks for the joy that you've given [C] me
[F] I want you to [G] know I believe in your [C] song
[F] Rhythm and rhyme and harmo-[C]-ny
[Dm] You help me along [F] makin' me strong

Oh, [C] give me the beat, boys, and free my soul
I [G] wanna get lost in your rock and roll and [F] drift away
Oh, [C] give me the beat, boys, and free my soul
I [G] wanna get lost in your rock and roll and drift [F] away [C]



Five Hundred Miles Peter Paul and Mary

Hear this song at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xbg2wkVDWTs> (play along in this key)

From Richard G's Ukulele Songbook www.scorpex.net/uke.htm

Intro: [C] [Am] [C] [Am] [Dm] [F/C] [Dm] [G7] [C]

If you [C] miss the train I'm [Am] on

You will [Dm] know that I am [F/C] gone

You can [Dm] hear the whistle [Em] blow a [F] hundred [G7] miles

A hundred [C] miles a hundred [Am] miles

A hundred [Dm] miles a hundred [F/C] miles

You can [Dm] hear the whistle [Em] blow a [F] hundred [C] miles

Lord I'm [C] one lord I'm [Am] two

Lord I'm [Dm] three lord I'm [F/C] four

Lord I'm [Dm] five hundred [Em] miles [F] from my [G7] home

Five hundred [C] miles five hundred [Am] miles

Five hundred [Dm] miles five hundred [F] miles

Lord I'm [Dm] five hundred [Em] miles [F] from my [C] home

Not a [C] shirt on my [Am] back not a [Dm] penny to my [F/C] name

Lord I [Dm] can't go a-[Em]home [F] this a-[G7]way

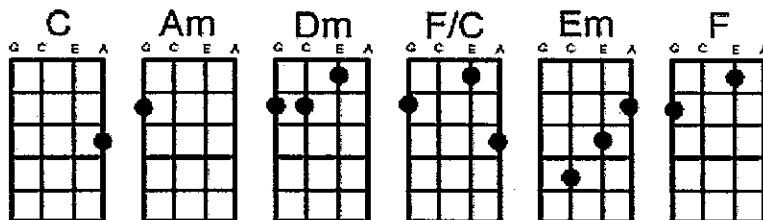
This a-[C]way this a-[Am]way this a-[Dm]way this a-[F/C]way

Lord I [Dm] can't go a-[Em] home [F] this a-[C]way

If you [C] miss the train I'm [Am] on

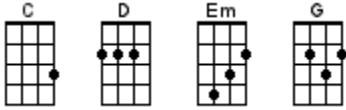
You will [Dm] know that I am [F/C] gone

You can [Dm] hear the whistle [Em] blow a [F] hundred [C] miles



Whiskey In The Jar

Traditional (The Dubliners' lyrics 1967)



INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 /

[C] Whack fol da [C] daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

As [G] I was goin' over, the [Em] Cork and Kerry mountains
I [C] met with Captain Farrell and his [G] money he was countin'
I [G] first produced me pistol and I [Em] then produced me rapier
Sayin' [C] "Stand and deliver" for he [G] were a bold deceiver

CHORUS:

Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

I [G] counted out his money and it [Em] made a pretty penny
I [C] put it in me pocket and I [G] took it home to Jenny
She [G] sighed and she swore, that she [Em] never would she deceive me
But the [C] devil take the women for they [G] never can be easy

CHORUS:

Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

I [G] went unto me chamber, all [Em] for to take a slumber
I [C] dreamt of gold and jewels and for [G] sure it was no wonder
But [G] Jenny drew me charges, and she [Em] filled them up with water
Then [C] sent for Captain Farrell to be [G] ready for the slaughter

CHORUS:

Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

'Twas [G] early in the mornin', just be-[Em]fore I rose to travel
Up [C] comes a band of footmen, and [G] likewise Captain Farrell
I [G] first produced me pistol for she'd [Em] stolen away me rapier
But I [C] couldn't shoot the water, so a [G] prisoner I was taken

CHORUS:

Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

Now, there's [G] some take delight in the [Em] carriages a-rollin'
And [C] others take delight in the [G] hurley and the bowlin'
But [G] I take delight in the [Em] juice of the barley
And [C] courtin' pretty fair maids in the [G] mornin' bright and early

CHORUS:

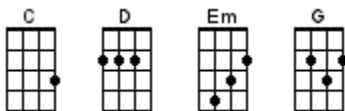
Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

If [G] anyone can aid me 'tis me [Em] brother in the army
If [C] I can find his station, in [G] Cork or in Killarney
And [G] if he'll go with me, we'll go [Em] rovin' in Kilkenney
And I'm [C] sure he'll treat me better than me [G] own, me sportin' Jenny

CHORUS:

Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar

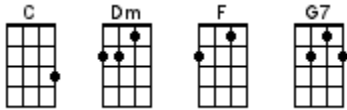
Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] ↓ jar [G] ↓



www.bytownukulele.ca

The Log Driver's Waltz

Wade Hemsworth



INTRO: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 /

[C] / [G7] / [C] / [C]

If you should [C] ask any girl from the [F] parish a-[Dm]round
What [G7] pleases her most from her head to her [C] toes
She'll [C] say I'm not sure that it's [F] business of [Dm] yours
But I [G7] do like to waltz with a [C] log driver

CHORUS:

[G7] For he goes [C] birling down, a-[F]down white water
[C] That's where the log driver [G7] learns to step lightly
It's [C] birling down, a-[F]down white water
A [C] log driver's waltz pleases [G7] girls com-[C]pletely [C]

When the [C] drive's nearly over, I [F] like to go [Dm] down
To [G7] see all the lads while they work on the [C] river
I [C] know that come evening they'll [F] be in the [Dm] town
And we [G7] all want to waltz with a [C] log driver

CHORUS:

[G7] For he goes [C] birling down, a-[F]down white water
[C] That's where the log driver [G7] learns to step lightly
It's [C] birling down, a-[F]down white water
A [C] log driver's waltz pleases [G7] girls com-[C]pletely [C]

To [C] please both my parents, I've [F] had to give [Dm] way
And [G7] dance with the doctors and merchants and [C] lawyers
Their [C] manners are fine, but their [F] feet are of [Dm] clay
For there's [G7] none with the style of a [C] log driver

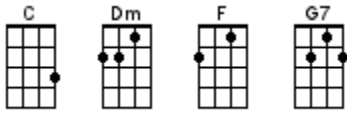
CHORUS:

[G7] For he goes [C] birling down, a-[F]down white water
[C] That's where the log driver [G7] learns to step lightly
It's [C] birling down, a-[F]down white water
A [C] log driver's waltz pleases [G7] girls com-[C]pletely [C]

[C] I've had my chances with [F] all sorts of [Dm] men
But [G7] none is so fine as my lad on the [C] river
So [C] when the drive's over, if he [F] asks me a-[Dm]gain
I [G7] think I will marry my [C] log driver

CHORUS:

[G7] For he goes **[C]** birling down, a-**[F]**down white water
[C] That's where the log driver **[G7]** learns to step lightly
It's **[C]** birling down, a-**[F]**down white water
A **[C]** log driver's waltz pleases **[G7]** girls com-**[C]**pletely
[C] Birling down, a-**[F]**down white water
A **[C]** log driver's waltz pleases **[G7]** girls...
[G7] Com...**[C]**↓pletely **[G7]**↓**[C]**↓



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Tennessee Waltz Patti Page

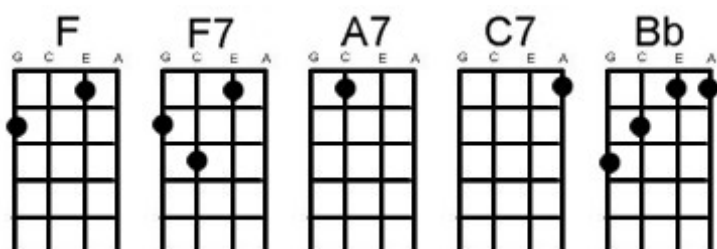
Hear this song at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ek3eCbfq0> (play along in this key)

From: Richard G's Ukulele Songbook www.scorpex.net/Uke

[F] I was dancin` with my darlin`
To the [F7] Tennessee [Bb] Waltz
When an [F] old friend I happened to [C7] see
Intro[F]duced her to my loved one
And [F7] while they were [Bb] dancing
My [F] friend stole my [C7] sweetheart from [F] me

[F] I remember the [A7] night
And the [Bb] Tennessee [F] Waltz
[F] Now I know just how much I have [C7] lost
Yes I [F] lost my little darlin`
The [F7] night they were [Bb] playing
The [F] beautiful [C7] Tennessee [F] Waltz

[F] I remember the [A7] night
And the [Bb] Tennessee [F] Waltz
[F] Now I know just how much I have [C7] lost
Yes I [F] lost my little darlin`
The [F7] night they were [Bb] playing
The [F] beautiful [C7] Tennessee [F] Waltz



LOVE ME TENDER

4/4

C D7 G7 C D7

Love me ten-der love me sweet ne-ver let me go. You have made my life complete

TAB: 3 3 2 3 | 5 0 5 | 3 2 0 2 | 3 | 3 3 2 3 | 5 0 5

7 G7 C E7 Am C7 F Fm C

and I love you so. Love me ten-der, love me true all my dreams ful - fill.

TAB: 3 2 0 2 | 3 | 7 7 7 7 | 7 7 7 | 7 5 3 5 | 7

13 C A7 D7 G7 C C D7 G7 C

For my dar-lin' I love you and I will. Love me ten-der, love me dear tell me you are mine.

TAB: 7 7 8 7 | 5 0 5 | 3 2 0 2 | 3 | 3 3 2 3 | 5 0 5 | 3 2 0 2 | 3

21 C D7 G7 C C E7 Am C7

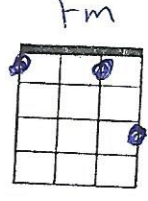
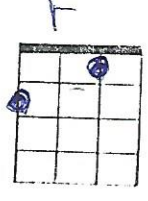
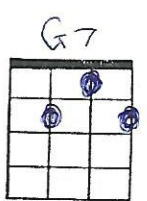
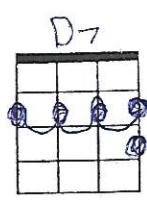
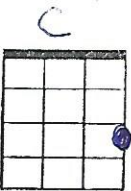
I'll be yours through all the years till the end of time. Love me ten-der love me true

TAB: 3 3 2 3 | 5 0 5 | 3 2 0 2 | 3 | 7 7 7 7 | 7 7 7

27 F Fm C C A7 D7 G7 C

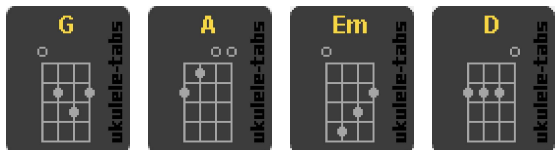
all my dreams ful - fill. For my dar-lin' I love you and I al-ways will.

TAB: 7 5 3 5 | 7 | 7 7 8 7 | 5 0 5 | 3 2 7 5 | 3



MARI MAC

UKE TAB BY *GREAT BIG SEA*



INTRO: [G] [A] [Em] (X4)

[Em]There's a neat little lass and her name is Mari Mac
[D]Make no mistake, she's the girl I'm gonna track
[Em]Lot of other fellas try to get her on her back
But I'm [G]thinking that they'll [A]have to get up [Em]early

CHORUS:

[Em]Mari Mac's mother's making Mari Mac marry me
[D/Stop]My mother's making me marry Mari Mac
[Em]Well I'm going to marry Mari for when Mari's taking care of me

We'll [G]all be feeling [A]merry when I [Em]marry Mari Mac

[G] [A] [Em]
[G] [A] [Em]
[G] [A] [Em]

[Em]Now Mari and her mother are an awful lot together
[D]In fact you hardly see the one without the other
[Em]And people often wonder if it's Mari or her mother
Or [G]both of them to[A]gether I am [Em]courting

CHORUS

[Em]Well up among the heather in the hills of Bonifree
[D]Well I had a bonnie lass sitting on me knee
[Em]A bumble bee stung me right above me knee
[G]Up among the [A]heather in the [Em]hills of Benifree

CHORUS

[Em]Well I said "Wee bonnie lassie, where you going to spend the day?"
[D]She said "Among the heather in the hills of Benifree"
[Em]Where all the boys and girls are making out so free
[G]Up among the [A]heather in the [Em]hills of Benifree

CHORUS

[Em]The wedding's on Wednesday, everything's arranged
[D]Soon her name will be changed to mine unless her mind be changed
[Em]And making the arrangements, I'm feeling quite deranged
[G]Marriage is an [A]awful under[Em]taking

CHORUS

[Em]Sure to be a grand affair, grander than a fair
[D]Going to be a fork and plate for every man that's there
[Em]And I'll be a bugger if I don't get my share
If I [G]don't we'll be [A]very much mis[Em]taken

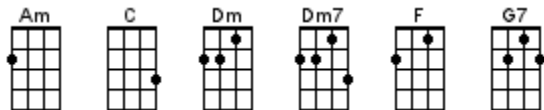
CHORUS

[Em]There's a neat little lass and her name is Mari Mac
[D]Make no mistake, she's the girl I'm gonna track
[Em]Lot of other fellas try to get up on her back
I'm [G]thinking that they'll [A]have to get up [Em]early

CHORUS

Skye Boat Song (Outlander)

Lyrics: Sir Harold Boulder Music: is an air collected by Anne Campbelle MacLeod
First published 1884



INTRO: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 /

[C] Sing me a **[Am]** song of a **[Dm7]** lass that is **[G7]** gone
[C] say, could that **[F]** lass be **[C]** I **[C]**

[C] Sing me a **[Am]** song of a **[Dm7]** lass that is **[G7]** gone
[C] Say, could that **[F]** lass be **[C]** I **[G7]**
[C] Merry of **[Am]** soul she **[Dm7]** sailed on a **[G7]** day
[C] Over the **[F]** sea to **[C]** Skye **[C]**

[Am] Mull was astern, **[Dm]** Rum on the port
[Am] Eigg on the **[F]** starboard **[Am]** bow **[Am]**
[Am] Glory of youth **[Dm]** glowed in her soul
[Am] Where is that **[F]** glory **[Am]** now **[G7]**

(Chorus)

[Am] Give me again **[Dm]** all that was there
[Am] Give me the **[F]** sun that **[Am]** shone **[Am]**
[Am] Give me the eyes, **[Dm]** give me the soul
[Am] Give me that **[F]** lass that's **[Am]** gone **[G7]**

(Chorus)

[Am] Billow and breeze **[Dm]** islands and seas
[Am] Mountains of **[F]** rain and **[Am]** sun **[Am]**
[Am] All that was good **[Dm]** all that was fair
[Am] All that was **[F]** me is **[Am]** gone **[G7]**

(chorus)

Prohibition Way – The Punters

*[N.C.] Haul, haul up the main,
Our schooner's off, she sails again,
From Newfoundland, bound Americay.
Heave, heave, heave, me boys,
We're sailing o'er the Yankee tide;
We're running rum the prohibition way.*

[Em] Me and the Shays were [C] dry,
By the [G] laws of old ex-[D] cise;
A [Em] Yank could find his [C] drink by way of [D] sea.
And our [Em] schooner often [C] ran,
From the [G] banks of Newfound-[D] land;
To [Em] quench the thirst,
The [D] Yankee buyer's [G] plea.

So, [G] haul, haul [D] up the main,
Our [Em] schooner's off, she [C] sails again;
From [G] Newfoundland [D] bound Ameri-[C] cay.
[G] Heave, heave, [D] heave, me boys,
We're [Em] sailing o'er the [C] Yankee tide;
[G] We're running rum the [D] prohibition [C] way,
[G] We're running rum the [D] prohibition [G] way.

Weighed [Em] down our [C] hold,
Prohi-[G]-bition's liquid [D] gold;
To [Em] rendezvous [C] off the coast of [D] Maine.
The [Em] midnight splash of [C] oars,
The Yankee [G] buyers now on [D] board;
The [Em] deal is done,
We're [D] headed off [G] again.

So, [G] haul, haul [D] up the main,
Our [Em] schooner's off, she [C] sails again;
From [G] Newfoundland [D] bound Ameri-[C] cay.

[G] Heave, heave, [D] heave, me boys,
We're [Em] sailing o'er the [C] Yankee tide;
[G] We're running rum the [D] prohibition [C] way,
[G] We're running rum the [D] prohibition [G] way.

We're [Em] on to Boston [C] Harbour,
To [G] pull another [D] feat;
And I [Em] pray to God,
No [C] excise men we [D] meet.
I'd [Em] rather be drawn and [C] hanged,
Than to [G] lose me schooner [D] grand,
[Em] Never more to [D] sail the open [G] sea.

So, [G] haul, haul [D] up the main,
Our [Em] schooner's off, she [C] sails again;
From [G] Newfoundland [D] bound Ameri-[C] cay.
[G] Heave, heave, [D] heave, me boys,
We're [Em] sailing o'er the [C] Yankee tide;
[G] We're running rum the [D] prohibition [C] way,
[G] We're running rum the [D] prohibition [G] way.

Now the [Em] Boston deal is [C] done,
The Yankee [G] buyer's got his [D] rum;
Our [Em] pockets lined,
For [C] Newfoundland we [D] sail.
We're [Em] loaded for and [C] aft,
Enough pro-[G]-visions for to [D] last;
The [Em] winter, boys, [D] again we have [G] prevailed.

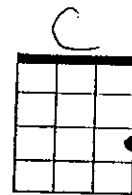
So, [G] haul, haul [D] up the main,
Our [Em] schooner's off, she [C] sails again;
From [G] Newfoundland [D] bound Ameri-[C] cay.
[G] Heave, heave, [D] heave, me boys,
We're [Em] sailing o'er the [C] Yankee tide;
[G] We're running rum the [D] prohibition [C] way,
[G] We're running rum the [D] prohibition [G] way. (repeat)

Chorus:

C F C
This land is your land, this land is my land,
G7 C

From Bonavista, to Vancouver Island

F C
From the Arctic Circle to the Great Lakes waters,
G7 C
This land was made for you and me.

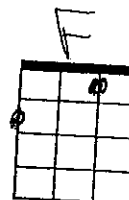


Verse 1:

C F C
As I was walking that ribbon of highway,
G7 C

I saw above me that endless skyway;

F C
I saw below me that golden valley
G7 C
This land was made for you and me.

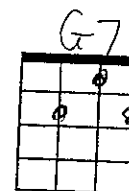


Verse 2:

C F C
I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps,
G7 C

To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts;

F C
And all around me a voice was sounding,
G7 C
This land was made for you and me.



Verse 3:

C F C
When the sun comes shining and I was strolling,
G7 C

And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling;

F C
As the fog was lifting, a voice was chanting,
G7 C

This land was made for you and me.

Descant: (with chorus last time)

F C
This land is your land, this land is mine,
G7 C

From Quebec to Alberta, desert to the shore;

F C
We sing that this land is your land, this land is mine,
G7 C
Yes it's made for you and me.

Wild Night - Van Morrison

Em G, Em G, Em G, C D G

As you brush your **[Em]** shoes, you stand before your **[G]** mirror
And you comb your **[Em]** hair, grab your coat and **[G]** hat
And you walk the **[Em]** streets, trying to **[G]** remember, yeah
All those **[C]** wild nights **[D]** breeze through your **[G]** mind

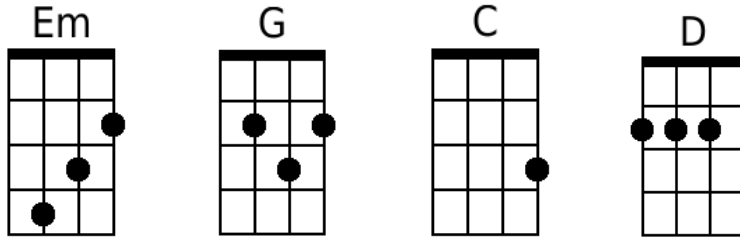
And every-**[Em]**-thing looks so **[C]** complete, when you're **[Em]** walkin'
down on the **[C]** streets
And the **[Em]** wind catches your **[C]** feet, sets you **[D]** flyin', cryin'
[Em] Ooh **[C]** ooh **[D]** ooh **[Em]** wee
Wild **[D]** night is **[G]** calling

All the **[Em]** girls walk by, dressed up for each **[G]** other
And the **[Em]** boys do the boogie woogie, on the corner of the **[G]** street
And the **[Em]** people passing by just stare in wild **[G]** wonder, yeah
And in-**[C]**-side the jukebox **[D]** roars just like **[G]** thunder

And every-**[Em]**-thing looks so **[C]** complete, when you're **[Em]** walkin'
down on the **[C]** streets
And the **[Em]** wind catches your **[C]** feet, sets you **[D]** flyin', cryin'
[Em] Ooh **[C]** ooh **[D]** ooh **[Em]** wee
Wild **[D]** night is **[G]** calling

[Em] Wild night is **[G]** fallin', the **[Em]** wild night it is **[G]** callin'
Come on out and **[Em]** dance, come on out and dance
Come on out and **[G]** make romance
Come on out and **[Em]** dance, come on out and **[D]** dance
Come on out and make **[G]** romance

And every-[Em]-thing looks so [C] complete, when you're [Em] walkin
down on the [C]streets
And the [Em] wind catches your [C] feet, sets you [D] flyin', cryin'
[Em] Ooh [C] ooh [D] ooh [Em] wee
Wild [D] night is [G] calling



The Parting Glass – *Traditional Irish/Scottish - Shaun Davey version*

C Am C G C Am G C Am C G Am C G C 2x

C Am C G
Of all the money that e'er I had
C Am C G
I've spent it in good company
C Am C G
And all the harm I've ever done
Am C G C
Alas it was to none but me

C Am C G
And all I've done for want of wit
Am C G
To memory now I can't recall
C Am C G
So fill to me the parting glass
Am C G C
Goodnight and joy be to you all

C Am C G C Am G C Am C G Am C G C

C Am C G
Fill to me the parting glass
C Am G
And drink a health what 'er befalls
C Am C G
I gently rise and softly call
Am C G C
Goodnight and joy be to you all

C Am C G
Of all the comrades that e'er I had
C Am C G
They're sorry for my going away
C Am C G
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had
Am C G C
They'd wish me one more day to stay

C Am C G
But since it fell unto my lot
C Am G
That I should rise and you should not

C Am C G
I gently rise and softly call

Am C G C
Goodnight and joy be to you all

C Am C G C Am G C Am C G Am C G C

C Am C G
But since it fell unto my lot
C Am G
That I should rise and you should not
C Am C G
I gently rise and softly call
Am C G C
Goodnight and joy be to you all

C Am C G
So fill to me the parting glass
C Am G
And drink a health what 'er befalls
C Am C G
I gently rise and softly call
Am C G C
Goodnight and joy be to you all