

# Zach's Songbook

Songs for folks. Songs I like to play the way I like to play `em

November 12, 2017

I noticed that a lot of times when people would come over to play music, there was a lot of time spent looking up chords and lyrics. And since it's folk music, most of the time the version on the internet would be different from the version I know, which would cause a bit of confusion.

Thus, I decided to make my own songbook to keep around the house, for when people come over to play music and want to sing or play along with my versions of songs.

I'm not a real musician, and I never really play from song books or play exactly the same thing twice, so everything here is more of just a suggestion rather than what to play exactly. I also make no guarantee that any of my versions of songs will match anyone else's. If you want their version, get their songbook 😊

As far as I can tell, all of the songs in this book are either in the public domain, copylefted, or written by yours truly.

The latest version of this book can be found at <http://www.zachcapalbo.com/projects/songbook.html>

The source code for this booklet can be found at <https://gitlab.com/zach-geek/songbook>

The songbook, the source code, and any songs here that I've written can be copied and shared under the Creative Commons Attribution-Share Alike license. <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/2.5/>

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# 1. Ain't Got No Home In This World

*I wrote this song early into my senior year of college, when I was rather unsatisfied with my lot in life—overworked and underpaid. I obviously drew from Woody Guthry's "I Ain't Got No Home", which I wanted to sing, but felt it was too political to express what I wanted, which at the time I felt was more an existential calamity. I also drew on classic hobo ballads, dreaming of just up and wandering away from all my studies and responsibilities.*

Key of C

Zach Capalbo



Csus2 Am  
My shoes is all torn up my toes is stickin' out,  
Csus2 Gsus2  
If I don't get some whiskey, gonna go up the  
spout.  
Csus2 Am  
I ain't got no jacket, I ain't got no tie,  
Csus2 Gsus2 Csus2  
And I ain't got no home in this world.

## Chorus:

Csus2 F  
I ain't got no home in this world  
Csus2 Gsus2  
I ain't got no home in this world  
Csus2 Am  
My money is gone and my toes is cold  
Csus2 Gsus2 Csus2  
And I ain't got no home in this world.

My friends have all gone and I can't get them  
back.

My company now's just a cigarette pack.  
But I ain't got a light, I just got a dark,  
And I ain't got no home in this world.

I ain't got no sweethearts; I ain't got no sweets.  
I think my poor heart has been missin' some  
beats.

I'll dream up some love, 'neath an old willow tree  
'Cause I ain't got no home in this world.

But I am happy, I ramble and roam  
And them that don't like me they leave me alone.  
I'll pluck on my banjo; I'll sing and I'll shout  
That I ain't got no home in this world.

When I'm in the graveyard, and I'm laid to rest  
And everyone there thinks I'm happy and blessed  
Won't have no more money, won't have no  
banjo—

But I'll have a home in this world!



### 3. I wish I was a mole in the ground

Key of C

Traditional



C  
 I wish I was a mole in the ground  
 F C  
 Yeah, I wish I was a mole in the ground  
 F  
 If I's a mole in the ground, I'd root that mountain  
 C  
 down  
 G C  
 I wish I was a mole in the ground  
  
 Oh, Kimby wants a nine-dollar shawl  
 Yeah Kimby wants a nine-dollar shawl  
 When I come o'er the hill with a forty-dollar bill  
 It's honey, where ya been so long?  
  
 I been in the bin so long  
 Yeah I've been in the bin so long  
 I been in the bin with the rough and rowdy men  
 And I ain't goin' back again

I don't trust no railroadin' man.  
 No I don't trust no railroadin' man.  
 'Cause a railroadin main, he will kill you when he  
 can  
 And drink up your blood like wine.

Oh Kimby, let your hair grow down  
 Oh Kimby, let your hair grow down  
 Let your hair grow down, and your bangs curl all  
 around  
 Oh Kimby, let your hair grow down

I wish I was a lizard in the spring  
 Yeah, I wish I was a lizard in the spring  
 If I's a lizard in the spring, I'd hear my darling sing  
 I wish I was a lizard in the spring.

Well I wish I was a mole in the ground.  
 Yeah I wish I's a mole in the ground.  
 'Cause I's a mole in the ground, I'd root that  
 mountain down.  
 I wish I was a mole in the ground.

## 4. The Blackest Crow

*I heard this song at the first folk jam I ever went to, in Cambridge, MA.*

Key of Em

*Traditional*



D Em G  
The time draws near, my dearest dear  
G Em  
When you and I must part  
D Em G  
How little you know, of the grief and woe  
G Em  
Of my poor aching heart  
G D Em  
Each night I suffer for your sake:  
C G Em  
You're the one I love most dear!  
D Em G  
I wish that I was going with you,  
G Em  
Or you were staying here.

I wish my breast was made of glass  
Wherein you might behold  
Upon my heart your name is writ  
In letters made of gold.  
In letters made of gold, my love—  
Believe me when I say,  
You are the one I will adore  
Until my dying day.

The blackest crow that ever flew  
Would surely turn to white:  
If ever I were false to you  
Bright day return to night.  
Bright day return to night, my love,  
The elements would mourn.  
If ever I were false to you  
The sea would rage and burn.

And when you're on some distant shore  
Think of your absent friend.  
And when the wind blows high and clear,  
A line to me pray send.  
And when the wind blows high and clear  
Pray send a note to me.  
That I might know by your handwrite  
How time has gone with thee.

## 5. Wayfarin' Stranger

*I like this one. It's very bleak—death is the only release from the troubles of the world.*

Key of Em

Traditional



<sup>Em</sup>  
I am a poor, wayfarin' stranger  
<sup>D</sup> Been travelin' through this world of woe! <sup>Em</sup>  
And there's no sickness, toil nor danger <sup>Em</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> In that bright land to which I go. <sup>Em</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> I'm goin' there to meet my mother; <sup>G</sup>  
She said she'd meet me when I come. <sup>C</sup> <sup>B</sup>  
<sup>Em</sup> I'm only going over Jordan  
<sup>D</sup> I'm just'a goin' over home. <sup>Em</sup>

I know dark clouds will gather o'er me.  
I know my way is rough and steep.  
But golden fields lie out before me  
Where God's redeemed, their vigils keep.  
I'm goin' there to meet my father;  
I'm goin' there no more to roam.  
I'm only going over Jordan.  
I'm just'a goin' over home.

I'll soon be free from all my trials.  
My body restin in the old churchyard.  
I'll drop the cross of self denial  
And enter into my great reward.  
I'm goin' there to see my savior  
To sing his praises ever more  
I'm just'a going over Jordan  
I'm just'a goin' over home.







## 8. Sourwood Mountain

*This is a Howell song. He usually sings it, so I'm just guessing at the words he sings (except the Hi-Ho-Diddle-aye-day—everyone sings that!)*

Key of G

Traditional



G C G  
 Rooster crows on Sourwood Mountain  
 G D7 G  
 Hi Ho Diddle aye day  
 G C G  
 So many pretty girls you can't count 'em  
 G D7 G  
 Hi Ho Diddle aye day  
 G D7 G C G  
 Rooster crows on Sourwood Mountain  
 G  
 Hi Ho . . .  
 G D7 G C G  
 So many pretty girls you can't count 'em  
 G D7 G  
 Hi Ho Fiddle aye day

My true love's across the river  
 Hi Ho Diddle aye day  
 Few more days and I'll be with 'er  
 Hi Ho diddle aye day  
 Rooster crows on Sourwood Mountain  
 Hi Ho . . .  
 So many pretty girls you can't count 'em  
 Hi Ho Fiddle aye day

Big dog bark and the little one bites you  
 Hi Ho Diddle aye day  
 Big girl courts and the little one spites you  
 Hi ho diddle ah day  
 Rooster crows on Sourwood Mountain...

My true love lives 'cross the holler  
 Hi ho diddle aye day  
 She won't come and I won't foller  
 Hi ho diddle aye day  
 Rooster crows on Sourwood Mountain...



# 10. The Night Visiting Song

*This song is very similar in style and content to "I'm a Rover". The timing's off on the typesetting here.. (corrections welcome!)*

Key of C

Traditional



C F C G C  
I must away now; I can no longer tarry  
This morning's tempest I have to cross  
I will be guided without a stumble  
Into the arms I love the most.

And when he came to his true love's window  
He knelt down gently upon a stone;  
He's whispered lowly through her bedroom win-  
dow:  
Is my true lover within at home.

She's raised her up from her down soft pillow  
She's thrown her arms around her breast  
Says who is that at my bedroom window,  
Disturbing me of my long nights rest?

Wake up, wake up, love! It is thine own true lover.  
Wake up wake up, love, and let me in!  
For I am tired love, and oh so weary,  
And more than near drenched to the skin.

She's raised her up from her down-soft pillow.  
She's raised her up and she's let him in,  
And they were locked in each other's arms  
Until that long night was past and gone.

And when that long night was past and over  
And when the small clouds began to grow  
They both shook hands and embraced each other  
Then he saddled and mounted and away did go.

I must away now; I can no longer tarry  
This morning's tempest I have to cross  
I will be guided without a stumble  
Into the arms I love the most.

# 11. Wild Mountain Thyme

*Although this is very pretty song, there exist absolutely ridiculous and silly hand motions to it, which you can pick up if you keep questionable company around Somerville, MA. (The typesetting of the melody here is a mess. It's really not as hard as it looks!)*

Key of G

Traditional



Well the <sup>G</sup> summer time is coming  
And the trees are sweetly blooming  
And the wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the blooming heather.  
Will ya go, lassie, go?

**Chorus:**

And we'll all go together  
To pluck wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather  
Will you go, lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower  
By the clear crystal fountain  
And around it I will pile  
All the flowers of the mountain.  
Will you go, lassie, go?

I will range through the wilds  
And the dark glens so dreary  
And return with the spoils  
To the bower of me deary  
Will you go, lassie, go?

If my true love she were gone  
I would surely find another  
To pluck wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather  
Will you go, lassie, go?

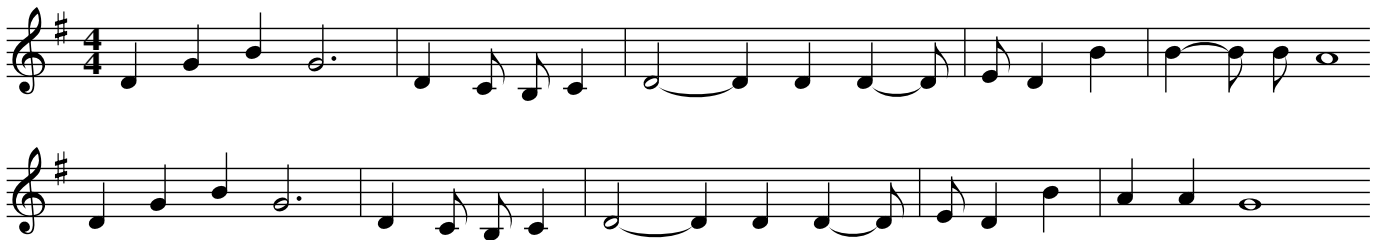


# 13. Raggle Taggle Hippy

*This song is based on a true story about a friend's chance encounter with what could have been the man of her dreams.*

Key of G

Zach Capalbo



G C G  
That VW Van went rolling along  
G D  
A-rolling down to Portland-Oh  
G C G  
And out of that van came a beard with a man:  
G D G  
He was a raggle, taggle, hippy-oh

G C G  
He says how do you like my flannel shirt  
G D  
How do you like my skinny jeans-Oh?  
G C G  
How do you like my environmental work:  
G D G  
I am a raggle, taggle, hippy-oh.

Well do I like your flannel shirt  
Well do I like your skinny jeans, Oh  
But tell me about your environmental work  
If you be a raggle taggle hippy-oh

He says, I've planted ten sustainable farms  
In nine different countries oh  
I've held eight baby seals in my arms  
I am a raggle, taggle, hippy Oh

I've cleaned pollution from the seven salt seas  
I've slept on six world wonders oh  
I've lived with five loving families  
I am a raggle taggle hippy Oh

I've hosted four earth festivals  
I've held three protests in prison oh  
I've biked across two continents  
I am a raggle taggle hippy oh

But there is one thing that I lack  
I'm pining for a lady-Oh  
To share this life of poverty  
And be a raggle taggle hippy Oh

So won't you go along with me  
And we'll all go down to Portland Oh  
And live in a commune by the sea  
and we'll all be raggle taggle hippies Oh



# 14. The JAF Song

*I wrote this song in lieu of an essay for a college class, much to the consternation of the professor, who dubbed it "The Ballad of a Wan Cynic's Chic"*

Key of G

Zach Capalbo

The musical score for "The JAF Song" is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The melody is as follows:

Staff 1: G4 (quarter), A4-B4 (quarter), B4-A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), B3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), G3 (quarter), F#3 (quarter), E3 (quarter), D3 (quarter), C3 (quarter), B2 (quarter), A2 (quarter), G2 (quarter).

Staff 2: G2 (quarter), F#2 (quarter), E2 (quarter), D2 (quarter), C2 (quarter), B1 (quarter), A1 (quarter), G1 (quarter), F#1 (quarter), E1 (quarter), D1 (quarter), C1 (quarter), B0 (quarter), A0 (quarter), G0 (quarter), F#0 (quarter), E0 (quarter), D0 (quarter), C0 (quarter), B0 (quarter), A0 (quarter), G0 (quarter).

Staff 3: G0 (quarter), F#0 (quarter), E0 (quarter), D0 (quarter), C0 (quarter), B0 (quarter), A0 (quarter), G0 (quarter), F#0 (quarter), E0 (quarter), D0 (quarter), C0 (quarter), B0 (quarter), A0 (quarter), G0 (quarter), F#0 (quarter), E0 (quarter), D0 (quarter), C0 (quarter), B0 (quarter), A0 (quarter), G0 (quarter).

Staff 4: G0 (quarter), F#0 (quarter), E0 (quarter), D0 (quarter), C0 (quarter), B0 (quarter), A0 (quarter), G0 (quarter), F#0 (quarter), E0 (quarter), D0 (quarter), C0 (quarter), B0 (quarter), A0 (quarter), G0 (quarter), F#0 (quarter), E0 (quarter), D0 (quarter), C0 (quarter), B0 (quarter), A0 (quarter), G0 (quarter).

G C G  
 A long time ago, a man was named Plato  
 G D7  
 His thoughts are as ancient as his bones  
 G  
 He said the truth is out there  
 C G  
 But he never said quite where  
 D7  
 So we're left to wonder where the forms are  
 G  
 found.

**Chorus:**

G  
 So let's just drink our beer,  
 C G  
 And let it not come near  
 D7  
 Let's not think about it anymore.  
 G C G  
 Faith and reason, it's all so out of season  
 G D7 G  
 Comes God or brain after or before?  
  
 Next came Aristotle, he should have sipped the  
 bottle  
 He was a moralist right true.  
 He said we needed virtue,  
 And that the vices hurt you.  
 But if you hold your breathe your face turns blue.  
  
 Is it good to be alone and call brother monks your  
 own,  
 As Saint Benedict would have us think?  
 Is the life of the mind worth leaving all behind  
 Or should we live in slothful luxury?  
  
 I once read a man, whose name was St. Augustine  
 He said "Credo ut intelligam"  
 Sed ego non credo, ergo non intelligo.  
 Quomodo credo si non intelligavi?  
  
 'Twas John Calvin said, man's goodness is all dead  
 His reason is corrupt and all depraved.  
 But I don't believe him, I think he's got flawed rea-  
 sons  
 Why should an apple knock us in the head?

Old man Aquinas, I'm so glad he is behind us  
 His view of nature was so high  
 His God orders all, even as before the fall,  
 But tales of evil simply are too tall.

And Dante pictured hell, and he did it just as well  
 With everyone and their brother there.  
 Although it is quite crude to be tortured in the  
 nude  
 Politicians must ensure the bad guys fell.

Now let us see Descartes, if he's not been blown  
 apart  
 Into inside and outside by his thoughts  
 He said if we see stuff, we will never know  
 enough  
 To prove we know even one small part.

Was Milton's apple puce, could it be made to  
 juice?  
 Is it the same crime to drink as to eat?  
 With the serpent he entwined all his wisdom and  
 the rhyme  
 Leaving Man and God to claim the second place

Old Blaise has not my praise  
 He was silly anyways  
 His rambling thoughts just do not persuade  
 If we must place a bet, I've got one better yet  
 Let's just sit doing nothing all our days

Kierkegaard was weird; many lives he's seared  
 With his nonsense about the leap of faith.  
 My jumping is all done and my legs won't even  
 run  
 And the paradox no longer has a place.

Peter Berger said that modernity was led  
 by the factors of pluralization  
 He himself has claimed to be a heretic in name  
 And his structures of belief now are fragile.

Now all we've got is science; in it we place reliance  
 But it cannot satisfy our deepest thoughts.  
 It's all energy and atoms, but why it cannot  
 fathom—  
 So we call our God to fill the gaps once more!

# 15. Angelina Baker

*Add lyrics as needed.*

Key of D

*Traditional*



Angelina Baker,  
Age of 23  
I should have married Angeline,  
But she would not marry me.

Her Father was a baker,  
They called him Uncle Sam.  
I never will forget that girl,  
Until I drink a dram

Angelina Baker,  
Age of 33  
I gave her sugar candy  
But she would not marry me

Do do do do do do doo  
Do do do do dooo  
Do do do do do do do doo  
do do do do do doo

Angelina Baker,  
Age of 83  
I should have married Angeline,  
But she would not marry me.

# 16. Down By the Sally Gardens

Key of G

Traditional



<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Down by the sally gardens  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
My love and I did meet  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
She passed those sally gardens  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
On her two snow white feet  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
She bid me take love easy  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
As the leaves grow on the tree—  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
But I was young and foolish  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
And with her I could not agree.

In a field down by the river  
My love and I did stand  
And upon my weary shoulder  
She placed her snow-white hand  
She bid me take life easy  
As the grass grows on the weirs—  
But I was young and foolish  
And with her I could not agree.

## 17. Man of Constant Sorrow

*There's a bunch of different versions of this song. This one isn't my favorite version, nor the most popular, but I think it's the best one for jamming with folks.*

Key of G

*Traditional*



D G C  
I am a man of constant sorrow  
I have seen D G  
trouble all my days  
I bid farewell to old Kentucky  
The place where I was borned and raised.  
For six long years I been in danger.  
No pleasure here on Earth I've found.  
So it's fair you well my own true lover  
I never expect to see you again.  
Far in this world I'm bound to ramble;  
I have no friends to help me now.

Far I'm bound to ride that northern railroad.  
Perhaps I'll die upon a train.

You may bury me in some deep valley  
For many a year there I may lay,

So you may learn to love another  
When I am sleeping in my grave.

Maybe your friends think I'm just a stranger.  
My face you'll never see no more.  
But there's one promise, that I'm gonna give you:  
I'll meet you on God's golden shore.

# 18. Shady Grove

*I'm not sure I'd go so far as to call this one a love song..*

Key of Gm Traditional

Gm F Gm Bb F Gm

Gm F  
Peaches in the summer time  
Gm Gm  
Apples in the fall—  
Bb F  
If I don't get the one I want  
Gm  
I don't want none at all

**Chorus:**

Shady Grove, my true love  
Shady Grove my darlin!  
Shady Grove, my true love  
I'm going back to Harlan

Every night when I get home  
My wife, I try to please her  
The more I try, the worse she gets  
Damned if I don't leave her

First time I saw Shady Grove  
She was standing in the door  
Shoes and stockings in her hand  
And her little bare feet on the floor.

When I was a little boy  
I wanted a barlow knife—  
Now I want little Shady Grove  
To say she'll be my wife

Wish I had a needle and a thread  
Fine as I could sew:  
I'd sew that pretty girl to my side  
And down the road we'd go.

Wish I had a banjo string  
Made of golden twine:  
Every tune I played on it  
I'd wish that gal were mine.

## 19. Bonaparte Crossing the Rhine

*My favorite (of the many) variation on the name for this tune is "Bonaparte Crossing the Rockies"*

Key of D

Traditional

## 20. The Girl I Left Behind Me

*This is an Enrique tune. I let him do the real melody. This is just what I play.*

Key of G

Traditional

## 21. Cumberland Gap

*There are words for this. Some of them are racist. I just mumble "Cumberland Gap, Cumberland Gap! Yadayadaydayayada Cumberland Gap" if I feel like singing along when I play it. There's also a catchy Old Crow song set to this tune.*

Key of D Traditional

D Bm D

A D A D

D G D G D

## 22. The Road To Lisdoonvarna

Key of D Traditional

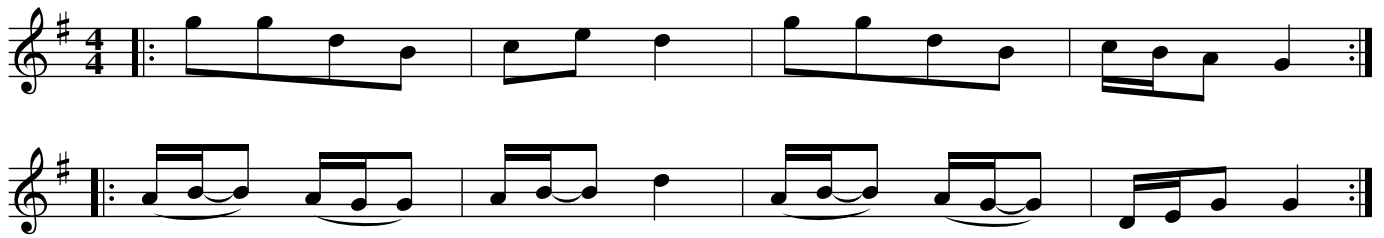
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## 23. Cripple Creek

Key of G

*Traditional*



Musical notation for "Cripple Creek" in G major, 4/4 time. The piece consists of two staves. The first staff contains the melody, starting with a repeat sign and ending with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second staff contains the accompaniment, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

## 24. Carolan's Welcome

Key of Em

*Traditional*



Musical notation for "Carolan's Welcome" in E minor, 3/4 time. The piece consists of eight staves. The first staff contains the melody, starting with a repeat sign and ending with a double bar line and repeat dots. The subsequent staves contain the accompaniment, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

# 25. Lonesome is I

Key of C

Mississippi John Hurt



**Chorus:**

Lonesome is I, I wished I could die  
Nobody cares for me!  
Lonesome is I, I wished I could die  
Nobody cares for me!

One bright moon night, the moon shining bright  
When you and I made love—  
Your love was not true, I'll say that to you  
I'm off like a turtle dove.

Oh my darling, oh my dear  
How you treat me mean!  
Oh my darling, oh my dear  
-mumbling-

26. Let the Mermaids Flirt With Me

Key of G

Mississippi John Hurt

The image displays a musical score for the song "Let the Mermaids Flirt With Me" by Mississippi John Hurt. The score is written in the key of G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of seven staves of music. The notation includes quarter notes, eighth notes, and half notes, with various phrasing slurs and ties. The melody is simple and characteristic of early blues guitar.



## 27. Pretty Saro

Key of C

*Traditional*



When I first come to this country  
Eighteen and forty nine  
I saw many fair lovers  
But never saw mine  
I looked all around me  
And saw I was quite alone  
And me a poor stranger  
And a long ways from home.

Well I wish I was a poet  
And could write in a fine hand  
I'd send my love a letter  
So she might understand  
I'd send it by the river  
Where the swift waters flow  
And I'd think of my darling  
Wherever I go

Well me true love she won't have me  
And this I can understand  
For she wants some free holder  
But I have no land  
I cannot maintain her  
On silver and gold  
And many of the other fine things  
That my love's house could hold

Well I wish I was a turtle dove  
Had wings and I could fly  
I'd away to my lover's lodging  
Tonight I'd draw nigh  
And there in her fair arms  
I'd lie there all the night  
And look through them little windows  
For the dawning of the day

So fair you well my father  
Fair you well to my mother too  
For I'm going for to ramble  
This whole wide world through  
And when I get weary  
I'll sit down there and cry  
And think on pretty Saro  
Pretty Saro, my bride