

Zach's Songbook

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

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27 songs

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

I noticed that 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 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 <<https://songbook.zachcapalbo.com>>

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

Instructions for making your own song book can be found at <<https://gitlab.com/zach-geek/demo-songbook>>

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1. Ain't Got No Home In This World

Author: Zach Capalbo

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.

C F
My shoes is all torn up my toes is stickin' out,
C Gsus2
If I don't get some whiskey, gonna go up the spout.
C F
I ain't got no jacket, I ain't got no tie,
C G C
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.

[Chorus]

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.

[Chorus]

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!

[Chorus]

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.

[Chorus]



2. The Unquiet Grave

Author: Traditional

This is a real old one. I first heard it in a collection of Vaughan Williams folk songs, then later on a recording by Luke Kelley. This version here takes the tune of Kingsfold, which is possibly my favorite melody, and is also the setting for a number of other songs, including "Star of the County Down", "Dives and Lazarus", and "If you Could Hie to Kolob".

Am F C G
The Wind blows cold today my love
Am F Em
And gently falls the rain
Am F C G
I never had but one true love
Am F Am
And in cold clay she is lain.

C G
I'll do as much for my true love
Am F Em
As any young man may.
Am F C G
I'll sit and mourn upon her grave
Am F Am
For twelve months and a day.

When twelve months and a day were done
A voice began to speak
Who is it that sits upon my grave
And will not let me sleep?
Tis I, tis I, thine own true love
That sits upon your grave;
I came to seek of your sweet lips
Once kiss is all I crave.

You seek one kiss of my clay cold lips
But my breath is earthy-strong
If you had one kiss of my lily-white lips
Your time would not be long.
My Time be long my time be short
Ten-thousand years or a day:
May God in heaven have all my soul,
But I'll kiss your lips of clay.

See down in yonder garden green?
Love, where we were used to walk:
The fairest flower that e'er was seen
Is withered to the stalk.
The stalk is withered dry my love!
So shall our hearts decay!
So make yourself content my love,
Until death calls you away!



3. I wish I was a mole in the ground

Author: Traditional

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

Oh, Kimmy wants a nine-dollar shawl
Yeah Kimmy 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' man, he will kill you when he can
And drink up your blood like wine.

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

Author: Traditional

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

waltz

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

Author: Traditional

Rise Up page 105

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

Em
I am a poor, wayfarin' stranger
D Em
Been travelin' through this world of woe!

Em
And there's no sickness, toil nor danger
D Em
In that bright land to which I go.

C G
I'm goin' there to meet my mother;
C B
She said she'd meet me when I come.

Em
I'm only going over Jordan
D Em
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.

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.



6. The Old Churchyard

Author: Traditional

A song popularized by Waterson:Carthy, who learned it from Almeda Riddle. My version takes inspiration from the beautiful version done by the Murphy Beds.

Reel

A musical score consisting of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The top two staves feature eighth-note patterns, while the bottom two staves feature sixteenth-note patterns. Measures 1-4 are identical across all staves. Measures 5-6 show a transition, with the bass staff introducing a sustained note (pedal point) under a sixteenth-note pattern.

Em G D
Come come with me to the old churchyard
G Em
I so well know those paths 'neath the soft green
sward.
G D
Friends slumber there that we want to regard:
G Em
We will trace out their names in the old churchyard
G
But mourn not for them for their trials are o'er!
Em C G D
And why weep for those who will weep no more;
Em G D
For sweet is their slumber, though cold and hard:
G Em
For their pillows may be in the old churchyard.

Oh weep not for me for I'm ready to go
To that haven of rest where no tears ever flow
And I fear not to enter, that dark weary tomb
Where our savior has lain and has conquered the
gloom
For I rest in the hope that on one bright day
Sunshine will burst through this prison of clay
And old Gabriel's trumpet and the voice of the Lord
Will wake up the dead in the old churchyard.

I know that it's vain when our friends depart
To breathe kind words to a broken heart,
And I know that the joy of our life, it is marred
When we follow those friends to the old churchyard.
But were I at rest 'neath yonder tree,
Oh why would you weep my friends for me?
I'm so weary, so way-worn, why would you retard,
The peace that I seek in the old churchyard?



7. Two Sisters

Author: Traditional

This is an old, Brittish song originally that made it's way across the ocean. You can see how the different continents left their mark on the song.

D G D
There was an ol' woman lived on the sea shore,
G D G
Bow and balance to me

D
There was an ol' woman lived on the sea shore,
A D G
Her number of daughters was one two three four.
D A D G D A D
And I'll be true to my love if my love will be true to
me.

There was a young man come there to see them
Bow and balance to me!
There was a young man come there to see them,
And the oldest one got stuck on him
And I'll be true to my love if my love will be true to me

He bought the youngest a beaver hat...
He bought the youngest a beaver hat
And the oldest one got mad at that...

Oh sister oh sister, let's walk the seashore...
And watch the ships as they sail on o'er...

As those two sisters walked down the seashore...
The oldest pushed the youngest o'er...

Oh sister oh sister come lend me your hand...
And you may have Willie and all of his land...

I never I never will lend you my hand...
But I'll have Willie and all of his land..

Sometimes she sank and sometimes she swam...
Until she came to the ol' mill dam...

Oh miller oh miller go draw your dam...
There's either a mermaid or a swan...

The miller he got his fishin' hook...
And fished that maided right outta the brook...

Oh miller oh miller here's five gold rings...
If you'll put me safe on shore again...

The miller received those five gold rings...
And pushed the maiden in agains...

The miller was hung by his own mill gate...
For drowning little sister Kate...

Yes I'll be true to my love if my love'll true to me.



8. Sourwood Mountain

Author: Traditional

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!)

march

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

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...

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



9. The Coo Coo

Author: Traditional

This is not typeset correctly. I'm workin' on it. It should give you enough to go off of though.

Gm Gm
Well the coo coo, She's a pretty bird
F Gm
And she warbles, as she flies
Gm Gm
And she never, hollers "Coo Coo"
F Gm
'Til the fourth day of July

Well the coo coo, She's a pretty bird
And she warbles, as she flies
And she never, hollers "Coo Coo"
'Til the fourth day of July

Gonna build me, a log cabin
On a mountain, so high
So I can, see Willy
As he goes on by

Well I played cards, in England
And I played cards, in Spain
And I'll bet you, ten dollars
That I'll beat you in this game

Jack of Diamonds, Jack of Diamonds!
How I know you, of old:
How you robbed my, poor pockets
Of their silver and their gold



10. The Night Visiting Song

Author: Traditional

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

C F C G C
I must away now; I can no longer tarry
F C G
This morning's tempest I have to cross
C F C
I will be guided without a stumble
F C G C
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 window:
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

Author: Traditional

Rise Up page 157

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!)

G
Well the summer time is coming
C G G
And the trees are sweetly blooming
C G Em
And the wild mountain thyme
C D Em
Grows around the blooming heather.
C G
Will ya go, lassie, go?

[Chorus:]

C G
And we'll all go together
C G Em
To pluck wild mountain thyme
G C G D Em
All around the blooming heather
C G
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?

[Chorus]

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?

[Chorus]

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?

[Chorus]



12. Saint James' Infirmary

Author: Traditional

This is another old one with a long and storied past spanning two continents. Maddie usually sings this one, but these are the words as best I can remember them.

I went down to the St. James Infirmary
And I saw my baby there—
Stretched out on a long white table—
So cold, so pale, so fair.

Get six gamblers to carry my coffin
Six chorus girls to sing me a song
Put a twenty-piece jazz band on my hearse wagon
To raise Hell as we go along

[Chorus]

Now that's the end of my story
Let's have another round of booze
And if anyone should ask you just tell them
I've got the dying crapshooter blues.

[Chorus:]
Let her go, let her go, God bless her
Wherever she may be.
She can search this wide world over
But she'll never find a sweet man like me.

I went down to old Joe's barroom,
On the corner by the square
They were serving the drinks as usual,
And the usual crowd was there.

[Chorus]

When I die, go and bury me low down.
In a box cut suit and a Stetson hat
With a twenty dollar gold piece round my watch chain
So the boys'll know I died standin' pat.

[Chorus]



13. Raggle Taggle Hippie

Author: Zach Capalbo

Key: G

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

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

Author: Zach Capalbo

Key: G

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"

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 G
So we're left to wonder where the forms are 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?

[Chorus]

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?

[Chorus]

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?

[Chorus]

'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 reasons
Why should an apple knock us in the head?

[Chorus]

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.

[Chorus]

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.

[Chorus]

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.

[Chorus]

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

[Chorus]

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

[Chorus]

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.

[Chorus]

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.

[Chorus]

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

Author: Traditional

Add lyrics as needed.

polka

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

Angelina Baker,
Age of 83
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 doo
Do do do do dooo
Do do do do do do doo
do do do do doo



16. Down By the Sally Gardens

Author: Traditional

G D C G
Down by the sally gardens

C G D G
My love and I did meet

G D C G
She passed those sally gardens

C D G
On her two snow white feet

G D C G D C G
She bid me take love easy

C G C G
As the leaves grow on the tree—

G D C G
But I was young and foolish

C G D G
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

Author: Traditional

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.



D G C
I am a man of constant sorrow
D G
I have seen 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

Author: Traditional

Rise Up page 149

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

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

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.

[Chorus]

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

[Chorus]

[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

[Chorus]

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.

[Chorus]

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

[Chorus]



19. Bonaparte Crossing the Rhine

Author: Traditional

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

barndance



20. The Girl I Left Behind Me

Author: Traditional

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

march

The musical score consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and common time. The first staff begins with a G major chord (three notes on the 1st, 3rd, and 5th strings). The second staff begins with a C major chord (three notes on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd strings). The third staff begins with a G major chord. The fourth staff begins with a D7 chord (three notes on the 1st, 2nd, and 4th strings). The music is a march, indicated by the tempo marking 'march' at the top left. The notation includes various note values (eighth and sixteenth notes) and rests, typical of a folk-style melody.



21. Cumberland Gap

Author: Traditional

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

barndance

The image shows three staves of sheet music. The top staff uses a treble clef and has a key signature of two sharps. It features a chord progression: D (two measures), Bm (two measures), and D (two measures). The middle staff also uses a treble clef and has a key signature of two sharps. It features a chord progression: A (two measures), D (two measures), A (two measures), and D (two measures). The bottom staff uses a treble clef and has a key signature of one sharp. It features a chord progression: D (two measures), G (two measures), D (two measures), and G (two measures). The music is written in common time.

22. The Road To Lisdoonvarna



Author: Traditional

jig

The musical score consists of four staves of music in G major (two sharps) and 12/8 time. The first staff begins with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The second staff starts with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The third staff begins with a half note followed by eighth notes. The fourth staff begins with a half note followed by eighth notes. The music features various rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth-note chords and eighth-note pairs.



23. Cripple Creek

Author: Traditional

The musical score for "Cripple Creek" is presented on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in G major (indicated by a sharp symbol) and 4/4 time. The music begins with a dynamic instruction "Dynamically" (D) placed above a repeat sign. This is followed by a double bar line with repeat dots. The melody consists of eighth-note patterns, primarily quarter note pairs. The bass staff features sustained notes with eighth-note grace patterns above them. The score concludes with another double bar line and repeat dots.



24. Carolan's Welcome

Author: Traditional

waltz



25. Lonesome is I

Author: 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.

[Chorus]

Oh my darling, oh my dear

How you treat me mean!

Oh my darling, oh my dear

-mumbling-

[Chorus]



26. Let the Mermaids Flirt With Me

Author: Mississippi John Hurt

I got blues out on the ocean
I got blues all in the air
Can't stay here much longer
I ain't got steam boat fare!
When my earthly trials are over
Throw my body out in the sea.
Save all the undertaker bills—
Let the mermaids flirt with me!

I do not wake for pleasure
Rest and peace I know no more.
The only reason why I wake at all
Is to drive the world from my door!
When my earthly trials are over
Throw my body out in the sea.
Save all the undertaker bills—
Let the mermaids flirt with me!

Now my wife controls our happy home
And a sweet heart I cannot find
The only thing I can call my own
Is a troubled and a worried mind!
When my earthly trials are over
Throw my body out in the sea.
Save all the undertaker bills—
Let the mermaids flirt with me!

I got blues all in my body
My darling has forsaken me
If I ever wanna see her face again
I'd have to swim across the sea!
When my earthly trials are over
Throw my body out in the sea.
Save all the undertaker bills—
Let the mermaids flirt with me!

I got blues out on the ocean
I got blues all in the air
Can't stay here much longer
I ain't got steam boat fare!
When my earthly trials are over
Throw my body out in the sea.
Save all the undertaker bills—
Let the mermaids flirt with me!



27. Pretty Saro

Author: Traditional

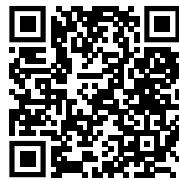
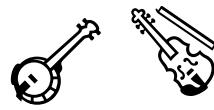
When I first come to this country
Eighteen and forty nine
I saw many fair lovers
But never saw mine
I looked all around me
And saw I was quite alone
And me a poor stranger
And a long ways from home.

Well I wish I was a 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

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

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

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



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