

Thanksgiving Songs

Display Edition

Nov. 19, 2021

These songs ... more or less ... relate to giving thanks and to Thanksgiving Day, although in some cases, it's a *distant* relation. Still, it's a starting point for us in 2021. A few more may straggle in to the mix. Feel free to make suggestions!!!

Apple Pie (Spirit in the Sky parody) (C & G)	2
Apple, Peaches, Pumpkin Pie (C & G)	4
Christmas Time's a-Comin' (C & G)	5
Count Your Blessings (Instead of Sheep) (Am, Dm & Em)	8
I Just Called To Say I Love You (Am & Dm)	14
It's The Most Wonderful Time of the Year (C & G)	16
My Favorite Things (Am & Em)	18
One Horse Open Sleigh (C, D & G)	20
Over The River and Through the Wood (Thanksgiving) (C & G)	24
Plenty To Be Grateful For (from "Holiday Inn") (C & G)	28
Pumpkin Pie (Spirit in the Sky parody) (C & G)	30
Sugar Pie Honey Bunch (C)	31
Sweet Potato Fries Blues (C)	33
Thanksgiving Day (D, C & G)	34
There's No Place Like Home For The Holidays (C)	40
We Need A Little Christmas (C)	41
Winter Wonderland (C & F)	42
You Become Someone Else for the Holidays (C & G)	46

Apple Pie (Spirit In The Sky parody)

Original music & lyrics by Norman Greenbaum (1969); Adaptation by JoyLily

Apple Pie by JoyLily

Intro (2x)

| C | F D# C C | C | F C D# C |

C
When we dine on turkey that's dressed

F
That's the night that we all eat the best

C
Even when the cranberry's dry

G **C**
Gonna enjoy that apple pie.

C
Gonna enjoy that apple pie.

F
That's what we'll do on that special high

C
When we dine on turkey that's dressed

G **C**
That's the night that we all eat the best.

Instrumental (2x)

| C | F D# C C | C | F C D# C |

C
Prepare yourself you know it's a must

F
Wear your special pants or you'll bust.

C
With all this food, you'll be fine.

G **C**
Un-buckle your pants for that apple pie.

C
Un-buckle your pants for that apple pie.

F
That's what we'll do on that special high

C
On the night that the turkey is dressed

G **C**
That's the night that we all eat the best.

Instrumental (2x)

| C | F D# C C | C | F C D# C |

C
We'll start a diet some time next year

F
For now, please, pants don't bust

C
With all this food, we'll be fine.

G **C**
Un-buckle your belt for that apple pie.

C
Load me up with that apple pie.

F
That's what I want on that special night.

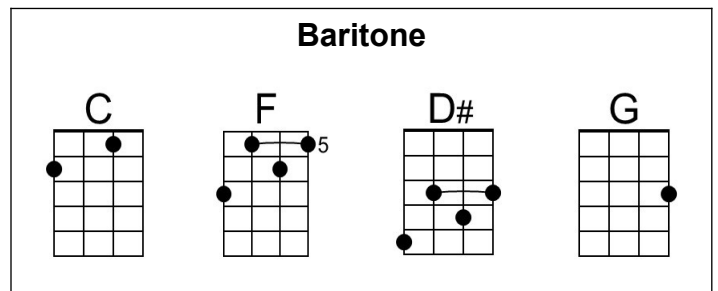
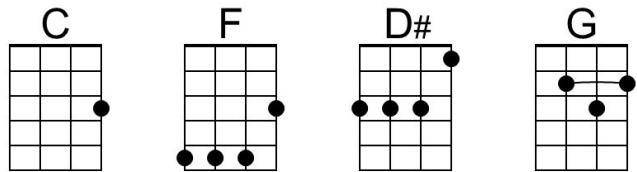
C
Don't give a darn* a-bout all the rest.

G **C**
I want the part of the meal that's the best!

C
Give me the dessert that's the best!

Outro (2x)

| C | F D# C C | C | F C D# C |



* "Darn" was not the original lyric, but I didn't feel that "cr*p" was appropriate for a family-safe web site.



Apple Pie (Spirit In The Sky parody)

Original lyrics by Norman Greenbaum (1969); Adaptation by JoyLily

Apple Pie by JoyLily

Intro (2x)

| G | G C Bb G | G | G Bb C G |

G
When we dine on turkey that's dressed

C
That's the night that we all eat the best

G
Even when the cranberry's dry
D **G**
Gonna enjoy that apple pie.

G
Gonna enjoy that apple pie.
C
That's what we'll do on that special high
G

When we dine on turkey that's dressed
D **G**
That's the night that we all eat the best.

Instrumental (2x)

| G | G C Bb G | G | G Bb C G |

G
Prepare yourself you know it's a must
C
Wear your special pants or you'll bust.

G
With all this food, you'll be fine.
D **G**
Un-buckle your pants for that apple pie.

G
Un-buckle your pants for that apple pie.
C
That's what we'll do on that special high
G

On the night that the turkey is dressed
D **G**
That's the night that we all eat the best.

Instrumental (2x)

| G | G C Bb G | G | G Bb C G |

G
We'll start a diet some time next year
C

For now, please, pants don't bust
G

With all this food, we'll be fine.
D **G**
Un-buckle your belt for that apple pie.

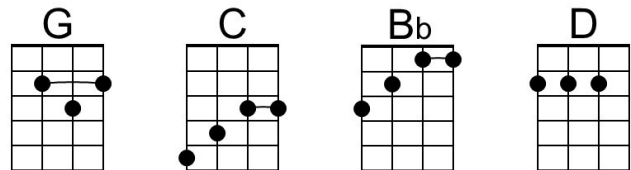
G
Load me up with that apple pie.
C
That's what I want on that special night.
G

Don't give a darn* a-bout all the rest.
D **G**

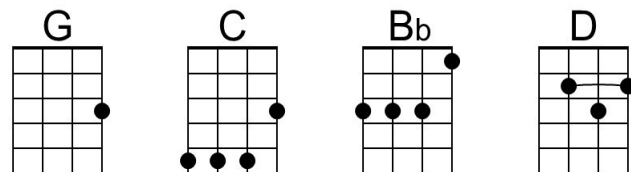
I want the part of the meal that's the best!
D **G**
Give me the dessert that's the best!

Outro (2x)

| G | G C Bb G | G | G Bb C G |



Baritone



* "Darn" was not the original lyric, but I didn't feel that "cr*p" was appropriate for a family-safe web site.

Apple, Peaches, Pumpkin Pie (Maurice Irby, Jr., 1967) (C)

[Apple, Peaches, Pumpkin Pie](#) by Jay and the Techniques (Bb – 140 BPM)

C G D C GD
Ready or not here I come
D C G D C G
Gee that used to be such fun

G Am
Apples peaches pumpkin pie

G Am
Who's not ready? Holler "I"

G Am
That's a game we used to play

G Am
Hide and seek was its name, Oh...

C G D C GD
Oh ready or not here I come

D C G D C G
Gee that used to be such fun

C G D C G D
I always used to find a hiding place

D
Times have changed
Well I'm one step behind you,
but still I can't find you

G Am
Apple peaches pumpkin pie

G Am
You were young and so was I

G Am
Now that we've grown up it seems

G Am
You just keep ignoring me

C G D C G D
I'll find you anywhere you go

D C G D C G
I'm gonna look high and low

C G D C GD
You can't escape this love of mine,

anytime

D
Well, I'll sneak up behind you

Be careful where I find you

G Am
Apple peaches pumpkin pie

G Am
Soon your love will be all mine

G Am
Then I'm gonna take you home

G Am
Marry you so you won't roam, baby

G Am
Marry you so you won't roam.

C G D C G D
I'll find you anywhere you go

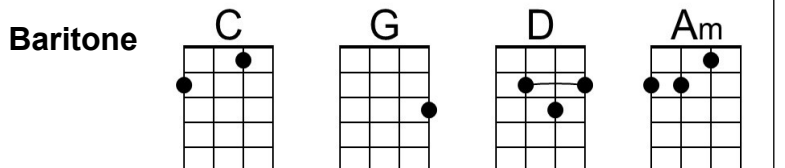
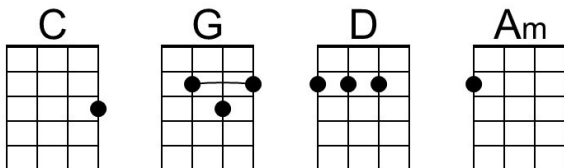
D C G D C G
I'm gonna look high and low

C G D C GD
You can't escape this love of mine,

anytime

D
Well, I'll sneak up behind you

Be careful where I find you



Apple, Peaches, Pumpkin Pie (Maurice Irby, Jr., 1967) (G)

[Apple, Peaches, Pumpkin Pie](#) by Jay and the Techniques (Bb – 140 BPM)

G D A G D A
Ready or not here I come
A G D A G D
Gee that used to be such fun

D Em
Apples peaches pumpkin pie
D Em
Who's not ready? Holler "I"
D Em
That's a game we used to play
D Em
Hide and seek was its name, Oh...

G D A G D A
Oh ready or not here I come
A G D A G D
Gee that used to be such fun

G D A G D A
I always used to find a hiding place
A
Times have changed
Well I'm one step behind you,
but still I can't find you

D Em
Apple peaches pumpkin pie
D Em
You were young and so was I
D Em
Now that we've grown up it seems
D Em
You just keep ignoring me

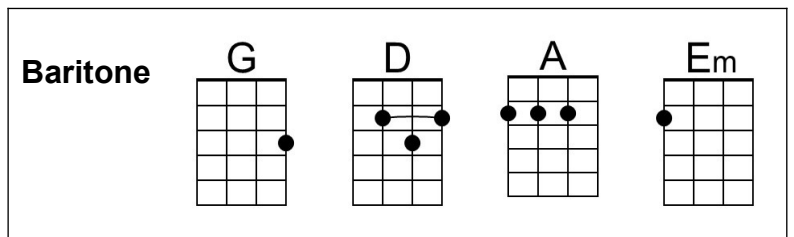
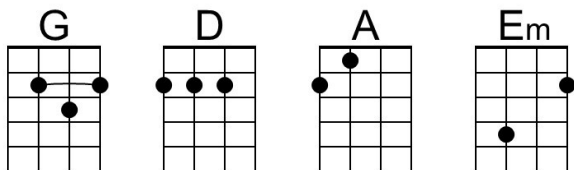
G D A G D A
I'll find you anywhere you go
A G D A G D
I'm gonna look high and low
G D A G D A
You can't escape this love of mine,
anytime

A
Well, I'll sneak up behind you
Be careful where I find you

D Em
Apple peaches pumpkin pie
D Em
Soon your love will be all mine
D Em
Then I'm gonna take you home
D Em
Marry you so you won't roam, baby
D Em
Marry you so you won't roam.

G D A G D A
I'll find you anywhere you go
A G D A G D
I'm gonna look high and low
G D A G D A
You can't escape this love of mine,
anytime

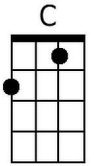
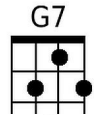
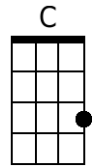
A
Well, I'll sneak up behind you
Be careful where I find you



Christmas Times A-Comin'
 (Benjamin "Tex" Logan, 1951) – (Charles de Lint version)
Christmas Time's a-Comin' by Patty Loveless

Intro: Strum in on C

C G7
 Christmas time's a-comin', Christmas time's a-comin'
 C G7 C
 Christmas time's a-comin' and I know I'm goin' home
 C G7
 Holly's in the window home where the wind blows
 C G7 C
 Can't walk for runnin', Christmas time's a-comin'



Chorus

C F
 Can't you hear them bells ringin', ringin' joy to all, hear them singin'
 C G7 C
 When it's snowin', I'll be goin' back to my country home.
 C G7
 Christmas time's a-comin', Christmas time's a-comin',
 C G7 C
 Christmas time's a-comin', and I know I'm goin' home.

Baritone

Instrumental:

C G7
 Christmas time's a-comin', Christmas time's a-comin',
 C G7 C
 Christmas time's a-comin', and I know I'm goin' home.

C G7
 White candle's burnin' my old heart's a-yearnin'
 C G7 C
 For the folks at home when Christmas time's a-comin'. **Chorus & Instrumental**

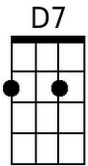
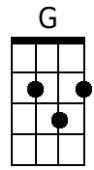
C G7
 Snow flake's a-fallin', my old home's a-callin',
 C G7 C
 Tall pine's a-hummin', Christmas time's a-comin'. **Chorus**

C F
 Can't you hear them bells ringin', ringin' joy to all, hear them singin',
 C G7 C
 When it's snowin', I'll be goin' back to my country home.
 C G7
 Christmas time's a-comin', Christmas time's a-comin',
 C G7 C↓
 Christmas time's a-comin', and I know I'm goin' home.

Christmas Times A-Comin'
 (Benjamin "Tex" Logan, 1951) – (Charles de Lint version)
Christmas Time's a-Comin' by Patty Loveless

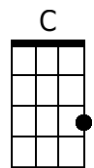
Intro Strum in on G

G **D7**
 Christmas time's a-comin', Christmas time's a-comin'
G **D7** **G**
 Christmas time's a-comin' and I know I'm goin' home
G **D7**
 Holly's in the window home where the wind blows
G **D7** **G**
 Can't walk for runnin', Christmas time's a-comin'



Chorus

G **C**
 Can't you hear them bells ringin', ringin' joy to all, hear them singin'
G **D7** **G**
 When it's snowin', I'll be goin' back to my country home.
G **D7**
 Christmas time's a-comin', Christmas time's a-comin',
G **D7** **G**
 Christmas time's a-comin', and I know I'm goin' home.



Instrumental:

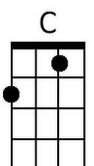
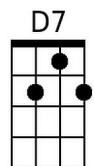
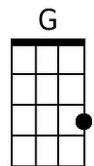
G **D7**
 Christmas time's a-comin', Christmas time's a-comin',
G **D7** **G**
 Christmas time's a-comin', and I know I'm goin' home.

G **D7**
 White candle's burnin' my old heart's a-yearnin'
G **D7** **G**
 For the folks at home when Christmas time's a-comin'. **Chorus & Instrumental**

G **D7**
 Snow flake's a-fallin', my old home's a-callin',
G **D7** **G**
 Tall pine's a-hummin', Christmas time's a-comin'. **Chorus**

G **C**
 Can't you hear them bells ringin', ringin' joy to all, hear them singin',
G **D7** **G**
 When it's snowin', I'll be goin' back to my country home.
G **D7**
 Christmas time's a-comin', Christmas time's a-comin',
C **G7** **C**↓
 Christmas time's a-comin', and I know I'm goin' home.

Baritone



Count Your Blessings (Instead of Sheep)

(Irving Berlin, 1954) - Second verse is the Ray Conniff Singers adaptation - **GCEA**

Introduction Am D7 G C

G7 Am Em F7 C F Em Dm7 E7
 When I'm worried, and I can't sleep, I count my blessings in-**stead of sheep,**

Am D7 G G
 And I fall a-sleep, counting my bless - ings.

Am Em F7 C F Em G7 E7
 When my bankroll, is gettin' small, I think of when I had none at all.

Am D7 G7 C
 And I fall a-sleep, counting my bless - ings.

Ab Cm Bbm7 Fm
 I think about a nursery, and I picture curly heads,

Ab Eb G7 C Dm7 C C7
 And one by one I count them, as they slumber in their beds

Am Em F7 C F Em Dm7 E7
 If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-**stead of sheep,**

Am D7 G G7
 And you'll fall a-sleep, counting your bless - ings.

Am Em F7 C F Em Dm7 E7
 So, if we're worried, and we can't sleep, we'll count our blessings in-**stead of sheep,**

Am D7 G7 C
 And we'll fall a-sleep, counting our bless - ings.

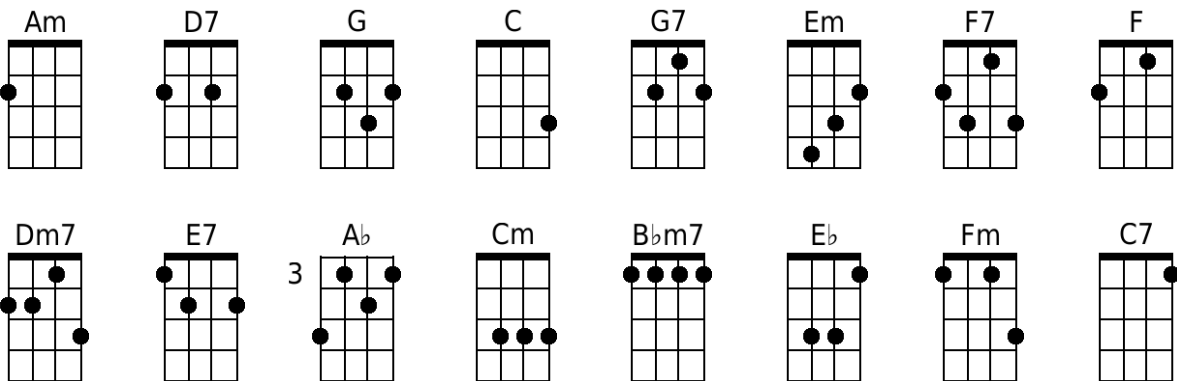
Ab Cm Bbm7 Fm
 We'll think about a Christmas Eve, and picture curly heads,

Ab Eb G7 C Dm7 C C7
 With presents waiting 'neath the tree, as they slumber in their beds.

Am Em F7 C F Em Dm7 E7
 If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-**stead of sheep,**

Am D7 G7 C
 And you'll fall a-sleep, counting your bless - ings.

GCEA



Count Your Blessings (Instead of Sheep)

(Irving Berlin, 1954) - Second verse is the Ray Conniff Singers adaptation - **DGBE**

Introduction Am D7 G C

G7 Am Em F7 C F Em Dm7 E7
 When I'm worried, and I can't sleep, I count my blessings in-**stead of sheep,**

Am D7 G G7
 And I fall a-sleep, counting my bless - ings.

Am Em F7 C F Em G7 E7
 When my bankroll, is gettin' small, I think of when I had none at all.

Am D7 G7 C
 And I fall a-sleep, counting my bless - ings.

Ab Cm Bbm7 Fm
 I think about a nursery, and I picture curly heads,

Ab Eb G7 C Dm7 C C7
 And one by one I count them, as they slumber in their beds

Am Em F7 C F Em Dm7 E7
 If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-**stead of sheep,**

Am D7 G G7
 And you'll fall a-sleep, counting your bless - ings.

Am Em F7 C F Em Dm7 E7
 So, if we're worried, and we can't sleep, we'll count our blessings in-**stead of sheep,**

Am D7 G7 C
 And we'll fall a-sleep, counting our bless - ings.

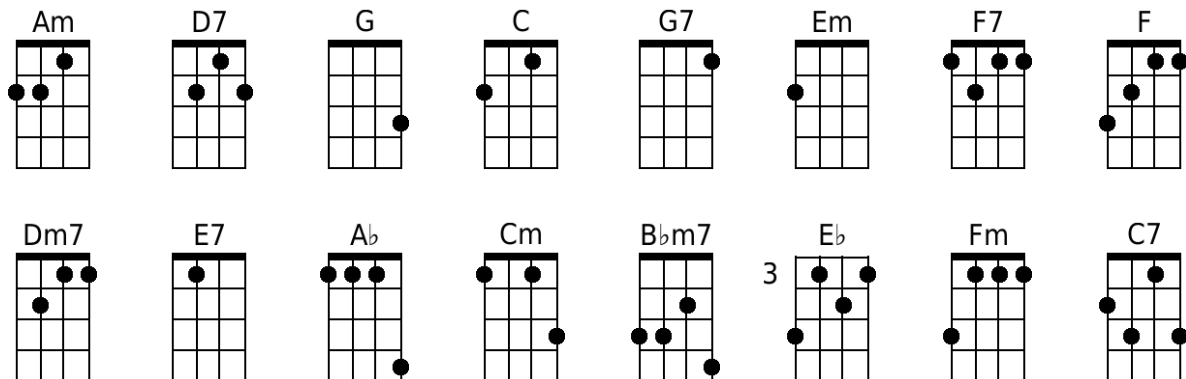
Ab Cm Bbm7 Fm
 We'll think about a Christmas Eve, and picture curly heads,

Ab Eb G7 C Dm7 C C7
 With presents waiting 'neath the tree, as they slumber in their beds.

Am Em F7 C F Em Dm7 E7
 If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-**stead of sheep,**

Am D7 G7 C
 And you'll fall a-sleep, counting your bless - ings.

DGBE



Count Your Blessings (Instead of Sheep)

(Irving Berlin, 1954) - Second verse is the Ray Conniff Singers adaptation - **GCEA**

Introduction Dm G7 C F

C7 Dm Am Bb F Bb Am Gm7 A7
 When I'm worried, and I can't sleep, I count my blessings in-**stead** of sheep,
Dm G7 C C7

And I fall asleep, counting my blessings.

C7 Dm Am Bb F Bb Am C7 A7
 When my bankroll, is gettin' small, I think of when I had none at all.
Dm G7 C7 F

And I fall a-sleep, counting my blessings.

Db Fm D#m7 Bbm
 I think about a nursery, and I picture curly heads,
Db Ab C7 F Gm7 F F7

And one by one I count them, as they slumber in their beds

Dm Am Bb F Bb Am Gm7 A7
 If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-**stead** of sheep,
Dm G7 C7 F

And you'll fall a-sleep, counting your blessings

Dm Am Bb F Bb Am Gm7 A7
 So, if we're worried, and we can't sleep, we'll count our blessings in-**stead** of sheep,
Dm G7 C7 F

And we'll fall asleep, counting our blessings.

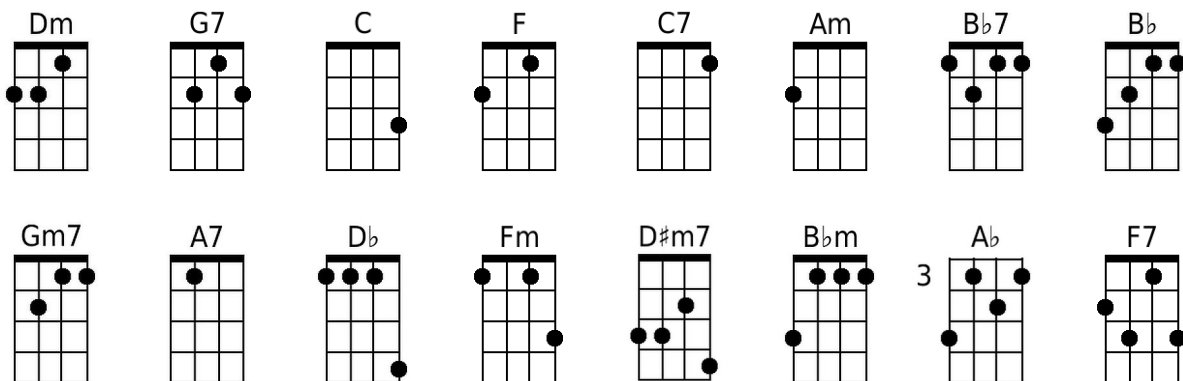
Db Fm D#m7 Bbm
 We'll think about a Christmas Eve, and picture curly heads,
Db Ab C7 F Gm7 F F7

With presents waiting 'neath the tree, as they slumber in their beds.

Dm Am Bb F Bb Am Gm7 A7
 If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-**stead** of sheep,
Dm G7 C C7 F

And you'lll fall asleep, counting your ble- ess- ings.

GCEA



Count Your Blessings (Instead of Sheep)

(Irving Berlin, 1954) - Second verse is the Ray Conniff Singers adaptation - **DGBE**

Introduction Dm G7 C F

C7 Dm Am Bb F Bb Am Gm7 A7
 When I'm worried, and I can't sleep, I count my blessings in-**stead** of sheep,
Dm G7 C C7

And I fall asleep, counting my blessings.

C7 Dm Am Bb F Bb Am C7 A7
 When my bankroll, is gettin' small, I think of when I had none at all.
Dm G7 C7 F

And I fall a-sleep, counting my blessings.

Db Fm D#m7 Bbm
 I think about a nursery, and I picture curly heads,
Db Ab C7 F Gm7 F F7

And one by one I count them, as they slumber in their beds

Dm Am Bb F Bb Am Gm7 A7
 If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-**stead** of sheep,
Dm G7 C7 F

And you'll fall a-sleep, counting your blessings

Dm Am Bb F Bb Am Gm7 A7
 So, if we're worried, and we can't sleep, we'll count our blessings in-**stead** of sheep,
Dm G7 C7 F

And we'll fall asleep, counting our blessings.

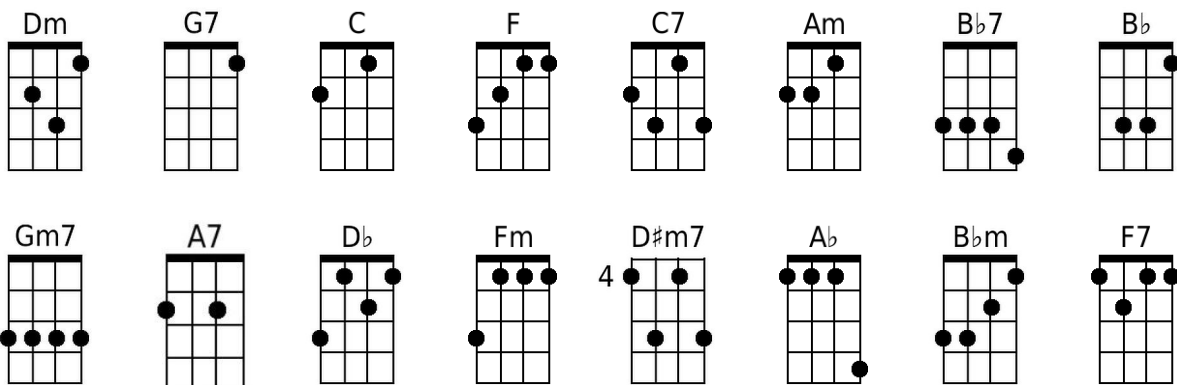
Db Fm D#m7 Bbm
 We'll think about a Christmas Eve, and picture curly heads,
Db Ab C7 F Gm7 F F7

With presents waiting 'neath the tree, as they slumber in their beds.

Dm Am Bb F Bb Am Gm7 A7
 If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-**stead** of sheep,
Dm G7 C C7 F

And you'llll fall asleep, counting your ble- ess- ings.

DGBE



Count Your Blessings (Instead of Sheep)

(Irving Berlin, 1954) - Second verse is the Ray Conniff Singers adaptation - **GCEA**

Introduction Em A7 D G

D7 Em Bm C G C Bm Am7 B7
When I'm worried, and I can't sleep, I count my blessings in-**stead** of sheep,

Em A7 D D7
And I fall a-sleep, counting my bless-ings.

D7 Em Bm C G C Bm D7 B7
When my bankroll, is gettin' small, I think of when I had none at all.

Em A7 D7 G
And I fall a-sleep, counting my bless-ings.

Eb Gm Fm6 Cm
I think about a nursery, and I picture curly heads,

Eb Bb D7 G Am7 G G7
And one by one I count them, as they slumber in their beds

Em Bm C G C Bm Am7 B7
If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-**stead** of sheep,

Em A7 D D7
And you'lll fall a-sleep, counting your bless-ings.

Em Bm C G C Bm Am7 B7
So, if we're worried, and we can't sleep, we'll count our blessings in-**stead** of sheep,

Em A7 D7 G
And we'll fall a-sleep, counting our bless-ings.

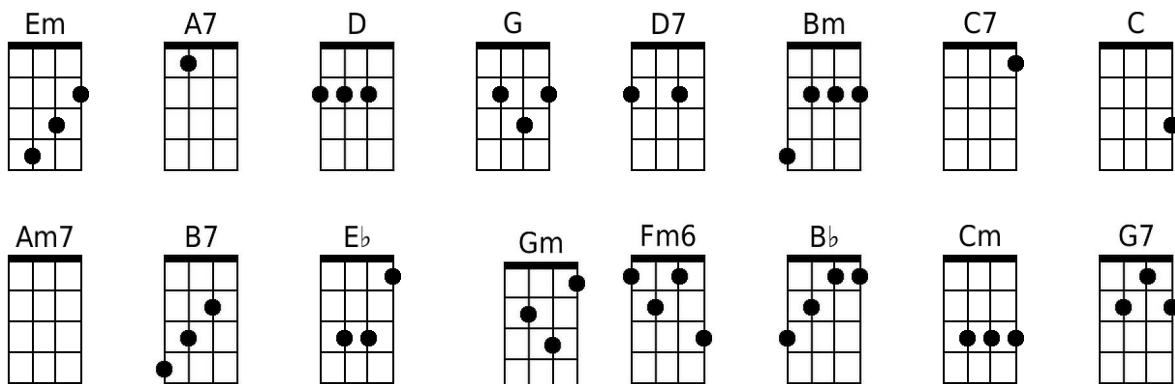
Eb Gm Fm6 Cm
We'll think about a Christmas Eve, and picture curly heads,

Eb Bb D7 G Am7 G G7
With presents waiting 'neath the tree, as they slumber in their beds.

Em Bm C G C Bm Am7 B7
If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-**stead** of sheep,

Em A7 D D7 G
And you'lll fall a-sleep, counting your ble - ess-ings.

GCEA



Count Your Blessings (Instead of Sheep)

(Irving Berlin, 1954) - Second verse is the Ray Conniff Singers adaptation - **DGBE**

Introduction Em A7 D G

D7 Em Bm C G C Bm Am7 B7
When I'm worried, and I can't sleep, I count my blessings in-**stead** of sheep,

Em A7 D D7
And I fall a-sleep, counting my bless-ings.

D7 Em Bm C G C Bm D7 B7
When my bankroll, is gettin' small, I think of when I had none at all.

Em A7 D7 G
And I fall a-sleep, counting my bless-ings.

Eb Gm Fm6 Cm
I think about a nursery, and I picture curly heads,

Eb Bb D7 G Am7 G G7
And one by one I count them, as they slumber in their beds

Em Bm C G C Bm Am7 B7
If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-**stead** of sheep,

Em A7 D D7
And you'lll fall a-sleep, counting your bless-ings.

Em Bm C G C Bm Am7 B7
So, if we're worried, and we can't sleep, we'll count our blessings in-**stead** of sheep,

Em A7 D7 G
And we'll fall a-sleep, counting our bless-ings.

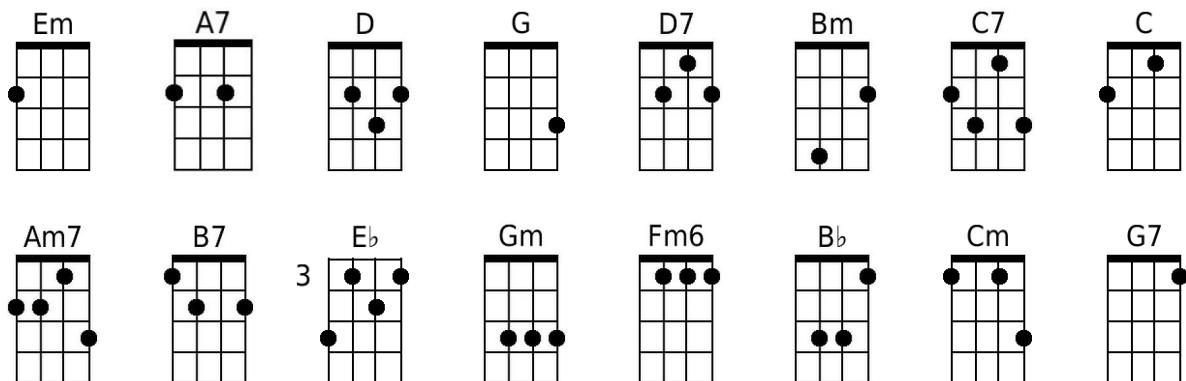
Eb Gm Fm6 Cm
We'll think about a Christmas Eve, and picture curly heads,

Eb Bb D7 G Am7 G G7
With presents waiting 'neath the tree, as they slumber in their beds.

Em Bm C G C Bm Am7 B7
If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-**stead** of sheep,

Em A7 D D7 G
And you'lll fall a-sleep, counting your ble - ess-ings.

DGBE



I Just Called to Say I Love You (Stevie Wonder) Key G

Intro: Am D7 G

Gmaj7 G Gmaj7 G Gmaj7
 No New Year's Day to celebrate
 G Am AmMaj7
 No chocolate covered candy hearts to give away
 Am AmMaj7 Am AmMaj7
 No first of spring No song to sing
 Am7 D Gmaj7 G
 In fact here's just another ordinary day

Gmaj7 G Gmaj7 G
 No April rain No flowers bloom
 Gmaj7 G Am AmMaj7
 No wedding Saturday within the month of June
 Am AmMaj7 Am AmMaj7
 But what it is, is something true
 Am7 D Gmaj7 G
 Made up of these three words that I must say to you

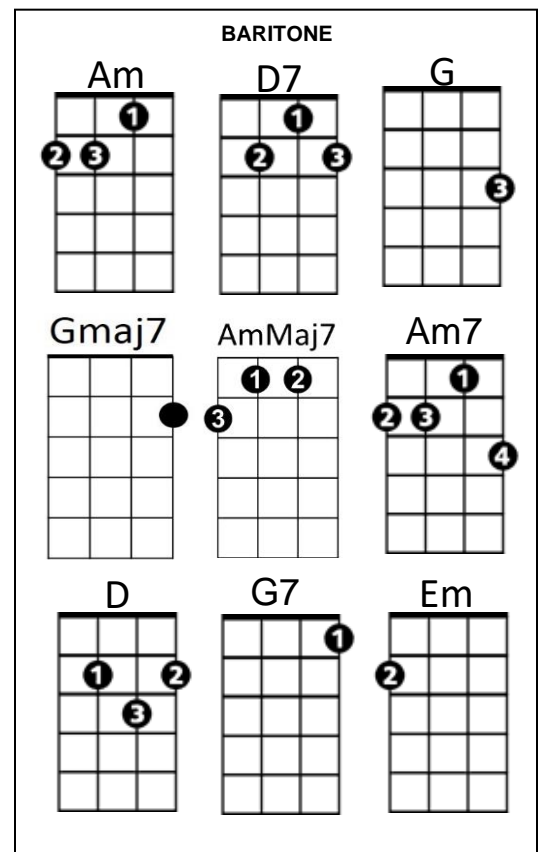
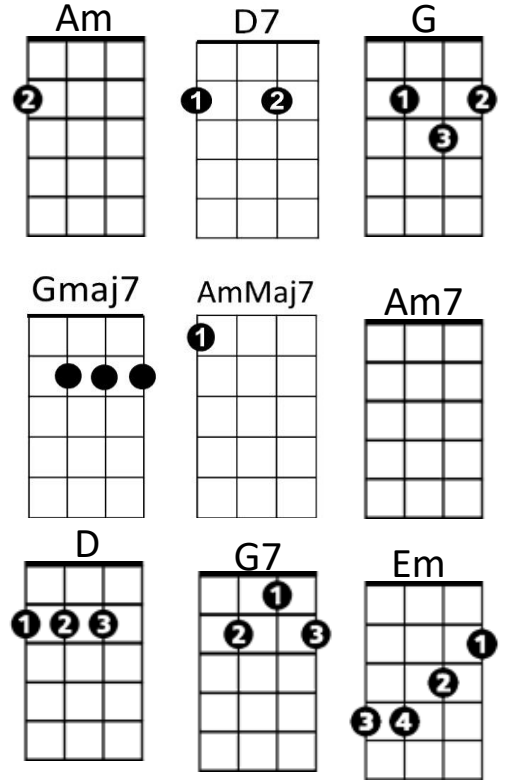
Chorus: Am D G
 I just called to say I love you
 Am D7 G G7
 I just called to say how much I care
 Am D G Em
 I just called to say I love you
 Am D7 G
 And I mean it from the bottom of my heart

Gmaj7 G Gmaj7 G
 No summer's high No warm July
 Gmaj7 G Am AmMaj7
 No harvest moon to light one tender August night
 Am AmMaj7 Am AmMaj7
 No autumn breeze No falling leaves
 Am7 D Gmaj7 G
 Not even time for birds to fly to southern skies

Gmaj7 G Gmaj7 G
 No Libra sun No Hallo - ween
 Gmaj7 G Am AmMaj7
 No giving thanks to all the Christmas joy you bring
 Am AmMaj7 Am AmMaj7
 But what it is, though old so new
 Am7 D Gmaj7 G
 To fill your heart like no three words could ever do

Repeat Chorus 2x

Am D7 G Gmaj7 Am D7 G
 And I mean it from the bottom of my heart Baby of my heart



I Just Called to Say I Love You (Stevie Wonder) Key of C

Intro: Dm G7 C

Cmaj7 C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7
 No New Year's Day to celebrate
 C Dm Asus4
 No chocolate covered candy hearts to give away
 Dm Asus4 Dm Asus4
 No first of spring No song to sing
 Dm7 G Cmaj7 C
 In fact here's just another ordinary day

Cmaj7 C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7
 No April rain No flowers bloom
 C Dm Asus4
 No wedding Saturday within the month of June
 Dm Asus4 Dm Asus4
 But what it is, is something true
 Dm G C
 Made up of these three words that I must say to you

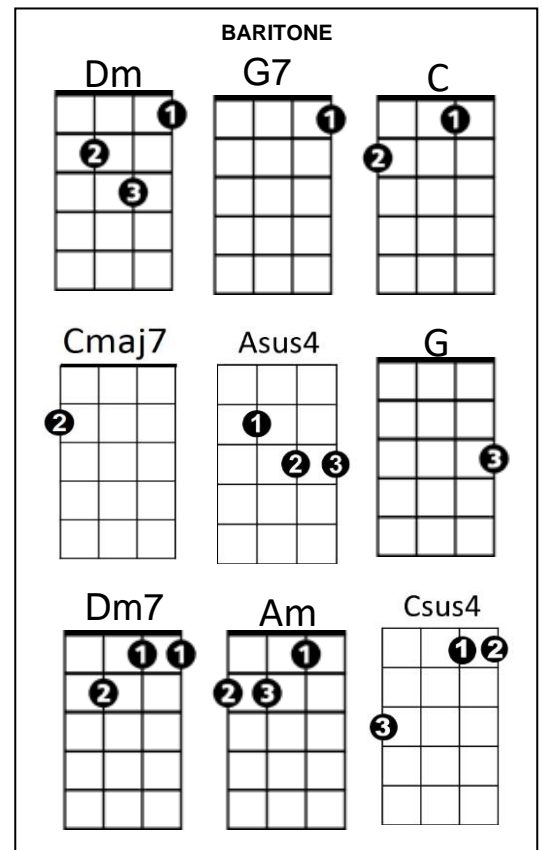
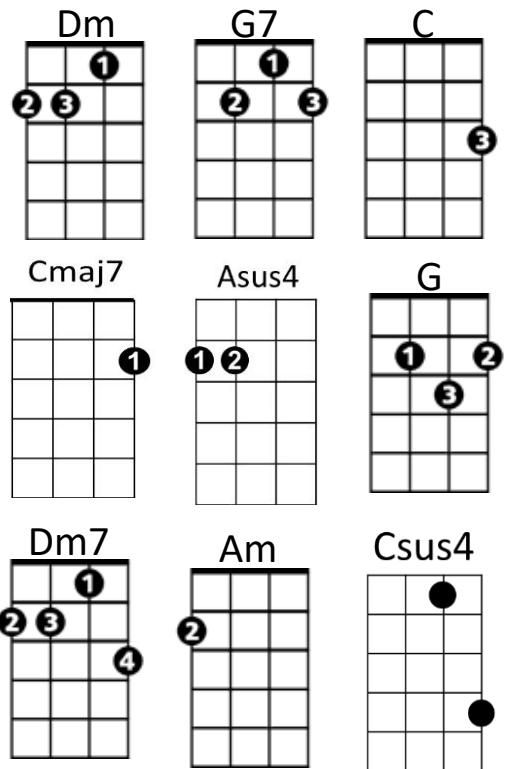
Chorus: Dm G C
 I just called to say I love you
 Dm G7 C
 I just called to say how much I care
 Dm G C Am
 I just called to say I love you
 Dm G7 C
 And I mean it from the bottom of my heart

Cmaj7 C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7
 No summer's high No warm July
 C Dm Asus4
 No harvest moon to light one tender August night
 Dm Asus4 Dm Asus4
 No autumn breeze No falling leaves
 Dm7 G Cmaj7 C
 Not even time for birds to fly to southern skies

Cmaj7 C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7
 No Libra sun No Hallo - ween
 C Dm Asus4
 No giving thanks to all the Christmas joy you bring
 Dm Asus4 Dm Asus4
 But what it is, though old so new
 Dm7 G C
 To fill your heart like no three words could ever do

Repeat Chorus 2x

Dm G7 C Csus4 C Csus4 C G7 C
 And I mean it from the bottom of my heart - of my heart - of my heart - Baby of my heart



It's The Most Wonderful Time of the Year (Edward Pola and George Wyle, 1963) (C)
It's The Most Wonderful Time of the Year by **Andy Williams** (1963) - Version 2

Intro: C Am Dm G↓

1. It's the most wonderful time of the year, with the kids jingle belling

And everyone telling you, "Be of good cheer"

It's the most wonderful time of the year

2. It's the hap-happiest sea-son of all, with those holiday greetings

And gay happy meetings when friends come to call

It's the hap-happiest sea-son of all

Bridge

There'll be parties for hosting, marsh-mallows for toasting,

And caroling out in the snow. There'll be scary ghost stories

And tales of the glories of Christmases long, long ago.

3. It's the most wonderful time of the year.

There'll be much mistle-toeing, and hearts will be glowing,

When love ones are near. *[2nd time through go to Outro]*

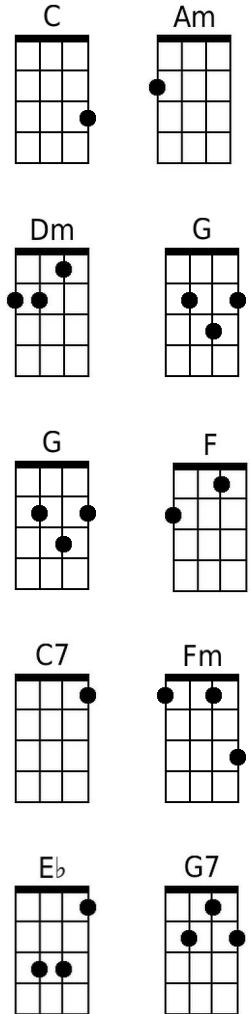
It's the most wonderful time of the year.

Repeat from Bridge – except last line of Verse 3

Outro:

It's the most wonderful time, yes, the most wonderful time,

Oh, the most wonderful time of the year.



Baritone

A horizontal row of guitar chord diagrams for baritone guitar. From left to right: C (x320133), Am (x020133), Dm (xx0232), G (320133), F (321232), C7 (x32013), Fm (321231), Eb (312232), G7 (320133).

It's The Most Wonderful Time of the Year (Edward Pola and George Wyle, 1963) (G)
[It's The Most Wonderful Time of the Year](#) by [Andy Williams](#) (1963) - Version 2

Intro: G Em Am D↓

1. It's the most wonderful time of the year, with the kids jingle belling

And everyone telling you, "Be of good cheer"

It's the most wonderful time of the year.

2. It's the hap-happiest sea-son of all, with those holiday greetings

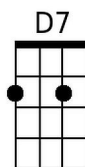
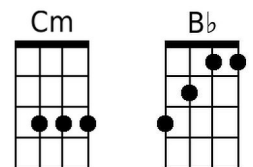
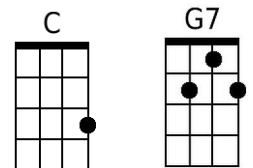
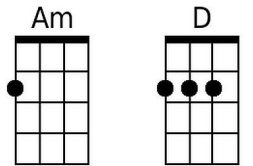
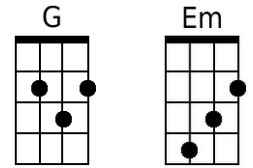
And gay happy meetings when friends come to call

It's the hap-happiest sea-son of all

Bridge

There'll be parties for hosting, marsh-mallows for toasting,
 And caroling out in the snow. There'll be scary ghost stories
 And tales of the glories of Christmases long, long ago.

3. It's the most wonderful time of the year.
 There'll be much mistle-toeing, and hearts will be glowing,
 When love ones are near. **[2nd time through go to Outro]**
 It's the most wonderful time of the year.

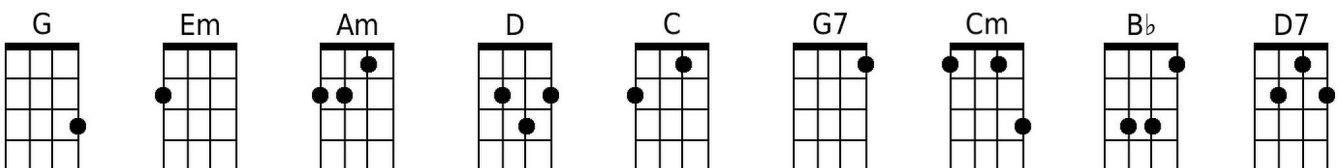


Repeat from Bridge – except last line of Verse 3

Outro:

It's the most wonderful time, yes, the most wonderful time,
 Oh, the most wonderful time of the year.

Baritone





My Favorite Things

(Richard Rogers & Oscar Hammerstein from "The Sound of Music," 1959)

My Favorite Things by Julie Andrews from the 1965 movie "The Sound of Music"

Am

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens

F

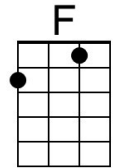
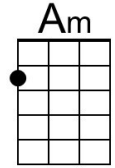
Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens

Dm G7 C F

Brown paper packages tied up with string

C F Bm E7

These are a few of my favorite things.



Am

Cream colored ponies and crisp apple strudels

F

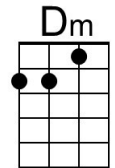
Doorbells and sleigh bells and schnitzel with noodles

Dm G7 C F

Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wing

C F Bm E7

These are a few of my favorite things.



Am

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes

F

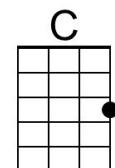
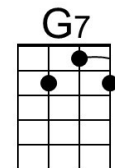
Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes

Dm G7 C F

Silver white winters that melt into spring

C F Bm E7

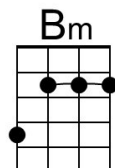
These are a few of my favorite things.



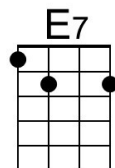
Am Dm E7 Am F
When the dog bites, when the bee stings, when I'm feeling sad.

F Dm Am Dm
I simply remember my favorite things,

Am Dm G7 C | C
And then I don't feel so bad.



(Repeat entire song, extend last line to end with 1 added measure of C)



Baritone

Am F Dm G7 C Bm E7

My Favorite Things

(Richard Rogers & Oscar Hammerstein from "The Sound of Music," 1959)

My Favorite Things by Julie Andrews from the 1965 movie "The Sound of Music"

Em

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens

C

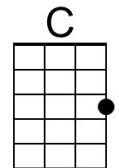
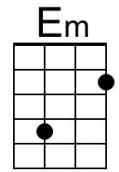
Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens

Am D7 G C

Brown paper packages tied up with string

G C F#m B7

These are a few of my favorite things.



Em

Cream colored ponies and crisp apple strudels

C

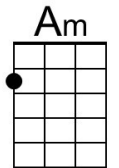
Doorbells and sleigh bells and schnitzel with noodles

Am D7 G C

Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wing

G C F#m B7

These are a few of my favorite things.



Em

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes

C

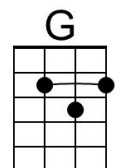
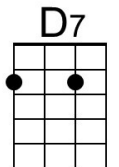
Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes

Am D7 G C

Silver white winters that melt into spring

G C F#m B7

These are a few of my favorite things.



Em Am B7 Em C

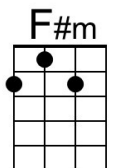
When the dog bites, when the bee stings, when I'm feeling sad.

C Am Em Am

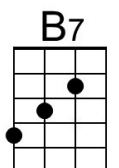
I simply remember my favorite things,

Em Am D7 G | G

And then I don't feel so bad.



(Repeat entire song, extend last line to end with 1 added measure of C)



Baritone

One Horse Open Sleigh

(James Lord Pierpont, 1857) – The Original Version of "Jingle Bells" – **Version 2**

Intro (last 2 lines of verse)

Dm C G7 C G7

C
 1. Dashing thro' the snow,
C7 **F**
 In a one horse open sleigh,
Dm **G7** **C**
 O'er the hills we go, laughing all the way;
(C) **C7** **F**
 Bells on bob tail ring, making spirits bright,
Dm **C**
 Oh what sport to ride and sing
G7 **C**
 A sleighing song to night.

Chorus

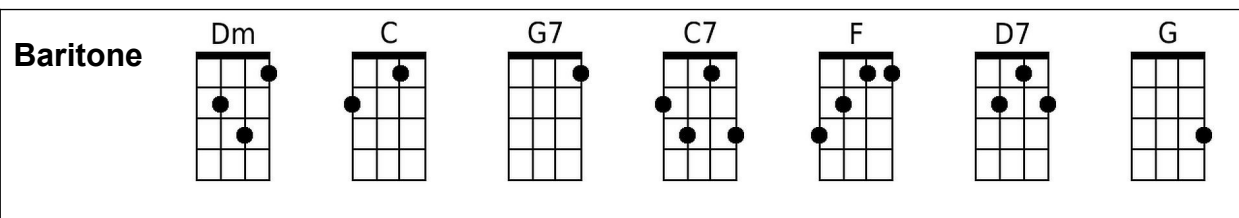
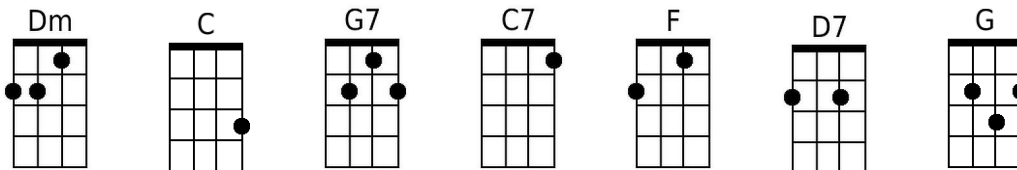
G7 C
 Oh, Jingle bells, Jingle bells,
 - **C7**
 Jingle all the way.
F C
 Oh! what joy it is to ride
D7 G - G7
 In a one horse open sleigh.
C
 Jingle bells, Jingle bells,
 - **C7**
 Jingle all the way.
F C
 Oh! what joy it is to ride
G7 C - G7
 In a one horse open sleigh.

C **C7** **F**
 2. A day or two ago, I tho't I'd take a ride,
Dm **G7**
 And soon Miss Fannie Bright,
C
 Was seated by my side.
(C)
 The horse was lean and lank,
C7 **F**
 Mis-fortune seem'd his lot,
Dm C G7 C
 He got into a drifted bank and we? We got up-sot.

Chorus

C **C7** **F**
 3. A day or two ago, the story I must tell,
Dm **G7** **C**
 I went out on the snow and on my back I fell;
(C) **C7** **F**
 A gent was riding by, in a one horse open sleigh,
Dm **C**
 He laughed as there I sprawling lie,
G7 C
 But quickly drove a-way. **Chorus**

C
 4. Now the ground is white,
C7 **F**
 Go it while you're young,
Dm **G7** **C**
 Take the girls to-night and sing this sleighing song;
(C) **C7** **F**
 Just get a bob tailed bay, two forty as his speed,
Dm **C**
 Hitch him to an open sleigh
G7 C
 And crack, you'll take the lead. **Chorus**



One Horse Open Sleigh

(James Lord Pierpont, 1857) – The Original Version of "Jingle Bells" – **Version 2**

Intro (last 2 lines of verse)

Em D A7 D A7

D
 1. Dashing thro' the snow,
D7 G
 In a one horse open sleigh,
Em A7 D
 O'er the hills we go, laughing all the way;
(D) D7 G
 Bells on bob tail ring, making spirits bright,
Em D
 Oh what sport to ride and sing
A7 D
 A sleighing song to night.

Chorus

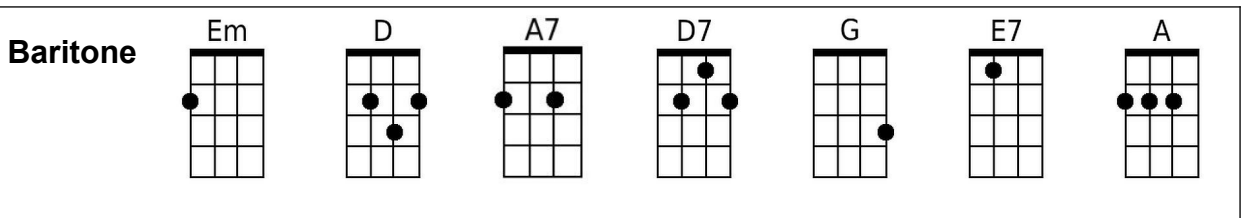
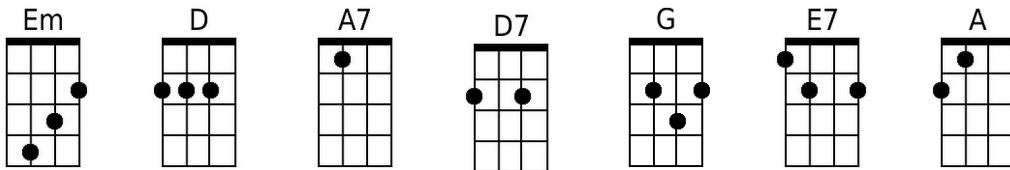
A7 D
 Oh, Jingle bells, Jingle bells,
 - **D7**
 Jingle all the way.
G D
 Oh! what joy it is to ride
E7 A - A7
 In a one horse open sleigh.
D
 Jingle bells, Jingle bells,
 - **D7**
 Jingle all the way.
G D
 Oh! what joy it is to ride
A7 D - A7
 In a one horse open sleigh.

D D7 G
 2. A day or two ago, I tho't I'd take a ride,
Em A7
 And soon Miss Fannie Bright,
D
 Was seated by my side.
(D)
 The horse was lean and lank,
D7 G
 Mis-fortune seem'd his lot,
Em D A7 D
 He got into a drifted bank and we? We got up-sot.

Chorus

D D7 G
 3. A day or two ago, the story I must tell,
Em A7 D
 I went out on the snow and on my back I fell;
(D) D7 G
 A gent was riding by, in a one horse open sleigh,
Em D
 He laughed as there I sprawling lie,
A7 D
 But quickly drove a-way. **Chorus**

D
 4. Now the ground is white,
D7 G
 Go it while you're young,
Em A7 D
 Take the girls to-night and sing this sleighing song;
(D) D7 G
 Just get a bob tailed bay, two forty as his speed,
Em D
 Hitch him to an open sleigh
A7 D
 And crack, you'll take the lead. **Chorus**



One Horse Open Sleigh

(James Lord Pierpont, 1857) – The Original Version of "Jingle Bells" – **Version 2**

Intro (last 2 lines of verse)

Am G D7 G D7

G
 1. Dashing thro' the snow,
G7 **C**
 In a one horse open sleigh,
Am **D7** **G**
 O'er the hills we go, laughing all the way;
(G) **G7** **C**
 Bells on bob tail ring, making spirits bright,
Am **G**
 Oh what sport to ride and sing
D7 **G**
 A sleighing song to night.

Chorus

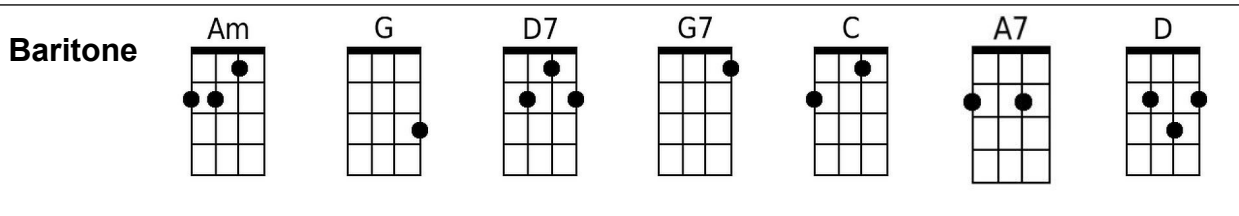
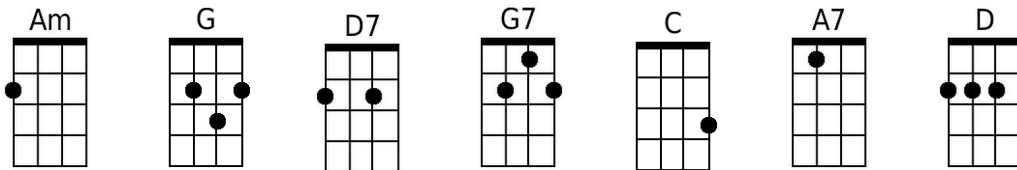
D7 G
 Oh, Jingle bells, Jingle bells,
 - **G7**
 Jingle all the way.
C **G**
 Oh! what joy it is to ride
A7 **D** - **D7**
 In a one horse open sleigh.
G
 Jingle bells, Jingle bells,
 - **G7**
 Jingle all the way.
C **G**
 Oh! what joy it is to ride
D7 **G** - **D7**
 In a one horse open sleigh.

G **G7** **C**
 2. A day or two ago, I tho't I'd take a ride,
Am **D7**
 And soon Miss Fannie Bright,
G
 Was seated by my side.
(G)
 The horse was lean and lank,
G7 **C**
 Mis-fortune seem'd his lot,
Am **G** **D7** **G**
 He got into a drifted bank and we? We got up-sot.

Chorus

G **G7** **C**
 3. A day or two ago, the story I must tell,
Am **D7** **G**
 I went out on the snow and on my back I fell;
(G) **G7** **C**
 A gent was riding by, in a one horse open sleigh,
Am **G**
 He laughed as there I sprawling lie,
D7 **G**
 But quickly drove a-way. **Chorus**

G
 4. Now the ground is white,
G7 **C**
 Go it while you're young,
Am **D7** **G**
 Take the girls to-night and sing this sleighing song;
(G) **G7** **C**
 Just get a bob tailed bay, two forty as his speed,
Am **G**
 Hitch him to an open sleigh
D7 **G**
 And *crack*, you'll take the lead. **Chorus**



This Page Intentionally Blank.

Feel free to give thanks.



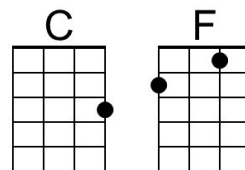
Over The River And Through The Wood

“The New-England Boy's Song About Thanksgiving Day”

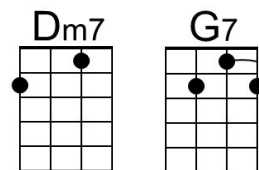
Over the River and Through the Wood at The Hymns and Carols of Christmas

Words: Lydia Maria Child, "The New-England Boy's Song About Thanksgiving Day" in *Flowers for Children*, Part II (New York: C. S. Francis & Co., Boston: J. H. Francis, 1844, 1854), pp. 25-28.

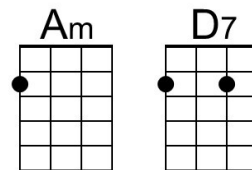
C **F** **C**
 Over the river, and through the wood, to Grandfather's house we go;
Dm7 **G7** **C** **Am**
 The horse knows the way to carry the sleigh
D7 **G - G7**



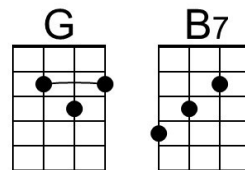
Through the white and drifted snow.
C **F** **C**
 Over the river, and through the wood, to Grandfather's house a-way!
F **B7** **C** **Am** **C** **G7** **C** **G7**
 We would not stop for doll or top, for 't is Thanks-giving Day.



C **F** **C**
 Over the river, and through the wood, oh, how the wind does blow!
Dm7 **G7** **C** **Am** **D7** **G - G7**
 It stings the toes, and bites the nose, as over the ground we go.



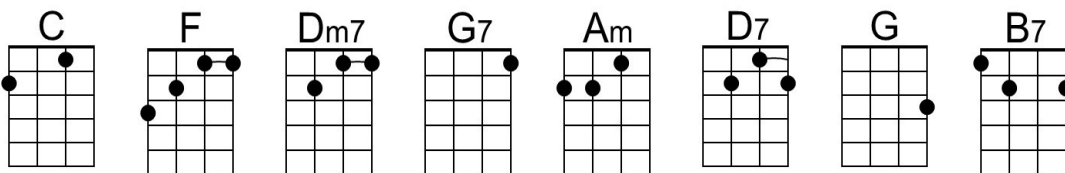
C **F** **C**
 Over the river, and through the wood, with a clear blue winter sky,
F **B7** **C** **Am** **C** **G7** **C** **G7**
 The dogs do bark, and children hark, as we go jingling by.



C **F** **C**
 Over the river, and through the wood, to have a first-rate play —
Dm7 **G7** **C** **Am** **D7** **G - G7**
 Hear the bells ring “Ting a ling ding.” Hurra for Thanksgiving day!

C **F** **C**
 Over the river, and through the wood — No matter for winds that blow;
F **B7** **C** **Am** **C** **G7** **C** **G7**
 Or if we get the sleigh up-set in-to a bank of snow.

Baritone



Over The River And Through The Wood (C) - Page 2

C **F** **C**
Over the river, and through the wood, to see little John and Ann;
Dm7 G7 C Am D7 G - G7
We will kiss them all, and play snow-ball, and stay as long as we can.
C **F** **C**
Over the river, and through the wood, trot fast my dapple gray!
F B7 C Am C G7 C G7
Spring over the ground, like a hunting-hound, for 'tis Thanksgiving day!

C **F** **C**
Over the river, and through the wood, and straight through the barnyard gate;
Dm7 G7 C Am D7 G - G7
We seem to go extremely slow, it is so hard to wait.
C **F** **C**
Over the river, and through the wood — Old Jowler hears our bells;
F B7 C Am C G7 C G7
He shakes his paw, with a loud bow-wow, and thus the news he tells.

C **F** **C**
Over the river, and through the wood — when Grandmother sees us come,
Dm7 G7 C Am D7 G - G7
She will say, Oh dear, “the children are here, bring a pie for every one.”
C **F** **C**
Over the river, and through the wood — now Grandmothers cap I spy!
F B7 C Am C G7 C G7
Hurra for the fun! Is the pudding done? Hurra for the pumpkin pie!

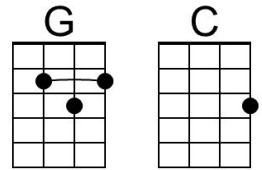
Over The River And Through The Wood

“The New-England Boy's Song About Thanksgiving Day”

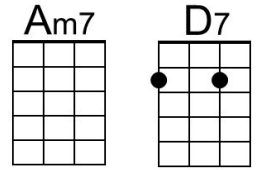
Over the River and Through the Wood at The Hymns and Carols of Christmas

Words: Lydia Maria Child, "The New-England Boy's Song About Thanksgiving Day" in *Flowers for Children*, Part II (New York: C. S. Francis & Co., Boston: J. H. Francis, 1844, 1854), pp. 25-28.

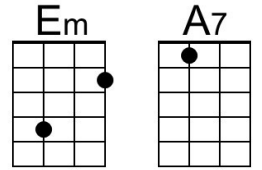
G **C** **G**
 Over the river, and through the wood, to Grandfather's house we go;
Am7 **D7** **G** **Em**
 The horse knows the way to carry the sleigh
A7 **D - D7**



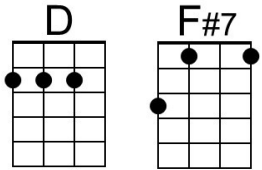
Through the white and drifted snow.
G **C** **G**
 Over the river, and through the wood, to Grandfather's house a-way!
C **F#7** **G** **Em** **G** **D7** **G** **D7**
 We would not stop for doll or top, for 't is Thanks-giving Day.



G **C** **G**
 Over the river, and through the wood, oh, how the wind does blow!
Am7 **D7** **G** **Em** **A7** **D - D7**
 It stings the toes, and bites the nose, as over the ground we go.



G **C** **G**
 Over the river, and through the wood, with a clear blue winter sky,
C **F#7** **G** **Em** **G** **D7** **G** **D7**
 The dogs do bark, and children hark, as we go jingling by.



G **C** **G**
 Over the river, and through the wood, to have a first-rate play —
Am7 **D7** **G** **Em** **A7** **D - D7**
 Hear the bells ring “Ting a ling ding.” Hurra for Thanksgiving day!

G **C** **G**
 Over the river, and through the wood — No matter for winds that blow;
C **F#7** **G** **Em** **G** **D7** **G** **D7**
 Or if we get the sleigh up-set in-to a bank of snow.

Baritone

Over The River And Through The Wood (C) - Page 2

G **C** **G**
Over the river, and through the wood, to see little John and Ann;
Am7 D7 G Em A7 D - D7
We will kiss them all, and play snow-ball, and stay as long as we can.
G C G
Over the river, and through the wood, trot fast my dapple gray!
C F#7 G Em G D7 G D7
Spring over the ground, like a hunting-hound, for 'tis Thanksgiving day!

G C G
Over the river, and through the wood, and straight through the barnyard gate;
Am7 D7 G Em A7 D - D7
We seem to go extremely slow, it is so hard to wait.
G C G
Over the river, and through the wood — Old Jowler hears our bells;
C F#7 G Em G D7 G D7
He shakes his paw, with a loud bow-wow, and thus the news he tells.

G C G
Over the river, and through the wood — when Grandmother sees us come,
Am7 D7 G Em A7 D - D7
She will say, Oh dear, “the children are here, bring a pie for every one.”
G C G
Over the river, and through the wood — now Grandmothers cap I spy!
C F#7 G Em G D7 G D7
Hurra for the fun! Is the pudding done? Hurra for the pumpkin pie!

Plenty To Be Thankful For (Irving Berlin, 1942) (C)

Plenty To Be Thankful For by Bing Crosby with Bob Crosby and His Orchestra (Bb @ 154)

Intro | C Am | Dm7 G7 | C Am | Dm7 G7 |

C Am Dm7 G7 C A7 | D7 G7 |

I've got plenty to be thankful for

C Am Dm7 G7 C

I haven't got great big yacht to sail from shore to shore.

Dm7 C Am Dm7 G7 C Am | Dm7 G7

Still, I've got plenty to be thankful for

C Am Dm7 G7 C A7 | D7 G7 |

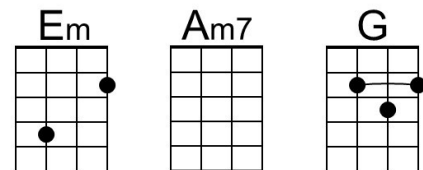
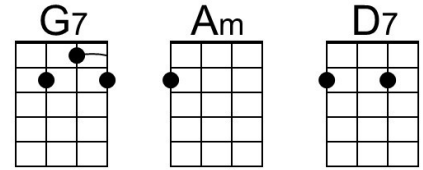
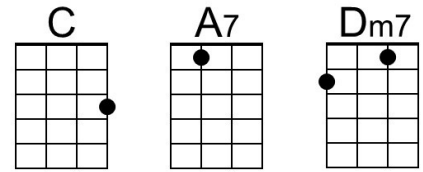
I've got plenty to be thankful for

C Am Dm7 G7 C

No private car, no ca - vi - ar, No carpet on my floor.

Dm7 C Am Dm7 G7 C Dm7 | C

Still, I've got plenty to be thankful for.



Chorus

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7

I've got eyes to see with,

C | C

Ears to hear with

Em Am Am7 D7

Arms to hug with, lips to kiss with

G Dm7 G7

— Someone to adore

C Am Dm7 G7 C A7 | D7 G7 |

How could any - body ask for more?

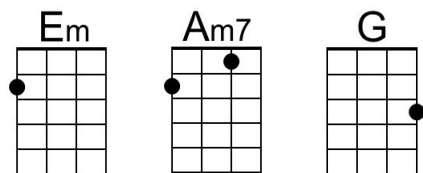
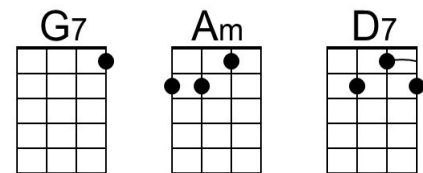
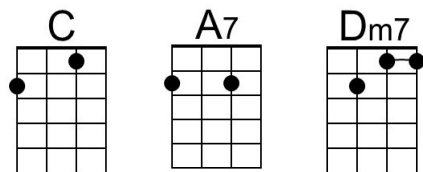
C Am Dm7 G7

My needs are small, I buy 'em all

C

At the five and ten cent store

Baritone



Dm7 C A7 Dm7 G7 C Am7 | Dm7 G7

1. Oh, I've got plenty to be thankful for.

Repeat from Top

Dm7 C A7 Dm7 G7 C G7 | C

2. Oh, I've got plenty to be thankful for.

A common variant of the I vi IV V progression ("Ice Cream Changes") – I vi ii V

Plenty To Be Thankful For (Irving Berlin, 1942) (G)

Plenty To Be Thankful For by Bing Crosby with Bob Crosby and His Orchestra (Bb @ 154)

Intro | G E7 | Am7 D7 | G Em7 | Am7 D7 |

G Em Am7 D7 G E7 | A7 D7 |

I've got plenty to be thankful for

G Em Am7 D7 G

I haven't got great big yacht to sail from shore to shore.

Am7 G Em Am7 D7 G Em | Am7 D7

Still, I've got plenty to be thankful for

G Em Am7 D7 G E7 | A7 D7 |

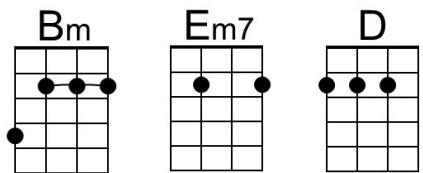
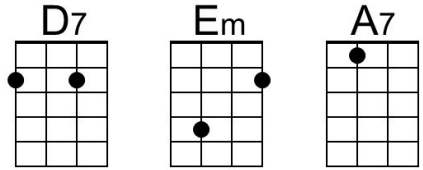
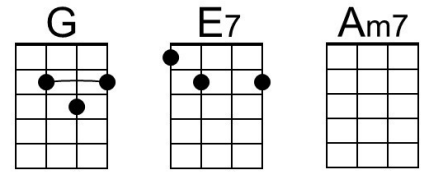
I've got plenty to be thankful for

G Em Am7 D7 G

No private car, no ca - vi - ar, No carpet on my floor.

Am7 G Em Am7 D7 G Am7 | G

Still, I've got plenty to be thankful for.



Chorus

Am7 D7 Am7 D7

I've got eyes to see with,

G | G

Ears to hear with

Bm Em Em7 A7

Arms to hug with, lips to kiss with

D Am7 D7

— Someone to adore

G Em Am7 D7 G E7 | A7 D7 |

How could any - body ask for more?

G Em Am7 D7

My needs are small, I buy 'em all

G

At the five and ten cent store

Am7 G E7 Am7 D7 G Em7 | Am7 D7

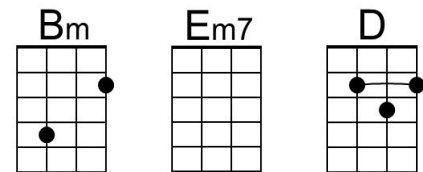
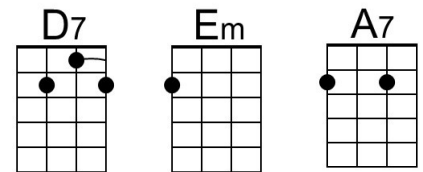
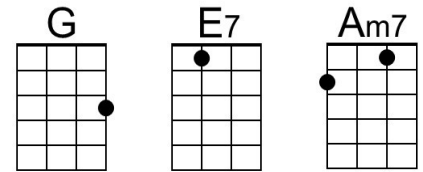
1. Oh, I've got plenty to be thankful for.

Repeat from Top

Am7 G E7 Am7 D7 G D7 | G

2. Oh, I've got plenty to be thankful for.

Baritone



Pumpkin Pie (Spirit In The Sky parody)

Original music & lyrics by Norman Greenbaum (1969); "Apple Pie" Adaptation by JoyLily
Apple Pie by JoyLily

Intro (2x)

| C | F D# C C | C | F C D# C |

C
 When we dine on turkey that's dressed

F
 That's the night that we all eat the best

C
 Even when the cranberry's dry

G C
 Gonna enjoy that Pumpkin pie.

C
 Gonna enjoy that Pumpkin pie.

F
 That's what we'll do on that special high

C
 When we dine on turkey that's dressed

G C
 That's the night that we all eat the best.

Instrumental (2x)

| C | F D# C C | C | F C D# C |

C
 Prepare yourself you know it's a must

F
 Wear your special pants or you'll bust.

C
 With all this food, you'll be fine.

G C
 Un-buckle your pants for that Pumpkin pie.

C
 Un-buckle your pants for that Pumpkin pie.

F
 That's what we'll do on that special high

C
 On the night that the turkey is dressed

G C
 That's the night that we all eat the best.

Instrumental (2x)

| C | F D# C C | C | F C D# C |

C
 We'll start a diet some time next year

F
 For now, please, pants don't bust

C
 With all this food, we'll be fine.

G C
 Un-buckle your belt for that Pumpkin pie.

C
 Load me up with that Pumpkin pie.

F
 That's what I want on that special night.

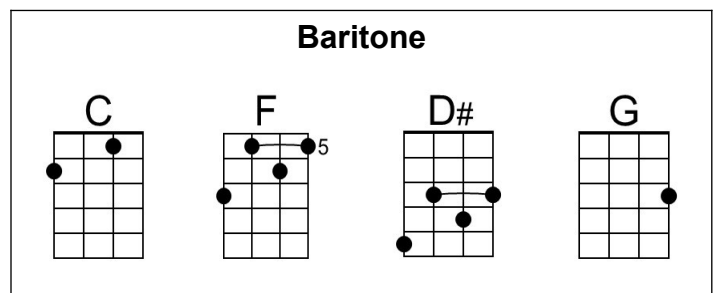
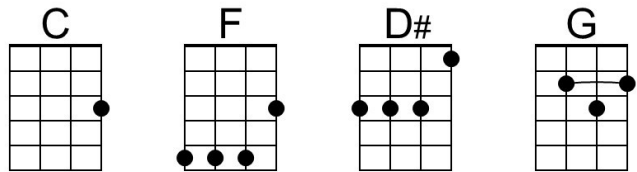
C
 Don't give a darn* a-bout all the rest.

G C
 I want the part of the meal that's the best!

G C
 Give me the dessert that's the best!

Outro (2x)

| C | F D# C C | C | F C D# C |



* "Darn" was not the original lyric, but I didn't feel that "cr*p" was appropriate for a family-safe web site.



Pumpkin Pie (Spirit In The Sky parody)

Original lyrics by Norman Greenbaum (1969); "Apple Pie" Adaptation by JoyLily
Apple Pie by JoyLily

Intro (2x)

| G | G C Bb G | G | G Bb C G |

G
When we dine on turkey that's dressed
C
That's the night that we all eat the best
G
Even when the cranberry's dry
D **G**
Gonna enjoy that Pumpkin pie.

G
Gonna enjoy that Pumpkin pie.
C
That's what we'll do on that special high
G
When we dine on turkey that's dressed
D **G**
That's the night that we all eat the best.

Instrumental (2x)

| G | G C Bb G | G | G Bb C G |

G
Prepare yourself you know it's a must
C
Wear your special pants or you'll bust.
G
With all this food, you'll be fine.
D **G**
Un-buckle your pants for that Pumpkin pie.

G
Un-buckle your pants for that Pumpkin pie.
C
That's what we'll do on that special high
G
On the night that the turkey is dressed
D **G**
That's the night that we all eat the best.

Instrumental (2x)

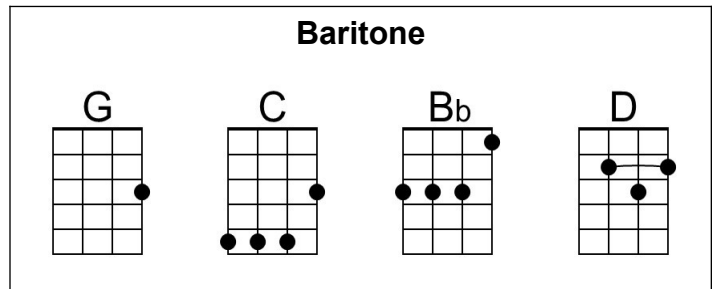
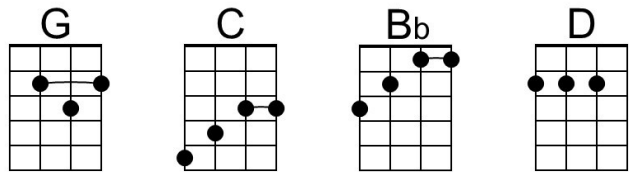
| G | G C Bb G | G | G Bb C G |

G
We'll start a diet some time next year
C
For now, please, pants don't bust
G
With all this food, we'll be fine.
D **G**
Un-buckle your belt for that Pumpkin pie.

G
Load me up with that Pumpkin pie.
C
That's what I want on that special night.
G
Don't give a darn* a-bout all the rest.
D **G**
I want the part of the meal that's the best!
D **G**
Give me the dessert that's the best!

Outro (2x)

| G | G C Bb G | G | G Bb C G |



* "Darn" was not the original lyric, but I didn't feel that "cr*p" was appropriate for a family-safe web site.

Sugar Pie Honey Bunch (Edward Jr. Holland / Lamont Dozier / Brian Holland)

C Sugar pie, honey bunch, you know that I love you
Dm I can't help myself, I love you and nobody else

C In and out my life, you come and you go
Dm Leaving just your picture behind, and I kissed it a thousand times

C When you snap your finger or wink your eye, I come a-running to you
Dm I'm tied to your apron strings, and there's nothing that I can do

C I can't help myself, no, I can't help myself
Dm (first line of verse)

C Sugar pie, honey bunch, I'm weaker than a man should be
Dm I can't help myself, I'm a fool in love, you see

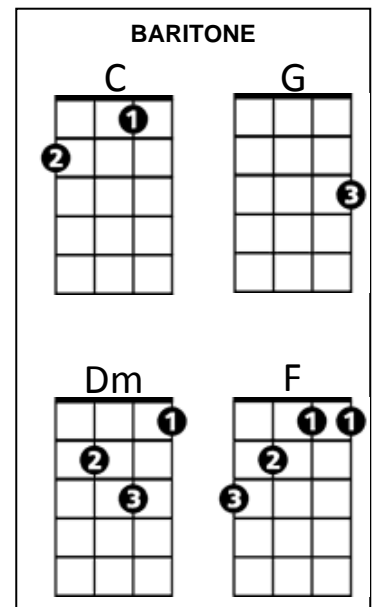
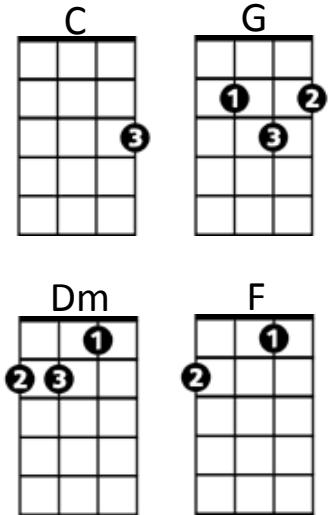
C Want to tell you I don't love you, tell you that we're through, and I've tried
Dm But ev'ry time I see your face, I get all choked up inside

C When I call your name, Girl, it starts the flame, burning in my heart, tearing it all apart
 No matter how I try, my love I cannot hide

C 'Cause sugar pie, honey bunch, you know that I'm weak for you
Dm I can't help myself, I love you and nobody else

C Sugar pie, honey bunch, do anything you ask me to
Dm I can't help myself, I want you and nobody else

C Sugar pie, honey bunch, you know that I love you
Dm I can't help myself, no, I can't help myself (Repeat to fade)



Sweet Potato Fry Blues

Key of C

Janet Bright

INTRO: G7 F7 C

C

Well here's a friendly warning you'd be wise to heed.

C7

I'm a lover not a fighter 'less you come between me

F7

C

C7 C C7

and my sweet potato, sweet potato fries.

G7

F7

C

C7 C C7

Keep your hands off my yams and your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

C

Now you can have my cornbread and homemade apple pie,

C7

wash it down with sweet tea, but I ain't about to lie.

F7

C

C7 C C7

You better keep your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

G7

F7

C

C7 C C7

Keep your hands off my yams and your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

G7 F7 C

C

Well if you listened closely you know just what to do.

C7

if I'm eatin' sweet potato fries they ain't for you.

F7

C

C7 C,C7

And you will avert your eyes from my sweet potato fries.

G7

F7

C

C7 C C7

Keep your hands off my yams and your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

G7

F7

C

C7 C C7 C

Keep your hands off my yams and your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

Thanksgiving Day (Ben Rector, 2020) (D)

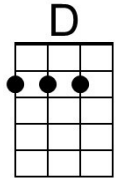
Thanksgiving Day by Ben Rector (D)

```

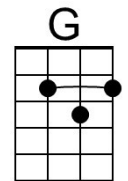
      D   G   D   A           D   G   D   A
A-----0-2-0-----X-----0-----
E---0-2-----2-0-0--X---0-2---3-2-2-0-0
G-2-----X-2-----
C-----X-----
    
```

Intro Chord Melody (or D D G D D A A D D G D D A A)

A7 **D** **Bm7** **A** **A7**
 ___ Familiar highways ___ lined with leaves turned brown



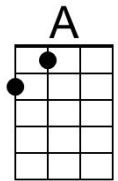
D **Bm7** **A** **A7**
 Making my way ___ back into my home-town



D **G** **A** **D**
 Funny how this all looks different, but it feels the same

D **G** **D** **A**
 Like how life never stops changing, but some things never change

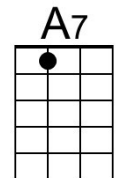
G **D** **A** **D**
 So fill your plate and fill your drink, and fill this house with family



G **D** **A - A7**
 The kind of love that all these years can't wash a-way

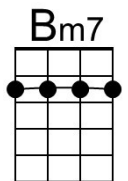
G **D** **A7** **D**
 Cause the older that I get I see that life is short and bitter-sweet

G **A A7 D**
 Thank God for this Thanks-giv-ing Day



Instrumental D D G D D A A D D G D D A A

A7 **D** **Bm7** **A** **A7**
 Watching football ___ watching families grow



D **Bm7** **A** **A7**
 The old kid's table, ___ all have kids of their own

D **G** **A** **D**
 Starting to see my grand-father in my nephew's eyes

D **G** **Bm7 A**
 Mom still can't talk a-bout him and not al-most cry

Baritone

G **D** **A** **D**
 So fill your plate and fill your drink, and fill this house with family
 G **D** **A - A7**
 The kind of love a thousand miles can't wash a-way
 G **D** **A7** **D**
 Cause the older that I get I see that life is short and bittersweet
 G **A7** **D**
 Thank God for this Thanks-giving Day

Instrumental **D D G D D A A D D G D D A A**

G **D** **A** **D**
 So fill your plate and fill your drink put your dishes in the kitchen sink
 G **D** **A A7**
 And let the leftover year just wash a-way
 G **D** **A** **A7** **D**
 'Cause we made it through, I do believe, the longest year in history
 G **A7** **D**
 Thank God that it's Thanks-giving Day

Outro **Chord Melody (or D D G D D A A (3x) D D G D A7 D D)**

Chord Melody

	D	G	D	A		D	G	A	D		D	G	D	A		D	G	A7	D
A	-----0-2-0-----	X-----	0-----	X-----	0-2-0-----	X-----	0-2-0-----	X-----	0-----										
E	---0-2-----	2-0-0--X---	0-2--3-2-2-0-0--X---	0-2-----	2-0-0-X---	0-2---	3-2-0---												
G	-2-----	X-2-----	X-2-----	X-2-----	X-2-----	2-2													
C	-----	X-----	X-----	X-----															

Chord melody and tabs by Theresa Miller

Thanksgiving Day (Ben Rector, 2020) (C)

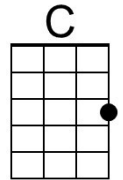
Thanksgiving Day by Ben Rector (D)

```

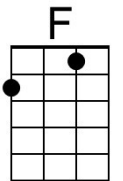
      C   F   C   G           C   F   C   G7
A-----0-----X-----
E-----0-3---3-0-----X-----0-3-1-0-0-----
G-0-2----- -2-2---X---0-2-----2-2--
C-----X-----
  
```

Intro Chord Melody (or C C F C C G G C C F C C G G)

G7 **C** **Am7** **G** **G7**
 ___ Familiar highways ___ lined with leaves turned brown



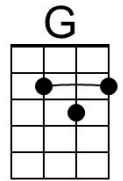
C **Am7** **G** **G7**
 Making my way ___ back into my home-town



C **F** **G** **C**
 Funny how this all looks different, but it feels the same

C **F** **C** **G**
 Like how life never stops changing, but some things never change

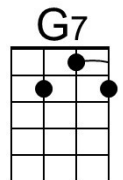
F **C** **G** **C**
 So fill your plate and fill your drink, and fill this house with family



F **C** **G - G7**
 The kind of love that all these years can't wash a-way

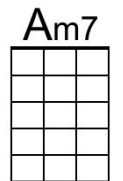
F **C** **G7** **C**
 Cause the older that I get I see that life is short and bitter-sweet

F **G G7 C**
 Thank God for this Thanks-giv-ing Day



Instrumental C C F C C G G C C F C C G G

G7 **C** **Am7** **G** **G7**
 Watching football ___ watching families grow



C **Am7** **G** **G7**
 The old kid's table, ___ all have kids of their own

C **F** **G** **C**
 Starting to see my grand-father in my nephew's eyes

C **F** **Am7 G**
 Mom still can't talk a-bout him and not al-most cry

Baritone	<p>C</p>	<p>F</p>	<p>G</p>	<p>G7</p>	<p>Am7</p>
----------	-----------------	-----------------	-----------------	------------------	-------------------

F **C** **G** **C**
 So fill your plate and fill your drink, and fill this house with family

F **C** **G - G7**
 The kind of love a thousand miles can't wash a-way

F **C** **G7** **C**
 Cause the older that I get I see that life is short and bittersweet

F **G7** **C**
 Thank God for this Thanks-giving Day

Instrumental **C C F C C G G C C F C C G G**

F **C** **G** **C**
 So fill your plate and fill your drink put your dishes in the kitchen sink

F **C** **G G7**
 And let the leftover year just wash a-way

F **C** **G** **G7** **C**
 'Cause we made it through, I do believe, the longest year in history

F **G7** **C**
 Thank God that it's Thanks-giving Day

Outro **Chord Melody (or C C F C C G G (3x) C C F C G7 C C**

Chord melody

	C	F	C	G		C	F	C	G		C	F	C	G		C	F	G7	C	
A	-----0-----	X	-----X	-----0-----	X	-----0-----	X	-----0-----	X	-----0-----	X	-----0-----	X	-----0-----	X	-----0-----	X	-----0-----	X	-----0-----
E	-----0-3---	3-0---	X	-----0-3-1-0-0---	X	-----0-3---	3-0---	X	-----0-3-1-0---	X	-----0-3---	3-0---	X	-----0-3-1-0---	X	-----0-3---	3-0---	X	-----0-3-1-0---	X
G	0-2-----	2-2---	X	0-2-----	2-2---	X	0-2-----	2-2---	X	0-2-----	2-2---	X	0-2-----	2-2---	X	0-2-----	2-2---	X	0-2-----	2-0-0-
C	-----X	-----X	-----X	-----X	-----X	-----X	-----X	-----X	-----X	-----X	-----X	-----X	-----X	-----X	-----X	-----X	-----X	-----X	-----X	-----X

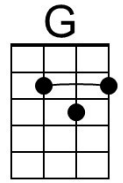
Chord melody and tabs by Theresa Miller

Thanksgiving Day (Ben Rector, 2020) (G)

[Thanksgiving Day](#) by Ben Rector (D)

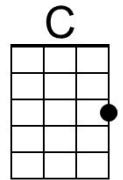
Intro Chord Melody (or G G C G G D D G G C G G D D)

D7 **G** **Em7** **D** **D7**
 ___ Familiar highways ___ lined with leaves turned brown



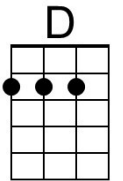
G **Em7** **D** **D7**
 Making my way ___ back into my home-town

G **C** **D** **G**
 Funny how this all looks different, but it feels the same



G **C** **G** **D**
 Like how life never stops changing, but some things never change

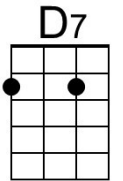
C **G** **D** **G**
 So fill your plate and fill your drink, and fill this house with family



C **G** **D - D7**
 The kind of love that all these years can't wash a-way

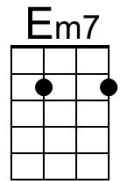
C **G** **D7** **G**
 Cause the older that I get I see that life is short and bitter-sweet

C **D D7 G**
 Thank God for this Thanks-giv-ing Day



Instrumental G G C G G D D G G C G G D D

D7 **G** **Em7** **D** **D7**
 Watching football ___ watching families grow



G **Em7** **D** **D7**
 The old kid's table, ___ all have kids of their own

G **C** **D** **G**
 Starting to see my grand-father in my nephew's eyes

G **C** **Em7 D**
 Mom still can't talk a-bout him and not al-most cry

Baritone

G	C	D	D7	Em7

C **G** **D** **G**
So fill your plate and fill your drink, and fill this house with family
C **G** **D - D7**
The kind of love a thousand miles can't wash a-way
C **G** **D7** **G**
Cause the older that I get I see that life is short and bittersweet
C **D7** **G**
Thank God for this Thanks-giving Day

Instrumental **G G C G G D D G G C G G D D**

C **G** **D** **G**
So fill your plate and fill your drink put your dishes in the kitchen sink
C **G** **D D7**
And let the leftover year just wash a-way
C **G** **D** **D7** **G**
'Cause we made it through, I do believe, the longest year in history
C **D7** **G**
Thank God that it's Thanks-giving Day

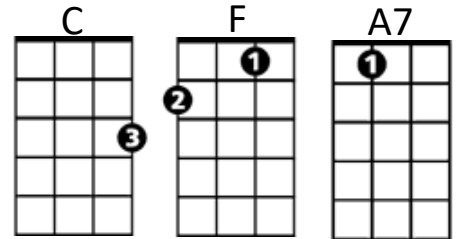
Outro **Chord Melody (or G G C G G D D (3x) G G C G D7 G G)**

Chord melody and tabs by Theresa Miller

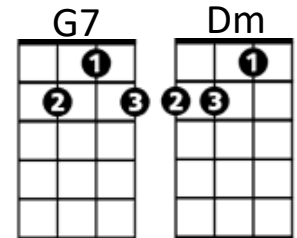
There's No Place Like Home for the Holidays



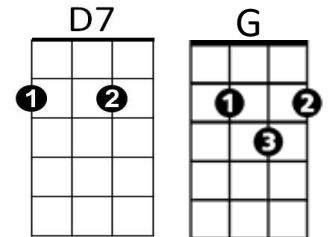
C F C
 Oh there's no place like home for the holidays.
 A7 D7 G7
 Cause no matter how far away you roam,
 C F C
 When you pine for the sunshine of a friendly gaze,
 G7 Dm G7 C F C
 For the holi-days you can't beat home, sweet home.



F C
 I met a man who lives in Tennessee and he was headin' for
 G7 C
 Pennsylvania and some home-made pumpkin pie.
 F Dm F C
 From Pennsylvania, folks are travelling down to Dixie's sunny shores
 G D7 G G7
 From Atlantic to Pacific, gee, the traffic is terrific.

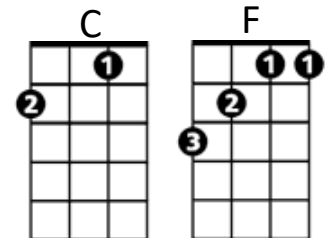


C F C
 Oh there's no place like home for the holidays.
 A7 D7 G7
 Cause no matter how far away you roam,
 C F C
 If you want to be happy in a million ways
 G7 Dm G7 C F C
 For the holi-days you can't beat home, sweet home.

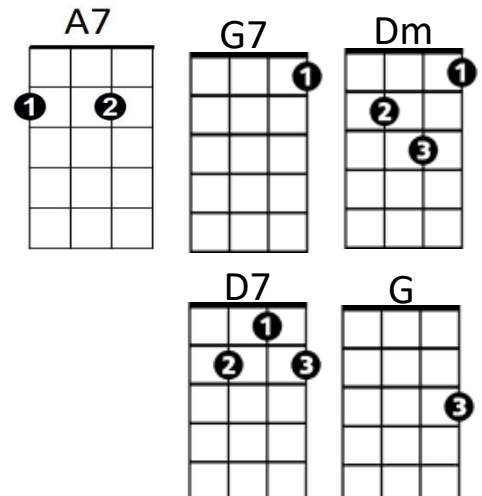


F C
 I met a man who lives in Tennessee and he was headin' for
 G7 C
 Pennsylvania and some home-made pumpkin pie.
 F Dm F C
 From Pennsylvania, folks are travelling down to Dixie's sunny shores
 G D7 G G7
 From Atlantic to Pacific, gee, the traffic is terrific.

BARITONE



C F C
 Oh there's no place like home for the holidays.
 A7 D7 G7
 Cause no matter how far away you roam,
 C F C
 If you want to be happy in a million ways
 G7 Dm G7 C
 For the holi-days you can't beat home, sweet home.
 G7 Dm G7 C F C
 For the holi-days you can't beat home, sweet home



We Need a Little Christmas (Jerry Herman)

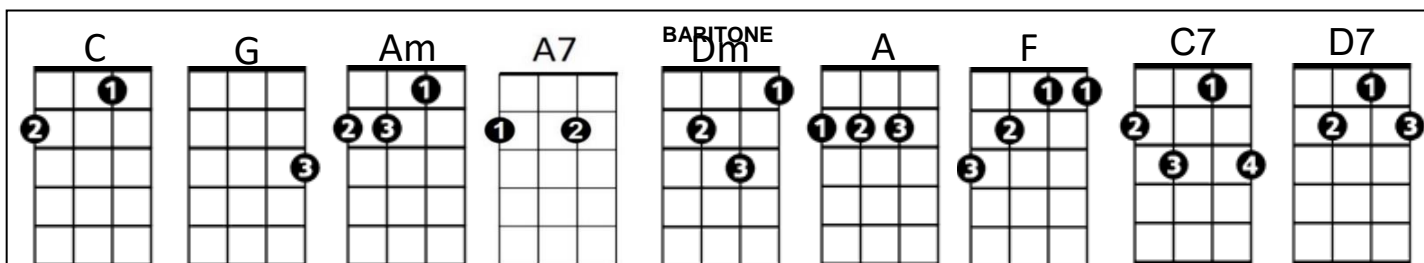
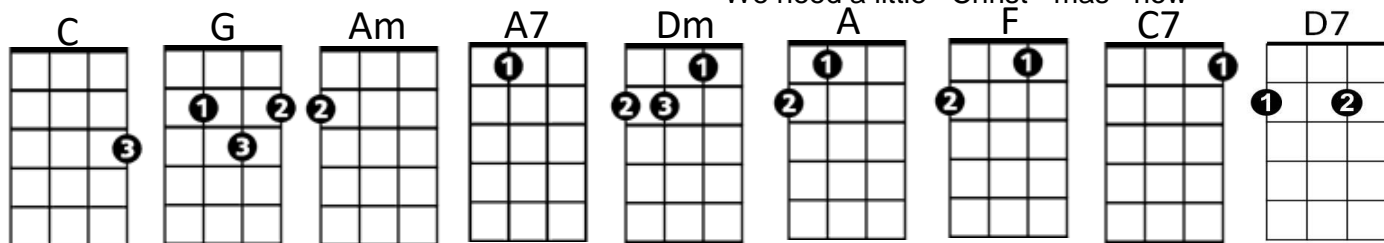
C51

C G C
Haul out the holly
G C Am A7
Put up the tree be-fore my ~ spirit falls again
Dm G Dm
Fill up the stocking
G Dm G
I may be rushing things, but ~
Dm G A A7
Deck the halls again now
Dm G C Am
For we need a little Christmas, right this very minute
F G C C7
Candles in the window, carols at the Spinet
Dm G C Am
Yes, we need a little Christmas, right this very minute
D D7
It hasn't snowed a single flurry
G G7
But Santa, dear, we're in a hurry

C G C
So climb down the chimney
G C Am A7
Put up the brightest string of ~ lights I've ever seen
Dm G Dm
Slice up the fruitcake
G Dm G
It's time we hung some tinsel ~
Dm G A A7
On that evergreen bough
Dm G C Am
For I've grown a little leaner, grown a little colder,
F G C Am
Grown a little sadder, grown a little older
Dm G C Am
And I need a little angel, sitting on my shoulder.
Dm F G C
I need a little Christmas now.

C G C
Haul out the holly
G C Am A7
Well, once I taught you all to ~ live each living day.
Dm G Dm G
Fill up the stocking
Dm G
But Auntie Mame, it's one week ~
Dm G A A7
Past Thanksgiving Day now
Dm G C Am
But we need a little Christmas, right this very minute
F G C C7
Candles in the window, carols at the Spinet
Dm G C Am
And we need a little Christmas, right this very minute
D D7
It hasn't snowed a single flurry
G G7
But Santa, dear, we're in a hurry

C G C
So climb down the chimney
G C Am A7
It's been a long time since I ~ felt good, neighborly
Dm G Dm
Slice up the fruitcake
G Dm G
It's time we hung some tinsel ~
Dm G A A7
On that Mayberry bough
Dm G C Am
For we need a little music, need a little laughter
F G C C7
Need a little singing, ringing through the rafter
Dm G C Am
And we need a little snappy, happy ever after
Dm F G C
We need a little Christmas now
Dm F G C
We need a little Christ - mas now

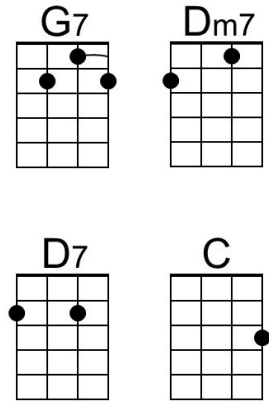


Winter Wonderland

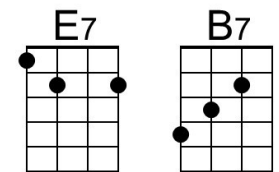
(Felix Bernard & Richard Bernhard Smith, 1934); Additional lyrics added in 1947.

Intro: (Last two lines of verse) G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 D7 G7 C

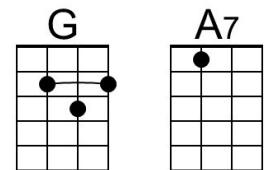
G7 C G7
Sleigh bells ring, are you list'nin', in the lane snow is glist'nin'
G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7
A beautiful sight, we're happy to-night
D7 G7 C
Walking in a winter wonder-land.



G7 C G7
Gone a-way is the blue-bird, here to stay is a new bird
G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7
He sings a love song as we go a-long
D7 G7 C
Walking in a winter wonder-land.

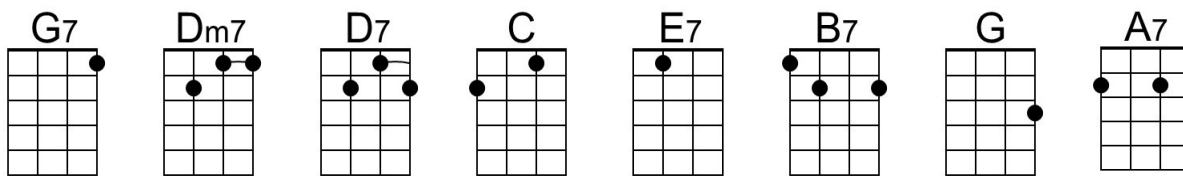


E7 B7 E7
In the meadow we can build a snowman
E7 B7 E7
Then pretend that he is Parson Brown
G D7 G
He'll say, "Are you married?" We'll say, "No man"
A7 D7 G7
But you can do the job when you're in town.



C G7
Later on we'll conspire as we dream by the fire
G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7
To face una-fraid, the plans that we've made
D7 G7 C
Walking in a winter wonder-land.

Baritone



G7 **C** **G7**
Sleigh bells ring, are you list'nin', in the lane snow is glist'nin'
G7 **Dm7** **G7** **Dm7**
A beautiful sight, we're happy to-night
D7 **G7** **C**
Walking in a winter wonder-land.

G7 **C** **G7**
Gone a-way is the blue-bird, here to stay is a new bird
G7 **Dm7** **G7** **Dm7**
He's singing song as we go a-long
D7 **G7** **C**
Walking in a winter wonder-land.

E7 **B7** **E7**
In the meadow we can build a snowman
E7 **B7** **E7**
And pretend that he's a circus clown
G **D7** **G**
We'll have lots of fun with Mister Snowman
A7 **D7** **G7**
Un-til the other kiddies knock him down.

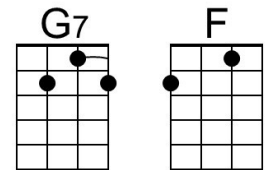
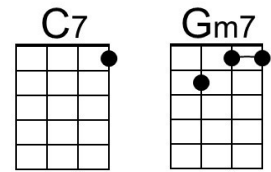
C **G7**
When it snows ain't it thrillin', Though your nose gets a chillin'?
G7 **Dm7** **G7** **Dm7**
We'll frolic and play the Eskimo way
D7 **G7** **C**
Walking in a winter wonder-land.
D7 **G7** **C**
Walking in a winter wonder-land.
D7 **G7** **C** **D7** | **G7** **C** |
Walking ... in a winter ... wonder-land.

Winter Wonderland

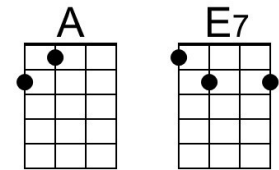
(Felix Bernard & Richard Bernhard Smith, 1934); Additional lyrics added in 1947.

Intro: (Last two lines of verse) C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7 G7 C7 F

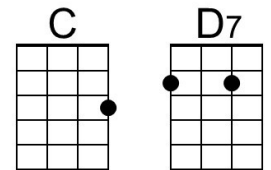
C7 F C7
Sleigh bells ring, are you list'nin', in the lane snow is glist'nin'
C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7
A beautiful sight, we're happy to-night
G7 C7 F
Walking in a winter wonder-land.



C7 F C7
Gone a-way is the blue-bird, here to stay is a new bird
C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7
He sings a love song as we go a-long
G7 C7 F
Walking in a winter wonder-land.

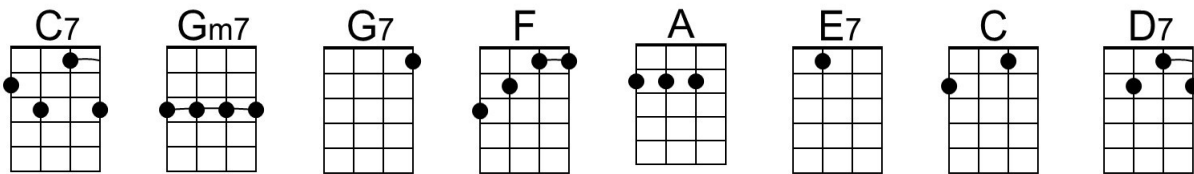


A E7 A
In the meadow we can build a snowman
A E7 A
Then pretend that he is Parson Brown
C G7 C
He'll say, "Are you married?" We'll say, "No man"
D7 G7 C7
But you can do the job when you're in town.



F C7
Later on we'll conspire as we dream by the fire
C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7
To face una-fraid, the plans that we've made
G7 C7 F
Walking in a winter wonder-land.

Baritone



C7 **F** **C7**
 Sleigh bells ring, are you list'nin', in the lane snow is glist'nin'
C7 **Gm7** **C7** **Gm7**
 A beautiful sight, we're happy to-night
G7 **C7** **F**
 Walking in a winter wonder-land.

C7 **F** **C7**
 Gone a-way is the blue-bird, here to stay is a new bird
C7 **Gm7** **C7** **Gm7**
 He's singing song as we go a-long
G7 **C7** **F**
 Walking in a winter wonder-land.

A **E7** **A**
 In the meadow we can build a snowman
A **E7** **A**
 And pretend that he's a circus clown
C **G7** **C**
 We'll have lots of fun with Mister Snowman
D7 **G7** **C7**
 Un-til the other kiddies knock him down.

F **C7**
 When it snows ain't it thrillin', though your nose gets a chillin'?
C7 **Gm7** **C7** **Gm7**
 We'll frolic and play the Eskimo way
G7 **C7** **F**
 Walking in a winter wonder-land.
G7 **C7** **F**
 Walking in a winter wonder-land.
G7 **C7** **F** **G7** | **C7** **F** |
 Walking ... in a winter ... wonder-land.



You Become Someone Else for the Holidays

(Nexium Commercial); Tune: "There's No Place Like Home for The Holidays"

Intro (Chords for 2 last lines)

C **F** **C**
 You become someone else for the holidays
A7 **D7** **G7**
 Eating, drinking, toasting every day
C **F** **C**
 You lose all inhibitions for the Holidays
G7 **Dm** **G7** **C**
 Everybody celebrates in their own way

F
 I'll take a bit of this, a touch of that
C
 and a smidge of this thing too
G7 **C**
 And a tiny sliver of this pumpkin pie
F
 Well, I've had five Grande' latte's
C
 and sixteen espressos, too
G **Am**
 I licked the batter off this beater,
G **G7**
 gee, this frosting can't get sweeter

C **F** **C**
 Oh I love everything about the Holidays
A7 **D7** **G7**
 I'd like to raise a glass or two, or ten

(Enough with the toasts)

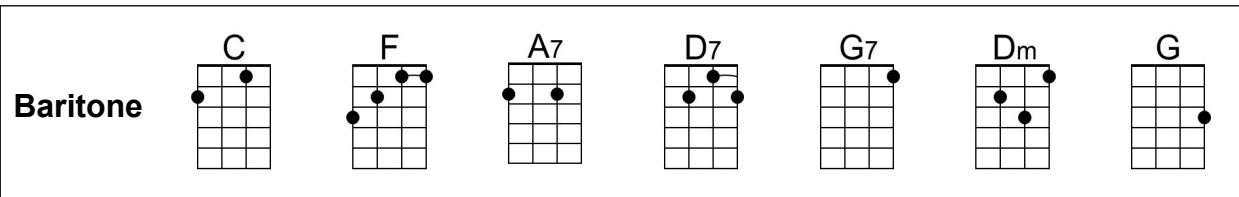
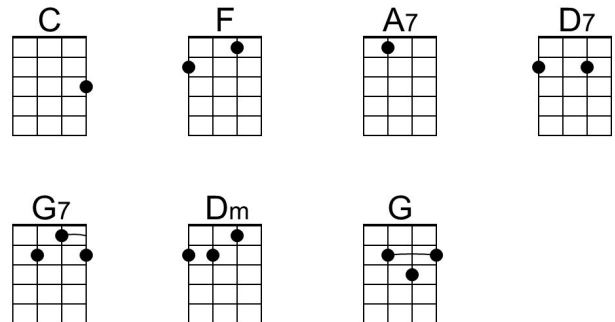
C **F** **C**
 Oh I HATE every-thing about the Holidays
G7 **Dm** **G7** **C**
 When will all this stress and chaos ever end?

F
 I'll put some tinsel here, a bauble there,
C
 a wreath around the dog
G7 **C**
 Well the neighbors will be jealous, that's for sure

F
 My plate is filled with cookies, ice cream,
C
 toffee, tarts and fudge
G **D7**
 Man, that turkey looks horrific,
G **G7**
 but this broccoli tastes terrific

C **F** **C**
 I drink plenty of nog for the Holidays
A7
 And since no one likes it here,
D7 **G7**
 there's more for me
C **F**
 I've got breakfast and lunch
C
 in my purse right here
G7 **Dm**
 And I'm eating like a king
G7 **C**
 all week for free

C **F** **C**
 You become someone else for the holidays
A7 **D7** **G7**
 Eating, drinking, toasting every day
C **F** **C**
 So take care of yourself through the Holidays
G7 **Dm** **G7** **C**
 And make sure that you're protected all the way,
G7 **Dm** **G7** **C**
 And make sure that you're protected all the way!



You Become Someone Else for the Holidays

(Nexium Commercial); Tune: "There's No Place Like Home for The Holidays"

Intro (Chords for 2 last lines)

G **C** **G**
 You become someone else for the holidays
E7 **A7** **D7**
 Eating, drinking, toasting every day
G **C** **G**
 You lose all inhibitions for the Holidays
D7 **Am** **D7** **G**
 Everybody celebrates in their own way

C
 I'll take a bit of this, a touch of that
G
 and a smidge of this thing too
D7 **G**
 And a tiny sliver of this pumpkin pie
C
 Well, I've had five Grande' latte's
G
 and sixteen espressos, too
D **Em**
 I licked the batter off this beater,
D **D7**
 gee, this frosting can't get sweeter

G **C** **G**
 Oh I love everything about the Holidays
E7 **A7** **D7**
 I'd like to raise a glass or two, or ten

(Enough with the toasts)

G **C** **G**
 Oh I HATE every-thing about the Holidays
D7 **Am** **D7** **G**
 When will all this stress and chaos ever end?

C
 I'll put some tinsel here, a bauble there,
G
 a wreath around the dog
D7 **G**
 Well the neighbors will be jealous, that's for sure

C
 My plate is filled with cookies, ice cream,
G
 toffee, tarts and fudge
D **A7**
 Man, that turkey looks horrific,
D **D7**
 but this broccoli tastes terrific

G **C** **G**
 I drink plenty of nog for the Holidays
E7
 And since no one likes it here,
D7 **G7**
 there's more for me
G **C**
 I've got breakfast and lunch
G
 in my purse right here
D7 **Am**
 And I'm eating like a king
D7 **G**
 all week for free

G **C** **G**
 You become someone else for the holidays
E7 **A7** **D7**
 Eating, drinking, toasting every day
G **C** **G**
 So take care of yourself through the Holidays
D7 **Am** **D7** **G**
 And make sure that you're protected all the way,
D7 **Am** **D7** **G**
 And make sure that you're protected all the way!

