New Orleans & Other Southern Delights

24 Songs – 62 Pages – Display Edition
February 14, 2021

Baton Rouge (Guy Clark & John Charles Crowley, 1992) (C)

```
C              G
I'm gonna leave Texarkana
F              C
I'm goin' down to Louisiana
               G           C
I'm gonna try my luck in Baton Rouge
                         G
I'm gonna follow ol' red river down
F          C
Till I see the lights of town
                    G           C
I ain't gonna get no sleep in Baton Rouge
```

```
          Chorus
          G
          Baton Rouge Baton Rouge
          F
          I'm gonna get me some alligator shoes
          G
          Baton Rouge Baton Rouge
          F             G       C
          I'm gonna wear 'em out in Baton Rouge
```

```
C              G
It was a Texas girl that broke my heart
F              C
Then she tore my truck apart
               G           C
I guess I'll get me another in Baton Rouge
          G
I like Crawfish I like rice
F          C
I like girls that treat you nice
               G       C
I'm gonna find me one in Baton Rouge
```
Chorus

```
C              G
I'm gonna learn to walk that walk
F              C
I'm gonna learn to talk that talk
               G           C
I'm gonna learn to dance in Baton Rouge
                    G
Ain't life just like a cul-de-sac
F                  C
I'm a Texas boy and I'm goin' back
                    G           C
Soon as I catch my breath in Baton Rouge
```
Chorus

```
                    G       C
I'm gonna strut my stuff in Baton Rouge
                    G       C
I'm gonna cool my heels in Baton Rouge
```

Baton Rouge (Guy Clark & John Charles Crowley, 1992) (G)

G   D
I'm gonna leave Texarkana
C   G
I'm goin' down to Louisiana
                D   G
I'm gonna try my luck in Baton Rouge
                   D
I'm gonna follow ol' red river down
C   G
Till I see the lights of town
               D   G
I ain't gonna get no sleep in Baton Rouge

      Chorus
      D
      Baton Rouge Baton Rouge
      C
      I'm gonna get me some alligator shoes
      D
      Baton Rouge Baton Rouge
      C   D   G
      I'm gonna wear 'em out in Baton Rouge
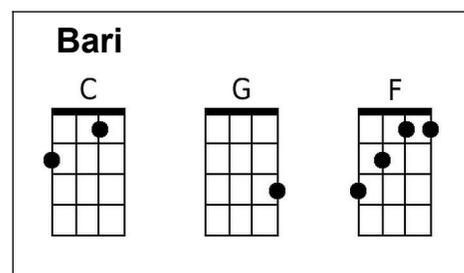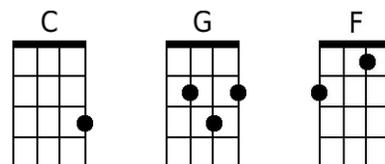
G   D
It was a Texas girl that broke my heart
C   G
Then she tore my truck apart
                D   G
I guess I'll get me another in Baton Rouge
          D
I like Crawfish I like rice
C   G
I like girls that treat you nice
             D   G
I'm gonna find me one in Baton Rouge
Chorus

G   D
I'm gonna learn to walk that walk
C   G
I'm gonna learn to talk that talk
                D   G
I'm gonna learn to dance in Baton Rouge
                  D
Ain't life just like a cul-de-sac
C   G
I'm a Texas boy and I'm goin' back
                  D   G
Soon as I catch my breath in Baton Rouge
Chorus

                   D   G
I'm gonna strut my stuff in Baton Rouge
                 D   G
I'm gonna cool my heels in Baton Rouge
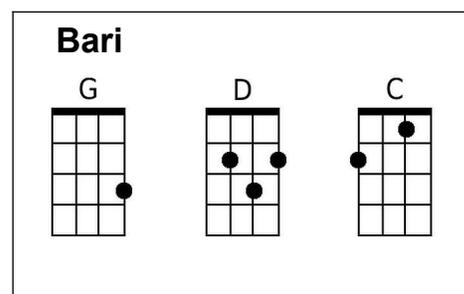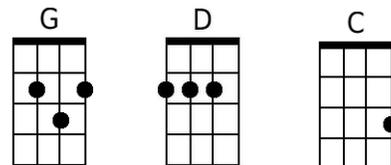
Baton Rouge (Guy Clark & John Charles Crowley, 1992) (NN)

```
1                5
I'm gonna leave Texarkana
4                1
I'm goin' down to Louisiana
                 5           1
I'm gonna try my luck in Baton Rouge
                        5
I'm gonna follow ol' Red River down
4                1
Till I see the lights of town
                      5             1
I ain't gonna get no sleep in Baton Rouge
```

Chorus
```
      5
      Baton Rouge Baton Rouge
      4
      I'm gonna get me some alligator shoes
      5
      Baton Rouge Baton Rouge
      4                   5           G1
      I'm gonna wear 'em out in Baton Rouge
```

```
1                5
It was a Texas girl that broke my heart
4                1
Then she tore my truck apart
                  5                1
I guess I'll get me another in Baton Rouge
            5
I like Crawfish I like rice
4                1
I like girls that treat you nice
                  5           1
I'm gonna find me one in Baton Rouge
```
**Chorus**

```
1                5
I'm gonna learn to walk that walk
4                1
I'm gonna learn to talk that talk
                      5                1
I'm gonna learn to dance in Baton Rouge
                      5
Ain't life just like a cul-de-sac
4                        1
I'm a Texas boy and I'm goin' back
                          5           1
Soon as I catch my breath in Baton Rouge
```
Chorus

```
                    5           1
I'm gonna strut my stuff in Baton Rouge
                    5           1
I'm gonna cool my heels in Baton Rouge
```
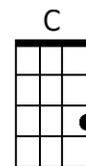
1	4	5
A	D	E
C	F	G
D	G	A
F	Bb	C
G	C	D

Blue Bayou (Roy Orbison & Joe Melson, 1961)
As performed by Roy Orbison

Intro (4 Measures): C

```
  C                                          G7
I feel so bad I've got a worried mind, I'm so lonesome __ all the time
                          C           | Bb  C |
Since I left my baby behind on Blue Bayou.

C                            G7
Saving nickels, saving dimes, __ working 'till the sun don't shine.
                              C           | Bb  C |
Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou.
```
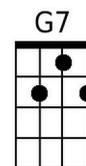
Chorus 1

```
        C                               G7
I'm going back some day, come what may, to Blue Bayou.
                                          C
Where you sleep all day and the catfish play on Blue Bayou.
                              C7          F          Fm
All those fishing boats with their sails afloat if  I could only see
          C                 G7              C           | Bb  C |
That fa-miliar sunrise through sleepy eyes, how happy I'd be.

C                                    G7
Go to see my baby again, and to be with some of my friends;
                      C           | Bb  C |
Maybe I'd be happy then on Blue Bayou.
```

Chorus 2

```
        C                           G7
I'm going back some day, gonna stay on Blue Bayou.
                                      C
Where the folks are fine and the world is mine on Blue Bayou.
          C7                    F              Fm
Ah, that girl of mine __ by my side the silver moon and the evening tide
          C                   G7          C           | Bb  C |
Oh, some sweet day, gonna take away this hurtin' inside.
```
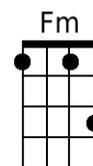
Outro

```
  G7                                     C   | C |
I'll never be blue, my dreams come true on Blue . . .  Bay . . . ou
```

Bari
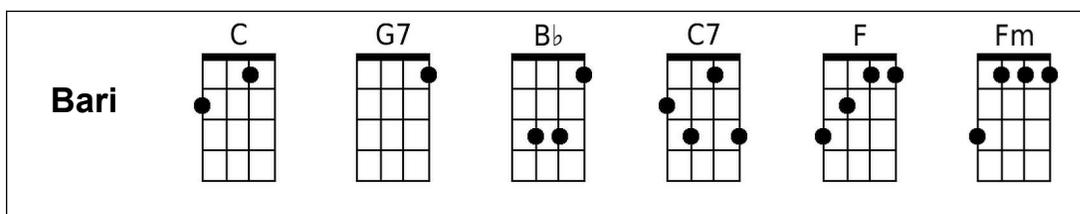
Blue Bayou (Roy Orbison & Joe Melson, 1961)
## As performed by Roy Orbison

Intro (4 Measures): G

```
  G                                                D7
I feel so bad I've got a worried mind, I'm so lonesome __ all the time
                                 G           | F  G |
Since I left my baby behind on Blue Bayou.

G                            D7
Saving nickels, saving dimes, __ working 'till the sun don't shine.
                                G           | F  G |
Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou.
```
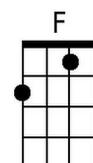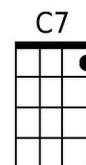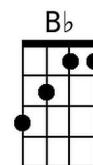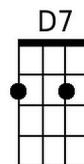
Chorus 1

```
        G                              D7
I'm going back some day, come what may, to Blue Bayou.
                                         G
Where you sleep all day and the catfish play on Blue Bayou.
                              G7          C         Cm
All those fishing boats with their sails afloat if  I could only see
        G                     D7            G          | F  G |
That fa-miliar sunrise through sleepy eyes, how happy I'd be.

G                              D7
Go to see my baby again, and to be with some of my friends;
                       G           | F  G |
Maybe I'd be happy then on Blue Bayou.
```
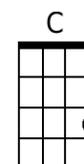
Chorus 2

```
        G                              D7
I'm going back some day, gonna stay on Blue Bayou.
                                         G
Where the folks are fine and the world is mine on Blue Bayou.
                G7               C              Cm
Ah, that girl of mine __ by my side the silver moon and the evening tide
        G                     D7            G          | F  G |
Oh, some sweet day, gonna take away this hurtin' inside.
```
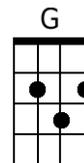
Outro

```
    D7                                              G   | G |
I'll never be blue, my dreams come true on Blue . . .  Bay . . . ou
```

Blue Bayou (Roy Orbison & Joe Melson, 1961)
As performed by Roy Orbison – Version 2

Intro: C G7 C

```
 C                      CΔ7    Am7  G7              G9
I feel so bad I've got a worried mind,  I'm so lonesome all the time
G7                         G9      C
Since I left my baby be-hind on Blue Bayou.


C              CΔ7    Am7  G7              G9
Saving nickels, saving dimes,      working 'till the sun don't shine.
G7                          G9       C          | Bb  C |
Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou.
```
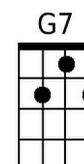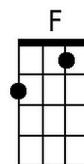
Chorus 1
```
          C          CΔ7  C          CΔ7        G7
I'm going back some-day,  come what  may, to Blue Bayou.
                                              C
Where you sleep all day and the catfish play on Blue Bayou.
                              C7          F          Fm
All those fishing boats with their sails afloat if  I could only see
          C                  G7            C
That fa-miliar sunrise through sleepy eyes, how happy I'd be.
```
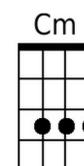
```
C             CΔ7 Am7  G7                      G9
Go to see my baby  again, and to be with some of my friends;
G7                 G9      C
Maybe I'd be happy then on Blue Bayou.
```

Chorus 2
```
          C          CΔ7  C    CΔ7        G7
I'm going back some day,  gonna stay  on Blue Bayou.
                                        C
Where the folks are fine and the world is mine on Blue Bayou.
          C              C7            F                Fm
Ah, that (boy/gal) of mine by my side the silver moon and the  evening  tide
          C                  G7            C
Oh, some sweet day, gonna take away this hurtin' inside.
```

Outro
```
  G7              G9           G7     F      G7     C  | C
I'll never be blue, my dreams come true, on Blue . . .  Ba . . . you.
```
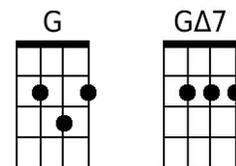**(3 measures, end C)**

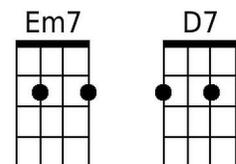# Blue Bayou (Roy Orbison & Joe Melson, 1961)
As performed by Roy Orbison – Version 2

Intro: G D7 G

  G   **GΔ7**   **Em7 D7**   **D9**
I feel so bad I've got a worried mind, I'm so lonesome all the time
D7   **D9**   **G**   **| F G |**
Since I left my baby be-hind on Blue Bayou.

G   **GΔ7 Em7**   **D7**   **D9**
Saving nickels, saving dimes,   working 'till the sun don't shine.
D7   **D9**   **G**   **| F G |**
Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou.

Chorus 1
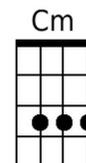   **G**   **GΔ7 G**   **GΔ7**   **D7**
I'm going back some-day, come what may, to Blue Bayou.
                                         G
Where you sleep all day and the catfish play on Blue Bayou.
                            G7   **C**   **Cm**
All those fishing boats with their sails afloat if I could only see
          G   **D7**   **G**
That fa-miliar sunrise through sleepy eyes, how happy I'd be.
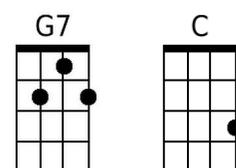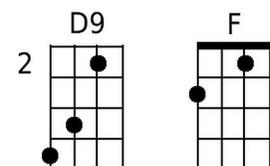
G   **GΔ7 Em7** **D7**   **D9**
Go to see my baby again, and to be with some of my friends;
D7   **D9**   **G**
Maybe I'd be happy then on Blue Bayou.

Chorus 2
           G   **GΔ7 G**   **GΔ7**   **D7**
I'm going back some day, gonna stay on Blue Bayou.
                                   G
Where the folks are fine and the world is mine on Blue Bayou.
          G   **G7**   **C**   **Cm**
Ah, that (boy/gal) of mine by my side the silver moon and the evening tide
          G   **D7**   **G**
Oh, some sweet day, gonna take away this hurtin' inside.

Outro
  D7   **D9**   **D7**   **C**   **D7**   **G | G**
I'll never be blue, my dreams come true on Blue . . . Ba . . . you.
                                        (3 measures, end C)

Blue Bayou (Roy Orbison & Joe Melson, 1961) (C)
As performed by Linda Ronstadt (1977)

Tempo: 95 bpm

C

<mark>Intro</mark>: C | G7 | C

    C   G7

1. I feel so bad, I've got a worried mind; I'm so lonesome __ all the time,

                               C

Since I left my baby behind on Blue Bayou.

G7

    C   G7

<mark>2.</mark> Saving nickels, saving dimes; __ working till the sun don't shine;

                                      C | Bb C

Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou.

Bb

    <mark>Chorus</mark>

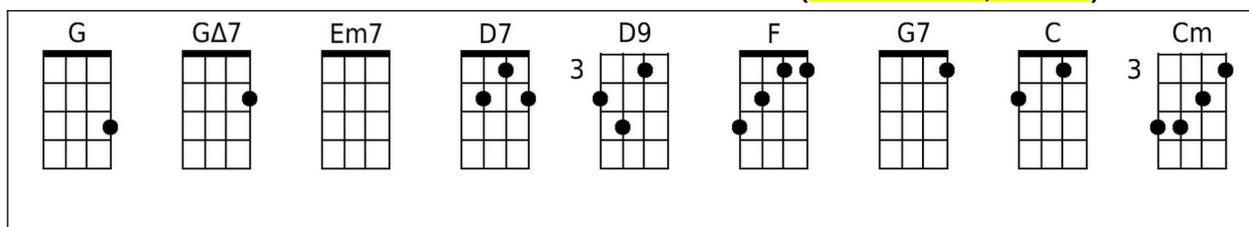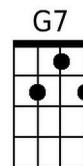   C   G7

    I'm going back someday, come what may to Blue Bayou.

                                                    C

    Where the folks are fine and the world is mine on Blue Bayou.

F

                C   C7   F   Fm

    Where those fishing boats with their sails a-float, if I could only see,

             C   G7   C

    That fa-miliar sunrise through sleepy eyes how happy I'd be.

Fm

    C   G7

3. Gonna see my baby again, gonna be with some of my friends;

                                 C

Maybe I'll feel better again on Blue Bayou.

<mark>Repeat Verse 2 and Chorus.</mark>

<mark>Instrumental Interlude:</mark> C | C | G7 | G7 | G7 | G7 | C | C

<mark>Outro</mark>

        C   C7   F   Fm

Oh that boy of mine by my side, the silver moon and the evening tide,

    C   G7   C

Oh some sweet day, gonna take away this hurting inside.

      G7   C | C | C | C

Well I'll never be blue, my dreams come true, on Blue Ba-you.   (<mark>Hold</mark>)

Bari   C   G7   Bb   F   Fm
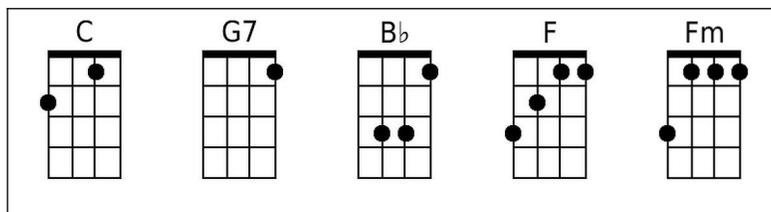
Blue Bayou (Roy Orbison & Joe Melson, 1961) (G)
As performed by Linda Ronstadt (1977)

Tempo: 95 bpm

Intro: G | D7 | G

G   D7
1. I feel so bad, I've got a worried mind; I'm so lonesome __ all the time,
                                  G
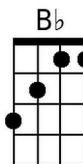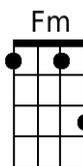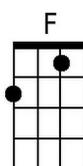Since I left my baby behind on Blue Bayou.

G   D7
2. Saving nickels, saving dimes; __ working till the sun don't shine;
                                 G | F | G
Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou.

Chorus

              G   D7
I'm going back someday, come what may to Blue Bayou.
                                            G
Where the folks are fine and the world is mine on Blue Bayou.
            G   G7   C   Cm
Where those fishing boats with their sails a-float, if I could only see,
        G   D7   G
That fa-miliar sunrise through sleepy eyes how happy I'd be.

G   D7
3. Gonna see my baby again, gonna be with some of my friends;
                                G
Maybe I'll feel better again on Blue Bayou.
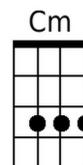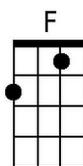
Repeat Verse 2 and Chorus.

Instrumental Interlude: G | G | D7 | D7 | D7 | D7 | G | G

Outro

            G   G7   C   Cm
Oh that boy of mine by my side, the silver moon and the evening tide
    G   D7   G
Oh some sweet day, gonna take away this hurting inside.
          D   G | G | G | G
Well I'll never be blue, my dreams come true, on Blue Ba-you.   **(Hold)**
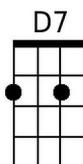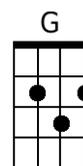
Bari

Blue Bayou (Roy Orbison & Joe Melson, 1961) (C) Tempo: 95 bpm

Intro: C | G7 | C

 C   Cmaj7 Am7
I feel so bad, I've got a worried mind   -
G7   G9
I'm so lonesome all the time,
G7   G9 C
Since I left my baby behind on Blue Bayou.

 C   Cmaj7 Am7   G7
Saving nickels, saving dimes;
      G9
Working till the sun don't shine;
G7   G9 C
Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou.
Bb C

   C   Cmaj7
I'm going back someday,
C   Cmaj7 G7
Come what may to Blue Bayou.

Where the folks are fine
       C
And the world is mine on Blue Bayou.

Where those fishing boats
    C7
With their sails a-float,
 F   Fm
If I could only see,
    C   G7
That fa-miliar sunrise through sleepy eyes
   C
How happy I'd be.

C   Cmaj7 Am7
Gonna see my baby   again,
G7   G9
Gonna be with some of my friends;
G7   G9 C
Maybe I'll feel better again on Blue Bayou.

 C   Cmaj7 Am7   G7
Saving nickels, saving dimes;
     G9
Working till the sun don't shine;
G7   G9 C
Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou.
Bb C

    C Cmaj7
I'm going back someday,
C   Cmaj7 G7
Come what may to Blue Bayou.

Where you sleep all day
       C
And the catfish play on Blue Bayou.

Where those fishing boats
    C7
With their sails a-float,
 F   Fm
If I could only see,
    C   G7
That fa-miliar sunrise through sleepy eyes
   C
How happy I'd be.

C   Cmaj7 Am7
Gonna see my baby   again,
G7   G9
And to be with some of my friends;
G7   G9 C
Maybe I'd be happy then on Blue Bayou.

    C Cmaj7
I'm going back someday,
C Cmaj7 G7
Gonna stay on Blue Bayou.

Where the folks are fine
       C
And the world is mine on Blue Bayou.
     C   C7
Oh that (boy/gal) of mine by my side,
  F   Fm
The silver moon and the evening tide,
  C   G7
Oh some sweet day, gonna take away
   C
This hurting inside.
    G7   G9   G7
Well I'll never be blue, my dreams come true,
  F G7 C C (3 measures, end C)
On Blue - Ba - you.
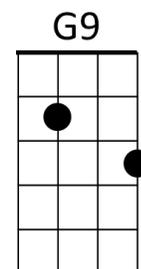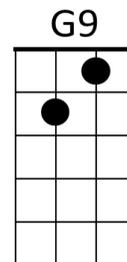
Born on the Bayou (John Fogardy, 1968) (A)

Intro: A7 A   A   A   A (**4x**)

A7   A   A7
Now, when I was just a little boy
              A   A7
Standin' to my Daddy's knee
               A
My poppa said, "Son, don't
A7
let the man get you an'
          A   A7
Do what he done to me"
          A7   A
'Cause he'll get you
              A7
'Cause he'll get you mama

A7   A   A7
And I can remember the Fourth of July
                 A   A7   G D
Runnin' through the backwood, bare
     A7
And I can still hear my old
A   A7
hound dog barkin'
              A   A7   G D
Chasin' down a hoodoo there
A7   A   A7   G D
Chasin' down a hoodoo there

Chorus
A7   A A7   G D
Born on the ba-you
A7   A A7   G D
Born on the ba-you
A7   A A7   G D
Born on the ba-you

A7   A   A7
Wish I was back on the bayou
               A   A7
Rollin' with some Cajun queen
                 A   A7
Wishin' I were a fast freight train
              A   A7
Just a chooglin' on down to New Orleans.
                              Chorus

A7   A   A7
And I can remember the Fourth of July
                 A   A7   G D
Runnin' through the backwood, bare
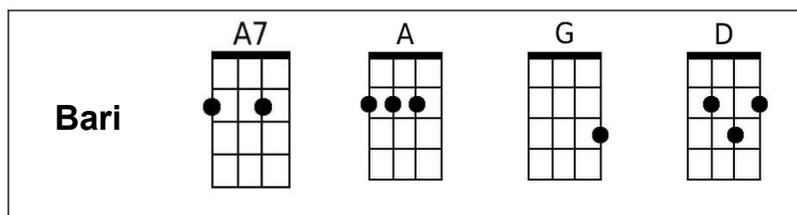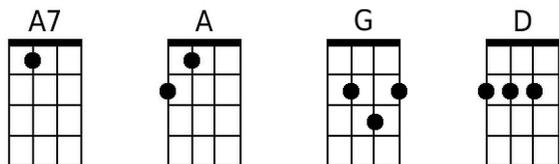   A7
And I can still hear my old
A   A7
hound dog barkin'
              A   A7   G D
Chasin' down a hoodoo there
A7   A   A7   G D
Chasin' down a hoodoo there.   **Chorus**

Born on the Bayou (John Fogardy, 1968) (D)

Intro: D7 D D D D (**4x**)

D7   D   D7
Now, when I was just a little boy
             D   D7
Standin' to my Daddy's knee
           D
My poppa said, "Son, don't
D7
let the man get you an'
        D   D7
Do what he done to me"
        D7   D
'Cause he'll get you
           D7
'Cause he'll get you mama

D7   D   D7
And I can remember the Fourth of July
            D   D7 C G
Runnin' through the backwood, bare
   D7
And I can still hear my old
D   D7
hound dog barkin'
       D   D7 C G
Chasin' down a hoodoo there
D7   D   D7 C G
Chasin' down a hoodoo there

Chorus
D7   D D7 C G
Born on the ba-you
D7   D D7 C G
Born on the ba-you
D7   D D7 C G
Born on the ba-you

D7   D   D7
Wish I was back on the bayou
            D   D7
Rollin' with some Cajun queen
           D   D7
Wishin' I were a fast freight train
           D   D7
Just a chooglin' on down to New Orleans
         Chorus

D7   D   D7
And I can remember the Fourth of July
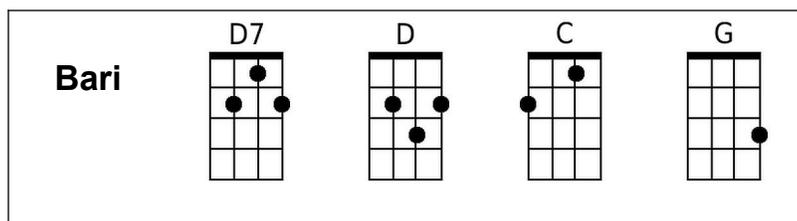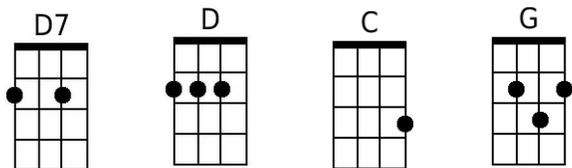   D   D7 C G
Runnin' through the backwood, bare
    D7
And I can still hear my old
D   D7
hound dog barkin'
        D   D7 C G
Chasin' down a hoodoo there
D7   D   D7 C G
Chasin' down a hoodoo there **Chorus**

Bari

C'est La Vie (Chuck Berry, early 1960s) (C)

C
It was a teen-aged wedding

And the old folks wished them well

You could see that Pierre
           G
Truly loved the mademoiselle

And now the young Monsieur and Madame

Have rung the chapel bell

C'est La Vie, say the old folks
             C
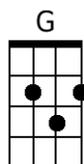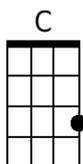It goes to show you never can tell

C
They furnished off the apartment

With a two room tag-end sale

The coolerator was crammed
          G
With TV dinners and Ginger Ale

But when Pierre found work

The little money come in, worked out well

C'est La Vie, say the old folks
            C
It goes to show you never can tell.

C
They had a hi-fi phono

Boy, did they let it blast

700 little records
          G
All rock and rhythm and jazz

But when the sun went down

The rapid tempo of the music fell

C'est La Vie say the old folks
            C
It goes to show you never can tell

C
They bought a souped up chitney

Was cherry red fifty-three

Drove it down to Orleans
          G
To celebrate their anniversary

It was there where Pierre was wedded

To the lovely mademoiselle

C'est La Vie say the old folks
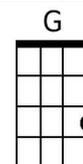   **C**
It goes to show you never can tell

==(Repeat First Verse)==

      G
C'est La Vie, say the old folks
            C
It goes to show you never can tell

GCEA — C, G chords
DGBE — C, G chords

C'est La Vie (Chuck Berry, early 1960s) (F)

F
It was a teen-aged wedding

And the old folks wished them well

You could see that Pierre
                  C
Truly loved the mademoiselle

And now the young Monsieur and Madame

Have rung the chapel bell

C'est La Vie, say the old folks
                  F
It goes to show you never can tell

F
They furnished off the apartment

With a two room tag-end sale

The coolerator was crammed
                  C
With TV dinners and Ginger Ale

But when Pierre found work

The little money come in, worked out well

C'est La Vie, say the old folks
                  F
It goes to show you never can tell

F
They had a hi-fi phono

Boy, did they let it blast

700 little records
                  C
All rock and rhythm and jazz

But when the sun went down

The rapid tempo of the music fell

C'est La Vie say the old folks
                  F
It goes to show you never can tell

F
They bought a souped up chitney

Was cherry red fifty-three

Drove it down to Orleans
                  C
To celebrate their anniversary

It was there where Pierre was wedded

To the lovely mademoiselle

C'est La Vie say the old folks
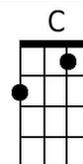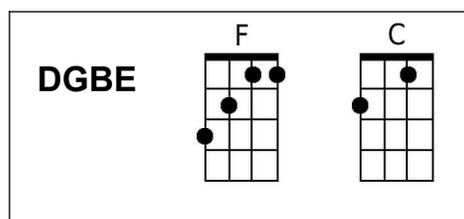   **F**
It goes to show you never can tell

(Repeat First Verse)

          C
C'est La Vie, say the old folks
                  F
It goes to show you never can tell

GCEA   F   C

DGBE   F   C

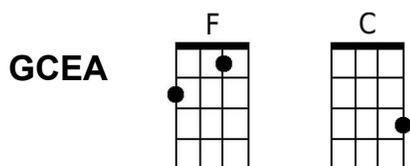# C'est La Vie (Chuck Berry, early 1960s) (NN)

1
It was a teen-aged wedding

And the old folks wished them well

You could see that Pierre
      5
Truly loved the mademoiselle

And now the young Monsieur and Madame

Have rung the chapel bell

C'est La Vie, say the old folks
      1
It goes to show you never can tell

1
They furnished off the apartment

With a two room tag-end sale

The coolerator was crammed
      5
With TV dinners and Ginger Ale

But when Pierre found work

The little money come in, worked out well

C'est La Vie, say the old folks
      1
It goes to show you never can tell

1
They had a hi-fi phono

Boy, did they let it blast

700 little records
      5
All rock and rhythm and jazz

But when the sun went down

The rapid tempo of the music fell

C'est La Vie say the old folks
      1
It goes to show you never can tell

1
They bought a souped up chitney

Was cherry red fifty-three

Drove it down to Orleans
      5
To celebrate their anniversary

It was there where Pierre was wedded

To the lovely mademoiselle

C'est La Vie say the old folks
      1
It goes to show you never can tell

(Repeat First Verse)

      5
C'est La Vie, say the old folks
      1
It goes to show you never can tell

1	5
A	E
C	G
D	A
F	C
G	D

City of New Orleans (Steve Goodman, ca. 1971) (C)

```
C          G7        C
Riding on the city of New Orleans,
Am            F            C
Illinois Central Monday morning rail.
               G7            C
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,
        Am        G7            C
Three con-ductors and twenty five sacks of mail.
      Am
All a-long the southbound Odyssey,
     Em
The train pulls out of Kankakee,
     G7                      D7
And rolls along past houses farms and fields.
Am
Passing towns that have no name,
    Em
And freight yards full of old black men,
       G7                    C   C7
And the graveyards of the rusted auto-mobiles.
```

Chorus
```
F          G7            C
Good morning America how are you?
     Am            F          C   G7
Say don't you know me I'm your native son?
        C          G7        Am
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans.
     Bb          G7                   C
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.
```

```
                 G7          C
Dealing card game with the old men in the club car.
Am            F        C
Penny a point ain't no one keeping score.
            G7            C
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle,
Am          G7              C
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor.
```

```
      Am
And the sons of Pullman porters
            Em
And the sons of engineers,
          G7                        D7
Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steel.
Am
Mothers with their babes a sleep,
Em
Rocking to the gentle beat,
          G7                  C  C7
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.
```
Chorus

```
          G7        C
Nighttime on the City of New Orleans,
Am          F        C
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee.
             G7            C
Halfway home and we'll be there by morning,
Am
Through the Mississippi darkness,
G7              C
Rolling down to the sea.
      Am
And all the towns and people seem
       Em
To fade into a bad dream,
       G7                    D7
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news.
     Am
The conductor sings his songs again,
        Em
The passengers will please refrain.
     G7                          C   C7
This train got the disappearing railroad blues.
```
(Chorus) (*GOOD NIGHT*) (**Repeat last line to end**)

City of New Orleans (Steve Goodman, ca. 1971) (G)

```
G          D7       G
Riding on the city of New Orleans,
Em          C           G
Illinois Central Monday morning rail.
              D7           G
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,
        Em      D7            G
Three con-ductors and twenty five sacks of mail.
      Em
All a-long the southbound Odyssey,
    Bm
The train pulls out of Kankakee,
      D7                       A7
And rolls along past houses farms and fields.
Em
Passing towns that have no name,
    Bm
And freight yards full of old black men,
      D7                    G    G7
And the graveyards of the rusted auto-mobiles.
```

Chorus:

```
C          D7           G
Good morning America how are you?
    Em              C        G  D7
Say don't you know me I'm your native son?
    G           D7       Em
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans.
    F           D7                G
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.


              D7          G
Dealing card game with the old men in the club car,
Em           C        G
Penny a point ain't no one keeping score.
          D7          G
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle,
Em          D7            G
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor.
```

```
      Em
And the sons of Pullman porters
        Bm
And the sons of engineers,
          D7                       A7
Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steel.
Em
Mothers with their babes a sleep,
Bm
Rocking to the gentle beat,
          D7                     G  G7
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel. **Chorus**

            D7        G
Nighttime on the City of New Orleans,
Em          C        G
Changing cars in Memphis Tennessee.
              D7              G
Halfway home and we'll be there by morning,
Em
Through the Mississippi darkness
D7               G
Rolling down to the sea.
      Em
And all the towns and people seem
    Bm
To fade into a bad dream,
        D7                     A7
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news.
      Em
The conductor sings his songs again,
      Bm
The passengers will please refrain.
        D7                       G  G7
This train got the disappearing railroad blues.
```

(**Chorus**) (*GOOD NIGHT*) (**Repeat last line to end**)
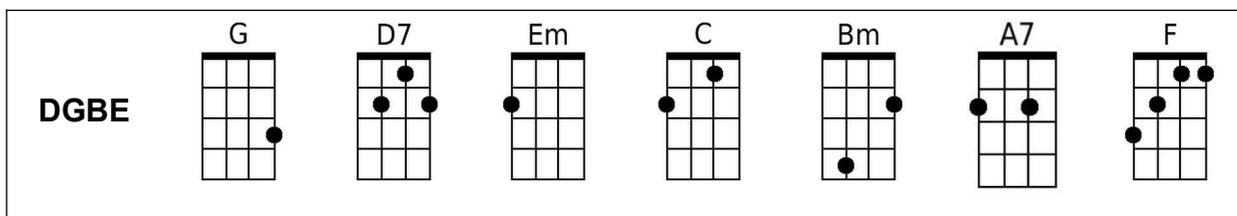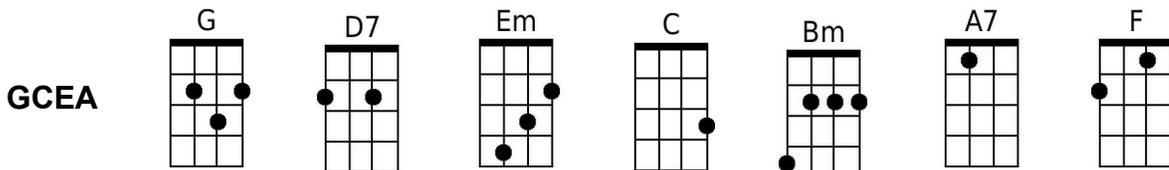
Diggy Liggy Lo (Terry J. Clement, 1953) (C)
Adaption by J. D. Miller (July 1954)

**Intro**: Chords/melody 1st Verse

C
Diggy Liggy Li and Diggy Liggy Lo
                   G7
They fell in love at the fais-do-do

The pop was cold and the coffee *chaud
                  C
For Diggy Liggy Li and Diggy Liggy Lo
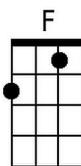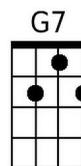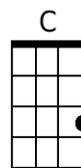
> **Chorus**
> **C**   **F**
> Diggy Liggy Li loved Diggy Liggy Lo
>   **C**
> Everyone knew he was her beau
>   **G7**
> No body else could ever show
>   **C**
> So much love for Diggy Liggy Lo

C
That's the place they find romance
            G7
Where they do the Cajun dance

Steal a kiss now they had a chance
              C
She show's her love with ev'ry glance. **Chorus**

C
Finally went and uh-seen her Pa
            G7
Now he's got hisself a Papa-in-law

Moved out where the Bayou's low
            C
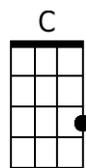Now he's got a little Diggy Liggy Lo. **Chorus (2x)**
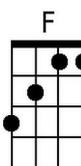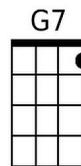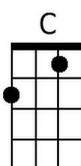
Diggy Liggy Lo (Terry J. Clement, 1953) (G)
Adaption by J. D. Miller (July 1954)

Intro: Chords/melody 1st Verse

G
Diggy Liggy Li and Diggy Liggy Lo
                            D7
They fell in love at the fais-do-do

The pop was cold and the coffee *chaud
                           G
For Diggy Liggy Li and Diggy Liggy Lo
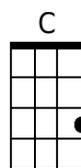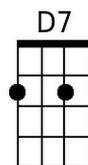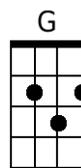
    Chorus
    G   **C**
    Diggy Liggy Li loved Diggy Liggy Lo
         G
    Everyone knew he was her beau
       D7
    No body else could ever show
                G
    So much love for Diggy Liggy Lo

G
That's the place they find romance
                    D7
Where they do the Cajun dance

Steal a kiss now they had a chance
                  G
She show's her love with ev'ry glance. **Chorus**

G
Finally went and uh-seen her Pa
                  D7
Now he's got hisself a Papa-in-law

Moved out where the Bayou's low
                  G
Now he's got a little Diggy Liggy Lo. **Chorus (2x)**

G

D7

C

Bari

G

D7

C

Diggy Liggy Lo (Terry J. Clement, 1953) (NN)
Adaption by J. D. Miller (July 1954)

Intro: Chords/melody 1st Verse

1	4	5(7)
A	D	E7
C	F	G7
D	G	A7
F	Bb	C7
G	C	D7

1
Diggy Liggy Li and Diggy Liggy Lo
                              5(7)
They fell in love at the fais-do-do

The pop was cold and the coffee *chaud
                                        1
For Diggy Liggy Li and Diggy Liggy Lo

    Chorus
    1   4
    Diggy Liggy Li loved Diggy Liggy Lo
          1
    Everyone knew he was her beau
       5(7)
    No body else could ever show
               1
    So much love for Diggy Liggy Lo

1
That's the place they find romance
                              5(7)
Where they do the Cajun dance

Steal a kiss now they had a chance
                                    1
She show's her love with ev'ry glance. **Chorus**

1
Finally went and uh-seen her Pa
                              5(7)
Now he's got hisself a Papa-in-law

Moved out where the Bayou's low
                                    1
Now he's got a little Diggy Liggy Lo. **Chorus (2x)**

Dixie Chicken (Lowell George & Fred Martin, ca. 1973) (C)
Dixie Chicken by Little Feat (1973)

```
C                                                           G
I've seen the bright lights of Memphis and the Commodore Hotel
      G7        G               G7      C
And underneath a street lamp, I met a Southern belle
        F           C                        G
Well she took me to the river,     where she cast her spell
          G7        G                   G7      C
And in that Southern moonlight, she sang a song so well
```
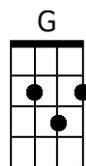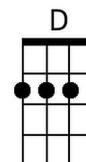
Chorus
```
      C                                          G
   If you'll be my Dixie chicken, I'll be your Tennessee lamb
        G7             G             C  F C
   And we can walk together down in Dix-ie-land
   G7        C   F  C
   Down in Dix-ie-land
```
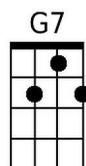
```
C                                             G
Well we made all the hot spots, my money flowed like wine
        G7                G                 G7      C
Then that low down Southern whiskey began to fog my mind
       F          C                        G
And I don't remember church bells or the money I put down
        G7                 G               G7          G      C     C7
On the white picket fence and boardwalk of the house at the edge of town
      F          C                     G
But boy do I remember the strain of her refrain
      G7               G            G7      G        C
The nights we spent together, and the way she called my name  **Chorus**
```
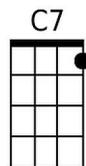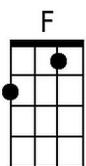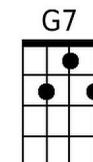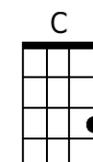
```
C                                                        G
Well it's been a year since she ran away. Yes, that guitar player sure could play
      G7           G               G7     G          C
She always liked to sing along, she's always handy with a song.
        F              C                        G
Then one night in the lobby of the Commodore Hotel
  G7              G             G7     G          C
I chanced to meet a bartender who said he knew her well
      F            C                        G
And as he handed me a drink he began to hum a song
      G7        G               G7     G     C
And all the boys there, at the bar, began to sing along. **Chorus**
```

Bari
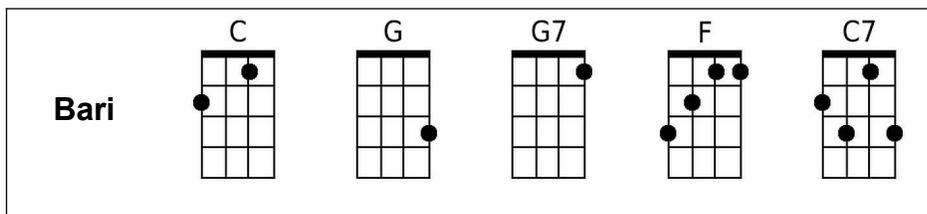
Dixie Chicken (Lowell George & Fred Martin, ca. 1973) (G)
<u>Dixie Chicken</u> by Little Feat (1973)

```
G                                                          D
I've seen the bright lights of Memphis and the Commodore Hotel
     D7          D              D7        G
And underneath a street lamp, I met a Southern belle
          C           G                    D
Well she took me to the river,    where she cast her spell
              D7        D                D7        G
And in that Southern moonlight, she sang a song so well
```
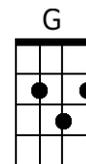
   Chorus
```
     G                                           D
   If you'll be my Dixie chicken, I'll be your Tennessee lamb
          D7            D              G  C G
   And we can walk together down in Dix-ie-land
   D7        G   C G
   Down in Dix-ie-land
```
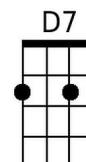
```
G                                            D
Well we made all the hot spots, my money flowed like wine
         D7               D                D7      G
Then that low down Southern whiskey began to fog my mind
       C           G                          D
And I don't remember church bells or the money I put down
         D7                 D             D7          D      G   G7
On the white picket fence and boardwalk of the house at the edge of town
       C         G                    D
But boy do I remember the strain of her refrain
       D7              D            D7       D        G
The nights we spent together, and the way she called my name  **Chorus**
```

```
G                                                          D
Well it's been a year since she ran away. Yes, that guitar player sure could play
       D7          D            D7     D       G
She always liked to sing along, she's always handy with a song.
        C           G                     D
Then one night in the lobby of the Commodore Hotel
  D7             D             D7     D       G
I chanced to meet a bartender who said he knew her well
      C         G                      D
And as he handed me a drink he began to hum a song
       D7         D              D7     D    G
And all the boys there, at the bar, began to sing along. **Chorus**
```
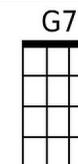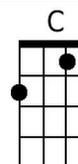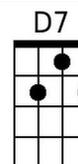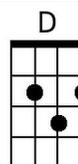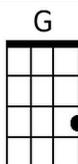
House of the Rising Sun (Traditional, adapted by Eric Burdon) (Am)
House of the Rising Sun by The Animals – 6/8 Time

Intro: Am C | D F | Am E7 | Am E7

    Am C   D   F   Am   C   E7
There is a house in New Orleans, They call the Risin' Sun
    Am   C   D   F   Am   E7   Am - E7
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy. And God, I know I'm one. **Repeat Intro**

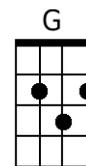   Am   C   D - F   Am   C   E7
My mother was a tailor.   She sewed my new blue jeans.
   Am C   D   F   Am   E7   Am - E7
My father was a gamblin' man, Down in New Or-leans. **Repeat Intro**

    Am C   D   F   Am   C   E7
Now, the only thing a gambler needs, is a suitcase and a trunk
    Am C   D   F   Am   E7   Am - E7
And the only time that he's satis-fied, is when he's on a drunk. **Repeat Intro**

Instrumental Verse. Repeat Intro

   Am   C   D   - F   Am   C   E7
Oh, Mother, tell your children   Not to do what I have done.
Am   C   D   F   Am   E7   Am - E7
Spend your lives in sin and miser-y in the House of the Risin' Sun. **Repeat Intro**

     Am   C   D   - F   Am   C   E7
Well, I've got one foot on the platform.   The other foot on the train.
    Am C   D   - F   Am   E7   Am - E7
I'm goin' back to New Orleans,   To wear that ball and chain. **Repeat Intro**

    Am C   D   - F   Am   C   E7
There is a house in New Orleans   They call the Risin' Sun
     Am   C   D   F   Am   E7   Am - E7
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy. And God, I know I'm one.

Am C | D F | Am E7 | Am D | Am D | Am D | Am

Strum:
1 2& 3&
D DU DU
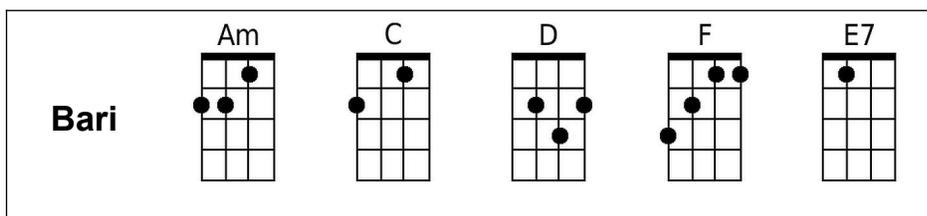
Bari

Note: Repetition of the Intro after every verse is optional. Baritones can re-create the Animals opening by doing an arpeggio of each chord in the Introduction (especially if amplified).

House of the Rising Sun (Traditional, adapted by Eric Burdon) (Em)
House of the Rising Sun by The Animals – 6/8 Time

Intro: Em G | A C | Em B7 | Em B7
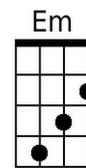
```
        Em   G        A     C        Em   G    B7
There  is  a  house in New Or-leans,  They call the Risin' Sun
        Em    G    A        C      Em     B7      Em - B7
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy. And God, I know I'm one.  Repeat
                                                                     Intro

     Em    G    A   - C      Em      G      B7
My mother was a tailor.    She sewed my new blue jeans.
     Em  G     A        C    Em     B7     Em - B7
My father was a gamblin' man, Down in New Or-leans.  Repeat Intro

        Em  G     A      C        Em    G    B7
Now, the only thing a gambler needs,  is a suitcase and a trunk
     Em  G       A       C      Em      B7    Em - B7
And the only time that he's satis-fied, is when he's on a drunk.  Repeat Intro
```
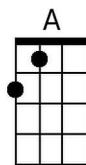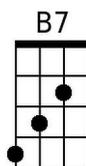
Instrumental Verse. Repeat Intro

```
     Em     G      A    - C      Em     G      B7
Oh, Mother, tell your children    Not to do what  I  have done.
Em       G    A        C     Em         B7    Em - B7
Spend your lives in sin and miser-y  in the House of the Risin' Sun.  Repeat
                                                                      Intro
        Em    G       A    - C     Em     G    B7
Well, I've got one foot on the platform.   The other foot on the train.
     Em  G      A        - C    Em    B7      Em - B7
I'm goin' back to New Orleans,   To wear that ball and chain.  Repeat Intro

        Em    G       A      - C      Em    G    B7
There  is  a  house in New Orleans    They call the Risin' Sun
        Em     G    A         C      Em     B7      Em - B7
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy. And God, I know I'm one.
```

Em G | A C | Em B7 | Em A | Em A | Em A | Em

```
Strum:
1 2& 3&
D  DU DU
```

Bari
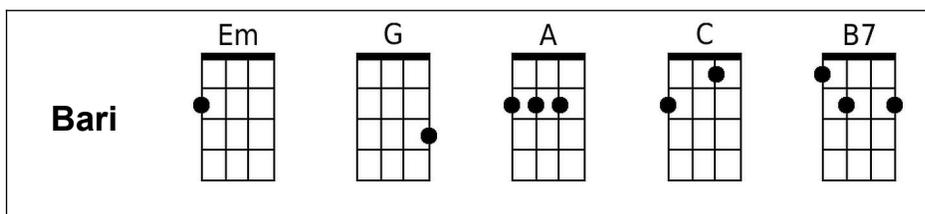
Note: Repetition of the Intro after every verse is optional.

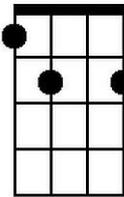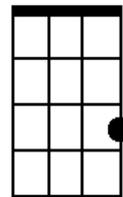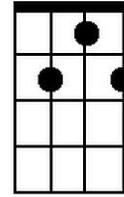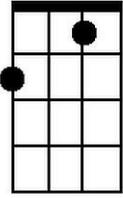# Jambalaya (On The Bayou) (Hank Williams, 1952)
GCEA

```
1                                    5(7)
Goodbye, Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh.
                                      1
Me gotta go, pole the pirogue down the bayou.
                             5(7)
My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh.
                                  1
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.
```
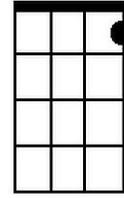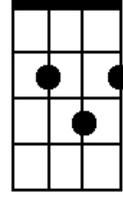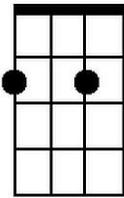
Chorus:

```
                                   5(7)
    Well jambalaya and a crawfish pie and filé gumbo
                                   1
    Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio.
                        5(7)
    Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gayo,
                              1
    Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.
```

```
1                                    5(7)
Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin',
                             1
Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen.
                           5(7)
We dress in style and go hog wild, me oh my oh.
                              1
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.
```

(Chorus) (2X)

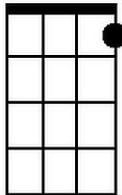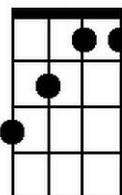| 1	5(7)
A	E7
C	G7
D	A7
F	C7
G	D7

Jambalaya (On The Bayou) (Hank Williams, 1952)
DGBE

```
1                                    5(7)
Goodbye, Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh.
                                      1
Me gotta go, pole the pirogue down the bayou.
                                5(7)
My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh.
                                    1
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.
```
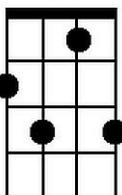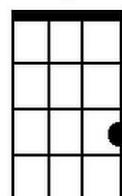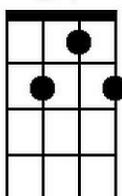
Chorus:

```
                                  5(7)
    Well jambalaya and a crawfish pie and filé gumbo
                                    1
    Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio.
                          5(7)
    Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gayo,
                                  1
    Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.
```

```
1                                    5(7)
Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin',
                              1
Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen.
                              5(7)
We dress in style and go hog wild, me oh my oh.
                                  1
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.
```
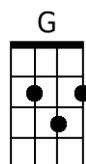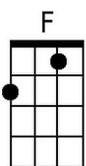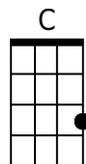
(Chorus) **(2X)**

1	5(7)
A	E7
C	G7
D	A7
F	C7
G	D7

Johnny B. Goode (Chuck Berry, 1957) (C)

Intro: C F C G F C G

C
Deep down Louisiana close to New Orleans
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens
     F
There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood
      C
Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode
    G
Who never ever learned to read or write so well
        C   F   C
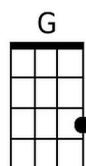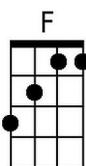But he could play the guitar just like a ringing a bell

    Chorus:
    C
    Go go, Go Johnny go - Go, Go Johnny go
    F   C
    Go, Go Johnny go - Go, Go Johnny go
    G F   C   G
    Go, Johnny B. Goode
        Outro: C | G | C |
  C
He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack
Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track
     F
Oh, the engineers would see him sitting in the shade
C
Strumming with the rhythm that the drivers made
G
People passing by they would stop and say
    C   F   C
Oh my that little country boy could play. **Chorus**

    C
His mother told him "Someday you will be a man,
And you will be the leader of a big old band.
F
Many people coming from miles around
    C
To hear you play your music when the sun go down
G
Maybe someday your name will be in lights
      C   F   C
Saying Johnny B. Goode tonight." **Chorus**

C

F

G

Bari

C

F

G

Johnny B. Goode (Chuck Berry, 1957) (G)

Intro: G C G D C G D

G
Deep down Louisiana close to New Orleans
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens
  C
There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood
   G
Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode
  D
Who never ever learned to read or write so well
    G   **C** **G**
But he could play the guitar just like a ringing a bell
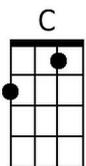
  Chorus:
  G
  Go go, Go Johnny go - Go, Go Johnny go
  C   **G**
  Go, Go Johnny go - Go, Go Johnny go
  D **C**   **G**   **C**
  Go, Johnny B. Goode
     Outro: **G**   **| C | G |**
 G
He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack
Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track
   C
Oh, the engineers would see him sitting in the shade
G
Strumming with the rhythm that the drivers made
D
People passing by they would stop and say
  G   **C**   **G**
Oh my that little country boy could play. **Chorus**

  G
His mother told him "Someday you will be a man,
And you will be the leader of a big old band.
C
Many people coming from miles around
  G
To hear you play your music when the sun go down
D
Maybe someday your name will be in lights
   G   **C** **G**
Saying Johnny B. Goode tonight." **Chorus**
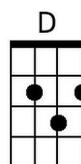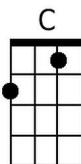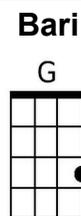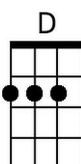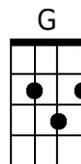
Johnny B. Goode (Chuck Berry, 1957) (NN)

1	4	5
A	D	E
C	F	G
D	G	A
F	Bb	C
G	C	D

Intro: 1 4 1 5 4 1 5

1
Deep down Louisiana close to New Orleans
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens
        4
There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood
            1
Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode
        5
Who never ever learned to read or write so well
                1   4   1
But he could play the guitar just like a ringing a bell

        Chorus:
        1
        Go go, Go Johnny go - Go, Go Johnny go
        4   1
        Go, Go Johnny go - Go, Go Johnny go
        5   4   1   5
        Go, Johnny B. Goode
                Outro: 1 | 5 | 1 |
1
He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack
Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track
        4
Oh, the engineers would see him sitting in the shade
1
Strumming with the rhythm that the drivers made
5
People passing by they would stop and say
        1   4   1
Oh my that little country boy could play. **Chorus**

        1
His mother told him "Someday you will be a man,
And you will be the leader of a big old band.
4
Many people coming from miles around
        1
To hear you play your music when the sun go down
5
Maybe someday your name will be in lights
            1   4   1
Saying Johnny B. Goode tonight." **Chorus**

Lady Marmalade (Kenny Nolan & Robert Crewe, 1974) (Am)

<mark>**Intro**</mark>: Am Dm

Am   D   Am   D
Hey sister, go sister, soul sister, go sister. Hey sister, go sister, soul sister, go sister.
Am   D   Am   D
He met marmalade down in old New Orleans, Struttin' her stuff on the street.
  Dm   Em E7
She said "hello, hey Joe, you wanna give it a go?"

  <mark>**Chorus**</mark>
  Am   D Am   D
  Gitchi gitchi ya ya da da, Itchi gitchi ya ya here.
  Am   D Dm   Am
  Mocha-choca-lata ya ya, Creole Lady Marmalade.

  <mark style="background:#ccc">Reprise</mark>
  Am   D
  Voulez-vous coucher avec moi, ce soir?
  Am   D
  Voulez-vous coucher avec moi?

Am   D   Am   D
He sat in her boudoir while she freshened up, That boy drank all that magnolia wine
  Dm   Em   E7
On her black satin sheets where he started to freak. <mark>**Chorus**</mark>

   Am   D   Am   D
Hey, hey, hey - Touch of her skin feelin' silky smooth, The colour of caf au lait.
  Dm   Em E7
Made the savage beast inside roar until it cried - More, more, more

Am   D   Am   D
Now he's back home doing nine-to-five, Living his grey flannel life
  Dm   Em   E7
But when he turns off to sleep - Old memories creep, more, more, more.

<div align="right"><mark>**Chorus**</mark> & <mark style="background:#ccc">Reprise</mark></div>

A hit for LaBelle in 1974.

GCEA Am Dm D Em E7

DGBE Am Dm D Em E7
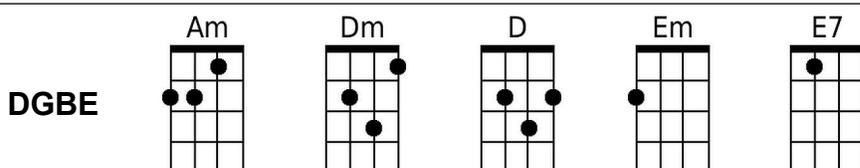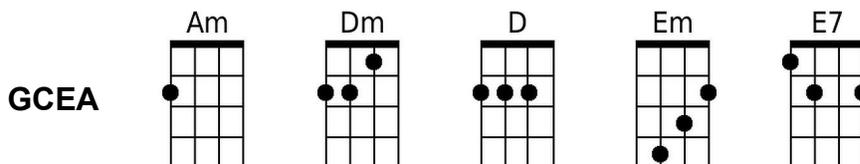
Lady Marmalade (Kenny Nolan & Robert Crewe, 1974) (Dm)

Intro: Dm Gm

```
Dm                    G               Dm              G
```
Hey sister, go sister, soul sister, go sister. Hey sister, go sister, soul sister, go sister
```
Dm                    G               Dm                  G
```
He met marmalade down in old New Orleans, Struttin' her stuff on the street
```
  Gm                              Am       A7
```
She said "hello, hey Joe, you wanna give it a go?"

Chorus
```
  Dm            G      Dm           G
```
Gitchi gitchi ya ya da da, Itchi gitchi ya ya here
```
Dm            G      Gm              Dm
```
Mocha-choca-lata ya ya, Creole Lady Marmalade

Reprise
```
Dm                        G
```
Voulez-vous coucher avec moi, ce soir?
```
Dm                        G
```
Voulez-vous coucher avec moi?

```
Dm                          G           Dm                  G
```
He sat in her boudoir while she freshened up, That boy drank all that magnolia wine
```
    Gm              Am              A7
```
On her black satin sheets where he started to freak. **Chorus**

```
        Dm                  G         Dm                G
```
Hey, hey, hey – Touch of her skin feelin' silky smooth, The colour of café au lait.
```
    Gm                          Am       A7
```
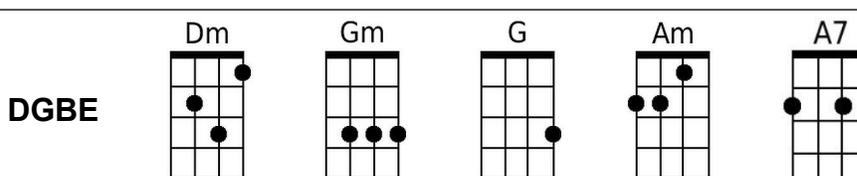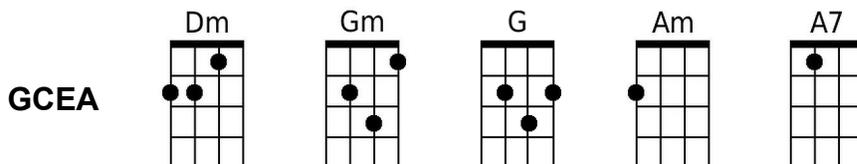Made the savage beast inside roar until it cried - More, more, more

```
Dm                    G         Dm                G
```
Now he's back home doing nine-to-five, Living his grey flannel life
```
      Gm                      Am              A7
```
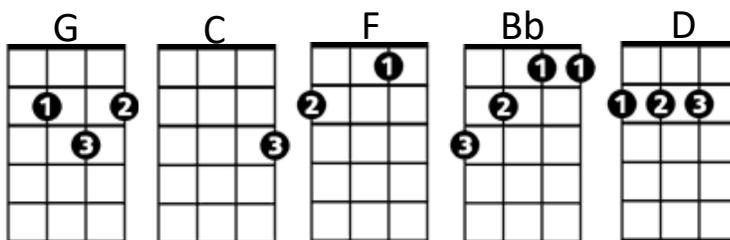But when he turns off to sleep - Old memories creep, more, more, more.

Chorus & **Reprise**

A hit for LaBelle in 1974.

GCEA — Dm, Gm, G, Am, A7

DGBE — Dm, Gm, G, Am, A7

Long Cool Woman (Allan Clarke, Roger Cook, & Roger Greenaway, 1971)

Intro: G/ C/ F/ C/   G// C/ F/ C/ (4X) G

G
Saturday night I was downtown
Bb   C   G
Working for the FBI
G
Sitting in a nest of bad men
Bb   C   G
Whisky bottles piling high

G
Bootlegging boozer on the west side
         Bb   C   G
Full of people who are doing wrong
G
Just about to call up the D.A. man
         Bb   C   G
When I heard this woman singing a song

Chorus:

   C
A pair of 45's made me open my eyes
   D
My temperature started to rise
            C
She was a long cool woman in a black dress
         Bb   C   G
Just a 5 - 9, beautiful tall
    C
With just one look I was a bad mess
         Bb   C   G
'cos that long cool woman had it all

G/ C/ F/ C/   G// C/ F/ C/ (4X) G

G
I saw her headin' to the table
         Bb   C   G
Well a tall walking big black cat
         G
When Charlie said I hope that you're able boy
         Bb   C   G
Well I'm telling you she knows where it's at

G
Well suddenly we heard the sirens
      Bb   C   G
And everybody started to run
G
A jumping out of doors and tables
         Bb   C   G
Well I heard somebody shooting a gun

(Chorus)

G
Well the DA was pumping my left hand
            Bb   C   G
And then she was a—holding my right
G
Well I told her don't get scared
            Bb
'cos you're gonna be spared
         C
Well I've gotta be forgiven

If I wanna spend my living

With a long cool woman in a black dress
         Bb   C   G
Just a 5 - 9 beautiful tall
            C
Well, with just one look I was a bad mess
         Bb   C   G
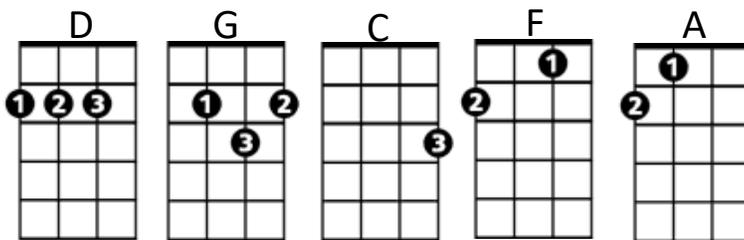'cos that long cool woman had it all

G   (Repeat to fade)
Had it all

BARITONE
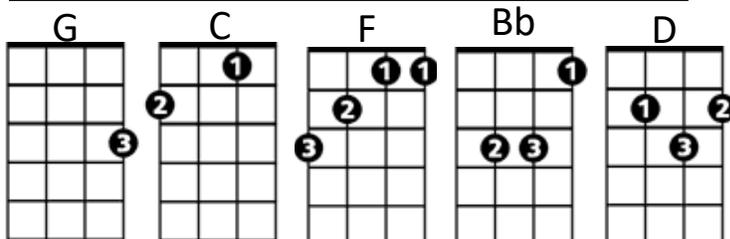
Long Cool Woman (Allan Clarke, Roger Cook, & Roger Greenaway, 1971)

Intro: D/ G/ C/ G/   D// G/ C/ G/   (2X)

D G C F A

D
Saturday night I was downtown
F   G   D
Working for the FBI
D
Sitting in a nest of bad men
F   G   D
Whisky bottles piling high

D
Bootlegging boozer on the west side
**   F   G   D**
Full of people who are doing wrong
D
Just about to call up the D.A. man
**   F   G   D**
When I heard this woman singing a song

Chorus:

** G**
A pair of 45's made me open my eyes
**   A**
My temperature started to rise
**   G**
She was a long cool woman in a black dress
**   F   G   D**
Just a 5 - 9, beautiful tall
**   G**
With just one look I was a bad mess
**   F   G   D**
'cos that long cool woman had it all

D
I saw her headin' to the table
**   F   G   D**
Well a tall walking big black cat
**   D**
When Charlie said I hope that you're able boy
**   F   G   D**
Well I'm telling you she knows where it's at

D
Well suddenly we heard the sirens
**   F   G   D**
And everybody started to run
D
A jumping out of doors and tables
**   F   G   D**
Well I heard somebody shooting a gun

(Chorus)

D
Well the DA was pumping my left hand
**   F   G   D**
And then she was a—holding my right
D
Well I told her don't get scared
**   F**
'cos you're gonna be spared
**   G**
Well I've gotta be forgiven

If I wanna spend my living

With a long cool woman in a black dress
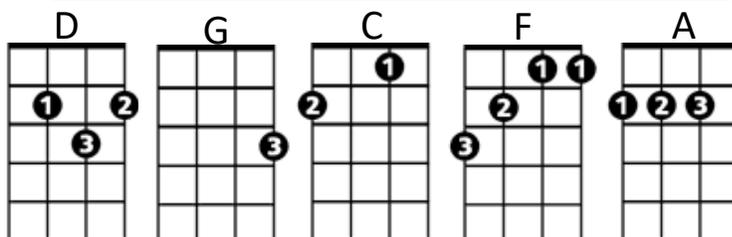**   F   G   D**
Just a 5 - 9 beautiful tall
**   G**
Well, with just one look I was a bad mess
**   F   G   D**
'cos that long cool woman had it all

D   (Repeat to fade)
Had it all

BARITONE

D G C F A

Me And Bobby McGee (Kris Kristofferson & Fred Foster, 1969) (C)

C   G7
Busted flat in Baton Rouge, heading for the trains, feelin' nearly faded as my jeans
                                                                                          C
Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained. Took us all the way into New Orleans
   C   C7   F
I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana and was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues.
With them windshield wipers slappin' time,
     C   G   C - C7
and Bobby clappin' hands, we finally sang up every song that driver knew

F   C   G7   C C7
_ Freedom's just another word for _ nothin' left to lose. _ Nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's free
F   C
_ Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when _ Bobby sang the blues
         G7   C   - C# D
You know _ feelin' good was good enough for me. Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee.

D   A7
From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun Bobby shared the secrets of my soul.
                                                                                          D
Standing right beside me through everythin' I done and every night she kept me from the cold.
D
Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away.
                              D7   G
She was lookin' for the home I hope she'll find.
                              D   A7   D   D7
Well I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday, holdin' Bobby's body close to mine.

Outro (2X)
G   D   A7   D   D7
_ Freedom's just another word for _ nothin' left to lose. _ Nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's free
G   D
_ Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when _ Bobby sang the blues.
            A7
You know _ feelin' good was good enough for me.
                              D | A7 D |
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee.
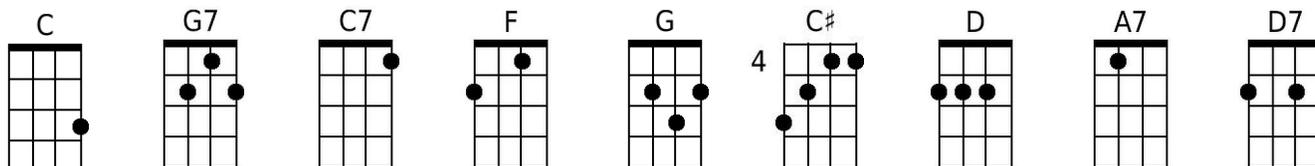
Bari
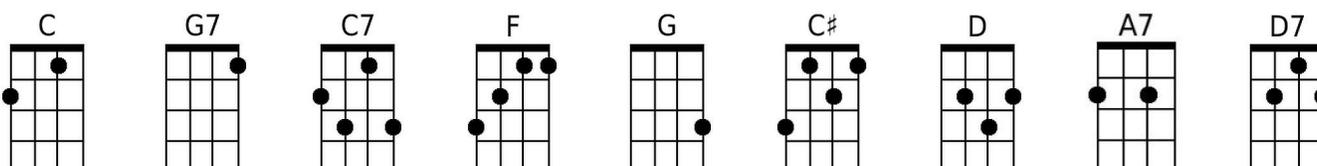
Me And Bobby McGee (Kris Kristofferson & Fred Foster, 1969) (G)

```
G                                                                    D7
Busted flat in Baton Rouge, heading for the trains, feelin' nearly faded as my jeans
                                                                         G
Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained. Took us all the way into New Orleans
 G                                                                G7             C
I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana and was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues.
With them windshield wipers slappin' time,
   G                                  D                         G - G7
and Bobby clappin' hands, we finally sang up every song that driver knew.

C                             G             D7                            G  G7
_ Freedom's just another word for _ nothin' left to lose. _ Nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's free
C                               G
_ Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when _ Bobby sang the blues
         D7                                                          G  - G# A
You know __ feelin' good was good enough for me. Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee.

A                                                               E7
From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun Bobby shared the secrets of my soul.
                                                                            A
Standing right beside me through everythin' I done and every night she kept me from the cold.
A
Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away.
                   A7            D
She was lookin' for the home I hope she'll find.
                            A          E7                        A    A7
Well I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday, holdin' Bobby's body close to mine.
```
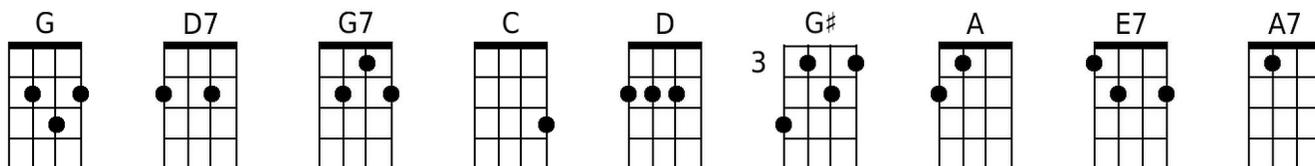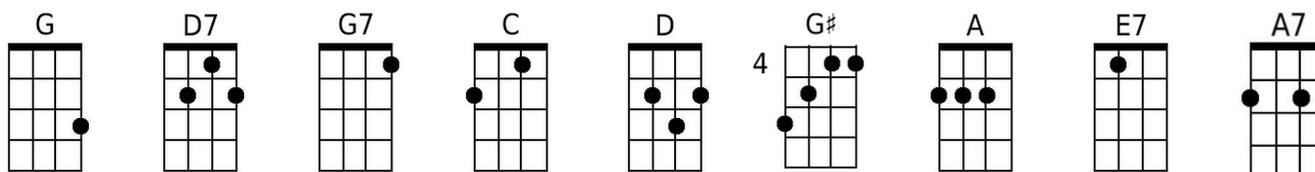
<mark>Outro (2X)</mark>
```
D                               A             E7                         A   A7
_ Freedom's just another word for _ nothin' left to lose. _ Nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's free.
D                               A
_ Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when _ Bobby sang the blues.
         E7                                                          A
You know __ feelin' good was good enough for me.
                            A       | E7  A |
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee.
```
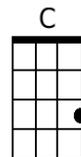
Mr. Bojangles (Jerry Jeff Walker, ca. 1965) (C) (6/8 Time)

Intro: C Em | Am Em
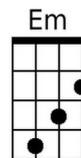
```
 C          Em          Am          F          G - G7
I knew a man Bo-jangles and he danced for you _ In worn out shoes
    C         Em          Am          F          G
With silver hair, a ragged shirt, and baggy pants _ The old soft shoe
F          Em          Am Em Dm          (D7)          G
_ He jumped so high, jumped so high        __ Then he'd lightly touch down.
```
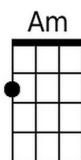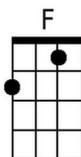
Chorus
```
  Am      G      Am      G      Am      G          C     Em | Am Em
   __ Mr. Bo-jangles __ Mr. Bo-jangles __ Mr. Bo-jangles . . .  dance.
```

```
  C         Em          Am          F          G - G7
I met him in a cell in New Or-leans I was _ down and out
   C         Em     Am          F          G
He looked to me to be  - the eyes of age _ as he spoke right out
F          Em          Am Em Dm          (D7)          G - G7
_ He talked of life, talked of life        __ He laughed, slapped his leg a step
```

```
   C            Em             Am          F          G - G7
He said his name Bo-jangles then he danced a licked _ across the cell
   C                  Em
He grabbed his pants, a better stance,
        Am          F                  G
oh he jumped so high,  _ and he clicked his heels
F          Em          Am Em Dm                (D7)          G
_ He let go a laugh, let go a laugh,     __ shook back his clothes all a-round. **Chorus**
```
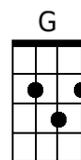
```
   C            Em             Am          F          G - G7
He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs _ throughout the south.
   C            Em             Am          F          G
He spoke with tears of 15 years how his dog and him _ traveled a-bout
F          Em          Am Em  Dm          (D7)          G - G7
_ His dog up and died, he up and died,        __ after 20 years he still grieves.
```
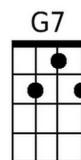
```
   C            Em             Am          F          G - G7
He said I dance now at every chance in honky tonks _ for drinks and tips
   C         Em          Am          F          G
But most the time I spend behind these county bars _ 'cause I drinks a bit
F          Em                    Am  Em
_ He shook his head, and as he shook his head,
Dm        (D7)          G
 __ I heard someone ask him please – please. **Chorus. End on C.**
```
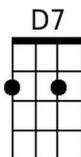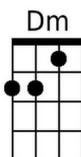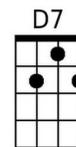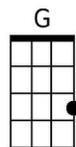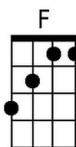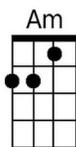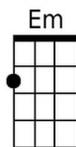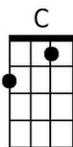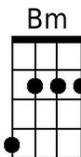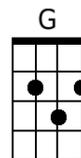
DGBE
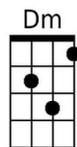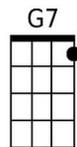
Mr. Bojangles (Jerry Jeff Walker, ca. 1965) (G) (6/8 Time)

Intro: G Bm | Em Bm

```
 G              Bm            Em          C           D - D7
I knew a man Bo-jangles and he danced for you _ In worn out shoes
     G          Bm           Em         C           D
With silver hair, a ragged shirt, and baggy pants _ The old soft shoe
C             Bm            Em  Bm  Am        (A7)        D
_ He jumped so high, jumped so high        __ Then he'd lightly touch down.
```
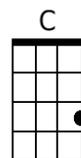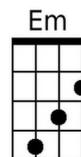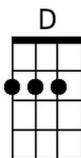
Chorus
```
  Em       D     Em      D     Em      D          G     Bm | Em  Bm
   __ Mr. Bo-jangles  __ Mr. Bo-jangles  __ Mr. Bo-jangles . . .  dance.
```

```
 G            Bm           Em         C          D - D7
I met him in a cell in New Or-leans I was _ down and out
     G            Bm        Em        C               D
He looked to me to be  - the eyes of age _ as he spoke right out
C            Bm           Em  Bm  Am        (A7)          D - D7
_ He talked of life, talked of life      __ He laughed, slapped his leg a step
```

```
  G              Bm            Em          C          D - D7
He said his name Bo-jangles then he danced a licked _ across the cell
    G                Bm
He grabbed his pants, a better stance,
        Em          C               D
oh he jumped so high,  _ and he clicked his heels
C          Bm           Em  Bm  Am          (A7)        D
_ He let go a laugh, let go a laugh,    __ shook back his clothes all a-round.  Chorus
```
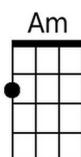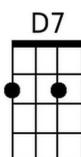
```
   G              Bm              Em        C          D - D7
He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs _ throughout the south.
     G             Bm             Em        C          D
He spoke with tears of 15 years how his dog and him _ traveled a-bout
C            Bm           Em  Bm  Am        (A7)        D - D7
_ His dog up and died, he up and died,        __ after 20 years he still grieves.
```
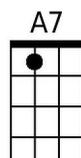
```
   G              Bm               Em        C          D - D7
He said I dance now at every chance in honky tonks _ for drinks and tips
     G            Bm              Em        C                D
But most the time I spend behind these county bars _ 'cause I drinks a bit
C            Bm                    Em  Bm
_ He shook his head, and as he shook his head,
Am        (A7)              D
  __ I heard someone ask him please - please. Chorus. End on G.
```

DGBE
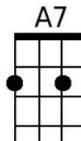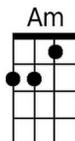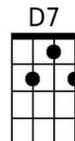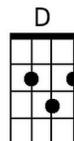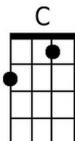
Proud Mary (John Fogerty, 1968) (D)

Intro:| C A | C A | C A G F | F D | D | D |

D
Left a good job in the city, working for the man every night and day,
And I never lost one minute of sleeping, worrying about the way things might have been.
A   **Bm**
Big wheel keep on turning, proud Mary keep on burning.
D
Rolling, rolling, rolling on the river.

D
Cleaned a lot of plates in Memphis, pumped a lot of pain down in New Orleans.
But I never saw the good side of the city. 'till I hitched a ride on a river boat queen.
A   **Bm**
Big wheel keep on turning, proud Mary keep on burning.
D
Rolling, rolling, rolling on the river.
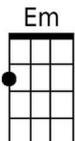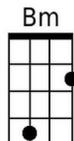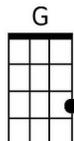
 C A | C A | C A G F | F D | D | D |
D | D | D | D | D | D | D | D |
A | A | Bm | Bm |

D
Rolling, rolling, rolling on the river
 C A | C A | C A G F | F D | D | D |

D
If you come down to the river, bet you're gonna find some people who live.
You don't have to worry if you got no money, people on the river are happy to give.

A   **Bm**
Big wheel keep on turning, proud Mary keep on burning.
D
Rolling, rolling, rolling on the river. **(4x)**

Proud Mary (John Fogerty, 1968) (G)

Intro:| F D | F D | F D C Bb | Bb G | G | G |

G
Left a good job in the city, working for the man every night and day,
And I never lost one minute of sleeping, worrying about the way things might have been.
D   **Em**
Big wheel keep on turning, proud Mary keep on burning.
G
Rolling, rolling, rolling on the river.

G

Cleaned a lot of plates in Memphis, pumped a lot of pain down in New Orleans.
But I never saw the good side of the city. 'till I hitched a ride on a river boat queen.
D   **Em**
Big wheel keep on turning, proud Mary keep on burning.
G
Rolling, rolling, rolling on the river.

 F D | F D | F D C Bb | Bb G | G | G |
 G | G | G | G | G | G | G | G |
 D | D | Em | Em |

G
Rolling, rolling, rolling on the river
 F D | F D | F D C Bb | Bb G | G | G |
G
If you come down to the river, bet you're gonna find some people who live.
You don't have to worry if you got no money, people on the river are happy to give.
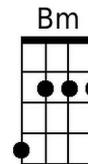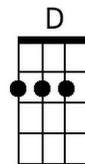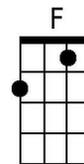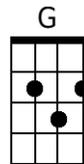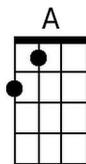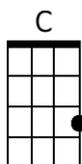
D   **Em**
Big wheel keep on turning, proud Mary keep on burning.
G
Rolling, rolling, rolling on the river. **(4x)**

**Distinctive Strum
Pattern**   **GCEA**

DGBE

St. James Infirmary Blues (Of uncertain origin before 1928) (Am)

First 2 lines.

```
        Am      E7       Am
It was down at old Joe's bar room
        Am       F7    C     E7
At the corner     by the square
          Am    E7       Am
They were serving drinks as usual
      F7      E7        Am
And the usual    crowd was there


       Am      E7          Am
On my left stood big Joe MacKennedy
      Am      F7       C   E7
His eyes were bloodshot  red
        Am            E7    Am
And as he looked at the gang around him
            F7   E7        Am
These were the very words he said.


       Am      E7          Am
I went down to St. James Infirmary
Am          F7      C    E7
  I saw my baby     there
          Am     E7       Am
Stretched out on a long, white table
    F7         E7      Am
So young, so  cold, so fair


Am           E7        Am
Seventeen coal-black horses
Am        F7       C    E7
Hitched to a rubber-tied hack
Am  E7          Am
Seven girls goin' to the graveyard
       F7            E7     Am
Only six of them are coming back
```

```
Strum:  1  2  3&4
        D  D  DUD
```
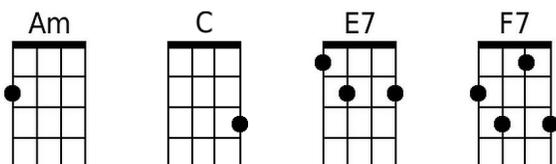
```
        Am        E7          Am
Let her go. Let her go, God bless her
Am       F7      C  E7
Wherever she may be
          Am       E7          Am
She may search this wide world over
           F7         E7      Am
And never find another man like me
```
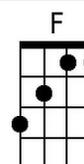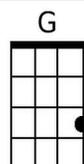
```
Am     E7      Am
When I die just bury me
Am            F7       C   E7
In my high-top Stetson hat
          Am           E7
Place a twenty-dollar gold piece
Am
On my watch chain
          F7         E7            Am
To let the Lord know I died standing pat


        Am     E7          Am
I want six crap-shooters for my pall-bearers
     Am       F7          C    E7
A chorus girl to sing me a   song
          Am      E7    Am
Place a jazz band on my hearse wagon
     F7        E7     Am
To raise hell as we roll along


Am            E7        Am
Now that you've heard my story
Am         F7      C    E7
I'll take another shot of  booze
          Am    E7        Am
And if anyone here should ask you
F7        E7        Am
I've got the gambler's blues
```
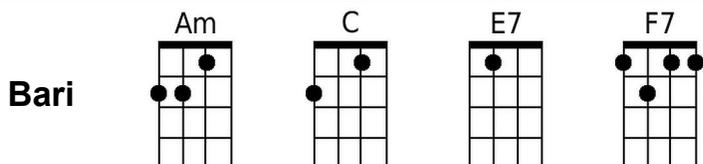
St. James Infirmary Blues (Of uncertain origin before 1928) (Dm)

Intro (8 Measures): First 2 lines.

```
        Dm      A7       Dm
It was down at old Joe's bar room
        Dm        Bb7  F      A7
At the corner     by the square
          Dm      A7       Dm
They were serving drinks as usual
      Bb7      A7         Dm
And the usual     crowd was there


        Dm        A7          Dm
On my left stood big Joe MacKennedy
      Dm        Bb7      F   A7
His eyes were bloodshot  red
          Dm          A7     Dm
And as he looked at the gang around him
          Bb7  A7         Dm
These were the very words he said.


       Dm      A7         Dm
I went down to St. James Infirmary
Dm          Bb7     F      A7
   I saw my baby     there
          Dm      A7        Dm
Stretched out on a long, white table
    Bb7         A7        Dm
So young, so   cold, so fair


Dm          A7         Dm
Seventeen coal-black horses
Dm        Bb7       F     A7
Hitched to a rubber-tied hack
Dm   A7          Dm
Seven girls goin' to the graveyard
     Bb7           A7       Dm
Only six of them are coming back
```

```
Strum:  1 2 3&4
         D D DUD
```
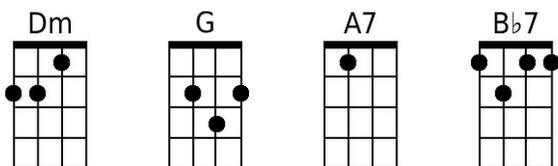
```
        Dm       A7         Dm
Let her go. Let her go, God bless her
Dm        Bb7     F   A7
Wherever she may be
          Dm      A7         Dm
She may search this wide world over
          Bb7         A7       Dm
And never find another man like me
```

Instrumental Verse

```
Dm      A7      Dm
When I die just bury me
Dm           Bb7      F   A7
In my high-top Stetson hat
         Dm          A7
Place a twenty-dollar gold piece
Dm
On my watch chain
        Bb7           A7          Dm
To let the Lord know I died standing pat


        Dm        A7         Dm
I want six crap-shooters for my pall-bearers
    Dm        Bb7        F      A7
A chorus girl to sing me a   song
         Dm        A7     Dm
Place a jazz band on my hearse wagon
    Bb7         A7       Dm
To raise hell as we roll along


Dm             A7        Dm
Now that you've heard my story
Dm          Bb7      F    A7
I'll take another shot of  booze
         Dm    A7         Dm
And if anyone here should ask you
Bb7        A7       Dm
I've got the gambler's blues
```

Instrumental Verse, end on Am

St. James Infirmary Blues (Of uncertain origin before 1928) (Em)

   Em   B7   Em
It was down at old Joe's bar room
        Em   C7   G   B7
At the corner   by the square
         Em   B7   Em
They were serving drinks as usual
      C7   B7   Em
And the usual   crowd was there

      Em   B7   Em
On my left stood big Joe MacKennedy
     Em   C7   G B7
His eyes were bloodshot red
         Em   B7   Em
And as he looked at the gang around him
          C7 B7   Em
These were the very words he said.

      Em   B7   Em
I went down to St. James Infirmary
Em   C7   G   B7
 I saw my baby   there
        Em   B7   Em
Stretched out on a long, white table
   C7   B7   Em
So young, so   cold, so fair

Em   B7   Em
Seventeen coal-black horses
Em   C7   G   B7
Hitched to a rubber-tied hack
Em B7   Em
Seven girls goin' to the graveyard
   C7   B7   Em
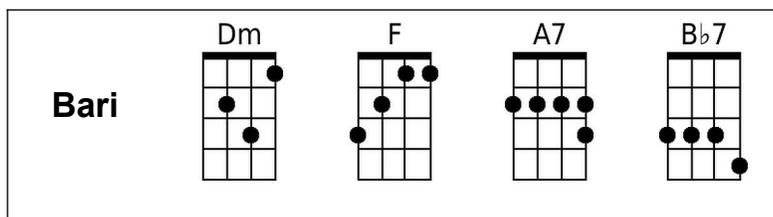Only six of them are coming back

Strum: 1 2 3&4
     D D DUD
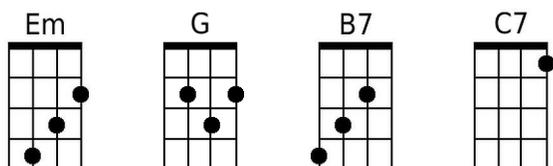
    Em   B7   Em
Let her go. Let her go, God bless her
Em   C7   G B7
Wherever she may be
       Em   B7   Em
She may search this wide world over
       C7   B7   Em
And never find another man like me

Instrumental Verse

Em B7   Em
When I die just bury me
Em   C7   G   B7
In my high-top Stetson hat
      Em   B7
Place a twenty-dollar gold piece
Em
On my watch chain
        C7   B7   Em
To let the Lord know I died standing pat

      Em   B7   Em
I want six crap-shooters for my pall-bearers
    Em   C7   G   B7
A chorus girl to sing me a   song
        Em   B7 Em
Place a jazz band on my hearse wagon
   C7   B7   Em
To raise hell as we roll along

Em   B7   Em
Now that you've heard my story
Em   C7   G   B7
I'll take another shot of booze
      Em   B7   Em
And if anyone here should ask you
C7   B7   Em
I've got the gambler's blues

Instrumental Verse, end on Am
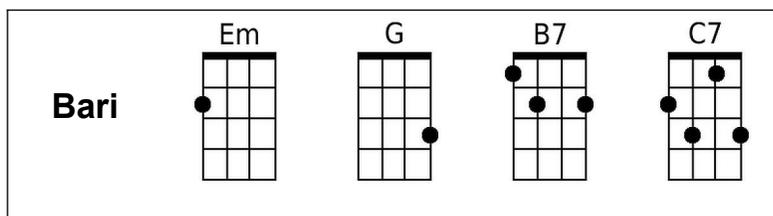
The Battle of New Orleans (Jimmy Driftwood, ca. 1959) (C)

Intro (4 Measures): Strum in on C

```
   C        F
In 1814 we took a little trip
   G7
A-long with Col. Jackson
             C
down the mighty Mississip'
                            F
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans
        G7
And we caught the bloody British
      C
in a town in New Orleans.
```

Chorus
```
      C
We fired our guns and the British kept a comin'
There wasn't nigh as many as there
G7          C
was a while a-go
                    F
We fired once more and they began to runnin'
                      G7          C
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mex-i-co.
```

```
      C
We looked down the river
          F
and we see'd the British come
             G7
And there musta been a hund'erd of 'em
C
beatin' on the drum

They stepped so high and they
F
made their bugles ring
       G7
We stood beside our cotton bales
      C
and didn't say a thing. Chorus
```
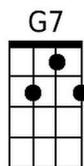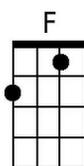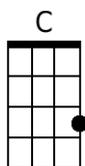
```
   C                    F
Old Hick'ry said we could take 'em by su'prise
      G7
If we didn't fire our musket
            C
till we looked 'em in the eyes
                            F
We held our fire till we see'd their faces well
         G7
Then we opened up with squirrel guns
            C
and really gave 'em   Well -  Chorus
```

Bridge
```
               C
Yeah! they ran through the briars
and they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes
         G7           C
Where a rabbit couldn't go
They ran so fast that the
hounds couldn't catch 'em
                              G7          C
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mex-i-co.
```

```
   C                    F
We fired our cannon till the barrel melted down
         G7
So we grabbed an alligator
            C
and we fought another round

We filled his head with cannonballs
         F
and powdered his behind
       G7
And when we touched the powder off,
            C
the 'gator lost his mind.  Chorus  Bridge
```

C   F   G7

Bari   C   F   G7
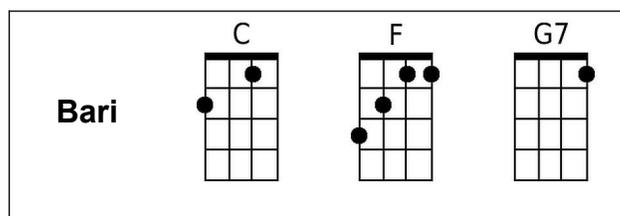
# The Battle of New Orleans (Jimmy Driftwood, ca. 1959) (G)

Intro (4 Measures): Strum in on G

    G   C
In 1814 we took a little trip
    D7
A-long with Col. Jackson
          G
down the mighty Mississip'
                 C
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans
        D7
And we caught the bloody British
      G
in a town in New Orleans.

Chorus
     G
We fired our guns and the British kept a comin'
There wasn't nigh as many
        D7   G
as there was a while a-go
                C
We fired once more and they began to runnin'
                D7   G
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mex-i-co.

     G
We looked down the river
        C
and we see'd the British come
         D7
And there musta been a hund'erd of 'em
G
beatin' on the drum

They stepped so high
         C
and they made their bugles ring
     D7
We stood beside our cotton bales
      G
and didn't say a thing. **Chorus**
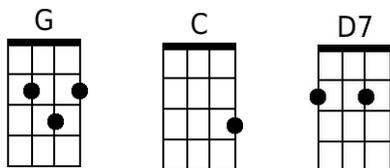
      G   C
Old Hick'ry said we could take 'em by su'prise
      D7
If we didn't fire our musket
          G
till we looked 'em in the eyes
                  C
We held our fire till we see'd their faces well
         D7
Then we opened up with squirrel guns
      G
and really gave 'em   Well - **Chorus**

Bridge
          G
Yeah! they ran through the briars
and they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes
        D7   G
Where a rabbit couldn't go
They ran so fast that the
hounds couldn't catch 'em
                           D7   G
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mex-i-co.

      G   C
We fired our cannon till the barrel melted down
        D7
So we grabbed an alligator
         G
and we fought another round

We filled his head with cannonballs
      C
and powdered his behind
      D7
And when we touched the powder off,
      G
the 'gator lost his mind. **Chorus** **Bridge**

Bari

# The Battle of New Orleans (Jimmy Driftwood, ca. 1959) (NN)

1	4	5(7)
A	D	E7
C	F	G7
D	G	A7
F	Bb	C7
G	C	D7

Intro (4 Measures): Strum in on 1

   1   4
In 1814 we took a little trip
   5(7)
A-long with Col. Jackson
      1
down the mighty Mississip'

                    4
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans
     5(7)
And we caught the bloody British
   1
in a town in New Orleans.

Chorus
   1
We fired our guns and the British kept a comin'
There wasn't nigh as many
      5(7)   1
as there was a while a-go
            4
We fired once more and they began to runnin'
        5(7)   1
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mex-i-co.

   1
We looked down the river
     4
and we see'd the British come
     5(7)
And there musta been a hund'erd of 'em
1
beatin' on the drum

They stepped so high
     4
and they made their bugles ring
   5(7)
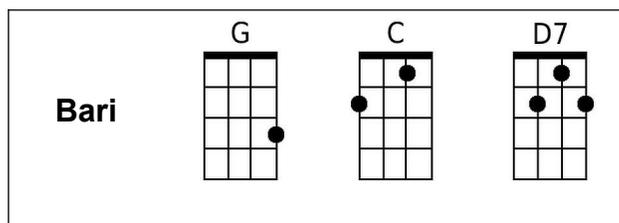We stood beside our cotton bales
   1
and didn't say a thing. **Chorus**

   1   4
Old Hick'ry said we could take 'em by su'prise
     5(7)
If we didn't fire our musket
   1
till we looked 'em in the eyes
              4
We held our fire till we see'd their faces well
     5(7)
Then we opened up with squirrel guns
   1
and really gave 'em   Well - **Chorus**

Bridge
      1
Yeah! they ran through the briars
and they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes
     5(7)   1
Where a rabbit couldn't go
They ran so fast that the
hounds couldn't catch 'em
                  5(7)   1
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mex-i-co.

   1   4
We fired our cannon till the barrel melted down
     5(7)
So we grabbed an alligator
   1
and we fought another round

We filled his head with cannonballs
   4
and powdered his behind
   5(7)
And when we touched the powder off,
   1
the 'gator lost his mind. **Chorus** **Bridge**

The Ella B (Russell Smith, 1975) (C)
The Ella B by The Amazing Rhythm Aces

C
Have you ever took a boat ride
          G7
Down the Mississippi
Well if you ever do you oughta take it on the
   C
Ella B

                   G7
Cause she starts off in St. Louis in Missouri
And she takes you down to New Orleans
and
          C
On out to the sea
      F   C
Well you heard about the good Queen Mary
    F   C
That sailed on the seven seas
      F   C
But you ain't never took no boat ride,
       G7   C
Till' you been riding on the Ella B

 C   G7
Her accommodations are among the best
Give you three square meals a day
        C
And a place to rest
You just smell them ol' hot biscuits
      G7
And the country ham
Good 'ol fried chicken, mashed potatoes
      C
And candied yams
    F   C
Well you heard about the Constitution ~
F   C
Fightin'n th' Revolutionary War

    F   C
For America's inland Navy
      G7   C
She's the finest from shore to shore

BRIDGE: Chords for verse

        G7 C
It takes about a week ~
                   G7
To get back down that ol' river
Once you get on board you just wish
         C
It would last forever
Oh you just sit out on the deck,
        G7
Fish off the side all day
Watch the sunny southland roll by
                C
And dream your blues away
        F   C
Well you heard about the ship Titanic ~
F   C
Sailing on the northern sea
      F   C
But you ain't never took no boat ride,
        G7   C
Till' you been riding on the Ella B

(Ending)
C
Well there ain't no tourist class ~
      G7
And it ain't too fast

                          C
Just one for all and we' re having a blast
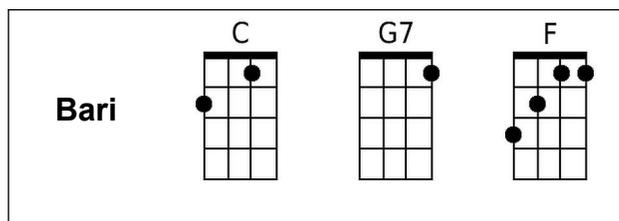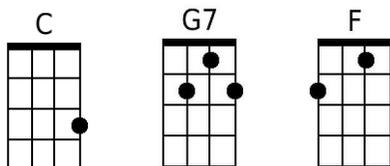
The Ella B (Russell Smith, 1975) (G)
The Ella B by The Amazing Rhythm Aces

G
Have you ever took a boat ride
           D7
Down the Mississippi
Well if you ever do you oughta take it on the
    G
Ella B

                     D7
Cause she starts off in St. Louis in Missouri
And she takes you down to New Orleans
and
           G
On out to the sea
       C   G
Well you heard about the good Queen Mary
   C   G
That sailed on the seven seas
      C   G
But you ain't never took no boat ride,
        D7   G
Till' you been riding on the Ella B

 G   D7
Her accommodations are among the best
Give you three square meals a day
       G
And a place to rest
You just smell them ol' hot biscuits
      D7
And the country ham
Good 'ol fried chicken, mashed potatoes
      G
And candied yams
      C   G
Well you heard about the Constitution ~
C   G
Fightin'n th' Revolutionary War

      C   G
For America's inland Navy
      D7   G
She's the finest from shore to shore

BRIDGE: Chords for verse

         D7 G
It takes about a week ~
                 D7
To get back down that ol' river
Once you get on board you just wish
   G
It would last forever
Oh you just sit out on the deck,
      D7
Fish off the side all day
Watch the sunny southland roll by
           G
And dream your blues away
       C   G
Well you heard about the ship Titanic ~
C   G
Sailing on the northern sea
      C   G
But you ain't never took no boat ride,
        D7   G
Till' you been riding on the Ella B

(Ending)
G
Well there ain't no tourist class ~
      D7
And it ain't too fast

                        G
Just one for all and we' re having a blast

G   D7   C

Bari   G   D7   C
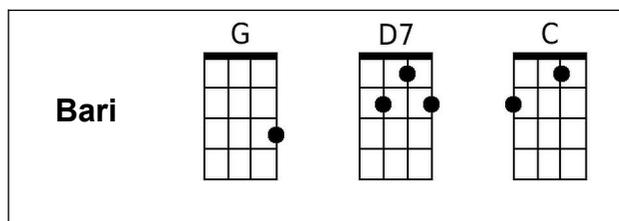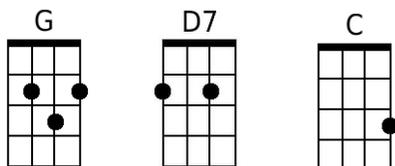
The Ella B (Russell Smith, 1975) (NN)
The Ella B by The Amazing Rhythm Aces

1
Have you ever took a boat ride
          5(7)
Down the Mississippi
Well if you ever do you oughta take it on the
    1
Ella B

                5(7)
Cause she starts off in St. Louis in Missouri
And she takes you down to New Orleans
and
      1
On out to the sea
     4   1
Well you heard about the good Queen Mary
   4   1
That sailed on the seven seas
   4   1
But you ain't never took no boat ride,
     5(7)   1
Till' you been riding on the Ella B

1   5(7)
Her accommodations are among the best
Give you three square meals a day
     1
And a place to rest
You just smell them ol' hot biscuits
      5(7)
And the country ham
Good 'ol fried chicken, mashed potatoes
    1
And candied yams
   4   1
Well you heard about the Constitution ~
4   1
Fightin'n th' Revolutionary War
  4   1
For America's inland Navy
    5(7)   1
She's the finest from shore to shore

BRIDGE: Chords for verse

1	5(7)	4
A	E7	D
C	G7	F
D	A7	G
F	C7	Bb
G	D7	C

1
It takes about a week ~
          5(7)
To get back down that ol' river
Once you get on board you just wish
    1
It would last forever
Oh you just sit out on the deck,
    5(7)
Fish off the side all day
Watch the sunny southland roll by
     1
And dream your blues away
   4   1
Well you heard about the ship Titanic ~
4   1
Sailing on the northern sea
    4   1
But you ain't never took no boat ride,
     5(7)   1
Till' you been riding on the Ella B

(Ending)
1
Well there ain't no tourist class ~
    5(7)
And it ain't too fast
               1
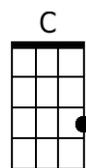Just one for all and we' re having a blast

Walking To New Orleans (C)
Bobby Charles [Robert Charles Guidry], Antione "Fats" Domino, Jr., & Dave Bartholomew, 1960

Strum in on C

```
            C                                    F
This time I'm walkin' to New Orleans, I'm walkin' to New Orleans.
            G7
I'm going to need two pair of shoes,
        F
When I get through walkin' these blues,
            C
When I get back to New Orleans
```

```
            C                                F
I've got my suitcase in my hand, now, ain't that a shame.
      G7                            F
I'm leavin' here today, yes, I'm goin' back home to stay.
            C
Yes, I'm walkin' to New Orleans.
```

```
        C                                F
You use to be my honey, till you spent all my money.
      G7                          F
No use for you to cry, I'll see you bye and bye,
              C
'Cause I'm walkin' to New Orleans.
```

```
        C                              F
I've got no time for talkin', I've got to keep on walkin'
        G7                              F
New Orleans is my home, That's the reason why I'm goin'
              C
Yes, I'm walkin' to New Orleans
```

Outro

```
      C
I'm walkin' to New Orleans (3x)
```

C

F

G7

Bari

C

F

G7
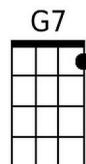
Walking To New Orleans (G)
Bobby Charles [Robert Charles Guidry], Antione "Fats" Domino, Jr., & Dave Bartholomew, 1960
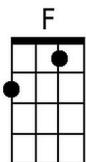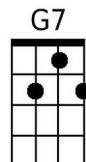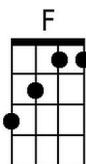
Strum in on G

       G   **C**
This time I'm walkin' to New Orleans, I'm walkin' to New Orleans.
          D7
I'm going to need two pair of shoes,
     C
When I get through walkin' these blues,
     G
When I get back to New Orleans

      G   **C**
I've got my suitcase in my hand, now, ain't that a shame.
   D7   **C**
I'm leavin' here today, yes, I'm goin' back home to stay.
      G
Yes, I'm walkin' to New Orleans.
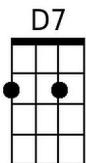
   G   **C**
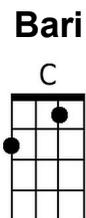You use to be my honey, till you spent all my money.
   D7   **C**
No use for you to cry, I'll see you bye and bye,
     G
'Cause I'm walkin' to New Orleans.

   G   **C**
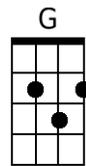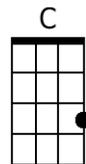I've got no time for talkin', I've got to keep on walkin'
    D7   **C**
New Orleans is my home, That's the reason why I'm goin'
     G
Yes, I'm walkin' to New Orleans

Outro
   G
I'm walkin' to New Orleans **(3x)**

Walking To New Orleans (NN)
Bobby Charles [Robert Charles Guidry], Antione "Fats" Domino, Jr., & Dave Bartholomew, 1960

1	4	5(7)
A	D	E7
C	F	G7
D	G	A7
F	Bb	C7
G	C	D7

Intro: Strum in on 1

```
        1                            4
```
This time I'm walkin' to New Orleans, I'm walkin' to New Orleans.
```
         5(7)                        4
```
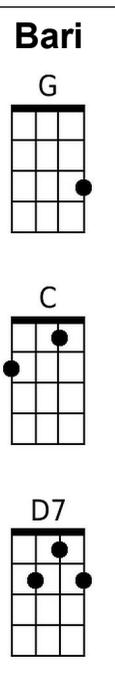I'm going to need two pair of shoes, when I get through walkin' these blues,
```
      1
```
When I get back to New Orleans


```
        1                        4
```
I've got my suitcase in my hand, now, ain't that a shame.
```
    5(7)                      4
```
I'm leavin' here today, yes, I'm goin' back home to stay.
```
        1
```
Yes, I'm walkin' to New Orleans.


```
     1                          4
```
You use to be my honey, till you spent all my money.
```
    5(7)                  4
```
No use for you to cry, I'll see you bye and bye,
```
          1
```
'Cause I'm walkin' to New Orleans.


```
     1                       4
```
I've got no time for talkin', I've got to keep on walkin'
```
      5(7)                        4
```
New Orleans is my home, That's the reason why I'm goin'
```
          1
```
Yes, I'm walkin' to New Orleans

Outro
```
    1
```
I'm walkin' to New Orleans **(3x)**

Way Down Yonder In New Orleans (C)
(John Turner Layton, Jr. & Henry Creamer, 1922)

Starting Note: G

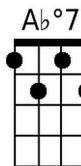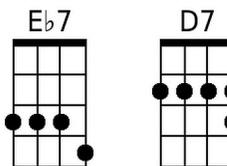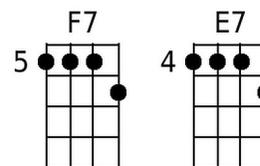**Intro**: | C | Am | C | Abº7 | C | G7 | C |
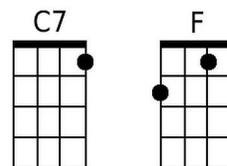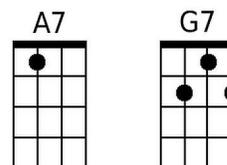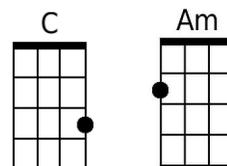
G7   **C**
Way down yonder in New Orleans, In the land of the dreamy scenes.
                           G7   **G7**   **C**
There's a Garden of E - den, __ you know what I mean.
G7   **C**
Creole babies with flashin' eyes, __ Softly whisper with tender sighs.
C7   **F**   **(F7 E7 Eb7)**
Stop! Oh, won't you give your lady fair, a little smile.
D7   **G7**
Stop! You bet your life you'll linger there, a little while.

| 1st Ending:

     C   **Am**
There is Heaven right here on Earth,
     C   **Abº7**
With those beautiful queens.
     C   **G7**   **C**
Way down yonder in New Or..leans.
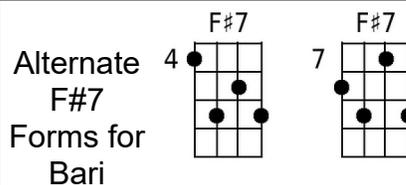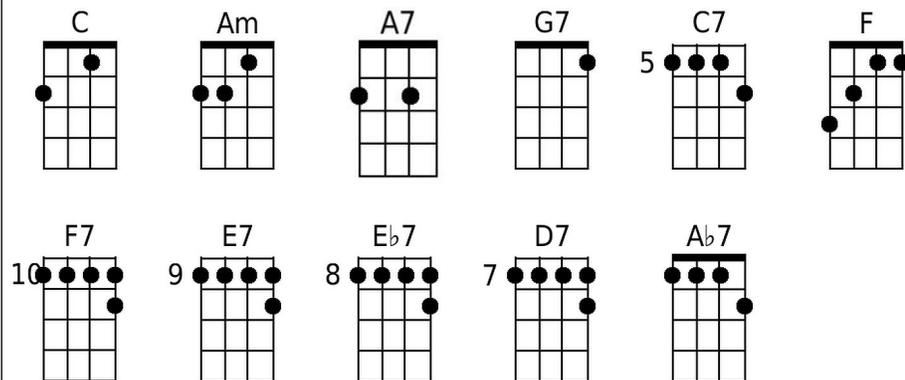
Repeat From Top

| 2nd Ending:

     C   **Am**   **C**   **Abº7**
They've got angels right here on earth, Wearing little blue jeans.
     C   **G7**   **C**
Way down yonder in New Or..leans. **(2x)**

Baritone

Alternate F#7 Forms for Bari

Way Down Yonder In New Orleans (G)
(John Turner Layton, Jr. & Henry Creamer, 1922)

Starting Note: D

Intro: | G | Em | G | Ebº7 | G | D7 | G |

D7   **G**
Way down yonder in New Orleans, in the land of the dreamy scenes.
                              D7   **D7**   **G**
There's a Garden of E - den, __ you know what I mean.
D7   **G**
Creole babies with flashin' eyes, _ Softly whisper with tender sighs.
G7   **C**   **(C7 B7 Bb7)**
Stop! Oh, won't you give your lady fair, a little smile.
A7   **D7**
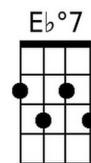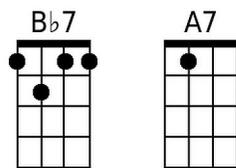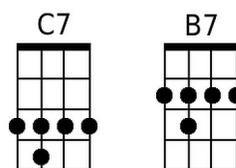Stop! You bet your life you'll linger there, a little while.

| 1ˢᵗ Ending:
        G   **Em**
        There is Heaven right here on Earth,
        G   **Ebº7**
        With those beautiful queens.
                G   **D7**   **G**
        Yeah, way down yonder in New Or..leans.

Repeat From Top

| 2ⁿᵈ Ending:
        G   **Em**   **G**   **Ebº7**
        They've got angels right here on earth, wearing little blue jeans.
                G   **D7**   **G**
        Yeah, way down yonder in New Or..leans. **(2x)**
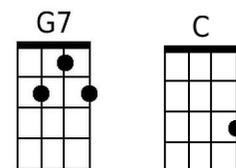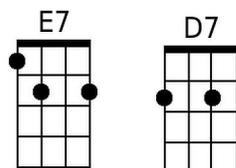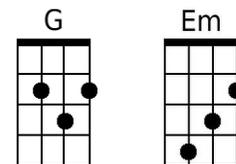
When the Saints Go Marching In (Of uncertain origin before 1923) (C)

Intro C G7 C

            C
Oh, when the saints go marching in
                   G7
Oh, when the saints go marching in
    C   C7   F
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number
      C   G7   C
When the saints go marching in

           C
Oh, when the trumpet sounds the call
                   G7
Oh, when the trumpet sounds the call
    C   C7   F
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number
      C   G7   C
When the trumpet sounds the call

           C
Oh, when the band begins to play
                   G7
Oh, when the band begins to play
    C   C7   F
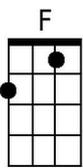Oh Lord, I want to be in that number
      C   G7   C
When the band begins to play

           C
Oh, when the stars fall from the sky
                   G7
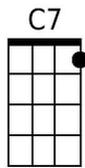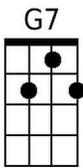Oh, when the stars fall from the sky
    C   C7   F
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number
      C   G7   C
When the stars fall from the sky
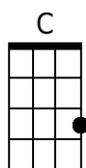
           C
Oh, when the rev-elation comes
                   G7
Oh, when the revelation comes
    C   C7   F
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number
      C G7   C
When the revelation comes

           C
Oh, when the sun begins to shine
                   G7
Oh, when the sun begins to shine
    C   C7   F
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number
      C   G7   C
When the sun begins to shine

           C
Oh, on that hal-lelujah day
                   G7
Oh, on that hallelujah day
    C   C7   F
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number
      C G7 C
On that hallelujah day

           C
Yes, when the saints go marching in
                   G7
Yes, when the saints go marching in
    C   C7   F
Yes Lord, I want to be in that number
      C   G7   C
When the saints go marching in

Halla lu-uuu ja

Bari

When the Saints Go Marching In (Of uncertain origin before 1923) (G)

Intro G D7 G

               G
Oh, when the saints go marching in
                            D7
Oh, when the saints go marching in
        G   **G7**   **C**
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number
        G   **D7**   **G**
When the saints go marching in

               G
Oh, when the trumpet sounds the call
                            D7
Oh, when the trumpet sounds the call
        G   **G7**   **C**
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number
        G   **D7**   **G**
When the trumpet sounds the call

               G
Oh, when the band begins to play
                            D7
Oh, when the band begins to play
        G   **G7**   **C**
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number
        G   **D7**   **G**
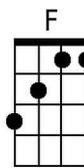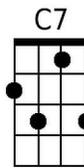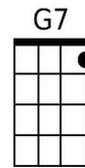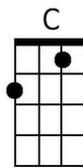When the band begins to play

               G
Oh, when the stars fall from the sky
                            D7
Oh, when the stars fall from the sky
        G   **G7**   **C**
Oh Lord, I want to be in that num ber
        G   **D7**   **G**
When the stars fall from the sky

               G
Oh, when the rev-elation comes
                            D7
Oh, when the revelation comes
        G   **G7**   **C**
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number
        G **D7** **G**
When the revelation comes

               G
Oh, when the sun begins to shine
                            D7
Oh, when the sun begins to shine
        G   **G7**   **C**
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number
        G   **D7**   **G**
When the sun begins to shine

               G
Oh, on that hal-lelujah day
                            D7
Oh, on that hallelujah day
        G   **G7**   **C**
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number
        G **D7** **G**
On that hallelujah day

               G
Yes, when the saints go marching in
                            D7
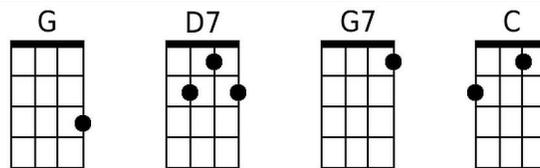Yes, when the saints go marching in
        G   **G7**   **C**
Yes Lord, I want to be in that number
        G   **D7**   **G**
When the saints go marching in

Halla lu-uuu ja
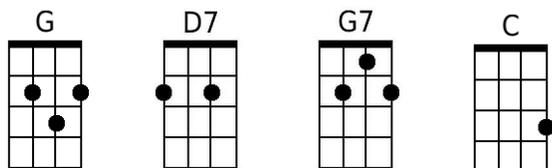
You're No Good (Clint Ballard, Jr., 1963) (Am)
You're No Good, Linda Ronstadt arrangement, 1975

Intro: Am D7 / Am D7 / Am D7 / Am D7

```
Am     D7   Am              D7        Am       D7          Am        D7
```
Feeling better now that we're through, Feeling better 'cause I'm over you
```
  F       G        C           Am   D7        E7
```
I learned my lesson, it left a scar, Now I see how you really are

Chorus
```
            Am            D7              Am
```
You're no good, you're no good, You're no good.
```
        D7        Am   D7          Am      D7
```
Baby you're no good,   I'm gonna say it again
```
             Am            D7              Am
```
You're no good, you're no good, You're no good.
```
        D7         Am   D7
```
Baby you're no good

```
 Am      D7          Am        D7        Am    D7        Am          D7
```
I broke a heart that's gentle and true, Well I broke a heart over someone like you.
```
   F       G        C           Am   D7        E7
```
I'll beg his forgiveness on bended knee, I wouldn't blame him if he said to me. **Chorus**

```
          Am      D7          Am    D7
```
I'm telling you now baby, And I'm going my way.
```
     Am          D7            Am     D7
```
Forget about you baby, 'Cause I'm leaving to day. **Chorus**
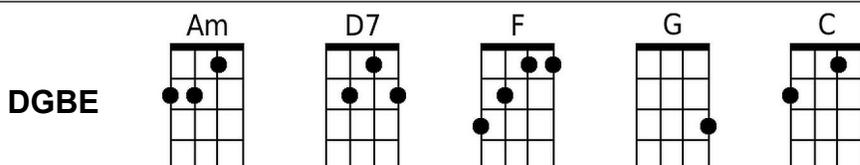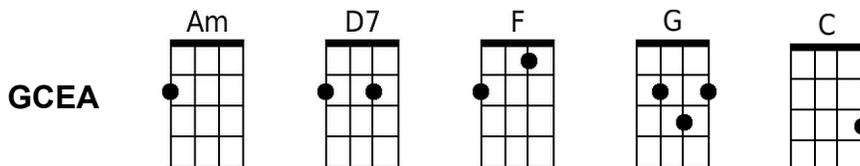
Outro
```
D7      Am  D7
```
Oh, oh no

Tacet
You're no good, you're no good, You're no good
Baby you're no go -oo - od

```
Strum
Am   D7
1  2  3&  4
D  D  DU  D
```

You're No Good (Clint Ballard, Jr., 1963) (Em)
You're No Good, Linda Ronstadt arrangement, 1975

Intro: Em A7 / Em A7 / Em A7 / Em A7

```
Em      A7    Em                A7        Em      A7          Em          A7
Feeling better now that we're through,  Feeling better 'cause I'm over you
  C         D       G           Em    A7          B7
I learned my lesson, it left a scar, Now I see how you really are
```

Chorus

```
          Em              A7          Em
You're no good, you're no good, You're no good.
      A7        Em   A7          Em      A7
Baby you're no good,      I'm gonna say it again
          Em              A7              Em
You're no good, you're no good,  You're no good.
      A7        Em   A7
Baby you're no good
```

```
  Em      A7        Em         A7       Em      A7       Em              A7
I broke a heart that's gentle and true, Well I broke a heart over someone like you.
    C         D       G             Em        A7          B7
I'll beg his forgiveness on bended knee, I wouldn't blame him if he said to me. **Chorus**
```

```
          Em      A7        Em      A7
I'm telling you now baby, And I'm going my way.
      Em          A7              Em      A7
Forget about you baby, 'Cause I'm leaving to day. **Chorus**
```
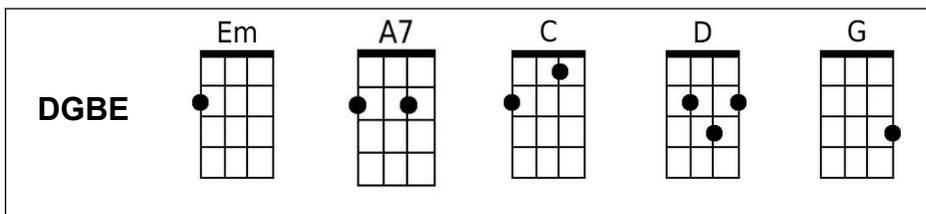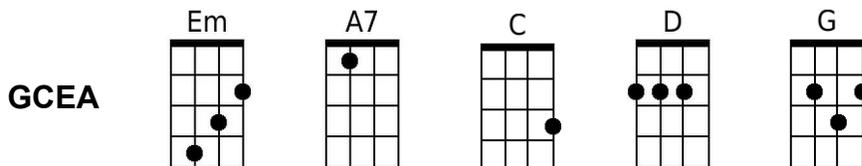
Outro

```
A7      Em  A7
Oh, oh no
```

Tacet

```
You're no good, you're no good, You're no good
Baby you're no go -oo - od
```

```
Strum
Em   A7
1 2 3& 4
D D DU D
```

They All Ask'd For You
(Zigaboo Modeliste, George Porter Jr., Leo Nocentelli, & Art Neville, 1975)
They All Ask'd For You by The Meters

1	5⁷
A	E⁷
C	G⁷
D	A⁷
F	C⁷
G	D⁷

Instrumental Intro (16 Measures):

1

Es la bas,   Crawfish Etoufee.   They all asked for you.

1   **5⁷**

I went on down to the Audubon Zoo and they all asked for you.

5⁷   **1**

They all asked for you. (*for who?*) Well they even inquired about you.

C   **5⁷**

I went on down to the Audubon Zoo and they all asked for you.

5⁷   **1**

The monkeys asked, the tigers asked, and the elephant asked me too.

Instrumental Verse.

Do it.   Red beans.   Rice.

Chorus

1

Bomp Bomp Bomp
        BOMP! BOMP!
Buh Deeba Doomp Beemp Bomp.
        BOMP! BOMP!
Buh Deeba Doomp Beemp Bomp.

Instrumental (8 measures)

1

Es la bas (Es la bas) (Es la bas)   Red beans n' rice,   Creole gumbo

1   **5⁷**

I went on up to the Big Ole Sky, and they all asked for you. (*for who?*)

5⁷   **1**

They all asked for you. (*for who?*) Well they even inquired about you.

1   **5⁷**

I went on up to the Big Ole Sky, and they all asked for you.

5⁷   **1**

The ducks asked, the eagles asked, and the buzzard asked me too

Instrumental Verse.

Do it. Do it.   Es la bas (Es la bas)   Laissez bon temps rouler

Chorus

<mark>Instrumental (16 measures)</mark>

>**1**
>
>*Hey la bas (hey la bas)   Grits n' fish drippins   and   crawfish bischien l'etouffee,*
>*Boil willin' n' tomato paste.   Do it!   Put y'alls hands together.*

1   **5⁷**
I went on down to the deep blue sea, and all asked for you. (*for who?*)
5⁷   **1**
They all asked for you. (*for me?*) Well they even inquired about you.
1   **5⁷**
I went on down to the deep blue sea, and they all asked for you. (*for me?*)
5⁷   **1**
The shark asked, the whale asked, and the barracuda asked me too.

1   **5⁷**
They all asked for you (*in the morning*), all asked for you (*early in the morning*)
5⁷   **1**
Everybody there, wanna know where, they all asked for you.
1   **5⁷**
They all asked for you (*in the morning*), all asked for you (*early in the evening*)
5⁷   **1**
Everybody there, wanna know where, they all asked for you.

<mark>Instrumental Outro</mark> (first two lines of the verse plus an extra 1 - 5⁷ - 1)

Notes:
  - Instrumentals are optional.
  - Optional Intro: Strum in on 1
  - Optional Outro: 1 - 5⁷ - 1
  - Strum Pattern: ↓ ↓ ↓↑↓↑ ↓↓

Marie Laveau (Shel Silverstein / Baxter Taylor) (C)

INTRO (TALK):
The most famous of the voodoo queens that ever existed
Is Marie Laveau, down in Louisana
There's a lot of weird, ungodly tales about Marie,
She's supposed to have a lot of magic potions, spells and curses….

C
Down in Louisiana, where the black trees grow
Lives a voodoo lady named Marie Laveau
     F
She got a black cat tooth and a Mojo bone
       C
And anyone who wouldn't leave her alone
        G   F   C
She'd go (growl) another man done gone.

C
She lives in a swamp in a hollow log
With a one-eyed snake and a three-legged dog
        F
She's got a bent, bony body and stringy hair
C
If she ever seen y'all messin' 'round there
          G   F   C
She'd go (growl) another man done gone.

F
And then one night when the moon was black
C
Into the swamp come Handsome Jack
   D
A no-good man like you all know
      G
And He was lookin' around for Marie Laveau.
      C
He said, "Marie Laveau, you lovely witch
Gimme a little a little charm that'll make me rich"
F
Gimme a million dollars and I tell you what I'll do
C
This very night, I'm gonna marry you
        G   F   C
Then It'll be (growl) another man done gone.
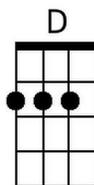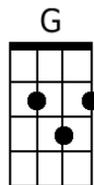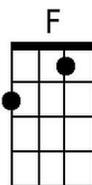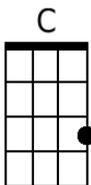
         F
So Marie done some magic,
and she shook a little sand
C
Made a million dollars and she put it in his hand
            D
Then she giggled and she wiggled,
and she said Hey, Hey
G
I'm gettin' ready for my weddin' day.

           C
But old Handsome Jack he said "Goodbye Marie,
You're too damned ugly for a rich man like me"
          F
Then Marie started mumblin', her fangs started gnashin'
      C
Her body started tremblin', and her eyes started flashin'
               G   F   C
And she went (growl) another man done gone.

C
So if you ever git down where the black trees grow
And meet a voodoo lady named Marie Laveau
F
If she ever asks you to make her your wife
          C
Man, you better stay with her for the rest of your life
         G   F   C
Or it'll be (growl) another man done gone.
         G   F   C
Or it'll be (growl) another man done gone.

C   F   G   D

Bari   C   F   G   D

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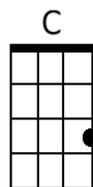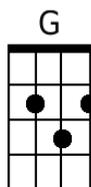And He was lookin' around for Marie Laveau.
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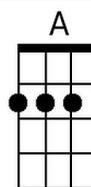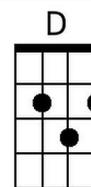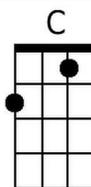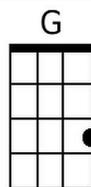C
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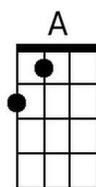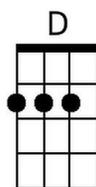
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