



New Orleans & Other Southern Delights

23 Songs – 57 Pages – Print Edition
February 11, 2021

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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

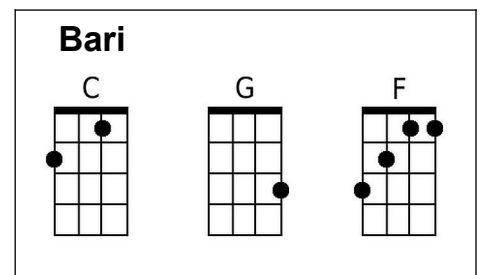
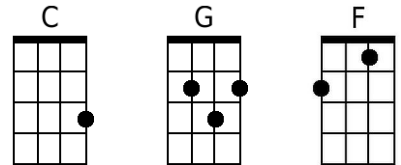
C **G**
 It was a Texas girl that broke my heart
F **C**
 Then she tore my truck apart
 G **C**
 I guess I'll get me another in Baton Rouge
 G
 I like Crawfish I like rice
F **C**
 I like girls that treat you nice
 G **C**
 I'm gonna find me one in Baton Rouge

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

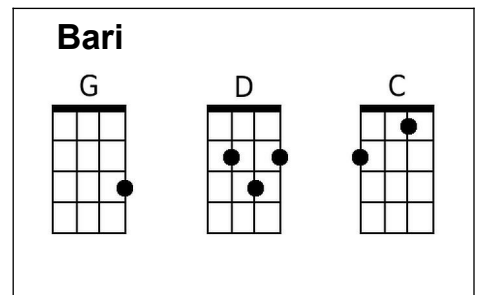
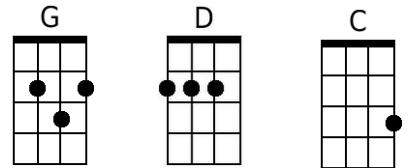
G **D**
It was a Texas girl that broke my heart
C **G**
Then she tore my truck apart
D **G**
I guess I'll get me another in Baton Rouge
D
I like Crawfish I like rice
C **G**
I like girls that treat you nice
D **G**
I'm gonna find me one in Baton Rouge

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

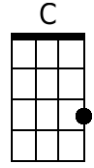
1	4	5
A	D	E
C	F	G
D	G	A
F	Bb	C
G	C	D

Blue Bayou (Roy Orbison & Joe Melson, 1961)

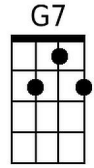
As performed by [Roy Orbison](#)

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.



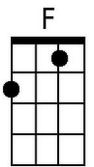
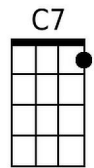
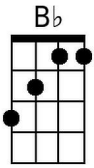
C **G7**
Saving nickels, saving dimes, ___ working 'till the sun don't shine.
C | **Bb C** |
Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou.



Chorus 1

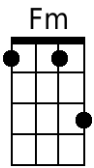
C **G7**
I'm going back some day, come what may, to Blue Bayou.
C
Where you sleep all day and the catfish play on Blue Bayou.
C7 **F** **Fm**
All those fishing boats with their sails afloat if I could only see
C **G7** **C** | **Bb C** |
That fa-miliar sunrise through sleepy eyes, how happy I'd be.

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.



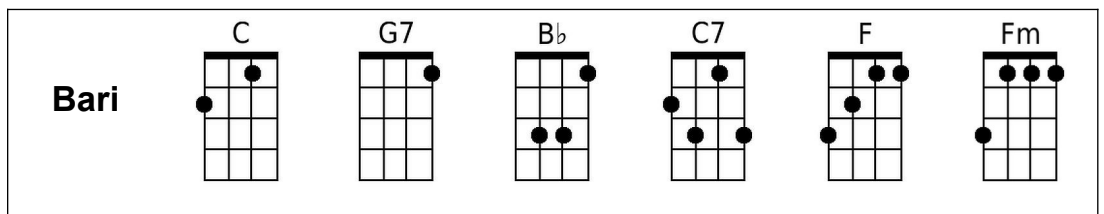
Chorus 2

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

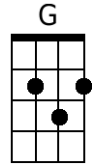


Blue Bayou (Roy Orbison & Joe Melson, 1961)

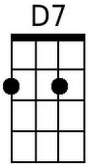
As performed by [Roy Orbison](#)

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.

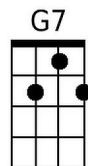
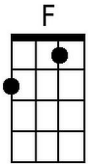


G **D7**
 Saving nickels, saving dimes, ___ working 'till the sun don't shine.
G **| F G |**
 Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou.

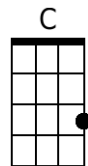


Chorus 1

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.

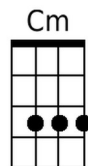


G **D7**
 Go to see my baby again, and to be with some of my friends;
G **| F G |**
 Maybe I'd be happy then on Blue Bayou.



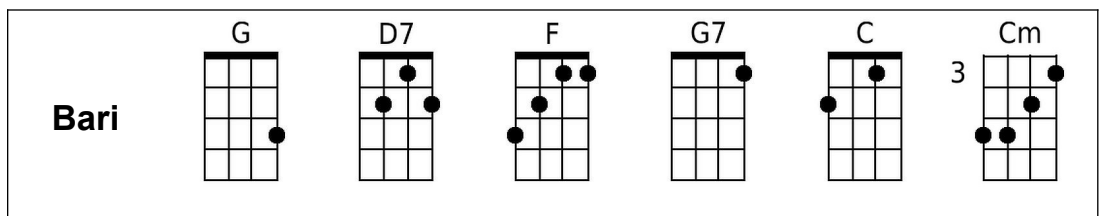
Chorus 2

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



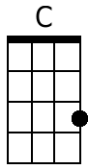
Blue Bayou (Roy Orbison & Joe Melson, 1961) (C)

As performed by [Linda Ronstadt](#) (1977)

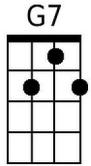
Tempo: 95 bpm

Intro: C | G7 | C

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

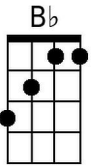


2. Saving nickels, saving dimes; ___ working till the sun don't shine;
Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou.



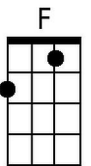
Chorus

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

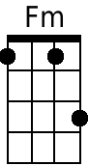


Where the folks are fine and the world is mine on Blue Bayou.

Where those fishing boats with their sails a-float, if I could only see,
That fa-miliar sunrise through sleepy eyes how happy I'd be.



3. Gonna see my baby again, gonna be with some of my friends;
Maybe I'll feel better again on Blue Bayou.



Repeat Verse 2 and Chorus.

Instrumental Interlude: C | C | G7 | G7 | G7 | G7 | C | C

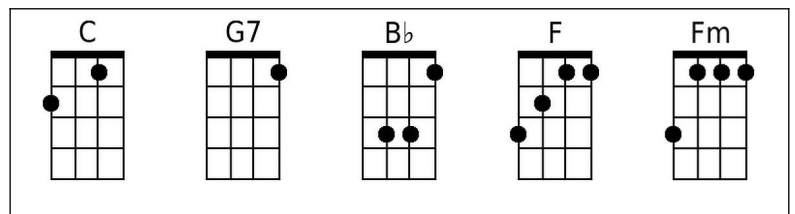
Outro

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

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

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

Bari



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.

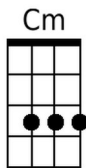
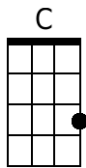
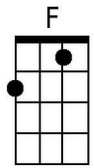
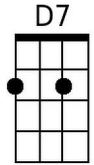
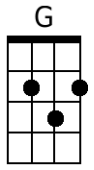
Instrumental Interlude: G | G | D7 | D7 | D7 | D7 | G | G

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)**



	G	D7	F	C	Cm
Bari					

Born on the Bayou (John Fogard, 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
Dnd 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

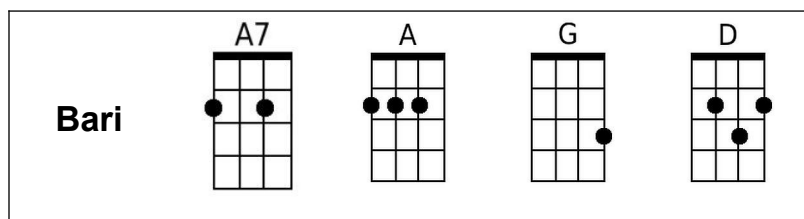
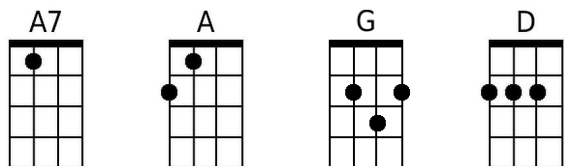
A7
And I can still hear my old

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 Fogard, 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

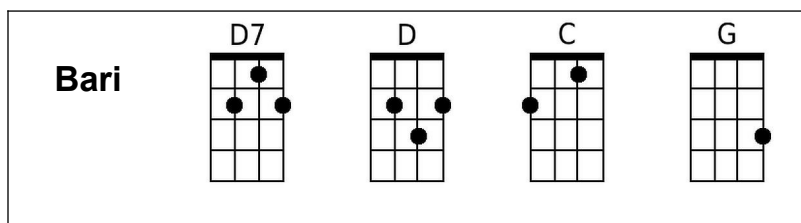
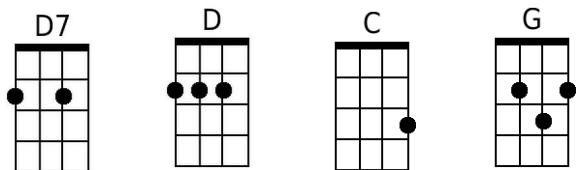
D7
And I can still hear my old

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



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
 Truly loved the mademoiselle **G**
 And now the young Monsieur and Madame
 Have rung the chapel bell
 C'est La Vie, say the old folks
 It goes to show you never can tell **C**

C
 They furnished off the apartment
 With a two room tag-end sale
 The coolerator was crammed
 With TV dinners and Ginger Ale **G**
 But when Pierre found work
 The little money come in, worked out well
 C'est La Vie, say the old folks
 It goes to show you never can tell. **C**

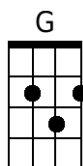
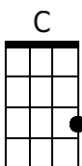
C
 They had a hi-fi phono
 Boy, did they let it blast
 700 little records
 All rock and rhythm and jazz **G**
 But when the sun went down
 The rapid tempo of the music fell
 C'est La Vie say the old folks
 It goes to show you never can tell **C**

C
 They bought a souped up chitney
 Was cherry red fifty-three
 Drove it down to Orleans
 To celebrate their anniversary **G**
 It was there where Pierre was wedded
 To the lovely mademoiselle
 C'est La Vie say the old folks
 It goes to show you never can tell **C**

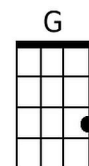
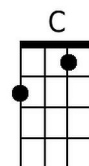
(Repeat First Verse)

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

GCEA



DGBE



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

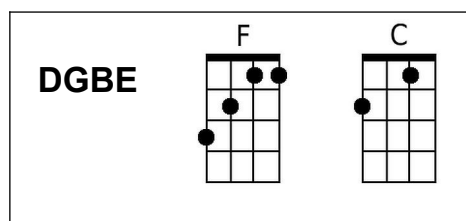
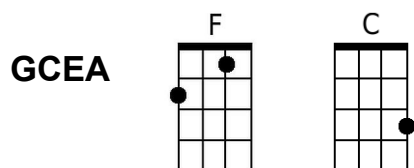
F
 It was a teen-aged wedding
 And the old folks wished them well
 You could see that Pierre
 Truly loved the mademoiselle **C**
 And now the young Monsieur and Madame
 Have rung the chapel bell
 C'est La Vie, say the old folks
 It goes to show you never can tell **F**

F
 They furnished off the apartment
 With a two room tag-end sale
 The coolerator was crammed
 With TV dinners and Ginger Ale **C**
 But when Pierre found work
 The little money come in, worked out well
 C'est La Vie, say the old folks
 It goes to show you never can tell **F**

F
 They had a hi-fi phono
 Boy, did they let it blast
 700 little records
 All rock and rhythm and jazz **C**
 But when the sun went down
 The rapid tempo of the music fell
 C'est La Vie say the old folks
 It goes to show you never can tell **F**
F
 They bought a souped up chitney
 Was cherry red fifty-three
 Drove it down to Orleans
 To celebrate their anniversary **C**
 It was there where Pierre was wedded
 To the lovely mademoiselle
 C'est La Vie say the old folks
 It goes to show you never can tell **F**

(Repeat First Verse)

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



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 conductors 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 trains that have no name
Em
 And freight yards full of old black men
G7 **C**
 And the graveyards of the rusted auto-mobiles

Chorus

F **G7** **C**
 Good morning America how are you
Am **F** **C**
 Say don't you know me I'm your native son
G7 **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**
 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**
 This train got the disappearing railroad blues.
(Chorus) **(GOOD NIGHT)** **(Repeat last line to end)**

GCEA

C	G7	Am	F	Em	D7	Bb

DGBE

C	G7	Am	F	Em	D7	Bb

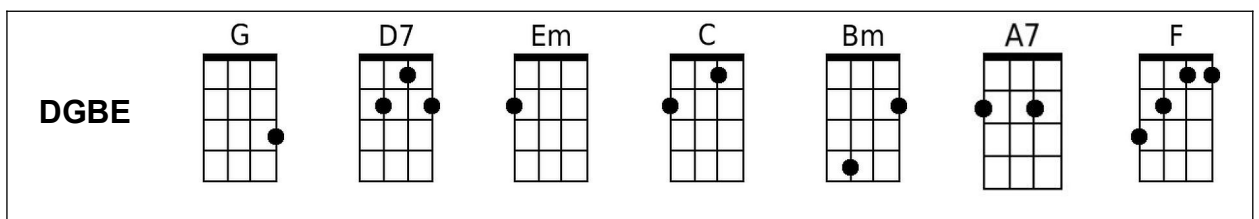
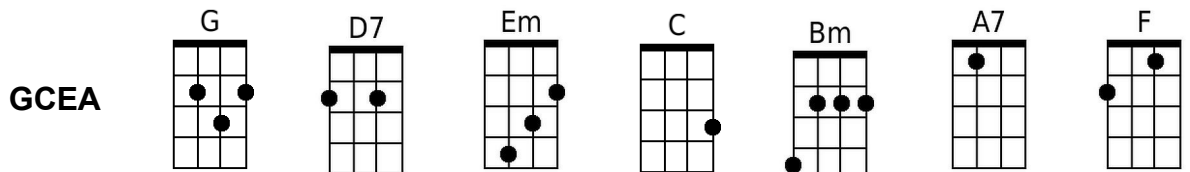
City of New Orleans (Steve Goodman, ca. 1971) (G)

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 conductors 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 trains that have no name
Bm
 And freight yards full of old black men
D7 **G**
 And the graveyards of the rusted auto-mobiles

Chorus:

C **D7** **G**
 Good morning America how are you
Em **C** **G**
 Say don't you know me I'm your native son
D7 **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**
 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**
 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)

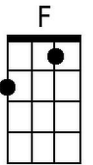
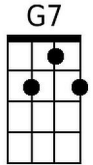
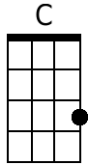
Intro: Chords/melody 1st Verse

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

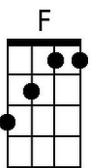
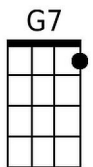
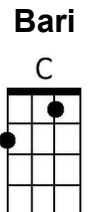
She show's her love with ev'ry glance. **Chorus**

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

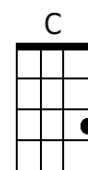
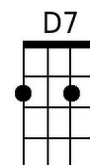
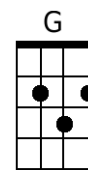
D7

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

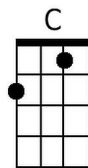
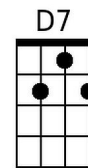
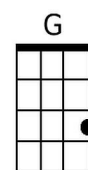
Now he's got hisself a Papa-in-law

Moved out where the Bayou's low

G

Now he's got a little Diggy Liggy Lo. **Chorus (2x)**

Bari



Diggy Liggy Lo (Terry J. Clement, 1953) (NN)

Adaption by J. D. Miller (July 1954)

Intro: Chords/melody 1st Verse

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

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

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**

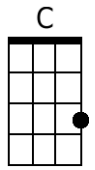
1
 Finally went and uh-seen her Pa
 5(7)
 Now he's got hissself a Papa-in-law

 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)

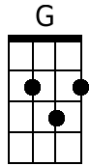
C **G**
I've seen the bright lights of Memphis and the Commodore Hotel



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

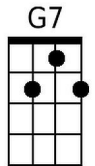


Chorus

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

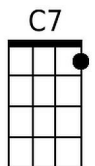
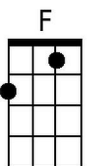
G7 **G** **G7** **C**
Then that low down Southern whiskey began to fog my mind

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** **Chorus**
The nights we spent together, and the way she called my name



C **G**
Well it's been a year since she ran away. Yes, that guitar player sure could play

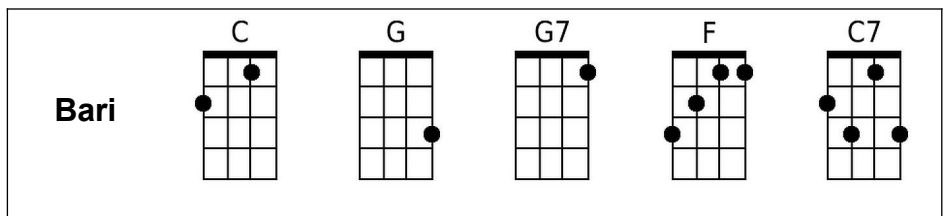
G7 **G** **G7** **G** **C**
She always liked to sing along, she's always handy with a song.

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

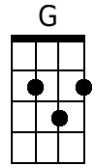
G7 **G** **G7** **G** **C** **Chorus**
And all the boys there, at the bar, began to sing along.



Dixie Chicken (Lowell George & Fred Martin, ca. 1973) (G)

Dixie Chicken by Little Feat (1973)

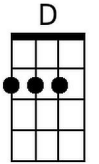
G I've seen the bright lights of Memphis and the Commodore Hotel **D**



D7 And underneath a street lamp, I met a Southern belle **D** **D7** **G**

C Well she took me to the river, where she cast her spell **D**

D7 And in that Southern moonlight, she sang a song so well **D** **D7** **G**

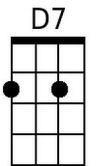


Chorus

G If you'll be my Dixie chicken, I'll be your Tennessee lamb **D**

D7 And we can walk together down in Dix-ie-land **D** **G** **C** **G**

D7 Down in Dix-ie-land **G** **C** **G**



G Well we made all the hot spots, my money flowed like wine **D**

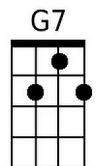
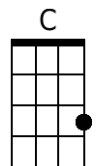
D7 Then that low down Southern whiskey began to fog my mind **D** **D7** **G**

C And I don't remember church bells or the money I put down **D**

D7 On the white picket fence and boardwalk of the house at the edge of town **D** **G** **G7**

C But boy do I remember the strain of her refrain **D**

D7 The nights we spent together, and the way she called my name **D** **D7** **D** **G** **Chorus**



G Well it's been a year since she ran away. Yes, that guitar player sure could play **D**

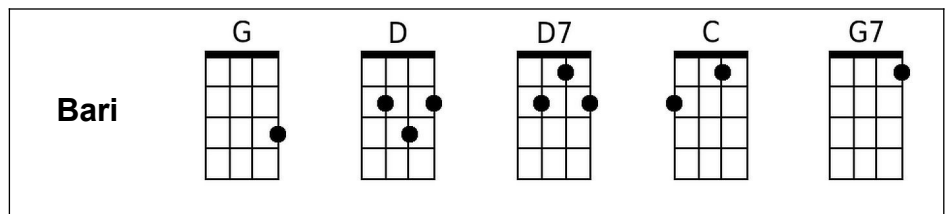
D7 She always liked to sing along, she's always handy with a song. **D** **D7** **D** **G**

C Then one night in the lobby of the Commodore Hotel **D**

D7 I chanced to meet a bartender who said he knew her well **D** **D7** **D** **G**

C And as he handed me a drink he began to hum a song **D**

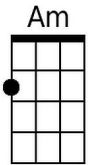
D7 And all the boys there, at the bar, began to sing along. **D** **D7** **D** **G** **Chorus**



House of the Rising Sun (Traditional, adapted by Eric Burdon) (Am)

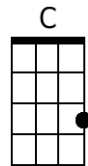
House of the Rising Sun by The Animals – 6/8 Time

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



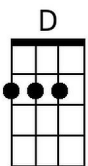
Am C D F Am C E7
There is a house in New Orleans, They call the Risin' Sun

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**



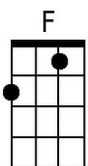
Am C D - F Am C E7
My mother was a tailor. She sewed my new blue jeans.

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

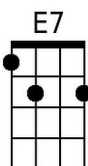
Am C D F Am E7 Am | E7
And the only time that he's satis-fied, is when he's on a drunk. **Repeat Intro**



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.

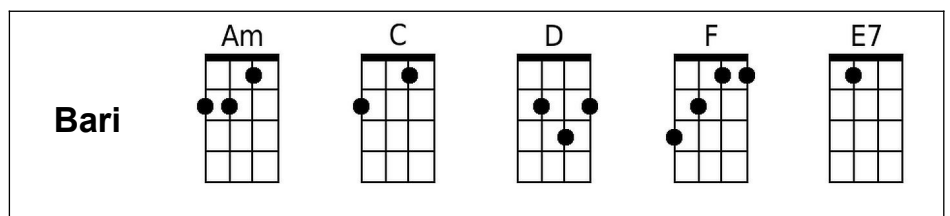
Am C D - F Am E7 Am | E7
I'm goin' back to New Orleans, To wear that ball and chain. **Repeat Intro**

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

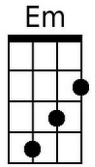


Note: Repetition of the Intro after every verse is optional. Baritones can re-create the Animals opening by doing an arpeggio of each chord in the Introduction (especially if amplified).

House of the Rising Sun (Traditional, adapted by Eric Burdon) (Em)

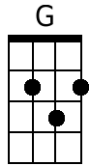
House of the Rising Sun by The Animals – 6/8 Time

Intro: Em | G | A | C | Em | B7 | Em | B7



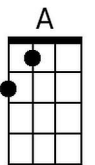
Em G A C Em G B7
There is a house in New Or-leans, They call the Risin' Sun

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**



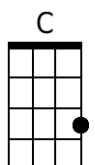
Em G A - C Em G B7
My mother was a tailor. She sewed my new blue jeans.

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

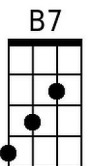
Em G A C Em B7 Em | B7
And the only time that he's satis-fied, is when he's on a drunk. **Repeat Intro**



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.

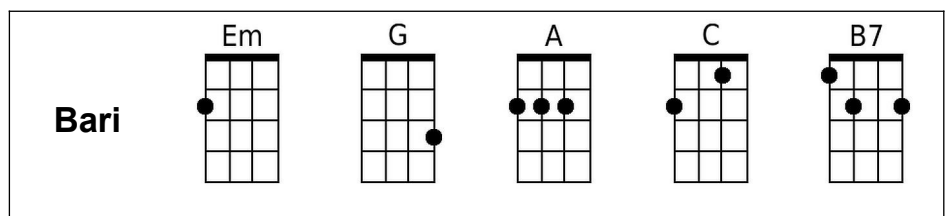
Em G A - C Em B7 Em | B7
I'm goin' back to New Orleans, To wear that ball and chain. **Repeat Intro**

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



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

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

GCEA

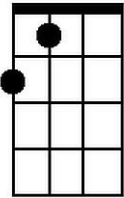
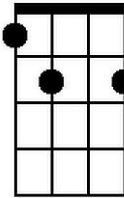
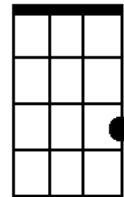
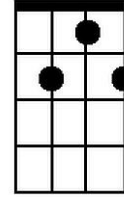
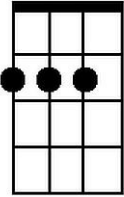
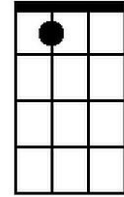
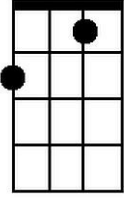
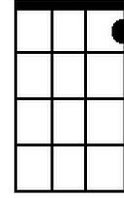
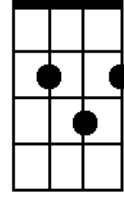
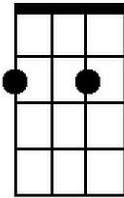
1 5(7)
 Goodbye, Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh.
 1
 Me gotta go, pole the pirogue down the bayou.
 5(7)
 My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh.
 1
 Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

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)
<p>A</p> 	<p>E7</p> 
<p>C</p> 	<p>G7</p> 
<p>D</p> 	<p>A7</p> 
<p>F</p> 	<p>C7</p> 
<p>G</p> 	<p>D7</p> 

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

DGBE

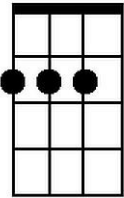
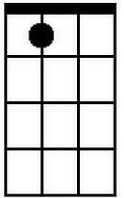
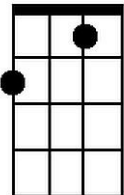
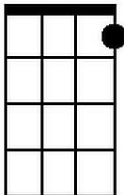
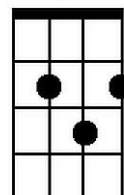
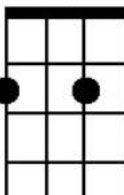
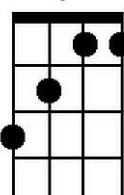
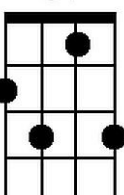
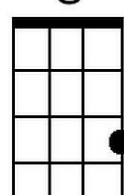
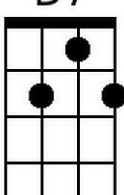
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 Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

Chorus:

5(7)
 Well jambalaya and a crawfish pie and filé gumbo
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 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)
<p>A</p> 	<p>E7</p> 
<p>C</p> 	<p>G7</p> 
<p>D</p> 	<p>A7</p> 
<p>F</p> 	<p>C7</p> 
<p>G</p> 	<p>D7</p> 

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

Intro: C F C G F C G

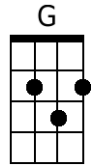
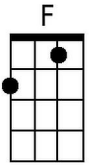
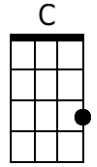
C
Deep down Louisiana close to New Orleans
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens

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**

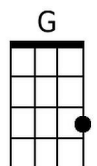
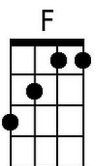
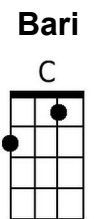
C
His mother told him "Someday you will be a man,
And you will be the leader of a big old band.

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**



Bari

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**

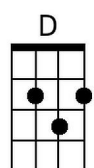
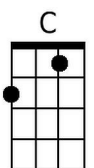
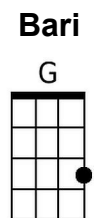
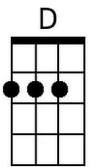
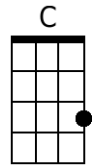
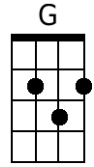
G
 His mother told him "Someday you will be a man,
 And you will be the leader of a big old band.

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)

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

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

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)

Intro: 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?"

Chorus

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.

Reprise

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. **Chorus**

Am D Am D
 Hey, hey, hey - Touch of her skin feelin' silky smooth, The colour of caf au lait.

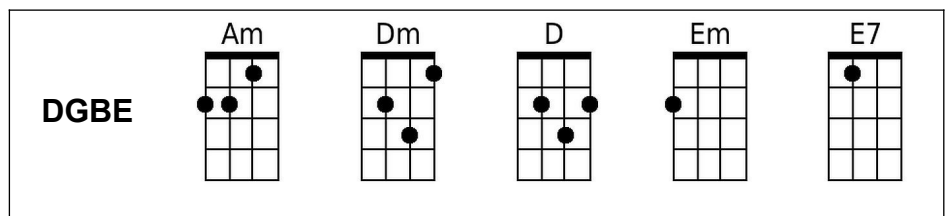
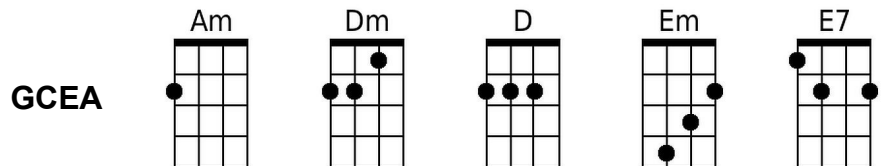
Dm Em E7
 Made the savage beast inside roar until it cried - More, more, more

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.

Chorus & Reprise

A hit for [LaBelle](#) in 1974.





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?

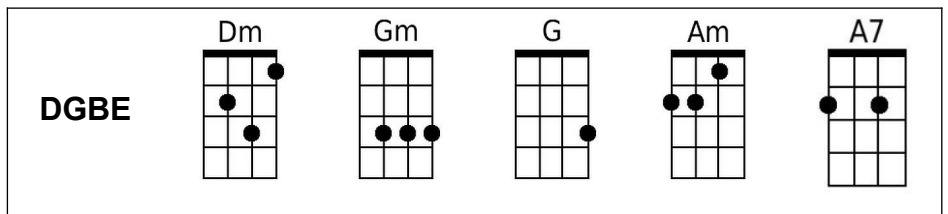
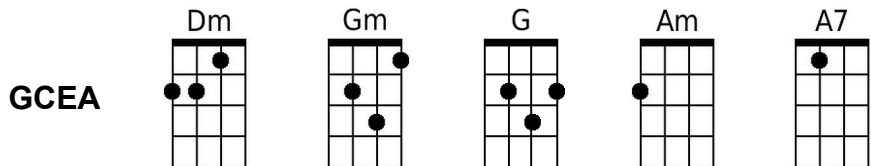
Dm G Dm G
 He sat in her boudoir while she freshened up, That boy drank all that magnolia wine
 Gm Am A7
 On her black satin sheets where he started to freak. **Chorus**

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.

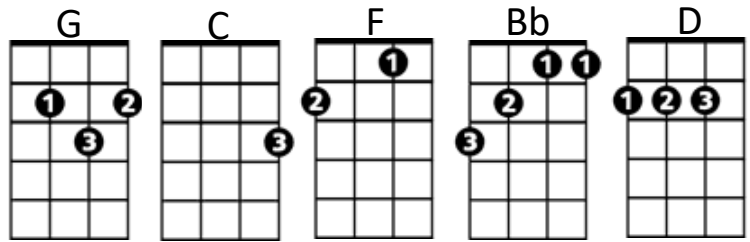
Chorus & Reprise

A hit for [LaBelle](#) in 1974.



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 boozier 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

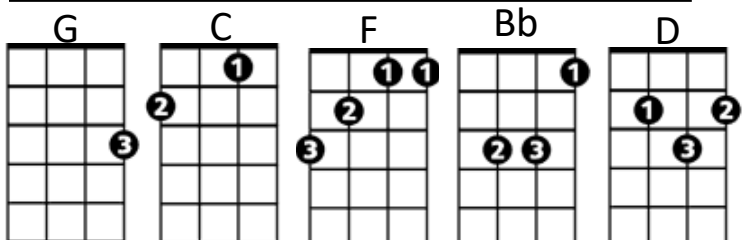
(Chorus)

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)

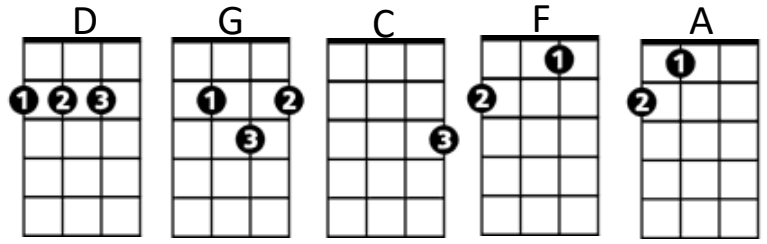
Had it all

BARITONE



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

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



D
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 boozier 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

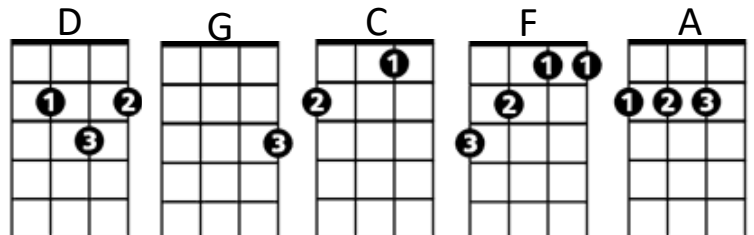
F G D
Just a 5 - 9 beautiful tall

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



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

C
Busted flat in Baton Rouge, heading for the trains, feelin' nearly faded as my jeans

G7
Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained. Took us all the way into New Orleans

C
C I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana and was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues. **C7** **F**

C With them windshield wipers slappin' time, **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.

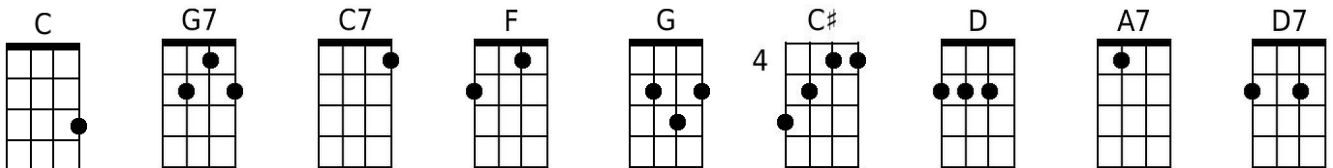
Outro (2X)

G **D** **A7** **D** **D7**
_ Freedom's just another word for _ nothin' left to lose. _ Nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's free

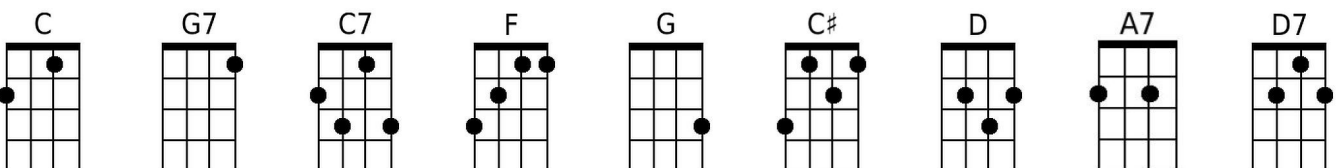
G **D**
_ Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when _ Bobby sang the blues.

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.

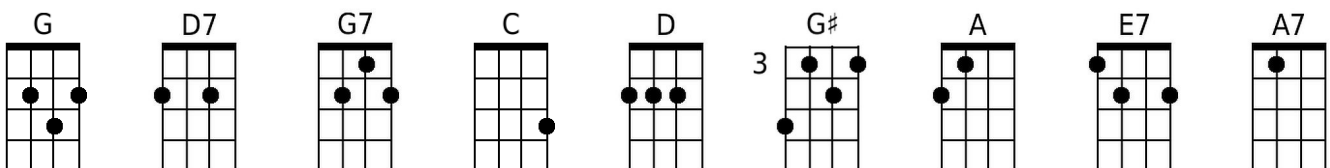
C **G** **D7** **G G7**
 _ Freedom's just another word for _ nothin' left to lose. _ Nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's free
C **G**
 _ Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when _ Bobby sang the blues
D7 **G - G# A**
 You know __ feelin' good was good enough for me. Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee.

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.

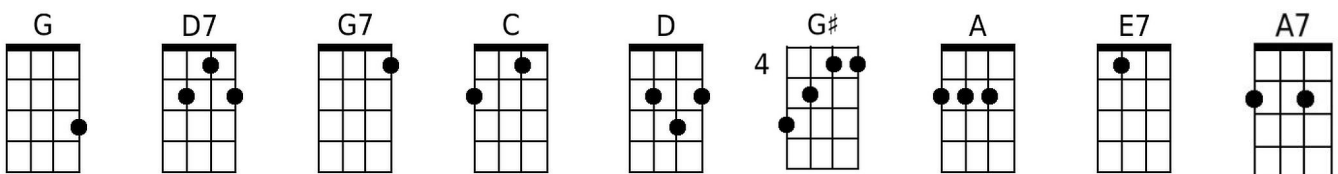
A7 **D**
 She was lookin' for the home I hope she'll find.
A **E7** **A** **A7**
 Well I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday, holdin' Bobby's body close to mine.

Outro (2X)

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.



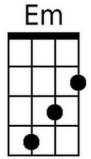
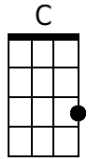
Bari



Mr. Bojangles (Jerry Jeff Walker, ca. 1965) (C) (6/8 Time)

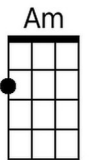
Intro: C Em | Am Em

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.

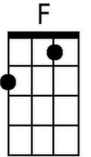


Chorus

Am G Am G Am G C Em | Am Em
_ Mr. Bo-jangles _ Mr. Bo-jangles _ Mr. Bo-jangles . . . dance.

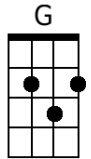


C Em Am F G - G7
I met him in a cell in New Or-leans I was _ down and out
C Em Am F G
He looked to me to be - the eyes of age _ as he spoke right out
F Em Am Em Dm (D7) G - G7
_ He talked of life, talked of life _ He laughed, slapped his leg a step



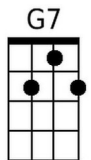
C Em Am F G - G7
He said his name Bo-jangles then he danced a licked _ across the cell

C Em
He grabbed his pants, a better stance,
Am F G
oh he jumped so high, _ and he clicked his heels

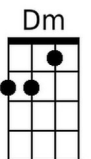


F Em Am Em Dm (D7) G
_ He let go a laugh, let go a laugh, _ shook back his clothes all a-round. **Chorus**

C Em Am F G - G7
He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs _ throughout the south.

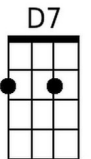


C Em Am F G
He spoke with tears of 15 years how his dog and him _ traveled a-bout
F Em Am Em Dm (D7) G - G7
_ His dog up and died, he up and died, _ after 20 years he still grieves.



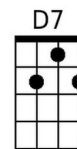
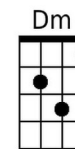
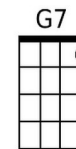
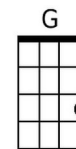
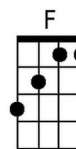
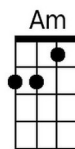
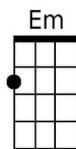
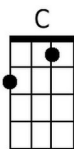
C Em Am F G - G7
He said I dance now at every chance in honky tonks _ for drinks and tips

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.**

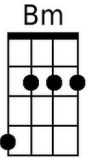
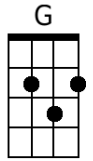
DGBE



Mr. Bojangles (Jerry Jeff Walker, ca. 1965) (G) (6/8 Time)

Intro: G Bm | Em Bm

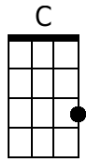
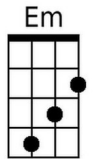
G Bm Em C D - D7
 I knew a man Bo-jangles and he danced for you _ In worn out shoes
 G Bm Em C D
 With silver hair, a ragged shirt, and baggy pants _ The old soft shoe
 C Bm Em Bm Am (A7) D
 _ He jumped so high, jumped so high _ Then he'd lightly touch down.



Chorus

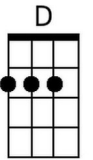
Em D Em D Em D G Bm | Em Bm
 _ Mr. Bo-jangles _ Mr. Bo-jangles _ Mr. Bo-jangles . . . dance.

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



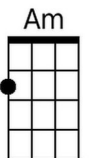
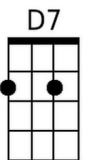
G Bm Em C D - D7
 He said his name Bo-jangles then he danced a licked _ across the cell
 G Bm
 He grabbed his pants, a better stance,

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.

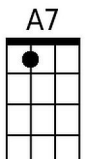
G Bm Em C D
 He spoke with tears of 15 years how his dog and him _ traveled a-bout
 C Bm Em Bm Am (A7) D - D7
 _ His dog up and died, he up and died, _ after 20 years he still grieves.



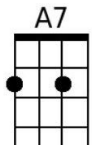
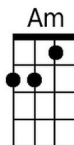
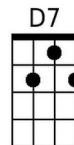
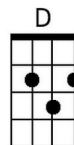
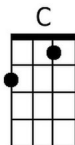
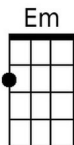
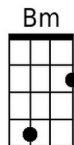
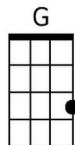
G Bm Em C D - D7
 He said I dance now at every chance in honky tonks _ for drinks and tips

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 |
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)

Distinctive Strum Pattern	GCEA	C	A	G	F	D	Bm
	DGBE	C	A	G	F	D	Bm



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 |
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

F	D	C	Bb	G	Em

DGBE

F	D	C	Bb	G	Em

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

Intro (8 Measures): First 2 lines.

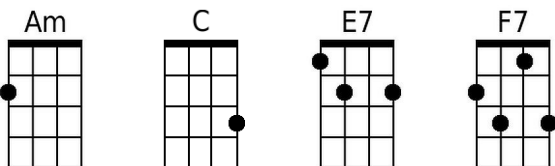
Am E7 Am
 It was down at old Joe's bar room
Am F7 C E7
 At the corner by the square
Am E7 Am
 They were serving drinks as usual
F7 E7 Am
 And the usual crowd was there

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



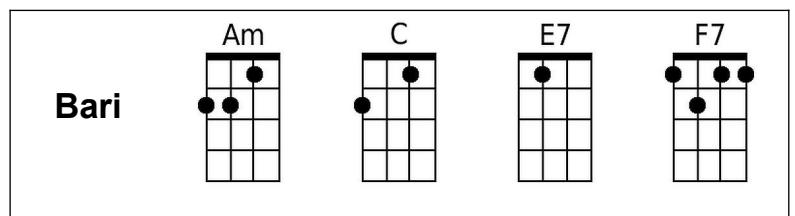
Am E7 Am
 Let her go. Let her go, God bless her
Am F7 C E7
 Wherever she may be
Am E7 Am
 She may search this wide world over
F7 E7 Am
 And never find another man like me

Instrumental Verse

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

Instrumental Verse, end on Am



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

Intro (8 Measures): First 2 lines.

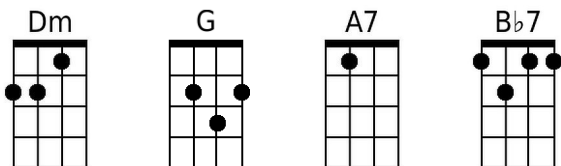
Dm A7 Dm
 It was down at old Joe's bar room
Dm Bb7 F A7
 At the corner by the square
Dm A7 Dm
 They were serving drinks as usual
Bb7 A7 Dm
 And the usual crowd was there

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

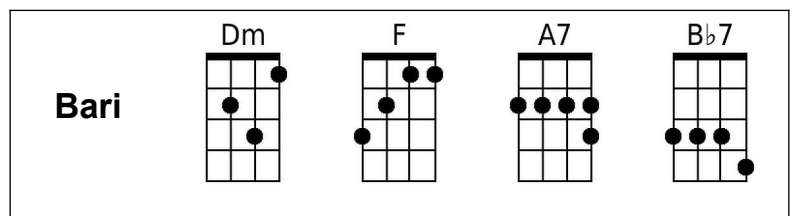
Instrumental Verse

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)

Intro (8 Measures): First 2 lines.

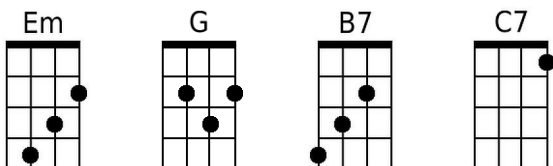
Em B7 Em
 It was down at old Joe's bar room
Em C7 G B7
 At the corner by the square
Em B7 Em
 They were serving drinks as usual
C7 B7 Em
 And the usual crowd was there

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



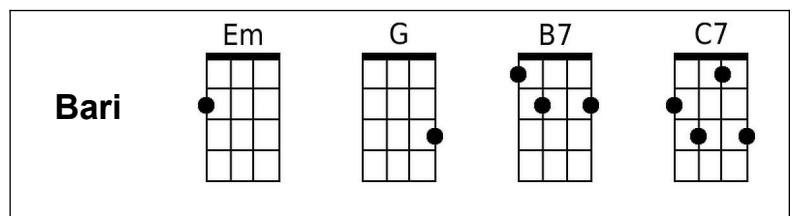
Em B7 Em
 Let her go. Let her go, God bless her
Em C7 G B7
 Wherever she may be
Em B7 Em
 She may search this wide world over
C7 B7 Em
 And never find another man like me

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)

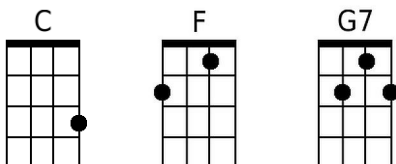
Intro (4 Measures): Strum in on C

C **F**
 In 1814 we took a little trip
G7
 A-long with Col. Jackson
C
 down the mighty Mississipp'
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**

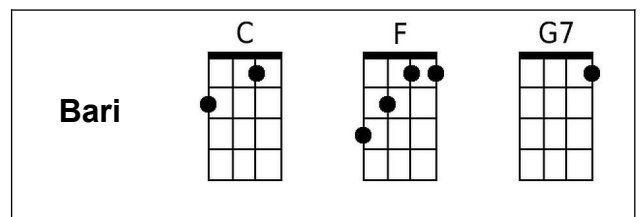


C **F**
 Old Hick'ry said we could take 'em by su'prise
G7
 If we didn't fire our musket
C
 till we looked 'em in the eyes
F
 We held our fire till we see'd their faces well
G7
 Then we opened up with squirrel guns
C
 and really gave 'em Well - **Chorus**

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**



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

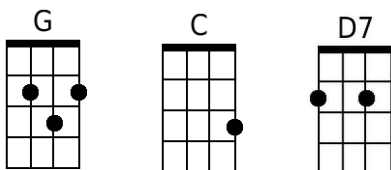
Intro (4 Measures): Strum in on G

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.

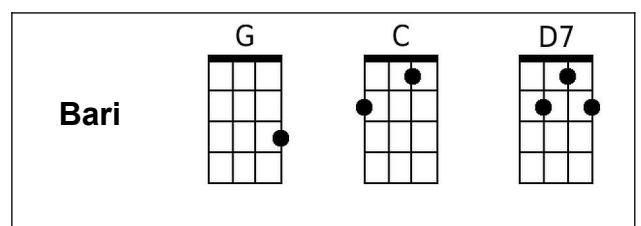
G
 We looked down the river
C
 and we see'd the British come
D7
 And there musta been a hund'erd of 'em
G
 beatin' on the drum
 They stepped so high
C
 and they made their bugles ring
D7
 We stood beside our cotton bales
G
 and didn't say a thing. **Chorus**



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**



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 C
 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

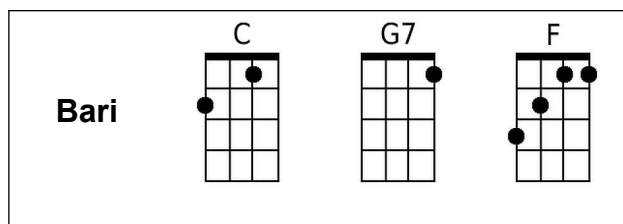
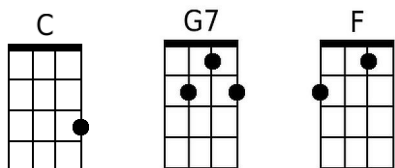
C
 It would last forever
 Oh you just sit out on the deck,
G7
 Fish off the side all day
 Watch the sunny southland roll by

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 G
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
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

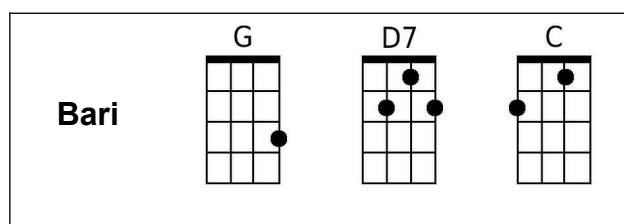
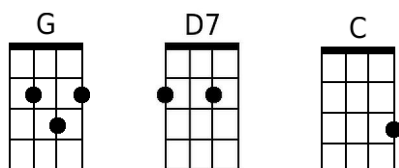
G
It would last forever
Oh you just sit out on the deck,
D7
Fish off the side all day
Watch the sunny southland roll by

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



The Ella B (Russell Smith, 1975) (NN)

The Ella B by The Amazing Rhythm Aces

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

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

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

BRIDGE: Chords for verse

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.

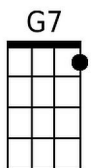
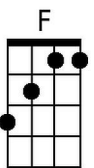
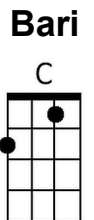
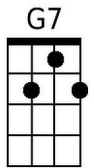
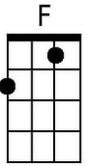
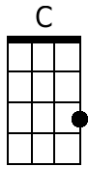
C **F**
I've got no time for talkin', I've got to keep on walkin'

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)

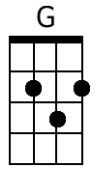


Walking To New Orleans (G)

Bobby Charles [Robert Charles Guidry], Antione "Fats" Domino, Jr., & Dave Bartholomew, 1960

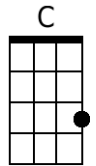
Strum in on G

G **C**
This time I'm walkin' to New Orleans, I'm walkin' to New Orleans.



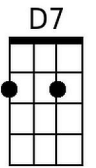
D7
I'm going to need two pair of shoes,

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.

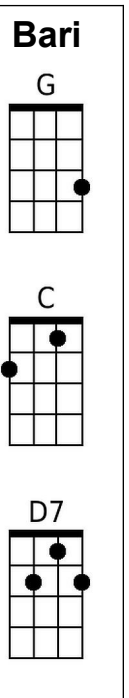
D7 **C**
No use for you to cry, I'll see you bye and bye,

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 | Ab°7 | 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 **Ab°7**
 With those beautiful queens.

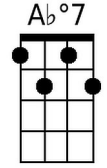
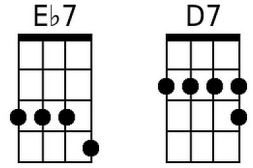
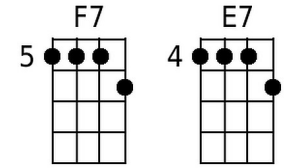
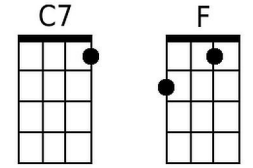
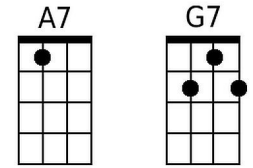
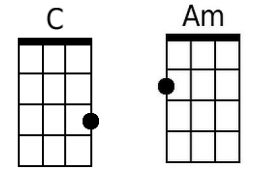
C **G7** **C**
 Way down yonder in New Or..leans.

Repeat From Top

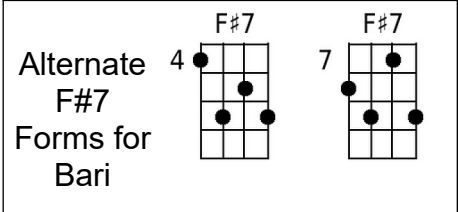
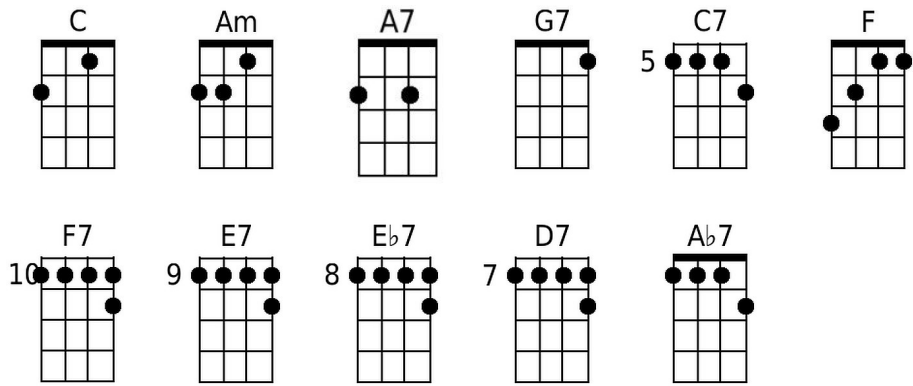
2nd Ending:

C **Am** **C** **Ab°7**
 They've got angels right here on earth, Wearing little blue jeans.

C **G7** **C**
 Way down yonder in New Or..leans. **(2x)**



Baritone



Way Down Yonder In New Orleans (G)

(John Turner Layton, Jr. & Henry Creamer, 1922)

Starting Note: D

Intro: | G | Em | G | Eb°7 | 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 Eden, ___ 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.

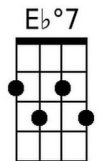
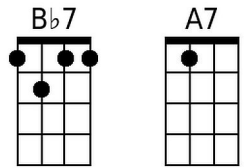
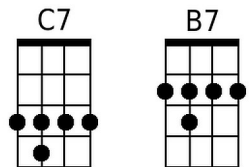
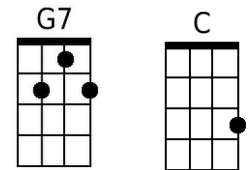
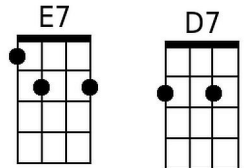
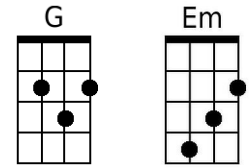
1st Ending:

G **Em**
There is Heaven right here on Earth,
G **Eb°7**
With those beautiful queens.
G **D7** **G**
Yeah, way down yonder in New Orleans.

Repeat From Top

2nd Ending:

G **Em** **G** **Eb°7**
They've got angels right here on earth, wearing little blue jeans.
G **D7** **G**
Yeah, way down yonder in New Orleans. **(2x)**



Baritone

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

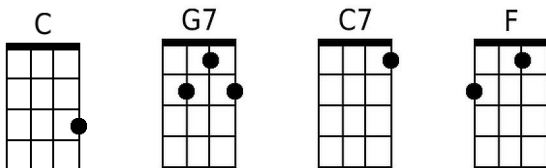
Intro C G7 C

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

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

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

Oh, when the stars fall from the sky
 Oh, when the stars fall from the sky
 Oh Lord, I want to be in that number
 When the stars fall from the sky



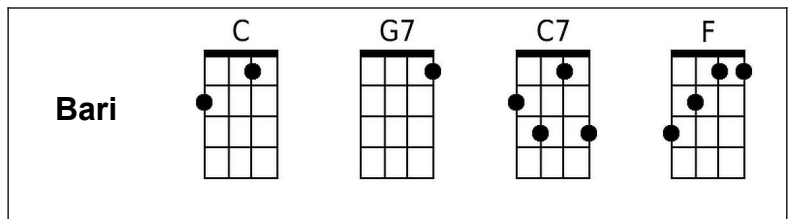
Oh, when the rev-elation comes
 Oh, when the revelation comes
 Oh Lord, I want to be in that number
 When the revelation comes

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

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

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

Halla lu-uuu ja





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

Intro G D7 G

G

Oh, when the saints go marching in

Oh, when the saints go marching in

Oh Lord, I want to be in that number

When the saints go marching in

G

Oh, when the trumpet sounds the call

Oh, when the trumpet sounds the call

Oh Lord, I want to be in that number

When the trumpet sounds the call

G

Oh, when the band begins to play

Oh, when the band begins to play

Oh Lord, I want to be in that number

When the band begins to play

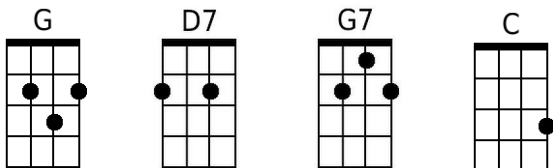
G

Oh, when the stars fall from the sky

Oh, when the stars fall from the sky

Oh Lord, I want to be in that number

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

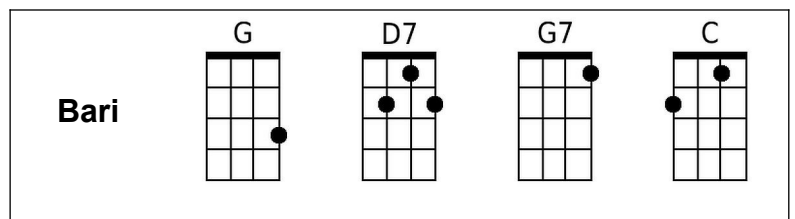
G G7 C

Yes Lord, I want to be in that number

G D7 G

When the saints go marching in

Halla lu-uu 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 D7 Am D7
 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**

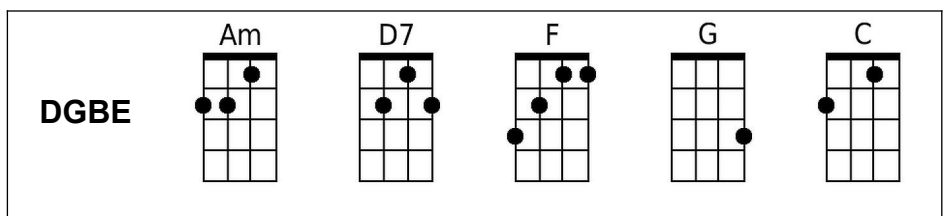
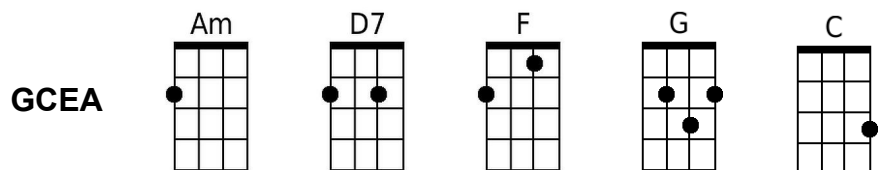
Outro

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
 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 A7 Em A7
 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

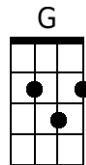
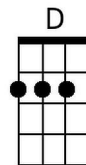
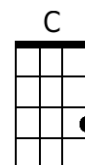
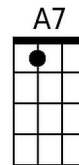
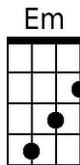
Strum

Em A7

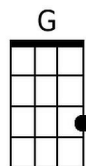
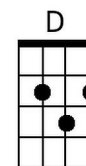
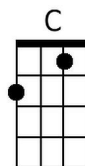
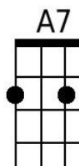
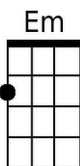
1 2 3& 4

D D DU D

GCEA



DGBE



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

Instrumental Intro (16 Measures):

1	5 ⁷
A	E ⁷
C	G ⁷
D	A ⁷
F	C ⁷
G	D ⁷

1

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

1

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

5⁷

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

1

C

5⁷

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

5⁷

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

1

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

Instrumental (16 measures)

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'all's 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.

Instrumental Outro (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: ↓ ↓ ↓↑↓↑ ↓↓