



# 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

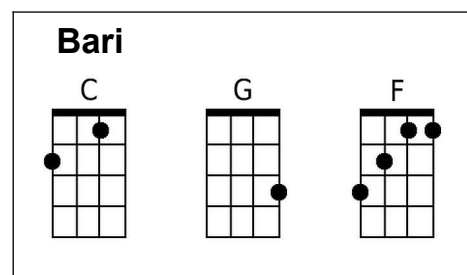
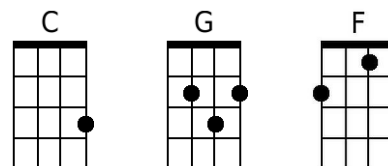
**C**                    **G**  
 It was a Texas girl that broke my heart  
**F**                    **C**  
 Then she tore my truck apart  
    **G**                    **C**  
 I guess I'll get me another in Baton Rouge  
    **G**  
 I like Crawfish I like rice  
**F**                    **C**  
 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

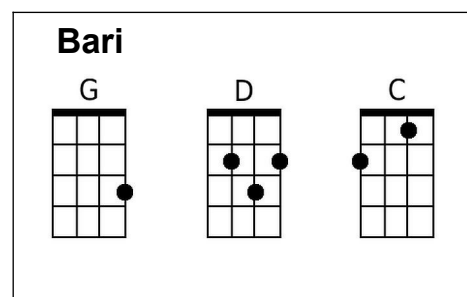
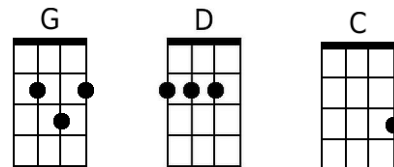
**G** **D**  
 It was a Texas girl that broke my heart  
**C** **G**  
 Then she tore my truck apart  
**D** **G**  
 I guess I'll get me another in Baton Rouge  
**D**  
 I like Crawfish I like rice  
**C** **G**  
 I like girls that treat you nice  
**D** **G**  
 I'm gonna find me one in Baton Rouge

### 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

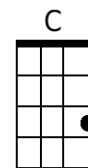
1	4	5
A	D	E
C	F	G
D	G	A
F	Bb	C
G	C	D

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

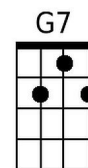
As performed by [Roy Orbison](#)

## 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.



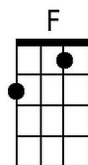
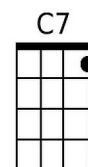
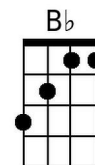
**C** **G7**  
Saving nickels, saving dimes, \_\_\_ working 'till the sun don't shine.  
**C** | **Bb C** |  
Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou.



## Chorus 1

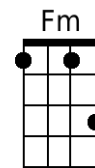
**C** **G7**  
I'm going back some day, come what may, to Blue Bayou.  
**C**  
Where you sleep all day and the catfish play on Blue Bayou.  
**C7** **F** **Fm**  
All those fishing boats with their sails afloat if I could only see  
**C** **G7** **C** | **Bb C** |  
That fa-miliar sunrise through sleepy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



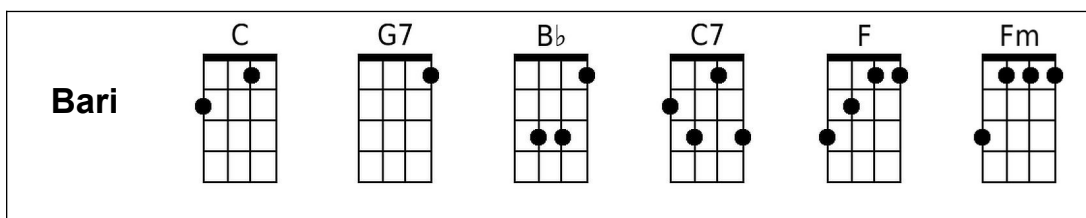
## Chorus 2

**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

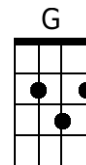


# Blue Bayou (Roy Orbison & Joe Melson, 1961)

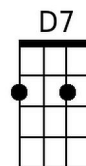
As performed by [Roy Orbison](#)

## 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.

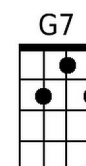
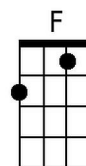


**G** **D7**  
 Saving nickels, saving dimes, \_\_\_ working 'till the sun don't shine.  
**G** | **F G** |  
 Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou.

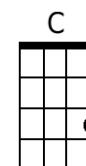


## Chorus 1

**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.

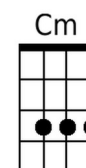


**G** **D7**  
 Go to see my baby again, and to be with some of my friends;  
**G** | **F G** |  
 Maybe I'd be happy then on Blue Bayou.



## 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

**Bari**

<b>G</b> 	<b>D7</b> 	<b>F</b> 	<b>G7</b> 	<b>C</b> 	<b>Cm</b> 
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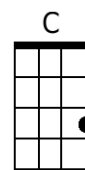
# Blue Bayou (Roy Orbison & Joe Melson, 1961) (C)

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

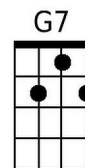
Tempo: 95 bpm

**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.

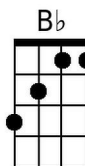


2. Saving nickels, saving dimes; \_\_\_ working till the sun don't shine;  
Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou.

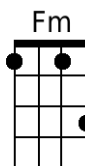
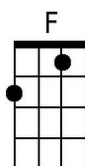


**Chorus**

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.



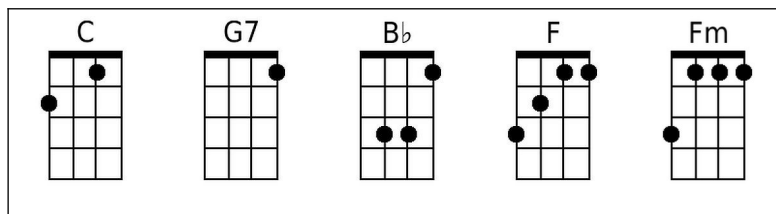
**Repeat Verse 2 and Chorus.**

**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.**

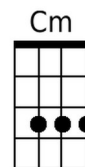
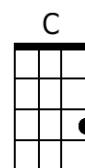
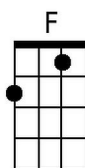
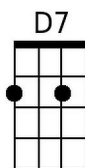
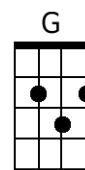
**Instrumental Interlude:** G | G | D7 | D7 | D7 | D7 | G | G

**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

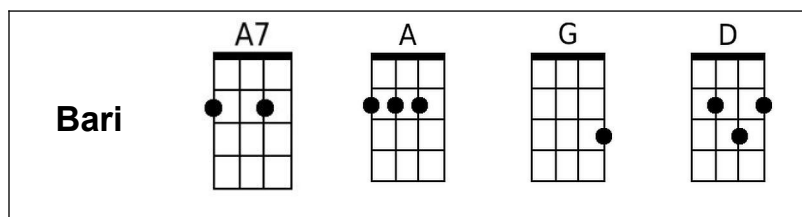
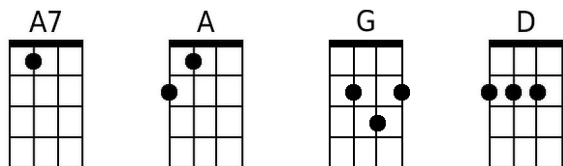
A7  
And I can still hear my old

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'

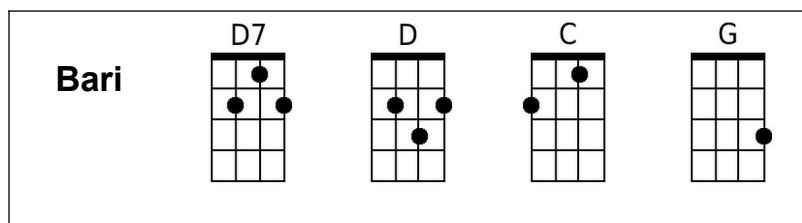
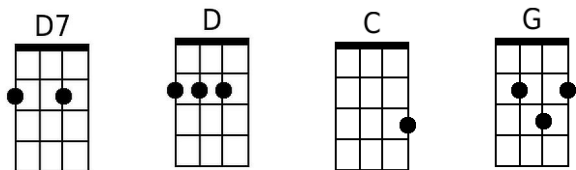
D D7 C G

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

**G**

Truly loved the mademoiselle

And now the young Monsieur and Madame

Have rung the chapel bell

C'est La Vie, say the old folks

**C**

It goes to show you never can tell

**C**

They furnished off the apartment

With a two room tag-end sale

The coolerator was crammed

**G**

With TV dinners and Ginger Ale

But when Pierre found work

The little money come in, worked out well

C'est La Vie, say the old folks

**C**

It goes to show you never can tell.

**C**

They had a hi-fi phono

Boy, did they let it blast

700 little records

**G**

All rock and rhythm and jazz

But when the sun went down

The rapid tempo of the music fell

C'est La Vie say the old folks

**C**

It goes to show you never can tell

**C**

They bought a souped up chitney

Was cherry red fifty-three

Drove it down to Orleans

**G**

To celebrate their anniversary

It was there where Pierre was wedded

To the lovely mademoiselle

C'est La Vie say the old folks

**C**

It goes to show you never can tell

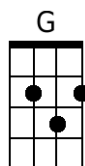
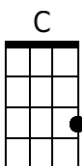
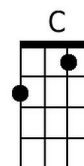
**(Repeat First Verse)**

**G**

C'est La Vie, say the old folks

**C**

It goes to show you never can tell

**GCEA****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

C

Truly loved the mademoiselle

And now the young Monsieur and Madame

Have rung the chapel bell

C'est La Vie, say the old folks

F

It goes to show you never can tell

F

They furnished off the apartment

With a two room tag-end sale

The coolerator was crammed

C

With TV dinners and Ginger Ale

But when Pierre found work

The little money come in, worked out well

C'est La Vie, say the old folks

F

It goes to show you never can tell

F

They had a hi-fi phono

Boy, did they let it blast

700 little records

C

All rock and rhythm and jazz

But when the sun went down

The rapid tempo of the music fell

C'est La Vie say the old folks

F

It goes to show you never can tell

F

They bought a souped up chitney

Was cherry red fifty-three

Drove it down to Orleans

C

To celebrate their anniversary

It was there where Pierre was wedded

To the lovely mademoiselle

C'est La Vie say the old folks

F

It goes to show you never can tell

**(Repeat First Verse)**

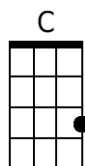
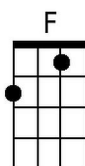
C

C'est La Vie, say the old folks

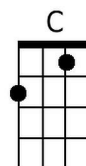
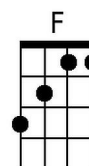
F

It goes to show you never can tell

GCEA



DGBE



## 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



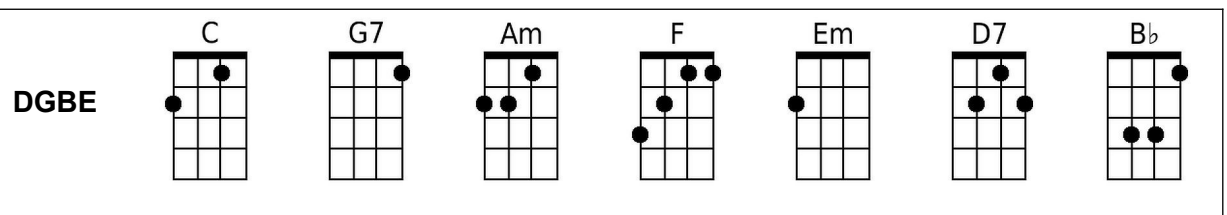
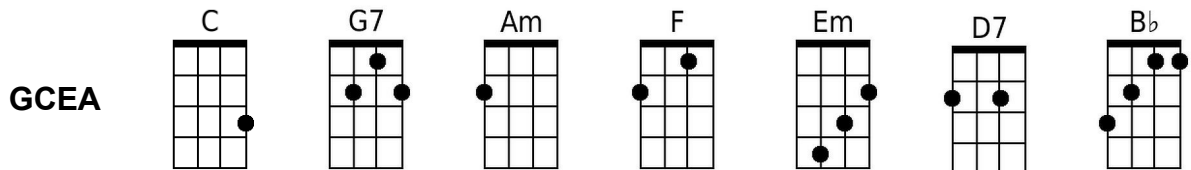
## City of New Orleans (Steve Goodman, ca. 1971) (C)

**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)**



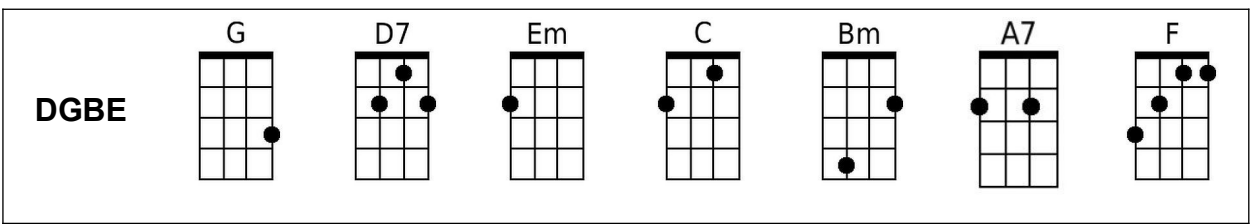
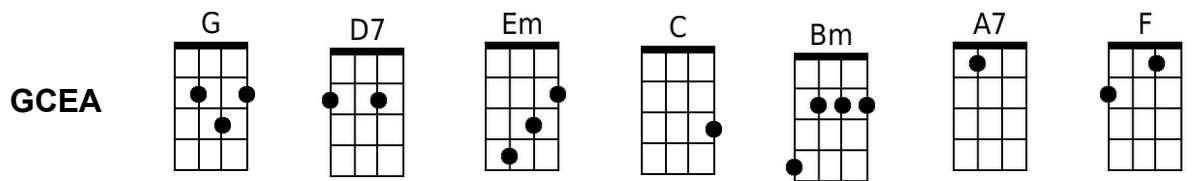
# City of New Orleans (Steve Goodman, ca. 1971) (G)

**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)

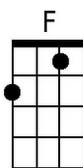
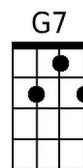
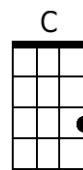
## Intro: Chords/melody 1st Verse

**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**

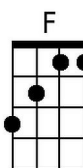
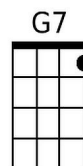
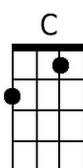
**C**  
Finally went and uh-seen her Pa

**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)**

**Bari**





# 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

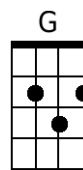
**D7**

They fell in love at the fais-do-do

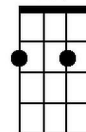
The pop was cold and the coffee \*chaud

**G**

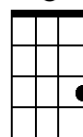
For Diggy Liggy Li and Diggy Liggy Lo



**D7**



**C**



## 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

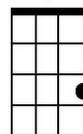
Moved out where the Bayou's low

**G**

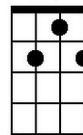
Now he's got a little Diggy Liggy Lo. **Chorus (2x)**

**Bari**

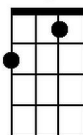
**G**



**D7**



**C**

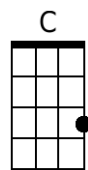




# Dixie Chicken (Lowell George & Fred Martin, ca. 1973) (C)

Dixie Chicken by Little Feat (1973)

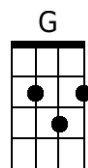
**C** **G**  
I've seen the bright lights of Memphis and the Commodore Hotel



**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

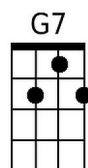


## Chorus

**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

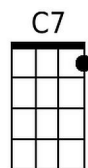
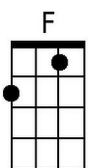
**G7** **G** **G7** **C**  
Then that low down Southern whiskey began to fog my mind

**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**



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

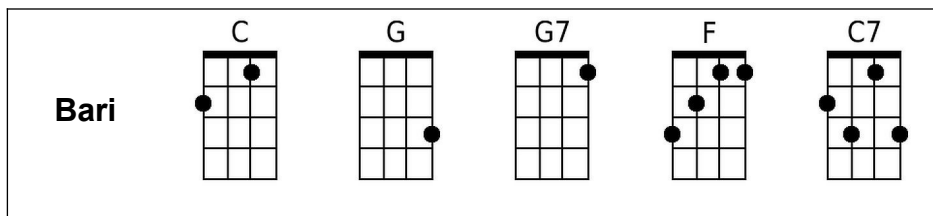
**G7** **G** **G7** **G** **C**  
She always liked to sing along, she's always handy with a song.

**F** **C** **G**  
Then one night in the lobby of the Commodore Hotel

**G7** **G** **G7** **G** **C**  
I chanced to meet a bartender who said he knew her well

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

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



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

Dixie Chicken by Little Feat (1973)

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

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

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

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

## Chorus

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

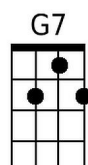
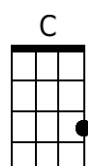
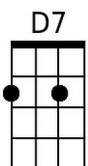
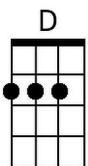
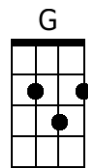
**D7** **D** **D7** **D** **G**  
She always liked to sing along, she's always handy with a song.

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

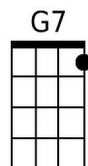
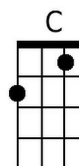
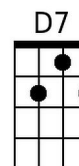
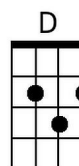
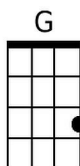
**D7** **D** **D7** **D** **G**  
I chanced to meet a bartender who said he knew her well

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

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



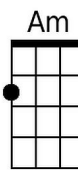
Bari



# 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



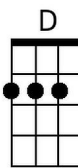
Am C D F Am C E7  
There is a house in New Orleans, They call the Risin' Sun

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**



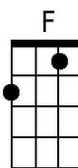
Am C D - F Am C E7  
My mother was a tailor. She sewed my new blue jeans.

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

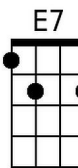
Am C D F Am E7 Am | E7  
And the only time that he's satis-fied, is when he's on a drunk. **Repeat Intro**



**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.

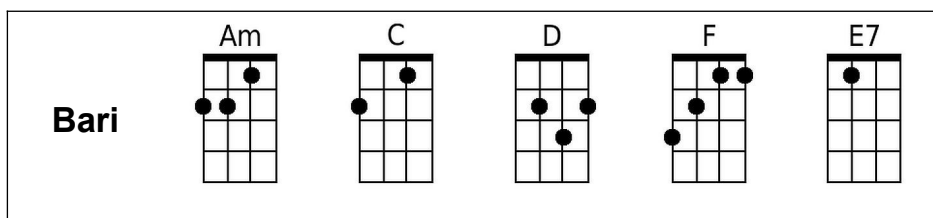
Am C D - F Am E7 Am | E7  
I'm goin' back to New Orleans, To wear that ball and chain. **Repeat Intro**

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

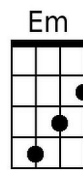


**Note:** Repetition of the Intro after every verse is optional. Baritones can re-create the Animals opening by doing an arpeggio of each chord in the Introduction (especially if amplified).

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

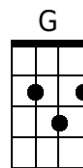
House of the Rising Sun by The Animals – 6/8 Time

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



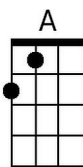
Em G A C Em G B7  
There is a house in New Or-leans, They call the Risin' Sun

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

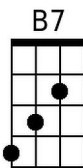
Em G A C Em B7 Em | B7  
And the only time that he's satis-fied, is when he's on a drunk. **Repeat Intro**



**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.

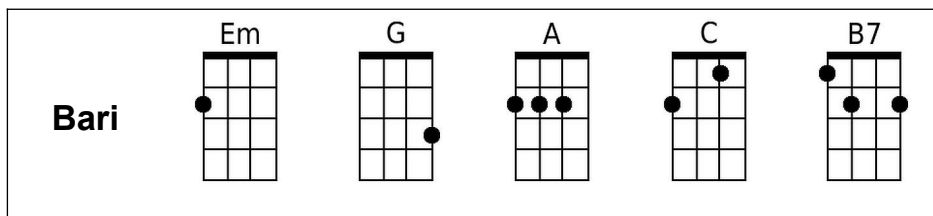
Em G A - C Em B7 Em | B7  
I'm goin' back to New Orleans, To wear that ball and chain. **Repeat Intro**

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**

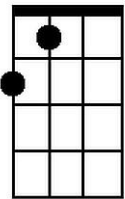
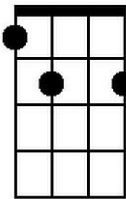
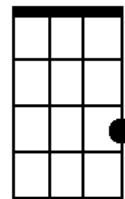
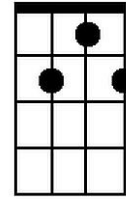
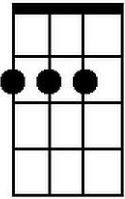
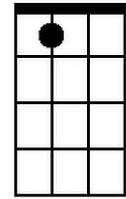
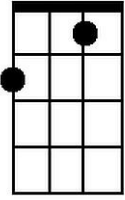
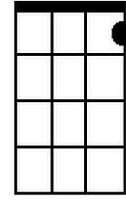
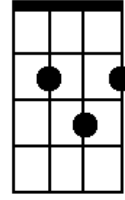
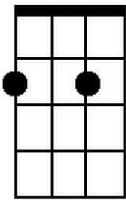
1 5(7)  
 Goodbye, Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh.  
 1  
 Me gotta go, pole the pirogue down the bayou.  
 5(7)  
 My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh.  
 1  
 Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

## **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**

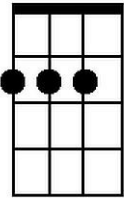
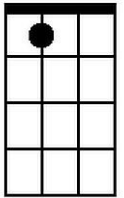
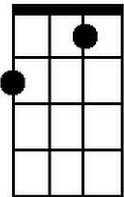
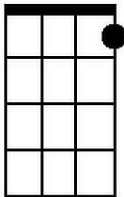
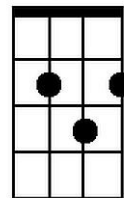
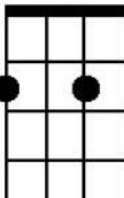
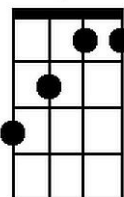
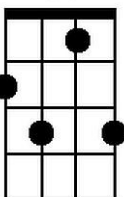
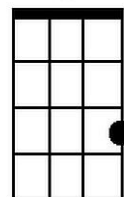
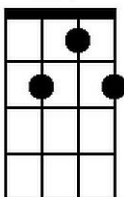
1 5(7)  
 Goodbye, Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh.  
 1  
 Me gotta go, pole the pirogue down the bayou.  
 5(7)  
 My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh.  
 1  
 Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

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

1 5(7)  
 Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin',  
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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

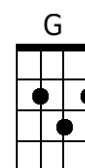
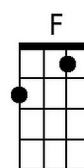
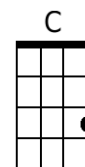
**C**  
Deep down Louisiana close to New Orleans  
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens

**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.

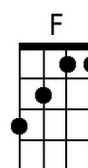
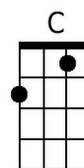
**F**  
Many people coming from miles around

**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**

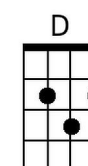
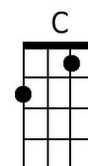
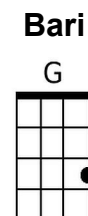
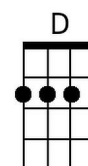
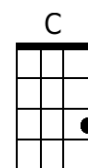
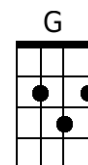
**G**  
His mother told him "Someday you will be a man,  
And you will be the leader of a big old band.

**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.

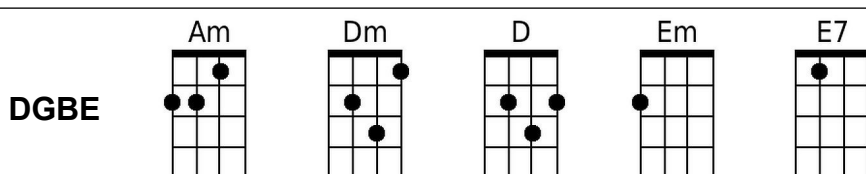
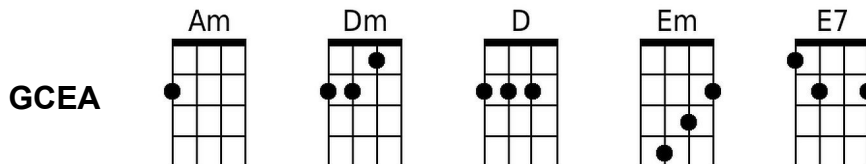
Dm Em E7  
Made the savage beast inside roar until it cried - More, more, more

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?

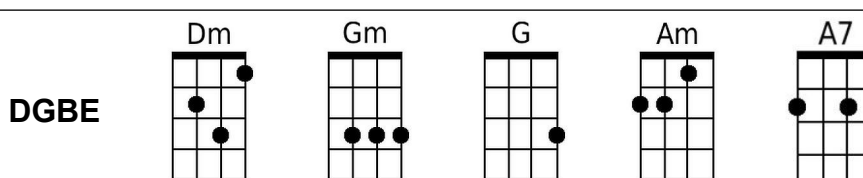
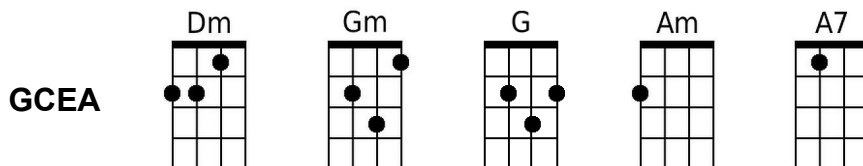
Dm G Dm G  
 He sat in her boudoir while she freshened up, That boy drank all that magnolia wine  
 Gm Am A7  
 On her black satin sheets where he started to freak. **Chorus**

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.

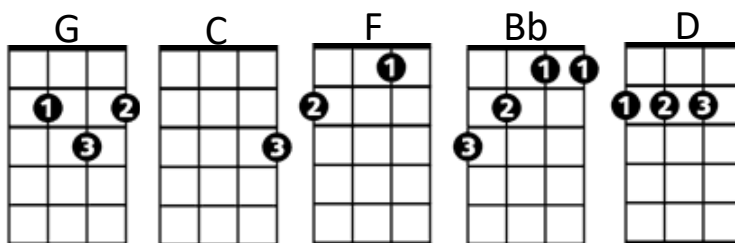
## Chorus & Reprise

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

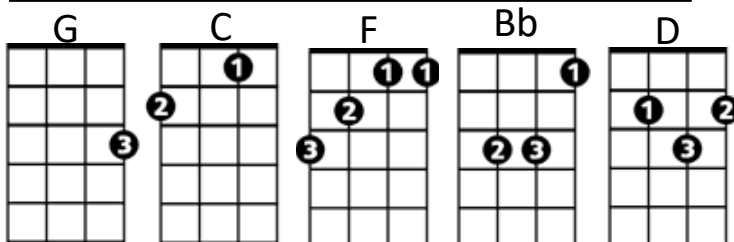
G  
Well suddenly we heard the sirens  
Bb C G  
And everybody started to run  
G  
A jumping out of doors and tables  
Bb C G  
Well I heard somebody shooting a gun

**(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

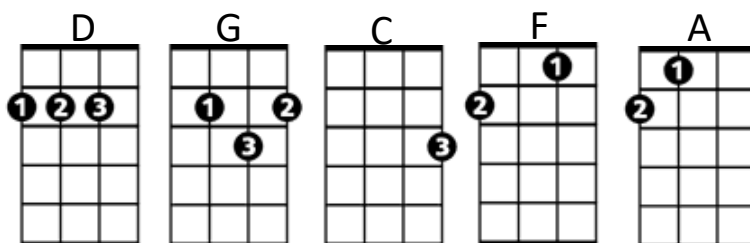
**G (Repeat to fade)**

Had it all



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 boozer on the west side

F G D  
Full of people who are doing wrong

D  
Just about to call up the D.A. man

F G D  
When I heard this woman singing a song

**Chorus:**

G  
A pair of 45's made me open my eyes

A  
My temperature started to rise

G  
She was a long cool woman in a black dress

F G D  
Just a 5 - 9, beautiful tall

G  
With just one look I was a bad mess

F G D  
'cos that long cool woman had it all

D  
I saw her headin' to the table

F G D  
Well a tall walking big black cat

D  
When Charlie said I hope that you're able boy

F G D  
Well I'm telling you she knows where it's at

D  
Well suddenly we heard the sirens

F G D  
And everybody started to run

D  
A jumping out of doors and tables

F G D  
Well I heard somebody shooting a gun

**(Chorus)**

D  
Well the DA was pumping my left hand

F G D  
And then she was a—holding my right

D  
Well I told her don't get scared

F  
'cos you're gonna be spared

G  
Well I've gotta be forgiven

If I wanna spend my living

With a long cool woman in a black dress

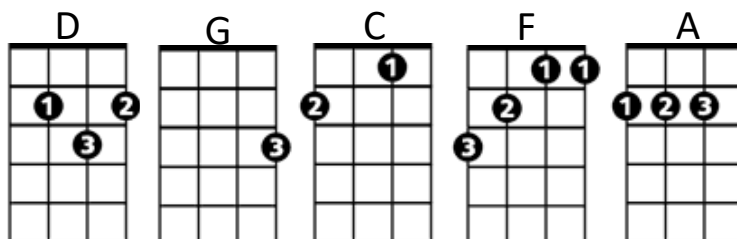
F G D  
Just a 5 - 9 beautiful tall

G  
Well, with just one look I was a bad mess

F G D  
'cos that long cool woman had it all

**D (Repeat to fade)**

Had it all



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

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

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

**D** **A7**  
 From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun Bobby shared the secrets of my soul.  
**D**  
 Standing right beside me through everythin' I done and every night she kept me from the cold.  
**D**  
 Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away.  
**D7** **G**  
 She was lookin' for the home I hope she'll find.

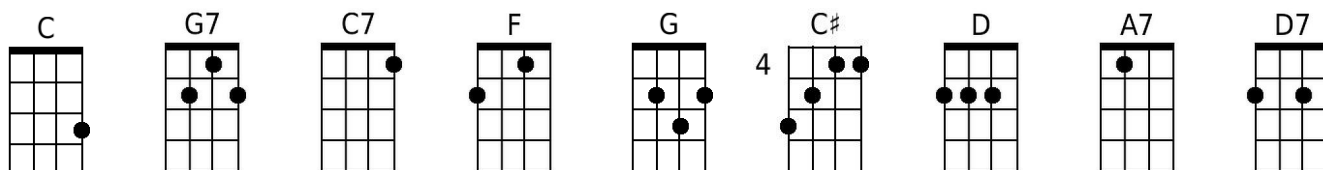
**D** **A7** **D D7**  
 Well I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday, holdin' Bobby's body close to mine.

## Outro (2X)

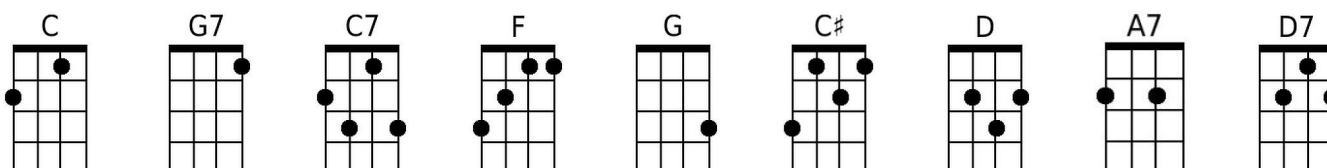
**G** **D** **A7** **D D7**  
 \_ Freedom's just another word for \_ nothin' left to lose. \_ Nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's free  
**G** **D**  
 \_ Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when \_ Bobby sang the blues.  
**A7**

You know \_ feelin' good was good enough for me.

**D** | **A7 D** |  
 Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee.



## Bari





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

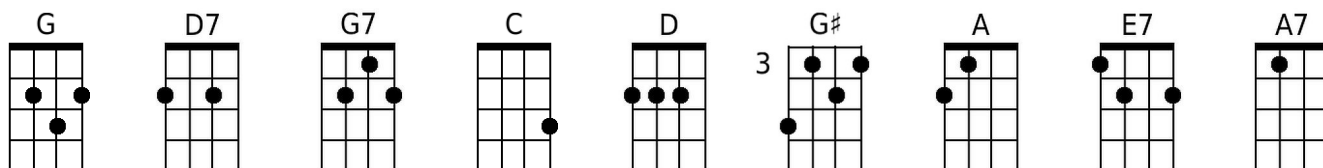
**G** Busted flat in Baton Rouge, heading for the trains, feelin' nearly faded as my jeans  
**D7**  
 Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained. Took us all the way into New Orleans  
**G**  
**G** I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana and was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues. **G7** **C**  
 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.

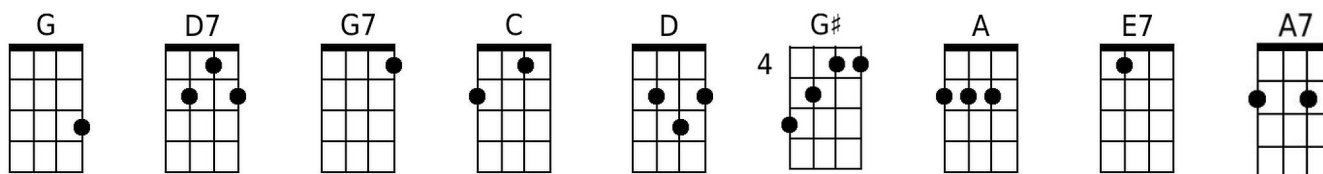
**A** **E7**  
 From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun Bobby shared the secrets of my soul.  
**A**  
 Standing right beside me through everythin' I done and every night she kept me from the cold.  
**A**  
 Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away.  
**A7** **D**  
 She 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.



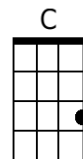
## Bari



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

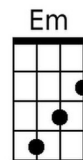
**Intro:** C Em | Am Em

C Em Am F G - G7  
I knew a man Bo-jangles and he danced for you \_ In worn out shoes



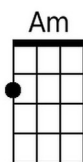
C Em Am F G  
With silver hair, a ragged shirt, and baggy pants \_ The old soft shoe

F Em Am Em Dm (D7) G  
\_ He jumped so high, jumped so high \_ Then he'd lightly touch down.



## Chorus

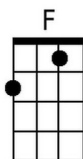
Am G Am G Am G C Em | Am Em  
\_ Mr. Bo-jangles \_ Mr. Bo-jangles \_ Mr. Bo-jangles . . . dance.



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

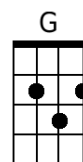
F Em Am Em Dm (D7) G - G7  
\_ He talked of life, talked of life \_ He laughed, slapped his leg a step



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

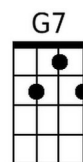
F Em Am Em Dm (D7) G  
\_ He let go a laugh, let go a laugh, \_ shook back his clothes all a-round. **Chorus**



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.

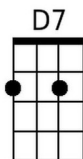
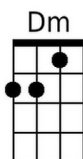


C Em Am F G - G7  
He said I dance now at every chance in honky tonks \_ for drinks and tips

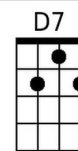
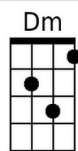
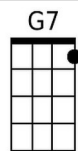
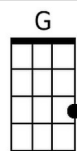
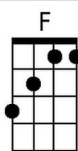
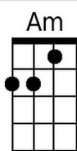
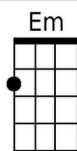
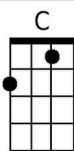
C Em Am F G  
But most the time I spend behind these county bars \_ 'cause I drinks a bit

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.**



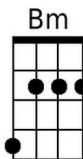
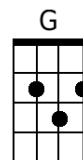
**DGBE**



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

**Intro:** G Bm | Em Bm

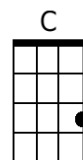
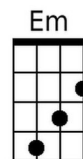
G Bm Em C D - D7  
I knew a man Bo-jangles and he danced for you \_ In worn out shoes  
G Bm Em C D  
With silver hair, a ragged shirt, and baggy pants \_ The old soft shoe  
C Bm Em Bm Am (A7) D  
\_ He jumped so high, jumped so high \_ Then he'd lightly touch down.



**Chorus**

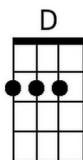
Em D Em D Em D G Bm | Em Bm  
\_ Mr. Bo-jangles \_ Mr. Bo-jangles \_ Mr. Bo-jangles . . . dance.

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

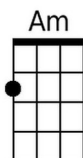
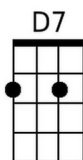
G Bm  
He grabbed his pants, a better stance,  
Em C D  
oh he jumped so high, \_ and he clicked his heels



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.

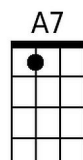
G Bm Em C D  
He spoke with tears of 15 years how his dog and him \_ traveled a-bout  
C Bm Em Bm Am (A7) D - D7  
\_ His dog up and died, he up and died, \_ after 20 years he still grieves.



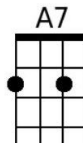
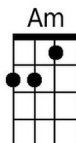
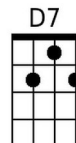
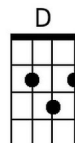
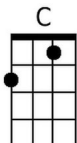
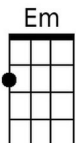
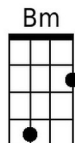
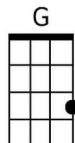
G Bm Em C D - D7  
He said I dance now at every chance in honky tonks \_ for drinks and tips

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)

<b>Distinctive Strum Pattern</b>	<b>GCEA</b>	C 	A 	G 	F 	D 	Bm 
		C 	A 	G 	F 	D 	Bm 
	<b>DGBE</b>	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 | 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.

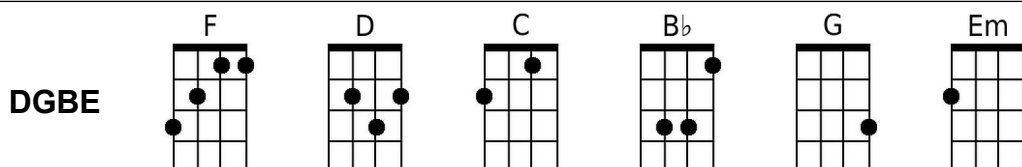
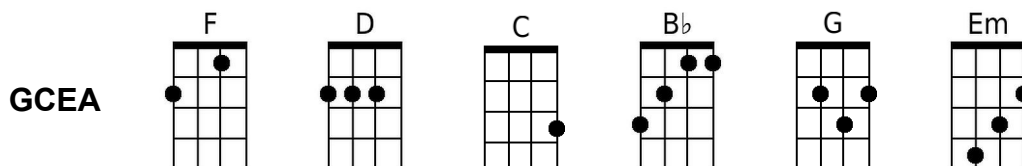
**D** **Em**

Big wheel keep on turning, proud Mary keep on burning.

**G**

Rolling, rolling, rolling on the river. (4x)

**Distinctive Strum  
Pattern**



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

**Intro (8 Measures):** First 2 lines.

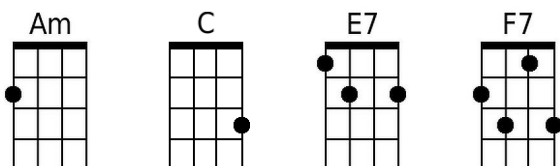
Am E7 Am  
It was down at old Joe's bar room  
Am F7 C E7  
At the corner by the square  
Am E7 Am  
They were serving drinks as usual  
F7 E7 Am  
And the usual crowd was there

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

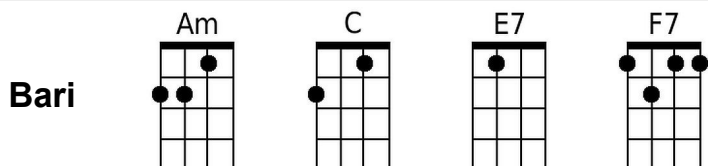


Am E7 Am  
Let her go. Let her go, God bless her  
Am F7 C E7  
Wherever she may be  
Am E7 Am  
She may search this wide world over  
F7 E7 Am  
And never find another man like me

## 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.

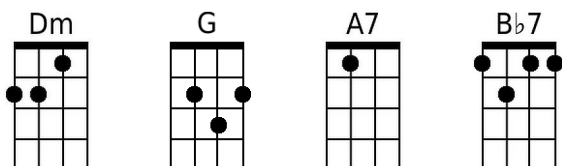
**Dm A7 Dm**  
 It was down at old Joe's bar room  
**Dm Bb7 F A7**  
 At the corner by the square  
**Dm A7 Dm**  
 They were serving drinks as usual  
**Bb7 A7 Dm**  
 And the usual crowd was there

**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



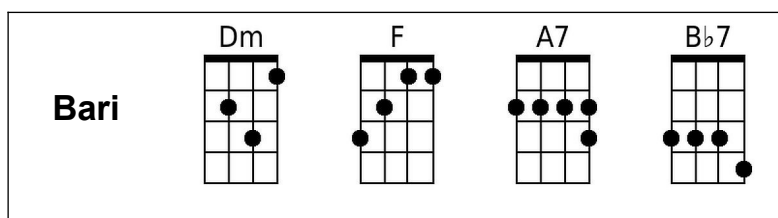
**Dm A7 Dm**  
 Let her go. Let her go, God bless her  
**Dm Bb7 F A7**  
 Wherever she may be  
**Dm A7 Dm**  
 She may search this wide world over  
**Bb7 A7 Dm**  
 And never find another man like me

### 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.

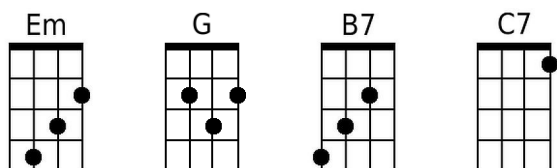
Em B7 Em  
 It was down at old Joe's bar room  
 Em C7 G B7  
 At the corner by the square  
 Em B7 Em  
 They were serving drinks as usual  
 C7 B7 Em  
 And the usual crowd was there

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



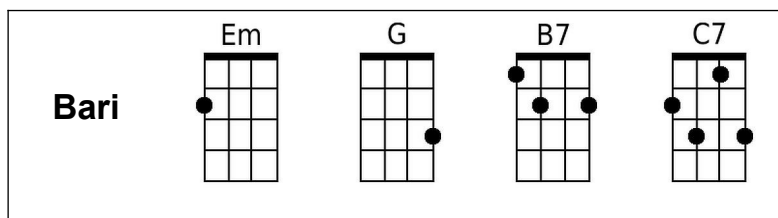
Em B7 Em  
 Let her go. Let her go, God bless her  
 Em C7 G B7  
 Wherever she may be  
 Em B7 Em  
 She may search this wide world over  
 C7 B7 Em  
 And never find another man like me

### 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)

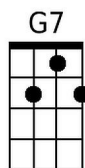
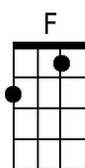
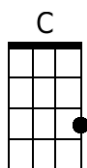
## Intro (4 Measures): Strum in on C

**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**

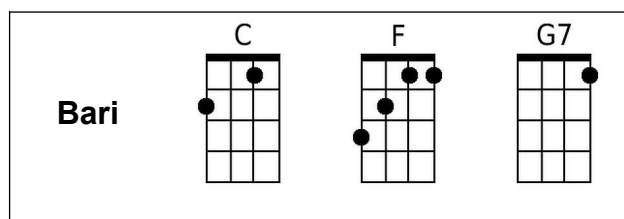


**C** **F**  
 Old Hick'ry said we could take 'em by su'prise  
**G7**  
 If we didn't fire our musket  
**C**  
 till we looked 'em in the eyes  
**F**  
 We held our fire till we see'd their faces well  
**G7**  
 Then we opened up with squirrel guns  
**C**  
 and really gave 'em Well - **Chorus**

## 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)

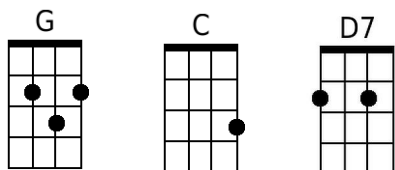
## Intro (4 Measures): Strum in on G

**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**

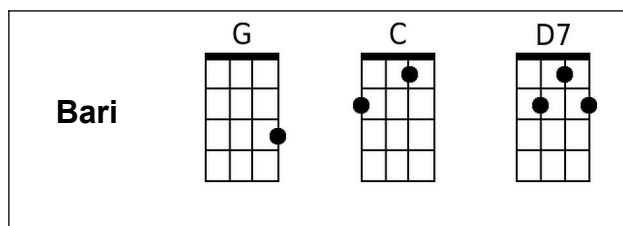


**G**      **C**  
 Old Hick'ry said we could take 'em by su'prise  
**D7**  
 If we didn't fire our musket  
**G**  
 till we looked 'em in the eyes  
**C**  
 We held our fire till we see'd their faces well  
**D7**  
 Then we opened up with squirrel guns  
**G**  
 and really gave 'em Well - **Chorus**

## 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

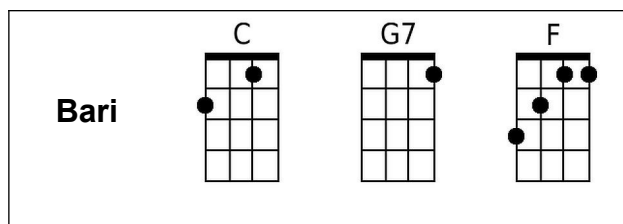
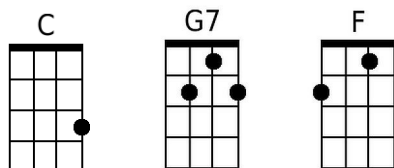
**C**  
It would last forever  
Oh you just sit out on the deck,  
**G7**  
Fish off the side all day  
Watch the sunny southland roll by

**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

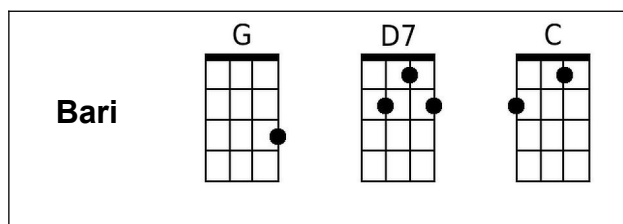
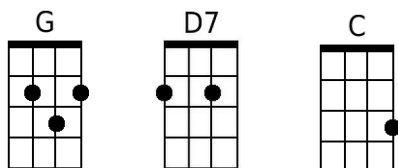
**G**  
It would last forever  
Oh you just sit out on the deck,  
**D7**  
Fish off the side all day  
Watch the sunny southland roll by

**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

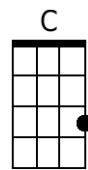
**BRIDGE: Chords for verse**

## Walking To New Orleans (C)

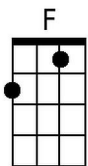
Bobby Charles [Robert Charles Guidry], Antione "Fats" Domino, Jr., & Dave Bartholomew, 1960

### Strum in on C

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



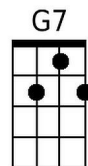
**G7**  
I'm going to need two pair of shoes,



**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'

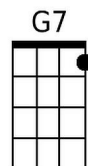
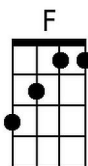
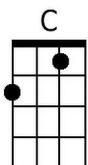
**G7** **F**  
New Orleans is my home, That's the reason why I'm goin'

**C**  
Yes, I'm walkin' to New Orleans

### Outro

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

### Bari

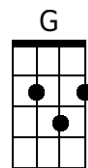


## Walking To New Orleans (G)

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

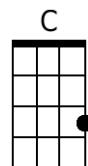
### Strum in on G

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



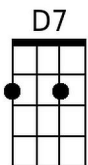
**D7**  
I'm going to need two pair of shoes,

**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.

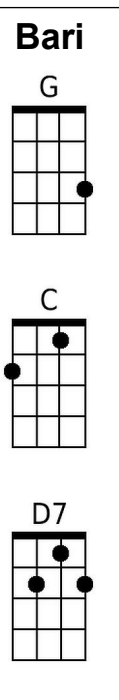
**D7** **C**  
No use for you to cry, I'll see you bye and bye,

**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)





# 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 |

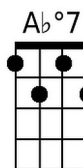
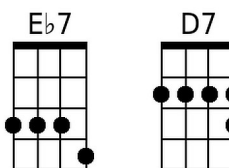
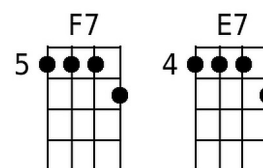
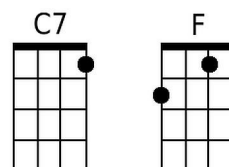
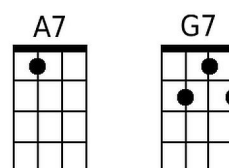
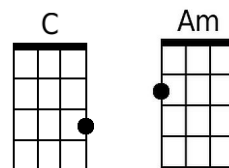
**G7** **C**  
Way down yonder in New Orleans, In the land of the dreamy scenes.

**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.

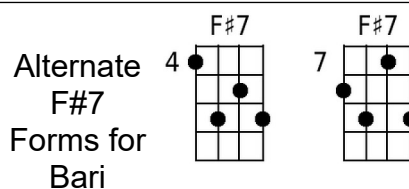
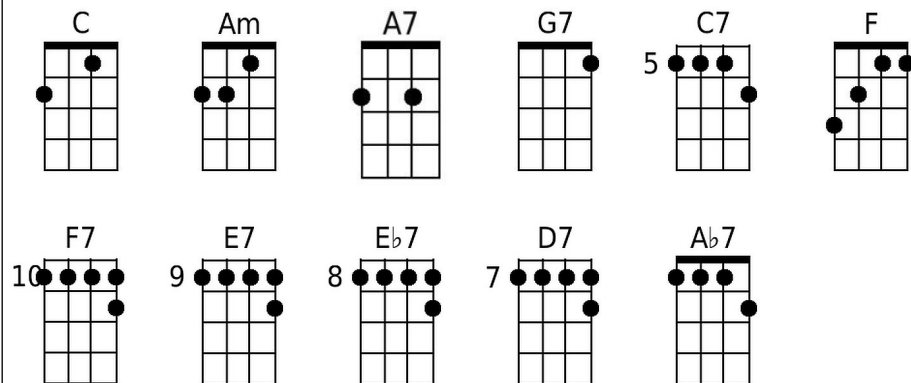
**Repeat From Top**

**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.

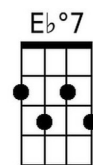
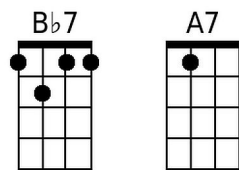
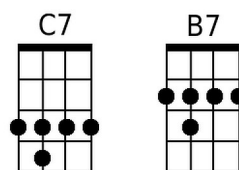
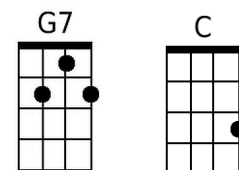
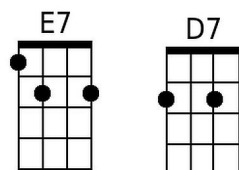
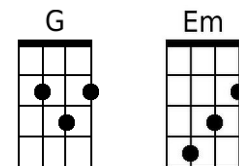
**1<sup>st</sup> Ending:**

**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**

**2<sup>nd</sup> 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

C

Oh, when the saints go marching in

G7

Oh, when the saints go marching in

C C7 F

Oh Lord, I want to be in that number

C G7 C

When the saints go marching in

C

Oh, when the trumpet sounds the call

G7

Oh, when the trumpet sounds the call

C C7 F

Oh Lord, I want to be in that number

C G7 C

When the trumpet sounds the call

C

Oh, when the band begins to play

G7

Oh, when the band begins to play

C C7 F

Oh Lord, I want to be in that number

C G7 C

When the band begins to play

C

Oh, when the stars fall from the sky

G7

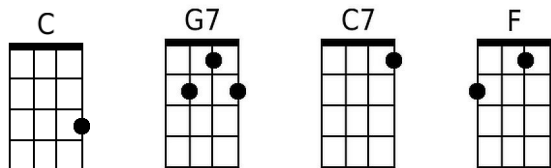
Oh, when the stars fall from the sky

C C7 F

Oh Lord, I want to be in that number

C G7 C

When the stars fall from the sky



C

Oh, when the rev-elation comes

G7

Oh, when the revelation comes

C C7 F

Oh Lord, I want to be in that number

C G7 C

When the revelation comes

C

Oh, when the sun begins to shine

G7

Oh, when the sun begins to shine

C C7 F

Oh Lord, I want to be in that number

C G7 C

When the sun begins to shine

C

Oh, on that hal-lelujah day

G7

Oh, on that hallelujah day

C C7 F

Oh Lord, I want to be in that number

C G7 C

On that hallelujah day

C

Yes, when the saints go marching in

G7

Yes, when the saints go marching in

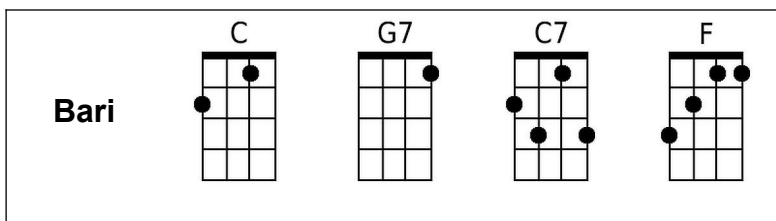
C C7 F

Yes Lord, I want to be in that number

C G7 C

When the saints go marching in

**Halla lu-uuu ja**





## 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

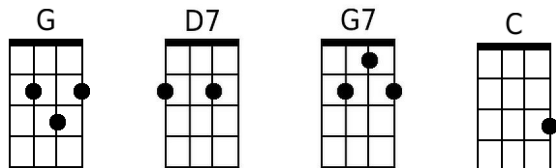
G

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

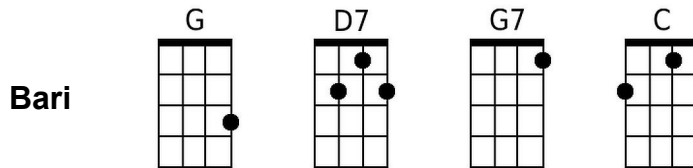
G G7 C

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  
 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

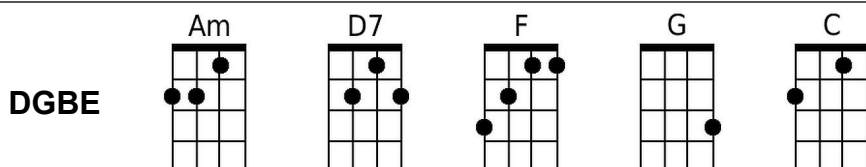
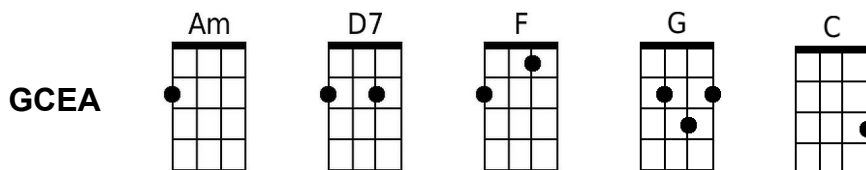
D7 Am D7  
 Oh, oh no

## 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**

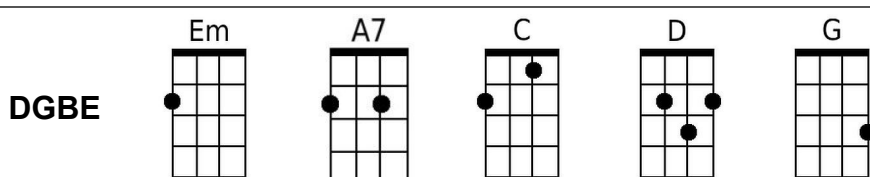
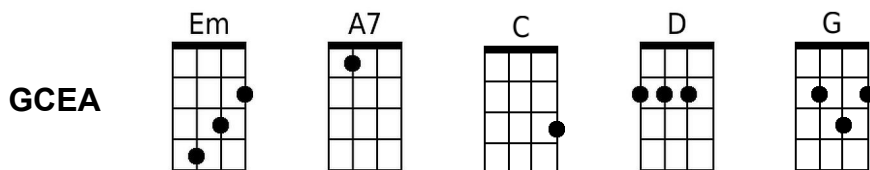
## Outro

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



## 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

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

1

5<sup>7</sup>

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

5<sup>7</sup>

1

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

C

5<sup>7</sup>

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

5<sup>7</sup>

1

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

1	5 <sup>7</sup>
A	E <sup>7</sup>
C	G <sup>7</sup>
D	A <sup>7</sup>
F	C <sup>7</sup>
G	D <sup>7</sup>

### 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

5<sup>7</sup>

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

5<sup>7</sup>

1

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

1

5<sup>7</sup>

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

5<sup>7</sup>

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



They All Ask'd For You – Page 2**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

5<sup>7</sup>

I went on down to the deep blue sea, and all asked for you. (*for who?*)

5<sup>7</sup>

1

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

1

5<sup>7</sup>

I went on down to the deep blue sea, and they all asked for you. (*for me?*)

5<sup>7</sup>

1

The shark asked, the whale asked, and the barracuda asked me too.

1

5<sup>7</sup>

They all asked for you (*in the morning*), all asked for you (*early in the morning*)

5<sup>7</sup>

1

Everybody there, wanna know where, they all asked for you.

1

5<sup>7</sup>

They all asked for you (*in the morning*), all asked for you (*early in the evening*)

5<sup>7</sup>

1

Everybody there, wanna know where, they all asked for you.

**Instrumental Outro (first two lines of the verse plus an extra 1 - 5<sup>7</sup> - 1)****Notes:**

- Instrumentals are optional.
- Optional Intro: Strum in on 1
- Optional Outro: 1 - 5<sup>7</sup> - 1
- Strum Pattern: ↓ ↓ ↓↑↓↑ ↓↓