

Songs to Sing with Friends



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Always

Irving Berlin

I'll be loving you, always. I I I
With a love that's true, always. V V I
When the things you've planned I I
Need a helping hand, III III
I will understand, always, always. [1-2-3] VII⁷ VII⁷ III V⁷

Days may not be fair, always I I I I⁷
That's when I'll be there, always VI VI ii ii
Not for just an hour, IV ii
Not for just a day, I II
Not for just a year, but always V V I I

Aragon Mill

Si Kahn

At the east end of town at the foot of a hill
There's a chimney so tall that says "Aragon Mill"
But there's no smoke at all comin' out of the stack
For the mill has pulled out and it ain't comin' back

And the only tune I hear is the sound of the wind
As it blows through the town, weave and spin, weave and spin.

There's no children at all in the narrow, empty streets
Since the looms have all gone; it's so quiet I can't sleep.
Now I'm too old to work and I'm too young to die
And there's no place to go for my old man and I.

And the only tune I hear is the sound of the wind
As it blows through the town, weave and spin, weave and spin.

Now the mill has closed down it's the only life I know
Tell me what will I do? Tell me where will I go?

And the only tune I hear is the sound of the wind
As it blows through the town, weave and spin, weave and spin.

Verse: I I V IV I

Chorus: I VI V IV I

Bottle of Wine

Tom Paxton

Ramblin' around this dirty old town, singin' for nickels and dimes
Times getting rough, I ain't got enough, to buy me a bottle of wine

Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine when you gonna let me get sober
Leave me along, let me go home, let me go back and start over

Little hotel, older than hell, cold and as dark as a mine
Blanket so thin, I lie there and grin, I got a little bottle of wine

Aches in my head, bugs in my bed, pants so old that they shine
Out on the street, tell the people I meet, won'cha buy me a bottle of wine

Teacher must teach & the preacher must preach, miner must dig in the
mine
I ride the rods, trusting in God, and hugging my bottle of wine

Come Take a Trip In My Airship

(Billy Murray/Charlie Poole/Marxer&Fink)

Once I loved a sailor
Once a sailor loved me
He was not a sailor
That sailed o'er the wide foaming sea

He owned an airship
Flew like the bird on the wind
Every evening at midnight
He'd fly to my window and sing

Come take a trip in my airship
Come take a trip to the stars
Come let us sail around Venus
Come let us sail around Mars

No one will see while we're kissing
No one will hear while we spoon
So come take a trip in my airship
We'll visit the man in the moon

Cornbread and Butterbeans

(Carolina Sunshine Trio)

Cornbread and butterbeans and you across the table
Eating beans and making love as long as I am able
Hoeing corn and cotton too and when the day is over
Ride a mule the crazy fool and love again all over

Goodbye don't you cry I'm going to Louisiana
Buy a dog and a big fat hog and marry Susianna
Sing song ding dong gonna take a trip to China
Cornbread and butterbeans and there to Carolina

Wearing shoes and drinking booze is going against the Bible
A neck tie will make you die and cause you lots of trouble
Street cars and whiskey bars and kissing pretty women
Whoa man and that's the end of a terrible beginning

Can't read and don't care an education's awful
Raising heck and writing checks that ought to be unlawful
Silk hose and pretty clothes are just a waste of money
I can see how glad you'll be to marry me my honey

Going to the Chapel

Chorus:

Goin' to the chapel and we're gonna get married.
Goin' to the chapel and we're gonna get married.
Gee, I really love you and we're, gonna get married.
Goin' to the chapel of love.

Spring is here,
The-e-e-e sky is blue.
Whooooa! Birds all sing as if they knew.
Today's the day, we'll say, "I do"
And we'll never be lonely anymore.

Chorus:

Because we're going to the chapel and we're, gonna get married.
Goin' to the chapel and we're, gonna get married.
Gee, I really love you and we're, gonna get married.
Goin' to the chapel of love.

Bells will ring,
the-e-e sun will shine.
Whooooa, I'll be his and he'll be mine.
We'll love until, the end of time
And we'll never be lonely anymore.

Hard Times

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears;
Oh Hard times come again no more.

Chorus:

Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard Times, hard times, come again no more
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;
Oh hard times come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks still say
Oh hard times come again no more.

Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore
Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave
Oh hard times come again no more.

Home On The Range

Recorded by Gene Autry

Poem by Brewster Higley (1871) Music Harlan Brothers (1873)

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam I IV
Where the deer and the antelope play I II – V
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word I IV
And the skies are not cloudy all day I – V I

Home home on the range V I
Where the deer and the antelope play II V
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word I IV
And the skies are not cloudy all day I – V I

How often at night when the heavens are bright
With the light from the glittering stars
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours

Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down the stream;
There the graceful, white swan goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

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I'll Be With You In Apple Blossom Time

Words and Music by Neville Fleeson / Albert Von Tilzer

I'll be with you in apple blossom time,
I'll be with you to change your name to mine.
One day in May, I'll come and say
"Happy the bride the sun shines on today!"

I iii
IV I
V⁷ I – VI⁷
II⁷ V⁷

What a wonderful wedding there will be,
What a wonderful day for you and me!
Church bells will chime, you will be mine
In apple blossom time.

I iii
IV I
V⁷ I – VI⁷
II⁷ V⁷ I

I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles

I'm dreaming dreams, I'm scheming schemes I I
I'm building castles high I V
They're born anew, their days are few V V
Just like a sweet butter fly V I
And as the daylight is dawning III vi
They come again in the morning II V

I'm forever blowing bubbles, I-V I
Pretty bubbles in the air IV I
They fly so high, nearly reach the sky IV-I IV-I
Then like my dreams they fade and die II V
Fortune's always hiding, I III
I've looked every where vi V
I'm forever blowing bubbles, I-V I
Pretty bubbles in the air II-V I

When shadows creep, when I'm asleep
To lands of hope I stray
Then at daybreak when I awake, My bluebird flutters away
Happiness, you seem so near me
Happiness, come forth and cheer me.

Irene Goodnight

by Huddie Ledbetter (Leadbelly)

Irene goodnight, Irene goodnight
Goodnight Irene, goodnight Irene
I'll see you in my dreams

Last saturday night I got married
Me and my wife settled down
Now me and my wife are parted
I'm gonna take another stroll downtown

Sometimes I live in the country
Sometimes I live in the town
Sometimes I have a great notion
To jump In the river and drown

Stop your ramblin' stop your gamblin'
Stop stayin' out late at night
Go home to your wife and your family
Sit down by the fireside bright

I've Just Seen a Face

I've just seen a face,
I can't forget the time or place
Where we just met.
She's just the girl for me
And I want all the world to
We've met, mmm-mmm-mmm-m'mmm-mmm.

Had it been another day
I might have looked the other way
And I'd have never been aware.
But as it is I'll dream of her
Tonight, di-di-di-di'n'di.

Falling, yes I am falling,
And she keeps calling
Me back again.

I have never known
The like of this, I've been alone
And I have missed things
And kept out of sight
But other girls were never quite
Like this, na-na-'na-na-na-na

Falling, yes I am falling,
And she keeps calling
Me back again.

Jamaica Farewell

Down the way where the nights are gay,
And the sun shines brightly on the mountaintop,
I took a trip on a sailing ship,
And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop.

But I'm sad to say, I'm on my way,
Won't be back for many a day,
My heart is down, my head is turning around,
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town.

Down at the market you can hear,
All the ladies cry out while on their heads they bear,
Akie rice, salt fish are nice,
And the sun is fine any time of the year.

Sounds of laughter everywhere,
And the children sway to and fro,
I must declare that my heart is there,
Though I've been from Maine to Mexico.

Lean On Me

Sometimes in our lives we all have pain
We all have sorrow
But if we are wise
We know that there's always tomorrow

Lean on me, when you're not strong
And I'll be your friend
I'll help you carry on
For it won't be long
'Til I'm gonna need
Somebody to lean on

Please swallow your pride
If I have things you need to borrow
For no one can fill those of your needs
That you don't let show

Lean on me, when you're not strong
And I'll be your friend
I'll help you carry on
For it won't be long
'Til I'm gonna need
Somebody to lean on

You just call on me brother, when you need a hand
We all need somebody to lean on
I just might have a problem that you'd understand
We all need somebody to lean on

If there is a load you have to bear
That you can't carry
I'm right up the road
I'll share your load
If you just call me - Call me - if you need a friend – Call me

Long Black Veil

by Danny Dill and Marijon Wilkin

Ten years ago on a cold dark night
Someone was killed 'neath the town hall light
The people who saw they all agreed
That the slayer who ran looked a lot like me

The judge said, "son, what is your alibi?
If you were somewhere's else, then you won't have to die"
I spoke not a word, though it meant my life
For I'd been in the arms of my best friend's wife

She walks these hills in a long black veil
Visits my grave when the night winds wail
Nobody knows, nobody sees
Nobody knows but me

The scaffold is high, eternity near
She stands in the crowd and sheds not a tear
But sometimes at night when the cold winds moan
In a long black veil she cries o'er my bones

Pack Up Your Sorrows

No use crying, talking to a stranger,
Naming the sorrows you've seen.
Too many sad times, too many bad times,
And nobody knows what you mean.

Chorus:
But if somehow you could pack up your sorrows,
And give them all to me,
You would lose them, I know how to use them,
Give them all to me.

No use rambling, walking in the shadows,
Trailing a wandering star.
No one beside you, no one to hide you,
Nobody knows where you are.

Chorus

No use gambling, running in the darkness,
Looking for a spirit that's free.
Too many wrong times, too many long times,
Nobody knows what you see.

Chorus

No use roaming, lying by the roadside,
Seeking a satisfied mind.
Too many highways, too many byways,
And nobody's walking behind.

Chorus

Red River Valley

From this valley they say you are going
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile
For they say you are taking the sunshine
Which has brightened our pathway a while

Come and sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
But remember the Red River Valley
And the one who has loved you so true

Won't you think of the valley you're leaving
Oh how lonely, how sad it will be
Oh think of the fond heart you're breaking
And the grief you are causing to me

As you go to your home by the ocean
May you never forget those sweet hours
That we spent in the Red River Valley
And the love we exchanged 'mid the flowers

The Riddle Song

I gave my love a cherry
That had no stone
I gave my love a chicken
That had no bone
I gave my love a story
That had no end
I gave my love a baby
With no crying.

How can there be a cherry
That has no stone?
And how can there be a chicken
That has no bone?
How can there be a story
That has no end?
And how can there be a baby
With no crying?

A cherry when it's blooming
It has no stone
A chicken when it's pipping
It has no bone
The story that I love you
It has no end
A baby when it's sleeping
It's no crying.

Sixteen Tons

Merle Travis

Some people say a man is made outta mud
A poor man's made outta muscle and blood
Muscle and blood and skin and bones
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong

You load sixteen tons, and what do you get
Another day older and deeper in debt
Saint Peter don't you call me 'cause I can't go
I owe my soul to the company store

I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine
I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal
And the straw boss said "Well, bless my soul"

I was born one mornin', it was drizzlin' rain
Fightin' and trouble are my middle name
I was raised in the canebrake by an ol' mama lion
Cain't no high-toned woman make me walk the line

If you see me comin', better step aside
A lotta men didn't, a lotta men died
One fist of iron, the other of steel
If the right one don't get you
Then the left one will

This Land Is Your Land

This land is your land this land is my land
From California to the New York island;
From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway,
I saw above me that endless skyway:
I saw below me that golden valley:
This land was made for you and me.

I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts;
And all around me a voice was sounding:
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling,
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling,
As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting:
This land was made for you and me.

As I went walking I saw a sign there
And on the sign it said "No Trespassing."
But on the other side it didn't say nothing,
That side was made for you and me.

In the shadow of the steeple I saw my people,
By the relief office I seen my people;
As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking
Is this land made for you and me?

Nobody living can ever stop me,
As I go walking that freedom highway;
Nobody living can ever make me turn back
This land was made for you and me.

The Water Is Wide

The water is wide I can't cross over
And neither have I wings to fly
Build me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row my love and I

I leaned my back up against an oak
Thinking it was a trusty tree
But first it bent and then it broke
And so my love proved false to me

There is a ship and she sails the sea
She's loaded deep as deep can be
But not so deep as the love I'm in
I know not how I sink or swim

Oh love is handsome and love is fine
The sweetest flower when first it's new
But love grows old and waxes cold
And fades away like summer dew

When I Grow Too Old To Dream

By Oscar Hammerstein II & Sigmund Romberg, 1935
(additional verse by Alice Gerrard)

When I grow too old to dream	I I I I
I'll have you to remember	V V I I
When I grow too old to dream	IV IV I vi
Your love will live in my heart	I V I I

So kiss me, my sweet	V V I I
Now we must part	III ⁷ III ⁷ vi I
And when I grow too old to dream	IV IV I vi
Your kiss will live in my heart	I V I I

When sundown shadows bring you near
I'll have you to remember
Precious memories lingering here
Your love still lives in my heart

And when I grow too old to dream
Your love will live in my heart
Oh, your love will live in my heart

Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow

Tonight you're mine completely
You give you love so sweetly
Tonight the light of love is in your eyes
But will you love me tomorrow?

Is this a lasting treasure
Or just a moment's pleasure?
Can I believe the magic of your sighs?
Will you still love me tomorrow?

Tonight with words unspoken
You say that I'm the only one
But will my heart be broken
When the night meets the morning sun?

I'd like to know that your love
Is love I can be sure of
So tell me now, and I won't ask again
Will you still love me tomorrow?