

**Busk it!**

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# COUNTRY

184 country classics in  
'Busker' arrangements...  
music, lyrics & chords

**FAKE  
BOOK**

THE COUNTRY MUSIC FAKE BOOK





# Busk it! COUNTRY

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# All I Have To Do Is Dream

Words & Music by Boudleaux Bryant

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Moderately

When I want you in my arms, When I want you and all your charms, When-  
ev-er I want you— All I Have To Do Is Dream, ——— Dream, dream, dream, When I feel blue  
in the night, And I need you to hold me tight, When - ev - er I want you, — All I Have To Do Is  
Dream. ——— I can make you mine, Taste your lips of wine an - y - time night or  
day; On - ly trou - ble is, Gee whiz, I'm dream - ing my life ——— a - way. I  
need you so that I could die, I love you so and that is why, When - ev - er I want you, —  
All I Have To Do Is Dream, ——— All I Have To Do Is Dream. ———

# Bird Dog

Words & Music by Boudleaux Bryant

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Moderately

John - ny is a jok - er, (He's a bird), A ve - ry fun - ny jok - er, (He's a bird), But  
when he jokes my hon - ey, (He's a dog), His jok - in' ain't so fun - ny, (What a dog), John - ny is the jok - er that's a -

C7 G D7 G7 C7  
 try-in' to steal my ba-by (He's a Bird Dog). Hey, Bird Dog, Get a-way from my quail,—

G D7 C7  
 Hey, Bird Dog, You're on the wrong trail, Bird Dog, You'd bet-ter leave my lo-vey dove a-lone,—

G C7 G  
 Hey, Bird Dog, Get a-way from my chick,— Hey, Bird Dog, You'd bet-ter

D7 C7 G  
 get a-way quick,— Bird Dog, You'd bet-ter find a Chick-en Lit-tle of your own.—

## Bo Weevil Song

Words & Music by Jerry Capehart & Eddie Cochran

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Moderately

D  
 Oh well the Bo Wee-vil am a lit-tle black bug,— Come from a' Me-xi-co they say,—  
 (lyrics 2-5)

3  
 — Came a' all the way to Tex-as— just-a' look-in' for a place—to stay,— Just look-in' for a home,—

A7 D  
 Just look-in' for a home.— Doo—

1-4 5 Repeat to fade  
 ah ba!— (2,3,4)Oh well the ah ba— ba!— Do— ah ba— ba!—  
 (5)Well if a'

2. Oh well the first time I seen the Bo Weevil,  
 He was a' sittin' on the square,  
 Oh well the next time that I seen him,  
 He had all his family there,  
 Just lookin' for a home (etc.)

3. Oh well the farmer took the Bo Weevil,  
 And he put him on the red hot sand,  
 Well the weevil said this is a' mighty hot,  
 But I'll take it like a man,  
 This'll be my home (etc.)

4. Oh well the farmer took the Bo Weevil,  
 And he put him on a keg of ice,  
 Well the weevil said to the farmer,  
 This is a' mighty cool and nice,  
 This'll be my home (etc.)

5. Well if a' anybody should ask you  
 Who it was who sang this song,  
 Say a guitar picker from a' Oklahoma city,  
 With a pair of blue jeans on,  
 Just lookin' for a home (etc.)

# Blue Bayou

Words & Music by Roy Orbison & Joe Melson

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Moderately

Musical score for 'Blue Bayou' in F major, 4/4 time. The score consists of six staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: 'I feel so bad— I got a wor-ried mind, I'm so lone-ly all the time since I left my ba-by be-hind— on— Blue Bay-ou; Want to see my ba-by a-gain— and to be with some of my friends,— May-be I'll be hap-pi-er then— on— Blue Bay-ou.— I'm go-ing back some-day— come what may— to Blue Bay-ou,— Where you sleep all day— and the cat-fish play— on Blue Bay-ou,— And the fish-ing boats— with the sails a-float,— If I could on-ly see that fa-mi-liar sun-rise— through sleep-y eyes,— How hap-py I'd be.— 2.I hurt-in' in-side.—'

2. I feel so bad I got a worried mind,  
I'm so lonely all the time,  
Since I left my baby behind on the Blue Bayou,  
Saving nickles, saving dimes,  
Working till the sun don't shine,  
Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou.  
I'm going back some day, gonna stay on Blue Bayou,  
Where my folks I'll find all the time on Blue Bayou,  
With that girl of mine by my side till the moon in the evening dies,  
Oh some sweet day, gonna take away this hurtin' inside.

# Cottonfields

Words & Music by Huddie Ledbetter

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Moderately

Musical score for 'Cottonfields' in F major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: 'When I was a lit-tle ba-by my moth-er rocked me in the cra-dle, In them old, old— Cot-ton-fields at home,— When I was a lit-tle ba-by my moth-er'



B<sup>b</sup> F C7 F  
 rocked me in the cra - dle, In them old old — Cot - ton - fields at home. — Oh when them  

 B<sup>b</sup> F  
 cot - ton balls got rot - ten you could - n't pick ve - ry much cot - ton, In them old  

 C7 F F7 B<sup>b</sup>  
 Cot - ton - fields at home, — It was down in Lou' - si - an - a just a mile from Tex - ar -  

 F C7 F  
 ka - na, And them old, old — Cot - ton - fields at home. —

# Bye Bye Love

Words & Music by Felice & Boudleaux Bryant

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Moderately fast

C7 F C7  
 There goes my ba - by — with some - one new, — She sure looks hap - py, —  
 ro - mance, — I'm through with love, — I'm through with count - ing —  

 F B<sup>b</sup> C7  
 I sure am blue; — She was my ba - by — till he stepped in, —  
 the stars a - bove; — And here's the rea - son — that I'm so free, —  

 F B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F  
 — Good - bye to ro - mance — that might have been. — } Bye Bye, Love,  
 — My lov - in' ba - by — is through with me. — }  

 B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F C7 F  
 Bye bye, hap - pi - ness, — Hel - lo lone - li - ness, — I think I'm gon - na cry; —  

 B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F  
 Bye Bye, Love, Bye bye, sweet ca - ress, — Hel - lo emp - ti - ness, — I  

 C7 F C7 1. F 2. F B<sup>b</sup> F  
 feel like I could die; — Bye bye, my love, bye bye. I'm through with bye. —

# Bread And Butter

Words & Music by Jay Turnbow & Larry Parks

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Moderately

C F C C F C F C F C G7 C

(Instrumental)

F C F C C F C F

I like Bread And But - ter, I like toast and jam, That's what my ba - by feeds — me,

(lyric 2 & 3)

C F C F C F C F C F C F

I'm her lov - in' man. He likes Bread And But - ter, He likes toast and jam, That's what his ba - by

C F 1.2. C G7 C 3. C G7 C F C

feeds him, He's her lov - in' man. With some o - ther man. \_\_\_\_\_

2. She don't cook mashed potatoes,  
Don't cook T-bone steak,  
Don't feed me peanut butter,  
She knows that I can't take.  
No more Bread And Butter,  
No more toast and jam,  
He found his baby eatin'  
With some other man.

3. Got home early one mornin',  
Much to my surprise,  
She was eatin' chicken and dumplins,  
With some other guy.  
No more Bread And Butter,  
No more toast and jam,  
I found my baby eatin'  
With some other man.

# Devoted To You

Words & Music by Boudleaux Bryant

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Moderately

G D7 G D7 G C Bm

Dar - ling you can count — on me, 'Til the sun — dries up — the sea, Un - til then I'll  
I'll be yours thro' end - less time, I'll a - dore — your charms — sub - lime, Guess by now you  
Thro' the years my love — will grow, Like a ri - ver it — will flow, It can't die be -

Am G C D7 G Fine Am Bm Em Am D7

al - ways be } De - vo - ted To You. I'll ne-ver leave you, — I'll ne-ver lie, I'll ne-ver be un -  
know that I'm }  
cause I'm so }

G Am Bm Em A7 D7 D.C.al Fine

true, I'll ne-ver give you rea - son to cry, I'd be un - hap - py if you were blue. \_\_\_\_\_

# Wake Up Little Susie

Words & Music by Felice & Boudleaux Bryant

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Moderately

**C** **Gm** **C** 1. **G<sup>b</sup>7** **G7** 2. **F** **C7**

Wake Up Lit - tle Su - sie, — Wake up! We've both been sound a - sleep, —  
The mo - vie wasn't so hot, —

**F** **C7** **F** **C7** **F** **C7**

— Wake Up — Lit - tle Su - sie and weep, The mov - ie's o - ver, It's four o - clock — and  
— It did - n't have much of a plot We fell a - sleep and our goose is cooked, — Our

**F** **C7** **F** **G7** **F** **G7**

we're in trou - ble deep, } Wake Up — Lit - tle Su - sie, — Wake Up — Lit - tle Su - sie. —  
re - pu - ta - tion is shot, }

**F7** **G** **D7** **G** **D7** **G**

Well what are we gon - na tell your ma - ma? — What are we gon - na tell your pa? —

**D7** **G** **D7** **G** **C** **To Coda**

What are we gon - na tell our friends — when they say "Ooh, la la!" Wake Up Lit - tle Su - sie, —

**G7** **C**

Wake Up — Lit - tle Su - sie. — Well we told your ma - ma that we'd be in by

**C7** **F**

ten, Well Su - sie ba - by, looks like we goofed a - gain, — Wake Up — Lit - tle

**G7** **F** **G7** **C** **D.C.al Coda**

Su - sie, — Wake Up — Lit - tle Su - sie, — We've got - ta go home. —

**Coda**

**G7** **C** **F7** **C**

Wake Up — Lit - tle Su - sie. —

# Cathy's Clown

Words & Music by Don & Phil Everly

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Moderately

F B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup>

I've got to stand tall, ————— You know a man — can't crawl, For when he knows you tell  
(Lyric 2)

F B<sup>b</sup> F C7 F B<sup>b</sup> F

lies and he lets them pass by, Then he's not a man at all. ————— Don't want your love

an - y more, Don't want your kiss es, That's for

Dm B<sup>b</sup> C7

sure, I die each day ————— I hear this sound, Here he

F

1. comes, ————— That's Cath - y's Clown. 2. When you see me shed a Clown. —————

2. When you see me shed a tear,  
And you know that it's sincere,  
Don't you think it's kind of sad,  
That you're treating me so bad,  
Or you don't even care?  
Don't want your love (etc.)

# Raining In My Heart

Words & Music by Boudleaux & Felice Bryant

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Moderately

G G+ G G7

The sun is out, the sky is blue, There's not a cloud to spoil the view, — But it's  
weath - er man says "clear to - day," He does - n't know you've gone a - way, — And it's

C D7 1. G D7 2. G

rain - ing, ————— Rain - ing In My Heart. ————— The  
rain - ing, ————— Rain - ing In My Heart. —————

Dm7 G7 C Em7 A7

Oh, mis - er - y, mis - er - y, ————— What's gon - na be - come ————— of

D7 G G+ G

me? I tell my blues they must - n't show, But soon these tears are

G7 C D7 G C G

bound to flow, — 'Cause it's rain - ing, Rain - ing In My Heart.

# Oh, Lonesome Me

Words & Music by Don Gibson

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Moderately

C G7

Ev - 'ry - bo - dy's go - in' out and hav - in' fun, I'm just a fool for  
bad mis - take I'm mak - in' just by hang - in' 'round, I know that I should  
must be some way I can lose these lone - some blues, For - get a - bout the

C C7 F

stay - in' home and hav - in' none, I can't get o - ver how she set me free,  
have some fun and paint the town, A love - sick fool that's blind and just can't see,  
past and find some - bo - dy new, I've thought of ev - 'ry - thing from A to Z,

To Coda ♩ G7 1. C 2. C

Oh, Lone - some Me. A Me. I'll  
Oh, Lone - some  
Oh, Lone - some

G D7

bet she's not like me, She's out and fan - cy free, Flirt - ing with the

G D7

boys with all her charms, But I still love her so, And bro - ther don't you

G G7 D.C.al Coda

know, I'd wel - come her right back here in my arms, Well, there

Coda ♩ G7 C

Oh, Lone - some Me.

# Only The Lonely

Words & Music by Roy Orbison & Joe Melson

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Moderately

G Am D7  
 On - ly The Lone - ly know the way I feel to - night, On - ly The Lone - ly know this  
 Lone - ly know the heart - aches I've been through, On - ly The Lone - ly know I  
  
 G G7  
 feel - ing ain't right. There goes my ba - by, There goes my heart, They've gone for -  
 cry and cry for you. May - be to - mor - row, A new ro - mance, No more sor -  
  
 C A7 D7 G G7 C  
 ev - er, So far a - part, But On - ly The Lone - ly know why  
 row, But that's the chance you've got to take if you're lone - ly  
  
 D7 1.G D7 2.G  
 I cry, On - ly The Lone - ly, On - ly The Lone - ly,  
 heart - break, On - ly The

# Oh, Pretty Woman

Words & Music by Roy Orbison & Bill Dees

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Moderately

F Dm F Dm  
 Pret - ty wo - man — walk - ing down the street, — Pret - ty wo - man, — The kind I like to meet, — Pret - ty  
 B<sup>b</sup> C7  
 wo - man, — I don't be - lieve you, You're not the truth, — No - one could look as good as you, —  
 F Dm F  
 Mer - cy! — Pret - ty wo - man, — Won't you par - don me, — Pret - ty wo - man, — I could - n't  
 Dm B<sup>b</sup> C7  
 help but see, — Pret - ty wo - man, — That you look love - ly as can be, Are you lone - ly just like me? —  
 B<sup>b</sup>m E<sup>b</sup>7 A<sup>b</sup> Fm  
 Pret - ty wo - man stop a - while, — Pret - ty wo - man talk a - while, —

B<sup>b</sup>m E<sup>b</sup>7 A<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m E<sup>b</sup>7 A<sup>b</sup>

Pret-ty wo-man give your smile to me. — Pret-ty wo-man yeah yeah yeah, — Pret-ty wo-man

Fm B<sup>b</sup>m E<sup>b</sup>7 F7 Dm B<sup>b</sup>m

look my way, — Pret-ty wo-man say you'll stay with me, — 'Cause I need you, — I'll treat you

C7 F Dm B<sup>b</sup>m C7 F

right, Come to me ba-by, — Be mine to-night. — Pret-ty wo-man — don't

Dm F Dm B<sup>b</sup> C7

walk on by, — Pret-ty wo-man, — Don't make me cry, — Pret-ty wo-man — don't walk a-way, —

Hey, — O. K. — If that's the way it must be, O. K. — I guess I'll go on home — it's

late, There'll be to-mor-row night, but wait! What do I see, — Is she walk-ing back to

me? — Yeah, — she's walk-ing back to me! — Oh, — Pret-ty Wo-man. —

## Born To Lose

Words & Music by Ted Daffan

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Moderately

Dm7 G7 C F G7 C C7 F

*mf* Born to lose, I've lived my life in vain, — Ev-'ry dream has  
lose, It seems so hard to bear, — How I long to  
lose, my ev-'ry hope is gone, — It's so hard to  
use to dream of hap-pi-ness, — All I see is

C G7 C / G13 G7 C Gm7 C7 / / F

on-ly brought me pain, — All my life I've al-ways been so blue, —  
al-ways have you near, — You've grown tired and now you say we're through, —  
face that emp-ty dawn, — You were all the hap-pi-ness I knew, —  
on-ly lone-li-ness, — All my life I've al-ways been so blue, —

G7

1.2.3. C F#dim G7sus4 / Dm7 G7 4. C A<sup>b</sup>7 C

Born to lose and now I'm los-in' you. — 2.3. Born to you. —  
4. There's no

# Hello Mary Lou

Words & Music by Gene Pitney

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Moderately

Chords: B<sup>b</sup>, Dm, Gm, B<sup>b</sup>, E<sup>b</sup>, B<sup>b</sup>, F7, B<sup>b</sup>, Dm, Gm, B<sup>b</sup>, E<sup>b</sup>, E<sup>o</sup>, B<sup>b</sup>, Gm, Cm7, F7, B<sup>b</sup>, E<sup>b</sup>, B<sup>b</sup>, C7, F7, B<sup>b</sup>, D7, Gm, C7, F7, B<sup>b</sup>, F7, B<sup>b</sup>.

You passed me by one sun - ny day, — Flashed those big brown eyes my way and  
 saw your lips I heard your voice — B'lieve me I just had no choice, wild  
 ooh - hors - es I want - ed you for - ev - er more, — Now I'm not one that  
 could - n't make me stay a - way. — I thought a - bout a  
 gets a - round, — I swear my feet stuck to the ground, And tho' I ne - ver did meet you be -  
 moon - lit night, — My arms a - bout you good an' tight, That's all I had to see for me to  
 fore. — } I said "Hel - lo Ma - ry Lou, Good - bye heart, Sweet Ma - ry Lou I'm  
 say. — }  
 so in love with you. — I knew Ma - ry Lou, We'd ne - ver  
 part, So Hel - lo Ma - ry Lou, Good - bye heart." — I heart." —

# A White Sport Coat (And A Pink Carnation)

Words & Music by Marty Robbins

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Moderately

Chords: C, Dm7, G7, F, G13, C, Am7, Dm7, G7, C, Dm7, G7, F, G13, C, F, C, G7, C.

*mf* A white sport coat and a pink car - na - tion, I'm all dressed  
 up for the dance, — A white sport coat and a pink car - na - tion,  
 I'm all a - lone in ro - mance. — Once you told me long a - go, — To the prom with



D7 G7 C

me you'd go, — Now you've changed your mind it seems, — Some-one else will hold my dreams. A white sport

Dm7 G7 F G13 C F C

coat and a pink car - na - tion, I'm in a blue, blue mood.

# Blanket On The Ground

Words & Music by Roger Bowling

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Moderately

B $\flat$  C7

*mp* Come and look out thro' the win - dow, — That big old moon is shin - ing down, —

F7

Tell me now does it re - mind you — of a blan - ket on the

B $\flat$  B $\flat$ 6 B $\flat$ maj7

ground? — Re - mem - ber back — when love first found us, — We'd go

B $\flat$ 6 C7 F7

slip - pin' out of town, — And we loved — be - neath the moon - light, —

B $\flat$  B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$

On a blan - ket on the ground. — *mf* I'll get the blan - ket from the bed - room, —

B $\flat$

And we'll go walk - in' once a - gain, — To that spot down by the

F7 B $\flat$

riv - er, — Where our sweet — love first — be - gan; — Just be -

B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$  B $\flat$

cause we are mar - ried, — Don't mean we can't sleep a - round, — So let's walk —

F7 B $\flat$

— out thro' — the moon - light, — And lay the blan - ket on the ground. —

# Mockin' Bird Hill

Words & Music by Vaughn Horton

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Moderately

G C

When the sun in the morn - in' peeps o - ver the hill, And  
three late in - nered the plough and an a - cre to the till, A  
late in the eve - ning I climb up the hill, Sur -

D7 G D7 G

kiss - es the ro - ses round my win - dow sill, Then my heart fills with glad - ness when  
mule that I bought for a ten dol - lar bill, There's a tum - ble down shack and a  
vey all my king - dom while ev - 'ry - thing's still, On - ly me and the sky and an

C D7 G

I hear the trill, Of the birds in the tree tops on Mock - in' Bird Hill. } Tra - la  
rus - ty ol' mill, But it's my Home Sweet Home up on Mock - in' Bird Hill. }  
ol' whip - poor - will, Sing - in' songs in the twi - light on Mock - in' Bird Hill. }

3 G7 C G D7

la twit - tle - dee dee dee, It gives me a thrill, To wake up in the morn - in' to the

G G7 C

mock - in' bird's trill, Tra - la la twit - tle - dee dee dee, There's peace and good -

G D7 G

will, You're wel - come as the flow - ers on Mock - in' Bird Hill. 1.2. 3.  
2. Got a Hill.  
3. When it's

# Jambalaya (On The Bayou)

Words & Music by Hank Williams

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Moderately

C G7

Good - bye Joe, me got - ta go, me oh my oh, Me got - ta

C

go pole the pi - rogue down the Bay - ou, My Y - vonne, the sweet - est one, me oh

G7 C

my oh, Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the Bay-ou. Jam - ba -

G7

la - ya and a craw - fish pie and fil - let gum-bo, 'Cause to - night I'm gon - na see my ma cher a -

C G7

mi - o, Pick gui - tar, fill fruit jar and be gay - o, Son of a

1. C 2. C

gun, we'll have big fun on the Bay - ou. 2.Thi - bo - bay - ou.

2. Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin',  
Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen,  
Dress in style and go hog wild me oh my oh,  
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou.  
Jambalaya etc.

## Are You Sincere?

Words & Music by Wayne Walker

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Moderately

*mf* Are you sin - cere when you say "I love you"? Are you sin -

cere when you say "I'll be true"? Do you mean ev - 'ry word that

my ears have heard? I'd like to know which way to go, Will our love grow? Are you sin - cere?

Are you sin - cere when you say you miss me? Are you sin - cere ev - 'ry

time you kiss me? And are you real - ly mine ev - 'ry day, All the

time? I'd like to know which way to go, Will our love grow? Are you sin - cere?

# Singing The Blues

Words & Music by Melvin Endsley

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Well I ne - ver felt more like Sing - ing The Blues, 'Cause I ne - ver thought that  
ne - ver felt more like cry - in' all night, 'Cause e - v'ry - thing's wrong and

I'd e - ver lose your love dear, Why'd you do me this way? Well I  
no - thin' ain't right with - out you,

You got me Sing - ing The Blues. The moon and stars no long - er shine, The  
dream is gone I thought was mine, There's no - thing left for me to do but cry

o - ver you, Well, I ne - ver felt more like run - ning a - way, But why should I go, 'Cause

I could - n't stay with - out you, You got me Sing - ing The Blues.

# Hey, Good Lookin'

Words & Music by Hank Williams

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Moderately

Hey, Hey, Good Look - in', What - cha got cook - in', How's a - bout cook - in'  
some - thin' up with me. Hey, sweet ba - by, Don't you think

may - be, We could find us a brand new rec - i - pe. I got a hot rod Ford and a

C F C F C

two dol - lar bill and I know a spot right o - ver the hill, — There's so - da pop and the danc - in's free, — So if you

D7 G7 C

wan - na have fun come a - long with me. — Hey, Good Look - in', What - cha got

D7 G7 1. C F C 2. C F C

cook - in', How's a - bout cook - in' some - thin' up — with me. — I'm me. —

2. I'm free and ready so we can go steady,  
 How's about savin' all your time for me.  
 No more lookin', I know I've been tooken,  
 How's about keepin' steady company.  
 I'm gonna throw my date book over the fence,  
 And find me one for five or ten cents,  
 I'll keep it 'til it's covered with age,  
 'Cause I'm writing' your name on every page.  
 Hey, Good Lookin', Whatcha got cookin',  
 How's about cookin' somethin' up with me.

## Beside The Alamo

Music by Frank Skinner Words by Victor Kirk

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Moderately

E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> / / A<sup>b</sup> / E<sup>b</sup>

*mf* I lost my heart one eve - ning, — The stars were all a - glow,  
 You smiled at me so sweet - ly, — And when you said hel - lo,

A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> 1. B<sup>b</sup>7

One sum - mer night in Tex - as, — Be - side the Al - a - mo.  
 I lost my heart com - plete - ly, —

2. / / A<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>

Be - side the Al - a - mo. — Some - where a soft gui - tar was play - ing, — A

A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> A dim E<sup>b</sup> Cm7

cow - boy's lone - ly mel - o - dy, — My lone - some heart kept say - ing — that

F9 B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> / / A<sup>b</sup> /

you were meant for me. — And now that we're to - geth - er, — I'll nev - er let you

E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> / / A<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup>

go, — We'll live our life to - geth - er, — Be - side the Al - a - mo.

# Blue Eyes Crying In The Rain

Words & Music by Fred Rose

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Moderately

*mp* In the twi - light glow I see her, \_\_\_\_\_ Blue eyes cry - ing in the  
Now my hair has turned to sil - ver, \_\_\_\_\_ All my life I've loved in

rain, \_\_\_\_\_ As we kissed good - bye and in part - ed, \_\_\_\_\_ I  
vain, \_\_\_\_\_ I can see her star in hea - ven, \_\_\_\_\_

*mf* Love is like a dy - ing  
Blue eyes cry - ing in the rain. \_\_\_\_\_ Some - day when we meet up

em - ber, \_\_\_\_\_ On - ly mem - o - ries re - main; \_\_\_\_\_ *mp* Thro' the  
yon - der, \_\_\_\_\_ We'll stroll in hand a - gain, \_\_\_\_\_ In a

a - ges I'll re - mem - ber, \_\_\_\_\_ Blue eyes cry - ing in the rain. \_\_\_\_\_  
land that knows no part - ing, \_\_\_\_\_ Blue eyes cry - ing in the rain. \_\_\_\_\_

*D.C.*

# Achy Breaky Heart

Words & Music by Don Von Tress

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Moderately

*mf* You can tell the world you ne - ver was my girl, You can burn my clothes up when I'm gone,  
(See additional lyrics)

You can tell your friends just what a fool I've been, And laugh and joke a - bout me on the phone.

You can tell my arms go back to the farm, You can tell my feet to hit the floor, Or

you can tell my lips to tell my fin - ger - tips they won't be reach - ing out for you no more. But

don't tell my heart, My a - chy break - y heart, I just don't think he'd un - der - stand, And  
 if you tell my heart, My a - chy break - y heart, — He might blow up and kill this man.

2. You can tell your ma I moved to Arkansas,  
 You can tell your dog to bite my leg,  
 Or tell your brother Cliff whose fist can tell my lip,  
 That he never really liked me anyway.  
 Or tell your Aunt Louise, tell anything you please,  
 Myself already knows I'm okay,  
 Or you can tell my eyes to watch out for my mind,  
 It might be walking out on me today.  
 But don't tell my heart (etc.)

## An Old Christmas Card

Words & Music by Vaughn Horton

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Moderately

*mp* Ev - 'ry Christ - mas Eve, When San - ta's work is through, I tip - toe through the lit - tle at - tic  
 door; Through my sou - ve - nirs, I turn back all the years, Un -  
 til I find what I am look - ing for: *mf* There's an old Christ - mas card in an  
 old dust - y trunk, And it brings back sweet mem - 'ries dear to me, Though it's  
 fad - ed and worn, It's as pre - cious as the morn when I found it 'neath our first Christ - mas  
 tree. I thrill with ev - 'ry word, Ev - 'ry line, Guess I'm  
 al - ways sen - ti - men - tal 'round this time. Par - don me if a tear falls a -  
 mong my Christ - mas cheer, It's the mem - 'ry of an old Christ - mas card.

# A Mansion On The Hill

Words by Fred Rose Music by Hank Williams

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Moderately

*mf* To - night down here in the val - ley, I'm lone - some and oh how I  
wait - ed all thro' the years love, To give you a heart true and

feel, As I sit here a - lone in my cab - in, I can see your  
real, 'Cause I know you're liv - ing in sor - row, In your love - less

man - sion on the hill. Do you re - call when we part - ed, The  
man - sion on the hill. The light shines bright from your win - dow, The

sto - ry to me you re - vealed? You said you could live with - out love dear,  
trees stand so si - lent and still, I know you're a - lone with your pride dear,

— In your love - less man - sion on the hill. I've hill.  
— In your love - less man - sion on the

# Blue Moon Of Kentucky

Words & Music by Bill Monroe

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Moderately

*mf* Blue moon, Blue moon, Blue moon,

— Keep a - shin - in' bright; Blue moon keep on a - shin - in' bright, — You're gon - na

bring - a me back - a my ba - by to - night; — Blue moon, Keep a - shin - in' bright!

— I said blue moon of Ken - tuck - y to keep on shin - ing, Shine on the one that's



gone and left me blue, — I said blue moon of Ken - tuck - y to keep on  
 shin - ing, — Shine on the one that's gone and left — me blue. —

Well it was on one moon - light night, Stars shin - in' bright, Whis - per on  
 high, Love — said good - bye; Blue moon of Ken - tuck - y keep on  
 shin - ing, — Shine on the one that's gone and left — me blue. —

# Crying

Words & Music by Roy Orbison & Joe Melson

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**Moderately**

*mf* I was all right for a while, I could smile for a while, But I  
 saw you last night, — You held my hand real tight — as you stopped to say hel - lo. Oh you  
 wished me well, — You could - n't tell — that I'd been cry - ing o - ver you,  
 Cry - ing o - ver you, When you said "So long," Left me stand - ing — all a -  
 lone, A - lone and cry - ing, — Cry - ing, — cry - ing, — cry - ing, It's hard to  
 un - der - stand, But the touch of your hand — can start me cry - ing. —

# Bright Lights And Blonde Haired Women

Words & Music by Eddie Kirk

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Moderate country style

*mf* I'm get - ting tired — of roam - ing a - round, I'm get - ting tired — of  
 paint - ing the town; Bright lights and blonde - haired wo - men don't thrill me,  
 I'm get - ting tired of be - ing lit up like a Christ - mas tree. I guess I've done ev - 'ry - thing there  
 is to do, You said it would be that way, — Be - lieve me  
 ba - by, I'm all through, I guess I'll come back to you. —

Chords: Eb, C7, F7, Bb13, Bb7, Eb, Gbdim, Fm7, Bb7, Ebmaj7, / / Eb, Gm7, Gbdim, Fm7 / / Fm7(b5), Bb7, F9, Fm7, / / Bb7, / Eb, C7, F7, Bb13, Bb7, Bb13 // Dm7(b5), G7, Ab, / / Adim, / Eb, Gm7(b5), C7, Fm7 / / Fm7(b5), Bb13, Eb, Ab7, Eb

# Come On In (And Make Yourself At Home)

Words & Music by V.F. (Pappy) Stewart

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Moderately

*mf* Come on in, — The front door's o - pen to you, — No - bod - y could  
 want you, No - bod - y could need you, No - bod - y could love you like I do. —  
 — Come on in, — The front door's o - pen to you, — Hon - ey I've been  
 miss - in' — your hug - gin' and kiss - in' Hon - ey I've been miss - in', Miss - in' you. —  
 I don't want no oth - er love, — No oth - er love will

Chords: C, C7, F, C, G7, F, G7, F, G7, C, G7, C, C7, F, C, G7, F, G7, F, G7, C, G7, F

C G7 F G7 C

do, I'm nev-er sa-tis-fied hon-ey un-less I'm with you! Come on in, My

C7 F C G7

front door's o-pen to you, You know I want you,

F G7 F G7 C

You know I need you, You know I love you, Yes I do.

## Dreams Of The Everyday Housewife

Words & Music by Chris Gantry

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Moderately

Gmaj7 G C

*mf* She looks in the mir-ror and stares at the wrin-kles that were not there yes-ter-  
pho-to-graph al-bum she takes from the clo-set and slow-ly turns the first

Cmaj7 C D Dsus4 C

day, And thinks of the young man that she al-most mar-ried, What would he  
page, And care-ful-ly picks up the crum-bl-ing flow-er, The first one he

B7 C B Gmaj7

think if he saw her this way? She holds up her a-pron in lit-tle girl the  
gave her, Now with-ered with age. She clos-es her eyes and touch-es the

G C Cmaj7 C

fash-ion, As some-thing comes in-to her mind, Then slow-ly starts danc-ing, Re-  
house-dress that sud-den-ly dis-ap-pears, And just for the mo-ment she's

D / Dsus4 / C B C D

mem-b'ring her girl-hood and all of the boys she had wait-ing in line,  
wear-ing the gown that broke all their minds back so man-y years,

D7 G C G G

Ah! } Such are the dreams of the ev-'ry-day house-wife you see ev-'ry-  
Ah! }

C G D C

where an-y-time of the day; Like the ev-'ry-day house-wife who gave up the

G C 1. G D7 2. G

good life for me. 2. The

# Bayou Baby (A Cajun Lullaby)

Words & Music by Merle Travis

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**Moderately**

*mf* The scis - sor - tail roost on a tel - e - phone pole, When the eve - nin' - is  
old horn - ed owl in the pine - woods - may yell, Don't - wor - ry - my  
bring plen - ty red fish - to make a fine stew, So - tell your - ma -

old, And the storm - y - clouds roll, Then I've got - me  
belle, My - sweet mam - e - zelle, Soon I've ev - 'ry - thing's  
ma, She'll - know what - to do, We'll have fil - let

plen - ty - of fish - in' - to do, But to - mor - row - I'll  
gon - na - be très bon - you see, To - mor - row - for  
gum - bo - and drink lots - of wine, To - us ev - 'ry -

come back - to you. } Oh bye, Oh - my ba - by, - On the bay - ou - to - night, Oh  
you and - for me. }  
thing will - be fine. }

bye, Oh - my ba - by, - My che - rie - sleep tight, And dream of - to - mor - row - when fish - in' - is

thro', I'll fly o'er - the bay - ou - to you. } 1.2. Eb } 3. Eb }  
2. The you. }  
3. I'll

# Cut Across Shorty

Words & Music by Marijohn Wilkin & Wayne P. Walker

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**Moderately**

*mf* Now a coun - try boy - named - Short - y, And a ci - ty boy named Dan, - Had to  
(lyric 2 & 3)

prove who could run the fast - est to win Miss Lu - cy's - hand, - Now Dan had all the mon -

- ey, And he al - so had the looks, - But Short - y must - a' had some - thing boys - that

G7 C F

can't be found in books. "Oh well a' cut a - cross Short - y, Short - y cut a - cross!" That's

C F G7

what Miss Lu - cy said, "Cut a - cross Short - y, Short - y cut a - cross!" It's you I want to wed."

1.2. C 3. C G7 C Repeat to fade

— 2.Now — It's you I want to wed, — It's  
3.But

2. Now Dan had been in training  
A week before the race,  
He'd made up his mind old Shorty  
Would end in second place,  
And Dan with his long legs a'flyin',  
Left Shorty far behind,  
And Shorty heard him holler out  
"Miss Lucy you'll soon be mine!"

3. But Shorty wasn't worried,  
There was a smile upon his face,  
He knew that he was going to win  
'Cause Lucy had fixed the race,  
And just like that old story  
About the turtle and the hare,  
When Dan crossed over the finish line,  
He found Shorty waiting there!

## Don't Let The Stars Get In Your Eyes

Words & Music by Slim Willet

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Moderately

D13 G D7

*mf* Don't let the stars get in your eyes, Don't let the moon break your heart, —

G

Love blooms at night, In day - light it dies, Don't let the stars get in your eyes, Oh keep your

al Coda D7 G

heart for me, For some day I'll re - turn and you know you're the on - ly one I'll ev - er love. —

D13 G

1. Too man - y nights, — Too man - y stars, — Too man - y moons could change your  
2. Too man - y miles, — Too man - y days, — Too man - y nights to be a -

D7

mind, — If I'm gone too long, Don't for - get where you be - long, When the  
lone, — Oh please keep your heart while we're a - part, Don't

1. G D7 D13 / / 2. G D7 D13 / / *D.S.al Coda*

stars come out re - mem - ber you are mine. — Don't let the gone. — Don't let the  
lin - ger in the moon - light while I'm

Coda

D7 G C G

one I'll ev - er love. —

# How's The World Treating You

Words & Music by Boudleaux Bryant & Chet Atkins

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Moderately slow

*mf*

1. I've had noth - ing but sor - row, \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. Got no plans for next Sun - day, \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. Do you won - der a - bout me, \_\_\_\_\_

Since you said we were through,  
 Got no plans for to - day,  
 Like I'm hop - ing you do?

There's no hope for to - mor - row, \_\_\_\_\_  
 Ev - 'ry day is blue Mon - day, \_\_\_\_\_  
 Are you lone - some with - out me? \_\_\_\_\_

How's the world treat - ing you?  
 Ev - 'ry day you're a - way,  
 Have you found some - one new?

Ev - 'ry sweet thing that mat - tered, \_\_\_\_\_  
 Tho' our path - ways have part - ed, \_\_\_\_\_  
 Are you burn - ing and yearn - ing, \_\_\_\_\_

Has been bro - ken in two,  
 To your mem - 'ry I'm true,  
 Do you ev - er get blue?

All my dreams have been shat - tered,  
 Guess I'll stay bro - ken heart - ed,  
 Do you think of re - turn - ing?

How's the world treat - ing you?  
 How's the world treat - ing you?  
 How's the world treat - ing you?

1.2. *E<sup>b</sup>* *B<sup>b7</sup>* 3. *E<sup>b</sup>*

# Funny, Familiar, Forgotten Feelings

Words & Music by Mickey Newbury

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Moderately

*mp*

Last night qui - et - ly she walked thro' my mind, As I lay search - ing for sleep, \_\_\_\_\_

Her soft hand reached out, She whis - pered my name as she brushed a

tear from my cheek, *mf* And then those fun - ny fa - mil - iar for - got - ten feel - ings start - ed

walk - in' all o - ver my mind. \_\_\_\_\_ *mp* It's sad, so sad to watch love go

bad, But a true love would not have gone wrong, \_\_\_\_\_ I'm just thank - ful for the

C D7 G7 C

good times we've had, For with - out them I could not go on. *mf* With all these fun - ny fa -

E7 Am D7 C G7 C G7

mil - iar for - got - ten feel - ings walk - in' all o - ver my mind, \_\_\_\_\_ I

F C D7 G7

must go on, Be — strong tho' a mil - lion tear drops may fall, Be - fore these

C E7 Am D7 C G7 C

fun - ny fa - mil - iar for - got - ten feel - ings stop walk - in' all o - ver my mind. \_\_\_\_\_

## If You've Got The Money, I've Got The Time

Words & Music by Lefty Frizzell & Jim Beck

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### Bright country style

E<sup>b</sup>

*mf* If you've got the mon - ey, I've got the time, \_\_\_\_\_

(Lyric 2) / / E<sup>b</sup>7 / A<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7

We'll go honk - y tonk - in' and we'll have a time; We'll make all the night spots,

E<sup>b</sup> / / B<sup>b</sup>7

dance, ro - mance and dine, — If you've got the mon - ey hon - ey, I've got the time. There

E<sup>b</sup>

ain't no use to tar - ry, So let's start out to - night, \_\_\_\_\_ We'll spread joy, Oh boy! Oh boy!

/ / E<sup>b</sup>7 / A<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7

And we'll spread it right, We'll have more fun ba - by, All way down the line, — If

1. E<sup>b</sup> / / B<sup>b</sup>13 2. E<sup>b</sup>

you've got the mon - ey hon - ey, I've got the time. 2. If I've no more time!

2. If you've got the money, I've got the time,  
We'll go honky tonkin' and we'll have a time;  
Bring along your Cadillac, leave my old wreck behind,  
If you've got the money honey, I've got the time.  
Yes we'll go honky tonkin' and we'll be pleasure bent,  
I'll look like a million but I won't have a cent,  
But if you run short of money, I'll run short of time,  
'Cause you with no more money honey, I've no more time!

# Crazy Arms

Words & Music by Chuck Seals & Ralph Mooney

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Moderately

Musical score for 'Crazy Arms' in F major, 4/4 time. The score consists of five staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: F, F7, Bb, F, C7, F, F7, Bb, F, C7, F, F7, Bb, F, C7, F, Bb, F, D.C.

*mf* Blue is not the word for the way that I feel, And a storm is brew-ing in this heart of mine, —  
(Lyric 2)

— This ain't no cra - zy dream, I know that it's real, You're

some - one els - e's love now you're not mine. — Cra - zy arms that reach to hold some - bod - y

new, But my yearn - ing heart keeps say - ing you're not mine, — My trou - bled mind knows

soon to an - oth - er you'll be wed, And that's why I'm lone - ly all the time. —

2. Please take the treasured dreams I've had for you and me,  
And take all the love I thought was mine,  
Someday my crazy arms may hold someone new,  
But now I'm so lonely all the time.  
Crazy arms that reach (etc.)

# Dream Baby (How Long Must I Dream)

Words & Music by Cindy Walker

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Moderately

Musical score for 'Dream Baby (How Long Must I Dream)' in A major, 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: A7, D7, A7, D, A7.

*mf* Dream ba - by got — me dream - in' sweet dreams, The whole day through,

Dream ba - by got — me dream - in' sweet dreams, Night time too; I love you and —

— I'm dream - in' of you, But that won't do, — Dream ba - by make —

— me stop my dream - in', You can make my dreams — come true. — Sweet dreams —



D7

ba - by, Sweet dreams — ba - by, Sweet

A7 D

dreams — ba - by, How long must I dream? —

# Leaving On A Jet Plane

Words & Music by John Denver

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Moderately

*mf* All my bags are packed, - I'm read - y to go, I'm stand - ing here — out - side your door, - I

(Lyrics 2 & 3)

hate to wake — you up to say — good - bye, — But the dawn is break - in', It's

ear - ly morn, - The tax - i's wait - in', He's blow - in' his horn, — Al - read - y I'm so lone - some I — could — cry; —

— So kiss me and smile for me, — Tell me that — you'll wait for me, —

Hold me like — you'll nev - er let me go, — I'm leav - ing on a jet — plane,

Don't know when I'll be back — a - gain, Oh babe — I hate — to — go. —

1.2.  
Am7 D7

3. Am7 D7 G C G Repeat to fade

go. — I'm leav - in' on a jet — plane, Don't know when I'll be back — a - gain,

2. Many times I've let you down,  
So many times I've played around,  
I tell you now they don't mean a thing,  
Every place I go I'll think of you,  
Every song I sing I'll sing for you,  
When I come back I'll bring your wedding ring.  
So kiss me (etc.)

3. Now the time has come to leave you,  
One more time let me kiss you,  
Then close your eyes, I'll be on my way.  
Dream about the days to come,  
When I won't have to leave alone,  
About the times I won't have to say.  
So kiss me (etc.)

# I'd Rather Be Sorry

Words & Music by Kris Kristofferson

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**Moderately**

*mf* If you hurt me you won't be the first or the last, In a life-time of  
 touch me it's ea - sy to make me be - lieve to - mor - row won't  
 man - y mis - takes, But I won't spend to - mor - row re - gret - ting the  
 take you a - way, But I'd gam - ble what - ev - er to - mor - row might  
 past, For the chanc - es that I did - n't take. } 'Cause I'll nev - er  
 bring, For the love that I'm liv - ing to - day. }  
 know till it's ov - er, If I'm right or I'm wrong lov - ing you.  
 But I'd rath - er be sor - ry for some - thing I've done, Than for some - thing that  
 I did - n't do. 1. G 2. When you

# The Man From Laramie

Music by Lester Lee Words by Ned Washington

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**Moderately**

*mf* The man from La - ra - mie, He was a man with a peace - ful  
 turn of mind, He was kind of so - cia - ble and friend - ly, Friend - ly as  
 an - y man could be, But you nev - er saw a man out - draw the man from La - ra -  
 mie. The man from La - ra - mie, He was a man with a warm and

gen - tle heart, But when they'd start the ar - gu - in' and fight - in', Fright - nin' and  
 light - nin' fast was he, There was no cay - out who could out - shoot the man from La - ra -  
 mie. He had a flair for la - dies, The  
 la - dies loved his air of mys - ter - y; The west will nev - er see  
 a man with so man - y notch - es on his gun, Ev - 'ry - one ad - mired the fear - less stran - ger,  
 Dan - ger was this man's spec - ial - ty, So they nev - er bossed or  
 dou - ble crossed the man from La - ra - mie!

## Don't Break The Heart That Loves You

Words & Music by Benny Davis & Ted Murry

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**Moderately**

*mf* Don't break the heart that loves you, Han - dle it with care, Don't break the heart that  
 needs you, Dar - ling please be fair; Why do you flirt and con - stant - ly hurt me? Why do you  
 treat our love so care - less - ly? You know I'm jeal - ous of you, And  
 yet you seem to try to go out of your way to be un - kind, Sweet - heart I'm beg - gin'  
 of you, Don't break the heart that loves you, Don't break this heart of mine.

# I'm Gonna Be A Country Girl Again

Words & Music by Buffy Sainte-Marie

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Moderately

**G**

*mp* The rain is fall - in' light - ly on the build - ings and the cars, I've said good - bye to  
 spent some time in stud - y, Oh I've tak - en my de - grees, And mem - o - rised my  
 wan - der'd in the hearts of men, — Look - ing for the sign, That here I might learn

**G7** **C**

cit - y friends, De - part - ment stores and bars; The lights of town are  
 for - mu - li, My A's 'n' B's 'n' C's; But what of I know came  
 hap - pi - ness, I might learn peace of mind; The one who taught my

**Csus4** **C** **G** **D7**

at my back, My heart is full of stars, } *mf* And I'm gon - na be a coun - try girl a -  
 long a - go and the south from such as these, pines, }

**G** / **D7** / / **G** **C** **G**

gain, — Oh yes, I'm gon - na be a coun - try girl a - gain, — With an

**D7** **G** **G7**

old brown dog and a big front porch and rab - bits in the pen, I tell you all the lights on Broad - way don't a -

**C** **G** **D7** **1.2.** **3.**

mount to an a - cre of green, And I'm gon - na be a coun - try girl a - gain. — 2.3. I've gain. —

**G** **C** **G**

# Thirteen Women (And Only One Man In Town)

Words & Music by Dickie Thompson

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Country rock

**Cm**

*mf* There were thir - teen wo - men and on - ly one man in town, — There were

**Fm** **Cm** **E<sup>b</sup>7**

thir - teen wo - men and on - ly one man in town, — And as fun - ny as it may be, — The

**A<sup>b</sup>7** **Cm** **A<sup>b</sup>7** **G7**

one and on - ly man — in — town was me, — With thir - teen wo - men and on - ly one man in town. —

**Cm**

I had two gals ev - 'ry morn - in', Serve my break - fast in bed,  
 had three gals dance the mam - bo, Three gals ball - in' the jack,

**E<sup>b</sup>7** **A<sup>b</sup>7** **G7**

And I'm tell - in you Jack one rubbed my back — while an - oth - er gal rubbed my head. —  
 And all of the rest real - ly did their best, — Boy they sure were a live - ly pack. —

**Cm**

Two gals gave me my mon - ey, Two gals bought me my clothes, — And an -  
 I thought I was in hea - ven, All these an - gels were mine, — But I

**E<sup>b</sup>7** **A<sup>b</sup>7** **G7** **Cm**

oth - er sweet thing bought me a dia - mond ring, — A - bout for - ty car - ats I sup - pose. — Now there were  
 woke — up and I — hit the trail — 'cos I had to get to work on time. — Now there were

**Fm**

thir - teen wo - men and on - ly one man in town, — There were thir - teen wo - men and  
 thir - teen wo - men and on - ly one man in town, — There were thir - teen wo - men and

**Cm** **E<sup>b</sup>7**

on - ly one man in town, — And as fun - ny as it may be, — The  
 on - ly one man in town, — No, I can't tell you where I've been, — I

**A<sup>b</sup>7** **Cm** **1. A<sup>b</sup>7** **G7**

one and on - ly man — in — town was me, — With thir - teen wo - men and on - ly one man in town. —  
 kind - a think some - day — I'll go back a - gain, — To thir - teen wo - men and

**Cm** **2. A<sup>b</sup>7** **G7** **Cm**

I me the on - ly man a - round!

# On Top Of Old Smokey

Traditional

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Moderately fast

**C** **F** **C** **G7** **C**

*mf* 1. On top of old Smo - ky, — All cov - er'd with snow, — I —  
 2. A - court - in's a plea - sure, — A - flirt - in's a grief, — A —  
 3. A thief he will rob you, — And take what you have, — But a  
 4. They'll hug you and kiss you, — And tell you more lies, — Than the  
 5. On top of old Smo - ky, — I sit and I sigh, — I —

**G7** **C** **F** **C** **D.C.**

lost my true lo - ver, — For court - in' too slow, —  
 false - heart - ed lo - ver, — is worse than a thief, —  
 false - heart - ed lo - ver, — sends you to your grave, —  
 ties on the rail - road, — Or stars in the skies, —  
 lost my true lo - ver, — And that's why I cry. —



B $\flat$  F7 B $\flat$  B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$

Lord you know she thinks I still care. But if she's hap-py think-ing I still

B $\flat$  / / / Gm7 C7 F7 E $\flat$

need her, Then let that sil-ly no-tion bring her tears, Oh how could she

B $\flat$  C7 F7

ev-er be so fool-ish, Tell me where did she get such an i-dea, Oh yeah!

B $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$

Just be-cause I asked a friend a-bout her, And just be-cause I

F7 B $\flat$  B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$

spoke her name some-where, Just be-cause when I saw her I went to pie-ces,

B $\flat$  F7 B $\flat$  F7 B $\flat$

Lord, you know she thinks I still care, You know she thinks I still care.

## Miss The Mississippi And You

Words & Music by Halley

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Moderately

E $\flat$  E $\flat$ 7 A $\flat$ 6 A $\flat$ m6 E $\flat$  B $\flat$ 7

*mp* I am sad and wea-ry, Far a-way from home, Miss the Mis-sis-sip-pi and  
Mem-o-ries are bring-ing hap-py days of yore, Miss the Mis-sis-sip-pi and

E $\flat$  B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$  E $\flat$ 7 A $\flat$ 6 A $\flat$ m6

you, dear; Days are dark and drear-y, Ev-'ry-where I roam,  
you, dear; Mock-ing birds are sing-ing 'round your cab-in door,

E $\flat$  B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$  E $\flat$ 7 A $\flat$

Miss the Mis-sis-sip-pi and you. *mf* Roll-ing the wide world  
Miss the Mis-sis-sip-pi and you. Roll-ing the wide world

E $\flat$  Cm F B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$

o-ver, Al-ways a-lone and blue-hoo, blue. *mp* Noth-ing seems to  
o-ver, Al-ways a-lone and blue-hoo, blue. Long-ing for my

E $\flat$ 7 A $\flat$ 6 A $\flat$ m6 E $\flat$  B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$  D.C.

cheer me, un-der heav-en's dome, Miss the Mis-sis-sip-pi and you.  
home-land, mud-dy wa-ters shore, Miss the Mis-sis-sip-pi and you.

# Love Hurts

Words & Music by Boudleaux Bryant

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Moderately

*mf* Love hurts, Love scars, Love wounds and mars an - y heart not tough or  
 strong e - nough to take a lot of pain, Take a lot of pain; Love is like a cloud, Holds a lot of  
 rain, Love hurts, Love hurts, I'm young, I know, But  
 e - ven so I know a thing or two, I've learned from you, I've real - ly learned a  
 lot, Real - ly learned a lot; Love is like a fire, Burns you so, It's hot, Love hurts,  
 Love hurts. Some folks rave of hap - pi - ness, Bliss - ful - ness, To - geth - er - ness,  
 Some folks fool them - selves I guess, But they're not fool - ing me, I know it is - n't true, No it is - n't  
 true; Love is just a lie made to make you blue, Love hurts, Love hurts.

# Sad Movies (Make Me Cry)

Words & Music by John D. Loudermilk

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Moderate country rock

*mp* He said he had to work so I went to the show a - lone, They turned down the lights and  
 turned the pro - jec - tor on, And just as the news of the world start - ed to be - gin, I saw my



G D7 G D7

dar-ling and my best friend walk in. Though I was sit-ting there, they did - n't see, And

G G7 C

so they sat right down in front of me, And when he kissed her lips I al-most died, And in the

G D7 G G7 C

mid - dle of the col - our car - toon I start - ed to cry. *mf* Oh sad

G G7 C

mov - ies al - ways make me cry, Oh sad mov - ies al - ways make me

D7 G D7

cry, So I got up and slow - ly walked on home, And ma - ma saw the

G G7

tears and said "What's wrong?" And so to keep from tell - ing her a

C G D7 G C D7 G

lie, I just said "Sad mov - ies make me cry."

## Lonesome Number One

Words & Music by Don Gibson

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**Moderately bright**

C G7 C

*mf* Ev - 'ry love I've had has fad - ed like the dew, Ev - 'ry - one I've want - ed has  
Seems I'm al - ways los - ing, Love just can't come near, Just when love gets close it

G7 C C7 F

want - ed some - one new, Heart - aches hang a - round and al - ways come, } I  
al - ways dis - ap - pears, Sor - row al - ways keeps me on the run, }

C G7 C C7

sure - ly must be lone - some num - ber one. Lone - some num - ber

C G7 C

one, Just call me lone - some num - ber one, Al - though no

C7 F C G7 C D.C.

ti - tles have I won, I sure - ly must be lone - some num - ber one.

# Cripple Creek

Traditional

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## Bright country style

*mf*

F B $\flat$  F C7 F B $\flat$  F

1. Just put on a brand new suit, Hair-cut, Shave and shine to boot, Dia-mond stick-pin in my tie,  
(Lyric 2)

C7 F / / B $\flat$  / F / / B $\flat$  /

See you la-ter folks, Good-bye! Go-ing to Crip-ple Creek, Not for swim-min', Go-ing to Crip-ple Creek,

/ G9 C7 / F B $\flat$  F / / B $\flat$  / / C7 F / D.C.

Here's why: Down by Crip-ple Creek a-mong some wom-en I met the ap-ple of my eye!

2. Man! That gal has me bewitched,  
All dressed up fer gettin' hitched!  
Gonna meet her, cheek to cheek,  
In the church by Cripple Creek.  
Going to Cripple Creek (etc.)

# Way Down

Words & Music by Layng Martine Jnr

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## Moderately

*mf*

C7

Babe you're get-tin' clo-ser, The lights are go-in' dim, The sound of your breath-

(Lyrics 2)

- in' has made the mood I'm in, All of my re-sis-tance ly-in' on the floor,-

C7 G7 C

Send-in' me to pla-ces I've ne-ver been be-fore, Ooh and I can

G7

feel it, feel it, feel it, feel it! Way down where the mu-sic plays,-

C G7 F

Way down like a ti-dal wave, Way down where the fir-es blaze, Way down,

C F G7 C

down, way way on down, way on down.

Hold me a-gain as tight — as you can, I need you so, so ba - by let's go way down, Way down where it  
 feels so good, — Way down where I hoped it would, — Way down where I ne-ver could, — Way down, —  
 down, — way, way on down, way on down, way on down.

2. Ooh my head is spinnin',  
 You got me in your spell,  
 A hundred magic fingers,  
 On a whirling carousel,  
 The medicine within me,  
 No doctor could prescribe,  
 Your love is doin' somethin',  
 That I just can't describe!  
 Ooh, and I can feel it (etc.)

## You All Come (Y'All Come)

Words & Music by Arlie Duff

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### Bright country style

*mf* When you live in the coun - try, Ev - 'ry - bod - y is your neigh - bour, On this one  
 thing you can re - ly, — They all come to see you, And they nev - er leave you, Say - in'  
 y'all come to see us by and by, — Y'all — come, — Y'all — come, —  
 Oh, — Y'all come to see us when you can, — Y'all — come, — Y'all —  
 come, — Oh, — Y'all come to see us now and then, — 2. The then, — 3. Now then, —

2. The kinfolks are a comin',  
 They're a comin' by the dozen,  
 Eatin' everything from soup to hay,  
 And right after dinner  
 They ain't lookin' any thinner,  
 And here's what you hear them say:  
 Y'all come, (etc.)

3. Now grandma's a wishin'  
 That they'd come out to the kitchen,  
 And help to do the dishes right away,  
 But they all start a leavin'  
 Even though she's a grievin',  
 Well you can still hear grandma say:  
 Y'all come, (etc.)

# Ring Of Fire

Words & Music by Merle Kilgore & June Carter

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Moderately bright

Musical score for "Ring Of Fire" in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The score consists of seven staves of music with lyrics underneath. The tempo is "Moderately bright". The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like "mf".

Lyrics:

Love is a burn - ing thing, And it  
taste of love is sweet, When  
makes a fi - r'y ring. Bound  
hearts like ours beat, I fell  
by wild de - sires, I fell in - to a ring of  
for you like a child, Oh, But the fire went  
fire. I fell in - to a burn - ing ring of fire, I went  
wild. }  
down, down, down, And the flames went high - er, And it burns, burns, burns, The ring of  
fire, The ring of fire. The Fire. And it  
burns, burns, burns, The ring of fire, The ring of fire, The ring of

# Running Scared

Words & Music by Roy Orbison & Joe Melson

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Moderately

Musical score for "Running Scared" in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves of music with lyrics underneath. The tempo is "Moderately". The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like "mf".

Lyrics:

Just run - ning scared, Each place we go, So a - fraid  
that he might show. Yeah, run - ning scared, What would I do, If he came

Bm D7 G D7 G

back and want - ed you? Just run - ning scared, Feel - ing

Am Bm D7

low, Run - ning scared you loved him so. Just run - ning

G Am Bm D13

scared, A - fraid to lose, If he came back, Which one would you

G G7 C

choose? Then all at once he was stand - ing there, So sure of him - self, His head in the air,

/ / D7 / G

My heart was break - ing, Which one would it be? You turned a - round and walked a - way with me.

# Somebody Else On Your Mind

Words & Music by Skeeter Davis

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Moderate country tempo

F C7

*mf* When you take me in your arms and tell me that you love me, I want to think it's  
When you're hold - ing her so close and tell - ing her you love her, What would she think if

3 F

real - ly true, But my heart won't let me, For when you're kiss - ing me it's  
she just knew you al - so told an - oth - er, Some - day she will see you

F7 Bb F C7 F F7

plain for me to see, You've got some - bod - y else on your mind.  
said those words to me, And had some - bod - y else on your mind. }

Bb F C7

Some - bod - y else is with you in your dreams, Some - bod - y else now

F F7 Bb F

has your love it seems, Give her your kiss - es, They're not real - ly mine, You've got

C7

1. F Dm7 Gm7 C7 2. F Bbm F

some - bod - y else on your mind. (Instrumental) mind.

# You Never Can Tell

Words & Music by Chuck Berry

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## Cajun rock

*mf* 1. It was a teen-age wed - ding and the old folks wished 'em well, ————— You could see —  
 — that Pi - erre — did tru - ly love the ma - de-moi - selle, ————— And now the young mon - sieur — and ma - dame -  
 — have rung the chap - el bell, ————— "C'est la vie," — say the old — folks, It goes to show you nev - er can  
 tell. 2. They fur - nished off an a - part - ment with a two - room Roe - buck sale, —————  
 The cool - er - a - tor was crammed — with T. V. din - ners and gin - ger ale, ————— But when Pi -  
 erre found work, — the lit - tle mon - ey com - in' worked out well, ————— "C'est la vie," — say the old — folks, It  
 goes to show you nev - er can tell. 1.2. C 3. C F C  
 3. They had a 4. They bought a tell.

3. They had a hi-fi phono, boy did they let it blast,  
 Seven hundred little records all rockin' rhythm and jazz,  
 But when the sun went down the rapid tempo of the music fell,  
 "C'est la vie," say the old folks,  
 It goes to show you never can tell.

4. They bought a souped up jitney, 'twas a cherry red fifty-nine,  
 They drove it down to New Orleans to celebrate their anniversary,  
 It was there where Pierre was wedded to the lovely mad'moiselle,  
 "C'est la vie," say the old folks,  
 It goes to show you never can tell.

# Home On The Range

Traditional

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## Moderately

*mf* Oh give me a home where the buf - fa - lo roam, Where the deer and the  
 How oft - en at night when the heav - ens are bright, With the light from the  
 an - te - lope play, ————— Where — sel - dom is heard a dis - cour - ag - ing  
 glit - ter - ing stars, ————— Have I stood there am - azed and asked as I

Cm G D7 G D D7

word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day. \_\_\_\_\_ } *f* Home! Home on the  
 gazed, If their glo - ry ex - ceeds that of ours. \_\_\_\_\_ }

G Em7 A7 D7 G

range, \_\_\_\_\_ Where the deer and the an - te - lope play, \_\_\_\_\_ *mf* Where sel - dom is

G7 C Cm G D7 G D.C.

heard a dis - cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day. \_\_\_\_\_

# The Wells Fargo Wagon

Words & Music by Meredith Willson

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**Moderately**

G D7

*mf* O - ho, The Wells Far - go wag - on is a - com - in' down the street, Oh please let it be for  
 Wells Far - go wag - on is a - com - in' down the street, Oh don't let him pass my

G D7

me. \_\_\_\_\_ O - ho, The Wells Far - go wag - on is a - com - in' down the street, I wish, I wish I knew what it could  
 door, \_\_\_\_\_ O - ho, The Wells Far - go wag - on is a - com - in' down the street, I wish I knew what he was com - in'

G C6 G C6

be. \_\_\_\_\_ I got a box of 'ma - ple su - gar on my birth - day, \_\_\_\_\_ In March I got a grey mack - i -  
 for. \_\_\_\_\_ I got some sal - mon from Se - at - tle last Sep - tem - ber, \_\_\_\_\_ And I ex - pect a new rock - in'

G C6 G A7

naw, And once I got some grape - fruit from Tam - pa, \_\_\_\_\_ Mont - gom - 'ry Ward sent me a bath - tub and a  
 chair, I hope I get my rais - ins from Fres - no, \_\_\_\_\_ The D. A. R. have sent a can - non for the

D7 C D7 / G D7

cross - cut saw. O - ho, The Wells Far - go wag - on is a - com - in' now, Is it a pre - paid sur - prise or C. O.  
 court - house square. O - ho, The Wells Far - go wag - on is a - com - in' now, I don't know how I can ev - er wait to

/ / Bm / Bm7(b5) E7 A9

D.? It could be cur - tains, Or dish - es, Or a dou - ble boil - er, Or it could be \_\_\_\_\_ some - thin'  
 see, It could be some - thin' from some - one who is no re - la - tion, But it could be \_\_\_\_\_ some - thin'

D7 1. G / / D7 / 2. G C G

spe - cial just for me. \_\_\_\_\_ O - ho, The me. \_\_\_\_\_  
 spe - cial just for

# I'm Just A Country Boy

Words & Music by Fred Hellerman & Marshall Barer

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Moderately slow

*mf*

*E♭ / Cm7 Fm7 B♭7 E♭maj7 Fm7 B♭7 E♭ // Edim Fm7 B♭7*

1. I ain't gon - na mar - ry in the Fall, I — ain't gon - na mar - ry in the Spring, For I'm in love with a

*E♭maj7 Cm7 Fm7 E♭ Fm7 // B♭7 E♭ Cm7 Fm7 / / B♭7 E♭ / E♭maj7 E♭7 A♭*

pret - ty lit - tle girl who wears a dia - mond ring, And I'm just a coun - try boy, — Mon - ey have I none, But

*Fm7 B♭7 E♭ Cm7 Fm7 B♭7 E♭ Edim Fm7 B♭7 E♭ A♭ E♭*

I've got sil - ver in the stars, And gold in the morn - ing sun, And gold in the morn - ing sun. —————

2. Never gonna kiss the ruby lips  
 Of the prettiest girl in town,  
 I'm never gonna ask her if she'd marry me,  
 For I know she'd turn me down.  
 'Cause I'm just a country boy (*etc.*)
3. Never could afford a store-bought ring,  
 With a sparkling diamond stone,  
 All I could afford was a loving heart,  
 The only one I own.  
 And I'm just a country boy (*etc.*)

# One Day At A Time

Words & Music by Marijohn Wilkin & Kris Kristofferson

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Moderate country waltz

*mp*

*C7 F C*

One day at a time, ————— Sweet Je - sus. (*Instrumental*)

*G7 C G7*

1. I'm on - ly hu - man, ————— I'm just a wom - an, —————  
 (*Lyric 2*)

*C*

Help me be - lieve in what I could be and all that I am. —————

*C7 F*

Show me the stair - way ————— I have to climb, —————

*C G7 C*

Lord for my sake teach me to take one day at a time. —————



F C7 F

*mf* One day at a time, Sweet Je - sus, That's all I'm

C G7

ask - ing from you, Just give me the strength to do ev - 'ry day what

C C7 F

I have to do, Yes - ter - day's gone, Sweet Je - sus, And to -

Dm C G7

mor - row may nev - er be mine, Lord help me to - day, Show me the

1. C 2. C F C

way, One day at a time. time.

2. Do you remember when you walked among men?  
 Well Jesus you know if you're looking below,  
 It's worse now than then.  
 Pushin' and shovin', crowding my mind,  
 So for my sake teach me to take one day at a time.  
 One day at a time, Sweet Jesus (*etc.*)

## You've Still Got A Place In My Heart

Words & Music by Leon Payne

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Moderately

F F7 Bb

*mf* If the one you think is true ev - er turns his back on you, You've

F G7 C7 F F7

still got a place in my heart, If the years should make you cry, Don't go

Bb C7 F Bb F F7

on and live a lie, You've still got a place in my heart. If

Bb F G7

I'm a fool to pray that you'll come back some - day, Then I know a mil - lion

C7 F F7

fools that love has made that way; If ev - 'ry road you take proves you

Bb F C7 F Bb F

made a big mis - take, You've still got a place in my heart.

# Why You Been Gone So Long?

By Mickey Newbury

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Moderate country tempo

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderate country tempo'. The first staff has a dynamic marking of *mf*. The lyrics are: 'Ev-'ry time it rains, Lawd, I run to my win-dow, All I do is wring my hands and moan. Lis-ten to that thun-der roll, And I can hear that lone-some wind blow, Tell me ba-by why you been gone so long?'. The second staff continues the lyrics: 'Tell me ba-by why you been gone so long, You been gone so long now? Tell me ba-by why you been gone so long? Wolf is scratch-in' at my door, And I can hear that lone-some wind blow; Tell me ba-by why you been gone so long?'. The third staff continues: 'hear that lone-some wind blow; Tell me ba-by why you been gone so long?'. The fourth staff continues: 'Tell me ba-by why you been gone so long, You been gone so long now? Tell me ba-by why you been gone so long?'. The fifth staff continues: 'Wolf is scratch-in' at my door, And I can hear that lone-some wind blow; Tell me ba-by why you been gone so long?'. The sixth staff continues: 'Tell me ba-by why you been gone so long?'. The score includes various chords: F, Bb, C7, F, Bb, F, C7, F, Bb, F, D.C., F, Bb, F, D.C.

2. Someone said they thought they saw you roarin' down in Reno,  
With a big oil man from San Antone,  
They tell me I'm a fool to pine for you,  
But what do they know,  
Tell me baby why you been gone so long?  
(Chorus)

3. There ain't nothing I wanna do,  
Oh I guess I could get stoned,  
And let the past paint pictures in my head;  
Kill a fifth of thunderbird and try to write a sad song,  
Tell me baby why you been gone so long?  
(Chorus)

# The 3:10 To Yuma

Music by George W. Duning Words by Ned Washington

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Moderately slow

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderately slow'. The first staff has a dynamic marking of *mp*. The lyrics are: 'I want to ride a-gain on the three ten to Yu-ma, That's where I saw my love, The girl with the gold-en hair; Not a word be-tween us was spo-ken, No the si-lence nev-er was bro-ken, But be-fore she left her eyes said a sad good-by. Sad am I,'. The second staff continues the lyrics: 'The girl with the gold-en hair; Not a word be-tween us was spo-ken, No the si-lence nev-er was bro-ken, But be-fore she left her eyes said a sad good-by. Sad am I,'. The third staff continues: 'bro-ken, But be-fore she left her eyes said a sad good-by. Sad am I,'. The score includes various chords: Dm, C, Dm, G, D, Dm, F, F6, C, Dm, Am, Bb, Gm7, A, Am.

D Am 3 G 3 D  
 Sad am I, To think of the chance that I missed, I could cry to  
 F 3 G 3 A Am Dm C Dm  
 think of the lips left un - kissed. *mf* Per - haps she'll ride a - gain on the three ten to Yu - ma,  
 G D Dm F F6 3  
 And I can meet my love and tell her how much I care; Tho' I have no rea - son to  
 C Dm 3 Am Bb 3 Gm7  
 go there. And there's not a soul that I know there, When the three ten to Yu - ma leaves if I have the  
 A Am D C Bbmaj7 A F G A  
 fare, I'll be there! I'll be there!

## When The Thrill Has Gone

Words & Music by Tex Grant

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### Moderate country ballad

F D7 G7 C7  
*mf* When the thrill has gone will you still love me? When the thrill has  
 F6 / / / C7(b9) F Abdim C7  
 gone will you still care? It's ea - sy to prom - ise while you feel this  
 F Abdim C7  
 way, But your heart may change with the pass - ing of a day.  
 F D7 G7 C7  
 When the thrill has gone will you be sor - ry? Or shall I still  
 D7 Am7 D7 Gm7 Gm7(b5)  
 be the on - ly one? It will break my heart in two, If you  
 F Am7(b5) D9 D7 G9 C13 F Bbm F  
 find some - bod - y new, When the thrill has gone.

# Send Me The Pillow You Dream On

Words & Music by Hank Locklin

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Moderately

C F C G7  
*mf* Send me the pil-low that you dream on, \_\_\_\_\_ Don't you know that I still care for  
 C F C  
 you. \_\_\_\_\_ Send me the pil-low that you dream on, \_\_\_\_\_ So dar-ling I can  
 G7 C C7 F C  
 dream on it too. \_\_\_\_\_ Each night while I'm sleep-ing, oh, so lone-ly, \_\_\_\_\_ I'll  
 wait-ed so long for you to write me, \_\_\_\_\_ But  
 G7 C F C  
 share your love in dreams that once were true. \_\_\_\_\_ } Send me the pil-low that you dream on, \_\_\_\_\_  
 just a mem-'ry's all that's left of you. \_\_\_\_\_ }  
 G7 1. C 2. C F C  
 \_\_\_\_\_ So dar-ling I can dream on it too. \_\_\_\_\_ I've \_\_\_\_\_ too. \_\_\_\_\_

# Till The End Of The World

Words & Music by Vaughn Horton

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Moderately

G7 C G7  
*mp* Till the end of the world means for-ev-er, \_\_\_\_\_ And for-ev-er you'll  
 C E7 Am  
 al-ways be mine, \_\_\_\_\_ For my dar-ling you know I could nev-er \_\_\_\_\_  
 D7 G7  
 \_\_\_\_\_ love an-y-one but you till the end of time; \_\_\_\_\_ *mf* Till the stars in the  
 C  
 sky cease to shine, \_\_\_\_\_ Till the sand of the des-ert grows cold, \_\_\_\_\_  
 G7 D7  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Till the last pet-als fall from the ros-es, \_\_\_\_\_ And the sil-ver in your

G7

hair turns back to gold; Till the sun and the moon hide in dark - ness,

C / / / Caug F

And we wait for that great light to shine, Oh my dar - ling that's how

C D7 G7 C F C

long I will love you, Till the end of the world you'll be mine.

## One Has My Name, The Other Has My Heart

Words & Music by Eddie Dean, Dearest Dean & Hal Blair

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Moderately

B $\flat$  B dim F7 Cm7 F9 // Faug B $\flat$  B $\flat$ dim B $\flat$

*mf* One has my name, The oth - er has my heart, With one I'll re - main, That's how my heart - aches start;

B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$  C7 C13 F7 B dim F7

One has brown eyes, The oth - er's eyes are blue, To one I am tied, To the oth - er I am true;

B $\flat$  B dim F7 Cm7 F9 // Faug B $\flat$  B $\flat$ dim B $\flat$

One has my love, The oth - er on - ly me, But what good is love, To a heart that can't be free. { So If

B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$  E dim B $\flat$  Cm7 F7 B $\flat$  D.C.

I'll go on liv - ing my life just the same, While one — has my heart, The oth - er has my name. —  
I could live o - ver, My life I would change, The one who has my heart would al - so have my name. —

## The Colorado Trail

Traditional

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Moderately

F B $\flat$  F B $\flat$  B $\flat$ m F

*mf* Weep all ye lit - tle rains, Wail wind wail, All a - long a - long a - long the Col - o - ra - do trail.

B $\flat$  F G7 C7

Eyes like a morn - ing star, Lips like a rose, Jen - nie was a pret - ty gal, God Al - might - y knows!

F B $\flat$  F / Dm Am Dm B $\flat$  B $\flat$ m F

Weep all ye lit - tle rains, wail wind wail, All a - long a - long a - long the Col - o - ra - do trail.

# The Wheel Of Fortune

Words & Music by Bennie Benjamin & George Weiss

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**Moderately slow**

*mf* The wheel of for - tune goes spin - ning a - round, Will the ar - row  
 point my way? Will this be the day? Oh! Wheel of for - tune, Please don't pass me  
 by. Let me know the mag - ic of a kiss and a sigh. While the wheel is  
 spin - ning spin - ning spin - ning, I'll not dream of win - ning for - tune or fame; While the wheel is turn - ing turn - ing turn - ing,  
 I'll be ev - er yearn - ing for love's pre - cious flame! Oh! Wheel of for - tune,  
 I'm hop - ing some - how if you ev - er smile on me, Please let it be now.

Chords: F/C, C, F#dim, G7, Dm7, G7, Dm7, G9, C, C#dim, G7, F/C, C, F#dim, G7, Dm7, G7, C, Fm, C, F#dim, Dm7, G7, C, A7, D7, G7, F/C, C, F#dim, G7, Dm7, G7, C, F, C.

# The Old Chisholm Trail

Traditional

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**Moderately**

*mf* Well come a - long boys and lis - ten to my tale, I'll tell you of my trou - bles on the  
 old Chis - holm trail; Co - ma ti yi u - pi u - pi yi, U - pi yi! Co - ma ti yi u - pi u - pi yi!

Chords: Em, B7, Em, B7, Em, B7, Em, B7, Em, B7, Em, B7, Em, Am, Em, B7, Em, D.C.

2. I woke up one day and started on the trail,  
 A rope was in my hand, I had a cow by the tail;  
 Co-ma ti yi u-pi u-pi yi, (etc.)
3. It's bacon and beans I'm gittin' every day,  
 I'm thinkin' for a change I'm gonna eat prairie hay;  
 Co-ma ti yi u-pi u-pi yi, (etc.)
4. I went to the boss for pickin' up my roll,  
 He figured what I borrowed, I was nine in the hole;  
 Co-ma ti yi u-pi u-pi yi, (etc.)
5. I guess I must wait till I'm old enough to die,  
 I'll quit punchin' cattle in the sweet by and by;  
 Co-ma ti yi u-pi u-pi yi, (etc.)

# The Bus From Amarillo

Words & Music by Carol Hall

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**Moderately**

1. Caught a bus from Am - a - ril - lo, it was goin' to San An - tone. Had a  
 driv - in' on thru Cis - co on our way a - round to Baird. Got a  
 brand new card - board suit - case, and a win - dow seat a - lone — And I thought that I was  
 sud - den fun - ny feel - in' and I knew that I was scared — I was shak - in' like a  
 some - thin' and I dreamed I'd tra - vel far, may - be be a resta - rant host - ess, may - be  
 leaf as we were com - in' round the curve. Had the suit - case, had the tick - et, but I  
 be a mov - ie star. And the bus from Am - a - ril - lo raced a train a - long the  
 did - n't have the nerve. Yes, the bus from Am - a - ril - lo had me so damned ter - ri -  
 track. And I nev - er looked be - hind me 'cause I was - n't com - in' back — I had a  
 fied. that I got off at the next stop, and I nev - er took that ride — Did - n't want that  
 one way tick - et to no - - - where I was fin - 'ly  
 one way tick - et to no - - - where Did - n't want the  
 trav - el - in' free — I had a one way tick - et to  
 trav - el - in' free — Did - n't want the one way tick - et to  
 go where an - y - thing was pos - si - ble for me. — 2. We were  
 go where an - y - thing was pos - si - ble for me. — 3. Well it's  
 — An - y - thing was pos - si - ble — for me. —

## ADDITIONAL LYRICS

### Verse 3.

Well, it's hard now to determine how a plan just disappears  
 How the days can turn to weeks and how the weeks can turn to years.  
 And it's funny how you wait for things and want that lucky day.  
 And it's funny when the bus stopped, I got off and walked away  
 And the bus from Amarillo, I can hear it still go by.  
 Guess I missed my only chance and now I swear I don't know why  
 Guess life's a one way ticket to nowhere  
 God, wish I was travelin' free  
 Once I had a one way ticket to go where  
 Anything was possible for me.

# So Sad (To Watch Good Love Go Bad)

Words & Music by Don Everly

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Moderately

The musical score for "So Sad (To Watch Good Love Go Bad)" is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of seven staves of music with lyrics underneath. The tempo is marked "Moderately". The score includes various chords such as F, Bb, Gm7, C7, Dm, and F7. The lyrics are: "We used to have good times to geth-er, But now I Re-mem-ber how you used to feel, dear, You said noth- ing them slip a-way, It makes me cry to see love ing could change your mind, It breaks my heart to see us die, part, So sad to watch good love go bad. So sad to watch good love go bad. Is it an-y won-der that I feel so blue, When I know for cer-tain that I'm los-ing you-oo. Re-mem-ber how you used to feel, dear, You said noth- ing could change your mind, It breaks my heart to see us part, So sad to watch good love go bad."

# Too Soon To Know

Words & Music by Don Gibson

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Moderately

The musical score for "Too Soon To Know" is written in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of three staves of music with lyrics underneath. The tempo is marked "Moderately". The score includes various chords such as C, Dm7, G7, F6, G13, and Dm7. The lyrics are: "It's too soon to know if I can for- get her, My heart's been bro-ken in too man-y piec-es, And it's too soon to know. Time pass-es slow, Will"



G7 C C7 F6

I ev - er know \_\_\_\_\_ if I can for - get her and not let it

F G7 C C7 F G7

show, — But it's too soon \_\_\_\_\_ to know. \_\_\_\_\_ *mf* News trav - els fast when a

C D7 G7 C

love af - fair ends, Peo - ple keep ask - ing "What hap - pened to them?" But it's too

Dm7 G7 C

soon \_\_\_\_\_ to know \_\_\_\_\_ if I can \_\_\_\_\_ for - get her, \_\_\_\_\_ My

C7 F6 F G7 G13 C

heart's been bro - ken in too man - y piec - es, And it's too soon \_\_\_\_\_ to know. \_\_\_\_\_

# The End Of The World

Music by Arthur Kent Words by Sylvia Dee

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**Moderately**

E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> Cm Gm

*mf* Why does the sun go on shin - ing? Why does the sea rush to shore?

A<sup>b</sup> Fm Gm C7 Fm B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup>

Don't they know it's the end of the world, 'Cause you don't love me an - y - more? Why do the birds go on

B<sup>b</sup> Cm Gm A<sup>b</sup> Fm Gm C7

sing - ing? Why do the stars glow a - bove, Don't they know it's the end of the world? It

Fm B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>

end - ed when I lost your love. I wake up in the morn - ing and I won - der why

B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup> Gm C7

ev - 'ry - thing's the same as it was, I can't un - der - stand, No I can't un - der - stand how

Fm B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> Cm

life goes on the way it does! Why does my heart go on beat - ing? Why do these eyes of mine

Gm A<sup>b</sup> Fm Gm C7 Fm B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup>

cry? Don't they know it's the end of the world? It end - ed when you said good - bye.

# The Lonesome Road

Words by Gene Austin Music by Nathaniel Shilkret

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**Moderately**

*mf* Look down, Look down, That lone some road, Be fore you  
 up, Look up, And see yo' Mak er fore Gab riel

trav - el on. Look Wear - y to - tin'

such a load, Tredg - in' down that lone - some road. Look down, Look  
 down, That lone - some road, Be - fore you trav - el on.

Chords: F, Bbm, F, C7, F, Dm, Am, Dm, Am, C7, C13, F, Bbm, F

# Wagon Train

Words & Music by Henri Rene & Bob Russell

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**Easy country style**

*mp* Dawn spreads it's paint brush on the plain, Spill - ing pur - ple up -  
 Dreams were - n't al - ways dreamed in vain, Tho' the dawn of their

on sleep - ers of the wag - on train. And the trails that have  
 schemes lay be - yond the wag - on train.

*mf* curled to a place in the sun, Some - where a world where your some - one is

there. *mp* Gone are the days of that ter - rain,

Yet I'm wan - der - ing on like the old old wag - on train.

Chords: Eb, Cm7, Fm7, Bb7, Eb, Ab, A dim, Eb, G7, Cm, Cm7, F7, Fm7, Bb7, Eb, Ab, Eb

# When Will I Be Loved?

Words & Music by Phil Everly

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Moderately

Musical score for "When Will I Be Loved?" in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of five staves of music with lyrics underneath. The tempo is marked "Moderately". The lyrics are: "I've been made blue, I've been lied to, When will I be loved? (Instrumental) I've been turned down, I've been pushed 'round, When will I be loved? When I meet a new girl that I want for mine, She always breaks my heart in two, It happens ev-'ry time! I've been cheat-ed, Been mis-treat-ed, When will I be loved?"

# My Heart Cries For You

Words & Music by Percy Faith & Carl Sigman

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Moderately

Musical score for "My Heart Cries For You" in Bb major, 3/4 time. The score consists of five staves of music with lyrics underneath. The tempo is marked "Moderately". The lyrics are: "If you're in Ar-i-zo-na I'll fol-low you, If you're in Min-ne-sota I'll be there too, You'll have a mil-lion chances to start a new, Be-cause my love is end-less for you, My heart sea, I'm lone-ly as a hu-man can be. } My heart cries for you, Sighs for you, Dies for you, And my arms long for you, please come back to me. The me."

# Take These Chains From My Heart

Words & Music by Fred Rose & Hy Heath

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**Moderately**

*mf* Take these chains from my heart and set me free, You've grown cold and no long-er care for heart just a word of sym-pa - thy, Be as fair to my heart as you can

me, All my faith in you is gone, But the heart-aches lin-ger on, Take these chains from my heart and set me free. Then if you no lon-ger care for the love that's beat-ing there, Take these chains from my heart and set me free. Take these tears from my eyes and let me see, Just a heart and set me free. Take these chains from my heart and set me free, You've grown

spark of the love that used to be, If you love some - bo - dy new, Let me find a new love cold and no lon-ger care for me, All my faith in you is gone, But the heart-aches lin-ger

too, Take these chains from my heart and set me free. Give my on, Take these chains from my heart and set me free.

1. F Gm7 C7 2. F B<sup>b</sup> F

# ('Til) I Kissed You

Words & Music by Don Everly

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**Country rock**

*mf* Nev - er felt like this un - til I kissed you, Uh - huh, How did Things have real - ly changed since I kissed you, Uh - huh, My life's

I ex - ist un - til I kissed you? Oh yeah. Nev - er had you on my mind, not the same now that I kissed you. Oh yeah. Mmm, you got a way a - bout you,

Now - you're there all the time, Nev - er knew what I missed 'til I kissed you. Now - I can't live with - out you, Nev - er knew what I missed 'til I kissed you,

Uh - huh, I kissed you, Oh yeah. Uh - huh, I kissed you, Oh yeah. } You - don't re - a - lise what you

do to — me, And I — did - n't re - a - lise — what a kiss could be. —

Mmm, — you got a way a - bout — you, Now — I can't live — with - out you, —

— Nev er knew what I missed 'til I kissed you, Uh - huh, I kissed you,

Oh yeah, — I kissed you, Uh - huh, — I kissed you. *Repeat to fade*

## I Wish I Was Single Again

Traditional

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**Moderately**

*mf* When I was sin - gle, Oh then, Oh then, When I was sin - gle, Oh then, — When I was sin - gle my

mon - ey did jin - gle, Oh I wish I was sin - gle a - gain a - gain, I wish I was sin - gle a - gain! —

## Oh Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie

Traditional

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**Moderately slow**

*mp* "Oh, bur - y me not — on the lone prai - rie," These words came

low, — And so mourn - ful - ly; From the pal - lid lips — of a youth who

lay, On his dy - ing bed — at the close of day. — *D.C.*

2. Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,  
Where the coyotes howl and the wind blows free;  
In a narrow grave just six by three,  
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

3. "Oh, bury me not..." and his voice failed there,  
But we took no heed of his dying prayer;  
In a narrow grave just six by three,  
We buried him there on the lone prairie.

# Tennessee Waltz

Words & Music by Redd Stewart & Pee Wee King

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## Moderate country waltz

*mp* I was waltz-ing with my dar-lin' to the Ten-nes-see waltz, When an old friend I hap-pen'd to see, In-tro-duced him to my loved one, And while they were waltz-ing, My friend stole my sweet-heart from me. *mf* I re-mem-ber the night and the Ten-nes-see waltz, Now I know just how much I have lost; Yes I lost my lit-tle dar-lin' the night they were play-ing the beau-ti-ful Ten-nes-see waltz.

Chords: C, C7, F, C, A7, D7, G7, C, C7, F, C, G13, G7, C, E7, F6, F, C, A7, D7, G7, C, C7, F, C, G13, G7, C, F, C

# Red River Valley

Traditional

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## Moderately slow

*mp* From this val-ley they say you are go-ing, I shall miss your sweet face and your smile, Just be-cause you are wear-y and ti-red, You are chang-ing your range for a while. *mf* Then come sit here a while 'ere you leave us, Do not hast-en to bid us a-dieu, Just re-mem-ber the Red Riv-er Val-ley, And the cow-boy who loves you so true.

Chords: F, F7, Bb, F, C7, F, F7, Bb, F, C13, C7, F, C13, F, C7, Bb, C7, F, D.C.

2. I have promised you darling, that never  
Will the words from my lips cause you pain,  
And my life it will be yours forever,  
If you only would love me again.  
Then come sit here a while (etc.)

3. So come back to the Red River Valley,  
So come back to my arms before long.  
Just remember the Red River Valley,  
And the cowboy whose love can't be wrong.  
Then come sit here a while (etc.)

# Who Slapped John?

Words & Music by Gene Vincent & Sheriff 'Tex' Davis

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**Moderately**

The musical score for 'Who Slapped John?' is written in a single system with a key signature of two flats (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderately'. The score consists of seven staves of music. The lyrics are: 'Well I heard John say "Man she's my gal," — I heard the oth - er guy say "Man she's my pal." — Well John jumped up, and then he screamed — "She's my gal man, and that I mean!" — Well, who, who, who slapped John? — Who, who, who slapped John? — Who slapped John when the lights went low? — Who, who, who slapped John? Well the lights went on and then went off, John got slapped tryin' to hold his own, — Well, Who, who, who slapped John? — Who, who, who slapped John? — Who slapped John when the lights went low? — Who, who, who slapped John?' The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: Bb, Eb7, Bb, F7, Eb7, Bb, Eb7, Bb, F7, Eb7, Bb.

# Down In The Valley

Traditional

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**Moderately**

The musical score for 'Down In The Valley' is written in a single system with a key signature of one flat (F) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderately'. The score consists of three staves of music. The lyrics are: 'Down in the val - ley, Val - ley so low, — Hang your head o - ver, Hear the wind blow. — Hear the wind blow love, Hear the wind blow, — Hang your head o - ver, Hear the wind blow. —' The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: C, G7, C, G7, C, D.C.

2. Give my heart ease love, oh give my heart ease,  
Think of me darling, give my heart ease.  
Write me a letter, send it by mail,  
Send it in care of Birmingham jail.

3. Write me a letter with just a few lines,  
Answer me darling, will you be mine?  
Roses love sunshine, violets love dew,  
Angels in heaven know I love you!

4. This gloomy prison is far from you dear,  
But not forever, only a year.  
I make this promise, to go straight and true,  
I'll spend a lifetime just loving you.

# There's A New Moon Over My Shoulder

Words & Music by Jimmie Davis, Ekko Whelan & Lee Blastic

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Moderately slow

mf There's a new moon over my shoulder, And an old love still in my heart; -  
I re - mem - ber now that I'm old - er, What you told me the  
day we had to part. You prom - ised, with the new moon, You'd be com - ing back to me, Now line, But  
man - y moons have passed since then, I'm wait - ing pa - tient - ly. } There's a new moon over my  
still I wait and make be - lieve that some - day you'll be mine. }  
shoul - der, And an old love still in my heart. You heart.

Chords: G, G7, C, D7, G, G7, C, D7, G, G7, C, Cm, G, A7, D7, G, G7, C, D7, 1. G C G, 2. G Cm G

# (I'd Be) A Legend In My Time

Words & Music by Don Gibson

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Moderately

mf If heart - aches brought fame in love's cra - zy game, I'd be a leg - end in my  
time. If they gave gold sta - tu - ettes for tears and re - grets, I'd be a  
leg - end in my time. But they don't give a - wards and there's no praise or  
fame for a heart that's been bro - ken ov - er love that's in vain; If lone - li - ness meant world ac -  
claim, Then ev' - ry - one would know my name, I'd be a leg - end in my time.

Chords: F, Bb, C7, F, Bb, C7, F, C7, F, Bb, C7, F, Bb, C7, Bb, C7, F, A7, Aaug, A7, D9, D7, G7, C9, C7, F, Bb, C7, F



# He Will Do For You

Words & Music by V.F. Stewart & Chas. Hitt

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Moderately

*mp* Once my soul was in sin and my heart was in shame, I did - n't know Je - sus, Not  
 ev - en — His name; Then I heard a voice say - ing — won't you come un - to me, And He will do for  
 you what He's done — for me. ————— *mf* Give Him a chance and let him prove it, His love is best of  
 all. Give Him a chance and let Him show you, He'll an - swer when you call. His love is the sweet - est, His  
 prom - is - es free; For He will do for you what He's done — for me. —————

# Give Me Your Word

Music by George Wyle Words by Irving Taylor

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Moderately

*mf* Give me your word ————— your love will nev - er die, ————— Give me your word ————— you feel the  
 same as I, ————— My heart will beat a life - time just for you, ————— That's all it  
 wants to do, ————— If yours is just as true, Why don't you give me your lips, ————— And let your  
 lips re - main, ————— Give me your word, ————— I'm not in love in vain, ————— Give me one  
 hope to guide me, One vow you'll be be - side me al - ways, ————— Give me your word. —————

# When My Blue Moon Turns To Gold Again

Words & Music by Wiley Walker & Gene Sullivan

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**Moderately**

The musical score is written in G-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It consists of three staves of music with lyrics underneath. The first staff begins with a piano (*mp*) dynamic and a B-flat chord. The second staff continues the melody with B-flat, F7, and B-flat chords. The third staff concludes the piece with F7, F13, F7, B-flat, E-flat, B-flat, and D.C. (Da Capo) markings.

Mem - o - ries that lin - ger in my heart, Mem - o -  
When my blue moon turns to gold a - gain, When the

ries that make my heart grow cold, But some day they'll  
rain - bow turns the clouds a - way, When my blue moon

live a - gain sweet - heart, And my blue moon a - gain will turn to gold.  
turns to gold a - gain, You'll be back in my arms to stay.

# Streets Of Laredo

Traditional Cowboy Song

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**Moderately slow**

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three staves of music with lyrics underneath. The first staff begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and an F chord. The second staff continues the melody with C7, F, C7, F, C7, and F chords. The third staff concludes the piece with C7, F, B-flat, B-flat minor, F, C7, and F D.C. (Da Capo) markings.

As I walked out in the streets of La - re - do, As I walked

out in La - re - do one day, I spied a poor cow - boy all wrapped in white

lin - en, All wrapped in white lin - en as cold as the clay.

2. "I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,"  
These words he did say as I calmly went by,  
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,  
"I'm shot in the breast and I know I must die."
3. "It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,  
"Yes, once in the saddle I gallop'd away,  
"First down to the bar-room and then to the card house,  
"Shot in the breast and I'm dying today."
4. "Get six of my buddies to carry my coffin,  
"Six pretty maidens to sing a sad song,  
"Take me to the valley and lay the sod o'er me,  
"For I'm a young cowboy who knows he did wrong."
5. "Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,  
"And play the dead march as they carry my pall,  
"Put bunches of roses all o'er my coffin,  
"Roses to deaden the clods as they fall."
6. "Go gather around you a crowd of young cowboys,  
"And tell them the story of this, my sad fate,  
"Tell one and the other before they go further,  
"To stop their wild roving before it's too late."
7. "Go fetch me a cup, a cup of cold water,  
"To cool my parched lips," the cowboy then said,  
"Before I returned, the spirit had left him,  
"And gone to its Maker; the cowboy was dead."

# Good Old Girl

Words & Music by Carol Hall

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Moderately

Well, she's a good good old old girl \_\_\_\_\_ we've been some long, we've had some fine,  
long miles \_\_\_\_\_ to - geth - er and thank the Lord she the  
big laughs \_\_\_\_\_ to - geth - er and I ad - - mired the  
nev - er she was al - the most cling read - in' kind. But, she's a mind.  
way she al - the most read my kind. But, she's a mind.  
— Nev - er talked no fool-ish talk, had no ties and held — no  
rules. No, that good old girl and me, we  
ain't damn fools \_\_\_\_\_ you know, we nev - er talked too much —  
— we did - n't hold to con - ver - sa - tion. There's  
lots of things I could have told her I sup -  
pose \_\_\_\_\_ But what I would want to tell that  
good old girl she knows.

# She'll Be Coming 'Round The Mountain

Traditional

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**Moderately**

*mf* She'll be com - in' round the moun - tain when she comes, She'll be com - in' round the  
ay - ay - yip - ee yip - ee ay! Sing - ing ay - ay -

moun - tain when she comes, She'll be com - in' round the moun - tain, Com - in' round the moun - tain,  
yip - ee yip - ee ay! Sing - ing ay - ay - yip - ee, Ay - ay - yip - ee.

Com - in' round the moun - tain when she comes, Sing - ing ay!  
Ay - ay - yip - ee yip - ee

1. G C G D7 2. G C G

# That Old Time Feelin'

Words & Music by Baker Knight

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**Moderately**

*mf* Well I'm sor - ry but it took me by sur - prise, To be  
look - in' at the fool who used to be, In an -

look - ing in those old fam - il - iar eyes, If I'm act - in' fun - ny  
oth - er world where love was new to me, But I learned my les - son

please don't turn a - way, See - ing you has brought me back to yes - ter -  
when I let you go, And there's one thing that I've want - ed you to

day. Yes you're If that old time feel - in' ev - er starts a - gain, And you  
know.

think a - bout the way it might have been, Don't let yes - ter - day's mis - takes keep us a - part -

'Cos that old time feel - in's still in - side my heart.

# Sweet Dreams

Words & Music by Don Gibson

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Moderately

Chords: C, D7, G7, C, D7, G7, C, F, C, Am, C, F, G7, C, D7, G7, C, D7, G7, C, F, C6, Am, C, F, G7, C, F, C.

*mp* Sweet \_\_\_\_\_ dreams of you, \_\_\_\_\_ Ev - 'ry night \_\_\_\_\_ I go through, \_\_\_\_\_  
Sweet \_\_\_\_\_ dreams of you, \_\_\_\_\_ Things I know \_\_\_\_\_ can't come true, \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Why can't I for - get you \_\_\_\_\_ and start my life a - new, In - stead of hav - ing  
\_\_\_\_\_ Why can't I for - get the past, Start lov - ing some - one new, In - stead of hav - ing

sweet dreams \_\_\_\_\_ a - bout you. \_\_\_\_\_ } *mf* You don't love me it's plain, \_\_\_\_\_ I should  
sweet dreams \_\_\_\_\_ a - bout you. \_\_\_\_\_ }

know you'll nev - er wear my name. \_\_\_\_\_ I should hate you the whole \_\_\_\_\_ night \_\_\_\_\_

through, In - stead of hav - ing sweet dreams \_\_\_\_\_ a - bout you. \_\_\_\_\_ you. \_\_\_\_\_

1. C F C G7 2. C F C

# Walk Right In

Words & Music by Gus Cannon & H. Woods

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Moderately

Chords: Ab, Ab7 G7 Gb7 F7, Bb7, Eb11 Eb9, Ab, Eb7, Ab, Ab7 G7 Gb7 F7, Bb7, Eb7, Ab, Db9, Ab, Ab7 G7 Gb7 F7, Bb7, Eb11 Eb9, Ab Eb7, Ab Gb7 F7, Bb9, Bbm7, Eb7, Ab.

*mf* Walk right in, Sit \_\_\_\_\_ right down, \_\_\_\_\_ Da - ddy let your mind roll \_\_\_\_\_ on. Walk right in,  
Ba - by let your hair hang \_\_\_\_\_ down. Ba - by let your hair hang \_\_\_\_\_ down.

Sit \_\_\_\_\_ right down, \_\_\_\_\_ Da - ddy let your mind roll \_\_\_\_\_ on. Ev - 'ry - bo - dy's talk - in' 'bout a  
Ba - by let your hair hang \_\_\_\_\_ down. Ba - by let your hair hang \_\_\_\_\_ down.

new way of walk-in', Do you want to lose \_\_\_\_\_ your mind, Walk right in, Sit \_\_\_\_\_ right down, \_\_\_\_\_

Da - ddy let your mind roll \_\_\_\_\_ on. on. Da - ddy let your mind \_\_\_\_\_ roll \_\_\_\_\_ on.

1. Ab Eb7 2. Ab Gb7 F7

# Shot-Gun Boogie

Words & Music by Tennessee Ernie

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Fast Boogie tempo

VERSE

Bb



1. There it stands in the cor - ner with the bar - rel so straight, — I looked out the win - der and

Eb7

Bb



o - ver the gate — the big fat rab-bit's are a - jump-in' in the grass, Wait-'ll they hear — my old shot gun blast!

CHORUS

Eb7

Bb

F7



Shot - gun boo - gie — I done saw your track. — Look out mis - ter rab - bit when I

Eb7

Bb

VERSE



cock my ham - mer back! — 2. Well o - ver in the woods in the sca - ly bark — Hick-'ry

Eb7

Bb

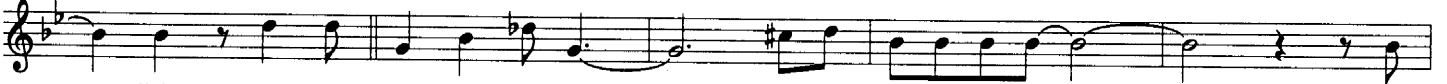


nuts so big — you can see 'em in the dark, The big fat squirrels they scratch and fight; — I'll be on that ridge be - fore day -

CHORUS

Eb7

Bb



- light. With the Shot - gun boo - gie! — All I need is one shot, — Look

F7

Eb7

Bb

For repeat

D.S.

Last time

Bb Eb7 Bb



out! bush - y tail, to - nite you'll be — in the pot! — 3. Well I

Verse 3:

Well, I met a pretty gal, she was tall and thin  
I asked what she had, she said "a fox-four-ten"  
I looked her up and down and said "boy, this is love!"  
So he headed for the brush to shoot a bit fat dove.

Chorus

Shot-gun boogie. . . . . boy, the feathers flew  
Look out Mr. Dove when she draws a bead on you!

Verse 4:

I set down on a log, took her on my lap  
She said: "wait a minute, bud, you got to see my pap  
He's got a sixteen gauge choked down rifle  
He don't like a man that's gonna trifle."

Chorus

Shot-gun boogie. . . . . draws a bead so fine  
Look out big boy, he's loaded all the time.

Verse 5:

Well I called on her pap, like a gentleman oughter  
He said: "No brush hunter's gonna get my daughter"  
He cocked back the hammer right on the spot  
When the gun went off I out-run the shot.

Chorus

Shot-gun boogie. . . . . I wanted weddin' bells  
I'll be back little gal when your pappy runs out of shells!

# Release Me

Words & Music by Eddie Miller, Dub Williams, Robert Yount & Robert Harris

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**Moderato, with feeling**

F Fdim Bb F F7 Bb C7

Please re - lease me, let me go For I don't love you an - y -  
 I have found a new love, dear, And I will al - ways want her  
 Please re - lease me, can't you see You'd be a fool to cling to

F C7 F Fdim Bb F F7 Bb

more. To waste our lives would be a sin. Re -  
 near. Her lips are warm while yours are cold. Re -  
 me. To live a lie would bring us pain, So re

F C7 1.2. F C7 3. F Bb F

lease me and let me love a - gain. gain.  
 lease me, my dar - ling, let me go.  
 - lease me and let me love a -

# Crazy

Words & Music by Willie Nelson

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**Moderately slow**

F D7 3 Gm C7

Cra-zy, cra - zy for feel - in' so lone-ly, I'm cra-zy, cra - zy for feel - in' so

F F#dim Gm7 C7 F D7 3 Gm Gm7

blue. I knew you'd love me as long as you want-ed, And then

C7 F Bb F Bb

someday you'd leave me for some-bod - y new. Wor-ry, why do I let my - self

F G7 F 3 C7 Gm7 C7 F D7 3

worry. Won-d'rin' what in the world did I do? Crazy for think - ing that my love could

Gm Bb 3 Am7 Gm7 3 Fmaj7 N.C. Gm7 3 C11 C7 F

hold you, I'm cra - zy for try - in', cra - zy for cry - in', And I'm cra - zy for lov - in' you!

# Sweet Sweet Smile

Words & Music by Juice Newton & Otha Young

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## Bright country beat

*mf*

D Bm G

You're al - ways in my heart, — From ear - ly in the morn - in' till it's dark, — I got - ta see your sweet sweet

F#m A7 D Bm

smile ev - 'ry day. — When I wake up in the morn - in' and I see you there, — I al - ways whis - per a

G A7 D

lit - tle pray'r, — I got - ta see your sweet sweet smile ev - 'ry day. — I got - ta

§ Bm

know that you love me, — And that you want me, — And that you'll al - ways be there, — I've got - ta

G Em7 A7 Bm

know — that you care, — And I — got - ta feel your arms a - round me, —

G Em7

And that you need me, — That you'll al - ways be there, — I've got - ta know — that you care. —

A7 D Bm

— If my times are bring - ing me down, — You're the on - ly one that I — want a - round, I got - ta  
You're al - ways in my heart, — From ear - ly in the morn - in' till — it's dark, — I got - ta

G F#m7 A7 D To Coda Ø

see your sweet sweet smile ev - 'ry day. — And if — I'm all —  
see your sweet sweet smile ev - 'ry day. —

Bm G

— strung out, — You're the on - ly one who can straigh - ten me out, — I got - ta see your sweet sweet

A7 D 1. 2. D § al Coda

smile ev - 'ry day. — I got - ta — I got - ta



♩ Coda

D G6 A7 D

I got - ta see your sweet sweet smile ev - 'ry day,

G6 A7 D

I got - ta see your sweet sweet smile ev - 'ry day.

# Act Naturally

Words by Vonnie Morrison Music by Johnny Russell

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Moderately D7 G G C

They're gon-na put me in the mov - ies,  
 make the scene - a-bout a man that's sad and lone - ly,

G D G

They're gon-na make a big star out of me. We'll make a film - a-bout a  
 And beg - gin' down - up-on his bend - ed knee. I'll play the part, - but

C D G

man that's sad and lone - ly, And all I got-ta do is act nat - 'ral - ly. }  
 I won't need re-hears - in'; All I have to do is act nat - 'ral - ly. }

Tacet D G D

Well, I bet you I'm gon-na be a big star, might win an "Os - car", you can - nev-er tell, -

G D G A7

The mov - ies gon - na make me a big star 'cause I can play the part -

D D9 D6 D7 G C

so well. Well, I hope you come and see me in the mov - ies,

G C G

Then I'll know - that you - will plain - ly see The big-gest fool - that ev - er hit the big -

C D G D7

time. And all I got-ta do is act nat - 'ral - ly.

G 1. D7 G 2.

(2) We'll

# My Son Calls Another Man Daddy

Music by Hank Williams Words by Jewell House

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Expressively

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). It consists of five systems of music. The first system starts with a C chord and a G7 chord. The lyrics are: "To - night my head is bowed in sor - row. I can't keep the tears from my night I laid there in pris - on. I pic - tured a fu - ture so day his moth - er shares a new love. She just could - n't stand my dis - eyes. My son calls an - oth - er man dad - dy. The right to his bright. And he was the one ray of sun - shine That shone thru the grace. My son calls an - oth - er man dad - dy. And longs for a love I've been de - nied. My son calls an - oth - er man dad - dy He'll dark - ness of night. } My son calls an - oth - er man dad - dy He'll love he can't re - place. } ne'er know my name or my face. God on - ly knows how it hurts me For an - oth - er to be in my place. Each place." The score includes various chords (C, G7, F, D7) and a repeat sign with first, second, and third endings.

# Silver Dollar

Words & Music by Jack Palmer & Clarke Van Ness

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Country beat

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). It features a 'Country beat' and consists of three systems of music. The first system starts with a G chord and includes chords E7, A7, Em7, and A7. The lyrics are: "You can throw a sil - ver dol - lar down up - on the ground and it will roll be - cause it's round (oll - oll) (ou - ound) A wo - mannev - er knows what a good man she's got un - til she turns him down, (down down down) So lis - ten my hon - ey, Lis - ten to me I want you to un - der - stand that as a sil - ver dol - lar goes from hand to hand a". The score includes various chords (G, E7, A7, Em7, D7, C#dim, G, E7) and a repeat sign.

A7 Am7 D7 G A7 Am7 D7 1. To Interlude D7 2. G Fine

wo - man goes from man to man, — A wo - man goes from man to man. — A —

**Interlude**

G D7 G G7 C G

man — with-out a wo - man — is like a ship — with-out a sail, A boat — with-out a rud - der — or a

A7 D7 G D7 G

fish with - out a tail, — A man — with-out a wo - man — is like a wreck — up - on the sand, There's on - ly

C C#dim G E7 A7 Am7 D7 G A7 Am7 D7 G D.S. al Fine

one thing worse in the un - i - verse — that's a wo - man with - out a man. — A wo - man with-out a man. — You can

## Ruby, Don't Take Your Love To Town

Words & Music by Mel Tillis

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Moderately

C F G7 C

You have paint - ed up your lips and rolled and curled your tint - ed hair. — Ru - by, are you  
hard to love a man whose legs are bent and par - a - lized — And the wants and the needs of a  
leav - ing now 'cause I just heard the slam - ming of a door — The way I know I've

F G7 F G7

con - tem - plat - ing go - ing out some - where? — The shad - ows on the wall tell me the sun is go - ing  
wo - man your age, Ru - by, I re - a - lize, — But it won't be long I've heard them say un - til I'm not a -  
heard it slam one hun - dred times be - fore — And If I could move I'd get my gun and put her in the

C F G7 C Dm

down. — } Oh, Ru - - - by, — Don't take your love to town, — For it was - n't me that  
round. — }  
ground. — }

F C Dm F G7

start - ed that old cra - zy As - ia war, — But I was proud to go and do my pa - tri - ot - ic chores. — Oh,

F G7 C F G7

I know, Ru - by, that I'm not the man I used to be. — But, Ru - - - by, — I still need your com - pa -

1.2 C 3. C F C G7 C

- ny. — } It's - ny. — } for God's sake turn a - round, don't take your love to town. — }  
She's

# Sixteen Tons

Words & Music by Merle Travis

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Moderately

1. Some (1) peo-ple say a man is
- (2) born — one morn-in' when the
- (3) born — one morn-in' it was
- (4) see — me com-in' bet-ter

made out of mud — A poor man's made out of mus-cle and blood Mus-cle and blood and  
 sun did-n't shine — I picked up my shov-el and I walked to the mine, I load-ed six-teen tons of  
 driz-zl-ing rain — Fight-in' and trou-ble are my mid-dle name — I was raised in a cane-brake by an  
 step a-side — A lot-ta men did-n't a lot-ta men died One fist of ir-on the

skin and bones — A mind that's — weak and a back that's strong  
 num-ber nine coal And the straw boss — said "Well — a bless my soul."  
 ole ma-malion, Cain't no high-toned — wo-man make me walk the line. } You load Six-teen tons, what do you get? — An-  
 oth-er of steel, If the right one don't-a get you, then the left one will.

oth-er day old-er and deep-er in debt. — Say bro-ther, don't you call me 'cause I can't go — I owe — my soul to the

- com-pa-ny store. \_\_\_\_\_
2. I was
  3. I was
  4. If you

# Stack-O-Lee

Words & Music by Louis Busch

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Moderately

Stack-O - Lee, Stack - O-Lee, He was a gam-blin' man, — As ev - 'rybod - y ought to know. Stack - O -

Lee, Stack - O-Lee, Got a stet-son hat — and a blaz-in' for - ty four. — 1. I was

Ab C7 Db Ddim Ab

hang - in' 'round . the Lev - ee — A - long a - bout the break — of day — When I heard two gen - tleman  
 Lee found . poor Bil - ly — Bil - ly plead - ed for — his life — Have some mer - cy on my  
 Dev - il sees — Stack com - in' — He hol - ler now lis - ten to me — Hide the chil - dren and the

F7 Bb7 Eb7 Ab C7

ar - guin' — I lis - tened to the words they said — It was Stack - O - Lee — and Bil - ly — A  
 chil - dren, — have mer - cy on my dar - lin' wife — Stack - O - Lee shot poor — ol' Bil - ly — He  
 mon - ey — 'Cause Stack - O - Lee is worse than me — Stack - O - Lee grabb'd hold — of the Dev - il — And

Db Ddim Ab F7 Bb7 Eb9

gam - blin' aw - ful late — Stack - O - Lee he pulled a sev - en — And Bil - ly said he threw — an eight .  
 plugg'd him in — the side — Then he kept on pump - in' bul - lets — 'Till poor ol' Bil - ly died .  
 threw him up on — the shelf — Said "Your work - in' days are ov - er — I'm a - gon - na run the place — my - self ."

To Coda  
 3rd time

Ab Eb9 Ab C7 Db Ddim Ab

— Stack - O - Lee he looked at Bil - ky — Said you can't get a - way — with that — Tain't e - nough you take my  
 — When they caught ol' Stack next morn - ing — Then strung him up — a tree, — And the wo - men dress'd in  
 — Stack - O -

Eb7 Bb7 Eb7 Ab C7

mon - ey — But you win my luck - y stet - son hat. — Stack - O - Lee run home to his wo - man — Said  
 mour - nin' — And cried for Stack - O - Lee. — Had a hun - dred dol - lar fun - 'ral — With

Db Ddim Ab F7 Bb7 Eb9

"Fetch me my for - ty four — Gon - na fix ol' Bil - ly's wag - on — So he don't gam - ble wrong — no more.  
 preach - in' Par - son Brown — Then the un - der - tak - er got him — And stuck him in — the ground.

Ab Chorus Db7 Ddim Ab Db Ddim Ab

Stack - O - Lee, Stack - O - Lee, he was a gam - blin' man, — As ev - 'ry - bod - y ought to know. Stack - O -

Db7 Ddim Ab F7 Bb7 Eb7 1.2 Ab

Lee, Stack - O - Lee, Got a stet - son hat — and a blaz - in' for - ty four. — 2. Stack - O -  
 3. When the

⊕ Coda

Db7 Ddim Ab Db Ddim Ab

Lee, Stack - O - Lee, he was a gam - blin' man, — As ev - 'ry - bod - y ought to know. Stack - O -

Db7 Ddim Ab F7 Bb7 Eb7 Ab

Lee, Stack - O - Lee, Got a stet - son hat — and a blaz - in' for - ty four. —

# Rawhide

Words & Music by Ned Washington & Dmitri Tiomkin

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Brightly

Em B7

*mf* Roll - in' roll - in' roll - in' roll - in' roll - in' roll - in' roll - in' roll - in' roll - in' Raw -

Em B7 Em

hide \_\_\_\_\_ Keep roll - in' roll - in' roll - in' Though the streams are swol - len  
Mov - in' mov - in' mov - in' Though they're dis - ap - prov - in'

G B7 Em

Keep them dog - gies roll - in' Raw - hide. \_\_\_\_\_ Through rain and wind and  
Keep them dog - gies mov - ing Raw - hide. \_\_\_\_\_ Don't try to un - der -

D7 Em D C

wea - ther, stand 'em. Just Hell rope 'em throw and leath - er, Wish - ing my girl is by my  
Soon we'll be liv - in' high and

B7 Em D7

side, \_\_\_\_\_ All the things I'm miss - ing, Good fid - dles love and  
wide, \_\_\_\_\_ My heart's cal - cu - lat - ing, My true love will be

Em Am Em

kiss - ing, Are wait - ing at the end of my ride. \_\_\_\_\_ } Move 'em on, head 'em up, Head 'em  
wait - ing, Be wait - ing at the end of my ride. \_\_\_\_\_ }

B7 Em B7 Em

up, move 'em on, Move 'em on, head 'em up, Raw - hide Cut 'em out, ride 'em in, Ride 'em

1. B7 Em B7 Em Bm7 Em Bm7 Em Bm7

in, let 'em out, Cut 'em out, ride 'em in, Raw - hide. \_\_\_\_\_

2. Em B7 B7 Em Bm7 Em Bm7 Em Bm7 Em

Keep out. Ride 'em in Raw - hide. \_\_\_\_\_

# Tie A Yellow Ribbon 'Round The Ole Oak Tree

Words & Music by Irwin Levine & L. Russell Brown

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Moderately bright

F Am Gm

C7 Verse F Am Cm

1. I'm com-in' home, — I've done my time, — now I've got to know — what is —  
 2. Bus driv-er please — look for me, — 'cause I could-n't bear — to see

D7 Gm Bbm Dm G7

— and is-n't mine. — If you re-ceived my let-ter tell-in' you — I'd soon be free, — then you'll know just  
 — what I might see. — I'm real-ly still in pris-on and my love — she holds the key, — a sim-ple yel-low

Bbm6 C7 Bbm6 C7 Chorus F

what to do — if you still want me, if you still want me. } Tie a yel-low  
 rib-bon's what I need to set me free, I wrote and told her please. }

Am Cm D7 Gm

rib-bon round the ole oak tree, — it's been three long years, do ya still want me? — If I don't see a

Bbm F A7 Dm F/C Faug/C# Dm

rib-bon round the ole oak tree — I'll stay on the bus, for - get a - bout us, put the blame on

D7 Gm Bbm Gm7 C7 1. F Dm Gm

me, if I don't see a yel-low rib-bon round the ole — oak tree. —

C7 2. F Rubato Gm Bbm F D7

tree. — Now the whole damn bus is cheer-ing and I can't be-lieve I see a

a tempo Gm Bbm Gm7 C7 F

hun - dred yel-low rib-bons round the ole — oak — tree. —

# It's Over

Words & Music by Roy Orbison & Bill Dees

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Moderately

Chorus

*Ad lib.*

*Tempo*

F

Your ba - by does - n't love you an - y - more \_\_\_\_\_ Gold - en days be - fore they

end Whis - per sec - rets to the wind \_\_\_\_\_ Your ba - by won't be near you an - y -

more \_\_\_\_\_ Ten - der nights be - fore they fly Send fall - ing stars that seem to

cry \_\_\_\_\_ Your ba - by does - n't want you an - y - more \_\_\_\_\_ it's o - ver \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ It breaks your heart in two To know she's been un - true But oh, what

will you do \_\_\_\_\_ When she says to you, 'There's some - one new, we're through \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ we're through \_\_\_\_\_ it's o - ver, \_\_\_\_\_ it's o - ver \_\_\_\_\_ it's

o - ver.' \_\_\_\_\_ All the rain - bows in the sky Start to weep, then say 'Good -

bye.' \_\_\_\_\_ You won't be see - ing rain - bows an - y - more \_\_\_\_\_

Set - ting suns be - fore they fall Ech - o to you 'That's all that's all.' \_\_\_\_\_ But



Dm Bb G7 C7

you'll see lone - ly sun - sets af - ter all, it's o - ver, it's o - ver it's

o - ver it's o - - - ver - ver.

# Annie's Song

Words & Music by John Denver

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Moderately

Dsus4 G A Bm G D D/C# D/B

You fill up my sen - ses, like a night in the for - est, Like the  
des - ert, like a sleep - y blue o - cean, You

D/A G F#m Em 1. G A7

moun - tains in spring - time, like a walk in the rain. Like a storm in the  
fill up my sen - ses, come

2. A7 D Dsus4 D Dsus4 G A Bm G

fill me a - gain. Come let me love you, let me give my life  
sen - ses, like a night in a

D D/C# D/B D/A G F#m Em G

to you, Let me drown in your laugh - ter, let me die in your  
for - est, Like the moun - tains in spring - time, like a walk in the

A7 G A Bm G D D/C#

arms. Let me lay down be - side you, let me al - ways be with you,  
rain. Like a storm in the des - ert, like a sleep - y blue o - cean,

D/B D/A G F#m Em A7 1. D Dsus4 D

— Come let me love you, come love me a - gain. You  
— You fill up my sen - ses, come fill me a -

Dsus4 2. D Dsus4 D Dsus4 D Dsus4 D

fill up my - gain.

# Claudette

Words & Music by Roy Orbison

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Moderately

*Verse* C

I got a brand new ba-by and I feel so good - She loves me e-ven bet-ter than I thought she would - I'm

F G7 *Chorus*

on my way to her house and I'm plumb out of breath - When I see her to-night, - I'm gon-na squeeze her to death - Claud -

C F C F C G

ette, pret-ty lit-tle pet, Claud - ette Nev-er makes me fret, Claud - ette Well she's the great-est lit-tle girl that

F G F C F C

I ev-er met I get the best - lov-ing that I'll ev-er get from Claud - ette pret-ty lit-tle pet, Claud - ette

F

Oh, oh Claud - ette. Well - ette. When

2. Well I'm a lucky man, my baby treats me right,  
She's gonna let me hug and kiss and hold her tight.  
When the date is over and we're at her front door,  
When I kiss her goodnight, I holler "More, more, more!"  
(Chorus)

3. When me and my new baby have a date or three,  
I'm gonna ask her if she'll marry me.  
I'm gonna be so happy for the rest of my life,  
When my brand new baby is my brand new wife.  
(Chorus)

# Wolverton Mountain

Words & Music by Merle Kilgore & Claude King

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Moderately

C7 F C7

They say don't go on Wol-ver-ton Mount-ain If you're look-ing for a

F C7 F C7

wife 'Cause Clif-ton Clow-ers has a pret-ty young daugh-ter He's might-y han-dy

F C7 Fdim F

with a gun and a knife: Her ten-der lips are sweet-er than hon-ey And Wol-ver-ton

G7 C7 F C7

Mount - ain \_\_\_\_\_ pro - tects her there \_\_\_\_\_ The bears - and birds \_\_\_\_\_ tell Clif - ton Clow - ers \_\_\_\_\_

1.2. F B $\flat$  F 3. F B $\flat$  F

— If a strang - er \_\_\_\_\_ should wan - der there \_\_\_\_\_ 2. All of my there. \_\_\_\_\_ But I don't

C7 F C7

care a - bout Clif - ton Clow - ers I'm gon - na climb up on his mount - ain I'm gon - na take the girl I love — I don't

F C7 F

care a - bout Clif - ton Clow - ers I'm a gon - na climb up on that mount - ain And I'll get the one I

C7 F B $\flat$  F *Repeat to fade*

love — I don't care a - bout Clif - ton Clow - ers I'm gon - na find the one I love — I don't

## Talk Back Trembling Lips

Words & Music by John D. Loudermilk

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**Moderately**

*Verse:*

G C G C

I. Ev - 'ry day our love's a bat - tle roy - al. \_\_\_\_\_ Dear, it seems that fight - ing is all we

D7 G C G A7

do. \_\_\_\_\_ But if I let you know how much I love you. \_\_\_\_\_ you'll do things to

*Chorus:*

D C G

me you should - n't do. \_\_\_\_\_ So talk back trem - bling lips. Shak - y legs, don't just stand there!

D7 G C G

Don't let her know she's get - ting through to you. \_\_\_\_\_ Talk back trem - bling lips. Burn - ing eyes, don't start

1. 2. G D7 G

cry - ing. Heart, don't let her know that you're break - ing in two. break - ing in two.

**Verse 2:**

Every time you up and hurt my feelings  
I pretend it couldn't matter less.  
I'm just hiding all of my emotions  
Behind my broken heart, I guess.  
(To Chorus:)

# The Orange Blossom Special

Words & Music by Ervin T. Rouse

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Moderately

C F

Look-a yon - der com-in', \_\_\_\_\_ com-in' down that rail - road track! \_\_\_\_\_ Hey, look - a yon - der  
Go-in' down to Flor-'da \_\_\_\_\_ and get some sand in my shoes, \_\_\_\_\_ or may-be Cal - i -  
Talk a - bout a - trav-'lin', \_\_\_\_\_ she's the fast - est train on the line. \_\_\_\_\_ Talk a - bout a -

C G7

com - in', \_\_\_\_\_ com-in' down that rail - road track! \_\_\_\_\_ It's the Or - ange blos - som  
form - ia \_\_\_\_\_ and get some sand \_\_\_\_\_ in my shoes. \_\_\_\_\_ I'll ride that Or - ange blos - som  
trav - 'lin', \_\_\_\_\_ she's the fast - est train \_\_\_\_\_ on the line. \_\_\_\_\_ It's that Or - ange blos - som

1. C 2. C To Interlude C7

spe - cial \_\_\_\_\_ bring-in' my ba - by back. I'm blues.  
spe - cial \_\_\_\_\_ and lose these New - York  
spe - cial \_\_\_\_\_ roll - in' down the Sea - board

3. Fine Interlude

C F C F Bb

line. \_\_\_\_\_

C7 F

Bb F Gm7 C7 F G7 D.C. al Fine

# For The Good Times

Words & Music by Kris Kristofferson

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Moderato

Fm7 Bb7 Eb Fm7

Don't look so sad \_\_\_\_\_ I know it's ov - er, \_\_\_\_\_ But life goes on \_\_\_\_\_ and this old  
- long \_\_\_\_\_ you'll find an - oth - er, \_\_\_\_\_ But I'll be here \_\_\_\_\_ if you should

Bb7 Eb Ab Bb7

world \_\_\_\_\_ will keep on turn - ing. \_\_\_\_\_ Let's just be glad \_\_\_\_\_ we had some time \_\_\_\_\_ to spend to -  
find \_\_\_\_\_ you ev - er need me. \_\_\_\_\_ Don't say a word \_\_\_\_\_ a - bout to - mor - row \_\_\_\_\_ or for -

Eb Ab Fm7 Bb7

geth - er, \_\_\_\_\_ There's no need \_\_\_\_\_ to watch the brid - ges \_\_\_\_\_ that we're burn - ing. \_\_\_\_\_ } Lay your  
ev - er, \_\_\_\_\_ There'll be time \_\_\_\_\_ e - nough for sad - ness \_\_\_\_\_ when you leave me. \_\_\_\_\_ }

Eb Bb7

head \_\_\_\_\_ up - on my pil - low, \_\_\_\_\_ Hold your warm \_\_\_\_\_ and ten - der bo - dy \_\_\_\_\_ close to

Eb Fm7 Bb7 Eb Bbm7 Eb7 Ab

mine. \_\_\_\_\_ Hear the whis - per \_\_\_\_\_ of the rain - drops \_\_\_\_\_ blow - ing soft \_\_\_\_\_ a - gainst the

Abm Eb Fm7 Bb7 Bb7(b9) Eb

win - dow \_\_\_\_\_ And make be - lieve you love me one more time. \_\_\_\_\_ For the good times \_\_\_\_\_

1. 2. Fm7 Bb7 Eb Fm7 Bb7 Eb

I'll get a - For the good times \_\_\_\_\_ For the good times. \_\_\_\_\_

# I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry

Words & Music by Hank Williams

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Moderately

F

1. Hear \_\_\_\_\_ that lone - some whip - poor - will? He sounds \_\_\_\_\_ too blue \_\_\_\_\_ to fly. \_\_\_\_\_  
2. (Did you) ev - er see \_\_\_\_\_ a rob - in weep when leaves \_\_\_\_\_ be - gan \_\_\_\_\_ to die? \_\_\_\_\_

F7 Bb F C7 F

The mid - night train is whin - ing low. I'm so lone - some I could \_\_\_\_\_ cry. \_\_\_\_\_ I've  
That means he's lost the will to live. I'm so lone - some I could \_\_\_\_\_ cry. \_\_\_\_\_ The

F7 Bb

nev - er seen \_\_\_\_\_ a night \_\_\_\_\_ so long when time \_\_\_\_\_ goes crawl - ing by. \_\_\_\_\_ The moon just  
si - lence of \_\_\_\_\_ a fall - ing star lights up \_\_\_\_\_ a pur - ple sky. \_\_\_\_\_ And as I

F C7 F F

went be - hind a cloud to \_\_\_\_\_ hide its face and \_\_\_\_\_ cry. \_\_\_\_\_ 2. Did you cry. \_\_\_\_\_  
won - der where you are, I'm so lone - some I could \_\_\_\_\_

# Young World

Words & Music by Jerry Fuller

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Moderately

It's a young world, when you're in love, you're in a young world. So, take my hand and let me show you just how true young love can be. It's a young world, and if you'll tell me you're my one girl, you'll make my whole life worth liv - in', just by giv - in' your love to me. All of the world is a trea - sure, when you have some-one to care. Prom - ise me your love for - ev - er and we'll have the whole world to share. And it's a young world, when you're in love, you're in a young world. If you be - lieve what I've told you, let me hold you, say you love me. It's a me.

# In Dreams

Words & Music by Roy Orbison

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Moderately

A can - dy col - ored clown they call the sand - man tip - toes to my room ev - 'ry night just to sprin - kle star - dust and to whis - per, "Go to sleep, ev - 'ry - thing is al - right." I close my eyes then I drift a - way in - to the mag - ic night. I soft - ly say a si - lent prayer like dream - ers do. Then, I fall a - sleep to dream my dreams of you. In

G7 F G7 C

dreams, I walk with you. In dreams, I talk to you. In

D7 C Dm7 G7 C Dm G7

dreams, you're mine. All the time, with you ev - er in dreams, in dreams. But

C Fm C Fm C

just be - fore the dawn. I a - wake and find you gone. I can't

Dm G7 C

help it, I can't help it if I cry. I re - mem - ber that you said, "Good - bye."

F G7 C F G7

It's too bad that all these things can on - ly hap - pen in my dreams,

C D7 Dm7 G7 C C

on - ly in dreams, in beau - ti - ful dreams. I close my dreams.

## Lonely Street

Words & Music by Kenny Sowder, Carl Belew & W.S. Stevenson

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Moderately slow

Bb Bb7 Eb Bb Bb7 Eb Bb F7

I'm look-ing for that lone-ly street; I've got a sad, sad tale to tell. I need a place to go and weep. Where's this place called

Eb Bb Bb7 Eb Bb Bb7 Eb

Lone - ly Street? A place where there's just lone-li-ness, where dim lights bring for - get-ful-ness, where bro-ken dreams

Bb F7 Eb Bb Bb7 Eb Bb

and mem-'ries meet: where's this place called Lone - ly Street? Per - haps up - on that lone-ly street, there's some-one such as

Bb7 Eb Bb F7 Bb Bb7 Eb

I who came to bur-y brok-en dreams and watch an old - love - die. If I could find that lone-ly street, where dim lights bring for-

Bb Bb7 Eb Bb F7 Eb Bb Eb Bb

get-ful-ness, where brok-en dreams and mem-'ries meet; where's this place called Lone - ly Street? I'm Street?

# Travelin' Man

Words & Music by Jerry Fuller

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Moderate rock

The musical score for "Travelin' Man" is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The tempo is marked "Moderate rock". The score consists of eight staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: "I'm a trav-el - in' man, and I've made a lot o' stops all o - ver the world. And in ev - er - y port I own the heart of at least one love - ly girl. I've a pret - ty se - ño - ri - ta wait-in' for me down in old Mex - i - co. And if you're ev - er in A - las - ka, stop and see my cute lit - tle Es - ki - mo. Oh, my sweet frau - lein down in Ber - lin town makes my heart start to yearn. And my Chi - na doll down in old Hong Kong waits for my re - turn. Pret - ty Pol - y - ne - sian ba - by o - ver the sea, I re - mem - ber the night when we walked on the sands of Wai - ki - ki and I held you oh, so tight. I'm a (Oh, Yes,) I'm a trav-el - in' man."

# Abilene

Words & Music by Lester Brown, John D. Loudermilk & Bob Gibson

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Moderately

The musical score for "Abilene" is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked "Moderately". The score consists of one staff of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: "Ab - i - lene, Ab - i - lene, pret - ti - est town I've ev - er seen. Wom - en there will"



D7 G C G B7 C

treat you mean\_ in Ab - i - lene, my Ab - i - lene. I sit a - lone most ev - 'ry night, watch those trains

G A7 D7 3 G C G

pull out of sight. Don't I wish\_ they were car - ry - ing\_ me back to Ab - i - lene, my Ab - i - lene.

B7 C 3 G A7

Ab - i - lene, Ab - i - lene, pret - ti - est town I've ev - er seen. Wom - en there\_ don't

D7 G C G Am7 D7 G

treat you mean\_ in Ab - i - lene, my Ab - i - lene. Crowd - ed cit - y,

B7 3 C G A7

there ain't noth - ing free, noth - ing in this town for me. Wish to the Lord that

D7 G C 3 G G C 3 G

I could be\_ in Ab - i - lene, sweet\_ Ab - i - lene. lene, sweet\_ Ab - i - lene.

## Why Don't You Love Me

Words & Music by Hank Williams

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Moderately F C7

Well, why don't you love me like you used to do?\_ How come you treat me like a worn out shoe?\_ My  
why don't you be just like you used to be?\_ How come you find so man - y faults with me?\_

F Bb F C7 F Bb

hair's still curl - y and my eyes are still blue. } Why don't you love me like you used to do?\_ Ain't had no lov - in' like a hug - gin' and a  
Some - body's changed so let me give you a clue. }

C7 F C7

kiss - in' in a long, long while. We don't get near - er or fur - ther or clos - er than a coun - try mile.

F C7

{ Why don't you spark me like you used to do\_ and say sweet noth - ings like you used to coo?\_ I'm the  
{ Why don't you say the things you used to say?\_ What makes you treat me like a piece of clay?\_ My

F Bb F C7 F C7 F

same old trou - ble that you've al - ways been thru. } So why don't you love me like you used to do?\_ Well, used to do?\_  
hair's still curl - y and my eyes are still blue. }

# Guitar Man

Words & Music by Jerry Hubbard

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Moderately

The musical score is written in a single system with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo is marked 'Moderately'. The score consists of ten staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staff at various points: E<sup>b</sup>, A<sup>b</sup>, E<sup>b</sup>, B<sup>b</sup>7, A<sup>b</sup>, 1. E<sup>b</sup>, 2. E<sup>b</sup>, E<sup>b</sup>7, A<sup>b</sup>, F7, B<sup>b</sup>7, and E<sup>b</sup>. There are two first endings marked '1.' and '2.'. The lyrics are: Well I quit my job down at the car wash, And left my ma-ma a good-bye note. By sun-down I'd left Kings-ton with my gui-tar un-der my coat. I hitch-hiked all the way down to Mem-phis, Got a room at the Y. M. C. A., A' for the next three weeks I went a-haunting them night-clubs a-look-in' for a place to play. Well I thought my pick-in' would set 'em on fire but no-bo-dy want-ed to hire a Gui-tar Man. (Instrumental) Well I near-ly 'bout starved. We don't need a gui-tar man son. So I slept in the ho-bo jun-gles, A-round a thou-sand miles of track, 'til I found my-self in Mo-bile, Al-a-ba-ma, At a club they call Big Jacks. A lit-tle four piece band was jam-min', So I took my gui-tar and I sat in, I showed 'em what a band would sound like, With a swing-ing lit-tle Gui-tar Man.

2. Well I nearly 'bout starved to death in Memphis,  
I ran out of money and luck,  
So I bought me a ride down to Macon Georgia  
On an over loaded poultry truck.  
I thumbed on down to Panama City,  
Started pickin' out some of them all-night bars,  
I'm hopin' I can make myself a dollar  
Making music on my guitar.  
I got the same old story at them all night piers,  
That there ain't no room around here for a Guitar Man.

# The Sidestep

Words & Music by Carol Hall

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## Verse ad lib

1. Fel - low Tex - ans I am proud - ly stand - ing here — to hum - bly say I as - sure — you, and I  
2. Now my good — friends it be - hoves — me to be sol - emn and de - clare — I'm for good - ness and for

mean — it, now who says I don't speak out as plain as day. And fel - low Tex - ans, I'm for pro - gress, and the  
pro - fit, and for liv - ing clean and say - ing dai - ly prayer, and now my good — friends, you can sleep — nights I'll con -

flag, — long may it fly. I'm a poor — boy come to great - ness, so it fol - lows that I can - not tell a lie.  
tin - ue to stand tall. You can trust — me for I pro - mise I shall keep a watch - ful eye up - on you all.

## A Tempo (in 2)

Ooo — I love to dance the lit - tle side - step now they see me, now they don't, I've

come and gone. And Ooo — I love to sweep a - round a wide step, cut a lit tle swathe and lead the peo - ple on. —

2. Now any  
3. Now, Miss

## ⊕ CODA (Counter melody with Chorus)

Mel - vin Thorpe has done it once a - gain, he shone his light — and now we see. Mel - vin Thorpe has

gone thru thick and thin and led us all — to vic - to - ry. all to vic - to - ry. —

## Verse 3.

Now, Miss Mona, I don't know her, tho' I've heard the name, oh yes!  
But of course, I've no close contact.  
So what she is doing I can only guess  
But, oh, Miss Mona, she's a blemish on the face of that good town.  
I am taking certain steps here  
Someone somewhere's gonna have to close her down.

Repeat Chorus.

# The Closer You Get

Words & Music by Hugh Prestwood

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Moderate country rock

Am7/D Chorus: G C Csus C Am Am7/D

The clos-er you get, — the fur-ther I fall. — I'll be o-ver the edge \_ now, in no time at all. —

G Am7/D G C Am Am7/D

I'm fall-ing fast - er and fast - er and fas - ter, with no time to stall. — The clos-er you get — the furth-er I fall. —

1.2. To Next Strain 3.4. etc. Repeat ad lib. and fade Verse:

G F C D Em D

— The clos-er you get — 1. The things that you say — to me, — the look on your face —  
 2. Could I be dream - ing? — Is this real-ly real? —

C D Em Bm7 Am7 Am7/D D.S. %

bring out the man \_ in me. — Do I see a trace — of love — in your eyes? — } The clos-er you get —  
 'Cause there's some-thing mag - ic, — the way that I feel — in your arms — here to - night. — }

# Honky Tonk Blues

Words & Music by Hank Williams

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Moderately

F Bb7

1. I left my home \_ down on a ru - ral route \_ and told my folks I'm go-in' step-pin' out \_ to get the honk-y tonk blues. —  
 2. I stopped in - to ev - ry place in town, \_ this cit - y life \_ has real-ly got me down. \_ I got the honk-y tonk blues. —  
 (3.) tuck my wor - ries un - der - neath my arm \_ and get right back \_ to my Pap-py's farm \_ and leave the honk-y tonk blues. —

F C7 F

— The jump-in' honk-y tonk blues. — Lord, \_ I got 'em, — I got the honk - y tonk blues.  
 — I got the honk-y tonk blues. — Lord, \_ I'm suf - ferin' — with the } honk - y tonk blues. When  
 — For - get the honk-y tonk blues. — I don't want to be both-ered — with the }

Bb7

I went to — a dance, wore out my shoes, \_ woke up this morn - in' wish-in' I could lose \_ the jump-in' honk-y tonk blues. — The wear - y  
 I get home \_ a - gain to Ma and Pa, \_ I know they're gon - na lay \_ down the law \_ a - bout the honk-y tonk blues. — The jump-in'

F C7 1.2. F F 3.

honk-y tonk blues. — Lord, I'm suf - ferin' — with the honk - y tonk blues. honk - y tonk blues.  
 honk-y tonk blues. — Lord, I'm suf - ferin' — with the honk - y tonk blues. 3. Gon-na

# Half As Much

Words & Music by Curley Williams

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Moderately

D

If you loved me half as much as I love you, you would-n't worry

A7 D D7 G

me half as much as you do. You're nice to me when there's no one else around. You on - ly

E7 A7 D

build me up to let me down. If you missed me half as much as I miss you, you would-n't

A7 D D7 G

stay a - way half as much as you do. I know that I would nev - er be this blue.

A7

1. If you on - ly loved me half as much as I love you. 2. If you you.

# Big Midnight Special

Traditional Arranged Wilma Lee Cooper

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Moderately

Chorus:

G7 C G D7

Big mid - night spe - cial, shine your light on me. Big mid - night spec - ial, shine your

1.2.3.4.5.6. To Next Strain 7. Fine Verse:

ev - er - lov - in' light on me. 1. Woke up this me. morn - in', heard the whis - tle  
2. I've never had the blues so in my life be -

G D7 G G7 D.S. 8

blow. The jail - or said, "Come boy, it's time to go." } Big mid - night  
fore till my ba - by left me at the sta - tion door. }

Verse 3:

They put him in a Pullman, guards around his door.  
Said, "You're off to Atlanta to serve ten years more."  
(To Chorus:)

Verse 4:

He looked all around him in the Pullman car.  
Saw the men wearin' cloth hats, smokin' big cigars.  
(To Chorus:)

Verse 5:

Took him off in Atlanta, at the end of the line.  
Said, "You start serving time, boy, for your awful crime."  
(To Chorus:)

Verse 6:

That whistle makes me lonesome on that midnight train.  
But he knows I'm a-waitin' till it brings him home again.  
(To Chorus:)

# Break My Mind

Words & Music by John D. Loudermilk

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Moderately

1. Ba - by, \_\_\_\_\_ oh, ba - by, \_\_\_\_\_ tell the man at the tick-et stand that you've changed my mind. \_\_\_\_\_

Let me run on out and tell the cab to keep his me - ter fly - in'. \_\_\_\_\_ 'Cause if you

say good-bye to me, babe, you're gon - na break my mind. Break my mind, \_\_\_\_\_ break my mind. \_\_\_\_\_

No, I just can't stand to hear them big jet en - gines whine. \_\_\_\_\_ Break my mind, \_\_\_\_\_ break my

mind. \_\_\_\_\_ If you leave, you're gon - na leave a bab - bl - in' fool be - hind. \_\_\_\_\_

2. If you leave, you're gon - na leave a bab - bl - in' fool be - hind. \_\_\_\_\_

The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It features a melody line with lyrics and a guitar accompaniment line with chord symbols (G, C, D7, G7, Cm) above it. The score is divided into two systems, with the second system starting at measure 12.

Verse 2:

Baby, oh, baby,  
Let me take your suitcase  
Off the scales in time.  
Tell the man that you've suddenly developed  
A thing about flyin'.  
'Cause if you say goodbye to me, babe, you're  
Gonna break my mind.

# Tears On My Pillow

Words & Music by Ernie Smith

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Moderately

Chorus:

Tears on my pil - low each morn - ing, \_\_\_\_\_ I cry when I dream a - bout you. \_\_\_\_\_ When

The musical score is written in F major and 4/4 time. It features a melody line with lyrics and a guitar accompaniment line with chord symbols (F, D7, G7, C7, F, F7) above it.

**B $\flat$**  **B $\flat$ m** **F** **Am7(b5)** **D7** **G7** **C7** **F**

I should be sleep-ing, I just lay there weep-ing, won-d'ring if you're weep-ing too. I'm try - ing so

**D7** **G7** **C7** **A7** **Dm** **F7** **B $\flat$**

hard to for - get you, but that's not so eas - y to do, with tears on my pil - low each

**F** **E7** **E $\flat$ 7** **D7** **G7** **C7** **F** **F $\sharp$ dim7** **C7/G** **C7** **F** **B $\flat$**  **F/A** **Gm7** **F** *Fine*

morn - ing tears that I've shed o - ver you. you.

*Verse:*

**F** **E7** **E $\flat$ 7** **D7** **G7** **C7** **F** **C7**

We were so hap - py when love lin - gered on, back in the sweet used to be. But

**F** **E7** **E $\flat$ 7** **D7** **G7** **Dm7** **G7** **C7** *D.S.  $\%$  al Fine*

now I'm so lone - ly be - cause you are gone, leav - ing a sad mem - o - ry. I'm

# Teen Angel

Words & Music by Jean Surrey

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*Freely*

**G** **C** **G** **C**

1. That fate - ful night the car was stalled up - on the rail - road track. I  
was it you were look - ing for that took the your life - road that night. They  
sweet six - teen and now you're gone; they've tak - en you a - way. I'll

**G** **C** **D7** **G**

*Moderately slow*

pulled you out and we were safe, but you went run - ning back. }  
said they found my high school ring clutched in your fin - gers tight. }  
nev - er kiss your lips a - gain; they bur - ied you to - day. }

*Chorus:*

**D7** **G**

Teen An - gel, can you hear me? Teen An - gel, can you see me? Are you some - where

**C** **D7** **G** **D7** **G** *D.S.  $\%$  freely*

up a - bove, and am I still your own - true love? 2. What  
3. Just

**G** *freely* **Em** **C** **D7** **G**

own - true love. Teen An - gel, teen an - gel, *rit.* an - swer me, please.

# I Can't Stop Loving You

Words & Music by Don Gibson

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Moderately slow

C C7 F C D7

These hap - py hours that we — once knew, though long a - go, — still make me blue.

G7 C C7 F C G7 C F C C7

They say that time heals a bro - ken heart. But time has stood still since we've been a - part. I can't stop

*Chorus:*

F C G7 C C7 F

lov - ing you. { So I've made up my mind to live in mem - o - ry of old lone - some times. } I can't stop want - ing you;

{ There's no use to try; pre - tend there's some - one new, I can't live a lie. }

{ it's use - less to say. So I'll just live my life in dreams of yes - ter - day. } I can't stop you. —

{ the way that I do. There's on - ly been one love for me, that one love is

# An American Trilogy

Words & Music by Mickey Newbury

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Moderately

C F F#dim

How I wish I was in the land of cot - ton. Old things, they are not for - got - ten, look a -

C Am Dm7 G7 C F C

way, look a - way, look a - way Dix - ie - land. — Oh, I wish I — was in

F D7 Dm7/G C F C

Dix - ie, a - way, a - way. In Dix - ie - land, I — take my stand to live — and die in

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 C F

Dix - ie. — 'Cause, Dix - ie - land, that's where I was born ear - ly, Lord, one

F#dim C Am Dm7 G7 C F C

fros - ty morn - ing, look a - way, look a - way, look a - way Dix - ie - land. — Glo - ry,



F C  
 glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!  
 E+ E7 Am G F Dm7 G7 Am7 F  
 Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.  
 Dm C Gm7 C  
 So, hush, lit - tle chil - dren, don't you cry. You know your dad - dy's bound to  
 F C F Dm7 G7 C  
 die. But all my trials, Lord, soon be o - ver.

# The Lament Of The Cherokee Reservation Indian (Indian Reservation)

Words & Music by John D. Loudermilk

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Moderately  
 Em Am Em  
 They took the whole Cher-o-kee Na-tion; put us on this res - er - va-tion. Took a - way our way of  
 Am Em Am  
 life; tom - a - hawk and the bow and knife. Took a - way our na - tive tongue.  
 Em Em Em Am  
 Taught their Eng-lish to our young, and all the beads we made by hand  
 Em Am Em Am  
 are now - a - days made in Ja - pan. Cher-o-kee peo-ple, Cher-o-kee tribe, so proud you lived,  
 B7 Em Am Em  
 so proud you died. They took the whole In-di-an Na-tion, locked us on this res - er - va-tion.  
 Am Em Em Em  
 Though I wear a shirt and tie, I'm still a red man deep in - side.  
 Am Em  
 But may - be some-day when they've learned, Cher-o-kee Na-tion will re - turn.

# Honky Tonkin'

Words & Music by Hank Williams

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Moderately

G Verse:

1. When you are sad and lone - ly and have no place to go, just come to see me, ba - by, and  
go - in' to the cit - y, to the cit - y fair. If you go to the cit - y then

bring a - long some dough, and we'll go honk - y tonk - in', honk - y tonk - in', honk - y tonk - in', hon - ey ba - by.  
you will find me there and we'll go honk - y tonk - in', honk - y tonk - in', honk - y tonk - in', hon - ey ba - by.

We'll go honk - y tonk - in' 'round this town. When you and your ba - by have a fall - in' out, just  
We'll go honk - y tonk - in' 'round this town. When you are sad and lone - ly and have no place to go, just

call me up, sweet ma - ma, and we'll go step - pin' out, and we'll go honk - y tonk - in', honk - y tonk - in', honk -  
come to see me, ba - by, and bring a - long some dough, and we'll go honk - y tonk - in', honk - y tonk - in', honk -

- y tonk - in', hon - ey ba - by. We'll go honk - y tonk - in' 'round this town. 2. We're  
- y tonk - in', hon - ey ba - by. We'll go honk - y tonk - in' 'round this town.

# Deep In The Heart Of Texas

Words by June Hershey Music by Don Swander

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Moderately bright

F6

C7

The stars at night are big and bright, deep in the heart of Tex - as.  
coy - otes wail a - long the trail, deep in the heart of Tex - as.

Gm7 C7

C7sus

C7

Gm7 C7

F

The prair - ie sky is wide and high, deep in the heart of Tex - as.  
The rab - bits rush a - round the brush, deep in the heart of Tex - as.

F6

The sage in bloom is like per - fume, deep in the  
The cow - boys cry, "Ki - yip - pee - yi," deep in the

C7 Gm7 C7

heart of Te - xas. Re - minds me of the and one I love,  
 heart of Te - xas. The dog - ies bawl, and bawl and bawl,

C7sus C7 Gm7 C7

deep in the heart of Tex - as. The Tex - as.

1. F Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7 2. F Bb6 F

# Li'l Red Riding Hood

Words & Music by Ronald Blackwell

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Moderately

Verse: Em G A

*Spoken: Who's that I see walkin' in these woods? Why, it's Lil' Red Riding Hood!* 1. Hey there, Lil' - Red Rid - ing Hood, you sure are look - ing good.

C B7 Em B7 Em G A

You're ev-'ry-thing a big bad wolf could want. *Spoken: (Listen to me)* Lil' - Red Rid - ing Hood, I don't think lit - tle big girls should

Chorus: C B7 Em B7 G Em

go walk - ing in these spook - y old woods a - lone. *Ooh! (Wolf call)* What big eyes you have, the kind of eyes that drive wolves mad. So,

A7 D7 G Em

just to see that you don't get chased, I think I ought to walk with you for a ways. What full lips you have; they're sure to lure

A7 D7 Em

some-one bad, so un - til you get to grand - ma's place, I think you ought to walk with me and be safe. Hey there, Lil' - Red

G A C B7 1. Em B7 2. Em

Rid - ing Hood, you sure are look - ing good. You're ev-'ry-thing a big bad wolf could want. *Spoken: (Listen to me.)* want.

**Verse 2:**

I'm gonna keep my sheep suit on  
 Until I'm sure that you've been shown,  
 That I can be trusted walkin' with you alone.  
*Spoken: Ooh! Lil' Red Riding Hood,*  
 I'd like to hold you if I could.  
 But you might think I'm a big bad wolf so I won't.  
 (To Chorus 2:)

**Chorus 2:**

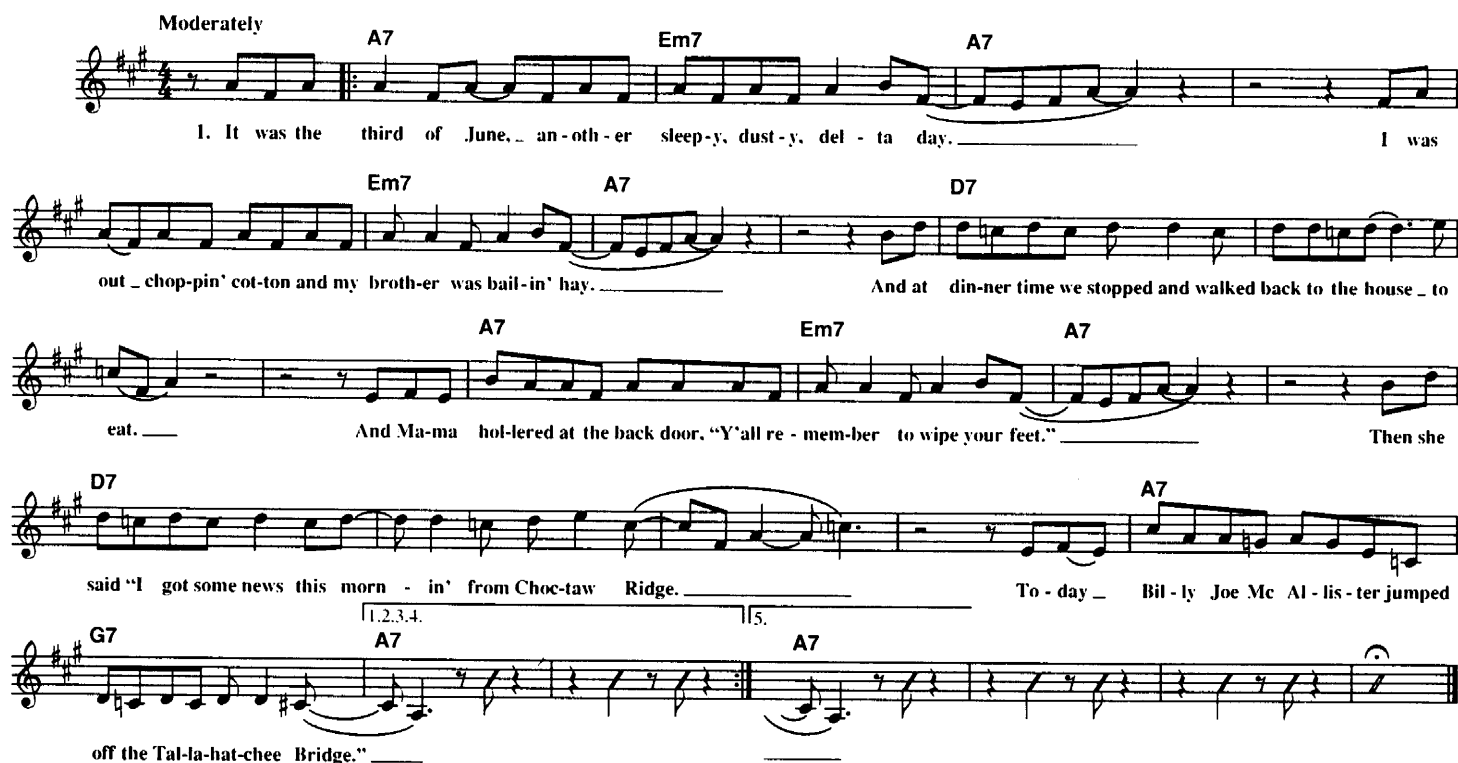
Ooh! What a big heart I have,  
 The better to love you with.  
 Lil' Red Riding Hood, even bad wolves can be good.  
*Spoken: Ooh! I'll try to be satisfied,*  
 Just to walk close by your side.  
 Maybe you'll see things my way,  
 Before we get to grandma's place.  
*Spoken: Hey there, Lil' Red Riding Hood.*  
 You sure are looking good.  
 You're everything that a big bad wolf could want.

# Ode To Billy Joe

Words & Music by Bobbie Gentry

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Moderately



1. It was the third of June... an-oth-er sleep-y, dust-y, del-ta day. I was  
 out chop-pin' cot-ton and my broth-er was bail-in' hay. And at din-ner time we stopped and walked back to the house \_ to  
 eat. And Ma-ma hol-tered at the back door, "Y'all re-mem-ber to wipe your feet." Then she  
 said "I got some news this morn - in' from Choc-taw Ridge. To - day \_ Bil - ly Joe Mc Al - lis - ter jumped  
 off the Tal-la-hat-chee Bridge."

**Verse 2:**

Papa said to Mama, as he passed around the black-eyed peas,  
 "Well, Billy Joe never had a lick o' sense, pass the biscuits please.  
 There's five more acres in the lower forty I've got to plow."  
 And Mama said it was a shame about Billy Joe anyhow.  
 Seems like nothin' ever comes to no good up on Choctaw Ridge.  
 And now Billy Joe McAllister's jumped off the Tallahatchee Bridge.

**Verse 3:**

Brother said he recollected when he and Tom and Billy Joe,  
 Put a frog down my back at the Carroll County picture show.  
 And wasn't I talkin' to him after church last Sunday night.  
 I'll have another piece of apple pie, you know it don't seem right.  
 I saw him at the sawmill yesterday on Choctaw Ridge,  
 And now you tell me Billy Joe's jumped off the Tallahatchee Bridge.

**Verse 4:**

Mama said to me, "Child what's happened to your appetite?  
 I been cookin' all mornin' and you haven't touched a single bite.  
 That nice young preacher Brother Taylor dropped by today,  
 Said he'd be pleased to have dinner on Sunday. Oh, by the way,  
 He said he saw a girl that looked a lot like you up on Choctaw Ridge,  
 And she an' Billy Joe was throwin' somethin' off the Tallahatchee Bridge."

**Verse 5:**

A year has come and gone since we heard the news 'bout Billy Joe.  
 Brother married Becky Thompson, they bought a store in Tupelo.  
 There was a virus goin' 'round, Papa caught it and he died last spring,  
 And now Mama doesn't seem to want to do much of anything.  
 And me I spend a lot of time pickin' flowers up on Choctaw Ridge,  
 And drop them into the muddy water off the Tallahatchee Bridge.

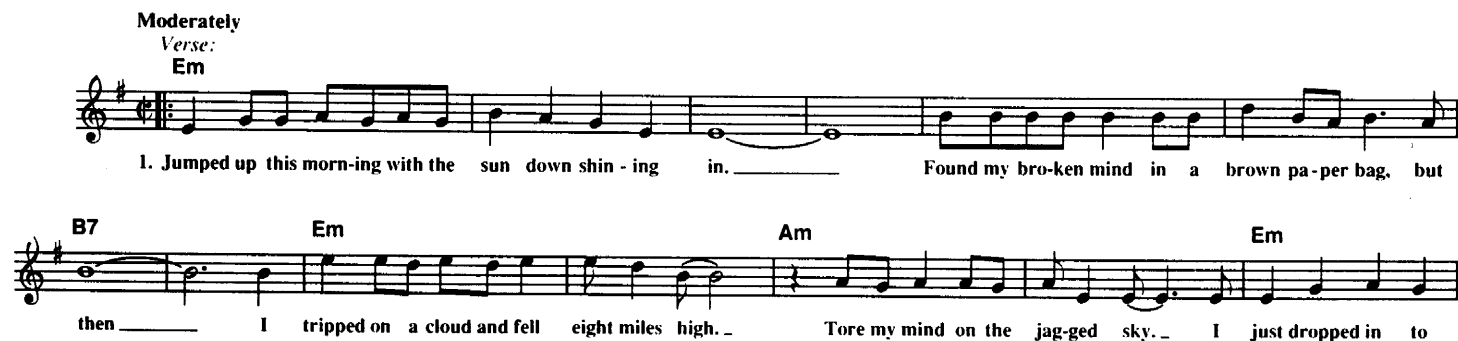
# Just Dropped In (To See What Condition My Condition Was In)

Words & Music by Mickey Newbury

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Moderately

Verse:



1. Jumped up this morn-ing with the sun down shin-ing in. Found my bro-ken mind in a brown pa-per bag, but  
 then I tripped on a cloud and fell eight miles high. Tore my mind on the jag-ged sky. I just dropped in to

*Chorus:*

see what con-di-tion my con - di-tion was in. \_\_\_\_\_ Pushed my soul in a deep, dark hole and fol-lowed it in; \_\_\_\_\_ when I  
 met my-self crawl-ing out as I was crawl-ing in. \_\_\_\_\_ Got up so tight I could-n't un - wind; \_\_\_\_\_ saw so much it near-ly  
 broke my mind. I just dropped in to see what con-di-tion my con - di-tion was in. \_\_\_\_\_ di-tion was in. \_\_\_\_\_

*Verse 2:*

Someone painted, "April-fool" in big black letters on a dead end sign.  
 I had my foot in the gas when I left the road and blew out my mind.  
 Eight miles out of Memphis and I got no spare.  
 Eight miles straight up downtown somewhere.  
 I just dropped in to see what condition my condition was in.  
 (To Chorus:)

# Kaw-Liga

Words by Fred Rose Music by Hank Williams

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Moderately

*Verse:*

1. Kaw - li - ga was a wood - en in - di - an stand - ing by the door. He fell in love with an  
 (2.) al - ways wore his Sun - day feath - ers and held a tom - a - hawk. The maid - en wore her  
 (3.) li - ga was a lone - ly In - di - an, nev - er went no - where. His heart was set on the  
 (4.) then one day a wealth - y cus - tom - er bought the In - di - an maid and took her, oh, so

In - di - an maid - en o - ver in the an - tique store. Kaw - li - ga just stood there and  
 beads and braids and hoped some day he'd talk. Kaw - li - ga, too stub - born to  
 In - di - an maid - en with the coal black hair. Kaw - li - ga just stood there and  
 far a - way, but ol' Kaw - li - ga stayed. Kaw - li - ga just stands there as

nev - er let it show, so she could nev - er an - swer "yes" or "no." 2. He pine.  
 ev - er show a sign be - cause his heart was made of knot - ty "no." 4. And tree.  
 nev - er let it show, so she could nev - er an - swer "yes" or  
 lone - ly as can be and wish - es he was still an old pine

*Chorus:*

Poor ol' Kaw - li - ga, he nev - er got a kiss. Poor ol' Kaw - li - ga, he don't know what he missed.

Is it an - y won - der that his face is red? Kaw - li - ga, that poor ol' wood - en head. 3. Kaw - head.

# Big Bad John

Words & Music by Jimmy Dean

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**Moderately**  
Verse: Vamp (background for recitation) Refrain: (after each recitation)

Big John, \_\_\_\_\_

Big John, \_\_\_\_\_ Big Bad John, \_\_\_\_\_ (last time rall.) Big John. \_\_\_\_\_

D.C. to Verse

## Verse 1:

### Spoken:

Every morning at the mine you could see him arrive,  
He stood six-foot-six and weighed two-forty-five.  
Kind of broad at the shoulder and narrow at the hip,  
And everybody knew you didn't give no lip to Big John!  
(To Refrain:)

## Verse 2:

Nobody seemed to know where John called home,  
He just drifted into town and stayed all alone.  
He didn't say much, a-kinda quiet and shy,  
And if you spoke at all, you just said, "Hi" to Big John!  
Somebody said he came from New Orleans,  
Where he got in a fight over a Cajun queen.  
And a crashing blow from a huge right hand  
Sent a Louisiana fellow to the promised land. Big John!  
(To Refrain:)

## Verse 3:

Then came the day at the bottom of the mine  
When a timber cracked and the men started crying.  
Miners were praying and hearts beat fast,  
And everybody thought that they'd breathed their last 'cept John.  
Through the dust and the smoke of this man-made hell  
Walked a giant of a man that the miners knew well.  
Grabbed a sagging timber and gave out with a groan,  
And, like a giant oak tree, just stood there alone. Big John!  
(To Refrain:)

## Verse 4:

And with all of his strength, he gave a mighty shove;  
Then a miner yelled out, "There's a light up above!"  
And twenty men scrambled from a would-be grave,  
And now there's only one left down there to save; Big John!  
With jacks and timbers they started back down  
Then came that rumble way down in the ground,  
And smoke and gas belched out of that mine,  
Everybody knew it was the end of the line for Big John!  
(To Refrain:)

## Verse 5:

Now they never re-opened that worthless pit,  
They just placed a marble stand in front of it;  
These few words are written on that stand:  
"At the bottom of this mine lies a big, big man; Big John!"  
(To Refrain:)

# Cold, Cold Heart

Words & Music by Hank Williams

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Moderately

1. I tried so hard, my dear, to show that you're my ev - 'ry dream. Yet you're a - fraid each  
nev - er know how much it hurts to see you sit and cry. You know you need and  
thing I do is just some e - vil scheme. A mem - 'ry from your lone - some past keeps us so far a - part. Why  
want my love, yet you're a - fraid to try. Why do you run and hide from life? To try it just ain't smart. Why  
can't I free your doubt - ful mind and melt your cold, cold heart? An - oth - er love be - fore my time made your heart sad and  
can't I free your doubt - ful mind and melt your cold, cold heart? There was a time when I be - lieved that you be - longed to  
blue. And so my heart is pay - ing now for things I did - n't do. In an - ger, un - kind words are said that  
me. But now I know your heart is shack - led to a mem - o - ry. The more I learn to care for you, the  
make the tear - drops start. Why can't I free your doubt - ful mind and melt your cold, cold heart? 2. You'll melt your cold, cold heart?  
more we drift a - part. Why can't I free your doubt - ful mind and

# Gentle On My Mind

Words & Music by John Hartford

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Moderately bright

It's know - ing that your door is al - ways o - pen and your path is free to walk, that makes me tend to  
leave my sleep - ing bag rolled up and stashed be - hind your couch. And it's know - ing I'm not shack - led by for - got - ten words and  
bonds, and the ink stains that have dried up - on some line, that keeps you in the back - roads by the riv - ers of my  
mem - 'ry, that keeps you ev - er gen - tle on my mind. 2. It's not mind.

Verse 2: It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy planted on their columns now that binds me,  
Or something that somebody said because they thought we fit together walkin'.  
It's just knowing that the world will not be cursing or forgiving when I walk along  
Some railroad track and find that you're moving  
On the backroads by the rivers of my memory and for hours  
You're just gentle on my mind.

# Louisiana Man

Words & Music by Doug Kershaw

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Moderately bright

Verse 1:

1. At birth mom and pa - pa called their lit - tle boy, Ned, raised him on the banks of a riv - er bed. A  
house boat tied to a big tall tree; a home for my pa - pa and my ma - ma and me. The clock strikes three, pa - pa  
jumps to his feet. Al - read - y, ma - ma's cook - ing pa - pa some - thing to eat. At half past pa - pa, he's a - read - y to go. He  
jumps in his pi - rogue, head - ed down the bay - ou. He's got fish - ing lines strung a - cross the Loui - si - an - a riv - ers,  
got - ta catch a big fish for us to eat. He's set - ting traps in the swamps catch - ing an - y - thing he can.  
Got - ta make a liv - ing, he's a Loui - si - an - a man. Got - ta make a liv - ing, he's a Loui - si - an - a man.  
Mus - crat hides hang - ing by the doz - ens. E - ven got a la - dy mink, a musk - rat's cou - sin. Got 'em out dry - ing in the  
hot, hot sun. To - mor - row pa - pa's gon - na turn 'em in - to mon'. 2. They mor - row pa - pa's gon - na turn 'em in - to mon'.

Verse 2:

They call mama Rita and my daddy Jack, little baby brother on the floor, that's Mack.  
Bren and Lin are the family twins. Big brother Ed's on the bayou, fishing.  
On the river, floats papa's great big boat. That's how papa goes into town.  
Takes every bit of a night and a day to even reach a place where people stay.  
I can hardly wait until tomorrow comes around. That's the day papa takes the furs to town.  
Papa promised me, Ned and I could go; even let me see a cowboy show.  
I seen cowboys and Indians for the first time then I told my papa, "I gotta go again."  
Papa said, "Son, we got lines to run. We'll come back again, first there's work to be done."



# I Saw The Light

Words & Music by Hank Williams

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Moderately

Verse:



1. I wan-dered so aim-less, life filled with sin. I would-n't let my dear Sav-iour in.  
2. Just like a blind man, I wan-dered a-long. Wor-ries and fears I claimed for my own.  
3. I was a fool to wan-der and stray. Straight is the gate and nar-row the way.



Then Je-sus came like a strang-er in the night; praise the Lord, I saw the light.  
Then like the blind man that God gave back his sight; praise the Lord, I saw the light.  
Now I have trad-ed the wrong for the right; praise the Lord, I saw the light.

Chorus:



I saw the light. I saw the light. No more dark-ness, no more night. Now, I'm so



hap-py, no sor-row in sight. Praise the Lord, I saw the light. I saw the light.

# In The Misty Moonlight

Words & Music by Cindy Walker

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Moderate rock



In the mist-y moon-light by the flick-'ring fire-light, an-y-place is all-right  
way land on the trop-ic sea sand, if your hand's in my hand



long as I'm with you. In a far a- I won't-be blue. Way up on the moun-tain or 'way down in the



val-ley, I know I'll be hap-py an-y-place, an-y-where, I don't care. In the mist-y



moon-light by the flick-'ring fire-light, an-y-place is all-right long as you are there.

# I Fought The Law

Words & Music by Sonny Curtis

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Moderately bright

1. A - break-in' rocks in the hot sun. I fought the law and the law won. I fought the law and the law won.  
 rob - bin' peo-ple with a zip gun. I fought the law and the law won. I fought the law and the law won.

I miss my ba-by and the good fun. I fought the law and the law won. I fought the law and the law won.)  
 I need-ed mon-ey 'cause I had none. I fought the law and the law won. I fought the law and the law won.)

*Chorus:*

I left my ba-by and I feel so bad. I guess my race is run. She's the best girl I've ev-er had.

I fought the law and the law won. I fought the law and the law won. 1. A7 D A7 2. A -

# There Goes My Everything

Words & Music by Dallas Frazier

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Moderately slow

*Verse:*

1. I hear foot-steps slow - ly walk - ing, as they gent - ly walk a - cross a lone-ly floor. And a  
 mem-ry turns back the pag - es, I can see the hap-py years we had be - fore. Now the

voice is soft - ly say - ing: "Dar-ling, this will be good - bye for - ev - er - more."  
 love that kept this old heart beat - ing has been shat - tered by the clos - ing of the door.

*Chorus:*

There goes my rea - son for liv - ing, there goes the one of my dreams. There goes my

on - ly pos - ses - sion, there goes my ev - 'ry - thing. 1. Bb F7 Bb 2. As my thing.

# If Tomorrow Never Comes

Words & Music by Garth Brooks & Kent Blazy

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Slowly

§ Verse:

G D/G C/G G Am7 D C/G G

1. Some-times late at night, I lie a - wake and watch her sleep - ing.

Am/G G D Am7 D C G C/G

She's lost in peace - ful dreams, so I turn off the lights and lay there in the dark.

G Am7 D C/G G Am/G G

And the thought cross - es my mind, if I nev - er wake up in the morn - ing,

D Am7 D C G C/G G

would she ev - er doubt the way I feel a - bout her in my heart. If to - mor - row nev - er

Chorus:

C G

comes, will she know how much I loved her? Did I try in ev - 'ry

D Am7 D C G Am7 G/B

way to show her ev - 'ry - day that she's my on - ly one? And if my time on earth were

C D Em7 Bm7 Em

through, and she must face this world with - out me, is the love I gave her in the past

Am7 D G D/G C/G G

gon - na be e - nough to last if to - mor - row nev - er comes? 1. D.S. §  
 2. 'Cause I've lost loved ones in my

G Am7 D C G/B Am7 G

So, tell that some-one that you love just what you're think - ing of if to - mor - row nev - er comes.

Verse 2:

'Cause I've lost loved ones in my life  
 Who never knew how much I loved them.  
 Now I live with the regret  
 That my true feelings for them never were revealed.  
 So I made a promise to myself  
 To say each day how much she means to me  
 And avoid that circumstance  
 Where there's no second chance to tell her how I feel. ('Cause)  
 (To Chorus:)

# All My Ex's Live In Texas

Words & Music by Lyndia J. Shafer & Sanger D. Shafer

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Moderate country  
Chorus:

A E7

All my ex - 's live in Tex - as, and Tex - as is a place

Bm7 E7(b9) A E7

I'd dear - ly love to be. But all my ex - 's live in Tex - as,

To Coda ⊕ A D/F# G#

and that's why I hang my hat in Ten - nes - see. 1. Ro -

Verse:

A Bm7

san - na's down in Tex - ar - ka - na, want - ed me to push a broom. And

E7 A

sweet I - lene's in Ab - i - lene, she for - got I hung the moon. And

Bm7

Al - li - son in Gal - ves - ton some - how lost her san - i - ty. And

B7 E7

Dim - ples who now lives in Tem - ple's got the law look - in' for me. light.

1. D.C. 2. D.C. al Coda

⊕ Coda

A/C# D Eb7 E7 D7 Eb7 E7

Some folks think I hide, it's been ru - mored that I

D7 Eb7 E7 A

died, but I'm a - live and well in Ten - nes - see.

Verse 2:

I remember that old Brazos River where I learned to swim,  
But it brings to mind another time where I wore my welcome thin.  
By transcendental meditation, I go there each night.  
But I always come back to myself long before daylight.  
(To Chorus:)

# Kentucky Waltz

Words & Music by Bill Monroe

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Moderate waltz

C G7 Gdim7 G7

We were waltz-in' that night in Ken-tuck-y, be-neath the beau-ti-ful har-vest moon. And I was the boy that was

C C7 F

luck-y, but it all end-ed too soon. As I sit here a-lone in the moon-light, I see your smil-ing face;

A♭7 C/G A7 D7 G7 1. C F#dim7 G7 2. C Fm6 C

and I long once more for your em-brace, and that beau-ti-ful Ken-tuck-y waltz. We were waltz.

# Your Cheatin' Heart

Words & Music by Hank Williams

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Moderately

G7 C C7 F G7

Your cheat-in' heart will make you weep. You'll cry and cry and try to

heart will pine some day, and crave the love you threw a-

C G7 C C7 F G7

sleep. But sleep won't come the whole night through. Your cheat-in' heart

way. The time will come when you'll be blue. Your cheat-in' heart

C C7 F C

will tell on you. When tears come down like fall-in' rain, you'll toss a-

will tell on you. When tears come down like fall-in' rain, you'll toss a-

D7 G7 C C7 F

round and call my name. You'll walk the floor the way I do.

round and call my name. You'll walk the floor the way I do.

G7 1. C G7 2. C

Your cheat-in' heart will tell on you. Your cheat-in' heart

Your cheat-in' heart will tell on you. Your cheat-in' heart

# You Win Again

Words & Music by Hank Williams

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*Moderately* *Chorus:*

The news is out all o - ver town that you've been seen a - run - nin' 'round.  
for your vic - tim now, 'cause soon his head like mine will bow.

I know that I should leave, but then, I just can't go; you win a - gain. This heart of  
He'll give his heart, but all in vain, and some-day say, you win a - gain. You have no

mine could nev - er see what ev - 'ry - bod - y knew but me. Just trust - ing you  
heart, you have no shame, you take true love and give the blame. I guess that I

was my great sin. What can I do? You win a - gain. I'm sor - ry gain.  
should not com - plain I love you still. You win a -

# Ashes Of Love

Words & Music by Johnnie Wright, Jim Anglin & Jack Anglin

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*Moderately* *Verse:*

1. The love - light that gleamed in your eyes has gone out to my sur - prise.  
2. I trust - ed, dear, our love would stand. Your ev - 'ry wish was my com - mand.

We said good - bye, my heart bled; I can't re - vive your love is dead.  
My heart tells me I must for - get. I loved you then, I love you yet.

*Chorus:*

Ash - es of love, cold as ice, you made the bed, I'll pay the price.

Our love is gone, there's no doubt; ash - es of love, the flame burned out. flame burned out.

# You Got It

Words & Music by Jeff Lynne, Roy Orbison & Tom Petty

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Moderate rock

Verse:

1. Ev-'ry time I look in - to your lov - ing eyes, I see a love that mon-ey just can't

buy. One look from you, I drift a - way. I pray that you

Chorus:

are here to stay. An - y - thing you want, you got it. An - y - thing you need,

you got it. An - y - thing at all, you got it, ba - by.

2.

An - y - thing you want, (you got it.) An - y - thing you need, (you got it.) An - y - thing at all.

3.

Bridge:

I'm glad to give my love to

you. I know you feel the way I do.

⊕ Coda

An - y - thing at all, (you got it.) Ba - by, you got it.

Verse 2:  
 Every time I hold you  
 I begin to understand.  
 Everything about you  
 Tells me I'm your man.  
 I live my life  
 To be with you.  
 No one can do  
 The things you do.  
 (To Chorus:)

# There's A Tear In My Beer

Words & Music by Hank Williams

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Moderately

A7 D

1. There's a tear in my beer 'cause I'm cry - in' for you, dear. You are on my lone - ly  
night I walked the floor and the night be - fore. You are on my lone - ly

A7

mind. In - to these last nine beers I have shed a mil - lion tears. You are  
mind. It seems my life is through and I'm so dog - gone blue. You are

D D7 G D

on my lone - ly mind. I'm gon - na keep on sit - tin' here un - til I'm pet - ri - fied,  
on my lone - ly mind. I'm gon - na keep on sit - tin' here till I can't move a toe.

E7 A7 D

and then may - be these tears will leave my eyes. There's a tear in my beer 'cause I'm cry - in' for you,  
and then may - be my heart won't hurt me so. There's a tear in my beer 'cause I'm cry - in' for you,

E7 A7 1. D Fdim A7 2. D

dear. You are on my lone - ly mind. 2. Last mind.  
dear. You are on my lone - ly

# Then You Can Tell Me Goodbye

Words & Music by John D. Loudermilk

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Slowly (♩ =  $\frac{3}{4}$ )

F 3 Dm Bb C7 F 3 Dm Bb C7 F 3 Dm Bb C7

Kiss me each morn - ing for a mil - lion years. Hold me each eve - ning by your side. Tell me you love me for a mil - lion years.

F 3 Bb F 3 Bb F 3 Bb C7 F 3 Dm Bb C7

Then if it don't work out, then if it don't work out, then you can tell me good - bye. Sweet - en my cof - fee with a morn - ing kiss.

F 3 Dm Bb C7 F 3 Dm Bb C7 F 3 Bb F 3 Bb

Sof - ten my dreams with your sigh. Af - ter you've loved me for a mil - lion years, then if it don't work out, then if it don't work out,

F 3 Bb F F7 Bb F 3 Dm G7 3 Gm7 C7

then you can tell me good - bye. If you must go, I won't grieve if you just wait a life - time be - fore you leave.



F 3 Dm B $\flat$  C7 F 3 Dm 3 B $\flat$  C7 F 3 Dm B $\flat$  C7

If you must go, I won't say "no" just so we can say \_\_\_that we tried. Tell me you love me for a mil - lion years,

F 3 B $\flat$  F 3 B $\flat$  1. F 3 B $\flat$  F 2. F 3 B $\flat$  F

then if it don't work out, then if it don't work out, then you can tell me good - bye. then you can tell me good - bye.

# Hot Rod Lincoln

Words & Music by W.S. Stevenson & Charley Ryan

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My pappy said, "Son, you're gonna drive me to drinkin',  
If you don't stop drivin' that hot rod Lincoln.

Bright rock  
E

(Bass)

B7 E A

To Next Strain

Have you

2. Fine E A B7

heard the sto-ry of the hot rod race, when the Fords and Lin-colns was set-tin' the pace. That sto-ry is true, I'm

E 11-12. 13. D.C. al Fine

here to say, 'Cause I was a - driv-in' that mod - el "A". 2. It's got a

Verse 2:  
It's got a Lincoln motor and it's really souped up,  
That model "A" body makes it look like a pup.  
It's got 8 cylinders and uses 'em all,  
Got overdrive, just won't stall.

Verse 3:  
With a 4-barrel carb. and dual exhaust,  
With 4-11 gears you can really get lost.  
It's got safety tubes but I ain't scared.  
The brakes are good, the tires, fair.

Verse 4:  
Pulled out of San Pedro late one night,  
The moon and the stars were shining bright.  
We was drivin' up Grapevine Hill,  
Passin' cars like they was standin' still.

Verse 5:  
All of a sudden, in the wink of an eye,  
A Cadillac sedan passed us by.  
I said, "Boys, that's a mark for me."  
By then the tail-light was all you could see.

Verse 6:  
Now the fellas ribbed me for bein' behind,  
So I thought I'd make the Lincoln unwind  
Took my foot off the gas and man-a-live,  
I shoved it on down into overdrive.

Verse 7:  
I wound it up to a hundred and ten,  
My speedometer said that I hit top then.  
My foot was glued like lead to the floor.  
That's all there is and there ain't no more.

Verse 8:  
Now the boys all thought I lost my sense,  
Them telephone poles looked like a picket fence.  
They said, "Slow down, I see spots.  
The lines on the road, just look like dots."

Verse 9:  
Took a corner, sideswiped a truck,  
I crossed my fingers just for luck.  
My fenders was clickin' the guard-rail posts,  
The guy beside me was white as a ghost.

Verse 10:  
Smoke was comin' from out of the back,  
When I started to gain on that Cadillac.  
I knew I could catch him, I thought I could pass.  
Don't you know by then we'd be low on gas.

Verse 11:  
They had flames comin' from out of the side.  
You can feel the tension, man, what a ride!  
I said, "Look out, boys, I got a license to fly."  
And that Caddy pulled over and let us by.

Verse 12:  
Now all of a sudden she started to knockin',  
Down in a dip she started to rockin'.  
I looked in the mirror, a red light was blinkin',  
The cops was after my hot rod Lincoln.

Verse 13:  
They arrested me and they put me in jail,  
I called my pappy to throw my bail.  
He said, "Son, you're gonna drive me to drinkin',  
If you don't stop drivin' that hot rod Lincoln."

# Kiss An Angel Good Morning

Words & Music by Ben Peters

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Moderately

Verse:

1. When - ev - er I chance to meet — some old friends — on — the street, — they won - der how does a man —  
 (2) peo - ple may try to guess — the se - cret of hap - pi - ness, — but some of them nev - er learn —

— get to be this way. — I've al - ways got a smil - in' — face — an - y - time and an - y — place, —  
 — it's a sim - ple thing. — The se - cret I'm — speak - in' — of — is a wom - an and a man in — love, —

Chorus:

— And ev - 'ry time they ask me why, — I just smile and say. — } You've got to kiss an an - gel good morn - in' and  
 — And the an - swer is — in this song — that I al - ways sing. — }

let her know you think a - bout her when you're — gone. — Kiss an an - gel good morn - in and love her like the dev - il when you

1. get back home. — 2. Well, get back home. — Got to get back home. — 3.

# Wabash Cannonball

Words & Music by A.P. Carter

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Moderately, in two

1. From out the wide Pa - ci - fic to the broad At - lan - tic shore, she  
 (2. Our) east - ern states are dand - ies, so the west - ern peo - ple say, When  
 (3. She came) down from Bir - ming - ham — one cold De - cem - ber day. As she  
 (4. Just) list - en to the jin - gle and the rum - ble and the roar, as she  
 (5. Here's to) old man dad - dy Clax - ton, may his name for - ev - er stand; may it

climbs she climbed high — moun - tains up hill and by the shore. Al -  
 pulled in the old Rock is land took all her style a - way. To the  
 glides a long the wood - land to the hills and the by the shore. Hear the  
 al - ways be re - mem - bered through - out the land. His

G7                      Am                      D7

1.2.3.4.                      5.

G                      G

# Diggy Liggy Lo

Words & Music by J.D. Miller

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Moderately                      Chorus:

Verse:

1. There's the place we found ro-mance, where they do

the Ca-jun dance, threw a kiss with ev-'ry chance and showed our love with ev-'ry glance. (Her) 1. I'm Dig-gy Lig-gy

Chorus 2, 3 & 4:

Li. (Him) I'm Dig-gy Lig-gy Lo. (Her) I was your girl, you was my beau. No tru-er love you'll ev-er know than the love I

had for Dig-gy Lig-gy Lo. I'm Dig-gy Lig-gy Lo. (Her) I'm Dig-gy Lig-gy Lo.

**Verse 2:**  
(Him) I finally went to see her pappy.  
Now, I got me a pappy-in-law.  
We moved out where the bayou flows,  
And now we've got a little Diggy Liggy Lo.

**Chorus 2:**  
She's Diggy Liggy Li, I'm Diggy Liggy Lo.  
She was my girl, I was her beau.  
The only love she'd ever know  
Was the love of Diggy Liggy Lo.

**Chorus 3:**  
(Her) I'm Diggy Liggy Li,  
(Him) I'm Diggy Liggy Lo.  
We fell in love at the fais do do.  
The pop was cold the coffee cheau  
For Diggy Liggy Li and Diggy Liggy Lo.

**Chorus 4:**  
(Her) I'm Diggy Liggy Li,  
(Him) I'm Diggy Liggy Lo.  
Real Cajun love where the bayou flows.  
Now the whole wide world can know  
About the love of Diggy Liggy Lo.

# Elvira

Words & Music by Dallas Frazier

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Moderately

Verse:

C G7 C C7

El - vir - a, El - vi - ra. My heart's on fi - re for El - vir - a. 1. Eyes that look like

heav-en, lips like cher-ry wine, that girl can sho' nuff make my lit-tle light shine. I get a fun - ny

Chorus:

F7 C7 G7 C7 C C

feel - ing up and down my spine, 'cause I know that my El - vir - a's mine. I'm sing-in' El - vir - a,

G7 C C B C

El - vir - a. My heart's on fi - re for El - vir - a. Gid-dy-up, a oom pa-pa oom pa-pa mow mow,

B C G7 C 1 2 D.S.  $\text{\textcircled{R}}$  *al fade*

gid-dy-up, a oom pa-pa oom pa-pa mow mow. Hi - yo Sil - ver, a - way. 2. To - way. El -

Verse 2:

Tonight I'm gonna meet her  
At the Hungry House Café,  
And I'm gonna give her all the love I can.  
She's gonna jump and holler  
'Cause I saved up my last two dollars,  
And we're gonna search and find that preacher man.  
(To Chorus:)

# I Can't Help It (If I'm Still In Love With You)

Words & Music by Hank Williams

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Acuff-Rose Music Limited, London W1.  
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Moderately

F C7 F F7 B $\flat$  F C7

To - day I passed you on the street and my heart fell at your feet. I can't help it if I'm

F C7 F C7 F F7 B $\flat$  F

still in love with you. Some-bod - y else stood by your side and he looked so sat - is - fied. I can't

C7 F F7 B $\flat$  F

help it if I'm still in love with you. { A pic - ture from the past came slow - ly steal - ing as I  
{ It's hard to know an - oth - er's lips will kiss you and -

C7 F F7 B $\flat$  F

brushed your arm and walked so close to you. Then sud - den - ly I got that old time feel - ing.  
hold you just the way I used to do. Oh, heav - en on - ly knows how much I miss you.

C7

1. F C7 2. F C7 F

I can't help it if I'm still in love with you. To - day I you.  
I can't help it if I'm still in love with

# Move It On Over

Words & Music by Hank Williams

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Moderately fast  
Verse:

F F7 B $\flat$ 7

1. Came in last night at half past ten; that ba-by of mine would-n't let me in. So move it on o-ver,  
Bkgrd.: (move it on o-ver,

F C7 F/C C7

1,2,3. F 4. F C7 F

move it on o-ver, move it on o-ver.) move o-ver li'l dog, 'cause the big dog's mov-in' in. 2. She in.

Verse 2:

She changed the lock on our front door;  
Now my door key don't fit no more.  
So get it on over, (move it on over.)  
Scoot it on over, (move it on over.)  
Move over skinny dog, 'cause the fat dog's movin' in.

Verse 3:

This doghouse here is mighty small.  
But it's better than no house at all.  
So ease it on over, (move it on over.)  
Drag it on over, (move it on over.)  
Move over old dog, 'cause a new dog's movin' in.

Verse 4:

She told me not to play around,  
But I done let the deal go down.  
So pack it on over, (move it on over.)  
Tote it on over, (move it on over.)  
Move over nice dog, 'cause a bad dog's movin' in.

# Sweet Memories

Words & Music by Mickey Newbury

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Moderately

Verse:

G G7 C C# D7

1. My world is like a riv - er, as dark as it is deep. Night af - ter night, the past slips in, and

Am7 D7 G G7 C

gath - ers all my sleep. My days are just an end - less stream of emp - ti - ness to me filled on - ly by the

Chorus:

G D7 G C C# D7 G Am Gdim/Bb B7

fleet - ing mo - ments of her mem - o - ry. Sweet mem - o - ries, sweet

Em A7 G/D D7 1. G C G D7 2. G

mem - o - ries, mmm. 2. She

Verse 2:

She slipped into the silence  
Of my dreams last night.  
Wandering from room to room,  
She's turning on each light.  
Her laughter spills like water  
From the river to the sea.  
I'm swept away from sadness,  
Clinging to her memory.

(To Chorus:)

# Twenty-Four Hours Of Lovin'

Words & Music by Carol Hall

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Moderately

G C/G G C F C

There's an hour\_ of hold me\_ tight, There's an hour\_ of yeah, that's\_ right. There's an hour\_ of  
me oh\_ my! There's an hour\_ of low and\_ high. There's an hour\_ of

D C 1. G C G

ba - by ba - by, could we do\_ it may-be a - gain? There's an hour\_ of  
hon - ey squeeze\_ me 'cause you know that you please me and

2. G Chorus G E

then. And then it's Twen - ty four hours\_ of lov - in',\_ twenty four hours\_ of  
Twen - ty four hours\_ of lov - in',\_ Lord, how those min - utes do

Am D G C G

fun! run! Twen-ty four hours and how that time does fly And then it's  
 Twen-ty four hours and how quick-ly they go

Verse G C/G G C F C

by. 2. There's an hour of fing - er - tips. There's an hour of sweet, sweet - lips.  
 this - 'n that. There's an hour of tit for tat.

D C G C G

There's an hour of a lit - tle lay in' and a lit - tle play - in' a - round.  
 There's an hour of a lit - tle kid - din' when the charms I've hid - den get

Chorus G

There's an hour of found and then it's Twen-ty four hours of lov - in',  
 Twen-ty four hours of lov - in',

E Am D al Coda G

twen-ty four hours of fun! Twen-ty four hours and how that time does fly  
 Lord how those min - utes do run! Twen-ty four hours and how quick - ly they go

To Chorus Instr. D.S. al Coda

and then it's by (Instr.) There's an hour of

CODA G

by, they go by, they go by, they go by, they go by, they go by, they go by, they go by,

they go by. They go by, they go by, they go by, they go by, they go by, they go by.

Verse 3.

There's an hour of paradise  
 There's an hour of Oooo, thas' nice  
 There's an hour of honey, never  
 Have I done this ever  
 Before . . . . .  
 'Cause there's an hour of gettin' hot  
 And there's an hour of thas' the spot  
 There's an hour of I'm in clover  
 'Cause we're starting over  
 Once more . . . . .  
 And then it's . . . . .

Chorus

# Lonesome Tears

Words & Music by Buddy Holly

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Moderately

1. Lone - some Tears, — Sad and blue, — I shed — lone - some — tears — for you, Yes you  
2. When you left, — You said "I'm gone" — Lone - some — Tears fell — all — night long, Yes you

know I, Know I — cried — when you — said — good - bye. I cried for you Lone - some Tears.

2. E A E E7 A E A  
bye. You left me here, — All — a - lone, — Hear me talk - in' won't you

B7 E A F#7 B7  
come back home? — Love me like — you did — be - fore, — Now, need I tell — you — more? —

E C#m G#7 A  
Lone - some Tears, — Sad and blue, — I shed — lone - some — tears — for you, Yes you —

E C#7 F#7 B7 E Am E  
— know I, Know I cried — when you — said — good bye, Those Lone - some Tears. —

# Hard Candy Christmas

Words & Music by Carol Hall

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Moderately

Fmaj7 Bbmaj7 Fmaj7  
Hey back, may - be I'll {dye} my hair — may - be I'll  
may - be I'll {cut} sleep real late — may - be I'll

Bbmaj7 Gm7 C7  
move some - where, — may - be I'll get a car, — may - be I'll drive so far — they'll all lose  
lose some weight, — may - be I'll clear my junk, — may - be I'll just get drunk — on ap - ple



D Gm7 C7 Fmaj7 (2nd time) Bb

track. wine. Me, I'll bounce right fine (fine) and dan - dy. Lord, it's like a

Me, I'll be just

C7 F Fmaj7 Bb

hard can - dy Christ - mas. I'm bare - ly get - tin' through to - mor - row, still I can't let

C7 F Fmaj7 Bb Fmaj7 Bb

sor - row bring me way down — I'll be — —

Gm C D Gm7 C7 Fmaj7 Bbmaj7

Hey on may-be I'll up and go —  
may-be I'll {learn to sew —  
set - tle down —

Fmaj7 Bbmaj7 Gm7

may - be I'll just lie low — may - be I'll hit the bars — may - be I'll  
may - be I'll just leave town — may - be I'll have some fun — may - be I'll

C7 D Gm7 C7 Fmaj7

count the stars — un - til the dawn. Me, I will go fine — and dan -  
meet some - one — and make him mine. Me, I'll be just

Bb C7 F Fmaj7

- dy. Lord, it's like a hard can - dy Christ - mas. I'm bare - ly get - tin' through to - mor -

Bb C7 F Fmaj7

- row, still I can't let sor - row bring me way down — I'll be — fine and dan -

Bb C7 F Fmaj7

- dy. Lord, it's like a hard can - dy Christ - mas I'm bare - ly get - tin' through to - mor -

Bb C7 F Fmaj7

- row, still I can't let sor - row bring me way down — I'll be — —

Bbmaj7 Fmaj7 Bbmaj7 Fmaj7

I'll be — fine. I'll be — fine. — —

# Girl, You're A Woman

Words & Music by Carol Hall

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Moderately

F D Gm C7  
 Girl, get a hold now, straight-en up, look a-live. Girl, you're a wo-man,  
 Girl, pull it in now, stand up tall, look real proud. Girl, no more cry-in',

F Dm Am Bb  
 you'll sur-vive. Re-mem-ber one good thing when you are mov-in' on is won-d'rin' what you'll find. And  
 not out loud. Re-mem-ber one good thing a-bout the tears you shed you won't do that no more. And

F Dm Bb C7 Chorus % F Am  
 one good thing a-bout the past that's gone is leav-in' it be-hind, Girl, you're a wo-man.  
 one good thing a-bout a dream that's dead, you're wis-er than be-fore Girl, you're a

Bb C7 F Am Bb C7  
 Keep your head up high girl, you're a wo-man, look 'em in the eye girl. You're a

F A7 Dm Dm/C Bb C7 al Coda Bb F  
 wo-man start-in' on your way. Girl, I think this is your luck-y day.

2 Bb F F Am Bb C7  
 day. All she needs is a lit-tle bit of fix-in' up, to pull her-self to-geth-

F Am Bb C7 F A7  
 er, she'd be pret-ty if she'd on-ly try to pull her-self to-geth-er, and I'll help her, it's as

Dm Dm/C Bb C7 Bb F D.S. al Coda %  
 eas-y as can be. Pret-ty soon she's gon-na look a lot like me. 'Cause you're a

CODA Bb C7 F A7 Dm Bb C7 BbF/A Gm7 F  
 day. You're a wo-man start-in' on your way. Instrumental

# Thirty Days (To Come Back Home)

Words & Music by Chuck Berry

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Moderately

I'm gon-na give you Thir - ty Days to get back home, I'm gon-na call up the gyp - sy  
wo - man on the tel - e - phone, I'm gon-na send out a world-wide hoo - doo, That'll be the ver - y thing that'll  
suit you, I'm gon-na see that you'll be back home in Thir - ty Days. Oh, Thir - ty Days,  
Oh, Thir - ty Days, Ba - by I'll see that you'll be back home in Thir - ty Days,  
Well, I'm gon-na send out a world-wide hoo - doo, That - 'll be the ver - y thing that - 'll suit you, I'm gon - na  
see that you'll be back home in Thir - ty Days. 1.2. F C7 3. F B<sup>b</sup> F 2.I've 3.If I don't

2. I've talked to the judge in private early this morning,  
I'm goin' to the sheriff's office to sign a warrant,  
I'm gonna put across a charge agin' ya  
That'll be the very thing that'll send ya,  
I'm gonna see that you'll be back home in Thirty Days.  
Oh, Thirty Days, oh, Thirty Days,  
Baby, I'll see that you'll be back home in Thirty Days,  
Well, I'm gonna put across a charge agin' ya  
That'll be the very thing that'll send ya,  
I'm gonna see that you'll be back home in Thirty Days.

3. If I don't get no satisfaction from the judge,  
I'm gonna take it to the F.B.I. as a personal grudge,  
If they don't give me no consolation  
I'm gonna take it to the United Nations,  
I'm gonna see that you'll be back home in Thirty Days.  
Oh, Thirty Days, oh, Thirty Days,  
Baby, I'll see that you'll be back home in Thirty Days,  
Well, if they don't give me no consolation  
I'm gonna take it to the United Nations,  
I'm gonna see that you'll be back home in Thirty Days.

# The Promised Land

Words & Music by Chuck Berry

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Moderately fast

I left my home in Nor - folk Vir - gin - ia, Cal - i - for - nia on my mind, — I  
strad - dled that Grey - hound and rode — him in - to Ral - eigh and on — a - cross Car - o - line. — We  
stopped at Char - lotte, we by - passed Rock Hill, We ne - ver was a min - ute late, — We was nine - ty miles out of At - lan -  
ta by sun - down, Roll - in' out of Georg - ia State, — We had mo - tor trou - ble that turned — in - to a strug - gle half -  
way a - cross Al - a - bam, — And that 'hound broke down and left us all — stran - ded in Down - town Bir - ming - ham. —

1. 2. B<sup>b</sup>  
(Instrumental)  
F7  
3. B<sup>b</sup>

2. Right away I bought me a through train ticket,  
Ridin' across Mississippi clean,  
And I was on the Midnight Flyer out of Birmingham,  
Smokin' into New Orleans.  
Somebody helped me get out of Louisiana,  
Just to help me get to Houston Town,  
There are people there who care a little about me,  
And they won't let a poor boy down.  
Sure as you're born they bought me a silk suit,  
They put luggage in my hand,  
And I woke up high over Albuquerque,  
On a jet to The Promised Land.
3. Workin' on a T bone steak,  
I had a party flyin' over to the Golden State,  
When the pilot told us in thirteen minutes,  
He would get us at the terminal gate.  
Swing low chariot, come down easy,  
Taxi to the terminal line,  
Cut your engines and cool your wings,  
And let me make it to the telephone.  
Los Angeles give me Norfolk, Virginia,  
Tidewater 4-10-0-0,  
Tell the folks back home this is The Promised Land callin',  
And the poor boy's on the line.

# Daddy Sang Bass

Words & Music by Carl Perkins

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Moderately

I re - mem - ber when I was a lad, times were hard and things were  
mem - ber af - ter work, mama would call in all of  
bad; But there's a sil - ver lin - ing be - hind ev - 'ry cloud.  
us; You could hear us sing - ing for a coun - try mile.  
Just poor peo - ple that's all done we were try'n to make a  
Now, little broth - er has done gone on, but I'll re -  
liv - in' out of black land dirt; We'd get to - geth - er in a fam - 'ly  
join him in a song; We'll be to - geth - er a - gain up  
cir - cle sing - in' loud. Dad - dy sang bass, ma - ma sang  
yonder in a lit - tle while. **Chorus**  
ten - or, me and lit - tle broth - er would join right in there; Sing - in' seems to  
help a trou - bled soul. One of these days, and it won't be  
long, I'll re - join them in a song; I'm gon - na join the fam - 'ly  
cir - cle at the throne. No, the cir - cle  
won't be bro - ken, Bye and bye, Lord,  
bye and bye. Dad - dy'll sing bass, ma - ma'll sing  
ten - or, me and lit - tle broth - er will join right in there in the  
sky, Lord, in the sky. Now I re -

# Before The Next Teardrop Falls

Words & Music by Vivian Keith & Ben Peters

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**Moderately**

The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of six staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "If he brings you hap - pi - ness, then I wish you both the best. It's your hurts to let you go, dar - ling, I want you to know That I'll hap - pi - ness that mat - ters most of all. But if he ev - er breaks your stand by you if ev - er you should call. And if I should ev - er ev - er leaves you heart, if the tear - drops ev - er start, I'll be there Be - fore The Next Tear - drop. hear that he made you shed a tear, blue, just re - mem - ber I love you, Falls. Tho' it Falls. I'll be there an - y time you need me by your side, To dry a - way ev - 'ry tear - drop that you cried. If he Falls. Yes, I'll be there Be - fore The Next Tear - drop Falls." The score includes various chords (F, F7, Bb, C7, G7) and musical notations like "To Coda" and "D.S. al Coda".

# Turn The World Around

Words & Music by Ben Peters

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**Moderately slow**

The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of three staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "Turn The World A - round the oth - er way, Back it up and stop on yes - ter - said some things I did - n't mean to say, Things that I am sor - ry for to - Turn The World A - round the oth - er way, Back to where it start - ed yes - ter - day; Back to be - fore that sil - ly fight, And give me a chance to day; Down on my knees day; Just take my hand make things right. I I beg you please, to Turn The World A - round the oth - er to - geth - er we can }". The score includes various chords (G, F#m7-5, B7, Em, Bm, Bbm, Am, D7, C, D7/A, Ab9) and musical notations like "1.", "2.3.", and "3.". The piece ends with a double bar line.

G C G *Fine* Am7 D7 G

way. I nev - er real - ly want - ed us to break up, and I'm

Am7 D7 G Am7 D7

sor - ry for each tear - drop that you cried. We need to give our hearts a chance to

G Am E7/G# Am7 D7 *D.C. al Fine* D7+5

make up, and dar - ling, with you stand - ing by my side. We'll

## It's A Long Way To Daytona

Words & Music by Mel Tillis

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*Bright country beat, in 2* G D A7

Well, it's a long, long way to Day - to - na. Go tell ev - 'ry -

D D7 G

bod - y that I'm gon - na. With the grace of God and a fast hot

D A D G

rod, I'll ride a - round that big ole track some - day. Hey, I'll

D A *In 4* D

ride a - round that big ole track some - day. } It takes a  
Well,

D

man with a dream and a run - nin' ma - chine, and he's got to be a lit - tle bit  
liv - in' in the fast lane is noth - in' but a fool's game, but some - times the fool is the

A7

cra - zy. Rid - in' on a short track, don't you ev - er look back. You'll  
win - ner. Some days there's good days, some days there's bad days, but

*To Coda* D

find your - self a - push - in' up a dai - sy. And it's a pret - ty good life if you  
ev - 'ry day the gra - vy gets

A7

ain't got a wife, or an - y - bod - y else that - 'll wor - ry. Set your pace at the start of the race and you'll

D *D.S. (Tempo 1) al Coda* *Coda* D *D.S. (Tempo 1) and fade*

wind up in a hur - ry. 'Cause it's a thinner. 'Cause it's a

# Don't Tell Me Your Troubles

Words & Music by Don Gibson

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Moderately

Don't tell me your trou- bles, I got trou- bles of my own. Don't tell me your trou- bles, just leave me a - lone, leave me a - lone, go on home.

Tell it to a friend, I got trou- bles of my own. You tell me that she's no good, she's mean as she can be. It's writ- ten all o - ver your lone- some face, an - y heart- broke fool can see. Leave me a - lone, go on home. Tell it to a friend. I got trou- bles of my own. It hap - pens to the best of us, that's what they al - ways say. So, take it, boy, like a man and don't stand in my way. You say your sweet love's left you, what - cha think a - bout me? I would - n't be sit - tin' here list - 'nin' if she had - n't set me free. Leave me a - lone, go on home. Tell it to a friend, I got trou - bles of my own.

1. B $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$  F7 2. B $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$

trou- bles of my own. own.



# The Son Of Hickory Holler's Tramp

Words & Music by Dallas Frazier

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Moderately *Chorus:*

Oh, the path was deep and wide, from foot-steps lead - ing to our cab - in. — A -  
bove the door — there burned a scar - let lamp. And  
late at night, — a hand — would knock — and there would stand — a strang - er. — Yes,  
I'm the son — of Hick-'ry — Hol - ler's — tramp. 1. The

*Verse:*  
corn was dry, the weeds were high — when Dad - dy — took to drink - in'. — Then,  
2. Ma - ma sac - ri - ficed her pride, — the neigh - bors — start - ed talk - in'. — But  
3. Dad - dy left, and des - ti - tu - tion came up — on our fam - 'ly, —  
4. sum - mer, Ma - ma passed a - way — and left the ones who loved her. —  
him an' Lu - cy Walk - er, they took up and run a - way. The  
I was much too young to un - der - stand the things they said. So,  
not one neigh - bor vol - un - teered to give a help - in' hand. Each  
Each and ev - 'ry one is more that grate - ful for their birth. Each

Ma - ma — cried a tear and then she prom - ised — four - teen chil - dren, "I  
things that — mat - tered most of all, was Ma - ma's — chick - en dump - lin's and a  
let - 'um — gos - sip all they want, she loved us — and she raised us. The  
Sun - day — she re - ceives a fresh bo - quet of four - teen ros - es and a

swear you'll nev - er see a hun - gry day." 2. When  
good - night kiss be - fore we went to  
proof is stand - ing here, a full grown  
card that says, "The great - est mom on

bed. 3. When man. 4. Last earth." Oh, the

*Coda*  
I'm the son — of Hick-'ry — Hol - ler's — tramp.

# Jealous Heart

Words & Music by Jenny Lou Carson

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Moderately

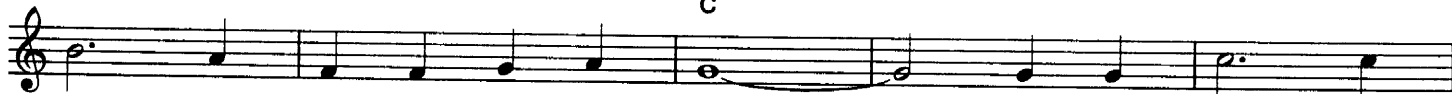
C

G7



1. Jeal - ous heart, oh jeal - ous heart stop of beat - ing. Can't you  
filled my con - science full of sor - row, for I  
heart, why did I let you rule me when I

C



see the dam - age you have done? You have driv - en  
know she nev - er was un - true. Jeal - ous heart, - en  
knew the end would bring me pain? Now she's gone, why  
she's gone, she's

G7



her a - way for - ev - er. Jeal - ous heart, now I'm the lone - ly  
did you make her hate me? Now, there's noth - ing left but jeal - ous  
gone and found an - oth - er. Oh, I'll nev - er see my love a -

C

C7

F

C



one. I was part of ev' - ry - thing she planned for  
you. Man - y times I trust - ed you to guide me  
gain. Through the years her mem - o - ry will haunt me

G7

C

C7



- and I know she loved me at the start. Now she  
- but your guid - ing on - ly brought me tears. Why, oh  
- e - ven tho, we're man - y miles a - part. It's so

F

C

G7



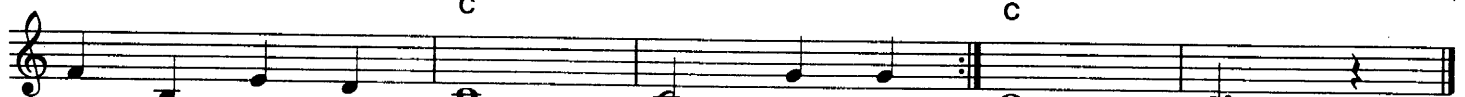
hates the sight of all I stand for all be - cause of  
why must I have you in - side me jeal - ous heart, for  
hard to know she'll nev - er want me 'cause she heard your

1.2.

C

3.

C



you, oh jeal - ous heart. 2. You have heart.  
all my lone - ly years? 3. jeal - ous  
beat - ing jeal - ous



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 Ashes Of Love  
 Bayou Baby (A Cajun Lullaby)  
 Before The Next Teardrop  
 Falls  
 Beside The Alamo  
 Big Bad John  
 Big Midnight Special  
 Bird Dog  
 Blanket On The Ground  
 Blue Bayou  
 Blue Eyes Crying In The Rain  
 Blue Moon Of Kentucky  
 Bo Weevil Song  
 Born To Lose  
 Bread And Butter  
 Break My Mind  
 Bright Lights And Blonde  
 Haired Women  
 Bye Bye Love  
 Cathy's Clown  
 Claudette  
 Cold, Cold Heart  
 Come On In (And Make Yourself  
 At Home)  
 Cottonfields  
 Crazy  
 Crazy Arms  
 Cripple Creek  
 Crying  
 Cut Across Shorty  
 Daddy Sang Bass  
 Deep In The Heart Of Texas  
 Devoted To You  
 Diggy Liggy Lo  
 Don't Break The Heart That  
 Loves You  
 Don't Let The Stars Get In  
 Your Eyes  
 Don't Tell Me Your Troubles  
 Down In The Valley  
 Dream Baby (How Long Must  
 I Dream)  
 Dreams Of The Everyday  
 Housewife  
 Elvira  
 For The Good Times  
 Funny, Familiar, Forgotten  
 Feelings  
 Gentle On My Mind  
 Girl, You're A Woman  
 Give Me Your Word  
 Good Old Girl  
 Greenback Dollar  
 Guitar Man  
 Half As Much  
 Hard Candy Christmas  
 He Will Do For You  
 Hello Mary Lou  
 Hey, Good Lookin'  
 Home On The Range  
 Honky Tonk Blues  
 Honky Tonkin'  
 Hot Rod Lincoln  
 How's The World Treating You?  
 I Can't Help It (If I'm Still  
 In Love With You)  
 I Can't Stop Loving You

I Fought The Law  
 I Saw The Light  
 I Wish I Was Single Again  
 (I'd Be) A Legend In My Time  
 I'd Rather Be Sorry  
 I'm Gonna Be A Country  
 Girl Again  
 I'm Just A Country Boy  
 I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry  
 If Tomorrow Never Comes  
 If You've Got The Money,  
 I've Got The Time  
 In Dreams  
 In The Misty Moonlight  
 It's A Long Way To Daytona  
 It's Over  
 Jambalaya (On The Bayou)  
 Jealous Heart  
 Just Dropped In (To See What  
 Condition My Condition Was In)  
 Kaw-Liga  
 Kentucky Waltz  
 Kiss An Angel Good Morning  
 Leaving On A Jet Plane  
 Li'l Red Riding Hood  
 Lonely Street  
 Lonesome Number One  
 Lonesome Tear  
 Louisiana Man  
 Love Hurts  
 Miss The Mississippi And You  
 Mockin' Bird Hill  
 Move It On Over  
 My Heart Cries For You  
 My Son Calls Another  
 Man Daddy  
 Ode To Billy Joe  
 Oh, Bury Me Not On The Lone  
 Prairie  
 Oh, Lonesome Me  
 Oh, Pretty Woman  
 On Top Of Old Smokey  
 One Day At A Time  
 One Has My Name, The Other  
 Has My Heart  
 Only The Lonely  
 Raining In My Heart  
 Rawhide  
 Red River Valley  
 Release Me  
 Ring Of Fire  
 Ruby Don't Take Your Love  
 To Town  
 Running Scared  
 Sad Movies (Make Me Cry)  
 Send Me The Pillow You  
 Dream On  
 She Thinks I Still Care  
 She'll Be Coming 'Round The  
 Mountain  
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 There's A Tear In My Beer  
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 The Ole Oak Tree  
 ('Til) I Kissed You  
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 Turn The World Around  
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 Wabash Cannonball  
 Wagon Train  
 Wake Up Little Susie  
 Walk Right In  
 Way Down  
 When My Blue Moon Turns To  
 Gold Again  
 When The Thrill Has Gone  
 When Will I Be Loved?  
 Who Slapped John?  
 Why Don't You Love Me?  
 Why You Been Gone So Long?  
 Wolverton Mountain  
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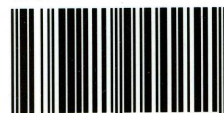
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