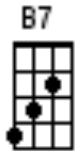


DEEP RIVER BLUES

Eddie Green and Lucile Marie Handy (1924) Made popular by Doc Watson (1964)
Extra lyrics by Ellen Bloom (2023)

KEY: A, Starting Note: E



4th fret, blues embellishment that leads to A chord

CHORUS

A B7 A D7
Let it rain, let it pour let it rain a whole lot more

A E7
'Cause I got them deep river blues.

A B7 A D7
Let the rain drive right on, let the waves sweep along

A E7 A E7 A
"Cause I got them deep river blues.

VERSE 1

A B7 A D7
Give me back my old boat, I'm gonna sail if she'll float

A E7
'Cause I got the deep river blues

A B7 A D7
I'm goin' back to Del Rey Lagoon, times are better there, I as-sume

A E7 A E7////
'Cause I got them deep river blues.

----- *Fingerpicking Solo – follows the chord sequence in the verse*

CHORUS

A B7 A D7
Let it rain, let it pour let it rain a whole lot more

A E7
'Cause I got them deep river blues.

A B7 A D7
Let the rain drive right on, let the waves sweep along

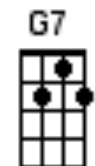
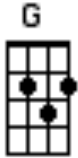
SLOWER A E7 A E7//// A/ (tremelo)
"Cause I got them deep river blues.

I'LL FLY AWAY

By Albert E. Brumley (1929)

KEY: G
American Hymn,
Folk Song

Beginning Note:
B



INTRO: G/// D7// G/// G///

CHORUS: I'll fly a-way oh glory, I'll fly a - way, in the morning. When I die
Halle-lujah, by and by, I'll fly a - way.

VERSE 1: Some bright morning when this life is over, I'll fly a - way
to a home on God's celestial shore, I'll fly a - way.

CHORUS: I'll fly a-way oh glory, I'll fly a - way, in the morning. When I die
Halle-lujah, by and by, I'll fly a - way.

VERSE 2: Oh how glad and happy when we m-e-e-t, I'll fly a - way.
I'll have wi-ngs on m-y f-e-e-t. I'll fly a - way.

CHORUS: I'll fly a-way oh glory, I'll fly a - way, in the morning. When I die
Halle-lujah, by and by, I'll fly a - way.

VERSE 3: Just a few more weary days and then, I'll fly a - way
to a land where joys will never end, I'll fly a - way.

CHORUS: I'll fly a-way oh glory, I'll fly a - way, in the morning. When I die
Halle-lujah, by and by, I'll fly a - way.

“Union Maid” by Woody Guthrie (1940). Third verse by Nancy Katz (1973)

Key of D (D, G, A7) 4/4 Time

VERSE 1

D G D G
There once was a union maid, she never was a-fraid of the goons and the ginks and
D A7 D
the company finks and the deputy sheriffs that made the raid. She went to the union
D7 G D G D
hall when a meeting it was called and when the company boys came ‘round, she
A7 D D7
always stood her ground.

CHORUS

G D A7
Oh, you can't scare me, I'm sticking to the union, I'm sticking to the union, I'm sticking
D D7 G D A7
to the union. Oh, you can't scare me, I'm sticking to the union I'm sticking to the union
D
'till the day I die.

VERSE 2

D G D A7
This union maid was wise to the tricks of the company spies. She'd never be fooled by
D A7 D
a company stool, she'd always organize the guys. She'd always get her way when she
G D A7 D A7
asked for better pay, she'd show her card to the company guard and this is what she'd
D D7
Say,

CHORUS

D G D A7 D
A woman's struggle is hard even **with** a union card. She's got to stand on her own two
A7 D G
feet and not be a servant of the male elite. It's time to take a stand, keep working hand
D A7 D A7 D
in hand. There's a job that's got to be done and a fight that's got to be won.

CHORUS, and then, one more time!

Hard Travelin' by Woody Guthrie (1941)

[Verse 1]

G G
I been a-havin' some hard travellin', I thought you knowed,
D7
I been a-havin' some hard travellin', way down the road,
G G7 C C7
I been a-havin' some hard travellin', hard ramblin', hard gamblin',
D7 G
I been havin' some hard travellin', Lord.

[Verse 2]

G G
I been hittin' some hard harvestin', I thought you knowed,
D7
I been hittin' some rough handlin', way down the road,
G G7 C C7
Cut that wheat and stack that hay, tryin' to make about a dollar a day,
D7 G
I been havin' some hard travellin', Lord.

[Verse 3]

G G
I been hittin' that Lincoln Highway, I thought you knowed,
D7
I been a-hittin' that sixty-six, way down the road,
G G7 C C7
Heavy load and worried mind, lookin' for a woman that's hard to find,
D7 G
I been havin' some hard travellin', Lord.

[Verse 4]

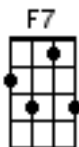
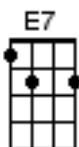
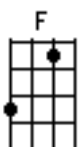
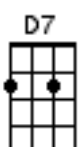
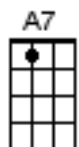
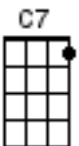
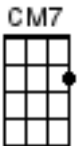
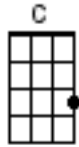
G C G
I been a-havin' some hard travellin', I thought you knowed,
D7
I been a-havin' some hard travellin', way down the road,
G G7 C C7
I been a-havin' some hard travellin', hard ramblin', hard gamblin',
D7 G
I been havin' some hard travellin', Lord.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY BLUES

Written by Jesse "Lonecat" Fuller (1954)

KEY: C
SHUFFLE GROOVE

Starting Note: G



Ellen-Banjo Uke **BAND starts strumming**

INTRO: C// Cmaj7/ C7/ A7//// D7//// G7//// C//// C////

VERSE 1: I got the blues when my baby left me by the San Francisco Bay
 F//// F//// C//// C7////

The ocean liner's gone so far a-way

I didn't mean to treat her so bad, she was the best girl I e----- -ver had
 D7 //// D7//// G7//// G7////

Said good-bye, made me cry, 'wanna lay down an die.

VERSE 2: I haven't got a nickel and I ain't got a lousy dime
 F//// F//// E7//// E7////

She don't come back, I think I'm gonna' lose my m---i---n---d

If she ever comes back to stay it's gonna be another brand new day
 D7//// G7 //// C//// G7////

Walkin' with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay

KAZOO INSTRUMENTAL w/Ukulele Accompaniment : C//// F//// C//// C7////

F//// F//// C//// C7////

F//// F7//// C// Cmaj7/ C7/ A7////

D7 //// D7//// G7//// G7////

VERSE 3: Sittin' down looking from my backdoor, wonderin' which way to go
 F//// F//// C//// C////

Woman I'm so crazy about she don't love me no more

Think I'll catch me a freight train cuz I'm fee---eeel----in' blue
 D7//// D7//// G7/ TACET G7////

Ride all the way to the end of the line thinkin' only of you.

VERSE 4: Mean-while livin' in the city, just about to go insane
 F//// F//// E7//// E7////

Thought I heard my baby, Lord, the way she used to call my name

If she ever comes back to stay, it's gonna' be another br---a-n-d new day
 D7//// G7//// C//// A7////

Walkin' with my baby down by the San Francisco B---a---a---y

Walkin' with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay ---a-a-y ---ay----ay---ay
 D7//// G7//// C// Cmaj7/ C7/ A7////

Yeah, walkin' with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay!
 D7//// G7//// C//// C/ G7/ C/

LITTLE BOXES by Malvina Reynolds (1962)

Waltz Tempo

Verse 1

 C C F C
Little boxes on the hillside, little boxes made of ticky-tacky
 C G7 C G7
Little boxes on the hillside, little boxes all the same
 C C F C
There's a green one, and a pink one, and a blue one, and a yellow one
 C G7 G7 C
And they're all made out of ticky-tacky, and they all look just the same

Verse 2

 C C F C
And the people in the houses, all went to the uni-versity
 C G7 C G7
Where they were put in boxes, and they came out all the same
 C C F C
And there's doctors, and there's lawyers, and business executives
 C G7 G7 C
And they're all made out of ticky-tacky, and they all look just the same

Verse 3

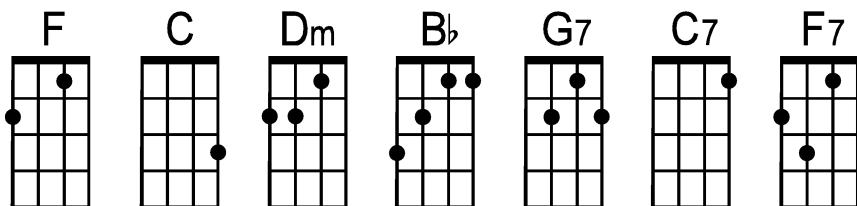
 C C F C
And they all play on the golf course, and drink their martinis dry
 C G7 C G7
And they all have pretty children, and the children go to school
 C C F C
And the children go to summer camp, and then to the university
 C G7 G7 C
Where they are put in boxes, and they come out all the same

Verse 4

 C C F C
And the boys go into business, and marry and raise a family
 C G7 C G7
In boxes made of ticky-tacky, and they all look just the same
 C C F C
There's a green one, and a pink one, and a blue one, and a yellow one
 C G7 G7 C
And they're all made out of ticky-tacky, and they all look just the same

Don't Think Twice, It's Alright (key of F)

by Bob Dylan (1963)



Intro: F . C . | Dm . Bb . | F . C . | F . C
(sing f g a)

. | F . C . | Dm . . . |
An' it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe

Bb . . . | F . C
If'n you don't know by now

. | F . C . | Dm . . . |
An' it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe

G7 . . . | C . C7
It'll never do some-how

. | F . . . | F7 . . . |
When your rooster— crows at the break— of dawn

Bb . . . | G7 . . . |
Look out— your window and— I'll be gone

F . C . | Dm . Bb . |
You're the reason I'm a travel-in' on

F . C . | F . C . |
Don't think twice, it's al-right

Harmonica: F . C . | Dm . . . | Bb . . . | F . .

. | F . C . | Dm . . . |
An' it ain't no use in turnin' on your light, babe

| Bb . . . | F . C
The light I never knowed

. | F . C . | Dm . . . |
An' it ain't no use in turnin' on your light, babe

G7 . . . | C . C7
I'm on the dark side of the road

. | F . . . | F7 . . . |
But I wish there— was somethin' you would do or say

| Bb . . . | G7 . . . |
To try and make me change my mind and stay

F . C . | Dm . Bb . |
We never did too much talkin' any—way

| F . C . | F . C . |
But don't think twice, it's al-right

Harmonica: F . C . | Dm . . . | Bb . . . | F . .

. | **F** . . . **C** . . . | **Dm** |
 No it ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal
Bb | **F** . . **C**
 Like you never done be-fore
 . | **F** . . . **C** . . . | **Dm** |
 An' it ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal
G7 | **C** . . **C7**
 I can't hear you any- more
 . | **F** | **F7** |
 I'm a thinkin' and a wonderin', walkin' down the road
 | **Bb** | **G7** |
 I once loved a woman, a child I'm told
 | **F** . . . **C** . . . | **Dm** . . . **Bb** . . |
 I give her my heart but she wanted my soul
F . . . **C** . . . | **F** . . . **C** . . |
 Don't think twice, it's al- right

Harmonica: **F** . . **C** . . | **Dm** | **Bb** | **F**

. | **F** . . . **C** . . . | **Dm** |
 So long—ong honey babe
 . | **Bb** | **F** . . **C** . . |
 Where I'm bound, I can't tell
F . . . **C** . . . | **Dm** |
 Good-bye's too good a word, babe
G7 | **C** . . **C7** . . |
 So I'll just say fare thee well
F | **F7** |
 I ain't a sayin' you treated me un-kind
 | **Bb** | **G7** |
 You coulda done better but, I don't mind
F . . . **C** . . . | **Dm** . . . **Bb** . . |
 You just kinda wasted my— precious time
 | **F** . . . **C** . . . | **F** | **F** . . . **C** . . . | **F**
 But don't think twice, it's al- right. Don't think twice, it's al- right

SINGLE GIRL MEDLEY Hedy West (1963)

“Single Girl” Traditional, adapted by AP Carter. Recorded by The Carter Family (1927)
4/4 Time

INTRO: G/// G///

Verse 1: A single life is a happy life; a single life is lovely. I am single and no man's
wife, and no man can con-trol me. Some will court you for a while, only to de-ceive
you, and when they've found they've won your heart, they'll run away and leave you.

Verse 2: I don't want a roving man, a man with too much money. All I want is a nice
young man to kiss and call me, "honey." Some will come on Saturday night, and some
will come on Sunday. If you give 'em half the chance, they'll stay with you 'til Monday.
(tune change)

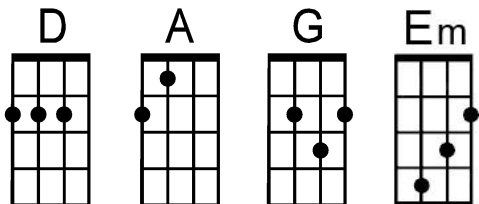
Verse 3: When I was single, marryin's all I craved. Now that I'm married, Lord, I'm
troubled to my grave. Wish I was a single girl a-gain. Dishes to wash; the spring to go
to. I ain't got no one to help me, Lord. I got it all to do. Wish I was a single girl a-gain.

Verse 4: Single girl, single girl, goin' where she please. A married girl, a married girl,
has a baby on her knees. A single girl will go to town and buy and buy and buy. A
married girl stays at home and rocks the cradle and cries.
A single girl a single girl you had better stay, don't become a married girl and wish your
life a-way.
(tune change)

Verse 5: When I was single, marryin's all I craved. Now, that I'm married, Lord. I'm
troubled to my grave. I wish I was a single girl a-gain!

Mr. Tambourine Man

by Bob Dylan (as played by The Byrds)



D 0 2-0 | A . . . | D 0 2-0 | A . . . |

A 0 2-0 | 3-2-0 0 0 | 0 2-0 | 3-2-0 0 0 |

E 3-2-0 | 0 0 0 | 0 2-0 | 3-2-0 0 0 |

C 2 | 2 2-2 2 | 2 | 2 2-2 |

G

Chorus: Hey— Mis-ter Tam-bour-ine Man, play a— song for me—
 I'm not sleep-y and there ain't no place I'm go-in' to—
 Hey— Mis-ter Tam-bour-ine Man, play a— song for me—
 In the jin-gle jan-gle mor-nin' I'll come fol—low-in' you—

G . . . | A . . . | D . . . | G . . .
 Take me on a trip u—pon your ma-gic swirl-in' ship
 . | D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . .
 My sens-es have been stripped, and my hands can't feel to grip
 . . | D . . . | G . . . | D . . . |
 And my toes too numb to step, wait— on-ly for my
 G . . . | A . . . | . . .
 Boot heels to be wan-der-in'—
 . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . | G . . .
 I'm rea-dy to go an-y—where, I'm rea-dy for to fade—
 . | D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . .
 In—to my own pa—rade—, cast your dan-cin' spell my way—
 . . | Em . . . | A . . . | . . . |
 I— pro—mise to go un—der it—

Chorus: Hey— Mis-ter Tam-bour-ine Man, play a— song for me—
 I'm not sleep-y and there ain't no place I'm go-in' to—
 Hey— Mis-ter Tam-bour-ine Man, play a— song for me—
 In the jin-gle jan-gle mor-nin' I'll come fol—low-in' you—

D 0 2-0 | A . . . | D 0 2-0 | A . . . |

A 0 2-0 | 3-2-0 0 0 | 0 2-0 | 3-2-0 0 0 |

E 3-2-0 | 0 0 0 | 0 2-0 | 3-2-0 0 0 |

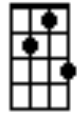
C 2 | 2 2-2 2 | 2 | 2 2-2 |

G

PINEY WOOD HILLS by Buffy Saint-Marie, 1965

Arrangement by Ellen Bloom (2025)

G7sus4



Key of C, Waltz Time

Verse 1: I'm a rambler and a rover, and a wanderer it seems. I've traveled all over, chasing after my
dreams, but a dream should come true, and a heart should be filled, and a life should be lived
In the Piney Wood Hills.

Verse 2: I'll return to the woodlands, I'll return to the snow, I'll return to the hills, and the valley be-low
I'll return like a poor man, or a king if God wills, but I'm on my way home to the Piney Wood Hills.

Bridge: I was raised on a song there. I done right, I done wrong there, and it's true I be-long there,
And it's true it's my home.

Verse 3: From ocean to ocean, I've rambled and roamed,
and soon I'll re-turn to my Piney Wood home. Maybe some day I'll find someone who will
Love as I love my Piney Wood Hills.

Bridge: I was raised on a song there. I done right, I done wrong there, and it's true I be-long there,
And it's true it's my home.

Verse 4: I'll return to the woodlands. I'll return to the snow. I'll return to the hills and the valley
be-low. I'll return like a poor man or a king if God will, but I'm on my way home to the Piney Wood
Hills.

HOLD EACH OTHER UP

Cathy Fink (2020)
Arrangement by
Ellen Bloom

KEY: C
4/4 TIME
SHUFFLE
Starting Note: G

C



F



G



G7



Am



C7



INTRO: C /// G /// C ///

CHORUS: We're gonna hold each other up gonna lift each other high.
Gonna love each other better than be-fore. This old world will keep on turning
And our hearts will keep on yearning for each other when the world is so un-sure.

VERSE: We've seen troubles in the past some gone by and some that last.
And there's one thing that can help us all get by
If we listen to our hearts each new day's a brand new start
We can love each other better if we try.

CHORUS: We're gonna hold each other up gonna lift each other high.
Gonna love each other better than be-fore. This old world will keep on turning
And our hearts will keep on yearning for each other when the world is so un-sure.

INSTRUMENTAL SOLO, SAME CHORD SEQUENCE AS VERSE

VERSE: We have time to be kind. It's a time to remind
That deep down our differences are few. And every minute weighs
Turning worries into days. We believe that our love will bring us through.

C L A P

CHORUS: We're gonna hold each other up gonna lift each other high.
Gonna love each other better than before. This old **world** will keep on turning
And our hearts will keep on yearning for each other when the world is so unsure.

CHORUS: We're gonna hold each other up gonna lift each other high.
Gonna love each other better than be-fore. This old world will keep on turning
And our hearts will keep on yearning for each other when the world is so
un-su-u-u-ure