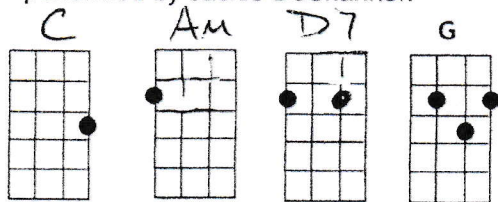


Put A Little Love In Your Heart ~ written by Jackie DeShannon, Randy Myers, Billy Holiday

~ performed by Jackie DeShannon



48

INTRO: [C] [C] [C] [C]

[G] Think of your fellow man, lend him a helping hand

[C] Put a little love in your [G] heart

You see, it's getting late, oh, please don't hesitate

[C] Put a little love in your [G] heart

CHORUS:

And the world will be a [Am] better [D7] place

And the [G] world will be a [Am] better [D7] place, for you and me

You just wait and see

[G] Another day goes by, and still the children cry

[C] Put a little love in your [G] heart

If you want the world to know, we won't let hatred grow

[C] Put a little love in your [G] heart

CHORUS:

And the world will be a [Am] better [D7] place

And the [G] world will be a [Am] better [D7] place, for you and me

You just wait and see

[G] Take a good look around and if you're lookin' down

[C] Put a little love in your [G] heart

I hope when you decide, kindness will be your guide

[C] Put a little love in your [G] heart

CHORUS:

And the world will be a [Am] better [D7] place

And the [G] world will be a [Am] better [D7] place, for you (*for you) and me (*and me)

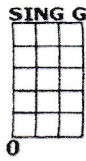
You just wait (*just wait) and see

[C] Put a little love in your [G] heart (each and every day)

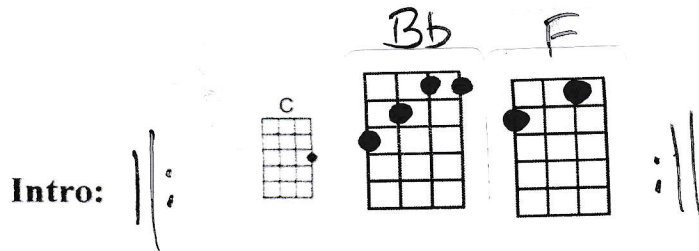
[C] Put a little love in your [G] heart (there's no other way)

[C] Put a little love in your [G] heart (it's up to you)

[C] Put a little love in your [G] heart (a little [C] love in your [G] heart) (C) (F) (C)



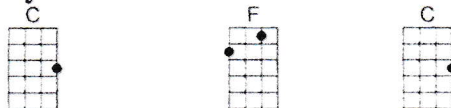
TRY A LITTLE KINDNESS-Curt Sapaugh/Bobby Austin



If you see your brother standin' by the road



With a heavy load from the seeds he's sowed



And if you see your sister fallin' by the way



Just stop and say, "You're goin' the wrong way."



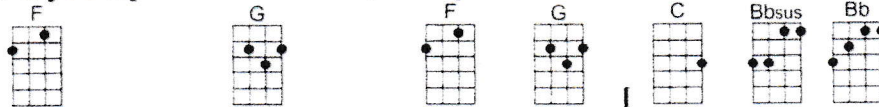
You've got to try a little kindness, yes, show a little kindness



Just shine your light for everyone to see

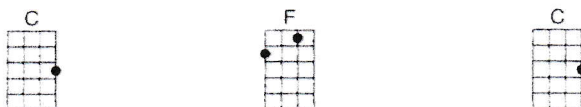


And if you try a little kindness, then you'll overlook the blindness



Same as
Intro
X4

Of narrow-minded people on the narrow-minded streets



Don't walk a-round the down and out



Lend a helpin' hand instead of doubt

p.2. Try a Little Kindness



And the kindness that you show every day



Will help some-one along their way



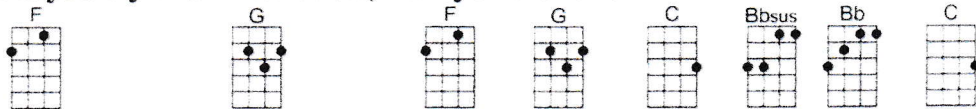
You've got to try a little kindness, yes, show a little kindness



Just shine your light for everyone to see



And if you try a little kindness, then you'll overlook the blindness



Of narrow-minded people on the narrow-minded streets

Same as Intro



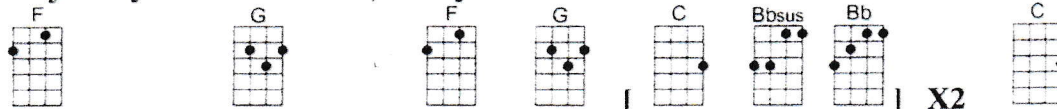
You've got to try a little kindness, yes, show a little kindness



Just shine your light for everyone to see



And if you try a little kindness, then you'll overlook the blindness

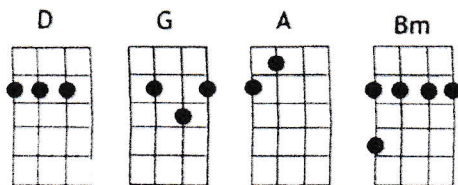


Of narrow-minded people on the narrow-minded streets

Same as Intro

Teach Your Children

Written by Graham Nash, Performed by Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young



Guitar Capo 2
(N/C) = no chord
51

INTRO (Bob on lead, we strum): D//// //// G//// //// D//// //// A//// ////

[D] You who are on the [G] road

Must have a [D] code that you can [A] live by

And [D] so become your-[G]-self

Because the [D] past is just a [A] goodbye

[D] Teach your children [G] well

Their father's [D] hell did slowly [A] go by

And [D] feed them on your [G] dreams

The one they [D] pick's the one you'll [A] know by

[D] Don't you ever ask them [G] why

If they told you, you would [D] cry

So just look at them and [Bm] sigh //// [G] //// (A)

(N/C) And know they [D] love you //// [G] //// //// [D] //// //// [A] //// / (/)

And [D] you of tender [G] years

Can you hear? Can't know the [D] fears *Do you care?* that your elders [A] grew by

Can you see you And so please [D] help *must be free to* them with your [G] youth

Teach your children what They seek the [D] truth *you believe in* before they [A] can die

Make a world that [D] Teach your parents [G] well *we can live in*

Their children's [D] hell will slowly [A] go by

And [D] feed them on your [G] dreams

The one they [D] pick's the one you'll [A] know by

[D] Don't you ever ask them [G] why

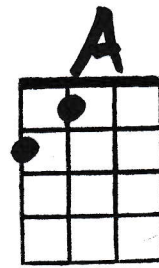
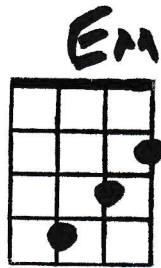
If they told you, you will [D] cry

So just look at them and [Bm] sigh //// [G] //// (A)

(N/C) And know they [D] love you //// //// [G] //// //// [D] //// [A] //// [D] //// //

Woodstock

E^m

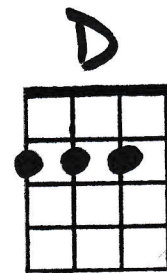
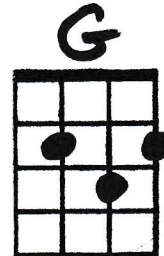


52

1. Well, I came upon a child of God,
 he was walking along the road,
 and I asked him, tell me where are you going ? This he told me.
 Said, I'm going down to Yasgur's Farm,
 gonna join in a rock and roll band,
 got to get back to the land and set my soul free.

We are stardust, we are golden, we are billion year old carbon,
and we've got to get ourselves back to the gar.....den.

2. Well, then, can I walk beside you ?
 I have come here to lose the smog,
 and I feel as I'm a cog in something turning.
 And maybe it's the time of year,
 yes, and maybe it's the time of man.
 and I don't know who I am, but life is for learning.



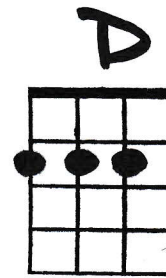
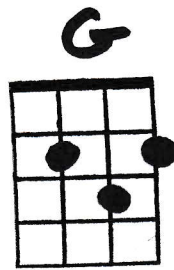
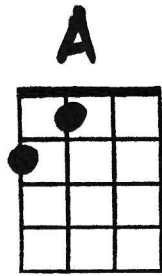
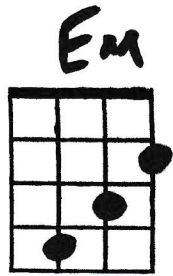
+ CHORUS + E-A-A-E^m + CHORUS

3. By the time we got to Woodstock
 we were half a million strong,

A

E^Λ

and everywhere was a song and a celebration.

E^Λ

And I dreamed I saw the bombers, jet planes

A

riding shotgun in the sky,

A

E^Λ

turning into butterflies above our nation.

A

E^Λ

A

E^Λ

We are stardust, we are golden, we are billion year old carbon,

G

D

A - E^Λ

and we've got to get ourselves back to the gar.....den.

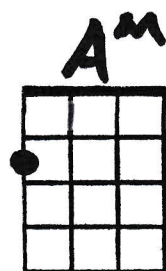
E^Λ ~ ~

(Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young)

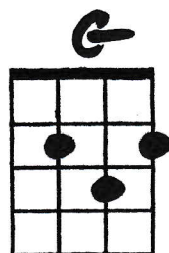
Ohio

^{'''}A-C-G - ^{'''}A-C-G (4x)

53



1. [^]A Tin soldiers and Nixon coming, we're finally on our own,
[^]A C G - [^]A C G
this Summer I hear them drumming, four dead in Ohio.



[^]Dm - G
Gotta get down to it, soldiers are cutting us down.

[^]Dm G
should have been done long ago.

[^]Dm - G
What if you knew her and, found her dead on the ground ?

[^]Dm G
How can you run when you know ?



- [^]A ~ ~ + [^]A-C-G - [^]A-C-G (2x)

[^]A C G
La la la la, la la, la la. (4x)

+ CHORUS + [^]A ~ ~ + [^]A-C-G - [^]A-C-G (2x)

[^]A C G - [^]A C G
2. Tin soldiers and Nixon coming, we're finally on our own,
[^]A C G - [^]A C G
this Summer I hear them drumming, four dead in Ohio.

[^]A CG - [^]A CG
Four dead in Ohio. Four dead in Ohio.

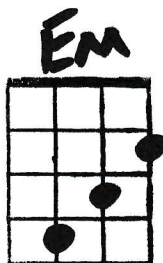
[^]A CG - [^]A CG
Four dead in Ohio. Four dead in Ohio

(Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young)

Chicago

54

Em ~



Em

1. So your brother's bound and gagged,

Em

and they've chained him to a chair.

D

Won't you, please, come to Chicago just to sing.

Em

In a land that's known as freedom.

Em

How can such a thing be fair ?

D

Won't you, please, come to Chicago for the help that we can bring.

D-C

* Bm (7)

D-C

Bm

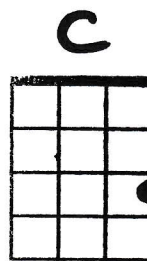
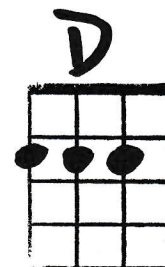
We can cha.....nge the world, rearra.....nge the world.

A

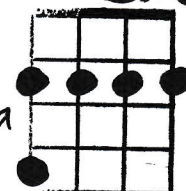
Em

It's dying to get better.

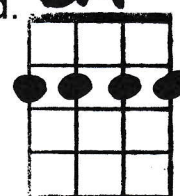
+ Em ~



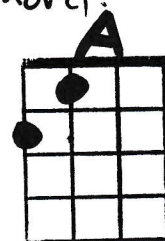
Bm



* Bm7



Use either chord.



Em

2. Politicians, sit yourselves down, there's nothing for you here.

D

Em

Won't you, please, come to Chicago for a ride.

Em

Don't ask Jack to help you `cause he'll turn the other ear.

D

Em

Won't you, please, come to Chicago or else join the other side.

D-C

Bm

D-C

Bm

We can cha.....nge the world, rearra.....nge the world.

A

It's dying, if you believe in justice !

A

It's dying, and if you believe in freedom !

A

It's dying, let a man live his own life !

A

D

C

It's dying, rules and regulations, who needs them, open up the door.

+ Em ~ ~

Em

Somehow people must be free,

Em

I hope the day comes soon.

D

Em

Won't you, please, come to Chicago, show your face ?

Em

From the bottom of the ocean

Em

to the mountains of the moon.

D

Em

Won't you, please, come to Chicago, no one else can take your place.

D-C

Bm

D-C

Bm

We can cha.....nge the world, rearra.....nge the world.

-

A

It's dying, if you believe in justice !

A

It's dying, and if you believe in freedom !

A

It's dying, let a man live his own life !

A

D

C

It's dying, rules and regulations, who needs them, open up the door.

-

--- + D - C-Bm (3x)

D-C

Bm

+ We can cha.....nge the world ! (6x)

(Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young)

Immigrant Eyes by Guy Clark

55

C

Old Ellis Island was swarming,

F

Dm

Like a scene from a costume ball,

G7

Decked out in the colors of Europe,

F

G7

C

On fire with the hope of it all,

C

There my father's own father stood huddled

F

Dm

With the tired and the hungry and scared,

G7

The turn of the century pilgrims,

F

G7

C

Bound by the dream that they shared 2 3 1 2

C

They were standing in line just like cattle,

F

Dm

They were poked and sorted and shoved;

G7

Some were one desk away from sweet freedom;

F

G7

C

Some were torn from someone they loved.

C

Through this sprawling tower of Babel

F

Dm

Came a young man confused and a-lone

G7

De-termined and bound for America;

F

G7

C

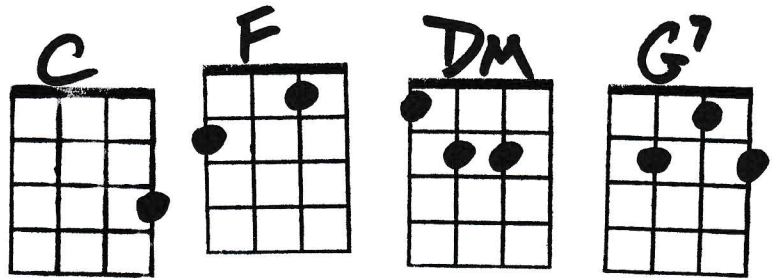
Carrying every-thing that he owned 2 3 1 2

Chorus

F

C

Some-times when I look in my grandfather's immigrant eyes



G7 C
 I see that day reflected and I can't hold my feelings in-side
 F C
 I see starting with nothing and working hard all of his life
 G7 F G7 C
 'Don't take it for granted' say Grandfather's immigrant eyes 2 3 1 2 3

G 2 3 G 2 3 G 2 3 G 2 3 C 2 3 C 2 3 Am 2 3 Am 2 3

D 2 3 D 2 3 D 2 3 D 2 3 C 2 3 D 2 3 G 2 3 G 2
 C

Now he rocks and he stares out the window

F Dm
 But his eyes are still just as clear

G7
 As the day he sailed into the harbor

F C
 To land on the island of tears

C
 My grandfather's days they are numbered

F Dm
 But I won't let his memory die

G7
 For he gave me the gift of this country

F G7
 And the look in his immigrant eyes 2 3 1 2

Chorus

F C
 Some-times when I look in my grandfather's immigrant eyes
 G7 C
 I see that day reflected and I can't hold my feelings in-side
 F C
 I see starting with nothing and working hard all of his life
 G7 F G7 C
 'Don't take it for granted' say Grandfather's immigrant eyes 2 3 1 2 3
 F C
 Some-times when I look in my grandfather's immigrant eyes

G7			C
I	see	that day reflected and I can't hold my feelings in-side	
F			C
I	see	starting with nothing and working hard all of his life	
G7		F	G7 C
'Don't	take it for granted'	say Grandfather's immigrant eyes	
G7		F	G7 C
'Don't	take it for granted'	say Grandfather's immigrant eyes	2 3 1 2 3

Deportees

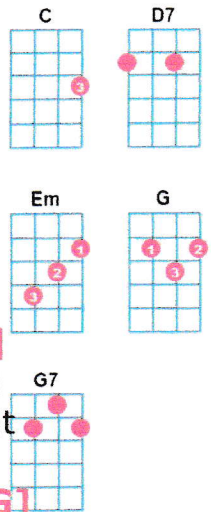
56

key:G, artist:Arlo Guthrie writer:Woody Guthrie, Martin Hoffman

(Strum G) | 1 2 3 | 1 2 "The | crops ..."

The [G] crops are all [G] in and the [C] peaches are [G] rotting [G]

The [G] oranges [G] piled in their [C] creosote [G] dumps [G]
They're [C] flying you [C] back to the [G] Mexican [Em] border
To [G] pay all your [Em] money, to [C] wade back a-[G]
gain{23} [G]{123}



My [G] Father's own [G] father, he [C] waded that [G] river [G]
They [G] took all the [G] money he [C] made in his [G] life [G]
My [C] brothers and [C] sisters come [G] working the [Em] fruit
trees

And [G] they rode the [Em] trucks till they [C] laid down and [G]
died{23} [G]{12}

CHORUS

Good-[C] bye to my [C] Juan, good-[G] bye Rosa-[G] lita

Adi-[D7] os mi a-[D7] migos, Je- [G] sus y Ma-[G7] ria

You [C] won't have a [C] name when you [G] ride the big [Em] airplane

[G] All they will [Em] call you will [C] be depor-[G] tees{23} [G]{123} [G]
{123} [G]{123}

[G] Some of us are ill-[G] egal, and [C] others not [G] wanted [G]
Our [G] work contract's [G] out and we [C] have to move [G] on [G]

[C] Six hundred [C] miles to the [G] Mexican [Em] border

They [G] chase us like [Em] outlaws, like [C] rustlers and [G] thieves{23}
[G]{123}

We [G] died in your [G] hills, we [C] died in your [G] deserts [G]

We [G] died in your [G] valleys, and [C] died on your [G] plains [G]

We [C] died 'neath your [C] trees, and we [G] died in your [Em] bushes

Both [G] sides of the [Em] river, we [C] died just the [G] same{23} [G]{12}
TO CHORUS

The [G] sky plane caught [G] fire over [C] Los Gatos [G] canyon [G]

Like a [G] fireball of [G] lightning it [C] shook all our [G] hills [G]

[C] Who are these [C] friends, all [G] scattered like [Em] dry leaves?

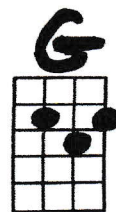
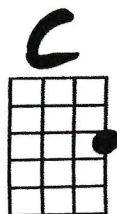
The [G] radio [Em] says they are [C] just deport-[G] ees{23} [G]{123}

Is [G] this the best [G] way we can [C] grow our big [G] orchards? [G]

Is [G] this the best [G] way we can [C] grow our good [G] fruit? [G]

To [C] fall, like [C] dry leaves and [G] rot on your [Em] topsoil

And to [G] be called no [Em] name, ex-[C] cept depor-[G] tees {23} [G]
{12} TO CHORUS



57
Play along w/ the
YouTube video on
my website!

The Dreamer

[C]As the child, when she crossed the border to re[F]unite with her [C]father
Who had [F]traveled north to sup[C]port her so many [G]years before.
She left [C]half her family behind her and with a [F]crucifix to re[C]mind her
She [F]pledged her future to [C]this land and does the [G]best that she can [C]do.

Chorus:

[F] [C]

A donde van los sueños

Ah dawn-day vahn los sway-nyos

[Am] [G]

nacidos de la fe y la ilusión

nah-see-dos [de] la fay ee la ee-loo-see-yon

[F] [C]

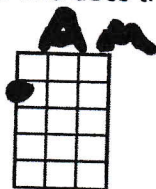
donde no hay camino ni huella

dawn-day no eye kah-me-no knee way-yuh

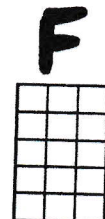
[G] [C]

solo deseos que susurran al corazón

solo day-say-os/kay su-surr-uhn/ahl kor-ah-sawn



[G]Eagles fly on columns of the [C]wind. [G]Fish swim the currents of the [C]sea
[F]People cross oceans and deserts, and [Am]rivers.
Carrying [G]nothing more than the dream of what life could be.



[C]Today she got the order they're [F]taking steps to de[C]port her
To [F]send her back over the [C]border and tear her [G]away from the life she has made
We don't see [C]half the people around us well we i[F]magine enemies that sur[C]round us
And the [F]walls that we've built be[C]tween us keep us [G]prisoners of our [C]fears

Chorus:

[F] [C]

A donde van los sueños

Ah dawn-day vahn los sway-nyos

[Am] [G]

nacidos de la fe y la ilusión

nah-see-dos [de] la fay ee la ee-loo-see-yon

[F] [C]

donde no hay camino ni huella

dawn-day no eye kah-me-no knee way-yuh

[G] [C]

solo deseos que susurran al corazón

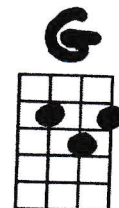
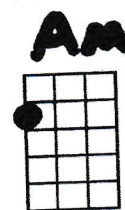
solo day-say-os/kay su-surr-uhn/ahl kor-ah-sawn

Where do the dreams go

Born of faith and illusion

Where there is no road or footprint

Only desires that whisper to your heart {2X}

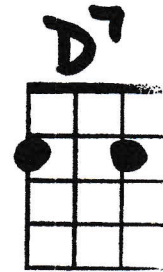
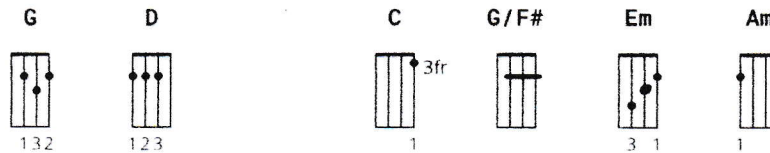


Whos Gonna Build Your Wall Chords by Torn Russell

Difficulty: intermediate

Tuning: E A D G B E

CHORDS



[Verse 1]

G D
I got 800 miles of open border right outside my door
D7 C G
There's Minute Men in little pickup trucks who've declared their own dang war
G D
Now the government wants to build a barrier, like old Berlin, eight feet tall
D7 C G
But if Uncle Sam sends the illegals home, who's gonna build the wall?

[Chorus]

G C G
Who's gonna build your wall, boys? Who's gonna mow your lawn?
G G/F# Em D
Who's gonna cook your Mexican food when your Mexican maid is gone?
G C Am
Who's gonna wax the floors tonight down at the local mall?
G G/F# Em D G
Who's gonna wash your baby's face? Who's gonna build your wall?

[Verse 2]

G D
Now I ain't got no politics, so don't lay that rap on me
D7 C G
Left wing, right wing, up wing, down wing, I see strip malls from sea to shining sea
G D
It's the fat cat white developer, who's created this whole damn squall
D7 C G
It's a pyramid scheme of dirty jobs and who's gonna build your wall?

[Chorus]

G C G
Who's gonna build your wall, boys? Who's gonna mow your lawn?
G G/F# Em D
Who's gonna cook your Mexican food when your Mexican maid is gone?
G C Am
Who's gonna wax the floors tonight down at the local mall?

G **G/F#** **Em** **D** **G**
Who's gonna wash your baby's face? Who's gonna build your wall?

[Verse 3]

G
D
 We've got fundamentalist Muslims, we've got fundamentalist Jews
D7
C
G
 We've got fundamentalist Christians, they'll blow the whole thing up for you
G
D
 But as I travel around this big old world, there's one thing that I most fear
D7
C
G
 It's a white man in a golf shirt, with a cell phone in his ear

[Chorus]

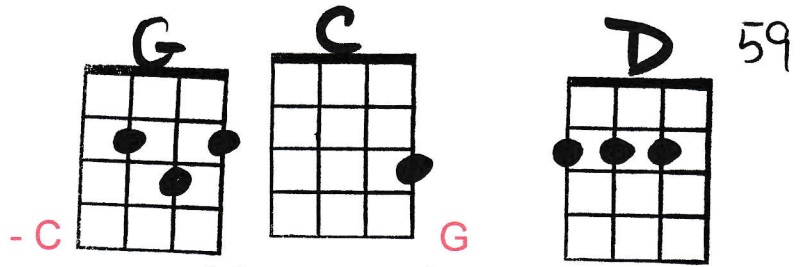
G C G
Who's gonna build your wall, boys? Who's gonna mow your lawn?
G G/F# Em D
Who's gonna cook your Mexican food when your Mexican maid is gone?
G C Am
Who's gonna wax the floors tonight down at the local mall?
G G/F# Em D G
Who's gonna wash your baby's face? Who's gonna build your wall?

[Reprise]

Yeah, who's gonna wash your baby's face? Who's gonna build your wall?

Before the deluge (1979)

G-C - G-C - G-C - G-D (2x)

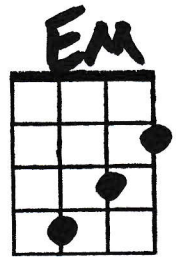


1. Some of them were dreamers, some of them were fools,
who were making plans and thinking of the future.

With the energy of the innocent, they were gathering the tools,
they would need to make their journey back to nature.

While the sand slipped through the opening,
and their hands reached for the golden ring,

with their hearts they turned to each other's heart for refuge,
in the troubled years that came before the deluge.



2. Some of them knew pleasure, and some of them knew pain,
and for some of them it was only the moment that mattered.

And on the brave and crazy wings of youth,
they went flying around in the rain,

and their feathers, once so fine, grew torn and tattered.

And in the end they traded their tired wings

for the resignation that living brings,
and exchanged love's bright and fragile glow

for the glitter and the rouge.

and in the moment they were swept before the deluge.

^G ^{- C-G-C}
Now let the music keep our spirits high,
^G ^{- C-G}
and let the buildings keep our children dry.
^D ^{G - C} ^{G - C}
Let creation reveal it's secrets, by and by, by and by,
^G ^C ^{G - D}
when the light that's lost within us reaches the sky.

^G ^C ^G
 3. Some of them were angry at the way the earth was abused,
^{Em} ^C ^{G - CG}
 by the men who learned how to forge her beauty into power.
^G ^C ^G
 And they struggled to protect her from them only to be confused,
^{Em} ^C ^{G - CG}
 by the magnitude of her fury in the final hour.
^{Em} ^G
 And when the sand was gone and the time arrived,
^C ^G
 in the naked dawn only a few survived,
^{Em} ^C ^D ^{- EmCD}
 and in attempts to understand a thing so simple and so huge,
^{Em} ^C ^{G - CG}
 believed that they were meant to live after the deluge.

+ CHORUS

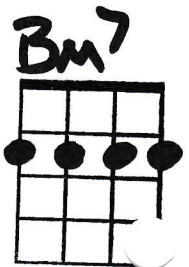
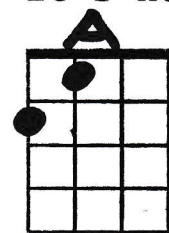
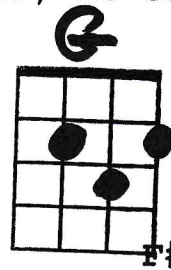
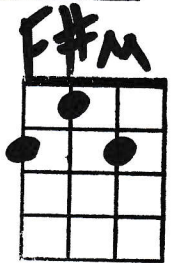
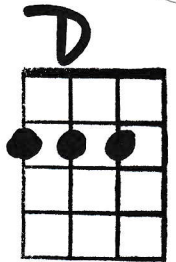
+ ^{G-C} ^{- G-C} ^{- G-C} ^{- G-D} (3x) ^{- G}

(Jackson Browne)

Enlightenment Chords by Van Morrison

[Verse]

D F#m Bm7 G
 Chop that wood, carry water, what's the sound of one
 hand clapping
 D A G D // A //
 Enlightenment, don't know what it is
 D F#m Bm7 G
 Every second, every minute, it keeps changin' to
 something different
 D A G //// D ////
 Enlightenment, don't know what it is
 A Bm7 G
 Enlightenment don't know what it is, it says it's non-
 attachment,
 A
 non-attachment, non-attachment



[Verse]

D
 I'm in the here and now, and now, and I'm meditating
 Bm G
 And still I'm suffering but that's my problem
 D A G D ////
 Enlightenment, don't know what it is... Wake up!

[Instrumental]

(Strum the eight previous bars/verse. Harmonica, opt.)

[Bridge]

A
 Enlightenment says the world is nothing, nothing but a
 Bm7 G A
 dream, everything's an illusion and nothing is real
 D F#m Bm7
 Good or bad baby, you can change it any way you want
 G
 You can rearrange it

D A G D // A //
Enlightenment, don't know what it is

[Verse]

D F#m Bm7 G
Chop that wood and carry water, what's the sound of one
hand clapping

D A G D // A //
Enlightenment, don't know what it is

[Verse]

D F#m
All around baby you can see
Bm7 G
You're making your own reality everyday because
D A G D // A //
Enlightenment, don't know what is

(Verse Strummed)

D A G
Enlightenment, don't know what it is, It's up
D // A //
to you

D A G
Enlightenment, don't know what it is, It's up
D // A //
to you, everyday

D A G
Enlightenment, don't know what it is, It's always up
D // A //
to you

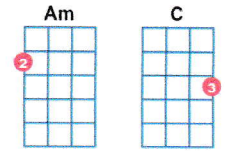
D A G
Enlightenment, don't know what it is, it's up
D
to you, the way you think

We Shall Overcome

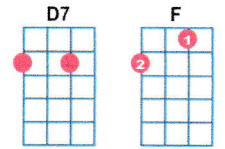
61

key:C, artist:Pete Seeger writer:Gospel traditional

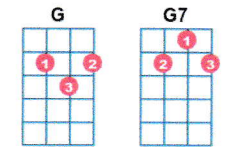
[C] We shall [F] over [C] come
[C] We shall [F] over [C] come
[C] We shall [F] o-[G] ver [Am] come [D7] some [G] day
[G7]



Oh [C] deep [F] in my [C] heart (I know that)
[F] I [G] do be [Am] lieve
[C] We shall [F] over [C] come [G] some [C] day [F] [C]



[C] We'll walk [F] hand in [C] hand
[C] We'll walk [F] hand in [C] hand
[C] We'll walk [F] hand [G] in [Am] hand [D7] some [G] day
[G7]



Oh [C] deep [F] in my [C] heart (I know that)
[F] I [G] do be-[Am] lieve
[C] We'll walk [F] Hand in [C] hand [G] some [C] day [F] [C]

[C] We shall [F] all be [C] free
[C] We shall [F] all be [C] free
[C] We shall [F] all [G] be [Am] free [D7] some [G] day [G7]

Oh [C] deep [F] in my [C] heart (I know that)
[F] I [G] do be [Am] lieve
[C] We shall [F] all be [C] free [G] some [C] day [F] [C]

[C] We are [F] not a [C] lone
[C] We are [F] not a [C] lone
[C] We are [F] not [G] a [Am] lone [D7] to [G] day [G7]

Oh [C] deep [F] in my [C] heart (I know that)
[F] I [G] do be-[Am] lieve
[C] We are [F] not a [C] lone [G] to [C] day [F] [C]

[C] We are [F] not a [C] fraid
[C] We are [F] not a [C] fraid
[C] We are [F] not [G] a-[Am] fraid [D7] any [G] more [G7]

Oh [C] deep [F] in our [C] hearts (we know that)
[F] we [G] do be [Am] lieve
[C] we are [F] not a-[C] fraid [G] any [C] more [F] [C]

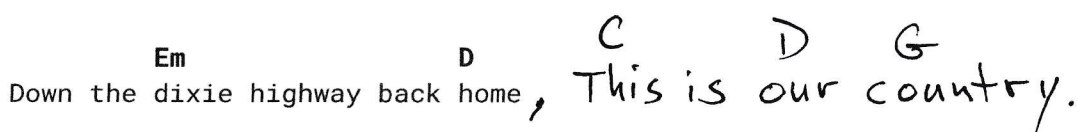
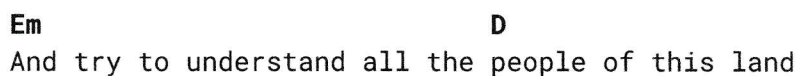
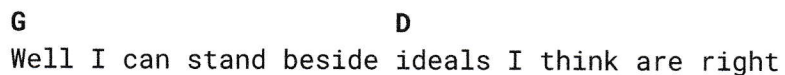
[C] We shall [F] over [C] come
[C] We shall [F] over [C] come
[C] We shall [F] o-[G] ver [Am] come [D7] some [G] day [C]

Oh [C] deep [F] in my [C] heart (I know that)

[F] I [G] do be-[Am] lieve

[C] We shall [F] over [C] come [G] some [C] day [F]

Tuning: E A D G B E



G **D**
That poverty could just another ugly thing

G **D**
And bigotry would be seen only as obscene

Em **D**
And the ones that understand help the poor and common man

C **D7** **G**
This is our country

Chorus:

G **D**
The dream is still alive someday it will come true

G **D**
And this country it belongs to folks like me and you

Em **D**
So let the voice of freedom sing out through this land

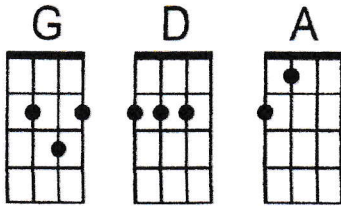
C **D** **G**
This is our country

Chorus (2X)

This Land is Your Land

by Woody Guthrie (1944)

62



Guitar Capo 2

Intro: D

Chorus: This land is your land— this land is my land—
 From Cali-for-nia— to the New York Is-land—
 From the redwood for-est— to the Gulf Stream wat-ers—
 This land— was made for you and me—

As I went walk-ing— that ribbon of high-way—
 I saw a-bove me— that endless sky-way—
 I saw be-low me— that golden val-ley—
 This land— was made for you and me—

Chorus: This land is your land— this land is my land—
 From Cali-for-nia— to the New York Is-land—
 From the redwood for-est— to the Gulf Stream wat-ers—
 This land— was made for you and me—

I roamed and ramb-led— and I followed my foot-steps—
 To the sparkling sands of— her diamond de-serts—
 While all a-round me— a voice was sound-ing—
 This land— was made for you and me—

Chorus: This land is your land— this land is my land—

From Cali-for-nia— to the New York Is-land—

From the redwood for-est— to the Gulf Stream wat-ers—

This land— was made for you and me—

When the sun came shin-ing— and I was strol-ling—

And the wheat fields wav-ing— and dust clouds roll-ing—

A voice was chant-ing— as the fog was lift-ing—

This land— was made for you and me—

Chorus: This land is your land— this land is my land—

From Cali-for-nia— to the New York Is-land—

From the redwood for-est— to the Gulf Stream wat-ers—

This land— was made for you and me—

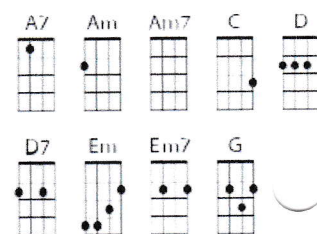
This land— was made for you and me—

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v2b - 11/12/18)

G↓ D↓ Em7↓ Am↓ C↓ Em↓ D↓
 A long long time ago, I can still remember how that music used to make me smile
 G// D// Em7 Am C
 And I knew if I had my chance, that I could make those people dance
 Em C D D
 And maybe they'd be happy for a while
 Em Am Em Am
 But February made me shiver with every paper I'd deliver
 C// G// Am C D
 Bad news on the doorstep I couldn't take one more step
 G// D// Em Am7 D
 I can't remember if I cried when I read about his widowed bride
 G// D// Em7// Am// C D7 G// C// G
 But something touched me deep inside, the day the music died. So

G// C// G// D//
 Bye bye, Miss American Pie
 G// C// G// D//
 Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry
 G// C// G// D//
 Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
 Em A7 Em D7 D7
 Singin' this'll be the day that I die, this'll be the day that I die



G Am C Am
 Did you write the Book of Love and do you have faith in God above
 Em D D
 If the Bible tells you so
 G// D// Em Am7 C
 Do you believe in rock n' roll, can music save your mortal soul
 Em A7 D D
 And can you teach me how to dance real slow
 Em D Em D
 Well, I know that you're in love with him cause I saw you dancin' in the gym
 C// G// A7 C D7
 You both kicked off your shoes, man, I dig those rhythm & blues
 G// D// Em Am C
 I was a lonely, teenage broncin' buck with a pink carnation and a pickup truck
 G// D// Em C D7 G// C// G
 But I knew I was out of luck the day the music died. I started singin'

<Chorus>

American Pie

(page 2)

Don McLean

G Am C Am
Now for ten years we've been on our own, and moss grows fat on a rollin' stone
Em D D G// D// Em
But that's not how it used to be When the Jester sang for the King and Queen
Am7 C Em A7 D D
In a coat he borrowed from James Dean and a voice that came from you and me
Em D Em D
Oh, and while the King was looking down the Jester stole his thorny crown
C// G// A7 C D7
The courtroom was adjourned, no verdict was returned
G// D// Em Am C
And while Lennon read a book on Marx, the court kept practice in the park
G// D// Em C D7 G// C// G
And we sang dirges in the dark the day the music died. And we were singin'

G// C// G// D//
Bye bye, Miss American Pie
G// C// G// D//
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry
G// C// G// D//
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
Em A7 Em D7 D7
Singin' this'll be the day that I die, this'll be the day that I die

G Am C Am
Helter Skelter in a summer swelter, the Byrds flew off with a fallout shelter
Em D D
Eight miles high and falling fast
G// D// Em Am7 C
It landed foul on the grass, the players tried for a forward pass
Em A7 D D
But the Jester's on the sidelines in a cast
Em D Em D
Now the half-time air was sweet perfume while Sargeants played a marching tune
C// G// A7 C D7
We all got up to dance, oh but we never got the chance
G// D// Em Am C
'Cause the players tried to take the field, the marching band refused to yield
G // D// Em C D7 G// C// G
Do you recall what was revealed the day the music died. We started singing

<Chorus>

American Pie (page 3)

Don McLean

Oh, and there we were, all in one place, a generation lost in space
G Am C Am
Em D D

With no time left to start again

So come on, Jack, be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack Flash sat on a candlestick
G// D// Em Am7 C
Em A7 D D

'Cause fire is the devil's only friend

As I watched him on the stage, my hands were clenched in fists of rage
Em D Em D
C// G// A7 C D7

No angel born in Hell, could break that Satan's spell

And as the flames climbed high into the night to light the sacrificial rite
G// D// Em C D7 G// C// G
G// D// Em C D7 G// C// G

I saw Satan laughing with delight the day the music died. He was singing

G// C// G// D//
Bye bye, Miss American Pie
G// C// G// D//
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry
G// C// G// D//
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
Em A7 Em D7 D7
Singin' this'll be the day that I die, this'll be the day that I die

G Am C Am
I met a girl who sang the blues and I asked her for some happy news
Em D D
But she just smiled and turned away
G// D// Em Am7 C
So I went down to the sacred store where I'd heard the music years before
Em A7 D D
But the man there said the music wouldn't play
Em D Em D
And in the streets the children screamed, the lovers cried, and the poets dreamed
C// G// A7 C D7
But not a word was spoken, the church bells all were broken
G// D// Em Am C
And the three men I admire most, the Father, Son and the Holy Ghost
G// D// Em C D7 G// C// G
They caught the last train for the coast the day the music died. And they were singin'

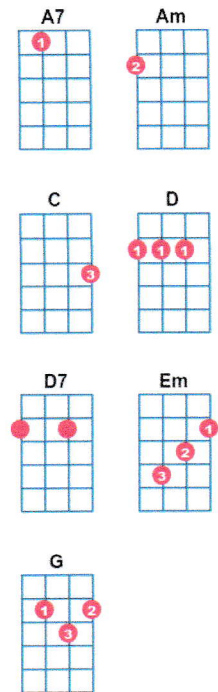
G// C// G// D//
Bye bye, Miss American Pie
G// C// G// D//
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry
G// C// G// D//
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
Em D7 G
Singin' this'll be the day that I die

American Pie

key:G, artist:Don MacLean writer:Don MacLean

64

A [G] long, [D] long [Em] time ago, [Am] I can still re-
[C]member how
That [Em] music used to [D] make me smile. [D7]
I [G] knew [D] if I [Em] had my chance that [Am] I could
make those [C] people dance
and [Em] maybe they'd be [C] happy for a [D] while.
But [Em] February [Am] made me shiver, [Em] with every
paper [Am] I'd deliver,
[C] Bad news [G] on the [Am] doorstep, I [C] couldn't take
one [D] more step.
I [G] can't re-[D]member [Em] if I cried when I [Am] read
about his [D] widowed bride,
[G] Something [D] touched me [Em] deep inside, the [C]
day, the [D7] music, [G] died.



So [G] Bye - [C] bye, Miss A-[G]merican [D] Pie,
drove my [G] chevy to the [C] levee but the [G] levee was
[D] dry,
Them [G] good ole' [C] boys were drinkin' [G] whiskey and [D] rye, singin'
[Em] This'll be the day that I [A7] die, [Em] this'll be the day that I [D] die.
[D7]

[G] Did you write the [Am] book of love and do [C] you have faith in [Am]
God above,
[Em] if the Bible [D] tells you so? [D7]
Now do [G] you be-[D]lieve in [Em] rock and roll,
can [Am] music save your [C] mortal soul and
[Em] Can you teach me [A7] how to dance real [D] slow?
Well, I [Em] know that you're in [D] love with him,
'cause I [Em] saw you dancing [D] in the gym.
You [C] both kicked [G] off your [A7] shoes, man I [C] dig those rhythm and
[D7] blues.
I was a [G] lonely [D] teenage [Em] broncin' buck
with a [Am] pink carnation and a [C] pick up truck,
but [G] I knew [D] I was [Em] out of luck the [C] day, the [D7] music, [G]
died. [C] [G]

So [G] Bye - [C] bye, Miss A-[G]merican [D] Pie,
drove my [G] chevy to the [C] levee but the [G] levee was [D] dry,
Them [G] good ole' [C] boys were drinkin' [G] whiskey and [D] rye, singin'
[Em] This'll be the day that I [A7] die, [Em] this'll be the day that I [D] die.
[D7]

[G] I met a [D] girl who [Em] sang the blues and I [Am] asked her for some
[C] happy news,
but [Em] she just smiled and [D] turned away. [D7]
[G] I went [D] down to the [Em] sacred store where I [Am] heard the music
[C] years before,
but the [Em] man there said the [C] music wouldn't [D] play.
And [Em] in the streets the [Am] children screamed,
the [Em] lovers cried and the [Am] poets dreamed,
but [C] not a [G] word was [Am] spoken, the [C] church bells all were [D]
broken.
And the [G] three men [D] I ad-[Em]mire most, the [Am] Father, Son and
the [D] Holy Ghost,
they [G] caught the [D] last train [Em] for the coast, the [C] day, the [Am]
mu-[D7]sic, [G] died.

[D] And they were singin'....
[G] Bye - [C] bye, Miss A-[G]merican [D] Pie,
drove my [G] chevy to the [C] levee but the [G] levee was [D] dry,
Them [G] good ole' [C] boys were drinkin' [G] whiskey and [D] rye, singin'
[C] This'll be the [D] day that I [G] die [C] [G]