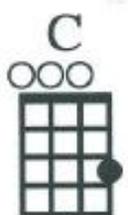
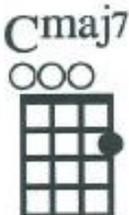
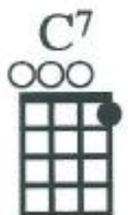
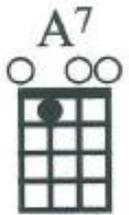


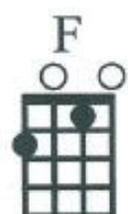
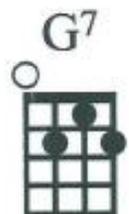
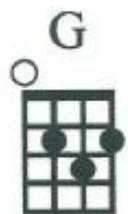
# 2025 Mardi Gras Songs (Revised 02/11/2025)

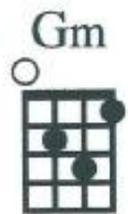
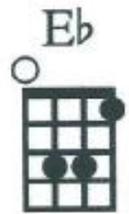
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**Common Chords**

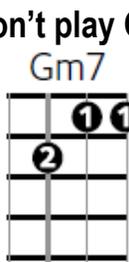
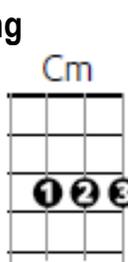
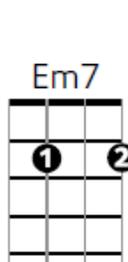
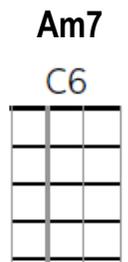
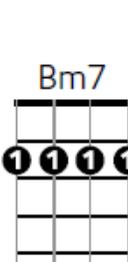
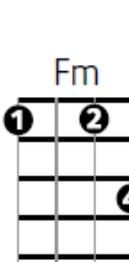
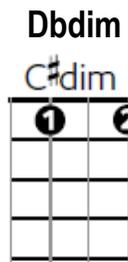
					
C	Cmaj7	C7	Am	A7	A
3	2	1	2	1	21

					
F	G7	G	E7	F#m	D
2 1	213	132	12 3	213	234

					
D7	Em	Dm	Gm	Eb	Bb
1 2	321	231	231	231	3211

					
B	B7	Bm	C#m	F7	E
3211	321	3111	3111 4fr	231	3331

Substitute for Bb,  
but don't play G string

						
Gm7	Cm	Em7	Am7	Bm7	Fm	Dbdim
			C6			C#dim

# When the Saints Go Marching In

Spiritual - Recorded by Louis Armstrong 1938

**Intro: C(4) G7(4) C(4 + 1)**

**Strum: Boom chucka**

**Sing: Low G**

**C** **C** **G7**  
Oh, when the saints go marching in, Oh, when the saints go marching in

**C C7 F** **C G7 C**  
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number When the, saints go marching in

**C** **C** **G7**  
Oh, when the sun begins to shine Oh, when the sun begins to shine

**C C7 F** **C G7 C**  
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number When the sun begins to shine

**C** **C** **G7**  
Oh, when the saints go marching in, Oh, when the saints go marching in

**C C7 F** **C G7 C**  
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number When the, saints go marching in

**C** **C** **G7**  
Oh, when the trumpet sounds the call Oh, when the trumpet sounds the call

**C C7 F** **C G7 C**  
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number When the trumpet sounds the call

**C** **C** **G7**  
Oh, when the saints go marching in, Oh, when the saints go marching in

**C C7 F** **C G7 C**  
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number When the, saints go marching in

# Iko Iko

Traditional: Performed by The Dixie Cups

**Intro:** F(4) C(4) F(8)

**Strum:** Pat – Pull ( 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + )

**Sing:** A string

**F** **C**  
My grandma and your grandma, were sittin' by the fire

My grandma told your grandma, "I'm gonna set your flag on fire" **F**

Talkin' 'bout hey now, (*hey now*), hey now, (*hey now*), Iko Iko un day (*whoah-oh*) **C**

Jockamo feeno ah na nay, jockamo feena nay **F**

**F** **C**  
Look at my king all dressed in red, Iko Iko un day

I betcha five dollars he'll kill you dead, jockamo feena nay **F**

Talkin' 'bout hey now, (*hey now*), hey now, (*hey now*), Iko Iko un day (*whoah-oh*) **C**

Jockamo feeno ah na nay, jockamo feena nay **F**

**F** **C**  
My flag boy and your flag boy, were sittin' by the fire

My flag boy told your flag boy, "I'm gonna set your flag on fire" **F**

Talkin' 'bout hey now, (*hey now*), hey now, (*hey now*), Iko Iko un day (*whoah-oh*) **C**

Jockamo feeno ah na nay, jockamo feena nay **F**

**F** See that guy all dressed in green, Iko Iko un day **C**

He not a man he's a lovin' machine, jockamo feena nay **F**

Talkin' 'bout hey now, (*hey now*), hey now, (*hey now*), Iko Iko un day (*whoah-oh*) **C**

Jockamo feeno ah na nay, jockamo feena nay **F**

**F** Talkin' 'bout hey now, (*hey now*), hey now, (*hey now*), Iko Iko un day (*whoah-oh*) **C**

Jockamo feeno ah na nay, jockamo feena nay **F**

**C** Jockamo feena nay, **F** **C** jockamo feena nay **F**

# Battle of New Orleans

By Jimmy Driftwood 1959

**Intro: G(2) C(2) D7(2) G(2)**

**Strum: Boom chucka**

**Sing: Low B**

**G C D7 G**  
In 1814 we took a little trip A-long with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississip'

**C**  
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans

**D7 G**  
And we caught the bloody British in a town in New Orleans.

**G D7 G**  
We fired our guns and the British kept a comin' There wasn't as many as there was a while ago

**G D7 G(3)**  
We fired once more and they began to runnin' On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

**G C**  
We looked down the river and we seen the British come

**D7 G**  
There musta been a hund'erd of 'em beatin' on the drum

**C**  
They stepped so high and they made their bugles ring

**D7 G**  
We stood beside our cotton bales and didn't say a thing.

**G D7 G**  
We fired our guns and the British kept a comin' There wasn't as many as there was a while ago

**G D7 G(3)**  
We fired once more and they began to runnin' On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

**G C**  
Old Hick'ry said we could take 'em by su'prise

**D7 G**  
If we didn't fire our musket till we looked 'em in the eyes

**C**  
We held our fire till we seen their faces

**D7 G**  
Then we opened up with squirrel guns and really gave 'em ... Well -

**G** **D7** **G**  
We fired our guns and the British kept a comin' There wasn't as many as there was a while ago

**G** **D7** **G(3)**  
We fired once more and they began to runnin' On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

**G**  
Yeah! they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles

**G** **D7** **G**  
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go

**G** **G** **D7** **G(3)**  
They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

**G** **C**  
We fired our cannon till the barrel melted down

**D7** **G**  
So we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round

**C**  
We filled his head with cannonballs and powdered his behind

**D7** **G**  
When we touched the powder off, the 'gator lost his mind, so...

**G** **D7** **G**  
We fired our guns and the British kept a comin' There wasn't as many as there was a while ago

**G** **D7** **G(3)**  
We fired once more and they began to runnin' On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

**G**  
Yeah! they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles

**G** **D7** **G**  
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go

**G** **G** **D7** **G(3)**  
They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

# The City of New Orleans

By Steve Goodman; Performed by Arlo Guthrie 1972

**Intro: Bb(4) F(4) G(4) C(4) Strum: Calypso Sing: E string**

**C G C C Am F C C**  
Riding on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central, Monday morning rail,  
**C G C C Am G C C**  
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail  
**Am Em**  
All along the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee and  
**G D D Am**  
Rolls along past houses farms and fields, Passing trains that have no name,  
**Em G G7 C C7 F**  
Freight yards full of old gray men and the graveyards of rusted automobiles / / / **Good morning**

-----  
**Chorus**

**G7 C C Am F C C**  
A-merica, how are you? Don't you know me, I'm your native son, / I'm the  
**C G Am D7 Bb(2) F(2) G7 C C**  
Train they call the City of New Orleans / I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done  
-----

**C G C C Am F C C**  
Dealing card games with the old men in the club car Penny a point ain't no one keeping score  
**C G C C Am G C C**  
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor, / / and the  
**Am Em G D D**  
Sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers, ride their father's magic carpets made of steel  
**Am Em**  
Mothers with their babes asleep rocking to the gentle beat .... and the  
**G G7 C C7 F**  
Rhythm of the rails is all they feel / / / **Good morning....**

**Repeat chorus above**





**C**  
From the coalmines of Kentucky to the California sun,

**G**  
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul.

Standing right beside me, Lord, through every thing I`d done,

**G<sup>7</sup>** **C**  
And every night she kept me from the cold.

**C**  
Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away,

**C<sup>7</sup>** **F**  
Looking for the home I hope she`ll find.

**C**  
And I`d trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday,

**G<sup>7</sup>** **C** **C<sup>7</sup>**  
Holdin` Bobby`s body next to mine.

**F** **C**  
Freedom`s just another word for nothing left to lose,

**G<sup>7</sup>** **C** **C<sup>7</sup>**  
And nothing left is all she left for me.

**F** **C**  
Feeling good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues.

**G** **G<sup>7</sup>**  
And feeling good was good enough for me,

**G<sup>7</sup>** **C** **C** **G** **C**  
Good enough for me and Bobby Mc Gee. / / /

# Night Train to Memphis

By Roy Acuff

1943

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g\\_gEnZPkJK4](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g_gEnZPkJK4)

**Intro: C(4) F(4) C(4) C(4)**

**Strum: Calypso**

**Sing: Low G – A - C**

**C** **F**  
Take that night train to Memphis Take that night train to Memphis  
**C** **G7** **C**  
And when you arrive at the station I'll be right there to meet you  
**F** **C** **G7** **C**  
I'll be right there to greet you So don't turn down my invitation

## **Chorus:**

**F** **C**  
Halle-lu-jah (Halle-lu-jah) Halle-lu-jah (Halle-lu-jah)  
**C** **G7**  
We'll be shouting hallelu-jah all the day (All the day)  
**C** **F** **C** **G7** **C**  
Oh we'll have a jubilee Down in Memphis Tennessee; And we'll shout halle-lu-jah all the way

**C** **F**  
Take that night train to Memphis Take that night train to Memphis  
**C** **G7** **C** **F**  
You know how I'm longing to see you Leave at three-fifty-seven, arrive at eleven  
**C** **G7** **C**  
And I'll shout halle- lu- jah

## **Repeat chorus**

**C** **F**  
Take that night train to Memphis Take that night train to Memphis  
**C** **G7** **C** **F**  
Engineer keep that throttle open Keep that engine stack a-smoking I'm not kidding, I'm not joking  
**C** **G7** **C**  
I'll soon be with my girl, I'm hoppin' **Repeat chorus**

# Louisiana Saturday Night

By Mel McDill; Performed by Mel McDaniel

**Intro: D(4) A(4) G(4) D(3)**

**Strum: Boom chucka**

**Sing: D**

**Chorus:**

D A  
Well, you get down the fiddle and you get down the bow

G D  
Kick off your shoes and you throw 'em on the floor

D A G A D  
Dance in the kitchen till the mornin' light Louisiana Saturday night

D A G D  
A-waitin' in the front yard, sittin' on a log A single shot rifle and a one eyed dog

D A G A D  
Yonder come the kinfolk, in the moonlight, Louisiana Saturday night.

**Repeat Chorus:**

D A G D  
My brother Bill and my other brother Jack Belly full of beer and a possum in a sack

D A G A D  
Fifteen kids in the front porch light Louisiana Saturday night

D A G D  
When the kinfolk leave and the kids get fed Me and my woman gonna slip off to bed

D A G A D  
Have a little fun when we turn out the light It's Louisiana Saturday night

**Chorus:**

D A  
Well, you get down the fiddle and you get down the bow

G D  
Kick off your shoes and you throw 'em on the floor

D A G A D  
Dance in the kitchen till the mornin' light Louisiana Saturday night

**Kazoo: | D A | G D | | D A | G A D | Repeat Chorus**

# Down at the Twist and Shout

By Mary Chapin Carpenter 1991

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lkBt068rOPQ>

**Intro: D(8) G(8) Strum: Boom chuck Sing: E string**

## **Chorus:**

**C C G G**  
Saturday night and the moon is out I wanna head on over to the Twist and Shout

**D D G G**  
Find a two-step partner and a Cajun beat When it lifts me up I'm gonna find my feet

**C C G G**  
Out in the middle of a big dance floor When I hear that fiddle wanna beg for more

**D D G G**  
Wanna dance to a band from a-Lou'sian' tonight

**D D G G**  
Well I never have wandered down to New Orleans Never have drifted down a bayou stream

**D D G G**  
But I heard that music on the radio And I swore some day I was gonna go

**E7 E7 A7 A7**  
Down Highway 10 past Lafayette To Baton Rouge and I won't forget

**D D G G**  
To send you a card with my regrets 'cause I'm never gonna come back home

## **Repeat chorus**

**D D G G**  
They got an alligator stew and a crawfish pie A gulf storm blowing into town tonight

**D D G G**  
Living on the delta's quite a show They got hurricane parties every time it blows

**E7 E7 A7 A7**  
But here up north it's a cold, cold rain And there ain't no cure for my blues today

**D D D G G**  
Except when the paper says Beausoleil is a-coming into town, baby let's go down

## **Repeat chorus**



# Your Mama Don't Dance

By Kenny Loggins & Jim Messina 1972

**Intro:** C7(4) F7(4) C7(7)      **Strum:** Pat – Pull ( 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + )      **Sing:** C string

## Chorus:

<b>C7</b>	<b>F7</b>	<b>C7</b>	<b>C7</b>
Your mama don't dance and your daddy don't rock and roll.			
<b>F7</b>	<b>C7</b>	<b>C7</b>	
Your mama don't dance and your daddy don't rock and roll.			
<b>G7</b>	<b>F7</b>	<b>C7</b>	<b>C7</b>
When evenin' rolls around and it's time to go to town, where do you go to rock and roll?			

## Ending with fade:

<b>C7</b>	<b>C7</b>
/ Where do you go to rock and roll?	/ Where do you go to rock and roll?
<b>C7</b>	<b>C7</b>
/ Where do you go to rock and roll?	/ Where do you go to rock and roll?

<b>C7</b>	<b>F7</b>	<b>C7</b>	<b>C7</b>
The old folks say that you gotta end your day by ten.			
<b>F7</b>	<b>C7</b>	<b>C7</b>	
If you're out on a date and you bring her home late, it's a sin.			
<b>G7</b>	<b>F7</b>	<b>C7</b>	<b>C7(2)</b>
There just ain't no excusin', you know you're gonna lose and never win. I'll say it again			

**C7(2)**  
It's all because ...      **Repeat chorus**

<b>C7</b>	<b>F7</b>	<b>C7</b>	<b>C7</b>
You pull into a drive-in, you find a good place to park.			
<b>F7</b>	<b>C7</b>	<b>C7</b>	
You hop into the back seat where you know it's nice and dark Oh!			
<b>G7</b>	<b>F7</b>	<b>C7</b>	<b>C7(2)</b>
There's a light in your eye and a guy says: "Out-ta the car! / You're coming with me!"			

**C7(2)**  
It's all because ...      **Repeat chorus**

# Jambalaya

by Hank Williams 1952

**Intro: C(4 + 2)**

**Strum: Calypso**

**Sing: C String**

**C** **G7**  
Goodbye Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh  
**C**  
Me gotta go, pole the pirogue, down the bayou  
**G7**  
My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh  
**C**  
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun, on the bayou

**C** **G7**  
Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzing  
**C**  
Kinfolk come, to see Yvonne, by the dozen  
**G7**  
Dress in style, and go hog wild, me oh my oh  
**C**  
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun, on the bayou

**Chorus:**

**C** **G7**  
Jambalaya, and a crawfish pie, and filet gumbo  
**C**  
For tonight, I'm gonna see my, me cher-a-mio  
**G7**  
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar, and be gay-o  
**C**  
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun, on the bayou

**C** **G7**  
Settle down, far from town, get me a pirogue  
**C**  
And I'll catch, all the fish, in the bayou  
**G7**  
Swap my mon, to buy Yvonne, what she need-oh  
**C**  
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun, on the bayou

**Repeat Chorus**

# Mountain Dew

By Grandpa Jones

1960

**Intro:** G(4) D7(4) G(7)

**Strum:** Pat – Pull ( 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + )

**Sing:** D

G C G  
Down the road here from me, there's an old hollow tree, where you lay down a dollar or two  
G D7 G G  
If you hush up your mug, they will fill up your jug with that good old mountain dew

**Chorus:**

G C G  
They call it that good old mountain dew, and them that refuse it are few  
G D7 G  
You may go round the bend, but you'll come back again, for that good old mountain dew!

G C G  
Way up on the hill, there's an old whiskey still, that is run by a hard working crew  
G D7 G  
You can tell if you sniff and you get a good whiff, that they're making that old mountain dew

**Repeat chorus**

G C G  
The Preacher came by with a tear in his eye, he said that his wife had the flu  
G D7 G  
We told him he ought to give her a quart of that good old mountain dew

**Repeat chorus**

G C G  
My brother, Mort, is sawed off and short; He measures just four foot two  
G D7 G  
But he thinks he's a giant when they give him a pint of that good old mountain dew

**Repeat chorus**

**G** **C** **G**  
My Uncle Bill has a still on the hill where he runs off a gallon or two

**G** **D7** **G**  
The birds in the sky get so high they can't fly on the good old mountain dew

**Chorus:**

**G** **C** **G**  
They call it that good old mountain dew, and them that refuse it are few

**G** **D7** **G**  
You may go round the bend, but you'll come back again, for that good old mountain dew!

**G** **C** **G**  
My Aunt Jane has a brand new perfume, it has such a sweet smelling puuuuu

**G** **D7** **G**  
Imagine her surprise when she had it analyzed it was that good old mountain dew!

**Chorus:**

**G** **C** **G** **G**  
They call it that good old mountain dew, and them that refuse it are few

**G** **D7** **G**  
You may go round the bend, but you'll come back again, for that good old mountain dew!

# Mr. Bojangles

By Jerry Jeff Walker; Performed by the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band 1968

**Intro: C(3) Cmaj7(3) C6(3) Cmaj7(3) Strum: Down, up, up [6/8 time] Sing: E**

**C Cmaj7 C6 Cmaj7 F / G(6)**  
I knew a man, Bojangles and he'd dance for you, / in worn out shoes

**C Cmaj7 C6 Cmaj7 F / G(6)**  
With silver hair, a ragged shirt, and baggy pants / the old soft shoe

**F / C E7 Am D7 G-Gsus4-G**  
/ He jumped so high // jumped / so high, / Then he lightly / touched down

**C Cmaj7 C6 Cmaj7 F / G(6)**  
I met him in a cell in New Orleans I was.... / down and out

**C Cmaj7 C6 Cmaj7 F / G(6)**  
He looked to me to be the eyes of age, / as he spoke right out

**F / C E7 / Am / D7 / G-Gsus4-G**  
/ He talked of life, // talked of life, he laughed, clicked his heels a step

**C Cmaj7 C6 Cmaj7 F / G(6)**  
He said his name "B-ojangles" and he danced a lick, / across the cell

**C Cmaj7 C6 Cmaj7 F / G(6)**  
He grabbed his pants, a better stance, Oh, he jumped so high / He clicked his heels,

**F / C E7 Am D7 / G-Gsus4-G**  
/ He let go a laugh // let go / a laugh / Shook back his clothes all around

**Am / G - Gsus4 Am / G - Gsus4**  
/ Mr. Bo-jangles, ..... / Mr. Bo-jangles, .....  
**Am / G - Gsus4 C-Cmaj7-C6-Cmaj7**  
/ Mr. Bo-jangles, ..... dance!

**C**                      **Cmaj7**                      **C6**    **Cmaj7**    **F**                      /                      **G(6)**  
 He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs, / through-out the south

**C**                      **Cmaj7**                      **C6**                      **Cmaj7**    **F**                      /                      **G(6)**  
 He spoke through tears of fifteen years how his dog and him, / traveled about

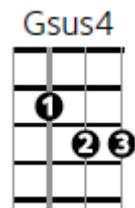
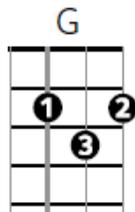
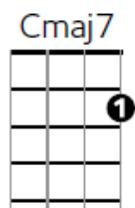
**F**                      /                      **C**                      **E7**                      /                      **Am**                      **D7**                      /                      **G-Gsus4-G**  
 / The dog up and died, / / he up and died, / After twenty years he still grieved

**C**                      **Cmaj7**                      **C6**    **Cmaj7**    **F**                      /                      **G(6)**  
 He said I dance now at every chance in honky tonks, / / for drinks and tips

**C**                      **Cmaj7**                      **C6**    **Cmaj7**    **F**                      /                      **G(6)**  
 But most the time I spend behind these county bars, / 'cause I drinks a bit

**F**                      /                      **C**                      **E7**                      /                      **Am**                      **D7**                      /                      **G-Gsus4-G**  
 / He shook his head, / and as he shook his head, / I heard someone ask him please.....

**Am** / **G - Gsus4**    **Am** / **G - Gsus4**  
 / Mr. Bo-jangles, ..... / Mr. Bo-jangles, .....  
**Am** / **G - Gsus4**    **C-Cmaj7-C6-Cmaj7** **C(1)**  
 / Mr. Bo-jangles, ..... dance!



# House of the Rising Sun

By Georgia Turner and Bert Martin; Performed by The Animals 1964

**Intro: Am(3) E7(3) Am(3) E7(3)**

**Strum: pluck outside strings 1X; inside strings 2X**

**Sing: Low A**

**Am C D F Am C E7 E7**

There is a house in New Orleans, They call the Risin' Sun

**Am C D F Am E7 Am E7**

And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy. And God, I know I'm one.

**Am C D F Am C E7 E7**

My mother was a tai-lor. She sewed my new blue jeans.

**Am C D F Am E7 Am E7**

My father was a gamblin' man Down in New Or-leans

**Am C D F Am C E7 E7**

Now, the only thing a gambler needs Is a suitcase and a trunk

**Am C D F Am E7 Am E7**

And the only time that he'll be satis-fied Is when he's on a drunk

**Am C D F Am C E7 E7**

Oh, Mother, tell your chil-dren Not to do what I have done.

**Am C D F Am E7 Am E7**

To spend your lives in sin and misery In the house of the risin' sun.

**Change Strum: 1 - 2& 3&**

**Am C D F Am C E7 E7**

Well, I've got one foot on the platform. The other foot on the train

**Am C D F Am E7 Am E7**

I'm goin' back to New Orleans To wear that ball and chain.

**Am C D F Am C E7 E7**

Well, there's a house in New Orleans, They call the Risin' Sun

**Am C D F Am E7 Am E7**

And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy. And God, I know I'm one.

**Am E7 Am Am(1)**

And God, I know I'm one.



# If You Got the Money (I've Got the Time)

By Lefty Frizzell & Jim Beck 1950

**Intro:** A7(4) A7(4) D(4) D(4)     **Strum:** Boom scratch     **Sing:** F#

**D**  
If you've got the money, I've got the time  
**G**  
We'll go honky tonkin' and we'll have a time  
**A<sup>7</sup>**  
We'll make all the night spots, dance, drink beer and wine  
**D     D**  
If you've got the money honey, I've got the time

**D**  
There ain't no use to tarry, so let's start out tonight  
**G**  
We'll spread joy, oh boy oh boy, and we'll spread it right  
**A<sup>7</sup>**  
We'll have more fun baby, all the way down the line  
**D     D**  
If you've got the money honey, I've got the time

**Kazoo solo to the verse below:**

**D**  
If you've got the money I've got the time  
**G**  
We'll go honky tonkin' and we'll have a time  
**A<sup>7</sup>**  
Bring along your Cadillac, leave my old wreck behind  
**D     D**  
If you've got the money honey, I've got the time

**D**  
Yes, we'll go honky tonkin', make every club in town  
**G**  
We'll go to the park where it's dark, we won't fool around  
**A<sup>7</sup>**  
But if you run short of money, I'll run short of time  
**D D**  
Cause you with no more money honey, I've no more time

**D**  
If you've got the money I've got the time  
**G**  
We'll go honky tonkin' and we'll have a time  
**A<sup>7</sup>**  
Bring along your Cadillac, leave my old wreck behind  
**D A<sup>7</sup> D**  
If you've got the money honey, I've got the time // /

# Leaving Louisiana in Broad Daylight

By Rodney Crowell & Donovan Cowart; Performed by the Oak Ridge Boys 1979

**Intro:** C(4) C(4) C(4) C(3)

**Strum:** Boom chucka

**Sing:** G

**VERSE 1:**

**C**  
Lord Mary took to running with a travelin man  
  
Left her mamma crying with her head in her hands  
**F** **C** **C**  
Such a sad case so broken hearted  
**C**  
She say mamma I got to go I gotta get out of here  
  
I gotta get out of town, I'm tired of hanging around  
**F** **C** **C**  
I gotta roll on between the ditches

**VERSE 2:**

**C**  
It's just an ordinary story bout the way things go  
  
Round and round nobody knows  
**F** **C** **C**  
But the highway goes on forever  
**F** **C** **C**  
That old highway rolls on forever

**VERSE 3:**

**C**  
Lord she never would have done it if she hadn't got drunk  
  
If she hadn't started running with a traveling man  
**F** **C** **C**  
If she hadn't started taking those crazy chances  
**C**  
She say daughter let me tell you bout the traveling kind  
  
Everywhere he's going such a very short time  
**F** **C** **C**  
He'll be long gone before you know it  
**F** **C**  
He'll be long gone before you know it



# Proud Mary

By John Fogerty; Performed by Creedence Clearwater Revival

1969

**Intro:** D(1 + 2 + 3) C(1) *mute* A / / /

**D**

Left a good job in the city, workin' for the man every night and day  
And I never lost one minute of sleepin', worryin' 'bout the way things might have been

**A**

**Bm7**

Big wheel a-keep on turnin' Proud Mary keep on burnin',

**D**

Roll - in', [rollin'] rollin' [rollin'] rollin' on the river. Roll - in', [rollin'] rollin' [rollin'] rollin' on the river.

**D**

Cleaned a lot of plates in Memphis, pumped a lot of pain down in New Orleans  
But I never saw - the good side of the city, till I hitched a ride on the river boat queen.

**A**

**Bm7**

Big wheel a-keep on turnin' Proud Mary keep on burnin',

**D**

Roll - in', [rollin'] rollin' [rollin'] rollin' on the river. Roll - in', [rollin'] rollin' [rollin'] rollin' on the river.

**D**

If you come down to the river, bet you're gonna find some people who live,  
You don't have to worry, cause you have no money, people on the river are happy to give

**A**

**Bm7**

Big wheel a-keep on turnin' Proud Mary keep on burnin',

**D**

Roll - in', [rollin'] rollin' [rollin'] rollin' on the river. Roll - in', [rollin'] rollin' [rollin'] rollin' on the river.

**Slow last time and softer to end:**

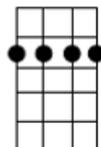
**D**

**D(4)**

Roll - in', [rollin'] rollin' [rollin'] rollin' on the river.

**D(1 + 2 + 3) C(1) D(1 + 2 + 3) C(1) D(1 + 2 + 3) C(1) D(1 + 2 + 3) C(1) D [tremelo]**

**Bm7**



# I'm in the Jailhouse Now

By Jimmie Rodgers & Elsie McWilliams

1928

**Intro: D7(4) G7(4) C(4) C(4) Strum: Boom chucka Sing: E**

**C**  
Well I had a friend named Rambling Bob,  
Who used to steal, gamble and rob.  
**C<sup>7</sup>** **F** **F**  
He thought he was the smartest guy in town  
**F**  
But I found out last Monday that Bob got locked up Sunday  
**D<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>**  
They got him in the jailhouse way down-town /

*(no chord)*

**NC** **C**  
He's in the jailhouse now  
**F**  
He's in the jailhouse now  
**G** **G<sup>7</sup>**  
Well I told him once or twice  
**G** **G<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>**  
To stop playin' cards and shootin' dice /  
**NC** **C** **C**  
He's in the jailhouse now

**C**  
Well Bob played a game called poker,  
Pinochle, whist and yoker  
**C<sup>7</sup>** **F** **F**  
But shooting dice it was his greatest game  
**F**  
Now he's downtown in jail, nobody to go his bail  
**D<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>**  
The judge done said that he refused a fine /

*(no chord)*

**NC** **C**  
He's in the jailhouse now  
**F**  
He's in the jailhouse now  
**G** **G<sup>7</sup>**  
Well I told him once or twice  
**G** **G<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>**  
To stop playin' cards and shootin' dice /  
**NC** **C** **C**  
He's in the jailhouse now

**C**  
Now I went out last Tuesday  
I met a girl named Susie  
**C<sup>7</sup>** **F** **F**  
Told her I was the swellest man around  
**F**  
We started to spendin' my money  
And she started to callin' me honey  
**D<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>**  
We took in every cabaret in town /

**NC** **C**  
We're in the jailhouse now  
**F**  
We're in the jailhouse now  
**G**  
They told us once or twice  
**G<sup>7</sup>**  
To quit playin' cards and shootin' dice  
**C** **C** **G<sup>7</sup>** **C**  
We're in the jailhouse now / / /  
*(sing out)*

# I Got Stripes

Originally named: On Monday by Lead Belly (1936); Performed by Johnny Cash in 1959

**Intro:** A(4) E7(4) E7(4) A(2)      **Strum:** Boom chucka      **Sing:** E

A                      E7                      E7                      A  
On a Monday, I was ar-rested (Uh-huh)    On a Tuesday, they locked me in jail (Poor Boy)  
A                      E7                      E7                      A  
On a Wednesday my trial was at-tested    And on a Thursday, they said guilty as the judge's gavel fell

## Chorus

A                      E7                      E7                      A  
I got stripes, stripes around my shoulders    I got chains, chains around my feet  
A                      E7  
I got stripes, stripes around my shoulders  
E7                      A  
And them chains, them chains, they're bout to drag me down

A                      E7                      E7                      A  
On a Monday, I got my stripe--ed britches(Uh-huh)    On a Tuesday, I got my ball and chain (Poor Boy)  
A                      E7  
On a Wednesday, I'm workin' diggin' ditches  
E7                      A  
On a Thursday, Lord I begged 'em not to knock me down again

## Repeat chorus

A                      E7                      E7                      A  
On a Monday, my momma came to see me(Uh-huh)    On a Tuesday they caught me with a file (PoorBoy)  
A                      E7  
On a Wednesday, I'm down in soli-tary  
E7                      A  
On a Thursday, I start on bread and water for a while

## Repeat chorus



# Blue Bayou

By Roy Orbison 1963

**Intro: C(4) CMaj7(4) G7(8)      Strum: Bluesy calypso      Sing: low G**

**C**                      **CMaj7**              **G7**  
I feel so bad, I got a worried mind; / I'm so lonesome... all the time  
**G7**    **C**              **C**  
/ Since I left... my baby behind ... on Blue Bayou  
**C**                      **CMaj7**              **G7**  
/ Saving nickels, saving dimes; / working till... the sun don't shine  
**G7**    **C**                      **C**  
/ Looking forward... to happier times on Blue Bayou

-----  
**Chorus 1:**

**C**    **G7**                      **G7**  
I'm going back someday, come what may to Blue Bayou  
**G7**    **C**                      **C**  
Where you sleep all day, and the catfish play on Blue Bayou  
**C**    **C7**                      **F**                      **Fm**  
Where those fishing boats with their sails afloat, if I could only see  
**C**    **G7**                      **C**                      **C**  
That familiar sunrise through sleepy eyes, how happy I'd be

-----  
**C**                      **CMaj7**              **G7**  
/ Gonna see ... my baby again / gonna be with some of my friends  
**G7**    **C**                      **C**  
/ Maybe I'll feel better again on Blue Bayou  
**C**                      **CMaj7**              **G7**  
/ Saving nickels, saving dimes; / working till... the sun don't shine  
**G7**    **C**                      **C**  
/ Looking forward... to happier times on Blue Bayou

-----  
**Chorus 2:**

**C** **G7** **G7**  
I'm going back someday, come what may to Blue Bayou  
**G7** **C** **C**  
Where the folks are fine, and the world is mine, on Blue Bayou  
**C** **C7** **F** **Fm**  
Oh that man of mine by my side, the silver moon and the evening tide  
**C** **G7** **C** **C**  
Oh some sweet day, gonna take away this hurtin' inside

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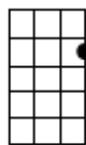
**Chorus 1:**

**C** **G7** **G7**  
I'm going back someday, come what may to Blue Bayou  
**G7** **C** **C**  
Where you sleep all day, and the catfish play on Blue Bayou  
**C** **C7** **F** **Fm**  
Where those fishing boats with their sails afloat, if I could only see  
**C** **G7** **C** **C**  
That familiar sunrise through sleepy eyes, how happy I'd be

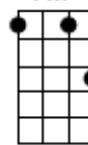
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**G7** / **G7** **G7** **C(9)**  
I'll never be blue, my dreams come true / on Blue Ba... you

**Cmaj7**



**Fm**



# Do You Know What It Means To Miss New Orleans?

by Eddie DeLange and Louis Alter 1947 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2C721IZzgmE>

Performed by Louis Alter & Eddie DeLange, Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, Fats Domino

**Intro: Am-A7(4) Dm-G7(4) C(4)(3) Strum: Slow calypso (2 beats per chord) Sing: Low G**

**C Em C Am**  
Do you know what it means to miss New Orleans

**Em Am A7 A7**  
And miss it each night and day

**Dm Fm C A7 Dm G7 C**  
I know I'm not wrong, the feeling's getting stronger the longer I stay away

**C Em C Am**  
Miss the moss covered vines, the tall sugar pines

**Em Am A7 A7**  
Where mockingbirds used to sing

**Dm Fm Am A7 Dm G7 C C**  
And I'd like to see the lazy Mississippi a hurrying into spring

\*\*\*\*\*

**Bb Am Bb Am**  
The moon -light on the bayou A creole tune that fills the air

**B7 Em**  
I dream about Magnolias in June

**Am D7 G - Gsus+5 (hold)**  
And soon I'm wishing I was there

**C Em C Am**  
Do you know what it means to miss New Orleans

**Em Am A7 A7**  
When that's where you left your heart

**Dm Fm C A7**  
And there's something more, I miss the one I care for

**Dm G C C** 1. Repeat from \*\*\*\*\*  
More than I miss New Orleans! 2. C6 - Fan

# Walking to New Orleans

By Bobby Charles; Performed by Fats Domino 1960

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DND5Cy6M2Cs>

**Intro: C(4) F(4) C(1) Strum: Slow boom scratch Sing: Low G**

**C C F F**  
It's time I'm walking to New Orleans, (echo) I'm walking to New Orleans, (echo)

**G7 F**  
I'm going to need two pair of shoes, when I get through walking these blues

**C C**  
When I get back to New Orleans, (echo)

**C F**  
I've got my suitcase in my hand, (echo) now ain't that a shame, (echo)

**G7 F**  
I'm leaving here today, Yes, I'm going back home to stay

**C**  
Yes, I'm walking to New Orleans, (echo)

**C F**  
You used to be my honey, (echo) till you spent all my money, (echo)

**G7 F**  
No use for you to cry, I'll see you bye and bye,

**C**  
'cause I'm walking to New Orleans, (echo)

**C F**  
I've got no time for talking, (echo) I've got to keep on walking, (echo)

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

**C F**  
Yes, I'm walking to New Orleans, (echo) I'm walking to New Orleans, (echo)

**C F**  
I'm walking to New Orleans, (echo) I'm walking to New Orleans, (echo)

**C C(tremolo)**  
I'm walking to New Orleans

# St James Infirmary

Traditional from New Orleans

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZDQ\\_J2HcV18](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZDQ_J2HcV18)

**Intro: Em(2) B7(2) Em(4) C(2) B7(2) Em(1) Strum: Jump calypso Sing: E**

[Em B7] Em [Em C] B7  
It was down at old Joe's bar room At the corner by the square  
[Em B7] Em [C B7] Em  
And the usual crowd was assembled and big Joe McKenny was there  
[Em B7] Em [Em C] B7  
He was standing at my shoulder His eyes were bloodshot red  
[Em B7] Em [C B7] Em  
He turned to the crowd around him These are the words he said:

[Em B7] Em [Em C] B7  
I went down to St. James Infirmary And I saw my baby there  
[Em B7] Em [C B7] Em  
She was stretched out on a long, white table So cold, so sweet, so fair  
[Em B7] Em [Em C] B7  
Let her go. Let her go, God bless her Wherever she may be  
[Em B7] Em [C B7] Em  
She may search this wide world over She'll never find another man like me

**Interlude: [Em - B7] Em [Em - C] B7 [Em - B7] Em [C7 - B7] Em**

[Em B7] Em [Em C] B7  
I want six crap-shooters for my pallbearers Chorus gonna sing me a song  
[Em B7] Em [C B7] Em  
Place a jazz band on my hearse wagon To raise hell as I roll along  
[Em B7] Em [Em C] B7  
Let her go. Let her go, God bless her Wherever she may be  
[Em B7] Em [C B7] Em  
She may search this wide world over She'll never find another man like me

[Em B7] Em [Em C] B7  
When I die just bury me in a high-top Stetson hat  
[Em B7] Em [C B7] Em  
Put a 20 dollar gold piece on my watch chain So God knows I died standing pat  
[Em B7] Em [Em C] B7  
Roll out your rubber tired carriage Roll out your old time hack  
[Em B7] Em [C B7] Em  
12 men goin' to the graveyard Only eleven coming back

**[Em B7] Em [Em C] B7**  
 Now that you've heard my story I'll take another shot of booze  
**[Em B7] Em [C B7] Em**  
 And if anyone here should ask you I've got these gambler's blues  
**[Em B7] Em [Em C] B7**  
 Let her go. Let her go, God bless her Wherever she may be

**SLOW:**

**Em(1) B7(1) Em(1) C(1) B7(1) Em**  
 She may search this wide world over She'll never find another man like me

Ending: **[Em - B7] Em [Em - C] B7 [Em - B7] Em [C7 - B7] Em**

(strum: bar 7<sup>th</sup> fret)

# Ramblin' Man

By Dickey Betts; Performed by the Allman Brothers Band [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hl\\_ZJymijJQ](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hl_ZJymijJQ)

**Intro: C(2) G7(2) C(4)      Strum: Boom chunk      Sing: E**

CHORUS:

C      B<sup>b</sup>      C      C

Lord I was born a Ramblin' Man

C      F      G<sup>7</sup>      G<sup>7</sup>

Tryin' to make a livin' and doin' the best I can

F      C      A<sup>m</sup>      F

And when it's time for leaving, - I hope you'll understand

C      G<sup>7</sup>      C      C

That I was born a Ramblin' Man

C      F      C      C

Well my father was a gambler down in Georgia

C      F      G<sup>7</sup>      G<sup>7</sup>

And he wound up on the wrong end of a gun

F      C      A<sup>m</sup>      F

And I was born in the back seat of a Greyhound bus

C      G<sup>7</sup>      C      C

Rolling down Highway Forty-one

**Repeat chorus**

C      F      C      C

I'm on my way to New Orleans this morning

C      F      G<sup>7</sup>      G<sup>7</sup>

Leavin' out of Nashville, Tennessee

F      C      A<sup>m</sup>      F

They're always havin' a good time down on the bayou, Lord

C      G<sup>7</sup>      C      C

Them Delta women think the world of me

**Repeat chorus**

END WITH:

C      B<sup>b</sup>      C      C

Lord, I was born a Ramblin' Man

C      B<sup>b</sup>      C      C

Lord, I was born a Ramblin' Man

C      B<sup>b</sup>      C      C

Lord, I was born a Ramblin' Man

C      B<sup>b</sup>      C      C      C      B<sup>b</sup>      C      C

Lord, I was born a Ramblin' Man /



