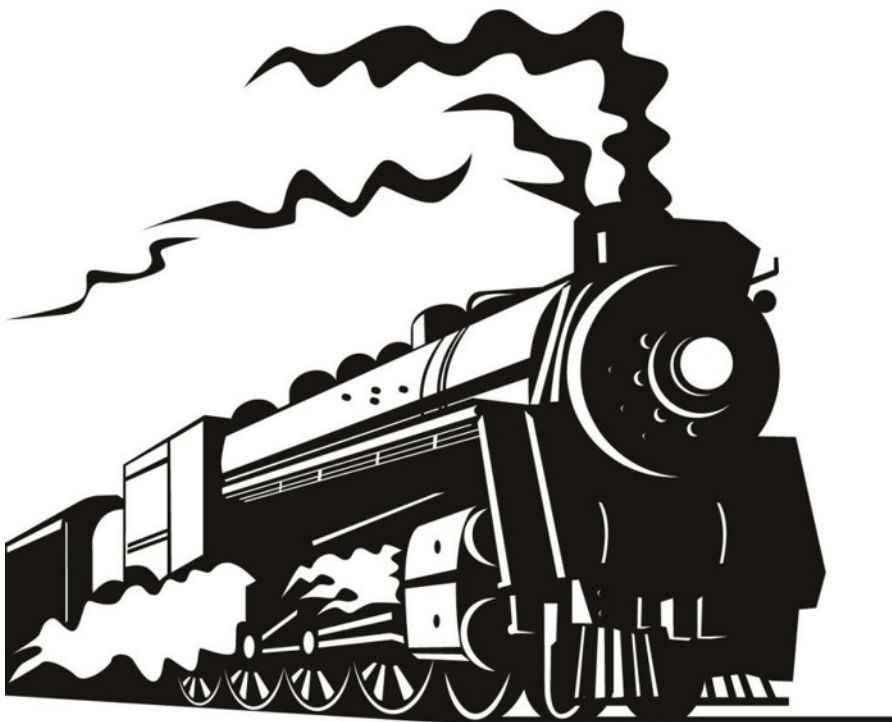




An event part of Haworth Festival

Train Songs



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Ethical Policy: In case you were wondering - Haworth Festival is a family friendly festival with a clear ethical policy and we are working to the same principles of equality, inclusion and fairness. All participants will be asked to respect that and to avoid any use of language or behaviour that may cause offence to others. We all just want to have fun!!!

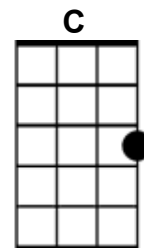
Compiled by Annie Paton and Susan Holmes of HUG. Special thanks to Jez Quayle for his arrangement of some of these songs.

Big Rock Candy Mountain

traditional (this version taken from Harry McClintock)

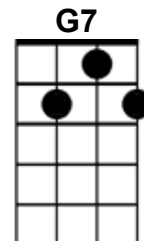
Introduction:

One [C] evening as the sun went down
And the jungle [G7] fire was [C] burning,
Down the track came a hobo hikin',
And he said, "Boys, [G7] I'm not [C] turning.
I'm [F] headed for a [C] land that's [F] far a[C]way,
Be[F]side the crystal [G7] fountain,
So [C] come with [F] me, we'll [C] go and [F] see,
The [C] Big Rock [G7] Candy [C] Mountains.



Verse 1:

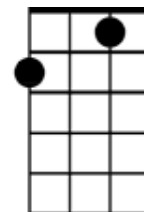
In the [C] Big Rock Candy Mountains, there's a [F] land that's fair and [C] bright,
Where the [F] handouts grow on [C] bushes, and you [F] sleep out every [G7] night
Where the [C] boxcars all are empty, and the [F] sun shines every [C] day,
On the [F] birds and the [C] bees, and the [F] cigarette [C] trees,
The [F] lemonade [C] springs, where the [F] bluebird [C] sings,
In the [F] Big Rock [G7] Candy [C] Mountains.



Verse 2:

In the [C] Big Rock Candy Mountains, all the [F] cops have wooden [C] legs,
And the [F] bulldogs all have [C] rubber teeth, and the [F] hens lay soft boiled [G7] eggs.

The [C] farmers' trees are full of fruit, and the [F] barns are full of [C] hay.
Oh, I'm [F] bound to [C] go, where there [F] ain't no [C] snow,
Where the [F] rain don't [C] fall, and the [F] wind don't [C] blow,
In the [F] Big Rock [G7] Candy [C] Mountains.



Verse 3:

In the [C] Big Rock Candy Mountains, you [F] never change your [C] socks,
And the [F] little streams of [C] alcohol, come a-[F]tricklin' down the [G7] rocks,
The [C] brakemen have to tip their hats, and the [F] railroad bulls are [C] blind.
There's a [F] lake of [C] stew, and of [F] whiskey [C] too,
You can [F] paddle all a[C]round 'em, in a [F] big ca[C]noe,
In the [F] Big Rock [G7] Candy [C] Mountains.

Verse 4:

In the [C] Big Rock Candy Mountains, the [F] jails are made of [C] tin,
And [F] you can walk right [C] out again, as [F] soon as you are [G7] in.
There [C] ain't no spades for diggin', no [F] axes, saws, or [C] picks,
I'm a-[F] going to [C] stay, where you [F] sleep all [C] day,
Where they [F] hung the [C] jerk, who in[F]vented [C] work,
In the [F] Big Rock [G7] Candy [C] Mountains."

Slower: one strum on each chord

I'll [F] see you [C] all, this [F] coming [C] fall, in the [F] Big Rock [G7] Candy [C] Mountains.

The Blackpool Belle

(Howard Broadbent and Jimmy Smith) - Houghton Weavers

[C] Oh the Blackpool Belle was a getaway train that went from Northern [G] stations
[G] What a beautiful sight on a Saturday night bound for the illumi[C]nations
[C] No mothers and dads just girls and lads young and fancy [F] free
[F] Out for the laughs on the [C] Golden Mile at [G] Blackpool by the [C] sea

Chorus:

[C] I remem-[F]ber very [C] well
All the [F] happy gang [A] aboard the Blackpool [Dm] Belle
[C] I remember them pals of [E7] mine, when I ride the Blackpool [Am] line
And the [Dm] songs we sang to-[G]gether on the Blackpool [C] Belle

Verse 2:

[C] Little Piggy Greenfield he was there he thought he was mighty [G] slick
[G] He bought a hat on the Golden Mile the hat said "Kiss Me [C] Quick"
[C] Piggy was a lad for all the girls but he drank too much [F] beer
[F] He made a pass at a [C] Liverpool lass and she [G] pushed him off the [C] pier

Chorus:

Verse 3:

[C] Ice cream Sally could never settle down she lived for her Knickerbocker [G] glories
[G] Till she clicked with a bloke who said he was broke
but she loved his Ice cream [C] stories
[C] Sally took it all in with a smile and a grin she fell for sailor [F] Jack
[F] They went for a trip to the [C] Isle of Man and [G] never did come [C] back

Chorus:

Verse 4:

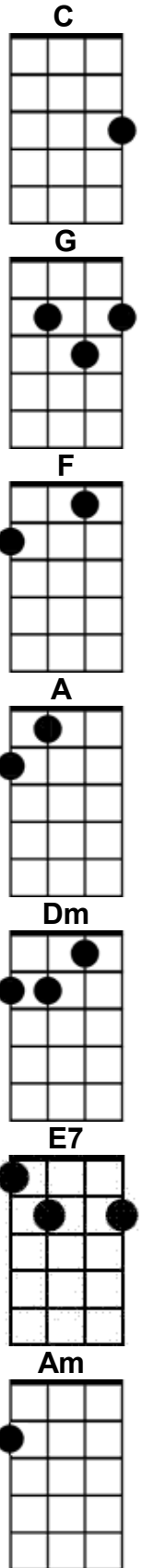
[C] Now some of us went up the Blackpool Tower, others in the Tunnel of [G] Love.
[G] A few made off for the Blackpool Sands under the pier a-[C]bove.
[C] There was always a rush at the midnight hour, but we made it just the [F] same,
[F] And I made off with a [C] Liverpool lass,
but I could [G] never remember her [C] name.

Chorus:

Verse 5:

[C] Now the Blackpool Belle has a thousand tales if they could all be [G] told
[G] Many of these I will recall as I am growing [C] old
[C] They were happy days and I miss the times we'd pull the curtains [F] down
[F] And the Passion Wagon would [C] steam back home and
[G] we would go to [C] town

Chorus: Sing twice slowing down on the last line 2nd time.



Casey Jones (Pete Seeger/Traditional)

A / / / / / / / /

A
Come all you rounders, if you wanna hear

B7 E7
The story of a brave engineer

A
'Casey Jones' was the rounder's name

On the big six wheeler boys

E7 A
He made his fame

A
Well the caller called Casey
'bout half past four

B7 E7
He kissed his wife at the station door

A
He stepped into the cabin with the orders in
his
hand

Said, "I'm gonna to take my trip to the
E7 A
Promised land."

A D A
Casey Jones; stepped into the cabin

B7 E7
Casey Jones; Orders in his hand

A D A
Casey Jones; stepped into the cabin

Said, "I'm gonna to take my trip to the
E7 A
Promised land"

A
He looked at the water, and the water was
low

B7 E7
He looked at his watch. The watch was slow

A
He looked at the fireman. The fireman said,

"Boy we're gonna reach Bristol, but we'll
E7 A
All be dead"

A
Casey pulled up that Reno hill

B7 E7
He blew at the crossing with an awful shrill

A
Casey got to that certain place

B7 E7
Old Number Nine stared him straight in the face

A
He said to the fireman, "Boy, you'd better jump

Cause there are two locomotives, and they're
E7 A
Bound to bump"

A D A
Casey Jones. Two locomotives

B7 E7
Casey Jones; and they're bound to bump

A D A
Casey Jones. Two locomotives

Two locomotives, and they're

E7 A
Bound to bump

A
Well, Mrs Casey Jones, she sat there on the
bed

She got the telegram that her poor

B7 E7
Husband was dead

A
She said, "Go to bed children, and hush your
cryin'

E7 A
You got another poppa on the Salt Lake line"

A D A
Casey Jones. Got another poppa

B7 E7
Casey Jones. On the Salt Lake Line

A D A
Casey Jones. Got another poppa

You got another poppa on the
E7 A
Salt Lake Line

Chattanooga Choo Choo

(Mack Gordon & Harry Warren, 1941)

Fast chug (and getting faster) Chord X

C **F** **C**
Pardon me boy, is that the Chattanooga choo choo? (yes, yes)
A7 **D7**
Track twenty nine
G7 **C** **G7**
Boy, you can give me a shine

C **F** **C**
Can you afford to board a Chattanooga choo choo?
A7 **D7**
I got my fare
G7 **C** **C7**
and just a trifle to spare

F **C7** **F**
You leave the Pennsylvania Station 'bout a quarter to four
F **C7** **F**
Read a magazine and then you're in Baltimore
Bb **G7** **F** **D7**
Dinner in the diner, nothing could be finer
G7 **Dm** **C7**
Than to have your ham an' eggs in Carolina

F **C7** **F**
When you hear the whistle blowin' eight to the bar
F **C7** **F**
Then you know that Tennessee is not very far
Bb **G7** **F** **D7**
Shovel all the coal in, gotta keep it rollin'
Gm7(0211) **C7** **Gm7** **C7** **F**
Woo, woo, Chattanooga there you are

C
There's gonna be, a certain party at the station
A7 **D7**
Satin and lace
G7 **C**
I used to call "funny face"

C **C7** **F** **Dm7**
She's gonna cry until I tell her that I'll never roam
C **Am** **F** **G7** **C** **D7**
So Chattanooga choo choo won't you choo-choo me home
C **Am** **F** **G7** **C**
Chattanooga choo choo, won't you choo-choo me home?

City of New Orleans Arlo Guthrie

C **G** **C**
Riding on the City of New Orleans,
Am **F** **C** **G7**
Illinois Central Monday morning rail
C **G** **C**
Fifteen cars and fif-teen restless riders,
F **G** **C**
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.
Am **Em**
All along the southbound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee
C **D**
And rolls along past houses, farms and fields.
Am **Em**
Passin' trains that have no names, Freight yards full of old black men
F **G7** **C**
And the graveyards of the rusted automo-biles.

F **G** **C**
Singing: Good morning America how are you?
Am **F** **C**
Say don't you know me I'm your native son,
G7 **C** **G** **C**
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,
F **G7** **C**
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

C **G** **C**
Dealing card games with the old men in the club car
Am **F** **C** **G7**
Penny a point ain't no-one keeping score
C **G** **C**
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
Am **F** **C**
Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor
Am **Em**
And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers
C **D**
Ride their father's magic carpet made of steel
Am **Em**
Mother with her babe asleep, rockin' to the gentle beat
F **G7** **C**
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

F **G** **C**
Singing: Good morning America how are you?
Am **F** **C**
Say don't you know me I'm your native son,
G7 **C** **G** **C**
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,
F **G7** **C**
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

Freight Train

By Elizabeth Cotten (Born in 1895, Cotten wrote this song when she was 12)

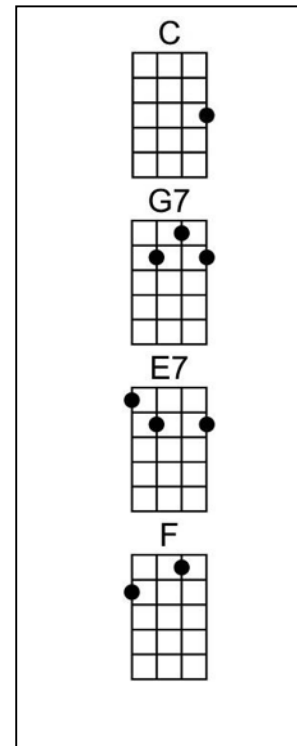
[C]Freight train, freight train, [G7]goin' so fast,
Freight train, freight train, [C]goin' so fast
[E7]Please don't tell what [F]train I'm on,
So they [C]won't know [G7]where I'm [C]gone.

[C]Freight train, freight train, [G7]goin' round the bend,
Freight train, freight train, [C]comin' back again
[E7]One of these days turn that [F]train around,
And go [C]back to [G7]my home [C]town.

[C]One more place I'd [G7]like to be,
One more place I'd [C]like to see
To [E7]watch them old Blue Ridge [F]Mountains climb,
When I [C]ride old [G7]Number [C]Nine.

[C]When I die Lord, [G7]bury me deep,
Down at the end of [C]Chestnut Street
[E7]Where I can hear old [F]Number Nine,
As [C]she comes [G7]down the [C]line.

[C]Freight train, freight train, [G7]goin' so fast,
Freight train, freight train, [C]goin' so fast
[E7]Please don't tell what [F]train I'm on,
So they [C]won't know [G7]where I'm [C]gone.

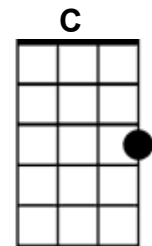


King Of The Road

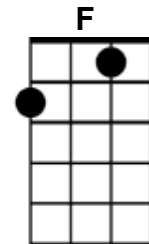
(Roger Miller)

Roger Miller

[C] Trailers for **[F]** sale or rent
[G7] Rooms to let **[C]** fifty cents
No phone, no **[F]** pool, no pets **[G7]** (one strum)
[Tacet] Ain't got no cigarettes, ah but

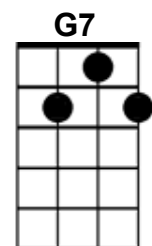


[C] Two hours of **[F]** pushing broom buys an
[G7] Eight by twelve **[C]** four bit room, I'm a
[C7] Man of **[F]** means by no means **[G7]** (two strums)
[Tacet] King of the **[C]** road

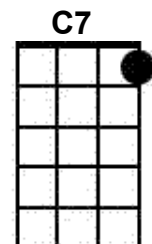


[C] Third boxcar **[F]** midnight train
[G7] Destination **[C]** Bangor, Maine
Old worn out **[F]** suit and shoes **[G7]** (one strum)
[Tacet] I don't pay no union dues, I smoke

[C] Old stogies **[F]** I have found
[G7] Short, but not **[C]** too big around, I'm a
[C7] Man of **[F]** means by no means **[G7]** (two strums)
[Tacet] King of the **[C]** road



I know **[C]** every engineer on **[F]** every train
[G7] All of their children **[C]** all of their names
And every handout in **[F]** every town
[G7] Ev-**[Tacet]**ery lock that ain't locked when no one's around, I sing



[C] Trailers for **[F]** sale or rent
[G7] Rooms to let **[C]** fifty cents
No phone, no **[F]** pool, no pets **[G7]** (one strum)
[Tacet] Ain't got no cigarettes, ah but

[C] Two hours of **[F]** pushing broom buys an
[G7] Eight by twelve **[C]** four bit room, I'm a
[C7] Man of **[F]** means by no means **[G7]** (two strums)

[Tacet] King of the **[C]** road **[G7]** (two strums)
[Tacet] King of the **[C]** road **[G7]** (two strums)
[Tacet] King of the **[C]** road

Last Train to Clarksville (The Monkees)

(Riff over the top)

A / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / /

/ / **A7**

Take the last train to Clarksville

And I'll meet you at the station

You can be there by four thirty

'Cause I made your reservation

D7

Don't be slow, oh, no, no, no

/ / / / **D7!**

Oh, no, no, no

A7

'Cause I'm leavin' in the morning

And I must see you again

We'll have one more night together

'Til the morning brings my train

D7

And I must go, oh, no, no, no

/ / / / **D7!**

Oh, no, no, no

E7

A / / /

And I don't know if I'm ever coming home

(Riff over the top)

A / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / /

/ / **A7**

Take the last train to Clarksville

I'll be waiting at the station

We'll have time for coffee-flavored kisses

And a bit of conversation

D7

Oh... Oh, no, no, no

/ / / / **D7!**

Oh, no, no, no

A / / /
Duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh

G / / /
Duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh

A / / / **G** / / /
Duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh

A / / /
Duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh

G / / /
Duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh

A / / / **G!**
Duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh

A7

Take the last train to Clarksville

Now I must hang up the phone

I can't hear you in this noisy

Railroad station all alone

D7

I'm feelin' low. Oh, no, no, no!

/ / / / **D7!**

Oh, no, no, no

E7

A / / /

And I don't know if I'm ever coming home

(Riff over the top)

A / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / /

/ / **A7**

Take the last train to Clarksville

And I'll meet you at the station

You can be there by four thirty

'Cause I made your reservation

D7

Don't be slow, oh, no, no, no

/ / / / **D7!**

Oh, no, no, no

E7

A / / /

And I don't know if I'm ever coming home

(Riff over the top)

A / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / /

/ / **A7**

Take the last train to Clarksville

Take the last train to Clarksville

Take the last train to Clarksville

Take the last train to Clarksville
/ / / / / / / / / / / / / / / /

The Loco-Motion

By Gerry Goffin & Carole King, 1962

Intro: C Am C Am (four beats each)

[C] Everybody's doin' a [Am] brand new dance now
[C] *C'mon baby [Am] do the Loco-Motion*
[C] I know you'll get to like it if you [Am] give it a chance now
[C] *C'mon baby [Am] do the Loco-Motion*
[F] My little baby sister can [Dm] do it with ease
[F] It's easier than learning your [D7] ABCs
So [C] come on, come on, [G] do the Loco-Motion with [C] me

Chorus :

You gotta swing your hips now [F], come on baby
Jump [C] up, jump back!
Oh well I [G] think you got the knack

[C] Now that you can do it [Am] let's make a chain now
[C] *C'mon baby [Am] do the Loco-Motion*
[C] Chug-a chug-a motion like a [Am] railway train now
[C] *C'mon baby [Am] do the Loco-Motion*
[F] Do it nice and easy now don't [Dm] lose control
A [F] little bit of rhythm and a [D7] lot of soul
So [C] come on, come on, [G] do the Loco-Motion with [C] me

Chorus (just chords)

[C] Move around the floor in a [Am] Loco-motion
[C] *C'mon baby [Am] do the Loco-Motion*
[C] Do it holding hands if you [Am] got the notion
[C] *C'mon baby [Am] do the Loco-Motion*
There's [F] never been a dance that's so [Dm] easy to do
It [F] even makes you happy when you're [D7] feeling blue
So [C] come on, come on, [G] do the Loco-Motion with [C] me

Ending

You gotta swing your hips now
[F] *C'mon do the Loco-Motion*
[C] *C'mon do the Loco-Motion*

Last two lines x 2 >> Then repeat with F to finish on C.

Marrakesh Express

G Looking at the world through the sunset in your eyes **Dm**
G Travelling the train through clear Moroccan skies **Dm**
Em Ducks and pigs and chickens call
A Animal carpet wall to wall
C American ladies five-foot tall in blue **D**

G Sweeping cobwebs from the edges of my mind **Dm**
G had to get away to see what we could find **Dm**
Em Hope the days that lie ahead
A Bring us back to where they've led
C Listen not to what's been said to you **D**

C Wouldn't you know we're riding on the Marrakech Express **G** **Am** **G**
C Wouldn't you know we're riding on the Marrakech Express **G** **Em** **A**
They're taking me to Marrakech **C** **D** **G**

All aboard the train all aboard the train

Bm I've been saving all my money just to take you there **G**
E I smell the garden in your hair **C**

Take the train from Casablanca going south
Blowing smoke rings from the corners of my mouth
Coloured cottons hang in the air
Charming cobras in the square
Striped djellebas we can wear at home Well, let me hear you now

Wouldn't you know we're riding on the Marrakech Express
Wouldn't you know we're riding on the Marrakech Express
They're taking me to Marrakech

Wouldn't you know we're riding on the Marrakech Express
Wouldn't you know we're riding on the Marrakech Express
They're taking me to Marrakech

All on board the train, all on board the train

All on board

Morning Town Ride (The Seekers)

G **G7**
Train whistle blowin'
C **G**
Makes a sleepy noise
C **G**
Underneath their blankets
Am **D7**
Go all the girls and boys

G **G7**
Rockin', rollin', ridin'
C **G**
Out along the bay
C **G** **Em**
All bound for Morningtown
D7 **G** **D7**
Many miles aw---ay

G **G7**
Driver at the engine
C **G**
Fireman rings the bell
C **G**
Sandman swings the lantern
Am **D7**
To show that all is well

G **G7**
Rockin', rollin', ridin'
C **G**
Out along the bay
C **G** **Em**
All bound for Morningtown
D7 **G** **D7**
Many miles aw---ay

G **G7**
Maybe it is raining
C **G**
Where our train will ride
C **G**
All the little travellers
Am **D7**
Are warm and snug inside

G **G7**
Rockin', rollin', ridin'
C **G**
Out along the bay
C **G** **Em**
All bound for Morningtown
D7 **G** **D7**
Many miles aw---ay

G **G7**
Somewhere there is sunshine
C **G**
Somewhere there is day
C **G**
Somewhere there is Morningtown
Am **D7**
Many miles away

G **G7**
Rockin', rollin', ridin'
C **G**
Out along the bay
C **G** **Em**
All bound for Morningtown
D7 **G** **D7**
Many miles aw---ay

G **G7**
Rockin', rollin', ridin'
C **G**
Out along the bay
C **G** **Em**
All bound for Morningtown
D7 **G** **D7**
Many miles aw---ay

Nine Hundred Miles

(City Ramblers Skiffle Group/Traditional)

Am / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / /

Am
Well, I'm ridin' that train
There are tears in my eyes
Tryin' to read a letter from my home
If that train runs me right
I'll be home Saturday night
E7 **Am**
It's nine hundred miles from my home

E7 **Am**
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow
E7 **Am**
It's that long lonesome train a-whistlin' down

Am
Well, that train I ride on
Is a hundred coaches long
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles
Well, that long whistle calling
The loneliest of all
E7 **Am**
It's nine hundred miles from my home

E7 **Am**
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow
E7 **Am**
It's that long lonesome train a-whistlin' down

Am
Now, I'll pawn you my watch
I'll pawn you my chain
I'll pawn my golden diamond ring
If that train runs me right
I'll be home Saturday night
E7 **Am**
It's nine hundred miles from my home

E7 **Am**
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow

E7 **Am**
It's that long lonesome train a-whistlin' down

Am
Well, that train I ride on

Is a hundred coaches long

You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles

Well, that long whistle calling

The loneliest of all

E7 **Am**
It's nine hundred miles from my home

E7 **Am**
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow

E7 **Am**
It's that long lonesome train a-whistlin' down

Am
Well, I'm ridin' that train

There are tears in my eyes

Tryin' to read a letter from my home

If that train runs me right

I'll be home Saturday night

E7 **Am**
It's nine hundred miles from my home

E7 **Am**
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow

E7 **Am**
It's that long lonesome train a-whistlin' down

Orange Blossom Special

by Ervin T. Rouse (1938)

Suggested strum: D.DUDUDU (moderately fast tempo)

C
Hey, look yonder comin', comin' down that railroad track
F **C**
Hey, look yonder comin', comin' down that railroad track.
G **C**
It's that Orange Blossom special, bringin' my baby back.

Instrumental: C F G C C F G C

C
Goin' down to Florida and get some sand in my shoes
F **C**
Or maybe California, and get some sand in my shoes.
G **C**
Ride that Orange Blossom Special and lose these New York blues.

Instrumental: C F G C C F G C

C
They talk about ramblin', she's the fastest train on the line.
F **C**
They talk about travelin', she's the fastest train on the line.
G **C**
It's the Orange Blossom Special, rollin' down the seaboard line.

Instrumental: C F G C C F G C . . . C/G/C/

Rollin' In My Sweet Baby's Arm Ricky Skaggs version

CHORUS:

[A] Rollin' in my sweet baby's arms
Rollin' in my sweet baby's **[E7]** arms
Gonna **[A]** lay round this shack
Till the **[D]** mail train gets back
And **[E7]** roll in my sweet baby's **[A]** arms

I **[A]** ain't gonna work on the railroad
Ain't gonna work on the **[E7]** farm
Gonna **[A]** lay around this shack
Till the **[D]** mail train gets back
And **[E7]** roll in my sweet baby's **[A]** arms

REPEAT CHORUS

Well **[A]** where were you last Saturday night
While I was layin' in **[E7]** jail
[A] Walking the streets with a-**[D]**nother man
You **[E7]** wouldn't even go my **[A]** bail

REPEAT CHORUS

Well your **[A]** folks they say they don't like me
They turn me away from your **[E7]** door
[A] Next time I come around your **[D]** house, to see ya
I **[E7]** ain't gonna come there no **[A]** more

REPEAT CHORUS

[A] Momma was a beauty operator
Sister could weave and **[E7]** spin
[A] Dad's on the line at the **[D]** old cotton mill
[E7] Watchin' that ol' money roll **[A]** in

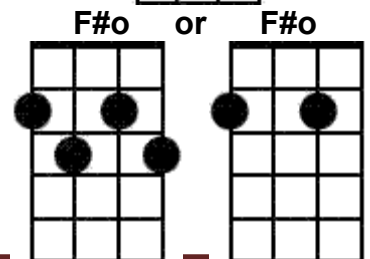
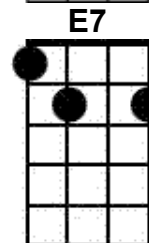
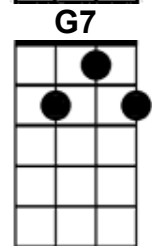
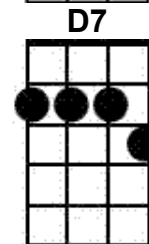
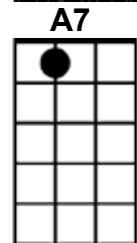
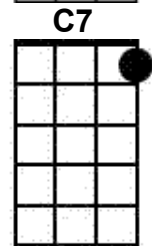
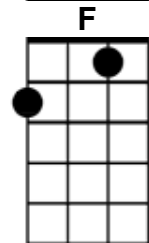
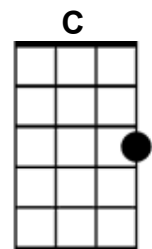
REPEAT CHORUS

Gonna **[A]** lay round this shack
Till the **[D]** mail train comes back
And **[E7]** roll in my sweet baby's **[A]** arms

San Francisco Bay Blues (Jesse Fuller) Jesse Fuller, Eric Clapton & others

Intro: [C] [F] [C] [C7] [F] [F] [C] [C7]
 [F] [F#o] [C] [A7] [D7] [D7] [G7] [G7]

I got the [C] blues for my baby left me
 [F] by the San Francisco [C] Bay [C7]
 The [F] Ocean-liner not so far a [C] way [C7]
 I [F] didn't mean to treat her so [F#o] bad,
 She was the [C] best girl I [C] e-[C7]ver [A7] had
 [D7] Said goodbye, I can make her cry,
 [G7] I wanna lay down 'n' die
 I [C] ain't got a nickel [F] ain't got a lousy [C] dime [C7]
 She [F] don't come back - ain't gonna lose my [E7] mind
 If I [F] ever get back to [F#o] stay,
 It's gonna [C] be another [C] brand [C7] new [A7] day
 [D7] Walking with my baby down
 [G7] by the San Francisco [C] Bay [G7]



Instrumental: with harmonica & kazoo - repeat first verse chords as above

[C] Sittin' down [F] lookin' from my [C] back door
 [C] Won-drin which [F] way to [C] go
 The [F] woman I'm so crazy about - she don't love me no [C] more
 [F] Think I'll catch me a [F#o] freight train
 [C] 'Cause I'm [C] feel-[C7]ing [A7] blue
 [D7] Ride all the way to the end of the line [G7] thinking only of you.

[C] Meanwhile [F] in another [C] city
 [C] Just about to [F] go in-[C]sane
 [F] All I heard my baby Lord
 Wi-[E7]shin' you would call my name
 If I [F] ever get back to [F#o] stay
 It's gonna [C] be another [C] brand [C7] new [A7] day and I'll be
 [D7] Walking with my baby down
 [G7] by the San Francisco [C] Bay [C] Hey [C7] Hey [A7] Hey
 [D7] Walking with my baby down
 [G7] by the San Francisco [C] Bay [C] Hey [C7] Hey [A7] Hey
 [D7] Walking with my baby down
 [G7] by the San Francisco [C] Bay [G7] [C]

This Train is Bound For Glory (Woody Guthrie)

C / / / / / / / /

C
This train is bound for glory, this train
G7
This train is bound for glory, this train
C **C7**
This train is bound for glory,
F
Don't carry nothing but the righteous and the
holy
C **G7** **C**
This train is bound for glory, this train

C
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train
G7
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train
C **C7**
This train don't carry no gamblers
F
Liars, thieves, nor big shot rambler
C **G7** **C**
This train is bound for glory, this train

C
This train don't carry no liars, this train
G7
This train don't carry no liars, this train
C **C7**
This train don't carry no liars
F
She's streamlined and a midnight flyer
C **G7** **C**
This train don't carry no liars, this train

C
This train don't carry no smokers, this train
G7
This train don't carry no smokers, this train
C **C7**
This train don't carry no smokers
F
Two bit liars, small time jokers
C **G7** **C**
This train don't carry no smokers, this train

C
This train don't carry no con men, this train
G7
This train don't carry no con men, this train
C **C7**
This train don't carry no con men,
F
No wheeler dealers, here and gone men,
C **G7** **C**
This train don't carry no con men, this train

C
This train don't carry no rustlers, this train
G7
This train don't carry no rustlers, this train
C **C7**
This train don't carry no rustlers,
F
Sidestreet walkers, two bit hustlers,
C **G7** **C**
This train is bound for glory, this train

C
This train is bound for glory, this train
G7
This train is bound for glory, this train
C **C7**
This train is bound for glory,
F
Don't carry nothing but the righteous and the
holy
C **G7** **C** / / / / / / / /
This train is bound for glory, this train

Wabash Cannonball (Lonnie Donegan/Carter Family)

C /// ////

C **F**
She came down from Birmingham one cold December day
G7 **C**
As she rolled into the station, you could hear the people say
F
“That train from Indiana, she’s long and she’s tall
G7 **C**
A handsome combination, called ‘The Wabash Cannonball’”

CHORUS: **C** **F**
Hey, listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
G7 **C**
As she comes down the mountains, through the hills and by the shore
F
Hear the mighty rush of engine, hear the lonesome hobos call
G7 **C**
He’s a-racin’ through the jungle on the Wabash Cannonball

C **F**
From the great Atlantic ocean to the wide Pacific shore
G7 **C**
From the green and flowing mountains to the old dell by the moor
F
She’s long and she’s handsome and quite well known by all
G7 **C**
A handsome combination, called ‘The Wabash Cannonball’

CHORUS

C **F**
Well, here’s to that old engineer, his name will ever stand
G7 **C**
He’ll always be remembered in the courts throughout the land
F
When this mighty race is over and the curtain ‘round him falls—
G7 **C**
They’ll carry him back to Dixie on the Wabash Cannonball

CHORUS

The Wreck of the Old 97 (Lonnie Donegan/Pete Seeger/Seekers)

G / / / /

Well, they gave him his orders at Monroe, Virginia
Sayin' "Steve, you're way behind time
Because this ain't thirty-eight, it's Old Ninety Seven
You got to put her into Danville on time"

CHORUS: And it's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg down to Danville
On a line on a three-mile grade
It was down that line he lost his air-brakes
You can see what a jump he made

Well, Steve Grady said to his big, greasy fireman
"Just shovel on a little more coal
I'm waitin' to pass them wide-open mountains
Just watch the Old Ninety-Seven roll"

CHORUS

He was comin' down that line makin' ninety miles an hour
When the whistle broke into a scream
Yeah, they found him in the wreck with his hand upon the throttle
He'd been scalded to death by steam

CHORUS

Well, come on now, all you ladies
From this time on, now learn
Don't you ever say harsh words to your true-lovin' husband
He may leave you and never return

CHORUS x2 (*speed up for the last chorus*)

Ukulele Chords

courtesy Jez Quayle

