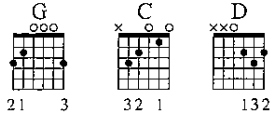


Rain

Words and Music by John Lennon and Paul McCartney



Intro
Moderately

Verse

G *Play 3 times* G C D

1. If the rain comes they run and hide their
sun shines they slip in - to the

G C D G C

heads, they might as well be dead. If the rain comes,
shade and sip their lem - on - ade. When the sun shines,

G 1. 2.

— if the rain comes. 2. When the shines.
— when the sun

Chorus

G C

Rain, I don't mind.

G C

Shine,

Outro-Verse

G G C D

the weath - er's fine. { I can show you that when it starts to
Can you hear me that when it rains and

G C D G C

rain ev - 'ry - thing's the same. I can show you.
shines it's just a state of mind? Can you hear me?

G 1. 2.

— I can show you. me?
— Can you hear

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ROLL IN MY SWEET BABY'S ARMS

TRADITIONAL

Moderately

G

Roll in my ain't gon - na sweet ba - by's arms. work on the railroad I

T
A
B

0 0 0 0 0 2 0

G

D

Roll ain't in gon - na sweet ba - by's arms. work on the farm. -

T
A
B

0 0 0 0 0 0 2

D

G

- I'll lay a - round the shack 'til the

T
A
B

2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

C

	C	C	E	E	E	D	D	D
	mail	train	comes	back,	and	roll	in	my
T	1	1						
A			2	2	2	0	0	0
B								

	B	B	A	G	G	G
	sweet	ba -	by's	arms.	I	arms.
T	0	0				
A			2	0	0	0
B						

3. Mama's a beauty operator,
 Sister can weave and can spin,
 Daddy's got an interest in that old cotton mill
 Just watching' that money roll in.

4. I know your parents don't like me;
 They drove me away from your door.
 If I had my life to live over,
 I'd never go there anymore.

5. Where were you last Friday night,
 While I was lyin' in jail?
 Walkin' the streets with another man,
 Wouldn't even go my bail

Skip To My Lou

Traditional

FIRST NOTE



C



G7



Lively
C

Musical notation for the first system, measures 1-4. Chords: C, G7, C.

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou, skip, skip, skip to my Lou, skip, skip,

Handwritten guitar tablature below the staff.

Musical notation for the second system, measures 5-8. Chords: G7, C.

skip to my Lou, skip to my Lou, my dar - lin'.

1. Lost my part - ner
2. I'll get an - oth - er one,
3. Flies in the but - ter - milk,

Handwritten guitar tablature below the staff.

Musical notation for the third system, measures 9-12. Chord: G7.

what'll I do? what'll I do?
prettier than you, prettier than you,
shoo, fly shoo! shoo, fly, shoo!

Lost my part - ner,
I'll get an - oth - er one,
Flies in the but - ter - milk,

Handwritten guitar tablature below the staff.

Musical notation for the fourth system, measures 13-16. Chords: C, G7, C.

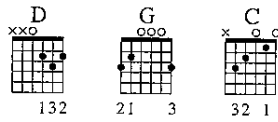
Lost my part - ner, what'll I do?
I'll get an - oth - er one, prettier than you.
Flies in the but - ter - milk, shoo, fly, shoo!

Skip to my Lou, my dar - lin'.

Handwritten guitar tablature below the staff.

Surfin' U.S.A.

Words by Brian Wilson
Music by Chuck Berry

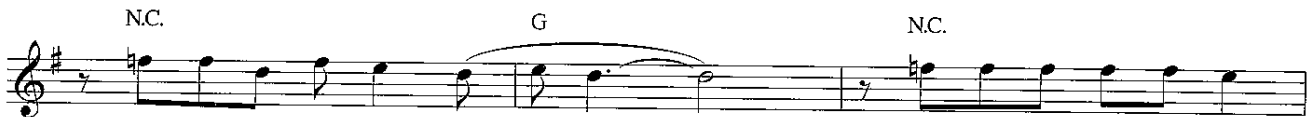


Bright Rock

Verse



1. If ev - 'ry - bod - y had an o - cean, —
2. See additional lyrics



a - cross the U. S. A. _____ then ev - 'ry - bod - y'd be



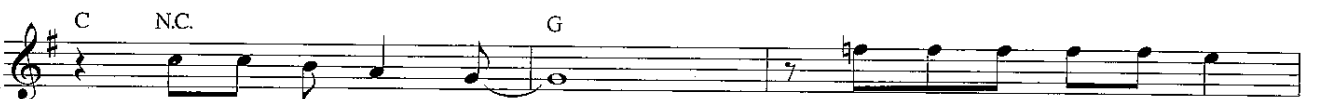
surf - in' _____ like Cal - i - for - ni - a. _____



You'd see 'em wear - in' their bag - gies, — huar - a - chi san - dals too. —



_____ A bush - y, bush - y blonde hair - do, —



surf - in' U. S. A. _____ You'll catch 'em surf - in' at

♩ D

Del Mar, — Ven - tu - ra Coun - ty line, —

3. Instrumental

San - ta Cruz and Tres - sels, — Aus - tra - lia's Nar - a - bine, —

— all o - ver Man - hat - tan, — and down Do - he - ny way, —

— ev - 'ry - bod - y's gone surf - in', — surf - in' U. S. A. —

1. *To Coda* 2. *D.S. al Coda*

— 2. We'll all be plan - nin' out a

⊕ Coda

— Ev - 'ry - bod - y's gone surf - in', — surf - in' U. S. A. —

Repeat and fade

Additional Lyrics

2. We'll all be plannin' out a route, we're gonna take real soon.
 We're waxin' down our surfboards, we can't wait for June.
 We'll all be gone for the summer, we're on safari to stay.
 Tell the teacher we're surfin', surfin' U.S.A.
 At Haggarty's and Swami's, Pacific Palisades,
 San Onofre and Sunset, Redondo Beach, L.A.,
 All over La Jolla, at Waiamea Bay,
 Ev'rybody's gone surfin', surfin' U.S.A.

SWANEE RIVER

TRADITIONAL

Moderato

Chord diagrams: G (x02333), C (x32011)

Way down up - on the Swan - ee riv - er

T 0 2 0 0 2
A 0
B 3 0 3

Chord diagrams: G (x02333), D (xx0232)

Far far a - way. There's where my heart is

T 3 0 0 2
A 0
B 0 2 0 0 2

Chord diagrams: C (x32011), G (x02333), D (xx0232), G (x02333)

turn - ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay.

T 3 0 3 3 0 0 2 2
A 0
B 0


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Ten Little Indians


Traditional

Moderately

G



D7



ONE lit - tle TWO lit - tle THREE lit - tle in - di - ans, FOUR lit - tle FIVE lit - tle

TAB: 0 0 0 0 0 0 | 0 3 3 0 0 0 | 2 2 2 2 2 2

D7




G




SIX lit - tle in - di - ans, SEVEN lit - tle EIGHT lit - tle NINE lit - tle in - di - ans,

TAB: 4 2 2 4 4 0 | 0 0 0 0 0 0 | 0 3 3 0 0 0

D7



G



TEN lit - tle in - di - an boys.

TAB: 3 1 1 0 0 2 | 0



This Land is Your Land

TAB

C G

0 2 0 | 1 1 1 0 2 | 0 0 0 0 0

D G C

2 2 2 0 2 | 0 0 0 2 0 | 1 1 1 0 2

G D G

0 2 0 | 2 2 2 4 0 4 2 | 0 (0 2 0)

This Land Is Your Land Woody Guthrie

4/4 Rhythm Mixed Bass-Strum Patterns/Bass Runs

VERSE/
CHORUS

This land is your land, this land is my land, from Cal-i -
for - nia to the New York is - land, from the red - wood for - ests,

16

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to the Gulf Stream wa - ters, this land was made for you and me.

Verse 2:

As I went walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below me that golden valley
This land was made for you and me.

Verse 3:

I roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts.
All around me a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me.

Verse 4:

When the sun came shining, then I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving, and the dust clouds rolling.
A voice was chanting, as the fog was lifting
This land was made for you and me.

Handwritten guitar chord diagrams and sequences:

- $\frac{D}{\text{I: G | D | A | D}}$
- $\frac{C}{\text{I: F | C | G | C}}$
- $\frac{A}{\text{I: D | A | E | A}}$
- $\frac{E}{\text{I: A | E | B | E}}$

Tulsa Time

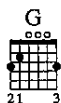
Words and Music by Danny Flowers

Strum Pattern: 1

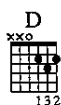
Pick Pattern: 1

Verse

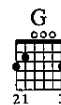
Moderate Boogie



1. I left O - kla - ho - ma driv - in' in a Pon - ti - ac,
2. See Additional Lyrics



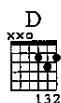
just a - bout to lose — my mind, — I was goin' to Ar - i - zo - na, may - be



on to Cal - i - for - nia where the peo - ple all live — so fine. — My



ba - by said I's cra - zy. My mom - ma called me la - zy. I was goin' to show 'em all — this time. —



— 'Cause you know I ain't no fool 'n' I don't need no more school-in'. I was

♩ Chorus

born to just walk the line. _____ Liv - in' on Tul - sa time. _____

Liv - in' on Tul - sa time. _____ Well, you know I been through it when I

set my watch back to it. Liv - in' on Tul - sa time. _____ 2. Well _____

Additional Lyrics

2. Well there I was in Hollywood,
 Wishin' I was doin' good,
 Talkin' on the telephone line.
 But they don't need me in the movies
 And nobody sings my songs,
 Where the guess I'm just a wastin' time.
 Well, then I got to thinkin',
 Man, I'm really sinkin'
 And I really had a flash this time.
 I had no bus'ness leavin' and nobody would be grievin'
 If I went on back to Tulsa time.

Chorus Livin' on Tulsa time.
 Livin' on Tulsa time.
 Gonna set my watch back to it,
 Cause you know I've been through it,
 Livin' on Tulsa time.

Tumbling Dice

Words and Music by Mick Jagger and Keith Richards



Strum Pattern: 2, 3


Pick Pattern: 1

Intro

Moderate Rock

Verse

G  21 3 *Play 4 times* G  21 3



1. Wom-en think I'm tast - y but they're al - ways tryin' to waste me and make _




me burn the can - dle right down. _ But ba - by, _

D  132 G  21 3




ba - by, _ I don't need no jew - els in my crown. _ 'Cause

D  132 G  21 3 C  32 1 D  132



all you wom-en is low down gam-blers, cheat-in' like I don't know how. _ But

G  21 3



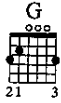
ba - by, _ ba - by, _ there's fe - ver in the funk-house now. _ 2. This

D  132 G  21 3 D  132 G  21 3 C  32 1 D  132

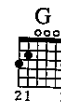
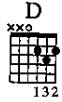
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Verse

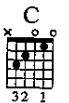


low down bitch-in' got my poor feet a - itch-in', you know, — you know the deuce is still wild.



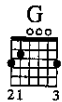
Ba - by, — I can't stay, — you got to

Chorus

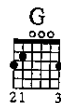


roll — me and call me the tum - blin' — dice.

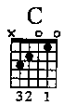
Verse



3. Al - ways in a hur - ry, I nev - er stop to wor - ry, don't you see the time flash-in' by.



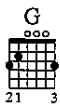
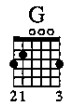
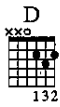
Hon - ey, — got no mon - ey, — I'm all



six - es and sev - ens and nines. — Say now, ba - by, I'm the

rank out - sid - er, you can be my part - ner in crime. — But

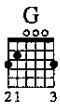
Chorus



ba - by, I can't stay, you got to roll me and

call me the tum - blin', roll me and call me the tum - blin'

Verse

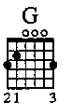
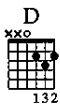


dice. 4. Oh, my, my, my, I'm the lone crap shoot-er,

play - in' the field ev - 'ry night. Ba - by,



Chorus

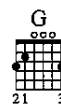


can't stay, you got to roll me and call me the tum - blin',

roll me and call me the tum - blin' dice.



Outro



Repeat and Fade

Got to roll me. Got to

Twinkle, Twinkle

**T
A
B**

G / / / C / G / C / G / D / G

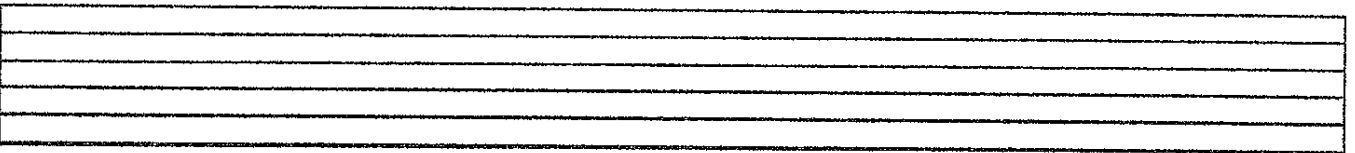
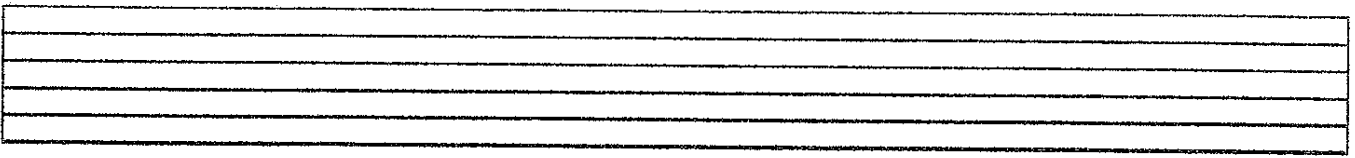
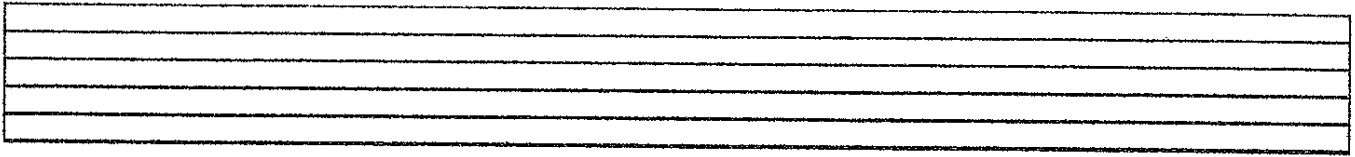
0 0 3 3 | 0 0 3 | 1 1 0 0 | 2 2 0

G / C / G / D / G / C / G / D /

3 3 1 1 | 0 0 2 | 3 3 1 1 | 0 0 2

G C / G / C / G / D / G /

0 0 3 3 | 0 0 3 | 1 1 0 0 | 2 2 0



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Words and Music by
DOMINGO SAMUDIO

Moderate Rock
Strum Pattern: No. 1
Intro

Guitar: G7

Un - o, dos, one, two, tres, qua-tro!

Guitar: G7

1. Mat - ty told Hat - ty a - bout a thing she saw. — Had two big horns —
2.,3. (See additional lyrics)

Guitar: C7, G7

and a wool - y jaw. — Wool - y bul - ly, — wool - y bul - ly. Wool - y

Guitar: D7, C7, G7, D7, D7

bul - ly, wool - y bul - ly, wool - y bul - ly.

To Coda

1. D7 D.S. al Coda
2. D7

CODA Guitar: G7

2. Hatty told Matty, "Let's don't take no chance,
Let's not be L-seven, come and learn to dance."
Wooly bully, wooly bully, wooly bully, wooly bully.

3. Matty told Hatty, "That's the thing to do.
Get you someone really to pull the wool with you."
Wooly bully, wooly bully, wooly bully, wooly bully, wooly bully.