

LET IT BE

Words and Music by John Lennon and Paul McCartney

Starting note
for singing:



Slowly ♩ Verse

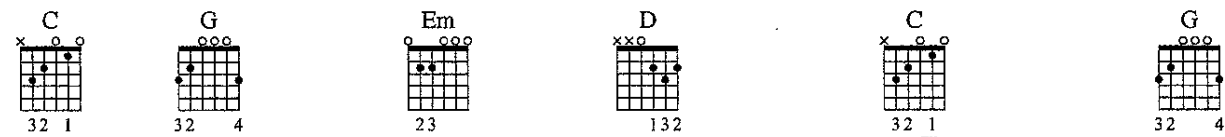
1. When I find my - self in times of trou - ble,
when the bro - ken - heart - ed peo - ple
when the night is cloud - y, there is


Moth - er Mar - y comes to me, speak - ing words of wis - dom. Let it
liv - ing in the world a - gree, there will be an an - swer. Let it
still a light that shines on me. Shine on till to - mor - row. Let it

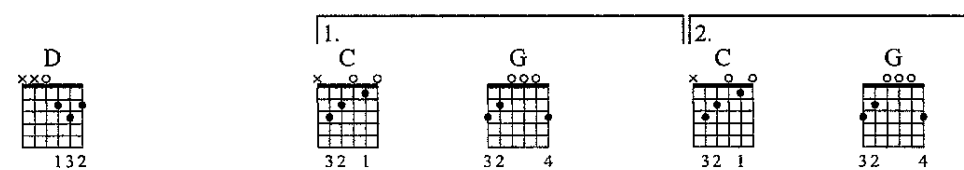
be. _____ And in my hour of dark - ness she is
be. _____ For though they may be part - ed, there is
be. _____ I wake up to the sound of mu - sic;

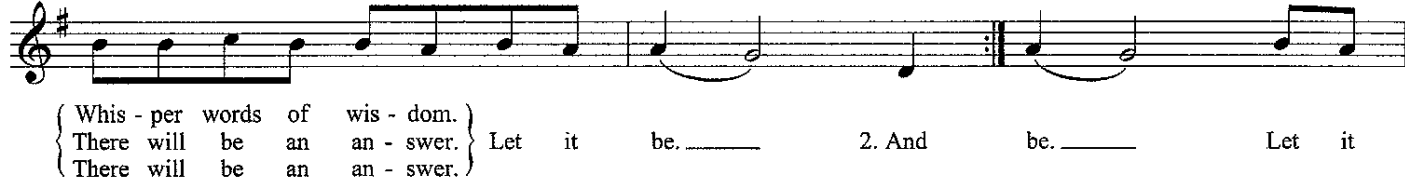
stand - ing right in front of me, speak - ing words of wis - dom.)
still a chance that they will see. There will be an an - swer.) Let it
Moth - er Mar - y comes to me, speak - ing words of wis - dom.)


Chorus












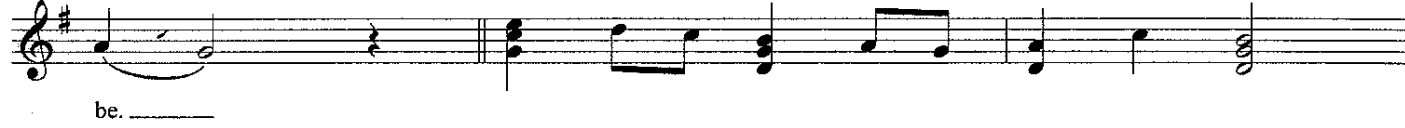




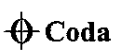
Interlude

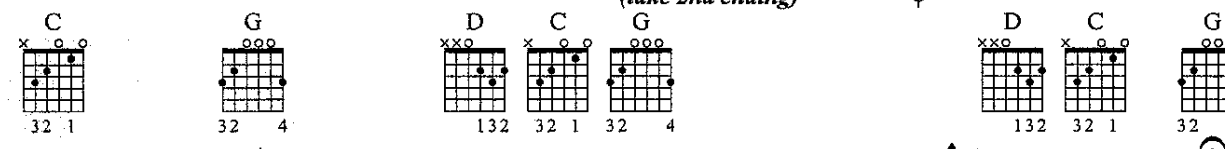
To Coda 

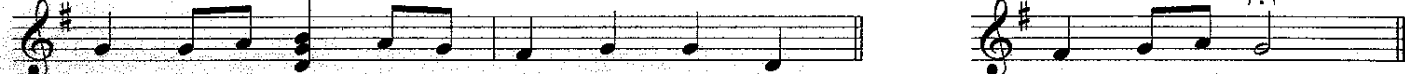




D.S. al Coda
(take 2nd ending)

Coda 





3. And

LET IT BE

Words and Music by
JOHN LENNON and PAUL McCARTNEY

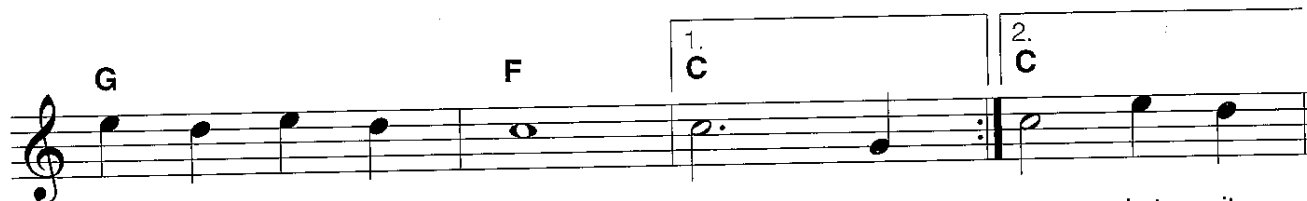
Verse



1. When I find my - self in times of trou - ble
(2.) in my hour of dark - ness she is



Moth - er Mar - y comes to me, } speak - ing words of
stand - ing right in front of me, }



wis - dom, let it be. 2. And Let it

Chorus



be, let it be, let it be, let it be.



Whis - per words of wis - dom, let it be.

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MAGGIE MAY

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART and MARTIN QUITTENTON

Verse



1. Wake up, Mag - gie, I think I got some-thing to
2. (The) morn - ing sun when it's in — your face — really



say to you. It's late Sep - tem - ber and I
shows your age. But that don't wor - ry me none, —



real - ly should be back at — school. |
— in my eyes you're ev - 'ry - thing. |

Pre-Chorus



know I keep you a - mused but I feel I'm be - ing
laughed at all of your jokes. My — love you didn't need to



used. }
coax. } Oh, Mag - gie I could - n't have

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Em Dm Gsus4

tried _____ an - y - more. _____ You

Chorus
Dm G Dm

led me a - way from home, just to save you from be - ing a -

G Dm

lone. You stole my { heart, and soul, and that's a

G C

that's what real - ly hurts.
pain I can do with - out.

Outro
C Dm


F C


Repeat and fade

MARGARITAVILLE


Words and Music by
JIMMY BUFFETT


Moderate calypso





A Verse:





 1. Nib - lin' on sponge - cake, watch - in' the sun.

 2,3. See additional lyrics



 — bake; all of the tour - ists cov - ered with oil.







 — Strum - min' my six — string,




 on my front porch — swing. Smell those shrimp, —

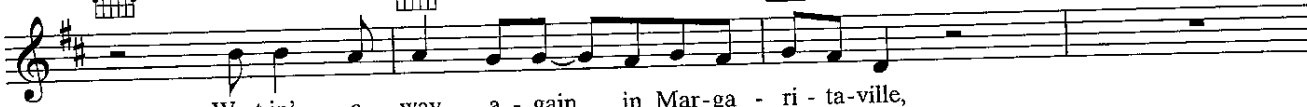





 — they're be - gin - ning to boil. —


B Chorus:





 Wast - in' a - way a - gain — in Mar - ga - ri - ta - ville,





 search - in' for my — lost shak - er of salt. —

The musical score consists of seven staves of music in G major. Each staff includes guitar chord diagrams for G, A, D, and A/C# chords. The lyrics are: "Some peo - ple claim that there's a wom - an to blame, but I know it's no - bod-y's fault. hell, it could be my fault. it's my own damn fault. Yes, and some peo - ple claim that there's a wom - an to blame, and I know it's my own damn fault." The score includes first, second, and third endings for the phrase "it's my own damn fault." The first ending leads to the end of the phrase, the second ending leads to the start of the phrase, and the third ending leads to the end of the phrase.

Verse 2:
 Don't know the reason, I stayed here all season
 With nothing to show but this brand new tattoo.
 But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie,
 How it got here, I haven't a clue.
 (To Chorus:)

Verse 3:
 I blew out my flip-flop, stepped on a pop top.
 Cut my heel, had to cruise on back home.
 But there's booze in the blender, and soon it will render
 That frozen concoction that helps me hang on.
 (To Chorus:)

Me and Bobby McGee Kris Kristofferson

4/4 Rhythm Bass-Strum/Down and Up Strokes/One Pattern only

A
VERSE

Bust-ed flat in Ba-ton Rouge, head-in' for the trains, feel-in' near-ly

E

fad-ed as my jeans. Bob-by thumbed a diesel down, just be-fore it' rained,

8

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A

took us all the way to New Or - leans. Took my har-poon out_ of my

D

dirty red bandanna and was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues, with them wind-shield wi-pers

A

E

A

slappin' time and Bobby clappin' hands we finally sang up eve-ry song that driver knew.

CHORUS

D

A

E

Freedom's just an - oth-er word for no-thin' left to lose, and no-thin' ain't worth nothin' but it's

A

D

A

free, feel-in' good was eas - y, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues,

E

A

and buddy, that was good e-nough for me, good e-nough for me and my Bobby McGee.

MR. TAMBOURINE MAN

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately

Hey! Mis - ter Tam - bou - rine Man, play a song for
me, I'm not sleep-y and there is no place I'm
go - ing to. Hey! Mis - ter Tam - bou - rine Man,
play a song for me, in the jin - gle jan - gle
morn - ing I'll come fol - low - in' you.
1. Though I know that eve - nin's em - pire has
re - turned in - to sand, van - ished from my

G D G Em

hand, left me blind - ly here to stand but still not

A G

sleep - ing. ————— My wea - ri - ness a -

A D G

maz - es me, I'm brand - ed on my feet. I

D G D

have no one to meet and the an - cient emp - ty

G Em A

street's too dead for dream - ing. —————

G A D

Hey! Mis - ter Tam - bou - rine Man, play a song for

G D G Em

me, I'm not sleep - y and there is no place I'm

go - ing to. Hey! Mis - ter

Tam - bou - rine Man, play a song for me, in the

jin - gle jan - gle morn - ing I'll come fol - low-in'

you.

Additional lyrics

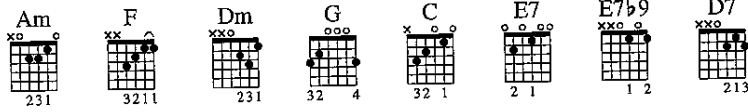
2. Take me on a trip upon your magic swirlin' ship.
 My senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip,
 My toes too numb to step, wait only for my boot heels
 To be wanderin'.
 I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade
 Into my own parade, cast your dancing spell my way;
 I promise to go under it.

3. Though you might hear laughin', spinnin', swingin' madly across the sun,
 It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escapin' on the run.
 And but for the sky there are no fences facin'.
 And if you hear vague traces of skippin' reels of rhyme
 To your tambourine in time, it's just a ragged clown behind.
 I wouldn't pay it any mind, it's just a shadow you're
 Seein' that he's chasing.

4. Then take me disappearin' through the smoke rings of my mind,
 Down the foggy ruins of time, far past the frozen leaves,
 The haunted, frightened trees, out to the windy beach
 Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow.
 Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free,
 Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands,
 With all memory and fate, driven deep beneath the waves.
 Let me forget about today until tomorrow.

My Favorite Things

from THE SOUND OF MUSIC
 Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II
 Music by Richard Rodgers



Strum Pattern: 7
 Pick Pattern: 8

Verse
 Moderately

Am F

1. Rain - drops on ros - es and whisk - ers on kit - tens, bright cop - per

2. See Additional Lyrics

Dm G

ket - tles and warm wool - en mit - tens, brown pa - per pack - ag - es

C F C F

1. tied up with strings, these are a few of my fa - vor - ite things.

2. Dm E7b9

fa - vor - ite things.

Outro Am E7

When the dog bites, when the

Am F

bee stings, when I'm feel - ing sad, I

D7 C

sim - ply re - mem - ber my fa - vor - ite things and then I don't

F G C F C

feel so bad.

Additional Lyrics

2. Cream colored ponies and crisp apple strudels,
 Doorbells and sleighbells and schnitzel with noodles,
 Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings,
 These are a few of my favorite things.

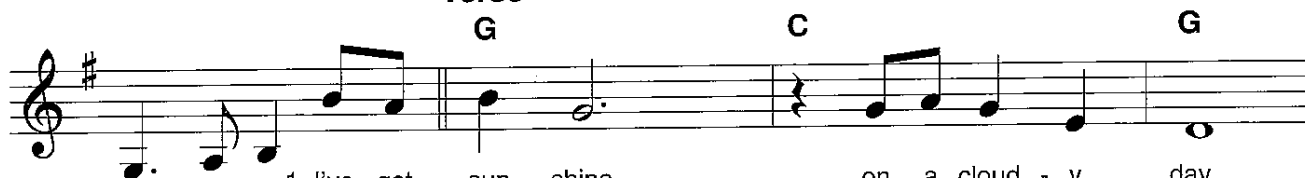
MY GIRL

Words and Music by
WILLIAM "SMOKEY" ROBINSON and RONALD WHITE

Intro N.C.



Verse

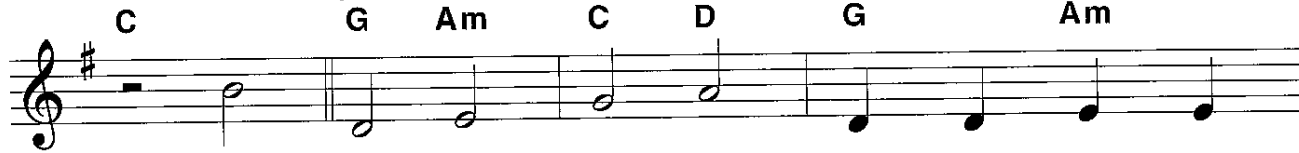


1. I've got sun - shine on a cloud - y day.
2. I've got so much honey, the — bees envy me.



When it's cold out - side, I got the month of May. }
I've got a sweet - er song than the birds — in the tree. }

Chorus



Well, I guess you say, what can make me



feel this way? My girl, (my girl, my girl,) talk - ing 'bout



my — girl. — (My girl.)

The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down

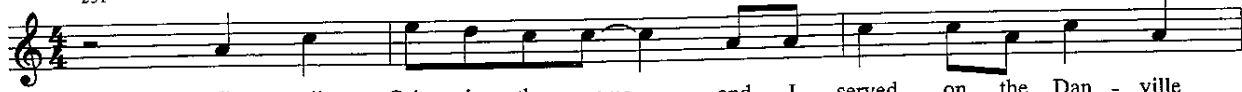
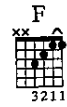
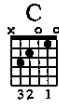
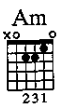
Words and Music by Robbie Robertson

Strum Pattern: 3

Pick Pattern: 3

Verse

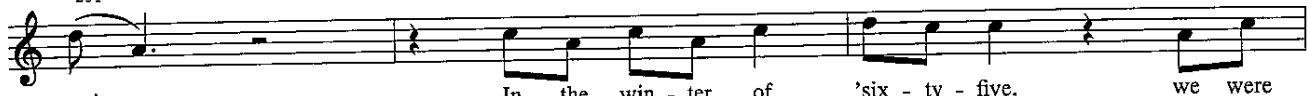
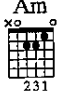
Moderate Rock Ballad



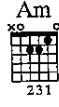
1. Vir - gil Caine is the name _ and I served on the Dan - ville
2., 3. See Additional Lyrics



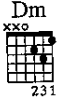
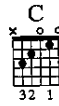
train _ 'til Stone - man's cav - al - ry came _ and tore up the tracks a -



gain. _ In the win - ter of 'six - ty - five, we were

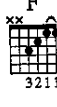
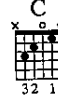
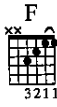
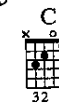


hun - gry, just bare - ly a - live. _ By May the tenth,



Rich-mond had fell. _ It's a time _ I re - mem-ber, oh, so well: The

Chorus



night they drove old Dix - ie down, _ and the bells _ were ring-in'; the

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night they drove old Dix - ie down, — and the peo - ple were sing-in', they went

"La, — la, la, la, — la, la, — la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la." ³

To Coda ⊕

1., 2.

3.

D.S. al Coda

The

⊕ *Coda*

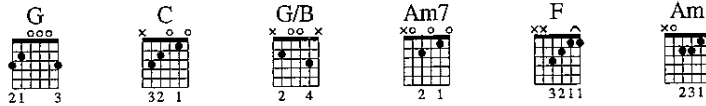
Additional Lyrics

2. Back with my wife in Tennessee,
 When one day she called to me,
 "Virgil, quick, come see,
 There goes Robert E. Lee."
 Now, I don't mind choppin' wood,
 And I don't care if the money's no good.
 Ya take what ya need and ya leave the rest,
 But they should never taken the very best.

3. Like my father before me,
 I will work the land.
 And like my brother above me,
 Who took the Rebel stand;
 He was just eighteen, proud and brave,
 But a Yankee laid him in his grave.
 I swear by the mud below my feet,
 Ya can't raise a Caine back up when he's in defeat.

No Woman No Cry

Words and Music by Vincent Ford



Strum Pattern: 3

Intro

Relaxed Reggae

G C G/B Am7 F C F C G
play 4 times

Chorus

C G/B Am F C F C G

No wom-an, no cry. No wom-an, no cry.

C G/B Am F C F C

{ No wom-an, no cry.
 Here — lit-tle dar-lin', don't shed no tears. }

No wom-an, no cry.

Verse

G C G/B Am F

Said, said. 1. Said I re-mem-ber when we used — to sit
 2., 3. See Additional Lyrics

C G/B Am F C G/B

in the gov-ern-ment yard in Trench-town. O-ba, O-b-serv-ing the

Am F C G/B Am F

hyp-o-crites as they would min-gle with the good peo-ple we meet,

C G/B Am F C G/B

good friends we had oh good friends we've lost a long the way.

Am F C G/B Am F

In this bright future you can't forget your past

1. 2.

To Coda

C G/B Am F Am F

so, dry your tears I say. And through, but while I'm gone I mean...

Interlude

C G/B Am F G

Ev-ry-thing's gon-na be al-right. Ev-ry-thing's gon-na be al-right.

1.

C G/B Am F G

Ev-ry-thing's gon-na be al-right. Ev-ry-thing's gon-na be al-right.

2.

Chorus

Am F C G/B Am F

Ev-ry-thing's gon-na be al-right so, wom-an, no cry. No, no

C F C G C G/B Am F

wom-an, no wom-an, no cry. Oh, my lit-tle sis-ter don't shed no tears...

Guitar Solo

C F C G C G/B Am F

No wom - an, no cry.

1., 2., 3. | 4. D.S. al Coda

C F C G G

⊕ Coda

Chorus

Am F C G/B Am F

— through, but while I'm gone I mean... No wom - an, no cry.

C F C G C G/B

No wom - an, no cry. Oh, my lit - tle dar - lin', I say

Am F C F C G

don't shed no tears. No wom - an, no cry. Yeah.

Outro

C G/B Am F C F C G

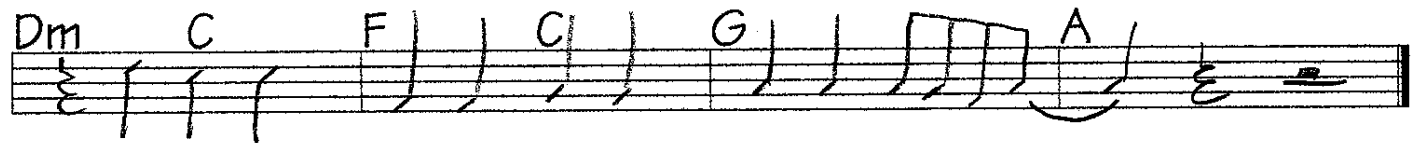
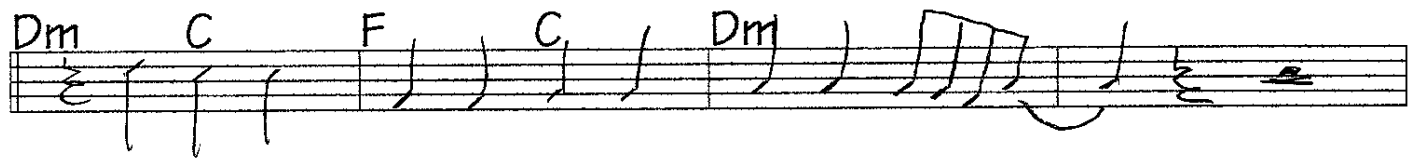
Lit-tle dar-lin', don't shed no tears... No wom - an, no cry.

C G/B Am F C F C G

Additional Lyrics

2., 3. Said I remember when we used to sit
 In the government yard in Trenchtown.
 And then Georgie would make a firelight
 As it was logwood burnin' through the night.
 Then we would cook corn meal porridge
 Of which I'll share with you.
 My feet is my only carriage,
 So, I've got to push on through, but while I'm gone I mean...

Paint it Black



PEACEFUL EASY FEELING

Words and Music by
JACK TEMPCHIN

Moderate Country style

1. I like the way — your spar - klin' ear -

rings — lay

a - gainst — your skin — so

brown, and I wan - na

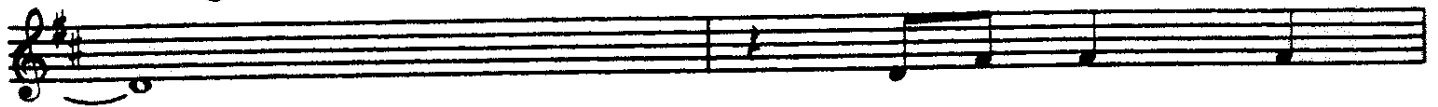
sleep with you — in the des - ert — to - night —



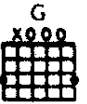
G



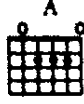
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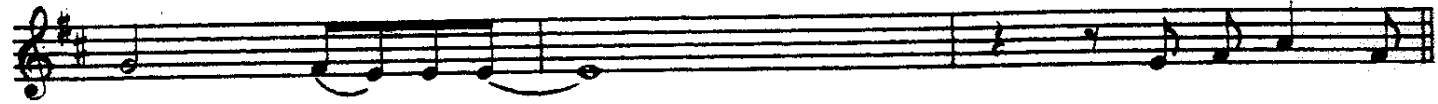
with a bil - lion



G

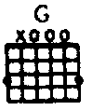


A

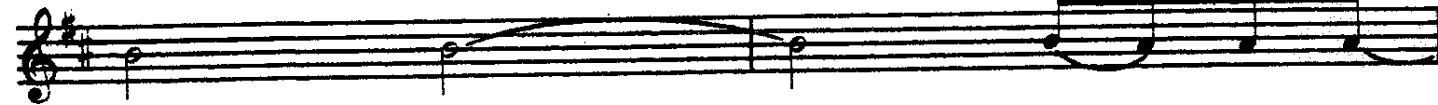


stars all a - round.

'Cause I got a

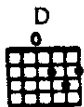


G



peace - ful,

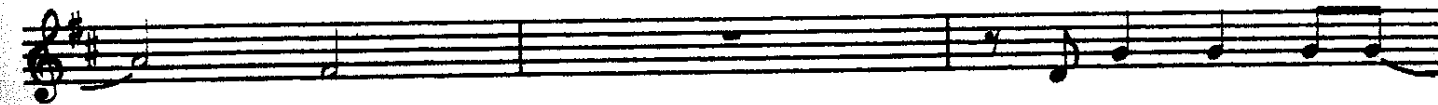
eas - y feel -



D



G



in',

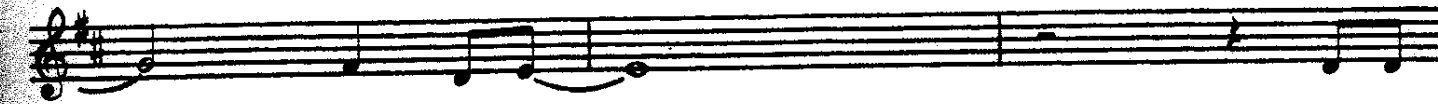
and I know you won't.



Em7

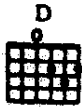


A



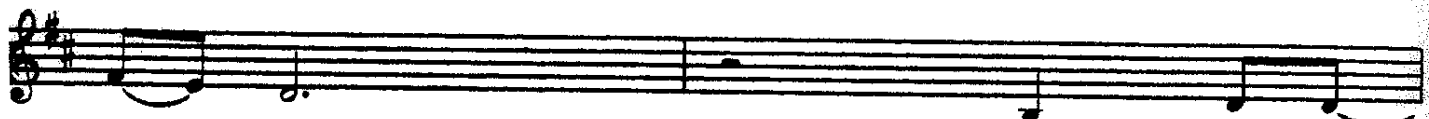
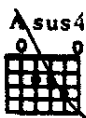
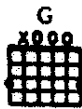
let me down,

'cause I'm



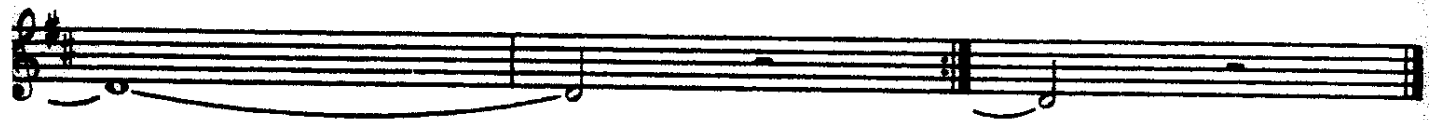
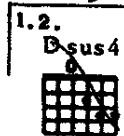
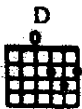
al

read - y



stand - in'

on the ground.

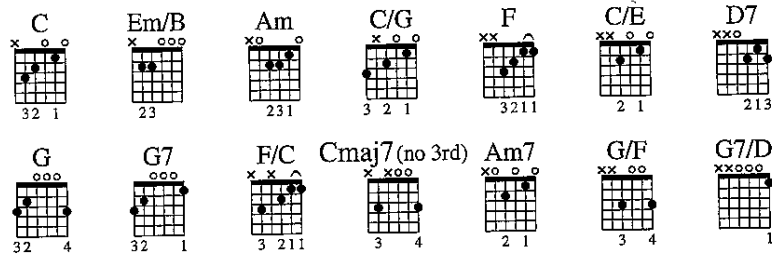


2. And I found out a long time ago
 What a woman can do to your soul;
 Ah, but she can't take you anyway,
 You don't already know how to go.
 And I got a peaceful, easy feelin', (etc.)

3. I get the feelin' I may know you
 As a lover and a friend;
 But this voice keeps whisperin' in my other ear,
 Tells me I may never see you again.
 'Cause I got a peaceful, easy feelin', (etc.)

Piano Man

Words and Music by Billy Joel



Strum Pattern: 8, 9

Pick Pattern: 8, 9

Verse

Moderately

C Em/B Am C/G F

1. It's nine o'clock on a Saturday, the regular

2., 3., 4. See Additional Lyrics

C/E D7 G C Em/B Am

crowd shuffles in. There's an old man sitting next to me

C/G F G7 C F/C Cmaj7(no 3rd)

mak-in' love to his tonic and gin.

F/C C Em/B Am C/G

He says, "Son, can you play me a memory? I'm

F C/E D7 G C Em/B

not really sure how it goes, but it's sad and it's sweet and I

Am C/G F G7 C

knew it com - plete when I wore a young - er man's clothes." _____

Bridge
Am Am7 D7 F Am Am7

Da, da, da, de, de, da. Da, da, de, de,

3. Instrumental

D7 G G/F C/E G7/D

da, da, da.

Chorus
C Em/B Am C/G F C/E

Sing us a song, you're the pia - no man. Sing us a song to -

D7 G C Em/B Am C/G F

night. Well, we're all in the mood for a mel - o - dy and you've got us

G7 C F/C Cmaj7(no 3rd) 1., 2., 3. F/C 4. F/C C

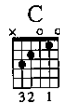
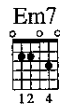
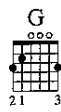
feel - in' al - right. 2. Now

Additional Lyrics

2. Now John at the bar is a friend of mine, he gets me my drinks for free.
And he's quick with a joke or to light up your smoke, but there's someplace that he'd rather be.
He says, "Bill, I believe this is killing me," as a smile ran away from his face.
"Well, I'm sure that I could be a movie star if I could get out of this place."
3. Now Paul is a real estate novelist, who never had time for a wife.
And he's talking with Davy who's still in the Navy and probably will be for life.
And the waitress is practicing politics, as the bus'nessmen slowly get stoned.
Yes they're sharing a drink they call loneliness, but it's better than drinkin' alone.
4. It's a pretty good crowd for a Saturday, and the manager gives me a smile.
'Cause he knows that it's me they've been comin' to see to forget about life for a while.
And the piano sounds like a carnival and the microphone smells like a beer.
And they sit at the bar and put bread in my jar and say, "Man what are you doin' here?"

Redemption Song

Words and Music by Bob Marley



Strum Pattern: 10

Intro

Moderately

N.C.



1. Old

Verse



pi - rates, yes, they rob I. Sold I to the mer - chant ships —
2., 3. See Additional Lyrics



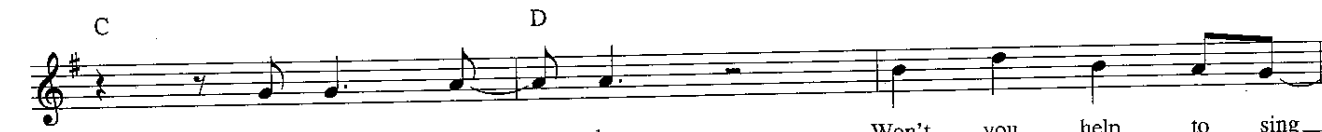
min - utes af - ter they took I from the bot - tom - less pit. But my



hand was made strong by the hand of the Al - might -



y. We for - ward in this gen - er - a - tion —



tri - umph - ant - ly. Won't you help to sing —

Chorus

G C D G C D

these _ songs of free - dom? 'Cause all I ev - er had, _

Em C D G C D

re - demp - tion _ songs, re - demp - tion _

To Coda ⊕

1. G C D G

1. _ songs.

2. E - man - ci - _ songs,

C D G C D

re - demp - tion _ songs.

Interlude

Em C D Em C D C D

3. E - man - ci -

D.S. al Coda

⊕ **Coda**

C D Em C D Em

all I ev - er had, _ re - demp - tion _ songs,

C D G C D G

these _ songs of free - dom, songs of free - dom.

C G/B Am D7/A

Additional Lyrics

2., 3. Emancipate yourselves from mental slav'ry,
 None but ourselves can free our minds.
 Have no fear for atomic energy,
 'Cause none of them can stop the time.
 How long shall they kill our prophets
 While we stand aside and look?
 Some say it's just a part of it.
 We've got to fulfill the book.

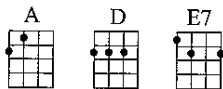
Ring Of Fire

Words and Music by
MERLE KILGORE and
JUNE CARTER

FIRST NOTE



Bright Country Tempo



1. Love _____ is a burn - ing thing, _____ and it
taste _____ of love is sweet, _____ when

makes _____ a fi - ery ring, _____
hearts _____ like ours _____ beat. _____

Bound _____ by wild de - sires, _____
I fell for you like a child. _____

I fell in - to a the ring of fire, _____
Oh, but the fire went wild. _____

I fell in - to a burn - ing ring of fire. _____ I went

down, down, down and the flames went high - er. And it

burns, burns, burns _____ the ring of fire, _____

the ring of fire. _____ 2. The fire. _____ The ring of

Repeat and fade

Scarborough Fair

Traditional, arranged Russ Shipton

3/4 Rhythm/Arpeggio/One Pattern only

V | V V V - Down -
1 2 3 | 1 2 3

Am Em Am

Are you go-in' to Scar-bor-ough Fair? Parsley, sage, rose -

D Am Em Am

ma-ry_ and thyme. Re-mem-ber me to the one who lives

G Am G Em Am

there, — she once was a true love of mine.

Verse 2:

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt:
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
Without any seams nor needle work,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Verse 3:

Tell her to find me an acre of land:
Parsley, sage; rosemary and thyme;
Between the salt water and the sea strand,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Verse 4:

Tell her to plough it with sickle of leather.
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
And bind it all in a bunch of heather,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Dm

3/4

Dm | / | Am | Dm |
/ | / | G | Dm |
/ | / | Am | Dm |
C | / | Dm | C |
Am | Dm | / ||

She's So Cold

Words and Music by Mick Jagger and Keith Richards

Strum Pattern: 2

Pick Pattern: 1

Verse

Bright Rock

G C F G

1. I'm so hot for her, I'm so hot for her, I'm so hot for her, and she's so cold.
2.-5. See Additional Lyrics

C F G

I'm so hot for her, I'm so hot for her, I'm so hot for her, and she's so cold.

C F G

I'm a burn-ing bush, I'm the burn-ing fire, I'm the bleed-ing vol - ca - no.

C F G

I'm so hot for her, I'm so hot for her, I'm so hot for her, and she's so cold.

C F G

2. Yes, I've she's so cold.
3. Yeah,

Additional Lyrics

2. Yes, I've tried rewiring her, tried refiring her,
I think her engine is permanently stalled.
She's so cold, she so cold,
She so cold, cold, cold like a tombstone.
She's so cold, she's so cold,
She's so cold, cold, cold like an ice cream cone.
She's so cold, she's so cold.
When I touched her my hand just froze.

3. Yeah, I'm so hot for her, I'm so hot for her,
I'm so hot for her, she's so cold.
Put your hand on the heat, put your hand on the heat.
I'm coming on, baby let's go, go.
She's so cold, she's so cold, cold,
She's so cold, but she's beautiful.

4. She's so cold, she's so cold.
I think she was born in an arctic zone.
She's so cold, she's so cold, cold, cold.
When I touched her my hand just froze.
She's so cold, she's so God damn cold,
She's so cold, cold, cold, she's so cold.

5. You were a beauty, a sweet, sweet, beauty.
A sweet, sweet beauty, but stone, stone cold.
You're so cold, you're so cold, cold, cold.
You're so cold, you're so cold.
I'm so hot for you, I'm so hot for you,
I'm so hot for you, and you're so cold.
I'm the burning bush, I'm the burning fire,
I'm the bleeding volcano.
I'm the burring fire, I'm the bleeding volcano...

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