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STRUM AND PICK PATTERNS

This chart contains the suggested strum and pick patterns that are referred to by number at the beginning of each song in this book. The symbols n and v in the strum patterns refer to down and up strokes, respectively. The letters in the pick patterns indicate which right-hand fingers plays which strings.

p = thumb
i = index finger
m = middle finger
a = ring finger

For example: Pick Pattern 2
is played: thumb - index - middle - ring

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You can use the 3/4 Strum or Pick Patterns in songs written in compound meter (6/8, 9/8, 12/8, etc.). For example, you can accompany a song in 6/8 by playing the 3/4 pattern twice in each measure.
A-Hunting We Will Go

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 4
Pick Pattern: 5
Moderately

A-hunting we will go! A-hunting we will go! We'll

C C C C F F F F C C G7 C

A - h un - ting we will go! A - h un - ting we will go! A -
catch a fox and put him in a box! A-hunting we will go! A -

D D D D G G G G D D G

hunt - ing we will go! A - h un - ting we will go! We'll

C C C C F F F F C C G7 C

catch a fox and put him in a box! A-hunting we will go!
A-Tisket A-Tasket

Strum Pattern: 10
Pick Pattern: 10

Moderately

A tisket, a tasket, a green and yellow basket, I

wrote a letter to my love and on the way I dropped it, I

dropped it, I dropped it, and on the way I dropped it, a

little boy (girl) picked it up and put it in his (her) pocket.

C

G7

C
All Night, All Day

Spiritual

Strum Pattern: 4
Pick Pattern: 3

Verse
Moderately slow (♩= 120)

D G D G

1. Day is dy-in’ in the west, angels watch-in’ o-ver me my Lord.

TAB

D G F#7 Bm

Sleep my child and take your rest, angels watch-in’ o-ver me.

D A7 D A7

Chorus

D G D G

All night, all day, angels watch-in’ o-ver me my Lord. All night, all day,

DG D A7

angels watch-in’ o-ver me.

DG D A7 D A7 D

Angels watch-in’ o-ver me.
Alouette
Traditional

Strum Pattern: 10
Pick Pattern: 10

Chorus
Moderately

C

\[ \text{mf} \quad \text{Aloette, gentille Aloette,} \]

T	A	B
0 3 0 0 3 1 3 0 1 0

\[ \text{Aloette, je te plumerai.} \]

1 3 0 0 3 1 3 0 1 0

2 3 0 0 3 1 3 0 1 0

Verse
C

\[ \text{1., 7. Je te plumerai la tête, je te plumerai la tête,} \]

2 - 6. See additional lyrics

1 3 0 1 3 3 3 3 0 3 1

2 3 0 1 3 3 3 3 0 3 1
Et la tête, Et la tête, Et la tête, Et la tête,

A - lou - et - te, A - lou - et - te, Oh!

Outro-Chorus

A - lou - et - te, gentille A - lou - et - te,

A - lou - et - te je te plu - me rai.

Additional Lyrics

2) le bec
3) le cou
4) les jambes
5) les pieds
6) les pattes
Alphabet Song

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 3, 4
Pick Pattern: 3, 4

Intro
Moderately
Bm E7 A A7 D E Bm/A

Verse
E7 A Bm/A A E7 A Dm6/A A Esus4 E


A A7/G D/F# A/E Bm A Esus4 E7 A Bm A

Now I know my A - B - C's. Next time won't you play with me?
Tell me what you think of me.

Esus4 E7 A Bm E7sus4 E7 Bm A Bm E7 A
America, the Beautiful
Words by Katherine Lee Bates
Music by Samuel A. Ward

Strum Pattern: 4
Pick Pattern: 3

Verse
Moderately slow

1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, for am-ber waves of grain, for

2. See additional lyrics

crown thy good with broth-er-hood from sea to shin-ing sea. 2. O sea.

Additional Lyrics

2. O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears.
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
I went to the animal fair, the birds and beasts were there. The big baboon, by the light of the moon, was combing his auburn hair. The monkey, he got drunk, and sat on the elephant's trunk. The elephant sneezed, and fell on his knees, and what became of the monk, the monk, the monk, the monk?
Baa Baa Black Sheep

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 10
Pick Pattern: 10
Moderately

Baa, baa, black sheep have you any wool?

Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full.

One for my master, one for my dame, but

none for the little boy who cries in the lane.
Barnyard Song

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 7, 8
Pick Pattern: 7, 8
Verse
Moderately fast

1. I had a rooster and the rooster pleased me. I fed my

rooster on a green berry tree. The little red rooster went

“cock-a-doodle doo, dee doodle-dee, doodle-dee, doodle-dee doo.”
Verse

C  C/B  Am  C/G  G7  C
2. I had a cat and the cat pleased me. I fed my cat on a green berry tree. The little cat went "meow, meow," the little red rooster went "cock-a-doodle-doo, dee doo-dle-dee, doo-dle-dee, doo-dle-dee-doo."
Verse

3. I had a pig and the pig pleased me. I fed my pig on a green berry tree.

4. See additional lyrics

Additional Lyrics

4. I had a cow and the cow pleased me.
   I fed my cow on a green berry tree.
   The little cow went “moo, moo.”
   The little pig went “oink, oink.”
   The little cat went “meow, meow.”
   The little red rooster went “cock-a-doodle-doo,
   Dee doodle-dee, doodle-dee, doodle-dee doo.”

5. I had a baby and the baby pleased me.
   I fed my baby on a green berry tree.
   The little baby went “waah, waah.”
   The little cow went “moo, moo.”
   The little pig went “oink, oink.”
   The little cat went “meow, meow.”
   The little red rooster went “cock-a-doodle-doo,
   Dee doodle-dee, doodle-dee, doodle-dee doo.”
Be Kind to Your Web-Footed Friends

Strum Pattern: 3, 4
Pick Pattern: 1, 3
Moderate March

Be kind to your web-fooled friends, for a duck may be

sombody's mother. Be kind to your friends in the swamp,

where the weather is always “damp.” Well, you

may think that this is the end, well, it is.
The Bear Went Over the Mountain

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 8
Pick Pattern: 8

Verse
Brightly

1. The bear went o-ver the moun-tain, the bear went o-ver the moun-tain, the

2. He

Verse

saw an-oth-er moun-tain, he saw an-oth-er moun-tain, he

saw an-oth-er moun-tain and that’s what he could see.
The Bluetail Fly

(Jimmy Crack Corn)

Words and Music by Daniel Decatur Emmett

Strum Pattern: 10
Pick Pattern: 10

Verse
Rubato

Dm
Bb
F
C7

I. When I was young I used to wait on Master __ and hand him his plate, and pass the bottle when

Chorus

Bb
C7
F
F
C7

he got dry, and brush a-way the Blue-tail Fly! Jimmy crack corn, and I don’t care, Jimmy crack corn, and

Additional Lyrics

2. And when he’d ride in the afternoon,
   I’d follow after with a hickory broom;
   The pony being very shy,
   When bitten by the Bluetail Fly!

3. One day while riding round the farm,
   The flies so numerous they did swarm;
   One changed to bite him on the thigh,
   The devil take the Bluetail Fly!

4. The pony run, he jump, he kick,
   He threw my Master in the ditch;
   He died and the jury wondered why,
   The verdict was the Bluetail Fly!

5. They laid him under a ’simmon tree,
   His epitaph is there to see:
   “Beneath this stone Jim forced to lie,
   A victim of the Bluetail Fly!”
Strum Pattern: 4, 3
Pick Pattern: 2, 5

Intro
Moderately fast
N.C.

Verse
C F C

1. There was a farmer had a dog and

Bingo was his name-o:
B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O,

Am Dm G C Verse

B-I-N-G-O and Bingo was his name-o. 2. There was a farmer had a dog and
**Additional Lyrics**

3. There was a farmer had a dog and Bingo was his name-o:
   - - N-G-O, - - N-G-O, - - N-G-O
   And Bingo was his name-O:

4. There was a farmer had a dog and Bingo was his name-o:
   - - G-O, - - G-O, - - G-O
   And Bingo was his name-O:

5. There was a farmer had a dog and Bingo was his name-o:
   - - O, - - O, - - O

6. There was a farmer had a dog and Bingo was his name-o:
   - - O, - - O, - - O
   And Bingo was his name-O:
Bye, Baby Bunting

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 7
Pick Pattern: 7

Verse
Quickly

D
Dmaj7sus2
D
Dmaj7sus2
D

1. Bye, bye, baby bunting, daddy's gone a-hunting, to

G
D/F#
Em
A7
D

get a little rabbit skin to wrap the baby bunting in.

Verse

D
Dmaj7sus2
D
Dmaj7sus2
D

2. Bye, bye, baby bunting, daddy's gone a-hunting, to

G
D/F#
Em
A7
D

get a little rabbit skin to wrap the baby bunting in.
(Oh, My Darling) Clementine
Words and Music by Percy Montrose

Strum Pattern: 9
Pick Pattern: 7

Verse
Moderately

C
G7

1. In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine, dwelt a miner forty
2–5. See additional lyrics

T
1 1 1 1
0 0 0 0
1 1 1 1
3 3 3 3
0 0 0 0
1 1 1 1
3 3 3 3
0 0 0 0
1 1 1 1
3 3 3 3

Chorus
C
G7
C
C

Clementine and his daughter, Clementine. Oh, my darling, oh, my darling, oh my darling Clementine,

C
G7
C
C

Clementine, you are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry Clementine. 2. Light she tine.

Additional Lyrics

2. Light she was and like a fairy
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses
Sandals were for Clementine.

3. Drove she ducklings to the water
Ev’ry morning just at nine,
Stubb’d her toe upon a splinter
Fell into the foaming brine

4. Ruby lips above the water
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
But alas I was no swimmer
So I lost my Clementine.

5. There’s a churchyard on the hillside
Where the flowers grow and twine,
There grow roses ’mongst the posies
Fertilized by Clementine.
Cock-a-Doodle-Doo

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 7
Pick Pattern: 7
Verse
Moderately
F C7 F C7 F C7 F C7 F C7 F

1. Cock-a-doodle doo!
   My dame has lost her shoe, my master's lost his fiddling

2. See additional lyrics

Dm F C7 F C7 F C7 F C7 F C7 F G

stick and doesn't know what to do.
And doesn't know what to do, and doesn't know what to do.

F C7 F C7 F Dm F C7

My master's lost his fiddling stick and doesn't know what to do.

Additional Lyrics

2. Cock-a-doodle doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.
She'll dance without her shoe,
Till master finds his fiddling stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.
Do Your Ears Hang Low?

Strum Pattern: 3, 2
Pick Pattern: 4

Intro
Moderately

C

Verse

G/D  G  C

1. Do your (2.) ears hang low? Do they wobble to and fro? Can you tie 'em in a knot? Can you tie 'em in a bow? Can you throw 'em o'er your shoulder like a continental soldier? Do your

1. Do your (2.) ears hang low? Do they wobble to and fro? Can you tie 'em in a knot? Can you

2. Do your low?
Down by the Station
Traditional

G  D7

Strum Pattern: 4
Pick Pattern: 3

Verse
Moderately (♩♩♩♩)

G  D7  G
D7  G

1. Down by the station early in the morning, see the little puff-fer-bil-lies all in a row.

See the en-gine driv-er pull the lit-tle han-dle. Choo! Choo! Toot! Toot! Off they go.

Verse

G  D7  G
D7  G

2. Down by the station early in the morning, see the little puff-fer-bil-lies all in a row.

See the en-gine driv-er pull the lit-tle han-dle. Choo! Choo! Toot! Toot! Off they go.
Dry Bones
Traditional

Strum Pattern: 3
Pick Pattern: 3

Chorus
Rhythmically (♩♩♩♩)

F
C7
F

E-zekiel cried, "Them dry bones!" E-zekiel cried, "Them dry bones!"

F
C7
F

E-zekiel cried, "Them dry bones!" Oh, hear the word of the Lord!

Verse
F
F#

foot bone connected to the leg bone, the leg bone connected to the

AB

1. The
knee bone, the knee bone connected to the thigh bone, the

thigh bone connected to the backbone, the backbone connected to the

neck bone, the neck bone connected to the head bone. Oh, hear the word of the

Lord! Them bones, them bones gonna walk aroun', them bones, them bones gonna

walk aroun', them bones, them bones gonna walk aroun'. Oh, hear the word of the
Verse

Lord!

2. The head bone connected to the neck bone, the neck bone connected to the

back bone, the back bone connected to the thigh bone, the

thigh bone connected to the knee bone, the knee bone connected to the

leg bone, the leg bone connected to the foot bone. Oh,

hear the word of the Lord!

Bb     C7     F
Down in My Heart

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 5, 4  
Pick Pattern: 1, 3

Moderately  

Verse

C G7 C G7

1. I've got the joy, joy, joy, joy down in my heart, (Where?) down in my heart, (Where?)

To Coda

C G7 C G7

down in my heart. I've got the joy, joy, joy, joy down in my heart, (Where?) (There!) down in my heart to

Verse

C

stay!

2. I've got the love of Jesus, love of Jesus (peace that passeth understanding) down in my heart, (Where?)

G7 C G7 C

down in my heart, (Where?) down in my heart. I've got the love of Jesus, love of Jesus (peace that passeth understanding)
Verse

C

wonderful love of my blessed Redeemer way down in the depths of my heart. (Where?)

Shout:

C

wonderful love of my blessed Redeemer way down in the depths of my heart, (Where?)

Coda

D.S. al Coda

C

5. I've got the stay!

Shout:

C

1 0 2 0 3
Eensy Weensy Spider

Traditional

*C Strum Pattern: 10
*Pick Pattern: 10

Playfully

C

G7

Am

D7

The eensy weensy spider went up the water spout.

C

G7

C

Down came the rain and washed the spider out.

G7

C

Out came the sun and dried up all the rain. Now the

G7

C

een - sy ween - sy spi - der went up the spout a - gain.

Am

D7

G7

C
Evening Prayer

By Engelbert Humperdinck

Strum Pattern: 4
Pick Pattern: 4
Moderately

When I rest my weary head, angels gather 'round my bed, keeping me from harm's way, guiding me through night and day. Some stay by my right side, others by my left side. Ever may your watch be. Always you will warm me.

Angels ever with your might, please bless and guard my soul tonight.
The Farmer in the Dell

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 8
Pick Pattern: 8

Verse
Fast

C

1. The farmer in the dell, the farmer
in the dell. Heigh ho, the derry

2. - 9. See additional lyrics

3.

G7

C

1. - 8.

2. The farmer takes a wife,
The farmer takes a wife,
Heigh ho, the derry oh,
The farmer takes a wife.

3. The wife takes a child, etc.

4. The child takes a nurse, etc.

5. The nurse takes a dog, etc.

6. The dog takes a cat, etc.

7. The cat takes a rat, etc.

8. The rat takes the cheese, etc.

9. The cheese stands alone, etc.

Additional Lyrics
Frère Jacques
(Are You Sleeping?)

Traditional

G    D7
\[\text{\textbf{Png}}\]
\[\text{\textbf{G}}\]

Strum Pattern: 5
Pick Pattern: 1
Verse Moderately

1. Are you sleeping, are you sleeping, brother John, brother John?
French: Frère Jacques, Frère Jacques, dor mez vous, dor mez vous?

\[\text{TAB}\]
0  0  0  0  0  1  3  0  1  3

D7  G
m\f
Morn-ing bells are ring-ing, morn-ing bells are ring-ing, ding ding dong, ding ding dong.
Son nez les ma-ti-nes, son nez les ma-ti-nes, din din don, din din don.

3  0  3  1  0  3  0  3  1  0

Verse
G    D7  G
\[\text{\textbf{G}}\]

2. Are you sleeping, are you sleeping, brother John, brother John?
Frère Jacques, Frère Jacques, dor mez vous, dor mez vous?

8  2  0  0  8  2  0  8  1  3  8  1  3

D7  G
\[\text{\textbf{G}}\]
Morn-ing bells are ring-ing, morn-ing bells are ring-ing, ding ding dong, ding ding dong.
Son nez les ma-ti-nes, son nez les ma-ti-nes, din din don, din din don.

3  0  3  1  0  3  0  3  1  0

0  0  8  0  0  0  8  0  0  8
For He's a Jolly Good Fellow

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 7, 8
Pick Pattern: 8

Moderately

A

mf

For he's a jolly good fellow, for

TAB

2 2 2 2 0 2 3 2 2

E7

A

he's a jolly good fellow, for

0 0 0 2 0 2 2 2

D

N.C.

he's a jolly good fellow, which

2 2 2 0 2 3 2 2

A

E7

A

nobody can deny!

Which

2 2 0 3 0 2 2 2 2
no - bod - y can de - ny!  Which

For

he's a jolly good fel - low, which

no - bod - y can de - ny!
Frog Went A-Courtin'

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 4
Pick Pattern: 5

Verse

Happily

1. Oh, frog went a-court-in' and he did ride, uh-huh, uh-

2. - 15. See additional lyrics

Frog went a-court-in' and he did ride, sword and pistol

by his side, uh-huh, uh-huh.

Additional Lyrics

2. Well, he rode down to Miss Mousie's door, uh-huh, uh-huh,
   Well, he rode down to Miss Mousie's door,
   Where he had often been before, uh-huh, uh-huh.

3. He took Miss Mousie on his knee, uh-huh, uh-huh,
   He took Miss Mousie on his knee,
   Said, "Miss Mousie will you marry me?" Uh-huh, uh-huh.

4. "I'll have to ask my Uncle Rat, etc.
   See what he will say to that." etc.

5. "Without my Uncle Rat's consent,
   I would not marry the President."

6. Well, Uncle Rat laughed
   And shook his fat sides,
   To think his niece would be a bride.

7. Well, Uncle Rat rode off to town,
   To buy his niece a wedding gown.

8. "Where will the wedding supper be?"
   "Way down yonder in a hollow tree."

9. "What will the wedding supper be?"
   "A fried mosquito and a roasted flea."

10. First to come in were two little ants,
    Fixing around to have a dance.

11. Next to come in was a bumble bee,
    Bouncing a fiddle on his knee.

12. Next to come in was a fat sassy lad,
    Thinks himself as big as his dad.

13. Thinks himself a man indeed,
    Because he chews the tobacco weed.

14. And next to come in was a big tomatcat,
    He swallowed the frog
    And the mouse and the rat.

15. Next to come in was a big old snake,
    He chased the party into the lake.
Go Tell Aunt Rhody
Traditional

Strum Pattern: 3
Pick Pattern: 3

Verse
Slowly

1. Go tell Aunt Rhody, go tell Aunt Rhody,

2. – 5. See additional lyrics

Additional Lyrics

2. The one she was saving,
The one she was saving,
The one she was saving,
To make a feather bed.

3. The gander is weeping,
The gander is weeping,
The gander is weeping,
Because his wife is dead.

4. The goslings are crying,
The goslings are crying,
The goslings are crying,
Because their mama’s dead.

5. She died in the water,
She died in the water,
She died in the water,
With her heels above her head.
Git Along, Little Dogies
Western American Cowboy Song

Strum Pattern: 7
Pick Pattern: 8

Verse
Moderately

1. As I was a-walkin' one mornin' for pleasure, I

2. –7. See additional lyrics

Chorus

Whoop-ee

ti-yi-yo, git along little dogies; it's your mis-
Additional Lyrics

2. Early in the springtime we'll round up the dogies,
   Slap on their brands and bob off their tails;
   Round up our horses, load up the chuck wagon,
   Then throw those dogies upon the trail.

3. It's whooping and yelling and driving the dogies,
   Oh, how I wish you would go on.
   It's whooping and punching and go on, little dogies,
   For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

4. Some of the boys goes up the trails for pleasure,
   But that's where they git it most awfully wrong;
   For you haven't any idea the trouble they give us,
   When we go driving them dogies along.

5. When the night comes on and we hold them on the bed-ground,
   These little dogies that roll on so slow;
   Roll up the herd and cut out the strays,
   And roll the little dogies that never rolled before.

6. Your mother she was raised way down in Texas,
   Where the jimson weed and sandburs grow;
   Now we'll fill you up on prickly pear and cholla,
   Till you are ready for the trail to Idaho.

7. Oh, you'll be soup for Uncle Sam's Injuns,
   "It's beef, heap beef." I hear them cry.
   Git along, git along, git along, little dogies,
   You're going to be beef steers by and by.
Goober Peas
Words by P. Pindar
Music by P. Nutt

Strum Pattern: 4
Pick Pattern: 3

Verse
Moderately

G

1. Sitting by the roadside on a summer day,
2., 3., 4. See additional lyrics

C

chatting with my mess-mates, passing time away, lying in the shadow

G

underneath the trees, goodness, how delicious, eating goober peas!
Peas! Peas! Peas! Peas! Eating goober peas! Goodness how delicious,

Additional Lyrics

2. When a horseman passes, the soldiers have a rule,
   To cry out at their loudest, "Mister, here's your mule!"
   But another pleasure enchanting than these,
   Is wearing out your grinders, eating goober peas!

3. Just before the battle the Gen'ral hears a row,
   He says, "The Yanks are coming, I hear their rifles now."
   He turns around in wonder, and what do you think he sees?
   The Georgia Militia—eating goober peas!

4. I think my song has lasted almost long enough,
   The subject's interesting, but rhymes are mighty rough,
   I wish this war was over, when free from rags and fleas,
   We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts and gobble goober peas!
Goosey, Goosey Gander

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 10
Pick Pattern: 10
Moderately

Goosey, goosey gander, gander, gander.

Am C C G7 C

T 0 1 2 3 2 1
A 2 2 2 3 2 1

Am C F G7 C

goosey, goosey gander, where do you go?

T 0 1 2 3 0 1 2 3
A 2 2 2 3 2 1

Am C G7 C

I am going walking, walking, walking.

T 0 1 2 3 0 1 2 3
A 2 2 2 3 2 1

Am C F G7 C

I am going walking if you must know.
Hail, Hail, the Gang’s All Here

Words by D.A. Esrom
Music by Theodore F. Morse and Arthur Sullivan

Strum Pattern: 7, 8
Pick Pattern: 7, 8

Moderately

G

\[\text{mf} \]

Hail! Hail! The gang's all here.

T
\[0 \ 0 \ 0 \ 2 \ 2 \ 0 \ 0 \ 3 \ 3 \]

A

B

D7

What the heck do we care? What the heck do we care?

0 2 4 0 2 0 0 2 4 0 2 0

G

Hail! Hail! The gang’s all here.

0 3 3 0 2 2 0 3 3

D7

What the heck do we care now?

0 2 4 0 2 3 0 3 3 3
Grandfather’s Clock

By Henry Clay Work

Strum Pattern: 3
Pick Pattern: 3
Verse
Moderately slow

1. My grand-father’s clock was too large for the shelf so it stood ninety years on the floor.

2. It was taller by half than the old man himself though it weighed not a penny-weight more.

3. It was bought on the morning of the day that he was born and was always his treasure and
2. In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
   Many hours had he spent while a boy;
   And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know,
   And to share both his grief and his joy.
   For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door,
   With a blooming and beautiful bride.

3. My grandfather said that of those he could hire,
   Not a servant so faithful he found;
   For it wasted no time, and had but one desire,
   At the close of each week to be wound.
   And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face,
   And its hands never hung by its side.

4. It rang an alarm in the dead of the night,
   An alarm that for years had been dumb;
   And we knew that his spirit was pluming its flight,
   That his hour of departure had come.
   Still the clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chime,
   As we silently stood by his side.
He's Got the Whole World in His Hands

Traditional Spiritual

Strum Pattern: 3, 4
Pick Pattern: 1, 3

Verse
Moderately (♩♩♩♩♩)

1. He's got the whole world in His hands, He's got the whole world in His hands.

2, 3, 4. See additional lyrics

3.

G

3 0 3 3 0 3 0 0 3 3 3 3 1 2 4

D7

3 3 3 3 0 3 0 0 3 3 3 3 1 2 4

G

in His hands, He's got the whole world in His hands, He's got the whole world in His hands.

D7

[1, 2, 3.

G

| 4,

Additional Lyrics

2. He's got the wind and the rain in His hands,
He's got the wind and the rain in His hands,
He's got the wind and the rain in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands.

3. He's got the tiny little baby in His hands,
He's got the tiny little baby in His hands,
He's got the tiny little baby in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands.

4. He's got you and me, brother, in his hands,
He's got you and me, sister, in his hands,
He's got you and me, brother, in his hands,
He's got the whole world in his hands.
Hey Diddle Diddle

Traditional

G D D7 C

Strum Pattern: 8
Pick Pattern: 8
Lively

G  D  D  C

Hey, diddle, diddle! The cat and the fiddle, the

G D7

cow jumped over the moon. The

C G

little dog laughed to see such sport and the

D7 G

dish ran away with the spoon.
Hey, Ho! Nobody Home

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 3
Pick Pattern: 3, 4
Moderately

Hey, ho! Nobody home!

*This song may be sung as a 4-part round.

Meat nor drink nor money have I none. Still I will be very merry.

Hey, ho! Nobody home.
Hickory Dickory Dock

Traditional

G  D7  C
[1 3 2 1 3 2]

Strum Pattern: 8, 7
Pick Pattern: 8

Lively

G

mf

Hick - o - ry dick - o - ry dock, the

T

0 1 3 1 2 0 2 0

A

B

D7

mouse ran up the clock. The

G

0 3 1 2 0 0

C

clock struck one, the mouse ran down,

G

D7

G

hick - o - ry dick - o - ry dock

0 3 1 0 2 0 0 3
Home on the Range
Lyrics by Dr. Brewster Higley
Music by Dan Kelly

Strum Pattern: 7
Pick Pattern: 9

Verse
Slowly

D
G
Gm
E7
A7
Bm

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam where the deer and the antelope play.

Where seldom is heard a discouraging
Gm  D  A7  D

word, and the skies are not cloudy all day.

Chorus
D  A7  D

Home, home on the range,

Bm  E7  A7

where the deer and the antelope play.

D  G

Where seldom is heard a discouraging

Gm  D  A7  D

word, and the skies are not cloudy all day.
Hot Cross Buns

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 10
Pick Pattern: 10
Moderately

Hot cross buns!
One, a penny, two, a penny, hot cross buns!

Hot cross buns!

One, a penny, two, a penny, hot cross buns!
Humpty Dumpty

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 8
Pick Pattern: 8

G
Am
D7
C

Hump - ty Dum - pty sat on a wall.

G
Am
G

Hump - ty Dum - pty had a great fall.

D7
G

All the king's horses and all the king's men

C
G
C
G

could not put Humpty together again.

Am
G
D7
G
Hush, Little Baby

Carolina Folk Lullaby

Strum Pattern: 3
Pick Pattern: 4
Verse
Moderately

C

G7

1. Hush, little baby, don’t say a word, Pa-pa’s gonna buy you a mocking bird, and if that mocking bird won’t sing,

2., 3., 4. See additional lyrics

C

G7

mocking bird, and if that mocking bird won’t sing,

mff

3 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 3 3

1., 2., 3.

C

G7

Pap-pa’s gonna buy you a diamond ring. 2. And baby in town.

C

1.

3 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 3 3

Additional Lyrics

2. And if that diamond ring is brass,
Papa’s gonna buy you a looking glass.
And if that looking glass gets broke,
Papa’s gonna buy you a billy goat.

3. And if that billy goat don’t pull,
Papa’s gonna buy you a cart and bull.
And if that cart and bull turn over,
Papa’s gonna buy you a dog named Rover.

4. And if that dog named Rover don’t bark,
Papa’s gonna buy you a horse and cart.
And if that horse and cart fall down,
You’ll still be the sweetest little baby in town.
If You’re Happy and You Know It

Words and Music by L. Smith

Strum Pattern: 1, 4
Pick Pattern: 2, 5

Verse
Moderately fast (♩♩♩♩)

1. If you’re happy and you know it, clap your hands. (clap, clap) If you’re
2, 3. See additional lyrics

Am    D7    G    C    Am

hap - py and you know it, clap your hands. (clap, clap) If you’re hap - py and you know it, then your

Am    D7    G    C    Am

face will sure - ly show it, if you’re hap - py and you know it clap your hands. (clap, clap) 2. If you’re men.” (“A - men.”)

Additional Lyrics

2. If you’re happy and you know it, stomp your feet. (stomp, stomp)
   If you’re happy and you know it, stomp your feet. (stomp, stomp)
   If you’re happy and you know it, then your face will surely show it.
   If you’re happy and you know it, stomp your feet. (stomp, stomp)

3. If you’re happy and you know it, say “Amen.” (“Amen.”)
   If you’re happy and you know it, say “Amen.” (“Amen.”)
   If you’re happy and you know it, then your face will surely show it.
   If you’re happy and you know it, say “Amen.” (“Amen.”)
**I've Been Working on the Railroad**

**American Folksong**

**Strum Pattern:** 3  
**Pick Pattern:** 3

**Verse**

_Brightly (♩♩♩)_

C

I've been working on the railroad all the live long day.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>T</th>
<th>0 1 0 1 3 0 1 1 3 0 0</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

D7

I've been working on the railroad just to pass the time away. Can't you hear the whistle blowin'? Rise up so early in the morn'. Can't you hear the captain shoutin'. "Dinah blow your horn?" Dinah won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow,

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

**Pre-Chorus**
Dinah won't you blow your horn?

Chorus

Dinah won't you blow your horn?

Know.

Jo and singin' "Fee, fi, fid-lee-i-o, fee-fi-fid-lee-i-o."

Fee, fi, fid-lee-i-o," strummin' on the old banjo.
It’s Raining, It’s Pouring

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 8
Pick Pattern: 8
Moderately fast

G    Em    Am    D7
It’s rain   ing, it’s pour   ing, the old

Em    G    Em    Am    D7
man is snor   ing. He went to bed and he

Am    D7
bumped his head and he could not get up in the morn   ing.
Jack and Jill
Traditional

Strum Pattern: 8
Pick Pattern: 8
Verse
Moderately fast

D A7 D A7 D

1. Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water. Jack fell down and broke his crown and Jill came tumbling after.

2., 3. See additional lyrics

Additional Lyrics

2. Up Jack got and home did trot,
   As fast as he could caper.
   Went to bed to mend his head
   With vinegar and brown paper.

3. Jill came in and she did grin
   To see his paper plaster.
   Mother vexed, did whip her next
   For causing Jack’s disaster.
Jesus Loves Me

Words by Anna B. Warner
Music By William B. Bradbury

Strum Pattern: 3
Pick Pattern: 3
With expression

Verse

G C G
.

1. Jesus loves me; this I know, for the Bible tells me so.
2., 3. See additional lyrics

Little ones to Him belong; they are weak, but He is strong.

Chorus

G C G D7
.

Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me!

Additional Lyrics

2. Jesus, take this heart of mine,
Make it pure and wholly Thine.
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will henceforth live for Thee.

3. Jesus loves me; He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide.
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.
John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 2
Pick Pattern: 4

Intro
Briskly

D7

G          C          Am7

\[\text{mf}\]

T 3 3 0 3 1 0 2 0 0 2 0 3 2 0

A B

G D7 Verse G C Am7 D7

1., 2. John Ja - cob Jinglei - mer Schmidt, his name is my name

\[\text{mf}\]

\[\text{mf}\]

G D7 Verse G C Am7 D7

too. When - ev - er we go out, the peo - ple al - ways shout, “John, Ja - cob Jinglei - mer

\[\text{mf}\]

[1.]

G D7 [2.]

Dah, dah, dah, dah, dah. Schmidt.” Dah, dah, dah, dah, dah, dah, dah.
Kum Ba Yah

Traditional Spiritual

Strum Pattern: 4
Pick Pattern: 1, 2

Slowly

Verse

mf

1. Kum ba yah, my Lord,  Kum ba yah!    Kum ba yah, my Lord,

2., 3., 4. See additional lyrics

Additional Lyrics

2. Hear me crying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
   Hear me crying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
   Hear me crying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
   Oh Lord! Kum ba yah!

3. Hear me praying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
   Hear me praying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
   Hear me praying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
   O Lord! Kum ba yah!

4. Oh I need you, Lord, Kum ba yah!
   Oh I need you, Lord, Kum ba yah!
   Oh I need you, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Lavender’s Blue
English Folk Song

Strum Pattern: 8
Pick Pattern: 8

Verse
Moderately

G
C
G

1. Lav-ender’s blue, did-dle, did-dle, Lav-ender’s green, when I am

Am7 D7 G
Verse
G
C

king, did-dle, did-dle, you shall be queen.

3. See additional lyrics

2. Call up your men, did-dle, did-dle, set them to

4. See additional lyrics

G
Am7 D7

work, some to the plow, did-dle, did-dle, some to the cart.

Additional Lyrics

3. Some to make hay, diddle, diddle,
   Some to cut corn,
   While you and I, diddle, diddle,
   Keep ourselves warm.

4. Lavender’s green, diddle, diddle,
   Lavender’s blue,
   If you love me, diddle, diddle,
   I will love you.
Lazy Mary, Will You Get Up?

Traditional

*C Strum Pattern: 10
*Pick Pattern: 10
Intro
  Moderately

C   G7
\[ \begin{align*}
  \text{mf}
  \end{align*} \]

T   A
\[ \begin{align*}
  1 & 1 & 1 & 0 & 3 & 3 & 3 & 1 & 1 & 3 & 0 & 1 & 2 & 3
  \end{align*} \]

Verse

C   G7

La - zy Ma - ry, will you get up? Will you get up? Will you get up?

1 & 1 & 1 & 0 & 3 & 0 & 1 & 1 & 3 & 3 & 3 & 0 & 3 & 0 & 0

C   G7   C

La - zy Ma - ry, will you get up? Will you get up to - day?

1 & 1 & 1 & 0 & 3 & 0 & 1 & 1 & 3 & 3 & 3 & 1 & 2 & 3

2 & 3
Little Bo-Peep

Traditional

*Strum Pattern: 10
*Pick Pattern: 10

Verse
Moderately

C    B7    G    C    F    Am    Dm    D7    G7

1. Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep and can’t tell where to find them.

2. Leave them alone and they’ll come home.

3. Then up she took her little crook,
   Determined for to find them.
   She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
   For they’d left all their tails behind them!

4. It happened one day, as Bo Peep did stray
   Unto a meadow hard by.
   There she espied their tails, side by side,
   All hung on a tree to dry.

5. She heaved a sigh and wiped her eye,
   And over the hillocks she raced.
   And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
   That each tail should be properly placed.

Additional Lyrics

Little Boy Blue

Strum Pattern: 7
Pick Pattern: 7
Moderately

Little Boy Blue, come blow on your horn; there's

Sheep in the meadow and cows in the corn.

Where is the boy who looks after the sheep? He

lies in the haystack, fast asleep.
Little Jack Horner

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 8
Pick Pattern: 8

Moderately

C

\[mf\]

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,

E7  F  D7  G7

\[2\] 2 4 4 2 1

T

A  2 0 0 1 0 2 2 2 3 1

B

G7  C

eating his Christmas pie.

\[3\] 3 1 3 0 0

He

E7  F  D7

\[2\] 2 4 4 2 1

stuck in his thumb, and pulled out a plum, and

\[3\] 3 1 3 0 0

G7  C

said, “What a good boy am I.”

\[3\] 3 1 3 0 0
Little Miss Muffet

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 8
Pick Pattern: 8
Brightly

D7
\[ \text{mf} \]

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,

T
A B

1 0 1 2 0 3 0 0

D7
G

eating some curds and whey.

There

D7
G

1 0 1 2 3 3 3 3

G

came a big spider and sat down beside her, and

D7
G

1 0 1 2 3 0 0 0

Am
D7
G

frightened Miss Muffet away.

2 1 0 2 0 4 0

London Bridge
Traditional

Strum Pattern: 3
Pick Pattern: 3
Verse
Moderately fast

A

E7

1. Lon - don Bridge is fal - ling down, fal - ling down,
2. 3. 4. See additional lyrics

T

A

B

fal - ling down. Lon - don Bridge is fal - ling down,

Additional Lyrics

2. Build it up with iron bars, Iron bars, iron bars.
   Build it up with iron bars, My fair lady.

3. Iron bars will bend and break,
   Bend and break, bend and break.
   Iron bars will bend and break,
   My fair lady.

4. Build it up with gold and silver,
   Gold and silver, gold and silver.
   Build it up with gold and silver,
   My fair lady.
The Man on the Flying Trapeze

Words by George Leybourne
Music by Alfred Lee

Strum Pattern: 7
Pick Pattern: 8
Verse
Moderate Waltz

1. Oh, once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn, just
   like an old coat that is tattered and torn.
   Left in this wide world to fret and to mourn, be-
   trayed by a maid in her teens.

2. – 5. See additional lyrics

1. Now this
Bridge
Am
E7
Am

girl that I loved she was handsome. and I

tried all I knew her to please. But I

never could please her one quarter so well as the

man on the flying trapeze. Oh! 1 - 4. He

Chorus
C
A7
D7

floats through the air with the greatest of ease, this
Additional Lyrics

2. Now the young man by name was Señor Boni Slang,
   Tall, big and handsome, as well made as Chang.
   Where'er he appeared, how the hall loudly rang,
   With ovations from all people there.

   Bridge 2. He'd smile from the bar on the people below
            And one night he smiled on my love,
            She winked back at him, and she shouted “Bravo!”
            As he hung by his nose from above.

3. Her father and mother were both on my side
   And tried very hard to make her my bride.
   Her father, he sighed, and her mother, she cried
   To see her throw herself away.

   Bridge 3. 'Twas all no avail, she went there ev'ry night
            And threw her bouquets on the stage,
            Which caused him to meet her — how he ran me down,
            To tell it would take a whole page.

4. One night I as usual went to her dear home,
   And found there her mother and father alone.
   I asked for my love, and soon 'twas made known,
   To my horror, that she'd run away.

   Bridge 4. She packed up her boxes and eloped in the night,
            With him with the greatest of ease.
            From two stories high he had lowered her down
            To the ground on his flying trapeze.

5. Some months after that I went into a hall;
   To my surprise I found there on the wall
   A bill in red letters which did my heart gall,
   That she was appearing with him.

   Bridge 5. He'd taught her gymnastics, and dressed her in tights
            To help him live at ease.
            He'd made her assume a masculine name,
            And now she goes on the trapeze.

   Chorus 5. She floats through the air with the greatest of ease;
            You'd think she a man on the flying trapeze.
            She does all the work while he takes his ease,
            And that's what's become of my love.
Mary Had a Little Lamb

Words by Sarah Josepha Hale
Traditional Music

Strum Pattern: 4
Pick Pattern: 4

Verse
Moderately

C

G7

C

1. Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb.
3. See additional lyrics

G7

C

Mary had a little lamb its fleece was white as snow.
2. And
4. See additional lyrics

Verse

C

G7

C

everywhere that Mary went, Mary went, Mary went, everywhere that

G7

C

Mary went the lamb was sure to go.
1. C 2. C
3. He school.

Additional Lyrics

3. He followed her to school one day,
   School one day, school one day,
   He followed her to school one day,
   Which was against the rule.

4. It made the children laugh and play,
   Laugh and play, laugh and play,
   It made the children laugh and play,
   To see a lamb at school.
Michael Row the Boat Ashore
Traditional Folksong

Strum Pattern: 3
Pick Pattern: 3

Slowly

Chorus
G          C          G          Bm

Mi-chael, row the boat a-shore, hah-lle-lu-jah. Mi-chael, row the boat a-

Verse
Am        G    D7   G          G          C

shore, hah-lle-lu-jah. 1. Si-ster, help to trim the sail, hah-lle-

2. 3. See additional lyrics

G        Bm        Am        G        D7
jah. Si-ster, help to trim the sail, hah-lle-lu-jah. Mi-chael, jah.

Additional Lyrics

2. Jordan River is chilly and cold, hah-lle-lu-jah.
   Kills the body but not the soul, hah-lle-lu-jah.

3. Jordan River is deep and wide, hah-lle-lu-jah.
   Milk and honey on the other side, hah-lle-lu-jah.
Mister Rabbit

Traditional

G C D7 Am

Strum Pattern: 10
Pick Pattern: 10

Verse

Moderately

G

1. Mis - ter Rab - bit, Mis - ter Rab - bit, __ your tail’s might - y white. Yes, bless

Chorus

G C D7 G

God, been get - tin’ out - a sight. __ Ev - 'ry lit - tle soul gon - na shine,

G

Ev - 'ry lit - tle soul gon - na shine__ a - long. 2. Mis - ter long.

Additional Lyrics

2. Mister Rabbit, Mister Rabbit,
Your coat’s mighty gray.
Yes, bless God,
Been out all day.

3. Mister Rabbit, Mister Rabbit,
Your ear’s mighty long.
Yes, bless God,
Been put on wrong.

4. Mister Rabbit, Mister Rabbit,
Your ear’s mighty thin.
Yes, bless God,
Been splittin’ the wind.
The Monkey Song
Traditional

Strum Pattern: 10
Pick Pattern: 10
Moderately

D

I make monkey motions, turrelu. I make

A

D

D7

mon - key mo - tions, tu - re - lu. I make them well and that’s a

G

D

A

Asus4

Asus2

A

D

fact. I act just like those mon - keys act.
The Muffin Man

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 3
Pick Pattern: 3

Verse
Moderately quick

1. Do you know the muffin man, the muffin man, the muffin man?

D          G          E7         A7
2 3 3 0 2 3 3 2 0 0 3 3 2 2 2 0

D          G          A7          D
Do you know the muffin man who lives in Dru - ry Lane?

D          G          E7         A7
2 3 3 0 2 3 3 3 0 2 2 3 3 3 0

Verse

2. Yes, we know the muffin man, the muffin man, the muffin man.

D          G          E7         A7
2 3 3 0 2 3 3 2 0 0 3 3 2 2 2 0

D          G          A7          D
Yes, we know the muffin man who lives in Dru - ry Lane.

D          G          E7         A7
2 3 3 0 2 3 3 3 0 2 2 3 3 3 0
The Mulberry Bush

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 8
Pick Pattern: 8

Chorus
Lively

C

Here we go 'round the mulbery bush, the

G7

mulbery bush, the mulbery bush.

C

Here we go 'round the mulberry bush so
Early in the morning.

Verse

This is the way we wash our clothes, we wash our clothes, we wash our clothes. This is the way we wash our clothes so early Monday morning.
My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 7, 8
Pick Pattern: 8, 9

Verse
Moderately

\[ \text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{E7} \quad \text{A} \quad \text{B7} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D7} \]

mf My Bonnie lies over the ocean.

Verse

My Bonnie lies over the sea.

Verse

My Bonnie lies over the ocean.

mf My Bonnie lies over the ocean.

2 3 0 3 0 3 0 2 4

0 2 3 0 3 2 3 2 4

0 2 3 0 3 2 3 2 4
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Chorus
Bring back, bring back, oh

Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.

Bring back, bring back, oh

bring back my Bonnie to me.
My Country 'Tis of Thee
(America)

Words by Samuel Francis Smith
Music from Thesaurus Musicus

Strum Pattern: 7
Pick Pattern: 7

Verse
Moderately slow

1. My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty of thee I
2., 3., 4. See additional lyrics

Additional Lyrics

2. My native country, thee,
   Land of the noble free,
   Thy name I love.
   I love thy rocks and rills,
   Thy woods and templed hills.
   My heart with rapture thrills
   Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze
   And ring from all the trees
   Sweet freedom's song.
   Let mortal tongues awake;
   Let all that breathe partake;
   Let rocks their silence break,
   The sound prolong.

4. Our fathers' God, to Thee
   Author of liberty,
   To Thee we sing.
   Long may our land be bright
   With freedom's holy light;
   Protect us by Thy might,
   Great God, our King!
Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley Grow

Traditional

*Strum Pattern: 10
*Pick Pattern: 10

Verse
Moderately fast

1. Oats, peas, beans and barley grow; oats, peas, beans and barley grow. Do 2., 3. See additional lyrics

Additional Lyrics

2. First the farmer sows his seed,
   Then he stands and takes his ease;
   He stamps his foot and claps his hands,
   And turns around to view the land.

3. Waiting for a partner,
   Waiting for a partner,
   Open the ring and take one in
   While we all gaily dance and sing.
Oh! Susanna
Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster

Strum Pattern: 3
Pick Pattern: 4

© Verse
Moderately

A
B7
E7
D

1. I come from Al-a-bam-a with a ban-jo on my knee. I'm goin' to Lou-si-
2., 3., 4. See additional lyrics

1. | 2. | Chorus

E7
A
A
D
A
B7

an-a, my Sus-an-na for to see. 2. It cry. Oh Sus-an-na, oh, don't you cry for

1| 2| 3| 4|

2nd time, To Coda D.S. al Coda (take repeat) Coda

E7
A
E7 A

me, for I come from Al-a-bam-a with a ban-jo on my knee. 3. I

1| 2| 3| 4|

Additional Lyrics

2. It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death,
Susanna don't you cry.

3. I had a dream the other night
When everything was still,
I thought I saw Susanna
A-coming down the hill.

4. The buckwheat cake was in her mouth
The tear was in her eye.
Says I, "I'm coming from the South,
Susanna, don't you cry."
Oh Where, Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone

Words by Sep. Winner
Traditional Melody

Verse
Moderately

A

E7

Strum Pattern: 7
Pick Pattern: 8

1. Oh where, oh where has my little dog gone?
   Oh where, oh where can he be?

2. See additional lyrics

Additional Lyrics

2. Oh where, oh where has my little dog gone?
   Oh where, oh where can he be?
   If you see him anywhere, won't you please
   Bring back my doggie to me?
The Old Gray Mare

Words and Music by J. Warner

Strum Pattern: 4
Pick Pattern: 3
Moderately

Oh, the Old Gray Mare, she ain't what she used to be, ain't what she used to be,

ain't what she used to be. The Old Gray Mare, she ain't what she used to be, man-y long years a-

go. Man-y long years a-go, man-y long years a-go. Oh, the

Old Gray Mare, she ain't what she used to be man-y long years a-go.
Old King Cole

Traditional

Am   F   E7   C   Dm   D#7   A

Strum Pattern: 3, 2
Pick Pattern: 3, 4
Moderately

Am  F  E7  Am  C

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he. He

T  A  B

called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl, and he called for his fiddlers three.

Dm  E7  Am  Dm  E7

Every fiddler had a fiddle fine and a very fine fiddle had he. Tweedle

Am  E7  D#7  E7  Am  F  Am  E7  A

dum, twiddle dee, went the fiddlers three, twiddle dum-dee dum-dee-dee-dee-dee!
Old MacDonald
Traditional Children's Song

Strum Pattern: 2
Pick Pattern: 4

Verse
Lively

G  C  G  D7  G  C  G

Old Mac-Don-ald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O! And on this farm he had some sheep,

D7  G

E-I-E-I-O. With a baa, baa here and a baa, baa there; here a baa, there a baa,

C  G  D7

ev'-ry-where a baa, baa. Old Mac-don-ald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O. O.

*Repeat as needed for each animal.

Additional Lyrics

2. Cows... moo, moo.
3. Pigs... oink, oink.
4. Ducks... quack, quack.
5. Chickens... cluck, cluck.
6. Turkeys... gobble, gobble.
On Top of Old Smoky
Kentucky Mountain Folksong

Strum Pattern: 8
Pick Pattern: 8

Verse
Moderately

C F G7

1. On top of Old Smoky, all covered with snow.

2. - 8. See additional lyrics

G7

lost my true lover, by a-courtin' too slow.

Additional Lyrics

2. Well, a-courting's a pleasure,
   And parting is grief.
   But a false-hearted lover
   Is worse than a thief.

3. A thief he will rob you
   And take all you have,
   But a false-hearted lover
   Will send you to your grave.

4. And the grave will decay you
   And turn you to dust.
   And where is the young man
   A poor girl can trust?

5. They'll hug you and kiss you
   And tell you more lies
   Than the cross-ties on the railroad,
   Or the stars in the skies.

6. They'll tell you they love you,
   Just to give your heart ease.
   But the minute your back's turned,
   They'll court whom they please.

7. So come all you young maidens
   And listen to me,
   Never place your affection
   On a green willow tree.

8. For the leaves they will wither
   And the roots they will die.
   And your true love will leave you,
   And you'll never know why.
Over the River and Through the Woods

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 8
Pick Pattern: 8

Verse
Briskly

1. Over the river and through the woods, to grand-fa-ther’s house we go; the horse knows the way to

2. Over the river and through the woods, to grand-fa-ther’s house we go; the horse knows the way to

Additional Lyrics

2. Over the river and through the woods,
   To have a first-rate play;
   Oh hear the bells ring, “Ting-a-ling-ling!”
   Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!
   Over the river and through the woods,
   Trot fast my dapple gray!
   Spring over the ground like a hunting hound!
   For this is Thanksgiving Day.

3. Over the river and through the woods,
   And straight through the barnyard gate,
   We seem to go extremely slow;
   It is so hard to wait!
   Over the river and through the woods,
   Now grandmother’s cap I spy!
   Hurrah for the fun! Is the pudding done?
   Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!
The Paw Paw Patch

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 3
Pick Pattern: 3
Lively

G

Where, oh, where is dear little Su - zy?

D

Where, oh, where is dear little Su - zy? Where, oh, where is

D7

dear lit - tle Su - zy? 'Way down yon - der in the paw - paw patch.

G
Peanut Sat on a Railroad Track

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 3, 2
Pick Pattern: 3, 4
Moderately

G

A peanut sat on a railroad track, his heart was all a flutter. A-

D7

long came a choo choo train.

D7#9

N.C.

Peanut butter.

G7
Pease Porridge Hot

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 3, 4
Pick Pattern: 3, 4
Moderately

G        C       D7
mf

Pease porridge hot, pease porridge cold,

D7        G       D7       G

pease porridge in the pot nine days old! Some like it hot,

C        G       C       G       D7       G

some like it cold, pease porridge in the pot nine days old!
Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 4, 3
Pick Pattern: 3, 6
Moderately

Peter, Peter pumpkin eater,

had a wife and couldn't keep her, put her in a

pumpkin shell, and there he kept her very well.
Polly Put the Kettle On

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 10
Pick Pattern: 10
Moderately

Polly, put the kettle on, Polly, put the kettle on,

Polly, put the kettle on, we'll all have tea.

Sukey, take it off again, Sukey, take it off again,

Sukey, take it off again, they've all gone away.
Pop Goes the Weasel
Traditional

Strum Pattern: 9
Pick Pattern: 7

Lively

\[ \text{mf} \]
Oh, all around the mulberry bush, the

---

G7
C
G7

monkey chased the weasel. The monkey thought 'twas

---

C
F
G7
C

all in fun. Pop! goes the weasel.
Rock-a-Bye, Baby
Traditional

Strum Pattern: 7
Pick Pattern: 8
Moderately

C

\[mf\]

Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree top.

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
\text{G7} & & & \\
3 & 2 & 1 & 0 \\
\end{array}
\]

When the wind blows the cradle will rock;

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
\text{C} & \text{B7} & \text{C} & \\
0 & 1 & 2 & 3 \\
\end{array}
\]

when the bough breaks the cradle will fall, and

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
\text{G7} & & & \\
1 & 0 & 2 & 3 \\
\end{array}
\]

down will come baby, cradle and all.

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
\text{C} & \text{Fm} & \text{C} & \\
1 & 0 & 2 & 3 \\
\end{array}
\]

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
\text{D7} & \text{G7} & \text{C} & \\
3 & 2 & 1 & 0 \\
\end{array}
\]
Ring Around the Rosie

Traditional

G          D7       Am       Bm
|  G        | D7        |      | Bm |
| 21 3      | 231 3     | 231  | 231 |

*Strum Pattern: 10
*Pick Pattern: 10

Brightly

G

Ring around the rosie, a pocket full of posies;

D7          G
|  D7        |  G        |
| 3 0        | 3 0 1     |

ashes, ashes, we all fall down.

Little Sally Waters, sitting in a saucer,

T
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

B
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
weeping and moaning like a turtle dove.

Rise, Sally rise, wipe your weeping eyes.

fly to the east, fly to the west,

fly to the one that you love best.
Row, Row, Row Your Boat

Traditional

*Strum Pattern: 10
*Pick Pattern: 10
Moderately

**1

Row, row, row your boat,

**This song can be sung as a 4-part round.

2

Gently down the stream. Merrily, merrily, merrily,

3

Merrily, merrily, life is but a dream.

4

D7

G
She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 2
Pick Pattern: 4

Verse

Fast

D

mf

1. She'll be com-in' round the moun-tain when she comes. She'll be com-in' round the

2. - 4. See additional lyrics

A7

D

D7

G

moun-tain when she comes. She'll be com-in' round the moun-tain, she'll be com-in' round the


D

E7

A7

D

G

D

D

moun-tain, she'll be com-in' round the moun-tain when she comes. 2. She'll be

Additional Lyrics

2. She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes. She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes.
She'll be drivin' six white horses, She'll be drivin' six white horses,
She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes.

3. Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes. Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes.
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her, Yes, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes.

4. She'll be wearin' a blue bonnet when she comes. She'll be wearin' a blue bonnet when she comes.
She'll be wearin' a blue bonnet. She'll be wearin' a blue bonnet.
She'll be wearin' a blue bonnet when she comes.
Shoo Fly, Don’t Bother Me

Words by Billy Reeves
Music by Frank Campbell

Strum Pattern: 10
Pick Pattern: 10
Chorus
Moderately

C
G
C

To Coda ()
Verse

C
G
C

I feel, I feel, I

G7

feel, I feel, I feel like a morn-in’ star;

feel, I feel, I feel like a morn-in’ star.

Additional Lyrics

1. I hear, I hear, I hear,
   I hear all the angels sing;
2. I hear, I hear, I hear,
   I hear all the angels sing. Oh,
Simple Gifts

Traditional Shaker Hymn

Strum Pattern: 2, 3
Pick Pattern: 2, 3
Moderately

'Tis a gift to be simple, 'tis a gift to be free, 'tis a gift to come down where you ought to be. And

when we find ourselves in the place just right, 'twill be in the valley of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gained, to bow and to bend we won't be ashamed. To

turn, turn will be our delight till by turning and turning we come out right.
Simple Simon
Traditional

Strum Pattern: 10
Pick Pattern: 10
Moderately

G       Em       C       D7       E7       Am       A7

Simp - le Si - mon met a pie - man go - ing to the fair.

Said

E7       Am

Simp - le Si - mon to the pie - man, “Let me taste your ware.”

Said

C       G       E7       Am

Said the man to Sim - ple Si - mon, “Show me first your pen - ny.” Said

Am       D7       G

Simp - le Si - mon to the pie - man, “In - deed, I have not an - y.”
Skip to My Lou

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 10
Pick Pattern: 10

Chorus
Moderately fast

C	G7	C

```
Skip, skip, skip to my lou,
skip, skip, skip to my lou.
Skip, skip, skip to my lou,

TAB
0 1 0 0 3 3 3 1 0 1 0 0 3

Verse
G7 C C G7

```

skip to my lou, my dar - lin'.
1. Flies in the but-ter-milk, shoo, shoo, shoo!
Flies in the but-ter-milk

```
3 0 1 0 3 1 1 0 0 0 3 3 3 0 0 0

shoo, shoo, shoo!
Flies in the but-ter-milk, shoo, shoo, shoo!
Skip to my lou, my dar - lin'.

dar - lin'.

```
3 3 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 3 3 1 1 2 1

Additional Lyrics

2. Lost my partner, what'll I do?
Lost my partner, what'll I do?
Lost my partner, what'll I do?
Skip to my lou, my darlin'.

3. I'll get another one purtier than you,
I'll get another one purtier than you,
I'll get another one purtier than you,
Skip to my lou, my darlin'.

4. Can't get a red bird, a blue bird'll do,
Can't get a red bird, a blue bird'll do,
Can't get a red bird, a blue bird'll do,
Skip to my lou, my darlin'.
Sweet Betsy from Pike

American Folksong

Strum Pattern: 7  
Pick Pattern: 9

Brightly

Verse

G       D7       G       Em       A7

1. Did you ever hear tell of sweet Betsy from Pike, who crossed the wide prairies with
her lover like? With two yoke of oxen and one spotted hog, a

D7       Em       Bm       C       G

tall shag-hair rooster, an old yellow dog. Sing "Too-ral-i, oo-ral-i, oo-ral-i-

Chorus

D7       G       G       D7       G


Additional Lyrics

2. One evening quite early they camped on the Platte,  
   'Twas near by the road on a green shady flat  
   Where Betsy, quite tired, lay down to repose  
   While with a cycle she served Betsy.

3. They stopped at Salt Lake to inquire the way,  
   Where Brigham declared that sweet Bets' should stay.  
   But Betsy got frightened and ran like a deer,  
   With Betsy.


Take Me Out to the Ball Game
Words by Jack Norworth
Music by Albert von Tilzer

Strum Pattern: 8
Pick Pattern: 8

Spirited Waltz

D
A7
B7
Em
E7
D7
G
Bb

Take me out to the ball game, take me out to the crowd.

B7
Em
E7
A7

Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack. I don’t care if I never get back. Let me

D
A7
D
D7
G

root, root, root for the home team. If they don’t win it’s a shame. For it’s

Bb
D
E7
A7
D

one, two, three strikes, you’re out at the old ball game.
There Was an Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 7
Pick Pattern: 7
Moderately

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe; she had

so many children, she didn't know what to do. She

gave them some broth without any bread; she

whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.
There's a Hole in the Bucket

Strum Pattern: 8
Pick Pattern: 8

Verse

Moderately

1. There's a hole in the bucket, dear Liza, dear Liza. There's a fix it, dear Henry, dear Henry. Well,—

3.—19. See additional lyrics

Additional Lyrics

3. With what shall I fix it, dear Liza, etc.
4. With a straw, dear Henry, etc.
5. But the straw is too long, dear Liza, etc.
6. Then cut it, dear Henry, etc.
7. With what shall I cut it, dear Liza, etc.
8. With a knife, dear Henry, etc.
9. But the knife is too dull, dear Liza, etc.
10. Then sharpen it, dear Henry, etc.
11. With what shall I sharpen it, dear Liza, etc.
12. With a stone, dear Henry, etc.
13. But the stone is too dry, dear Liza, etc.
14. Then wet it, dear Henry, etc.
15. With what shall I wet it, dear Liza, etc.
16. With water, dear Henry, etc.
17. In what shall I carry it, dear Liza, etc.
18. In a bucket, dear Henry, etc.
19. There's a hole in the bucket, dear Liza, etc.
There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 3, 2
Pick Pattern: 3, 4

Verse

Moderately

G

D7

1. There's a hole in the bot-tom of the sea. There's a hole in the bot-tom of the

2. - 8. See additional lyrics

T

A

B

0 0 0 0 0 0 2 2

G

D7

sea. There's a hole, there's a hole. There's a hole in the bot-tom of the

0 3 0 1 3 0 2 2

1. - 7. | 8.

G

sea.

2. There's a sea. There's an
Outro

D\#  D  D\#  E

eye on the flea, there’s a flea on the wing, there’s a wing on the fly, there’s a

F  F\#  G\#  A7  D

fly on the frog, there’s a frog on the bump, there’s a bump on the log, there’s a

G\#  A7  D

log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.

Additional Lyrics

*For each new verse, add 2 extra beats (keep repeating the first 2 beats) to the
measures that are marked with an asterisk. Extra beats are boldfaced italic below.

2. There’s a log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
   There’s a log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
   There’s a log, there’s a log.
   There’s a log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.

3. There’s a bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
   There’s a bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
   There’s a bump, there’s a bump.
   There’s a bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.

4. There’s a frog on the bump on the log
   In the hole in the bottom of the sea.
   There’s a frog on the bump on the log
   In the hole in the bottom of the sea.
   There’s a frog, there’s a frog.
   There’s a frog on the bump on the log
   In the hole in the bottom of the sea.

5. There’s a fly on the frog on the bump on the log
   In the hole in the bottom of the sea.
   There’s a fly on the frog on the bump on the log
   In the hole in the bottom of the sea.
   There’s a fly, there’s a fly.
   There’s a fly on the frog on the bump on the log
   In the hole in the bottom of the sea.

6. There’s a wing on the fly on the frog
   On the bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
   There’s a wing on the fly on the frog
   On the bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
   There’s a wing, there’s a wing.
   There’s a wing on the fly on the frog
   On the bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.

7. There’s a flea on the wing on the fly on the frog
   On the bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
   There’s a flea on the wing on the fly on the frog
   On the bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
   There’s a flea, there’s a flea.
   There’s a flea on the wing on the fly on the frog
   On the bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.

8. There’s an eye on the flea on the wing on the fly on the frog
   On the bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
   There’s an eye on the flea on the wing on the fly on the frog
   On the bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
   There’s an eye, there’s an eye.
   There’s an eye on the flea on the wing on the fly on the frog
   On the bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
This Little Light of Mine

African-American Spiritual

Strum Pattern: 2
Pick Pattern: 4

Chorus
Lively

C

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.

F

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.

E7

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.

Am

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.

Ev'ry day, ev'ry day, ev'ry day, gonna let my little light

To Coda ⊃
Verse

C    G7    C
shine. On Monday He gave me the gift of love. On

F    F#7    C    D7
Tuesday peace came from above. On Wednesday told me to have more faith. On Thursday gave me a

G7    C    C7    F
little more grace. On Friday told me to watch and pray. On Saturday told me just

F#7    C    E7    Am    D7    G7
what to say. On Sunday gave me the power divine, just to let my little light

D.C. al Coda

C    G7    C
shine. Oh,

C    G7    C
shine.
This Old Man
Traditional

Strum Pattern: 4, 3
Pick Pattern: 3, 4
Verse
Lively

**G**
\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{G} \\
\text{C} \\
\text{D7}
\end{array} \]

1. This old man, he played one. He played nick-nack
2. on my drum with a nick-nack padd-y whack, give your dog a bone.
3. This old man came roll-ing home.

Additional Lyrics

2. This old man, he played two.
   He played nicknack on my shoe with a
   Nicknack paddy whack, give your dog a bone.
   This old man came rolling home.

3. This old man, he played three.
   He played nicknack on my knee with a
   Nicknack paddy whack, give your dog a bone.
   This old man came rolling home.

4. This old man, he played four.
   He played nicknack on my door with a
   Nicknack paddy whack, give your dog a bone.
   This old man came rolling home.
Three Blind Mice

Traditional

*Strum Pattern: 10
*Pick Pattern: 10

Moderately fast

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G  D7  G  D7  G
mf
Three blind mice, three blind mice,

TAB

D7  G  D7  G  D7
see how they run, see how they run. They all ran after the

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

G  D7  G  D7
farmer’s wife; she cut off their tails with a carving knife. Did you ever see such a

3 3 3 3 3 2 0 2 3 3 3 3 3 3 2 0 2

G  C  G  D7  G
sight in your life as three blind mice, three blind mice?

3 3 3 1 0 3 0 0 0 3
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Three Little Kittens

Traditional

D A7 Bm Em6 F#

*Strum Pattern: 10
*Pick Pattern: 10

Verse

Moderately

mf

1. Once three little kittens, they lost their mittens, and they began to

2. & 3. See additional lyrics

D

cry. oh! Mother dear, we sadly fear, our

A7 D Bm

mittens we have lost. What, lost your mittens, you
naughty kittens, then you shall have no pie.

Chorus
A7
Me - ow, me - ow, me - ow, me - ow.
D

Additional Lyrics
2. The three little kittens
They found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
Oh! Mother dear, see here, see here,
Our mittens we have found.
What, found your mittens, you darling kittens,
Then you shall have some pie.

3. The three little kittens
Put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie,
Oh! Mother dear, we greatly fear,
Our mittens we have soil'd.
What, soil'd your mittens, you naughty kittens,
Then they began to cry.
Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 10
Pick Pattern: 10

Verse
Moderately

Tom, Tom, the Piper's son, stole a pig and away he run! The pig was eat and Tom was beat and Tom went crying down the street.

Outro
Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 3
Pick Pattern: 3, 4
Moderately

Twinkle, twinkle little star, how I wonder what you are.

Up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky.

Twinkle, twinkle little star, how I wonder what you are.
When the Saints Go Marching In

Words by Katherine E. Purvis
Music by James M. Black

Strum Pattern: 1
Pick Pattern: 2

Moderately

Verse

1. Oh, when the saints go marching in, oh, when the

2. Oh, when they crown Him Lord of all,
   Oh Lord, I want to be in that number,
   When the sun refuse to shine.

3. Oh, when they crown Him Lord of all,
   Oh, when they gather ’round the throne,
   Oh Lord, I want to be in that number,
   When they crown Him Lord of all.

4. Oh, when they gather ’round the throne,
   Oh Lord, I want to be in that number,
   When they crown Him Lord of all.
Yankee Doodle
Traditional

Strum Pattern: 10
Pick Pattern: 10

Verse
Moderately

1. Fath’r and I went down to camp a-long with Cap-tain Good -’in and there we saw the
2. - 10. See additional lyrics

Chorus

men and boys as thick as has-ty pud-din’. Yan-kee Doo-dle keep it up, Yan-kee Doo-dle

Additionnal Lyrics

2. And there we see a thousand men
   As rich as Squire David.
   And what they wasted ev’ry day
   I wish it could be saved.

3. And there was Captain Washington
   Upon a slapping stallion
   A-giving orders to his men,
   I guess there was a million.

4. And then the feathers on his hat,
   They looked so very fine, ah!
   I wanted peskily to get
   To give to my Jemima.

5. And there I see a swamping gun,
   Large as a log of maple.
   Upon a mighty little cart,
   A load for father’s cattle.

6. And ev’ry time they fired it off,
   It took a horn of powder.
   It made a noise like father’s gun,
   Only a nation louder.

7. An’ there I see a little keg,
   Its head all made of leather.
   They knocked upon’t with little sticks
   To call the folks together.

8. And Cap’n Davis had a gun,
   He kind o’clapt his hand on’t
   And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron
   Upon the little end on’t.

9. The troopers, too, would gallop up
   And fire right in our faces.
   It scared me almost half to death
   To see them run such races.

10. It scared me so I hooked it off
   Nor stopped, as I remember.
   Nor turned about till I got home,
   Locked up in mother’s chamber.
You’re a Grand Old Flag
Words and Music by George M. Cohan

Strum Pattern: 10
Pick Pattern: 10

Verse

March

G C G D G Bm G D7 G D7 G D07 D7 Am7

1. You’re a (2.) grand old flag, you’re a high fly-ing flag, and for-ev-er in peace may you wave. You’re the

D7 Am7 D7 G B7 Em A7 D7 Am D7 G C

em-blem of the land I love, the home of the free and the brave. Ev’ry heart beats

G D7 G Bm G G7 E7 Am D7 G

ture un-der red, white and blue, where there’s nev-er a boast or brag. But, should auld ac-

D7 A7 C D7 1. G D7 2. G

quain-tance be for-got, keep your eye on the grand old flag. 2. You’re a flag.
Zacchaeus

Traditional

Strum Pattern: 3, 4
Pick Pattern: 3, 5

Moderately

G D G D7 Bm Em

Zacchaeus was a wee little man, and a wee little man was

G D7 G D G D7 C D

he. He climbed up in a sycamore tree, for the Lord he wanted to

G D G D7 Bm C D Em D

see; and as the Savior passed that way, He looked up in the

G D G D7 Bm C D Em D

tree. Spoken: And He said, “Zacchaeus... you come down!” For I'm going to your house to

G D C D7 G

day; for I'm going to your house today.