

FIRST INAUGURAL (?) SOCIAL-JUSTICE SING-ALONG: SEEKING SOLACE AND INSPIRATION THROUGH SONG

1. Sun Salutation	15. Pastures Of Plenty
2. This Land Is Your Land	16. Hallelujah
3. If I Had A Hammer	17. Imagine
4. Turn Turn Turn (To Everything There Is A Season)	18. There But For Fortune
5. Better Times	19. Where Have All The Flowers Gone?
6. Hard Times Come Again No More	20. For What It's Worth
7. Hard Travelin'	21. The Times They Are A-changin'
8. Hobo's Lullaby	22. Blowin' in the Wind
9. Do Re Mi	23. Let It Be
10. King of the Road	24. With A Little Help From My Friends
11. Little Boxes	25. Eyes On The Prize (Hold On)
12. Man of Constant Sorrow	26. We Shall Overcome
13. Sixteen Tons	
14. Banks Of Marble	

**CHANNELING PETE SEEGER AT
THE DRUID CITY BREWING CO., TUSCALOOSA, 7 NOVEMBER 2024.**

TUC Sun Salutation: Sunny Side/Sunshine Mashup

Intro: CF CG C C

Listen: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8joVnqleS9Q>

Verse 1 C F C

There's a dark and a troubled side of life

C G⁷

There's a bright and a sunny side too

C

Though we meet with the darkness and strife

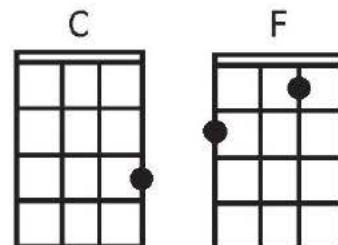
F G⁷ C

The sunny side we also may view

F C

G⁷

Keep on the sunny side, always on the sunny side



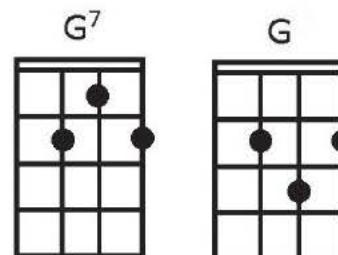
Keep on the sunny side of life

C F C G C

It will help us every day, it will brighten all the way

C F C G C

If we keep on the sunny side of life



Verse 2 F C

The storm and its fury broke today

G⁷

Crushing hopes that we cherish so dear

C

Clouds and storms will in time pass away

F G⁷ C

The sun again will shine bright and clear

You Are My Sunshine

Chorus 2 C

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine

F C

You make me happy when skies are gray

F C

You'll never know dear how much I love you

G C

Please don't take my sunshine away

Verse 3 C

The other night dear as I lay sleeping

F C

I dreamt I held you in my arms

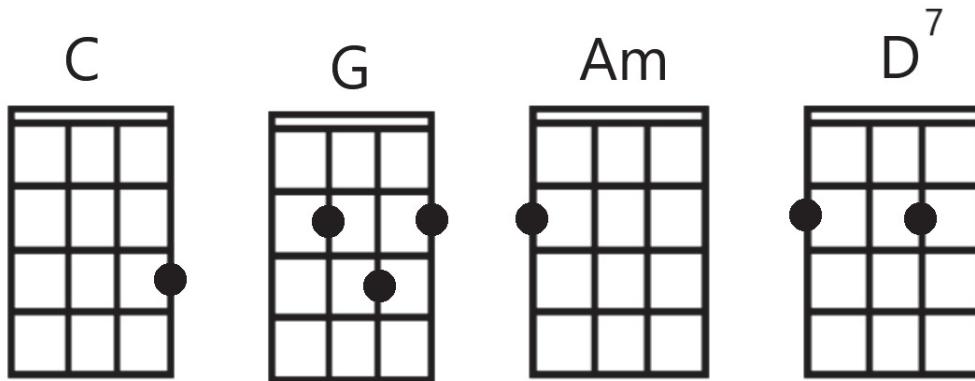
F C

When I awoke, dear, I was mistaken

G C

So I hung my head and I cried

This Land Is Your Land - Woody Guthrie



Intro: Am D7 G

C G

This land is your land, this land is my land
D7 G

From the California to the New York island
C G

From the Redwood Forest, to the gulf stream waters
Am D7 G

This land was made for you and me

C G

As I went walking that ribbon of highway
D7 G

I saw above me that endless skyway
C G

And saw below me that golden valley
Am D7 G

This land was made for you and me

C G

I roamed and rambled, and I followed my footsteps
D7 G

To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
C G

And all around me, a voice was sounding
Am D7 G

This land was made for you and me

C G

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling
D⁷ G

In the wheat fields waving and dust clouds rolling
C G

As the fog was lifting, a voice was chanting
Am D⁷ G

This land was made for you and me

C G

Nobody living can ever stop me
D⁷ G

As I go walking that freedom highway
C G

Nobody living can make me turn back
Am D G

This land was made for you and me

C G

This land is your land, this land is my land
D⁷ G

From the California to the New York island
C G

From the Redwood Forest, to the gulf stream water
Am D⁷ G

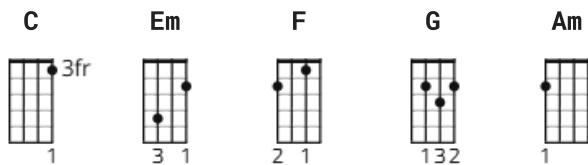
This land was made for you and me
Am D⁷ G/

This land was made for you and me

If I Had A Hammer, by Pete Seeger and Lee Hays.



CHORDS



STRUMMING

WHOLE SONG 180 bpm

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

[Intro]

C Em F G
C Em
F G C Em F
If I had a hammer

[Verse 1]

G C Em F
I'd hammer in the morning
G C Em F
I'd hammer in the evening
G
All over this land
C
I'd hammer out the danger

[Chorus]

Am
I'd hammer out a warning
F C F C
I'd hammer out the love between my brothers and my sisters
F C G C Em F G
All over this land

[Bridge]

C Em F
Oh
G C Em
If I had a bell

[Verse 2]

F G C Em F

I'd ring it in the morning

G C Em F

I'd ring it in the evening

G

All over this land

C

I'd ring out the danger

[Chorus]

Am

I'd ring out a warning

F C F C

I'd ring out the love between my brothers and my sisters

F C G C Em F G

All over this land

[Bridge]

C Em F

Oh

G C Em F

If I had a song

[Verse 3]

G C Em F

I'd sing it in the morning

G C Em F

I'd sing it in the evening

G

All over this land

C

I sing about the danger

[Chorus]

Am

I'd sing out a warning

F C F C

I'd sing out the love between my brothers and my sisters

F C G C Em F G

All over this land

[Bridge]

C Em F

Oh

G C Em F
Well I've got a hammer

[Verse 4]

G C Em F
And I've got a bell
G C Em
And I've got a song to sing
F G
All over this land
C
It's the hammer of justice

[Chorus]

Am
It's the bell of freedom
F C F C
It's a song about the love between my brothers and my sisters
F C G C Em
All over this land

[Bridge]

F G C
It's the hammer of justice

[Chorus]

Am
It's the bell of freedom
F C F C
It's a song about the love between my brothers and my sisters
F C G Am G C
All over this land

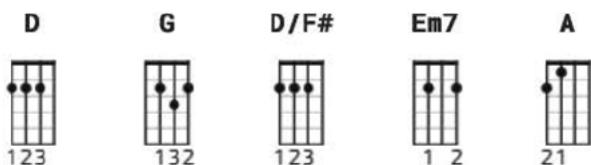
Turn Turn Turn To Everything There Is A Season



Tuning: E A D G B E

Key: D

CHORDS



STRUMMING

WHOLE SONG 123 bpm

1 & 2 & 3 & 4 &

Em7 D A D G D/F# A
To everything turn, turn, turn

[Chorus]

D G D/F# A
There is a season turn, turn, turn
G D/F# Em7 A D
And a time to every purpose under heaven

[Verse 1]

A D
A time to be born, a time to die
A D
A time to plant, a time to reap

A D

A time to kill, a time to heal

G D/F# Em7 A D

A time to laugh, a time to weep

[Chorus]

D G D/F# A

To everything turn, turn, turn

D G D/F# A

There is a season turn, turn, turn

G D/F# Em7 A D

And a time to every purpose under heaven

[Verse 2]

A D

A time to build up, a time to break down

A D

A time to dance, a time to mourn

A D

A time to cast away stones

G D/F# Em7 A D

A time to gather stones together

[Chorus]

D G D/F# A

To everything turn, turn, turn

D G D/F# A

There is a season turn, turn, turn

G D/F# Em7 A D

And a time to every purpose under heaven

[Verse 3]

A D

A time of love, a time of hate

A D

A time of war, a time of peace

A D

A time you may embrace

 G D/F# Em7 A D

A time to refrain from embracing

[Chorus]

 D G D/F# A

To everything turn, turn, turn

 D G D/F# A

There is a season turn, turn, turn

 G D/F# Em7 A D

And a time to every purpose under heaven

[Verse 4]

 A D

A time to gain, a time to lose

 A D

A time to rend, a time to sew

 A D

A time for love, a time for hate

 G D/F# Em7 A D

A time for peace, I swear it's not too late!



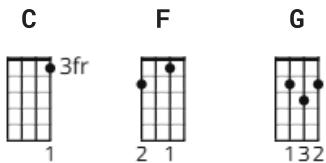
Better Times Chords by Janis Ian

Description: This is exactly how Janis has the chords listed and available on her website.

Difficulty: beginner

Tuning: E A D G B E

CHORDS



[Intro]

C F
C G C

[Chorus]

C
Better times, better times will come.
C F C
Better times, better times will come.
C F
When this world learns to live as one,
C G C
oh, better times will come

[Verse 1]

C G C
When we greet each dawn without fear
C G C
knowing loved ones soon will be near
C F C
When the winds of war

C F
cannot blow any more
C G C
Oh, better times will come

[Chorus]

C
Better times, better times will come.
C F C
Better times, better times will come.
C F
When this world learns to live as one,
C G C
oh, better times will come

[Verse 2]

C G C
Though we live each day as our last
C G C
we know someday soon it will pass
C F C
We will dance, we will sing
C F
in that never-ending spring
C G C
Oh, better times will come

[Chorus]

C
Better times, better times will come.

C F C
Better times, better times will come.
C F
When this world learns to live as one,
C G C
oh, better times will come

[Chorus]

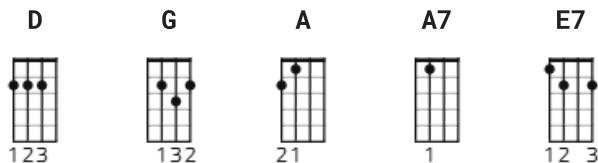
C
Better times, better times will come.
C F C
Better times, better times will come.
C F
When this world learns to live as one,
C G C
oh, better times will come
C G C
oh, better times will come

Words & music by Janis Ian, © 2020 Janis Ian (BMI) All rights reserved; used by permission

Hard Times Come Again No More Chords by Misc Traditional/Stephen Foster



CHORDS



D

G

D

Let us pause in life's pleasures, and count it's many tears,

D A A7 D

while we all sup, sorrow with the poor.

D G D

There's a song that will linger forever in our ears,

G D G A D

oh, hard times come again no more.

Chorus:

D G D

Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,

D E7 A A7

hard times, hard times, come again no more.

D G D

Many days you have lingered around my cabin door,

G D A D

oh, hard times come again no more.

D

G

While we seek mirth and beauty, and music light and gay,

D A7 D

their frail forms fainting at the door.

D G D

G

Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say,

D G D A D

oh, hard times come again no more.

Chorus:

D G D
Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
D E7 A A7
hard times, hard times, come again no more.

D G D
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door,
G D A D
oh, hard times come again no more.

Instrumental:

D G D G D A D

D G D
There's a pale sorrow maiden who toils her life away,
A A7 D
with a worn heart whose better days are o'er.

D G D A D
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,
D G D A D
oh, hard times come again no more.

Chorus:

D G D
Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
D E7 A A7
hard times, hard times, come again no more.

D G D
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door,
G D A D
oh, hard times come again no more.

D G D G D A D

D G
Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
D A A7 D
tis a wail that is heard upon the shore.
G D
Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave;
D G D A D
Oh, hard times come again no more.

Chorus:

D G D A D
Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
D E7 A A7
hard times, hard times, come again no more.
D G D A D
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door,
G D A D
oh, hard times come again no more.

D G D G D A D

G D A D
Oh, hard times come again no more.

D G D G D A D

G D A D
Oh, hard times come again no more. . . .

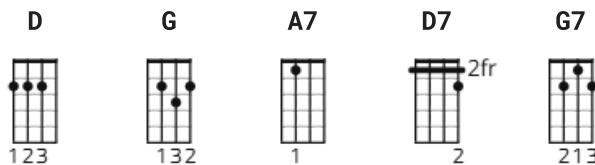
Hard Travelin Chords by Woody Guthrie



Difficulty: beginner

Tuning: E A D G B E

CHORDS



[Verse 1]

D G D
I been a-havin' some hard travellin', I thought you knowed,
A7
I been a-havin' some hard travellin', way down the road,
D D7 G G7
I been a-havin' some hard travellin', hard ramblin', hard gamblin',
A7 D
I been havin' some hard travellin', Lord.

[Verse 2]

D G D
I been a-workin' in a hard rock tunnel, I thought you knowed,
A7
I been a-leanin' on a pressure drill, way down the road,
D D7 G G7
Hammer flyin', air hose suckin', six feet of mud, I sure been a-muckin'
A7 D
I been havin' some hard travellin', Lord.

[Verse 3]

D G D
I been a-workin' that Pittsburg steel, I thought you knowed,
A7
I been workin' that red-hot slag, way down the road,
D D7 G G7
I been a-blastin', I been a-firin', I been a-duckin' red-hot iron,
A7 D
I been havin' some hard travellin', Lord.

[Verse 4]

D G D
I been hittin' some hard harvestin', I thought you knowed,

A7

I been hittin' some rough handlin', way down the road,
D **D7** **G** **G7**
Cut that wheat and stack that hay, tryin' to make about a dollar a day,
A7 **D**
I been havin' some hard travellin', Lord.

[Verse 5]

D **G** **D**
I been hittin' that Lincoln Highway, I thought you knowed,
 A7
I been a-hittin' that sixty-six, way down the road,
D **D7** **G** **G7**
Heavy load and worried mind, lookin' for a woman that's hard to find,
A7 **D**
I been havin' some hard travellin', Lord.

[Verse 6]

D **G** **D**
I been a-havin' some hard travellin', I thought you knowed,
 A7
I been a-havin' some hard travellin', way down the road,
D **D7** **G** **G7**
I been a-havin' some hard travellin', hard ramblin', hard gamblin',
A7 **D**
I been havin' some hard travellin', Lord.

Hobos Lullaby Chords by Woody Guthrie



Difficulty: beginner

Tuning: E A D G B E

CHORDS

C F
Go to sleep, you weary hobo,
G7 C
Let the town drift slowly by.
C C7 F
Listen to those steel rails humming
G7 C
That's a hobo's lullaby

C F
Ho Ho-Ho-Ho, Ho Ho-Ho-Ho
G7 C
Ho Ho-Ho-Ho, Ho-Ho
C C7 F
Ho Ho-Ho Ho-Ho-Ho, Ho Ho-Ho Ho-Ho-Ho
G7 C
Ho Ho-Ho Ho-Ho-Ho

C **F**
Do not think about tomorrow,
G7 **C**
Let tomorrow come and go,

C C7 F
Tonight you've got a nice warm box car,
G7 C
Safe from all this wind and snow.

C F
I know the police cause you trouble,
G7 C
They cause you trouble everywhere.

C C7 F
But when you die and go to heaven
G7 C
You'll find no policeman there.

C F
So go to sleep, you weary hobo,
G7 C
Let the towns drift slowly by.
C C7 F
Listen to the steel rails humming
G7 C
That's a hobo's lullaby.

C F
Ho Ho-Ho-Ho, Ho Ho-Ho-Ho
G7 C
Ho Ho-Ho-Ho, Ho-Ho
C C7 F
Ho Ho-Ho Ho-Ho-Ho, Ho Ho-Ho Ho-Ho-Ho
G7 C
Ho Ho-Ho Ho-Ho-Ho

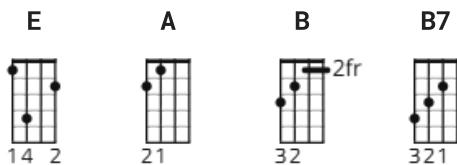


Do Re Mi Chords by Woody Guthrie

Difficulty: beginner

Tuning: E A D G B E

CHORDS



[Verse]

E A

Lots of folks back East, they say, is leavin' home every day,

B E

Beatin' the hot old dusty way to the California line.

A

'Cross the desert sands they roll, gettin' out of that old dust bowl,

B E

They think they're goin' to a sugar bowl, but here's what they find

E B

Now, the police at the port of entry say,

B7

"You're number fourteen thousand for today."

[Chorus]

E A E B

Oh, if you ain't got the do re mi, folks, if you ain't got the do re mi,

B7 E

Why, you better go back to beautiful Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Georgia, Tennessee.

E A

California is a garden of Eden, a paradise to live in or see;

B

But believe it or not, you won't find it so hot

E

If you ain't got the do re mi.

[Verse]

E A

You want to buy you a home or a farm, that can't deal nobody harm,

B E

Or take your vacation by the mountains or sea.

E A

Don't swap your old cow for a car, you better stay right where you are,

B E

Better take this little tip from me.

E B

'Cause I look through the want ads every day

B

B7

But the headlines on the papers always say:

Chorus]

E

A

E

B

Oh, if you ain't got the do re mi, folks, if you ain't got the do re mi,

B7

E

Why, you better go back to beautiful Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Georgia, Tennessee.

E

A

California is a garden of Eden, a paradise to live in or see;

B

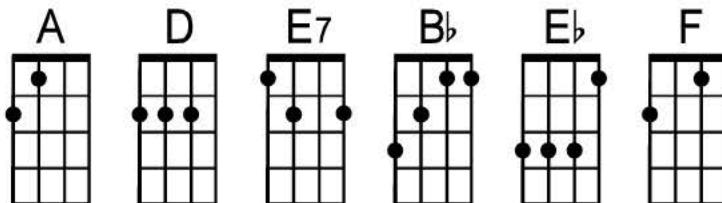
But believe it or not, you won't find it so hot

E

If you ain't got the do re mi.

King of the Road (Key of A → Bb)

by Roger Miller



Intro: A . . . | D . . . | E7 . . . | A . . . | A . . . | D . . . | E7 . . . | . . . |

A . . . | D . . . | E7 . . . | A . . . |
Trail-ers for sale or rent, rooms— to let, fifty— cents.

A . . . | D . . . | E7\ (--- --- *tacet, - finger snaps-----*)
No phone, no pool, no pets, I ain't got no cig-ar-ettes, ah but,

A . . . | D . . . | E7 . . . | A . . . |
Two hours of push-ing broom buys an eight— by twelve four-bit room
I'm a man— of means by no means, King of the Road—

A . . . | D . . . | E7 . . . | A . . . |
Third box-car, mid-night train, des— tin-ation Bangor—, Maine

A . . . | D . . . | E7\ (--- --- *tacet, - finger snaps-----*)
Old worn-out suit and shoes, I don't pay no union dues, I smoke

A . . . | D . . . | E7 . . . | A . . . |
Old stog-ies I have found, short—, but not too big a—round,
I'm a man— of means by no means, King of the Road—

. . . | Bb . . . | Eb . . . |

Bridge: I know every engin-eeer on ever-y train,

F . . . | Bb . . .
All of their children and all of their names

. . . | Bb . . . | Eb . . . |
And ever-y hand-out in ever-y town

| F\ (--- --- *tacet, finger snaps-----*)
And ev'ry lock that ain't locked when no one's a-round, I sing

Bb . . . | Eb . . . | F . . . | Bb . . . |
Trail-ers for sale or rent, rooms— to let, fifty— cents.

Bb . . . | Eb . . . | F\ (--- --- *tacet, - finger snaps-----*)
No phone, no pool, no pets, I ain't got no cigarettes, ah but,

Bb . . . | Eb . . . | F . . . | Bb . . . |
Two hours of push-ing broom buys an eight— by twelve four-bit room

I'm a man— of means by no means, King of the Road—

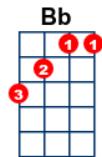
F . . . | Bb . . . | F . . . | Bb\ |
King of the Road— King of the Road—

Little Boxes

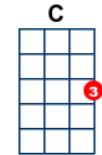
artist:Malvina Reynolds writer:Malvina Reynolds

Malvina Reynolds - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VUoXtddNPAM>

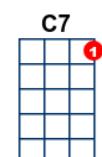
[F] Little boxes on the [F] hillside,
 little [Bb] boxes made of [F] ticky tacky
 Little [F] boxes on the [C7] hillside,
 little [F] boxes all the [C7] same,.



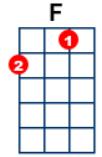
Theres a [F] green one & a [F] pink one
 and a [Bb] blue one & a [F] yellow one
 And they are [F] all made out of [C7] ticky tacky
 and they [F] all look [C7] just the [F] same.



And the [F] people in the [F] houses all [Bb] went to the uni[F]versity
 and they [F] all get put in [C7] boxes, little [F] boxes, all the [C7] same.



And there's [F] doctors & there's [F] lawyers and [Bb] business
 e[F]xecutives
 And they are [F] all made out of [C7] ticky tacky,
 and they [F] all look [C7] just the [F] same.



And they [F] all play on the [F] golf course, and [Bb] drink their mar[F]tinis dry
 And they [F] all have pretty [C7] children and the [F] children go to [C7] school,
 And the [F] children go to [F] summer camp and [Bb] then to the uni[F]versity
 Where they [F] all get put in [C7] boxes
 and they [F] come out all the [F] same.

And the [F] boys go into [F] business and [Bb] marry & raise a [F] family
 And they [F] all get put in [C7] boxes, little [F] boxes, all the [C7] same,

Theres a [F] pink one & a [F] green one and a [Bb] blue one & a [F] yellow one
 And they are [F] all made out of [C7] ticky tacky
 and they [F] all look [C] just the [F] same.

Man of Constant Sorrow – Dick Burnett

G C
(In constant sorrow all through his days)

C F
I am a man of constant sorrow

G C
I've seen trouble all my days

C F
I bid farewell to old Kentucky

G C
The place where I was born and raised

(The place where he was born and raised)

C F
For six long years I've been in trouble

No pleasures here on earth I found

C F
For in this world I'm bound to ramble

G C
I have no friends to help me now

(He has no friends to help him now)

C F
It's fare thee well my old true lover

G C
I never expect to see you again

C F
For I'm bound to ride that northern railroad

G C
Perhaps I'll die upon that train

(Perhaps he'll die upon that train)

C F
You can bury me in some deep valley

G C
For many years where I may lay

C F
Then you may learn to love another

G C
While I am sleeping in my grave

G C
(While he is sleeping in his grave)

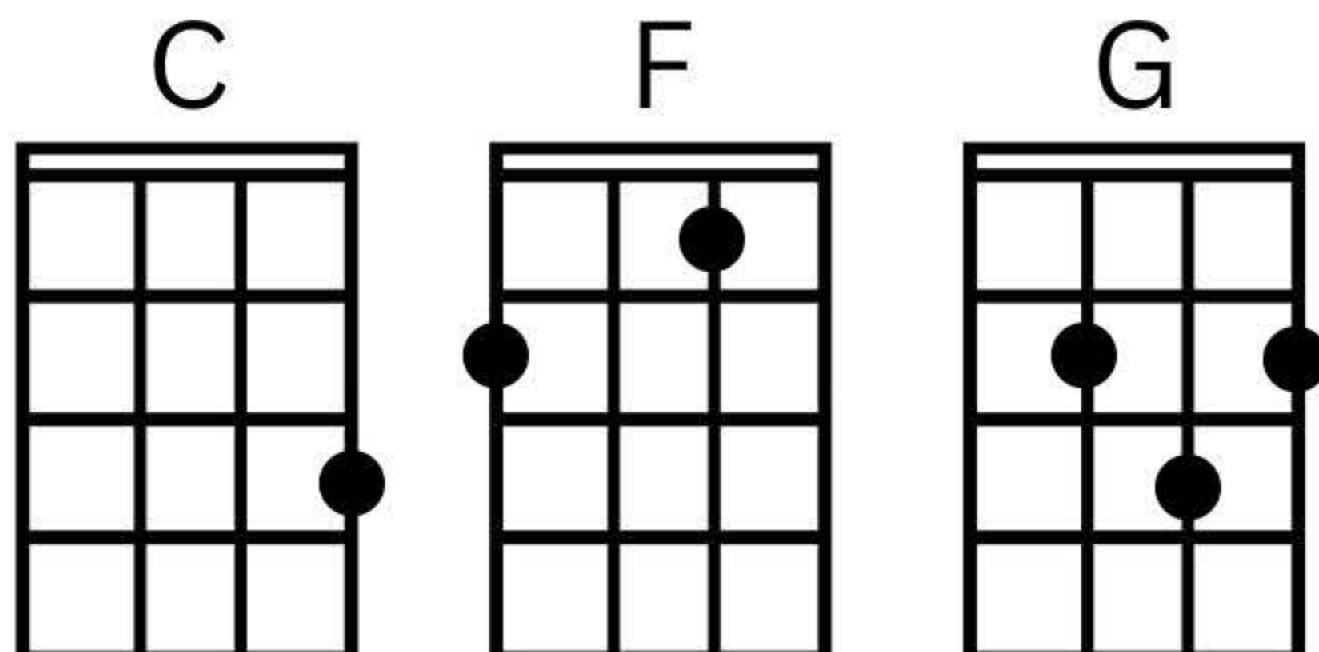
C F
Maybe your friends think I'm just a stranger

G C
My face you'll never see no more

C F
But there is one promise that is given

G C
I'll meet you on god's golden shore

G C
(He'll meet you on god's golden shore)



"16 Tons", by Merle Travis

E7

Am G F E7
Some people say a man is made out of mud

Am G F E7
A poor man's made out of muscle and blood

Am Dm
Muscle and blood and skin and bone

Am E7
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong.

Am G F E7
You load sixteen tons, what do you get?

Am G F E7
Another day older and deeper in debt

Am Dm
Saint Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go

F E7 Am
I owe my soul to the company store.

Am G F E7
I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine

Am G F E7
I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine

Am Dm
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal

Am E7
And the straw boss said, "Well, a-bless my soul!"

Am G F E7
You load sixteen tons, what do you get?

Am G F E7
Another day older and deeper in debt

Am Dm
Saint Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go

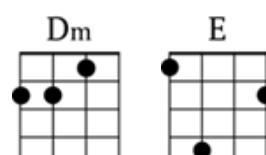
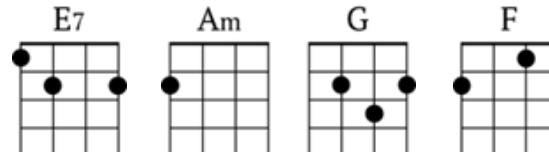
F E7 Am
I owe my soul to the company store.

Am G F E7
I was born one morning, it was drizzling rain

Am G F E7
Fightin' and trouble are my middle name

Am Dm
I was raised in the canebrake by an ol' mama lion

Am E7
Ain't no a-high-toned woman make me walk the line



Am G F E7

You load sixteen tons, what do you get?

Am G F E7

Another day older and deeper in debt

Am Dm

Saint Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go

F E7 Am

I owe my soul to the company store.

Am G F E7

If you see me coming better step aside

Am G F E7

A lot of men didn't, a lot of men died

Am Dm

With one fist of iron, the other of steel

Am E7

If the right one don't get you then the left one will.

Am G F E7

You load sixteen tons, what do you get?

Am G F E7

Another day older and deeper in debt

Am Dm

Saint Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go

F E7 Am

I owe my soul to the company store.

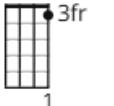
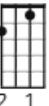
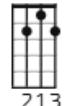
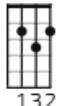
Banks Of Marble Chords by Mischief Brew



Difficulty: beginner

Tuning: E A D G B E

CHORDS

C	F	G7	G
			
1	2 1	2 1 3	1 3 2

[Verse 1]

C
I've traveled 'round this country
F **C**
From shore to shining shore
G7 **C**
It really made me wonder
G **C**
The things I heard and saw

[Verse 2]

C
I saw the weary farmer
F **C**
A'plowing sod and loam
G7 **C**
I heard the auction hammer
G **C**
A-knocking down their homes

[Chorus]

C
But the banks are made of marble
G **C**
With a guard at every door
C
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
G7 **C**
That the farmer sweated for

[Verse 3]

C
I saw the fisherman standing

F C
So idly by the shore
G7 C
I heard his bosses saying
G C
"Ain't got no work for you no more."

[Chorus]
C
But the banks are made of marble
G C
With a guard at every door
C
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
G C
That the fisherman sweated for

[Verse 4]
C
I saw the weary miner
F C
A' Scrubbin' coal dust from his back
G7 C
I heard his children crying
G C
Got no coal to heat the shack

[Chorus]
C
But the banks are made of marble
G C
With a guard at every door
C
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
G C
That the miner sweated for

[Verse 5]
C
I've seen my people working
F C
Throughout this mighty land
G7 C
I prayed we'd get together

G

C

And together make a stand

[Chorus]

C

And we might own those banks of marble

G

C

With no guard at every door

C

And we will share those vaults of silver

G

C

That we have sweated for

Pastures Of Plenty Chords by Eliza Gilkyson



Description: From the Woody Guthrie tribute album Ribbon Of Highway Endless Skyway
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IU2PELWZtiU>.

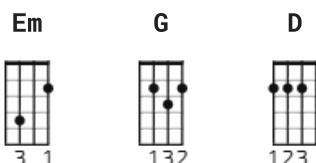
Difficulty: absolute beginner

Tuning: E A D G B E

Capo: 2nd fret

Key: Em

CHORDS



[Intro]

Em G D Em

[Verse 1]

G

It's a mighty hard row

D Em

My poor hands have hoed

G

My poor feet have traveled

D Em

A hot dusty road

[Verse 2]

G

Out of your Dust Bowl

D Em

And westward we rolled

G

Your deserts were hot

D Em

Your mountains were cold

[Verse 3]

G

I worked in your orchards

D Em
Of peaches and prunes

G

Slept on the ground

D Em

By the light of your moon

[Verse 4]

G

On the edge of your city

D Em

You'll see us and then

G

We come with the dust

D Em

We're gone with the wind

[Verse 5]

G

California and Arizona,

D Em

I made all your crops

G

And its north up to Oregon

D Em

To harvest your hops

[Verse 6]

G

Dig the beets from your
ground,

D

Pick the grapes from your

Em

vine

G

To set on your table

D Em

Your light sparkling wine

[Instrumental]

[Verse 7]

G

It's green pastures of
plenty

D Em

From dry desert ground

G

From the Grand Coulee Dam

D Em

Where the waters run down

[Verse 8]

G

Every state in this Union

D Em

Us migrants have been

G

We'll work in this fight

D Em

And we'll fight till we win

[Verse 9]

G

And it's always we ramble
D Em

This river and I

G

All along your green
valley,

D Em

I will work till I die

[Verse 10]

G

And this land I'll defend

D Em

With my life if need be

G

'Cause my pastures of
plenty

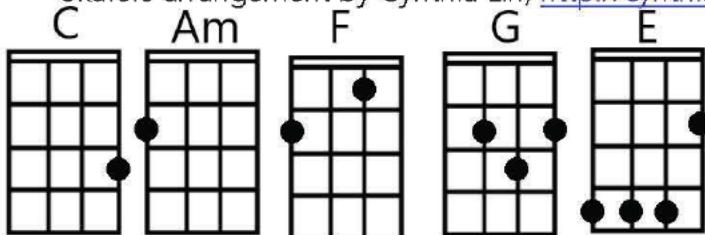
D Em

Must always be free

HALLELUJAH

by Leonard Cohen, 1984

Ukulele arrangement by Cynthia Lin, <http://cynthialin.com/ukulele>



6 beats per chord - either 6 strums [D d d D d d] or fingerpick [1-2-3-4-3-2]; on split measure, [(1-2-3) - (1-2-3)];

INTRO C Am C Am

VERSE C Am C Am

1. Well I heard there was a secret chord
2. Your faith was strong but you needed proof
3. But baby I've been here before
4. Maybe there's a God above

That David played and it pleased the Lord
You saw her bathing on the roof
I've seen this room and I walked this floor
But all I've ever learned from love

F G C

1. But you don't really care for music, do ya?
2. Her beauty and the moonlight over-threw ya
3. You know, I used to live alone before I knew ya
4. Was how to shoot some-body who out-drew ya

C [F - G] Am F

1. Well it goes like this: the fourth, the fifth, the minor fall and the major lift
2. She tied you to her kitchen chair She broke your throne & she cut your hair
3. And I've seen your flag on the marble arch And love is not a victory march
4. And it's not a cry that you hear at night It's not somebody who's seen the light

G Am Am/

1. The baffled king com-posing Hallelujah
2. And from your lips she drew the Hallelujah
3. It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah
4. It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah

CHORUS F F Am Am F F C G C Am C Am

Hallelujah Hallelujah Hallelujah Hallelu -u jah

FINAL CHORUS

F F Am Am F F C G

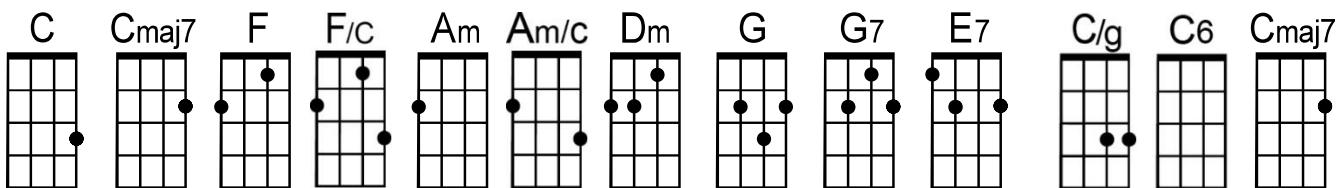
Hallelujah Hallelujah Hallelujah Hallelu jah

F F Am Am F F C G C Am C Am C/

Hallelujah Hallelujah Hallelujah Hallelu -u jah

Imagine

by John Lennon & Yoko Ono (1971)



*Optional Walk-up

Intro: C . . . Cmaj7 | F . . . | C . . . Cmaj7 -- | F . . . |

A 2 0 0 0 1 | C 3 3 3 1 | G 0 0 0 0 2 | F 0 0 0 0 1 |

E 3 3 3 1 | C 0 0 0 0 0 | G 0 0 0 0 0 | F 0 0 0 0 0 |

C 0 0 0 0 0 | G 0 0 0 0 0 | C 0 0 0 0 0 | E 0 0 0 0 0 |

G 0 0 0 0 0 | D 0 0 0 0 0 | B 0 0 0 0 0 | A 0 0 0 0 0 |

C . . . Cmaj7 | F . . . | C . . . Cmaj7 | F . . . |

I-magine there's no hea-ven— It's easy if you— try-y—

C . . . Cmaj7 | F . . . | C . . . Cmaj7 | F . . . |

No hell— be— low us— A-bove us only sky—

F/c . . . Am/c . . . | Dm . . . F . . . | G . . . C | G7\ --- --- --- |

I-magine all the peo-ple-le— living— for to- day— I—hi—i—i

C . . . Cmaj7 | F . . . | C . . . Cmaj7 | F . . . |

I-magine there's no countries— It isn't hard to do—o—

C . . . Cmaj7 | F . . . | C . . . Cmaj7 | F . . . |

Nothing to kill or die for— and no re-lig-ion— too—o—

F/c . . . Am/c . . . | Dm . . . F . . . | G . . . C | G7\ --- --- --- |

I-magine all the peo-ple-le— living— life in peace— you-hu—u—u

F . . . G7 . . . | C . . . E7 . . . |

Chorus: You may say-ay-ay I'm a dreamer—

F . . . G7 . . . | C . . . E7 . . . |

but I'm not the only one—

F . . . G7 . . . | C . . . E7 . . . |

I hope some day-ay-ay you'll join u-us—

F . . . G7 . . . | C\ *C/g\ *C6\ *CMaj7\ |

and the wor-or-or-orld will be as one—

C . . . Cmaj7 | F . . . | C . . . Cmaj7 | F . . . |

I-magine no possess-ions— I wonder if you— ca-n—

C . . . Cmaj7 | F . . . | C . . . Cmaj7 | F . . . |

No need for greed— or hunger— A brother-hood of man—

F/c . . . Am/c . . . | Dm . . . F . . . | G . . . C | G7\ --- --- --- |

I-magine all the peo-ple-le— sharing— all the world— you-hu—u—u

F . . . G7 . . . | C . . . E7 . . . |

Chorus: You may say-ay-ay I'm a dreamer—

F . . . G7 . . . | C . . . E7 . . . |

but I'm not the only one—

F . . . G7 . . . | C . . . E7 . . . |

I hope some day-ay-ay you'll join u-us—

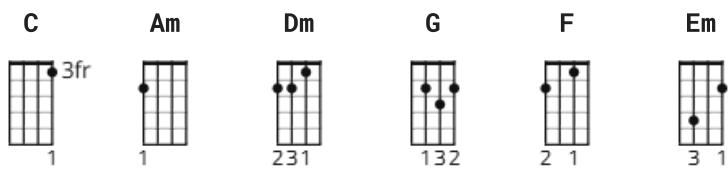
F . . . G7 . . . | C\

and the wor-or-or-orld will live as one—

There But For Fortune Chords by Phil Ochs



CHORDS



"There But for Fortune"

Artist: Phil Ochs (later covered and popularized by Joan Baez)

Album: There But for Fortune (Compilation)

[Intro]

C Am C Am C Am

[Verse 1]

C Am C Am

Show me a prison, show me a jail,

C Am Dm G

Show me a prisoner whose face has gone pale

Am F Dm

And I'll show you a young man with so many reasons why

Em C Dm G

And there but for fortune, may go you or I

[Verse 2]

C Am C Am

Show me the alley, show me the train,

C Am Dm G

Show me a hobo who sleeps out in the rain,

Am F Dm

And I'll show you a young man with so many reasons why

Em C Dm G Dm G

There but for fortune, may go you or go I -- you and I.

[Verse 3]

C **Am** **C** **Am**
Show me the whiskey stains on the floor,

C **Am** **Dm** **G**
Show me the drunken man as he stumbles out the door,

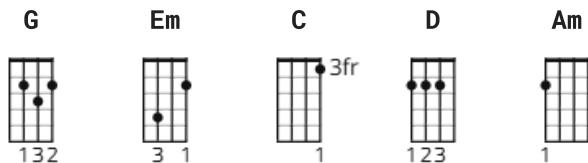
Am **F** **Dm**
And I'll show you a young man with so many reasons why

Em **C** **D**m **G** **D**m **G**
There but for fortune, may go you or go I -- you and I.

Where Have All The Flowers Gone Official by Peter, Paul and Mary



CHORDS



STRUMMING

WHOLE SONG 119 bpm

1 & 2 & 3 & 4 &

[Intro]

G Em G

Em

[Verse 1]

G Em C D

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?

G Em Am D

Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?

G Em

Where have all the flowers gone?

C D

Young girls have picked them, every one

C G C D G Em

Oh, when will they ever learn, oh when will they ever learn?

[Verse 2]

G Em C D

Where have all the young girls gone, long time passing?

G Em Am D

Where have all the young girls gone, long time ago?

G Em

Where have all the young girls gone?

C D
Gone for husbands, every one
C G C D G Em
Oh, when will they ever learn, oh when will they ever learn?

[Verse 3]

G Em C D
Where have all the husbands gone, long time passing?
G Em Am D
Where have all the husbands gone, long time ago?
G Em
Where have all the husbands gone?
C D
Gone for soldiers, every one
C G C D G Em
Oh, when will they ever learn, oh when will they ever learn?

[Verse 4]

G Em C D
Where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing?
G Em Am D
Where have all the soldiers gone, long time ago?
G Em
Where have all the soldiers gone?
C D
Gone to graveyards, every one
C G C D G
Oh, when will they ever learn, oh when will they ever learn?

[Verse 5]

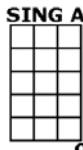
Em C D
Where have all the graveyards gone, long time passing?
G Em Am D
Where have all the graveyards gone, long time ago?
G Em
Where have all the graveyards gone?
C D
Gone to flowers, every one
C G C D G Em
Oh, when will they ever learn, oh when will they ever learn?

[Verse 6]

G Em C D
Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?
G Em Am D
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?
G Em
Where have all the flowers gone?
C D
Young girls have picked them, every one
C G C D G Em
Oh, when will they ever learn, oh when will they ever learn?

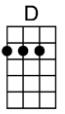
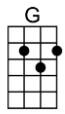
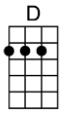
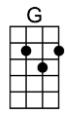
[Outro]

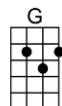
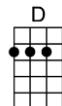
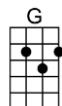
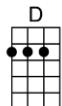
G



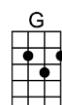
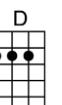
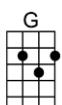
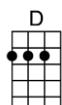
FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH-Stephen Stills

4/4 1...2...1234

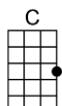
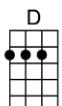
Intro: |  |  |  |  |



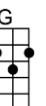
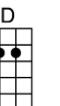
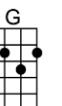
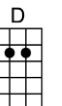
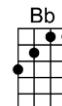
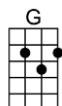
There's somethin' happenin' here. What it is ain't exactly clear.



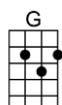
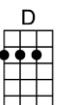
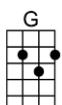
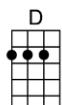
There's a man with a gun over there, a-tellin' me I've got to be-ware.



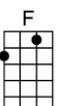
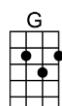
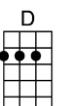
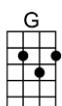
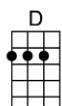
I think it's time we stop, children, what's that sound?



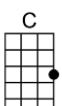
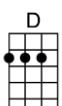
Everybody look what's goin' down.



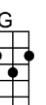
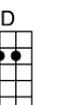
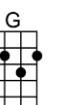
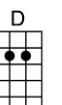
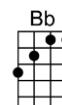
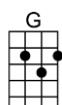
There's battle lines bein' drawn. Nobody's right if everybody's wrong.



Young people speakin' their minds, a-gettin' so much resistance from be-hind.

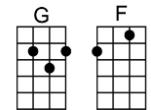
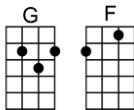


It's time we stop, hey, what's that sound?



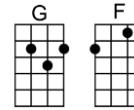
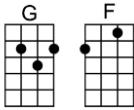
Everybody look what's goin' down.

p.2. For What It's Worth



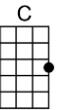
What a field day for the heat.

A thousand people in the street

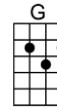
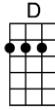
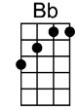


Singin' songs and a-carryin' signs,

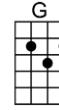
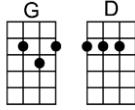
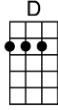
mostly say hooray for our side.



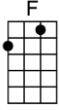
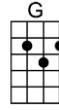
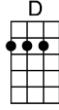
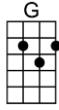
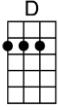
It's time we stop, hey, what's that sound?



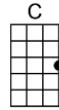
Everybody look what's goin' down.



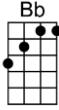
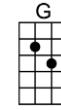
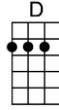
Paranoia strikes deep. Into your life it will creep.



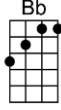
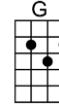
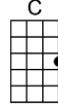
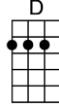
It starts when you're always a-fraid. Step out of line, the men come and take you a-way.



You better stop, hey, what's that sound? Everybody look what's goin'



You better stop, now, what's that sound? Everybody look what's goin'

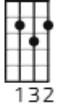
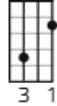
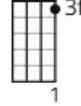
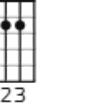
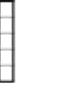


You better stop, children, what's that sound? Everybody look what's goin' (fade)

The Times They Are A-Changin Official by Bob Dylan



CHORDS

G	Em	C/G	D	Am	G/B
 132	 3 1	 1 3fr	 123	 1	 132

[Verse 1]

G **G** **Em**
Come gather 'round people
C/G **G**
Wherever you roam
 Em
And admit that the waters
C/G **D**
Around you have grown
G **Em**
And accept it that soon
 C/G **G**
You'll be drenched to the bone
 Am
If your time to you
 D
Is worth savin'

[Chorus]

D **C/G**
Then you better start swimmin'
 G/B **D**
Or you'll sink like a stone
 G **D** **G**
For the times they are achangin'.

G **G** **Em**
Come writers and critics

[Verse 2]

C/G G
Who prophesize with your pen
Em
And keep your eyes wide
C/G D
The chance won't come again
G Em
And don't speak too soon
C/G G
For the wheel's still in spin
Am
And there's no tellin' who
D
That it's namin'

[Chorus]

D C/G
For the loser now
G/B D
Will be later to win
G C/G D G Em
For the times they are achangin'.

[Interlude]

C

[Verse 3]

G Em
Come senators, congressmen
C/G G
Please heed the call
Em
Don't stand in the doorway
C/G D
Don't block up the hall
G Em
For he that gets hurt
C/G G
Will be he who has stalled
Am
There's a battle outside

D

And it's ragin'

[Chorus]

D **C/G**

It'll soon shake your windows

G/B **D**

And rattle your walls

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

For the times they are achangin'.

G **G** **Em**
Come mothers and fathers

[Verse 4]

C/G **G**

Throughout the land

Em

And don't criticize

C/G **D**

What you can't understand

G **Em**

Your sons and your daughters

C/G **G**

Are beyond your command

Your old road is

Am **D**

Rapidly agin'

[Chorus]

D **C/G**

Please get out of the new one

G/B **D**

If you can't lend your hand

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

For the times they are achangin'.

[Verse 5]

G Em

The line it is drawn

C/G G

The curse it is cast

Em

The slow one now

C/G D

Will later be fast

G Em

As the present now

C/G G

Will later be past

The order is

Am D

Rapidly fadin'

[Chorus]

D C/G

And the first one now

G/B D

Will later be last

G C/G D G

For the times they are achangin'.

[Outro]

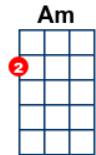
G Em C/G G

Blowing in the Wind

artist:Bob Dylan writer:Bob Dylan

Bob Dylan- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MMFj8uDubsE> Capo on 4

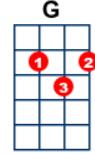
The [F] answer, my [G7] friend, is [C] blowin' in the [Am] wind,
The [F] answer is [G7] blowin' in the [C] wind.



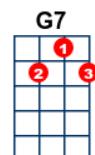
[C] How many [F] roads must a [C] man walk down
Before you [F] call him a [G] man? [G7]
[C] How many [F] seas must a [C] white dove [Am] sail
Be-[C]-fore she [F] sleeps in the [G] sand? [G7]
[C] How many [F] times must the [C] cannonballs fly
Before they're for-[F]ever [G] banned? [G7]
The [F] answer, my [G7] friend, is [C] blowin' in the [Am] wind,
The [F] answer is [G7] blowin' in the [C] wind.



[C] How many [F] times must a [C] man look up
Before he can [F] see the [G] sky? [G7]
[C] How many [F] ears must [C] one man [Am] have
Be-[C]-fore he can [F] hear people [G] cry? [G7]
[C] How many [F] deaths will it [C] take 'til he knows that
Too many [F] people have [G] died? [G7]
The [F] answer, my [G7] friend, is [C] blowin' in the [Am] wind,
The [F] answer is [G7] blowin' in the [C] wind.



[C] How many [F] years can a [C] mountain exist
Before it is [F] washed to the [G] sea? [G7]
[C] How many [F] years can some [C] people ex-[Am]ist
Be-[C]-fore they're a-[F]llowed to be [G] free? [G7]
[C] How many [F] times can a [C] man turn his head and
Pretend that he [F] just doesn't [G] see? [G7]
The [F] answer, my [G7] friend, is [C] blowin' in the [Am] wind,
The [F] answer is [G7] blowin' in the [C] wind.



The [F] answer, my [G7] friend, is [C] blowin' in the [Am] wind,
The [F] answer is [G7] blowin' in the [C] wind.

LISTEN: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QDYfEBY9NM4>

Let It Be – John Lennon and Paul McCartney

Intro: F	-	C	-
G	F	C	-

C - G -

When I find myself in times of trouble

Am - F -

Mother Mary comes to me

C - G -

Speaking words of wisdom

F - C -

Let it be

C - G -

And in my hour of darkness

Am - F -

She is standing right in front of me

C - G -

Speaking words of wisdom

F - C -

Let it be

Chorus: Am G

Let it be, let it be,

F C

Let it be, let it be

C - G -

Whisper words of wisdom

F - C -

Let it be

Interlude: F	-	C	-
G	F	C	-

C - G -

And when the broken-hearted people

Am - F -

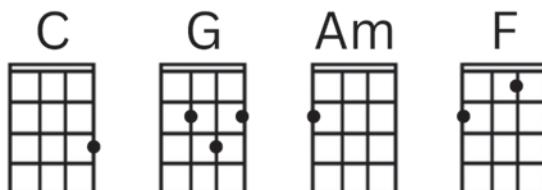
Living in the world agree

C - G -

There will be an answer

F - C -

Let it be



C - G -

For though they may be parted

Am - F -

There is still a chance that they will see

C - G -

There will be an answer

F - C -

Let it be

Chorus and Interlude

C - G -

And when the night is cloudy

Am - F -

There is still a light that shines on me

C - G -

Shine until tomorrow,

F - C -

Let it be

C - G -

I wake up to the sound of music,

Am - F -

Mother Mary comes to me

C - G -

Speaking words of wisdom,

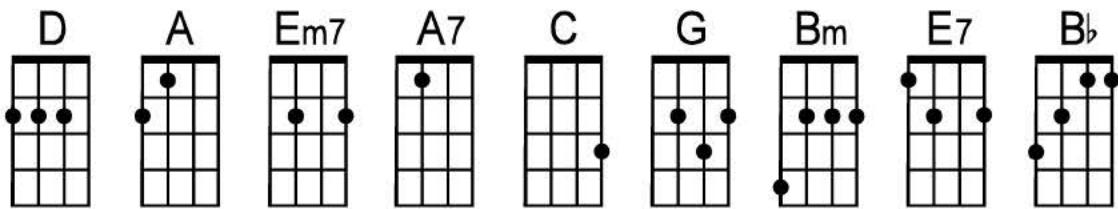
F - C -

Let it be

Chorus x2, end with Interlude

With a Little Help From My Friends (Key of D)

by John Lennon and Paul McCartney



Intro: D . . . | |

(sing f#)

D . . A . | Em7 . . . | . . . A7 . | D . . . |

What would you think if I sang out of tune, would you stand up and walk out on me?

D . . A . | Em7 . . . | . . . A7 . | D . . . |

Lend me your ears and I'll sing you a song and I'll try not to sing out of key

Chorus: . . | C . . G . | D . . |

Oh, I get by with a little help from my friends

. . | C . . G . | D . . |

Mmm, I get high with a little help from my friends

. . | C . . G . | D . . . | A\-----|-----|

Mm, gon-na try with a little help from my friends (--drum break-----)

D . . A . | Em7 . . . | . . . A7 . | D . . . |

What do I do when my love is a-way (does it worry you to be a-lone?)

D . . A . | Em7 . . . | . . . A7 . | D . . . |

How do I feel by the end of the day? (are you sad be-cause you're on your own?)

Chorus: . . | C . . G . | D . . |

No, I get by with a little help from my friends

. . | C . . G . | D . . |

Mmm, get high with a little help from my friends

. . | C . . G . | D . . |

Mm, gonna try with a little help from my friends

Bridge: . . | Bm . . . | E7 . . . | D . . C . | G . . |

(Do you need— a-ny-bo-dy?) I need some-body to love

. . | Bm . . . | E7 . . . | D . . C . | G . . . |

(Could it be— a-ny-bo-dy?) I want some-body to love

D . . A . | Em7 . . . | . . . A7 . | D . . . |

(Would you be -lieve in a love at first sight?) Yes I'm certain that it happens all the time

D . . A . | Em7 . . . | . . . A7 . | D . . . |

(What do you see when you turn out the light?) I can't tell you but I know it's mine

Chorus: |C G |D
Oh, I get by with a little help from my friends

Mmm, |C G |D
get high with a little help from my friends

Oh, gonna |C G |D
try with a little help from my friends

Bridge: |Bm |E7 |D C |G
(Do you need a ny bo dy?) I need some-body to love

|Bm |E7 |D C |G
(Could it be a ny bo dy?) I want some-body to love

Chorus: |C G |D
Oh, I get by with a little help from my friends

Mmm, gonna try with a little help from my friends

Oh, I get high with a little help from my friends

Yes I get by with a little help from my friends

With a little help from my friends |Bb |C |D\

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v3b - 1/21/19)

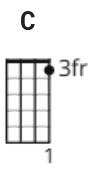
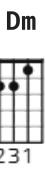
Eyes On The Prize Chords by Bruce Springsteen



Difficulty: absolute beginner

Tuning: E A D G B E

CHORDS



[Intro]

Am

Am

Paul and Silas bound in jail

Am

Had no money to go their bail

Dm

E

Keep your eyes on the prize

Am

Hold on

Am

Paul and Silas thought they was lost

Am

Dungeon shook and the chains come off

Dm

E

Keep your eyes on the prize

Am

Hold on

Am

Freedom's name is mighty sweet

Am

And soon we're gonna meet

Dm

E

Keep your eyes on the prize

Am

Hold on

Am

I got my hand on the gospel plow

Am

Won't take nothing for my journey now

Dm

E

Keep your eyes on the prize

Am

Hold on

C

Am

RIT. Hold on, hold on

Dm

E

Keep your eyes on the prize

Am

Hold on

Am

Only chain that a man can stand

Am

Is that chain o'hand on hand

Dm

E

Keep your eyes on the prize

Am

Hold on

Am

I'm gonna board that big Greyhound

Am

Carry the love from town to town

Dm

E

Keep your eyes on the prize

Am

Hold on

C

Am

Hold on, hold on

Dm

E

Keep your eyes on the prize

Am

Hold on

Am

The only thing I did was wrong

Am

Was stayin' in the wilderness too long

Dm

E

Keep your eyes on the prize

Am

Hold on

Am

Only thing that we did right

Am

Was the day we begun to fight!

Dm

E

Keep your eyes on the prize,

Am

Hold on

C

Am

Hold on, holdon

Dm

E

Keep your eyes on the prize

Am

Hold on

Am

The only thing I did was wrong

Am

Was stayin' in the wilderness too long

Keep your eyes on the prize

Am

Hold on

C **Am**

Hold on, hold on
Dm **E**

Keep your eyes on the prize

Am

Hold on (3 times)

Am

Ain't been to heaven

Am

But I been told

Dm **E**

Streets up there are

Am

Paved with gold

Outro

We Shall Overcome Chords by Pete Seeger

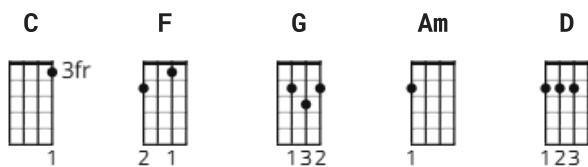


Difficulty: beginner

Tuning: E A D G B E

Key: C

CHORDS



We Shall Overcome chords

Peter Seeger ("No More Auction Block For Me.", words by Reverend Charles Tindley of Philadelphia)

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/We_Shall_Overcome

[Verse 1]

C F C

We shall overcome

F C

We shall overcome

F G Am D G D

We shall overcome some day

G

[Chorus]

D G C F C

Oh, deep in my heart

F G Am

I do believe

C F C G C

We shall overcome some day

[Verse 2]

C F C

We'll walk hand in hand
F C

We'll walk hand in hand

F G Am

We'll walk hand in hand

D G D G

some day

[Chorus]

D G C F C

Oh, deep in my heart

F G Am

I do believe

C F C G C

We shall overcome some day

[Verse 3]

C F C

We shall all be free

F C

We shall all be free

F G Am D
We shall all be free some
G D G
day

[Chorus]

D G C F C
Oh, deep in my heart
F G Am
I do believe
C F C G C
We shall overcome some day

F G Am D G D G
We are not alone some day
[Chorus]

D G C F C
Oh, deep in my heart
F G Am
I do believe
C F C G C
We shall overcome some day

[Verse 4]

C F C
We are not afraid
F C
We are not afraid
F G Am D G D
We are not afraid some day
G

[Chorus]

D G C F C
Oh, deep in my heart
F G Am
I do believe
C F C G C
We shall overcome some day

[Verse 5]

C F C
We are not alone
F C
We are not alone