FRANK RICH
THE COUNTRY SONGBOOK
& rebah Productions
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song</th>
<th>Artist</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Blue Moon of Kentucky</td>
<td>Bill Monroe/Elvis Presley</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boll Weevil</td>
<td></td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buffalo Gals</td>
<td></td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By The Silvery Rio Grande</td>
<td></td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carry Me Back To Old Virginny</td>
<td></td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Casey Jones</td>
<td></td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicken Reel</td>
<td></td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crawdad Song</td>
<td>Marty Robbins</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>El Paso</td>
<td></td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(The) Erie Canal</td>
<td></td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Five Hundred Miles</td>
<td>Johnny Cash</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Folsom Prison Blues</td>
<td></td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ghost Riders In The Sky</td>
<td></td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Git Along Little Doggies</td>
<td></td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green Green Grass of Home</td>
<td>Tom Jones</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He'll Have To Go</td>
<td>Jim Reeves</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Love You Because</td>
<td></td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'm A Poor Lonesome Cowboy</td>
<td>Jim Reeves</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'm Going To Leave Old Texas Now</td>
<td>uit de stripserie &quot;Lucky Luke&quot;</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Ride An Old Paint</td>
<td></td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Won't Forget You</td>
<td>Jim Reeves</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jambalaya</td>
<td>Hank Williams</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Hardy</td>
<td></td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Henry</td>
<td>Roger Miller</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King Of The Road</td>
<td>Patsy Cline/Don McLean</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lavender Cowboy</td>
<td>Kenny Rodgers</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lovesick Blues</td>
<td>Kris Kristofferson/Janis Joplin</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucille</td>
<td></td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Me And Bobby McGhee</td>
<td>Don Gibson</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Muleskinner Blues</td>
<td></td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh Lonesome Me</td>
<td></td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Joe Clark</td>
<td></td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Rattler</td>
<td></td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Railroad Bill</td>
<td></td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhinestone Cowboy</td>
<td></td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salty Dog Blues</td>
<td></td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Antonio Rose</td>
<td></td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Send Me The Pillow</td>
<td></td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shady Grove</td>
<td></td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Some Broken Hearts Never Mend</td>
<td></td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Of The Border</td>
<td></td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stand By Your Man</td>
<td></td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tennessee Waltz</td>
<td></td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Foggy, Foggy Dew</td>
<td></td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Most Beautiful Girl</td>
<td></td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Old Chisholm Trail</td>
<td></td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rock Island Line</td>
<td></td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turkey In The Straw</td>
<td></td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vaya Con Dios</td>
<td>Charly Rich</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wabash Cannonball</td>
<td></td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You're My Best Friend</td>
<td>Don Williams</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
AKKOORDENTABEL VOOR KEYBOARD

AKKOORDENTABEL VOOR BLOKFLUIT
OH, LONESOME ME

Well, everybody's going out and having fun.

I am just a poor fool staying home and having none.

I can't get over how she sets me free,

Oh, lonesome me! A bad mistake I'm making by just hanging round.

I know that I should have some fun and take the town.

A love-sick fool is
blind and just can't see. Oh! Lonesome me!
I bet she's not like me, She's out and fancy free, Flirting with the boys with all her charms. But
I still love her so, And brother, don't you know, I'd love her being back here in my arms. Well, there must be some way
I can loose these lonesome blues. Forget about the past and find somebody new. I thought of everything from a to z, Oh, lonesome me!

C F G7
C D7 G
D7 G G7 C
G G7 C
G7
C F G7 B F C

Fade out

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For Holland: WORLD MUSIC, Brussel
THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL

Well, come along, boys, and listen to my tale and I'll
tell you of my troubles on the old Chisholm Trail,
Come a ti-yi yippee, yippee,
yay yippee yay, Come a ti-yi yippee, yippee yay!

2. I woke up one morning on the old Chisholm trail,
   Rope in my hand and a cow by the tail.
Chorus:
3. I jumped in the saddle and grabbed the horn,
   Best damn cowboy ever was born.
Chorus:
4. I'm up in the mornin' before daylight,
   And before I sleep the moon shines bright,
Chorus:
5. Oh, it's bacon and beans 'most every day,
   I'd as soon be a-eatin' prairie hay.
Chorus:
6. I went up the boss and we had a little chat,
   I slapped him in the face with my big slouch hat.
Chorus:

BUFFALO GALS

As I was rambling down the street, down the street, down the street, A
beauty gal I chane'd to meet, lovel-ly as morn-ing dew.

Buffalo gals, won't you come out to-night? Come out to-night?
Buffalo gals, won't you come out to-night, and dance by the light of the moon,
I said... my an-gels, will you talk? Will you talk? Will you talk...
I RIDE AN OLD PAINT

I ride an old paint I lead an old dan, - I'm goin' to Montana to throw the hoolihan. They feed in the coulies, they water in the draw, their tails are all matted, their backs are all raw Ride around little dogies, Ride around them slow, for the fiery and stuffy are rare-in' to go.

2. Old Bill Jones had a daughter and a son,
    One went to college and the other went wrong.
    His wife she died in a pool room fight
    But still he keeps singin'
    From mornin' till night.

    Chorus:

3. I worked in the city, worked on a farm,
    All I got to show is this muscle in my arm,
    Blisters on my feet, calous on my hands,
    But I'm goin' to Montana to throw the hoolihan.

    Chorus:
GREEN, GREEN GRASS OF HOME

The old home town looks the same as I step down from the train. And there to meet me is my ma-ma and pa-pa. Down the road I look, and there runs Ma-ry, hair of gold and lips like cher-ries. It's good to touch the green, green grass of home. Yes, they'll all come to meet me arms reaching, smiling sweet-ly. It's
good to touch the green, green grass of home. The shade of that old oak tree as they lay me 'neath the green, green grass of home.

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2. The old house is still standing,
   Tho' the paint is cracked and dry,
   And there's that old oak tree that I used to play on;
   Down the lane I walk with my sweet Mary,
   Hair of gold and lips like cherries;
   It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

Chorus:

3. (spoken) Then I wake and look around me,
   At the four grey walls that surround me,
   And I realize that I was only dreaming.
   For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre
   Arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak;
   Again I'll touch the green, green grass of home.

Yes, they'll all come to see me
In the shade of that old oak tree
As they lay me 'neath the green, green grass of home.

CHICKEN REEL

arr. Frank Rich
Hey, did you happen to see the most beautiful girl in the world? And if you did was she crying?

Hey, if you happen to see the most beautiful girl that walked out on me, Tell her I'm sorry,

Tell her I need my baby; Won't you tell her that I love her? I woke up this morning, realized what I had done.

I stood alone in the cold grey dawn. Knew I'd lost my morning sun.
I lost my head and I said some things; Now come the heartaches that the
morning brings. I know I'm wrong and I couldn't see;

I let my world slip away from me, so HEY, did you

happen to see the most beautiful girl in the world?

And if you did was she crying, crying?

HEY, if you happen to see the most beautiful girl, that

walked out on me, Tell her I'm sorry, Tell her I need.

my baby: Won't you tell her that I love her?

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For Holland: EMI Music Publishing (Holland) B.V.
THE FOGGY, FOGGY DEW

arr. Frank Rich

When I was a bach'lor, I lived all a-lone, I worked at the weaver's trade, and the only, only thing I did was wrong, was to woo a fair young maid, I wooed her in the winter-time, and in the summer too. and the only, only thing I did was wrong, was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

2. One night when she was kneeling so close by my side, When I was fast asleep, And she threw her loving arms around my neck, And she then began to weep. She wept, she cried, she tore her hair, Ah me! What could I do? I had to do what's right, so I gave her my arms, To protect her from the foggy, foggy dew.

3. Again I'm a bachelor, I live with my son, We work at the weaver's trade. And ev'ry time I look into his brown eyes, I recall a fair young maid. He reminds me of the winter-time, And of the summer, too, And the many, many times that I held her in my arms, Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

BLUE MOON OF KENTUCKY

(Bill Monroe)

I said blue moon of Ken-tuck-y keep on shi-n-ing, Shine on the one that's gone and left me blue; I said blue moon of Ken-tuck-y keep on shi-n-ing, Shine on the one that's gone and left me blue.
500 MILES
arr. Frank Rich

I am riding on this train, there are tears in my eyes, try'n' to read a letter from my home. If this train runs me right, I'll be home tomorrow night, for I'm five hundred miles from my home. And I hate to hear that lone-some whistle blow; That long, lone-some whistle blow.

2. Well, this train I ride on,
Is a hundred coaches long,
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.
And the lonesome whistle call,
Is mournfullest of all,
'Cause it's five hundred miles from my home.
Chorus:

3. Well, I'll pawn you my watch,
And I'll pawn you my chain,
I'll pawn you my gold diamond ring;
For if this train runs me right,
I'll be home Saturday night,
'Cause I'm five hundred miles from my home.
Chorus:
BY THE SILVERY RIO GRANDE

G C G C
In the lone star state of Texas, by the silv'ry Rio Grande, strolled a
D7
couple one fine evening, two sweethearts hand in hand, 't was the
G C G
ranchman's pretty daughter, and the lad she loved so dear. On the
d7 G C G
morrow they must part for many a weary year.

GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGGIES

G C D7 G
As I was a-walking one morning for pleasure, I spied a cow-
C D7 G C D7
puncher all riding alone. His hat was threw back and his spurs was a-
G C D7 G
jingling, and as he approached, he was singing this song: Whoopee
d7 G C D7
ti-yi-yo, git along little dogies, it's your mis-
SALTY DOG

arr. Frank Rich

C
A7
D7

Let me be your salty dog, I don't wanna be your man at all,

G7
C

Honey let me be your salty dog.

A7
D7

Salty dog, oh! Salty dog, I don't wanna be your man at all,

G7
C

Honey let me be your salty dog.

2. Down in the wildwood, sittin' on a log,
   My finger on the trigger and my eye on a hog,
   Honey let me be your salty dog.

3. I pulled the trigger and the gun went blam!
   And I got splattered with bits of ham,
   Honey let me be your salty dog.

4. When God made a woman, He made her mighty funny,
   Made her lips taste just like honey,
   Honey let me be your salty dog.

5. I'm so glad the world's round like a ball,
   There's enough pretty women here for us all,
   Honey let me be your salty dog.
SOUTH OF THE BORDER
(DOWN MEXICO WAY)

(South of the border, down Mexico way) That's where I fell in love when stars above came out to play. And now as I wander My thoughts ever stray South of the border down Mexico way.

She was a picture in old Spanish lace Just for a tender while I kissed the smile upon her face for it was estafa and we were so gay South of the border down Mexico way.

Then she
sighed as she whispered "manana" Never dreaming that we were
parting. And I lied as I whispered "manana", for our to-
morrow never came. South of the border, I rode back one
day. There in a veil of white by candlelight she
kneel'd to pray. The mission bells told me that I mustn't
stay. South of the border, down Mexico way.

Ay! Ay! Ay! Ay! Ay! Ay! Ay! Ay!

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For Holland: EMI Music Publishing(Holland) B.V.
BOLL WEEVIL

Oh the boll weevil is a little black bug from Mexico they say:
Come all the way to Texas, just a lookin' for a place to stay.
Just a lookin' for a home, just a lookin' for a home.

2. The farmer took the boll weevil,
   He put him in the hot sand,
The weevil say, "This is mighty hot,
   But I'll stand it like a man,
   This'll be my home, etc.

3. Then the farmer took the boll weevil
   And put him in a cake of ice,
The weevil say to the farmer,
   "This is mighty cool and nice,"
   This'll be my home etc.

4. Then the boll weevil say to the doctor,
   "You can throw out all them pills
   'Cause when I get through with the farmer,
   Cain't pay no doctor bills,
   Won't have no home, etc.

5. Well the merchant got half the cotton,
The boll weevil got the rest,
   Didn't leave that farmer's wife
   But one old cotton dress,
   And it's full of holes, etc.

6. Well the farmer say to the merchant,
   "We ain't made but only one bale;
   And before we give you that one
   We'll fight and go to jail,"
   We'll have a home, etc.

7. And if anybody should ask you
   Who it was that made this song,
   Just tell him it was a poor farmer,
   With a pair of blue overalls on,
   Ain't got no home, etc.

---

YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND

You placed gold on my finger You brought love
like I'd never known You gave life to our children
And to me a reason to go on You're my bread

(Wayland Holyfield)
when I'm hungry, You're my shelter from troubled winds

You're my anchor, in life's ocean, But most of all

You're my best friend, When I need hope and inspiration

You are strong when I'm tired and weak, I could search this whole world over,

You'd still be everything that I need, You're my bread when I'm hungry

You're my shelter from troubled winds, You're my anchor in life's ocean, But most of all you're my best friend

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voor de Benelux: Universal Songs BV., Hilversum
CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginia, there's where the cotton and the corn and potatoes grow, There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time, There's where the old lonely heart am long'd to go. There's where I labored so hard for old massa, day after day in the field of yellow corn; No place on earth do I love more sincerely, than old Virginia, the state where I was born.

TENNESSEE WALTZ

I was waltzing with my darlin' to the Tennessee see Waltz, when an old friend I happened to see,
duced him to my loved one, and while they were waltzing, my
friend stole my sweetheart from me.
I remember the night and the Tennessee Waltz, now I know just how much I have
lost.
Yes I lost my little darlin' the night they were playing, the beautiful Tennessee Waltz.

JOHN HARDY

arr. Frank Rich

John Hardy was a desp're little man, he carried two guns ev'ry day.
He shot him a man on the west Virginia line. You should've seen John Hardy gettin' a way.
Poor boy, you should've seen John Hardy gettin' a way.

2. John Hardy stood at the gamblin' table,
   He didn't have a hand in the game,
   Up stepped a gal and threw a dollar down,
   Said "Deal John Hardy in the game, poor boy,
   Deal John Hardy in the game."
3. John Hardy lost his last fifty cents,
   Was all he had in the game,
   He drew out his .44 gun
   And blew out that poor boy's brains, good Lord,
   And blew out that poor boy's brains.
4. John Hardy went to the tunnel, poor boy,
   Thought he would get away.
   Up stepped the sheriff and took him by the arm,
   Said, "Johnny come and go with me, poor boy,"
   Said, "Johnny come and go with me."
5. John Hardy had a pretty little wife,
   The dress that she wore was blue,
   The very last words she said to him,
   Was "Johnny I been true to you, poor boy,"
   Was "Johnny I been true to you."
HE'LL HAVE TO GO

Put your sweet lips a little closer to the phone.

Let's pretend that we're together all alone.

I'll tell the man to turn the juke-box way down low and you can tell your friend there with you he'll have to go.

Whisper to me tell me do you love me true.

or is he holding you the way I do?

Tho' love is blind, make up your mind, I've got to know should I hang up or will you tell him he'll have to go.

You can't say the words I want to hear while you're with another man.

If you want me, answer "Yes" or "No" darling I will understand.

Put your sweet lips a little closer to the phone.
MULESKINNER BLUES

Well it's good morning captain! Good morning son.

And it's good morning captain Good morning son.

Do you need another mule Skinner out on your new road line.

Well, I like to work - I'm rolling all the time,
Well, I like to work - I'm rolling all the time.
I can pop my initials right on the mule's behind.

Well, it's "Hey, little water boy, bring your water 'round."
Well, it's "Hey, little water boy, bring your water 'round."
If you don't like your job set that water bucket down.

I'm a-working on the new road at a dollar and a dime a day.
I'm a-working on the new road at a dollar and a dime a day.
I got three women waiting on a Saturday night just to draw my pay.
OLD RATTLER

Old Rattler was a good old dog, as blind as he could be.
Every night at supper-time, I believe that dog could see. "Here Rattler, help, help.

Here Rattler, help!" Call Rattler from the barn. "Here, Rattler, here!"

Old Rattler treed the other night,
And I thought he treed a coon.
When I come to find out,
He was barkin' at the moon.

Well, Grandma had a yellin' hen,
We set her, as you know.
We set her on three buzzard eggs
And hatched out one old crow.

Grandpa had a muley cow,
She's muley when she's born.
It took a jaybird forty years
To fly from horn to horn.

Old Rattler was a smart old dog,
Even though he was blind.
He wouldn't hurt one single thing
Though he was very fine.

One night I saw a big fat coon
Climb up in a tree.
I called Old Rattler right away
To git him down fer me.

But Rattler wouldn't do it'
'Cause he liked that coon.
I saw them walking paw in paw
Later by the light of the moon.

Now Old Rattler's dead and gone
Like all good dogs do.
You better not act the dog yourself
Or you'll be goin' there too.

VAYA CON DIOS

(L. Russell/B. Pepper/J. James)

Now the hacienda's dark, the town is sleeping, Now the
Now the time has come to part, the time for weeping, VA-YA CON

C G7
Dm G7 C C7 F
DI-OS my darling, VA-YA CON DI-OS my love.

Now the village mission bells are softly ringing. If you listen with your heart you'll hear them singing VA-YA CON DI-OS my darling.

Where ever you may be I'll be beside you always though you're many million dreams away. Each night I'll say a pray'r a pray'r to guide you To hast-en ev'ry lone-ly hour of ev'ry lone-ly day. Now the dawn is break-in' thro' a-gray to mor-row But the mem-o ries we share are there to bor-row VA-YA CON DI-OS my dar-ling

VA-YA CON DI-OS my love.

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OLD JOE CLARK

Old Joe Clark he had a house, forty storeys high, and ev'ry storey

in that house was lined with chicken pie. Fare you well, old Joe Clark.

When I was a little boy,
I used to want a knife;
Now I am a bigger boy,
I only want a wife.

Old Joe had a yellow cat,
She would not sing or pray;
She stuck her head in a buttermilk jar
And washed her sins away.

I wish I had a sweetheart;
I'd set her on the shelf,
And ev'ry time she'd smile at me
I'd get up there myself.

When I was a little boy,
I used to want a knife;
Now I am a bigger boy,
I only want a wife.

Wish I was a sugar tree,
Standin' in the middle of some town;
Ev'ry time a pretty girl passed,
I'd shake some sugar down.

ME AND BOBBY McGEE

(Busted flat in Baton Rouge; Head-in' for the trains, feel-in' nearly

faded as my jeans. Bobby thumbed a diesel down)
just before it rained, Took us all the way to New Orleans.
I took my harpoon out of my dirty, red bandanna and was blowin' sad, while
Bobby sang the blues; With them windshield wipers slappin' time and
Bobby clappin' hands we fin'ly sang up ev'ry song that driver knew;
Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose, and nothin' ain't worth
nothin' but it's free; Feeling good was easy, Lord, when
Bobby sang the blues; And, buddy, that was good enough for me;
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee. From the gee.

2. From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun,
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul;
Standin' right beside me, Lord, through everything I done,
And every night she kept me from the cold;
Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away
Lookin' for the home I hope she'll find;
And I'd trade all of my tomorrows for a single yesterday,
Heldin' Bobby's body next to mine;
Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose,
And nothin' left is all she, left for me;
Feeling good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues;
And, buddy, that was good enough for me;
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee.
I'M A POOR LONESOME COWBOY

I'm a poor lonesome cowboy, I'm a poor lonesome cowboy, I'm a poor lonesome cowboy, and a long way from home. Well, I ain't got no father, and I ain't got no mother, no father and no mother, to take good care of me.

Chorus: I'm a poor lonesome cowboy, I'm a poor lonesome cowboy, I'm a poor lonesome cowboy, And a long way from home...

1. Well, I ain't got no father, And I ain't got no mother, No father and no mother, To take good care of me.

2. I ain't got no sister, I ain't got no brother, No sister and no brother, To ride the range with me.

Chorus:

EL PASO

Out in the west-Texas town of El Paso, I fell in love with a Mexican girl. Binding my time there in Rosa's cantina, music would play and Paulina would work.

(M. Robbins)
Black as the night were the eyes of Paulina, wicked and evil while casting a spell.
My love was deep for this Mexican maiden, I was in love, but in vain I could tell.
One night a wild young cowboy came in, wild as the west Texas winds.
Dash ing and daring, a drink he was sharing, with wicked Paulina, the girl that I loved, So in anger I

So in anger I challenged his right for the love of this maiden,
Down went his hand to the gun that he wore.
My challenge was answered and less than a heartbeat,
The handsome young stranger lay dead on the floor.
Just for a moment I stood there in silence, shocked by the foul evil deed I had done.
Many thoughts raced through my mind as I stood there,
I had but one change, and that was to run.
Out of the backdoor of Rosa's I went, where the horses were tied.
I called a good one that looked like a good run,
Up on his back and away I did ride.
Just as fast as I could from the west Texas town of El Paso, out to the bad lands of New Mexico.
Back in El Paso my life would be worthless, everything's gone in life, nothing has left.
It seems so long since I've seen the young maiden, my love is stronger than my fear of death.
I saddled up and away I did go, riding alone in the dark.
Maybe tomorrow a bullet may find me, tonight's nothing worse than this pain in my heart.
And at last, here I'm on the hill overlooking El Paso, I can see Rosa's cantina below.
My love is strong and it pushes me onward, down the hill to Paulina I go.
Up to my right I see five mounted cowboys, up to my left ride a dozen or more.
Shouting and shooting, I can't let them catch me, I have to make it to Rosa's back door.
Something is dreadfully wrong, for I feel a deep burning pain in my side.
Though I am trying to stay in the saddle, I'm getting weary, unable to ride.
But my love for Paulina is strong and I'll answer her calling,
Though I feel weary I can't stop to rest.
I see the white covered smoke from the rifle, I feel the bullet go deep in my chest.
From out of nowhere Paulina has found me, kissing my cheeks as she kneels by my side.
Cradled by two loving arms that I died for, one little kiss, and Paulina, goodbye.
KING OF THE ROAD

(Roger Miller)

C G7 C

Trailer for sale or rent Rooms to let fifty cents.

F G7 F

No phone no pool, no pets I ain't got no cigarettes ah but,

two hours of pushin' broom Buys a eight by twelve

C F C

four bit room I'm a man of means, by no means,

G7 C F

King of the road Third box car mid-nite train

G7 C F

Destination Bangor Maine Old worn out suit and shoes

G7 C F

I don't pay no union dues I smoke old stoogies

C G7 C

I have found Short but not too big around I'm a
man of means, by no means.  King of the road. I know

ever y en gineer on every train, all of the children, and

all of their names. And every handout in every town and

ev'ry lock that ain't locked when no one's around I sing trailer for

sale or rents. Rooms to let fifty cents. No phone, no

pool, no pets. I ain't got no cigarettes. Ah but, two hours of

pushin' broom, buys a eight by twelve four bit room. I'm a

man of means, by no means, King of the road.

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JAMBALAYA

(Hank Williams)

Good-bye Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh. Me gotta go pole the piroque down the Bayou. My Yvonne the sweetest one, me oh my oh.

Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the Bayou. Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and fillet gumbo, cause tonight I'm gonna see my mother amigo. Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o. Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the Bayou. Thibodeaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin'. Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen. Dress in style and go hog wild, me oh my oh.

Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the Bayou. Jambalaya...
THE ROCK ISLAND LINE
arr. Frank Rich

O, the Rock Island Line is a mighty good road, yes, the Rock Island Line is the road to ride. Well, the Rock Island Line is a mighty good road.

If you want to ride it, got to ride it like you flyin', buy your ticket at the station on the Rock Island Line. She's comin' down the track just runnin' like hell, blowin' her whistle and ringin' her bell. O, the

1. She's down the track just runnin' like hell,
   Blowin' her whistle and ringin' her bell.

2. She left St. Louis at a quarter to nine,
   Got to Fort Worth, Texas, 'fo' dinner time.

Chorus: O the Rock Island Line is a mighty good road,
Yeah, the Rock Island Line is the road to ride,
Well, the Rock Island Line is a mighty good road,
If you want to ride it, got to ride it like you flyin',
Buy your ticket at the station on the Rock Island Line.

3. I may be right and I may be wrong,
   I know you're gonna miss me when I'm gone.

Chorus:

4. A, B, C, double X, Y, Z,
   The cat's in the corner and it can't see me.

Chorus:
STAND BY YOUR MAN

(Tammy Wynette/Billy Sherrill)

Sometimes it's hard to be a woman,

Giving all your love to just one man.

You'll have bad times and he'll have good times.

Doin' things that you don't understand.

But if you love him you'll forgive him,

Even though he's hard to understand.

And if you love him oh be proud of him.
'Cause after all he's just a man.
Stand by your man. Give him two arms to cling to.
and something warm to come to when nights are cold and lonely.
Stand by your man. And tell the world you love him,
keep giving all the love you can.
Stand by your man.
Stand by your man,
and show the world you love him. keep giving all the love you can.
Stand by your man.

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JOHN HENRY

arr. Frank Rich

2. The captain said to John Henry,
   "I'm gonna bring that steam drill around;
   I'm gonna bring that steam drill out on the job,
   I'm gonna whop that steel on down."

3. John Henry said to the captain,
   "Bring that thirty pound hammer around;
   Thirty pound hammer with a nine foot handle,
   I'll beat your steam drill down . . ."

4. John Henry drove fifteen feet,
   The steam drill only made nine;
   But he drove so hard 'til he broke his poor heart,
   And he laid down his hammer and he died . . .

5. John Henry had a little woman
   Her name it was Polly Ann,
   John Henry taken sick and he had to go to bed.
   Polly Ann drove steel like a man.

6. Some say John Henry came from Texas,
   Some say John Henry came from Maine,
   But I say he's nothing but a Louisiana man,
   He's a leader of the steel drivin' gang . . .

7. Well, they taken John Henry to the whitehouse
   And they buried him in the sand,
   And every locomotive comes a-roaring by says,
   "There lies a steel-driving man."

SEND ME THE PILLOW YOU DREAM ON

(H. Locklin)

C C F C
Send me the pillow that you dream on,

G7 C
don't you know that I still care for you.
Send me the pillow that you dream on,
so
darlin', I can dream on it too
Each
night when I'm sleepin', oh, so lonely.
I'll
share your lovin' dream that once was true.

Send me the pillow that you dream on,
So,

darlin', I can dream on it too.

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Voor Nederland: Editions Altona BV—Naarden—Holland

I'M GOING TO LEAVE OLD TEXAS

arr. Frank Rich

I'm going to leave old Texas now

They've no more use for the long-horned cow.
FOLSOM PRISON BLUES

I hear the train a-comin', it's rollin' round the bend
And
I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when
I'm
stuck at Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin'
on.

But that train keeps rollin' on down to San
An
tone When
I was just a baby my mama told me. "Son,
always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns", But I
shot a man in Reno just to watch him
2. When I was just a baby my mama told me, "Son,
   Always be a good boy; don't ever play with guns."
   But I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die.
   When I hear that whistle blowin',
   I hang my head and cry.

3. I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car.
   They're probably drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars.
   But I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free,
   But those people keep a-movin', and that's what tortures me.

4. Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine,
   I bet I'd move out over a little farther down the line,
   Far from Poison Prison, that's where I want to stay,
   And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away.

Some folks say Case\-y Jones can't run,
   Stop and listen what Case\-y done,
   He left Mem\-phis at a quar\-ter to nine,
   Made New\-port News 'fore dinner time,' fore dinner time,

Casey Jones, before he died,
   Fixed the blinds so the bums couldn't ride,
   "If they ride, gotta ride the rod,
   Trust their lives in the hands of God,
   In the hands of God, the hands of God,
   Trust their lives in the hands of God."

There was a woman named Alice Fly,
   Said 'I'm gonna ride with Mr. Casey or die,
   I ain't good lookin' but I takes my time,
   I'm a ramblin' woman with a ramblin' mind
   With a ramblin' mind.

Early one mornin', 'bout four o'clock,
   Told his fireman, 'Get the boiler hot,
   All I needs is a little water and coal,
   Peep out my window, see the drivers roll,
   See the drivers roll.'

He looked at his watch and his watch was slow,
   He looked at the water and the water was low,
   But the people all knew by the engine's moon,
   That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones,
   Was Casey Jones.

When he come within a mile of the place,
   Old Number Four scared him right in the face,
   Told his fireman, "Just keep your seat and ride,
   It's a double truck road, runnin' side by side,
   Runnin' side by side.'
I LOVE YOU BECAUSE

(Leon Payne)

I love you because you understand, dear,

ev'ry single thing I try to do. You're

always there to lend a helping hand, dear, I

love you most of all because you're you

No matter what the world may say about me.

I know your love will always see me through.

I love you for the way you never doubt me, but

most of all I love you 'cause you're you.
love you because my heart is lighter,

every time I'm walking by your side,

love you because the future's brighter,

the door to happiness you open wide,

matter what may be the style or season

know your heart will always be true.

love you for a hundred thousand reasons,

but most of all I love you 'cause you're you.
CRAWDAD SONG

E
You get a line, and I'll get a pole, honey.

B7
You get a line, and I'll get a pole, babe.

E
You get a line, and I'll get a pole, and we'll go down to the crawdad hole, honey. sugar baby mine.

SAN ANTONIO ROSE

(C) Bob Wills

C
Deep with in my heart lies a melody, a song of old San Antonio,

F
Where in dreams I live with a memory, beneath the stars all alone.

It was there I found beside the ala-
mo, enchantment strange as the blue up above. A moon-lit pass that only she would know still hears my bro ken song of love.

Moon in all your splendor, know only my heart; Call back my

Rose, Rose of San Antonio. Lips so sweet and tender, like petals falling apart. Speak once again of my love, my own. Broken song empty words, I know, still live in my heart all alone. For that moon-lit

pass by the Alamo, and Rose, my Rose of San Antonio.
LOVESICK BLUES

(Irving Mills/Cliff Friend)

I got a feel-in called the blues
Oh Lawd since my baby said good-bye
Laud, I don't know what I'll do

All I do is sit and sigh,

That last long day she said good-bye,

Well Lawd I tho't I would cry
She'd do me, she'd do you, she's got that kind of lovin'
Laud I love to hear her when she calls me sweet dad

dy. Such a beautiful dream. I hate to think it all

over. I've lost my heart it seems. I've grown so

used to you somehow. Lawd I'm nobody's sugar dad-dy now and I'm lone some.

I got the love-sick blues.
THE ERIE CANAL

Dm Dm F G A7 Dm Dm A7 Dm
I've got a mule, her name is Sal, fifteen miles on the Erie Canal. She's a

F F F F G A7 Dm Dm A7 Dm
good old worker and a good old pal, fifteen miles on the Erie Canal. We've

F C7 Dm A7 Dm Dm C7
hauling some barges in our day, filled with lumber, coal and hay, and

Dm F G A7 Dm Dm A7 Dm C7
we know every inch of the way, from Albany to Buffalo.

F C7 F C7 F
Low bridge! Every body down! Low bridge! For we're comin' to a town! And you'll

Bb Dm A7 Dm
always know your neighbor, and you'll always know your pal, if you're

Dm C7 F Dm C7 F
ever navigated on the Erie Canal.
In a bar in Toledo, across from the depot, on a barstool she took off her ring. I thought I'd get closer, so

I walked over, I sat down and asked her her name.

When the drinks finally hit her, she said "I'm no quitter, but I finally quit living on dreams, I'm hungry for laughter, and here ever after, I'm after whatever the other life brings."

In the mirror I saw him and I closely watched him. I thought how he looked out of place.
He came to the woman who sat there beside me, he had a strange look on his face. The big hands were calloused, he looked like a mountain, for a minute I thought I was dead. But he started shaking, his big heart was breaking, he turned to the woman and said: "You picked a fine time to leave me, Lucille, with four hungry children and a crop in the field. I've had some bad times, lived through some sad times, but this time your hurting won't heal. You picked a fine time to leave me Lucille."
After he left us, I ordered more whisky, I thought how she’d made him look small. From the lights of the bar room to a rented hotel room, we walked without talking at all.

She was a beauty but when she came to me, she must have thought I’d lost my mind. I couldn’t hold her ‘cos the words that he told her kept coming back time after time.

“You picked a fine time to leave me Lucille.”

four hungry children and a crop in the field.

I’ve had some bad times lived through some sad times but this time your
WABASH CANNONBALL

C
C
D.S. and Fade

Arr. Frank Rich

It stood on the Atlantic Ocean, on the wide Pacific shore, heard the Queen of Flowing Mountains to the South Belle by the door. She's long, tall and handsome, she's loved by one and all, She's a modern combination called the Wabash Cannonball.

Listen to the jingle the rumble and the roar, Riding thru the woodlands, to the hill and by the shore. Hear the mighty rush of engines, hear the lonesome hobo squall;

2. Now the eastern states are dandies, so the western people say From New York to St. Louis and Chicago by the way, Thru the hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall No chances can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball.

Chorus:

3. Here's to Daddy Claxton, may his name forever stand Will he be remembered through parts of all our land, When his earthly race is over and the curtain round him falls We'll carry him on to victory on the Wabash Cannonball.

Chorus:
LAVENDER COWBOY

He was only a lavender cowboy,
The hairs on his chest they were two;
He wanted to follow the heroes,
And do like the he-men do.

2. Red, green, and many-colored hair tonics,
He put on his chest, day and night;
He peered in the mirror each morning,
But no new hairs were in sight.

3. He battled for Red Nellie's honor,
He cleaned out a hold-up nest;
He died with his six-guns a-blazing,
But only two hairs on his chest.

4. He was only a lavender cowboy,
The hairs on his chest, they were two;
He wanted to follow the heroes,
And do like the he-man do.

I WON'T FORGET YOU

I know that I won't forget you
For I loved you too much for too long.
Though you don't want me now, I'll still love you,
Till the breath in my body is gone.
That's how it is with me, and you'll always be the only love.

(Harlan Howard)
I ever knew. I'll forget many things in my lifetime,

but my darling, I won't forget you, That's how it is with me, and you'll always be the only love

I ever knew. I'll forget many things in my lifetime, but my darling I won't forget you.

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RAILROAD BILL

C E7
Rail - road Bill. Rail - road Bill, he nev - er worked, and
F C G7 C
he nev - er will; and it's ride, ride, ride.

2. Railroad Bill, mighty mean man,
   Shot the lantern out of the brakeman's hand;
   And it's ride, ride, ride.

3. Railroad Bill, he's so bad,
   Shot at his mother and he hit his Dad;
   And it's ride, ride, ride.

RHINESTONE COWBOY

C G7
I've been walk-in' these streets - so long sing-in' the same old song.
F G7
know ev'-ry crack on these dir - ty side walks of Broad-way.

F C G7
hustle is the name of the game. and nice guys get washed a-way
C G7
like the snow and the rain. There's been a load of com - pri-mis-
F C
in' on the road to my hor-i-zon.

D Dm7
I'm gon-na be where the lights are shin-in' on me.
Don Williams

SOME BROKEN HEARTS NEVER MEND

Coffee black, cigarette, start this day like all the rest. First thing every morning that I do is start missing you. Some broken hearts never mend.

Some memories never end. Some tears will never dry. My love for you'll never die. Rendezvous in the night. A willing woman to hold me tight. But in the middle of love's embrace see your face. Some broken hearts never mend.
TURKEY IN THE STRAW

As I was going down the road, with a ti red team and a heavy load, I cracked my whip and the leader sprung, I says "day-day" to the wagon tongue.

Turkey in the straw, Haw, Haw, Haw, Turkey in the hay, Hay, hay, hay, Roll'em up and twist'em up a high tuck-a-haw, and hit'em up a tune called Turkey in the straw.

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Arr. Frank Rich

Come to the river and I couldn't get across
Paid five dollars for an old blind hoss
Wouldn't go ahead, nor he wouldn't stand still
So he went up and down like an old saw mill.

As I came down the new cut road
Met Mr. Bullfrog, met Miss Toad
And everytime Miss Toad would sing
Ole Bullfrog cut a pigeon wing.

Oh, I jumped in the seat, and I gave a little yell,
The horses run away, broke the wagon all to hell
Sugar in the gourd and honey in the horn,
I never was so happy since the hour I was born.
An old cow poke went riding out one dark and windy day. 

Up on a ridge he rested as he went along his way. 

When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw ploughin’ thru the ragged skies and up a cloudy draw.

Yi-pi-yi-yo 

The ghost herd in the sky.

4. As the ghost herd in the sky.

Ghost riders in the sky.