

28 SONGS ARRANGED FOR
PIANO, VOCAL AND SPECIAL
GUITAR SECTION INCLUDING:

MR. TAMBOURINE MAN
CHESTNUT MARE
TURN! TURN! TURN!
HEY JOE
I TRUST

THE BYRDS

COMPLETE



THE BYRDS



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THE BYRDS



The Byrds are a four-man musical group formed five years ago as a five-man group. Only one of the present Byrds, Roger McGuinn, was in the original group. The quartet now includes Skip Battin, bass, Gene Parsons, drums, and Clarence White, guitar.

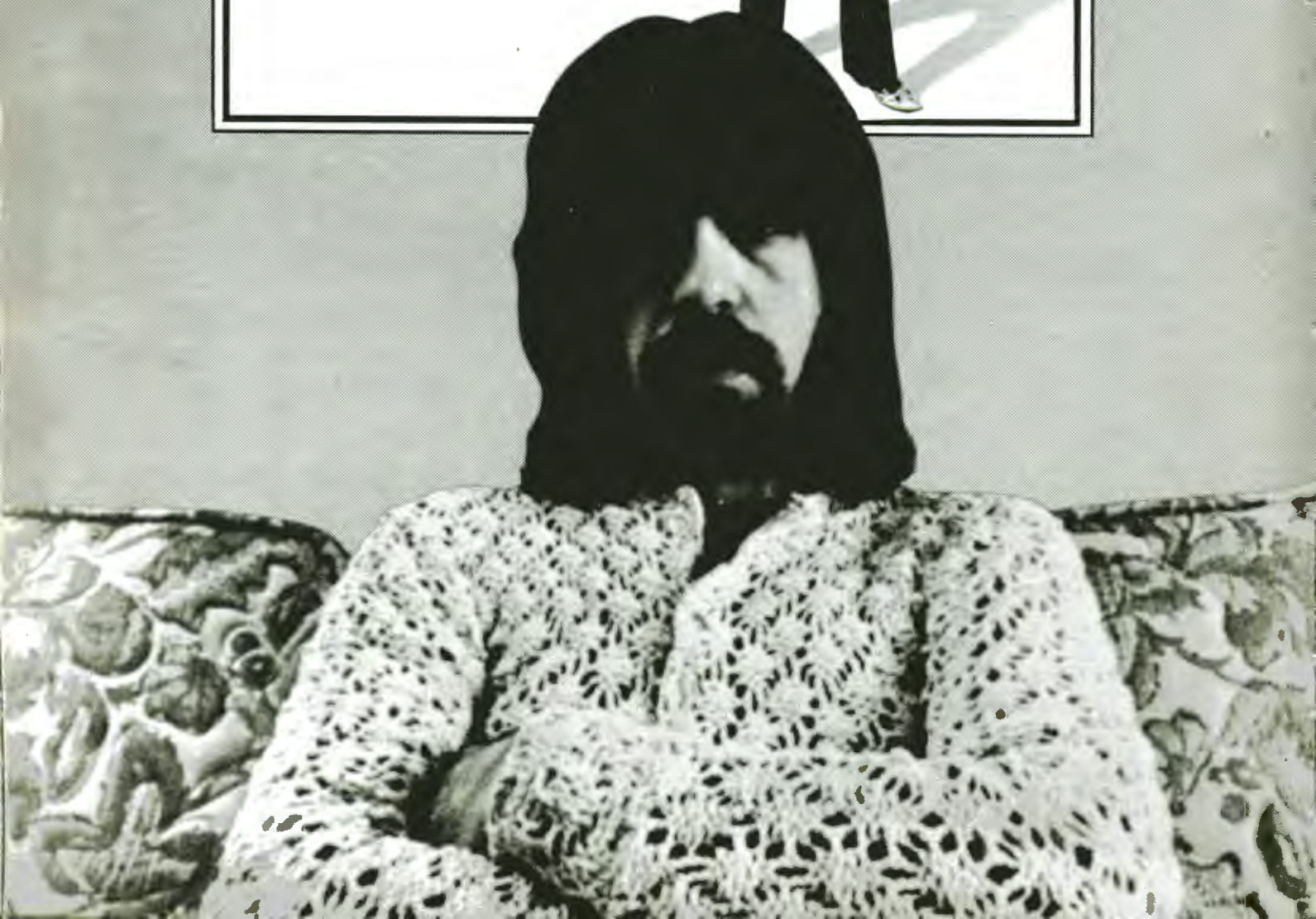
With the exception of the Beatles, no other group has changed the course of popular music more than the Byrds. Formed in Los Angeles in the summer of 1964 by McGuinn, David Crosby, Gene Clark, Chris Hillman and Michael Clarke, they were the first electric group with a folk repertoire. For some reason, folk-rock became a fad, a trend, a phase, the bandwagon the music business jumped on. At the same time, there was a whole generation ready to explode, to become the Woodstock nation. America did not know about the underground when The Byrds played San Francisco, bringing along with them their incredible hairy band of dancers. Now we know what freakiness is. But then there was no connection we could make comfortably to the bunch of people who were the Byrdsfreaks. They followed the group to San Francisco, travelled with them to the midwest and eventually left them for — who knows what? Some for Frank Zappa's Mothers, some for communes in Santa Fe and Maui, some for marriage and diffusion into the straight world.

But that first record, "Mr. Tambourine Man," was some sort of signal, releasing inhibitions all over the place. Among the musicians, the





Clarence White





Skip Battin

Jefferson Airplane and the 'Lovin' Spoonful were the next to take off. In 1965, music was the medium and The Byrds carried the message.

It was a new kind of excitement. Bouncy and light it made us feel . . . younger than yesterday; each morning was a wonderful reminder that it was another day . . . another glorious sunny smiley day. We were all one, under one flag, a non-partisan paisley print one, and it waved in the one sky, that glorious blue that covered us all. It was a kind of togetherness that comes once in a generation – once in a lifetime. We learned how to smile at one another, to laugh and be friendly with everyone; we learned how to love. A wonderful year.

And when the Undertakers and Freddie and the Dreamers and Gerry and the Pacemakers and the innumerable forgettable groups were thrust upon us from across the sea, each one far, far more exciting to hear and see, man, and the canyons were green and the girls were golden, til we thought it must all be a dream, a hazy morning half-awake fantasy like the

morning after you've fallen in love and you're sure there's something, *something* really neat . . . Oh yes! it's that rock and roll, shake yo soul, jump outta dat bed and let it mess with yo head.

McGuinn and McGuire couldn't get no higher, in LA you know where that's at . . . Believe It. In LA, things couldn't get no higher. At the Trip, Joe Larsen and four quasi-Stones types with dangerous leers and obvious motives played every night, every night while Zal Yanovsky and Joe Butler played Keystone Kop antics in the foyer, while Kim Fowley did chicken trots and yawning stretches on the dance floor, while Danny Hutton, on the brink of something great, danced with the girls Karl Franzoni attracted, while Karl Franzoni stuck out his tongue, adjusted his tights, patted his outrageous hair into 'shape' and attracted girls.

It was into this, from this, that The Byrds came. Mike Clarke, who was only 17 and everyone knew it but he played in clubs anyway, with his carefully curled-to-straighten hair and California coastal grin. [He used to

practice by beating on rocks up at Big Sur.] Gene Clark with the voice of an angel, wearing a sports jacket and Beatle boots [same with McGuinn and Chris Hillman] and David Crosby with his hair set on his head like a wig hat and his shirt from DeVoss with sleeves puffed at the shoulder and fitting the body at no point in particular. Despite all attempts on their parts to fit into the mod London Liverpool look, they were just what was needed – truly American, absurdly Californian, almost painfully Southern Californian.

They took a song called "Mr. Tambourine Man" and a producer called Jim Dickson and made a hit record, a great record that threatened to keep our Musicaltopia alive forever. [When Albert Grossman played the acetate for Phil Ochs, Ochs said, "Nice guitar, but the voice will never make it."]

They were one of the few groups ever [among the ranks, the Beatles and Buffalo Springfield] that had something for everyone. That voice. That smile. That guitar. That sense of humour. That shyness. Those Byrds.

“Our records—and, for that matter, all art—act as a sort of balancing thing for the world.’

“He (McGuinn) sees The Byrds’ albums as

electronic magazines (cartoons, features and editorials). In this way, they are eclectic.”

“They are bi-annual, audio magazines, dating



from the time we first started recording. I think of myself as the editor of the magazine. Even 'Sweetheart of the Rodeo' fit. You

don't think doing an all-country music is in itself an editorial? It was a feature on country music, a close-up, a special issue.'"

(Michael Ross/Herald Examiner November '69)



TAYLOR ON THE BYRDS

The best music business writer and press agent – press officer, to use this country's term – is Derek Taylor. He works for the Beatles. For a time he was in Los Angeles and his first clients here were The Byrds.

"When The Byrds opened in Ciro's, as nervously adventurous translators of folk-into-rock, few of us knew the extent to which their innovations would influence popular music. They were the first, the first, the first – though it doesn't really matter that they were the first, they were the first – hair-emancipated American group to make it with

integrity and international acceptance.

"The Byrds won their status because they deserved to and retained it because despite appalling internal grief and strife, they were too strong even for the forces of self-destruction and The Byrds are still here because within us and without us they are invincible.

"There are only a few groups with value, who relate to values beyond the sound of music.

"There are only a handful of those with the power to reach to the edge of the world and touch, just touch a human spirit and leave the touch to work and activate what it may.

"The Byrds are one of these groups and one cannot say why because if it isn't *felt*, then it isn't to be explained in words."



Gene Parsons





ROGER McGUINN A HIGH FLYING BYRD

By Michael Ross

The Byrds' first record, MR. TAMBOURINE MAN, was released in the Summer of 1965. It began a long tradition of vital, magical, sweet-sounding, absolutely beautiful Byrds-music. Since then, there have been countless Byrd deaths-and-transfigurations, sufficient to spawn at least three additional bands (Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young; Dillard & Clark; The Flying Burrito Brothers). The Byrds' sporadic estrangements from popular tastes and critical perceptions have not dulled their music for long. The present Byrds (Skip Battin, Gene Parsons, Clarence White and the everlasting Roger McGuinn) maintain the mystique by making some of the best Byrds-music of all.

The Byrds were there at the beginning — playing that flowing, riverrun, Southern California American rock music, their own special contribution. As their manager, Billy James has written, they were "before hippies, riots, Haight, love-ins, freakouts, DMT, STP, Moog, Dolby, HAIR, and psychedelic bubble gum." The Byrds have lived a long time, and seen a lot; they've endured, and some believe they'll still be playing at the end.

At the beginning, there was Roger McGuinn, the most complex, fascinating Byrd. He has kept it all together . . . — M.R.

There is a small, rectangular piece of paper, carefully snipped from a children's book, pinned to a den wall in Roger (ne James) McGuinn's house. It bears the following inscription:

*'Hello, Jimmy,' said the Machine,
'I've been waiting for you.'*

You could learn a great deal about McGuinn — father, old folkie, metaphysician, budding pilot, Byrd, et al. — just from reading his walls.

But that takes time.

And McGuinn, like Byrds-music, keep turn-turn-turning.

He looks somewhat chubbier than he appeared five years ago — when, with his fabulous Byrds, he put Dylan on the juke box, played that thunderous electric 12-string Rickenbacker, gave budding rock critics the generic words "eclectic"

storyteller, the mind of a scientist, and the mysterious baiting smile of a Hollywood flack. He gives the impression of evolving in all these directions at once.

"People say we were 'magic.'" says McGuinn, of the original Clark-Clarke-Crosby-Hillman-McGuinn Byrds. "I don't know. I was too busy doing it. I couldn't see a thing. Maybe it's all been built up through the folk process. I know it was fun." He pauses a moment, apparently for reflection, and then continues, "I don't know if we sounded good, but I think the feeling in the room was sort of a mass hypnosis thing that made us sound beautiful even if we were rotten."

McGuinn's name is probably unfamiliar to most Americans over 30



Roger
McGuinn

and "folk-rock," and made Ben Franklin glasses a national eye-sore.

Those glasses are gone now, but otherwise he seems the same. The same economy of gesture, movement, expression, and words. The same intense energy and insanely sane logic. The same taunting gleam in his eye. The same good-natured sarcasm in his voice. The same Irish charm. The same complete involvement with life.

There are times when McGuinn seems to have — as well as need — the blood of a priest, the soul of a

But to the lover of rock music anywhere, he is a glowing coal in the ashes of the rock 'n' roll business – a business with a frantic, rat-race economy that transforms artists into hustlers, and hustlers into superstars.

McGuinn lives with his wife, Ianthe, and their two sons in a rustic hilltop house, ten miles outside of Hollywood. Approaching it, up a long winding driveway, I notice an ordinary-looking closed-circuit TV camera protruding unobtrusively from the side of his garage. Nothing special. When I get to the front door, McGuinn greets me with a quick smile and a can of beer.

We sit in his den, cramped with a half-dozen television sets, several guitars, a letter from Pete Seeger thanking the Byrds for their recording of "Turn, Turn, Turn," a photo of Albert Einstein, a crying baby, a dozing manager, a well-thumbed copy of Robert Heinlein's *STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND*, a sturdy mahogany table holding a Moog synthesizer manufactured by the R. A. Moog Co., Trumansburg, N.Y., several tape recorders and assorted toys, gadgets and memorabilia.

At first, we talk haphazardly – about the faith, hope, and the compromises inherent in being in a rock group. Time passes, but not clock-time. Byrd-time maybe. I ask McGuinn what was so special about the early Byrds.



He flashes a cocky, boyish smile, and says, "We were the first of the long-haired rock groups. That was very important then. The competition over here was low, and we approximated the style and the feeling of the Beatles. It was a sandwich between the Beatles and Dylan" – he pauses and smiles again – "both popular items at the time. I took the rock side of the Beatles and Dylan's folk thing. I calculated the voice, between Dylan and Lennon for 'Mr. Tambourine Man,' like a computer calculation." He takes a sip of beer. "In time, we got our own style."

McGuinn is sort of tall, but has in his face a sort of puckish look. His somewhat quizzical expression could melt flint. It's a trial for him to talk to interviewers; he's been burned a great deal, but he's learned to accept it, just as he's learned to accept the agony-and-annuities of being the keeper of the Byrd's aviary.

He has the endearing gift children have of curiosity and wonder, of making the moment seem an end in itself. He remembers going to the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago at the age of three, pushing a lot of buttons, learning the physical functions of things, examining, always examining, and seeing his first airplane.

"I've always been curious," he says. "Always making things. The first thing I ever made was a jeep, out of tinker-toys" – he has since graduated to radio electronics and kinetic sculpture – "I had the jeep worked out so that the leverage was just right and the . . ." The rest of the sentence hangs in the air, stillborn, like any other inexpressibly wondrous memory.

"I used to look up and see Constellations going over. I remember the noise they made. When you're young, a Super Connie makes a lot of noise. I used to go out to the airport and hang out, and watch the planes with my grandfather."

"Did you want to be a pilot?"

"Still do. I guess I've always wanted to." He laughs when he remembers how most people thought "8 Miles High" – a song about an airplane ride – was "about dope." The expression briefly turns to gloom. But

only briefly. "That was a time that I over-estimated our audience. I know the pain of doing that."

"Look at '5D.' You write this real hip song and this really" – mock-grimace – "hip audience doesn't like it, doesn't understand it at all, thinks it must be 'about dope.'"

"What was it about then?" I ask.

"It was an ethereal trip into metaphysics, into an almost Moslem submission to an Allah, an almighty spirit, free-floating, the fifth dimension being that 'mesh' Einstein theorized about. He proved theoretically – and I choose to believe it – that there's an ethereal mesh in the universe, and probably the reason for the speed of light being what it is is because of the friction going through that mesh."

McGuinn recites the following lines from the song: "How is it that I can come out to here and be still floating, and never hit bottom and keep falling through, just relaxed and paying attention . . ." He takes another sip of beer. "We were talking



about a way of life, sort of a submission to God or whatever you want to call that mesh, that life force.

"I believe the universe is alive. And I'm into science fiction to the point that I'm long past doubting that there's a way of exceeding the speed of light. I believe this race will eventually get into teleportation."

He pauses, rubs his face, smiles, and confesses little faith in homo

sapiens. "I think the human race will survive only if it's supposed to," he says. "I sometimes speculate that it will evolve, temporarily at least, into machines." He is talking freely now, relishing in abstractions. "Whatever we are, inside these robots, will move into bigger, stronger robots, and time will be less important."

"Are you a religious person?" I asked McGuinn.



"That's a bad word. I believe in the immortality of a spiritual essence of everyone. I wouldn't say that I was religious, because there's no religion that I fully subscribe to. But I do believe in the same things they all believe in, what they all coincide on. That, to me, is like scientific analysis, where you find enough factors to weigh and balance, and take those as truths."

He recounts and revalues spirituality with the devotion of one who has been quoting some sort of personal chapter and verse for his whole life. I ask him what happened after the disappointment of "5D," the failure of the song to "hit".

"Of course, I was discouraged. At least, as to putting out spiritual data to a record-buying public for AM radio consumption. Now you have to understand," he says, "I was also spirituality involved in 'Tambourine Man' and 'Turn, Turn, Turn.'" He takes another sip of beer, this time

barely touching the can to his mouth. "Like in my interpretation of 'Tambourine Man,' whether Dylan meant it or not, the tambourine man was Allah, the eternal life force, and 'take me for a trip upon your magic swirling ship' was just like 'let my soul go where you want it to and I promise to go under it.' It was sort of an Islamic concept.

"Perhaps I got too intellectual with '5D,' because the other two had a heavy sugar coating over the spiritual message that was in there – by the vibrations in my voice, sort of telepathically conveying it.

"'So You Want To Be A Rock 'N' Roll Star' had sort of a sour grapes viewpoint. It was tongue-in-cheek, more of a parody, bringing out into the open what was funny to me. Here's a list of the ingredients; here's what you have to do. The Byrds got very intellectual for a time. I think David (Crosby) was the driving force behind that."

"How?" I wondered.

"Well, if you look at his career after he joined Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, he's done *DEJA VU*, which is an intellectual interpretation of the reincarnation phenomenon."

McGuinn doesn't like to talk about Crosby. There is a blank, faraway look in his eyes when remembering ex-Byrds, almost like a long-haired Pan looking down from some media Never Land at all the lost children.

"What was Crosby like?" I ask.

"He wasn't exactly resistant to the muse, just sort of passive" – McGuinn grins, and adds devilishly – "sort of apathetic, at the time, as I recall.

"When he left" – and McGuinn doesn't wish to discuss why – "there was an interim period when we were in a daze. We recorded *THE NOTORIOUS BYRD BROTHERS*. That had the last traces of David. The rest we did ourselves just to kinda show David we could do without him, I guess. A lot of people like the album the best of the ten. I don't, particularly, because of what went on during the course of it" – and again the sarcasm towards the audience, I imagine – "But if some kid was making it with a girl for the first time when he heard it, it becomes a great album.



"Anyway," he says, "we mellowed out into country music, and we're curving out of it now into something else. As long as it sounds good, it doesn't matter what."

"Are you too close to your music to talk about it? For instance, what do you think of *UNTITLED* [the Byrds' tenth LP]?"

"'Chestnut Mare' is the most impressive piece on it," he says, with more matter-of-factness than I would expect. "I only wish it would have been more perfect. Say the last note on the end, where I just ran out of breath. It would take Ezio Pinza to sing that song. There's no stop to it. It's really up there. I like 'Truck Stop Girl.' It really has a groove to it. I like 'Take A Whiff' a lot, although I think it has too many whiffs in it. 'Hungry Planet' falls short in a way, but I still like the synthesizer on it towards the end. I like 'Just A Season.' 'You All Look Alike,' I don't particularly like. Maybe I'm prejudiced against it, because I did a better vocal that wasn't used."

He's talking without resistance, smiling freely, relaxing. He's at the peak of his craft, this strange, charming, remarkably talented Byrd, all things are ecliptical for him, no sharp turns in sight, no hassles; there's a new Byrds album coming up, also a synthesizer one, perhaps even a Byrds-Burrito Bros. collaboration, and things seem like they are going to turn out all right after all.

"I think (the human race) will survive only if it's supposed to. I sometimes speculate that it will evolve, temporarily at least, into machines..."



I get a crash-course of McGuinnisms:

On Clairvoyance: "Clairvoyance is no more amazing than television. In clairvoyance, the human being is the receiver. Certain people, who have their receivers in good shape, can receive high frequency impulses, and translate them into words and activities. Though scientifically unproven, I choose to believe in it."

On Acting: "I'd like to, but not in any folk-rock-doc."

On Interviewers: "There's this English chick, named Penny Valentine, a very personable, not-terribly-attractive, sort of homely-blond-girl, who asked me what I thought of self-destructiveness as a tendency in people. I said, 'it exists.' She asked me if I had that tendency. I said, 'yes, everybody does.' I had a drink in my hand. She asked, 'is that why you're drinking?' I said, 'I guess this is self-destructive on some level, but as a rule I'm not an alcoholic.' And that was the gist of what we said."

"And here's how it comes out in print, as a *direct quote* from me: 'And that's why I drink so much, I think I'm indestructible.'"

On English Readers: "They read and relish trash. That's all they've got to do on that dreary little island."

On Writing "The Ballad of 'Easy Rider'" with Bob Dylan: "He wants me to lie and say he didn't but that was a long time ago. He wrote a couple of lines. I don't think he gives a shit

anymore. Just ask him."

On Creation: "You don't have much part in what you're doing. You're like a trolley car - shooting down the tracks - and you get the electricity from the wire above you and the tracks below you. Creation is like being in a trance. It's... entrancing."

And on... and on... And as we talk, I realize that Hollywood, the city where it all began for the Byrds, hasn't changed all that much. It remains a symbol of reality in this hip, enlightened, miserable twentieth century. Sometimes I think it's the emptiest, gaudiest, saddest place in the history of the world.

McGuinn shows me an ad he's just received for cemetery plots. "I thought I'd get myself a plot to go out and cherish," he says. He flashes that cynical smile, and I remember how he once flashed it at Ciro's, and how much the Byrds mattered and still do, how very special they are to me personally, how they made my passing hours that much easier.

"This is going to be my place. To everything there is a season." Innocence and experience mingle for one more instant. "A time to plan, a time to die, a time to buy a plot at Forest Lawn."

The telephone rings, McGuinn answers and becomes engrossed. I let myself out - "... Anyway... accident, onto the freeway - "... An earphone? ... Oh, I see..." back to Hollywood - "... It's for use with triceivers..." - and headlines about Manson and the Middle East, back to bombings, bumme air, hype, dead and dying people - "... An application where you want to not have to hold the microphone..." - a constant succession of sloe-eyed, goggle-faced super-star types pass through town - "... Like the astronauts use..." - I can remember when nowhere in the whole Western Hemisphere had men, as men, musicians, and media manifestations, loomed as large and promising as OUR Byrds - "... right... right..."

From a forthcoming book on Southern California rock 'n' roll. Copyright, Michael Ross, 1970.





“Creation is like being
in a trance”



BYRD WATCHING

By Roy Hollingworth

A pinch of snuff, the eucalyptus stabs the eye. McGuinn fastens the tin and slips it into his suit pocket. The rest of the guy's slip out of the bus for a meal. These are the Byrds and a mile away the Colston Hall, Bristol, sighs, takes in air, and begins to simmer down.

Bristol. Dominated by seagulls, and healthy, chubby sparrows, witnessed a new kind of bird on Monday – an all-American Byrd deriving from a rock and roll species, changed by the years, but as adamant, as proud, and as beautiful as ever.

Bristol not only saw one Byrds' performance, but an encore that stretched 'way over half an hour. The serenity of the sunny day had fed the Byrds. They couldn't stop playing.

The splendidly warm audience didn't want them to stop, and darn it, this group didn't want to stop either.

And this was the first gig, the first gig in the country that in the past has proved rather unfortunate for this cowboy unit. Drummer Gene Parsons sits backstage. "Well, that was so-so," he moves a hand upward, then sideways, slicing the air in a compromise. "Y'll hear better," he says. Parsons looks remarkably like a reincarnation of Porthos – a laughing cavalier.

So what makes a group so beautiful? A good concert? Well, yes, but it wasn't perfect. There were a few sound hassles, which at times drowned McGuinn's tight-lipped vocals. There was an abundance of embarrassing



feedback. "I've never had anything so horrible happen to me, I walked up to the mike and it just squealed," said Clarence White, a magnetic, complex guitarist.

Yet forget those things because there was something that counteracted these bugs. It was a sense of warmth, honesty, sort of homeliness. Something close to an audience.

No matter how many changes have been stitched into the group's tapestry, the original picture remains the same – and if you want an assessment they are better than they've ever been before.

The little bus wriggles round the curling Bristol streets. There's no atmosphere of nervousness before the concert. There are playful jokes and round-the-dinner-table humour as the

foursome reach the concert hall.

Rita Coolidge and the Dixie Flyers are already rolling and reeling on stage. The Byrds take a quick eyeful and casually walk backstage.

There's no heaviness, just coolness as the door is shut and half a dozen guitars, and a banjo are tuned to perfection. Rita finishes. There's a gap, quickly mouthed instructions as ideas and thoughts pass among the group. There's slow handclapping starting to grow outside. A nod, eyebrows are raised and the Byrds take the stage.

Their interpretation of the Dylan songbook reaches the roots, with a "Yee-har" acoustic trip with Parsons figuring and fingering a furious banjo. Then "Eight Miles High" runs long, building on a complex riff with

high-pitched guitar harmonies.

McGuinn introduces those gorgeous spacebound guitar notes that makes the Byrds. Then there's jingle jangle guitar work between White and McGuinn.

"Mr. Spaceman," "So You Want To Be A Rock And Roll Star," and it goes on. It's not a case of slinging out the old stuff. It's just fun for everybody. McGuinn really gets into it, stands back and delivers a screaming rock and roll into, and the group hop into "Roll Over Beethoven" and the whole place rocks and rolls – and what a beautiful rock and roll band this is.

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Melody Maker









All The Things

Words & Music by
ROGER McGUINN
& JACQUES LEVY



See the sun how bright- it is - it nev - er was be - fore, -

D C G D

See the sun, it shines— right through— my door; but no-one's there—

C G

- I see warm smiles I nev - er gave — Re -

D D7

flect-ing in - the air — All the things— I want—

G Gm D

to - day — All the things— I was - ted — on the

C D C

way. See the earth, how sweet it smells, I

D D C

don't know — how it feels; See the earth, it

G D

slips be neath - my heels - as I pass through - I see tears - that I -

C G D

nev - er shed - in ev - 'ry drop of dew - All the things - I want -

D7 G Gm D

- to-day - All the things I was - ted - on the way.

C D C D

Hear the skies - sing-ing - Songs I could -

D Em D

have played - Too bu - sy talk-ing to prove that I was not-

Am C

a - fraid. See this dried up bro-

G D D

- ken straw, it's turn - ing in - to rot; See this dried up bro-

C G D

- ken straw - for - got - ten left - behind; I see things that I

C G D

nev-er done, — a - blow - ing in the wind. — All the things — I want —

D7 G Gm D

— to-day, — All the things — I was — ted; — All the things I was —

C D C D

— ted; — All the things — I want — to-day, — All the things — I was —

C D C D

— ted — on the way.

C D C D

Bad Night At The Whiskey

Words & Music by
ROGER McGUINN
& JOE RICHARDS



Push me off - the street — to-day —,

Look how it



gets in the way —,

In the dark - ness she pushed me in,



You say that

it's a sin, —

We're hang-in'

a - round. —



You told - me not to

D7 G

sing to - day —, You say my mus - ic gets in the way —

F G F Em Dm F Em F

'Cause it walks on in Just as

G F C

you be - gin Bring - in' my soul broth - ers down. —

Em Am D7

And al-though you're smil-in',

D C

Your hate will not see, So just face your -

G Bm D

self -, babe -, And leave my soul in peace. -

C G

Well, I'll stay out of your - way.

D7 G F

If you keep out of mine

G F Em Dm F Em F

Let the peo-ple go. All we know - will

G F C

both go down in time.

Em Am D7

G

Ballad Of Easy Rider

From Motion Picture "EASY RIDER"

Words & Music by
ROGER McGUINN

Flowing

Intro.

D

G

D

F#m

The riv-er___ flows___ It flows to___

___ the___ sea___ Where ev-er that riv-er___ goes___ That's where I

want to___ be___ Flow___ riv-er flow.---

Let your wa-ters wash down___ Take me from this road

D Em G A

to some _____ oth-er _____ town...

D G D G D

All he

F#m

want - ed _____ was to be _____ free _____

G G A

And that's the way _____ it . turned _____ out _____ to _____ be _____

D G D

Flow riv - er flow. Let your wa - ter wash

D G D

down Take me from this road to

Em G A D

some oth - er town.

G D

Go riv - er go

D

past a shad - y tree Flow riv - er flow

D

Flow to the sea Flow riv - er flow

D Em G A

Flow

D G D

to the sea.

The Bells Of Rhymney

Words by
IDRIS DAVIES
Music by
PETE SEEGER

Freely (♩ = 80)

Oh —

what will you give me? Say the sad bells of Rhym - ney. Is there

hope for the fu - ture? Cry the brown bells of Mer - thyr. Who -

made the mine own - er? Say the black bells of Rhond - da. And

who robbed the min - er? Cry the grim bells of Blai - na

C F C D C

They will plun - der wil - ly - nil - ly, Cry the bells of Ca - er - phil - ly.

mf

B \flat Dm G

They have fangs, they have teeth, Shout the loud bells of Neath. E - ven

C B \flat Dm G

God is un - eas - y, Say the moist bells of Swan - sea. And

C Dm C G7 C F C

what will you give me? Say the sad bells of Rhym - ney.

f

D C G9 C F C

Put the van - dals in court, Say the bells of

mf

D C B \flat Dm

New - port. All would be well if, if, if, if, Cry the green bells of Car -

G C B \flat Am C7 Am C

diff. Why so wor - ried sis - ters, why? Sang the sil - ver bells of Wye. And

Dm C G7 C 1. 2. F

what will you give me? Say the sad bells of Rhym - ney. Oh - (Whistle) -

C D C

(Whistle) -

F C D C

(Whistle) - (Whistle) -

INCO CRESC. *f* *rit.*

Birmingham Jail

New Words & New Music Adaptation by
HUDDIE LEDBETTER

Slowly



G D7 Am

1. Hear the wind blow, boys, Hear the wind blow, Put your head out the win -
2. (Write me a) let - ter, Send it by mail, Ad - dress it all o -

D7 1. G 2. G Am7 G

dow and hear the wind blow. 2. Write me a
ver that Bir - ming - ham jail.

3. Birmingham jail, boys, the Birmingham jail,
Address it all over that Birmingham jail.
4. High sheriff will arrest you, bind you over in jail,
Can't get nobody to go your bail.
5. To go your bail boys, to go your bail,
Can't get nobody to go your bail.
6. Send for your lawyer, come down to your cell,
That's where he can clear you in spite of all hell.
7. In spite of all hell, boys, in spite of all hell,
That's where he can clear you in spite of all hell.
8. Get a ticket for your money, come back for the rest,
Tell you to plead guilty for he know that is best.
9. He know that is best, boys, he know that is best,
Tell you to plead guilty he know that is best.
10. Down in the valley, the valley so low,
Put your head out the window and hear the wind blow.
11. Hear the wind blow, hear the wind blow,
Put your head out the window and hear the wind blow.

Chestnut Mare

Words & Music by
ROGER McGUINN
& JACQUES LEVY

(Ad lib tempo)

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab). It consists of four systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line, a piano accompaniment with treble and bass staves, and a line of chords below the piano part. The lyrics are written under the vocal line. The tempo is marked '(Ad lib tempo)' at the beginning and 'A tempo' later in the piece. There are triplet markings (3) in the piano accompaniment in the first and second systems.

Al-ways a-lone, nev-er with a

herd. Pret-ti-est mare I've ev-er seen,

you have to—take my word. I'm go-ing to

catch that horse—if I can.

Chords: Eb, Ebmaj7, Eb6, Eb, Ab, Abmaj7, Ab6, Bb7, Fm7, Bb7, Eb, Ebmaj7, Eb6, Eb, Ab, Abmaj7, Ab6, Bb7 (sus4), Bb7, Ab, Abmaj7, Fm7, Bb7 (sus4), Bb7, Eb, Ebmaj7, Eb6, Eb.

And — when I do I'll give — her my brand. —

Ab Abmaj7 Fm7 Bb7 (sus4) Bb7 Eb Ebmaj7

Verses (Spoken)

1. When I was up on Stoney Ridge, after this chestnut mare,

Eb6 Eb Eb Ebmaj7 Eb6 Eb

been chasin' her for weeks now Oh, I'd catch a glimpse of her every

Ab Abmaj7 Bb7 (sus4) Bb7 Eb Ebmaj7

once in a while, takin' her meal, or bathing. Fine lady,

Eb6 Eb Ab Abmaj7 Bb7 (sus4) Bb7

This one day, I happened to be real close to her. I saw her standing over there in a clearin',

Eb

Ebmaj7

Eb6

Eb

Ab

Abmaj7

So I snuck up on her nice and easy,

Got my rope out,

Bb7 (sus4)

Eb

Ebmaj7

Eb6

Eb

and I flung it in the air.

Ab

Abmaj7

Bb7 (sus4)

Bb7

Bb9

Bb7

Chorus

I'm go - ing to catch that horse — if I

Bb9

Ab

Abmaj7

Fm7

Bb7 (sus4) Bb7

can. _____ And _____ when I

E \flat E \flat ma \flat 7 E \flat 6 E \flat A \flat A \flat ma \flat 7

do I'll give her my brand. _____

Fm7 B \flat 7 (sus4) B \flat 7 E \flat E \flat ma \flat 7 E \flat 6 E \flat

And we'll be friends for life, _____ She'll be just like-

A \flat A \flat ma \flat 7 Fm7 A \flat A \flat ma \flat 7

_____ a wife. _____ I'm go - ing to catch that horse - if I

Fm7 A \flat A \flat ma \flat 7 Fm7 B \flat 7 (sus4) B \flat 7

can. I'm go-ing to catch that horse,—

Eb Ebmaj7 Eb6 Eb Ab Abmaj7 Fm7 Bb11 Bb7

I'm go-ing to catch that horse.— I'm go-ing to catch that horse—if I

Ab Abmaj7 Fm7 Bb7 Ab Abmaj7 Fm7 Bb7

can. can.

Eb Ebmaj7 Eb6 Eb Ab Abmaj7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb

Verse 2. Then we were falling, down this crevice, 'bout a mile down I'd say,
 I looked down and I see this red thing below us, comin' up real fast,
 And it's our reflections in a little pool of water about six feet wide and one foot deep,
 And we're falling down, right through it.
 We hit, splashed that pool dry.
 That's when I lost my hold, and she got away.
 But I'm gonna try to get her again some day. (To Chorus).

Drug Store Truck Drivin' Man

Words & Music by
ROGER McGUINN &
GRAM PARSONS

Not too slow

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo instruction 'Not too slow' is placed above the first staff. The score consists of five systems of music. The first system shows the piano introduction with chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system marks the beginning of the chorus with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The lyrics 'Drug - store truck driv - ing man' are written below the vocal line, followed by 'He's the'. The fourth system continues the chorus with the lyrics 'head of the Ku - Klux - Klan; When'. The fifth system concludes the piece with a final chord in the piano. Chord symbols 'D' and 'A7' are indicated below the piano part in the third and fourth systems respectively.

He's a

CHORUS

Drug - store truck driv - ing man He's the

head of the Ku - Klux - Klan; When

D A7 D

Sum-mer _____ rolls a - round He'll be

D Em

luck-y _____ if he's not in town. 1. Well, he's
2. Well, he

To Coda

A7 D

VERSES

got him _____ a house on the hill He
don't like _____ the young folks I know _____ He

D A7

plays coun-try re-cords _____ till you've had your fill;
told me _____ one night _____ on his ra - di - o show.

A7 G D A7 D

He's a far - mer's friend, He's an un - hap - py
He's got him a me - dal He won in the

D Em

gent war But he sure does think dif-f'rent from the re - cords he
Weights five hun-dred pounds and sleeps on his

Em A7

plays. floor. He's a He's a

D A7

D. J. al Coda

He'll be luck - y if he's not in town.

Molto Rall.

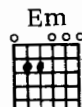
D A7 G D

Verse 3. He's been like a father to me -
He's the only D.J. you can hear after three
I'm an all-night musician in a rock n' roll band and
Why he don't like me I can't understand. (to Chorus)

Eight Miles High

Words & Music by
GENE CLARK,
DAVID CROSBY
& JIM MCGUINN

Moderately



Eight miles
Signs in
No - where

G D C G

high _____ and when you touch down _____ you'll find that
the street _____ that say where you're go - ing _____ are some - where
is _____ there warmth to be found _____ a - mong those

D C

it's stran - ger than known. _____
just be - ing their own. _____
a - afraid of los - ing their ground. _____

Repeat 3 times

Repeat 3 times

Em G D C

Rain gray town, _____ known for its sound _____

G D C

— in plac - es small fac - es un - bound. _____

Em G D C G

'Round the squares _____ hud - dled in storms, _____ some laugh - ing
Side - walk scenes _____ and black lim - ou - sines _____ some liv - ing

D C

1. C 2. C

some just shape - less forms. _____
some stand - ing a - lone. _____

rit.

Feel A Whole Lot Better

Words & Music by
GENE CLARK

Moderately

The piano introduction consists of four measures. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

G

The rea - son why — oh I — can say —

mf

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. A triplet of eighth notes is marked in the final measure of the vocal line.

D7 **Em**

I have to let you go — ba - by — and right — a - way —

The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The key signature changes to E minor for the final measure of this system, indicated by the **Em** chord.

A7 **G** **C**

af - ter what you did — I can't stay on,

The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with sixteenth-note patterns in the final measure of this system.

G **D7** **C**

And I'll prob - a - bly feel a whole lot bet - ter when you're gone.

The piano accompaniment concludes with a final measure featuring a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

D7 G G

Ba - by for a long - time

D7

you had - me be - lieve that your love was all mine

Em 3 A7 G

and that's the way it would be, But I - did - nt know

C 3 G

that you were put - ting me on and I'll prob - a - bly feel a whole lot

D7 C 3 F G 3

bet - ter when you're gone. Oh, when you're gone.

Now I've got to say _____ that it's not like be - fore _____

and I'm not gon - na play _____ your games an - y more _____

af - ter what you did _____ I can't stay on, _____

And I'll prob - a - bly feel a whole lot bet - ter when you're gone _____

Oh, when you're gone. _____

Here Without You

Words & Music by
GENE CLARK

Moderately



Em D A Em A

The day - time just makes - me - feel lone - ly, At

mp

The first vocal line is in D major, 4/4 time. The melody starts on D4, moving stepwise up to A4, then down to G4, F#4, E4, and D4. The bass line starts on D3, moving stepwise up to A3, then down to G3, F#3, E3, and D3. The piece concludes with a final D4 in the treble and a D3 in the bass, held for a full measure.

Em D C

night I can on - ly dream a - bout you.

The second vocal line is in D major, 4/4 time. The melody starts on D4, moving stepwise up to A4, then down to G4, F#4, E4, and D4. The bass line starts on D3, moving stepwise up to A3, then down to G3, F#3, E3, and D3. The piece concludes with a final D4 in the treble and a D3 in the bass, held for a full measure.

Em D C D

Girl, you're on - my mind - near - ly all of - the time It's so

The third vocal line is in D major, 4/4 time. The melody starts on D4, moving stepwise up to A4, then down to G4, F#4, E4, and D4. The bass line starts on D3, moving stepwise up to A3, then down to G3, F#3, E3, and D3. The piece concludes with a final D4 in the treble and a D3 in the bass, held for a full measure.

C G D

hard be - in' Here - With - out You.

The fourth vocal line is in D major, 4/4 time. The melody starts on D4, moving stepwise up to A4, then down to G4, F#4, E4, and D4. The bass line starts on D3, moving stepwise up to A3, then down to G3, F#3, E3, and D3. The piece concludes with a final D4 in the treble and a D3 in the bass, held for a full measure.

Em D A Em A

Words in my head — keep — re — peat — ing, —

Em D C

Things that you said when I was with you. — And I

Em D C D

won - der if it's true — do you feel the same way too? — It's so

C G D

hard be - in' Here With - out You, — be - in'

C A Em G

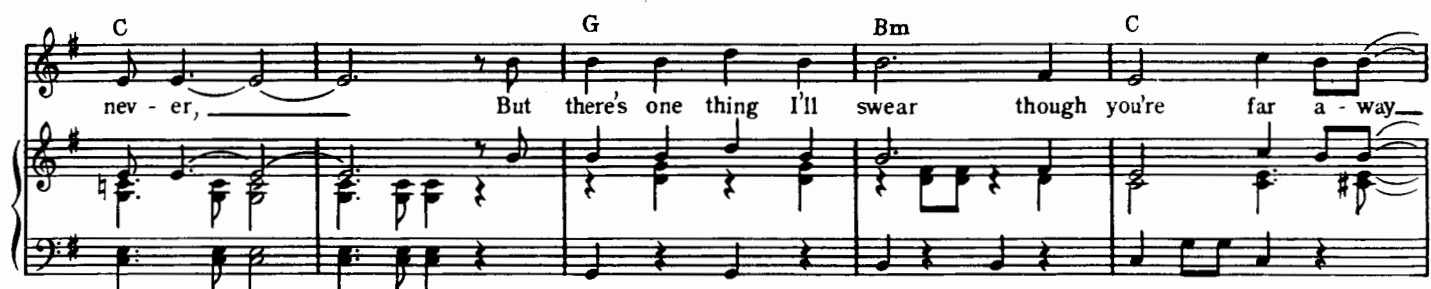
Here — With - out You. — Though I know it — won't

Bm G C A G Bm

last I'll see — you some day, — It seems that — the — day will — come

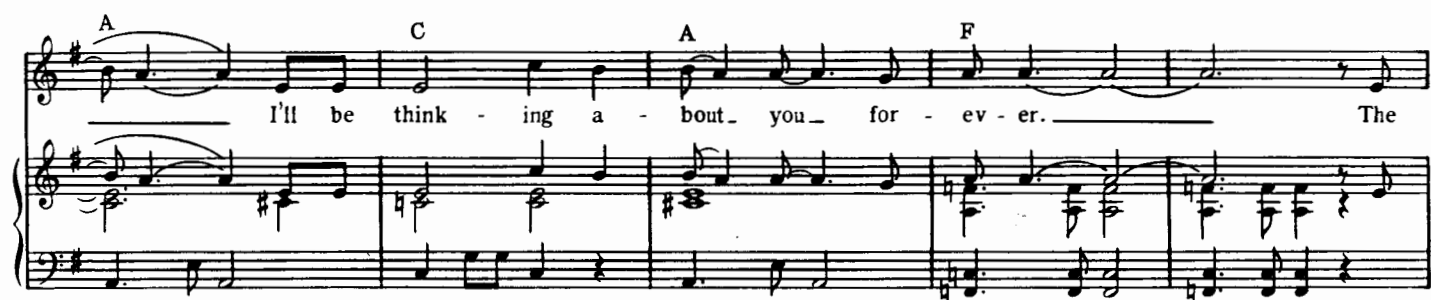
C G Bm C

nev - er, But there's one thing I'll swear though you're far a - way



A C A F

I'll be think - ing a - bout you for - ev - er. The



Em D A Em A Em

streets that I walk on de - press me, The ones that were



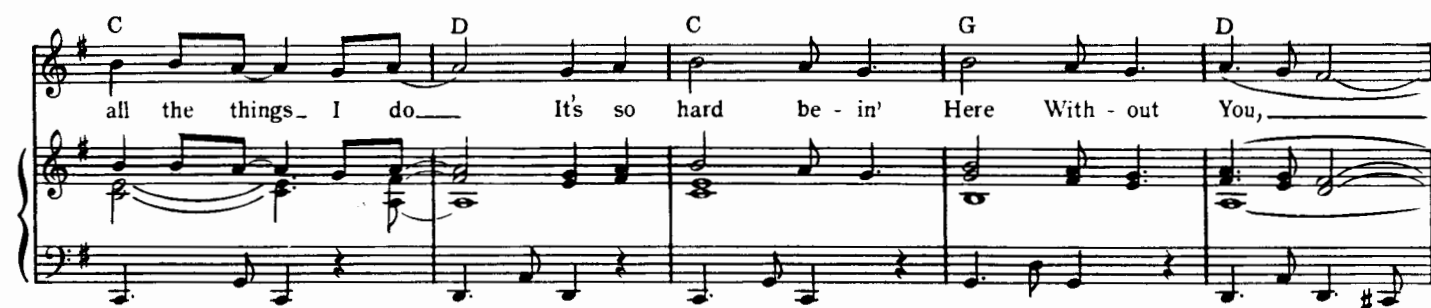
D C Em D

hap - py when I was with you. Still with all the things I know and with



C D C G D

all the things I do. It's so hard be - in' Here With - out You,



C A B

be - in' Here With - out You.



Hey Joe

Words & Music by
WILLIAM M. ROBERTS

Bright Rock Beat

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, marked with a forte (f) dynamic. It features a driving eighth-note bass line in the left hand and a melody of eighth and quarter notes in the right hand. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#).

The first vocal line is: "Hey Joe—where ya goin' with that gun in your hand — (I said)". The piano accompaniment continues with the same driving bass line and harmonic support. Chord labels Bb, F, C, G, and D are placed below the piano part.

The second vocal line is: "Hey Joe—where ya goin' with that gun in your hand — I'm go-in'". The piano accompaniment continues. Chord labels Bb, F, C, G, and D are placed below the piano part.

The third vocal line is: "out and find my wo-man now. She's been run-nin' 'round with some oth-er man." The piano accompaniment continues, featuring a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand. Chord labels Bb, F, C, G, and D are placed below the piano part.

I said I'm go-in' out and find my wo-man, she's been runnin' 'round with some other

Bb F C G

man. Hey Joe — tell me what are — you gon-na do —
Hey Joe — tell me where are — you gon-na go —

D Bb F C G

Hey Joe — tell me what are — you gon-na do —
Hey Joe — tell me where are — you gon-na go —

D Bb F C G

Well, I guess I'll — shoot my — wo-man, that's what I'll do —
Well, I think I'll go down to my fav-'rite place, Mex-i-co.

D Bb F C G

Well, I guess I'll shoot 'em both be-fore I'm
Well, I think I'll go down to where a man can be

D Bb F C G

through.
free.

And

ff

D D

2

there ain't gon-na be no hang-man's ropes gon-na be put a-round me.

Bb F C G D

Dmaj7

Hungry Planet

Words & Music by
ROGER McGUINN,
SKIP BATTIN &
KIM FOWLEY

Moderato



I'm a hung-ry plan — et,

G7

I had a youth-ful face —

But peo-ple kept try-in',

C7

to take all out - er space —

G7

This system contains the first two measures of the piece. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. A G7 chord is indicated below the first measure.

Poi — son — ing my ox —

C7

This system contains measures three and four. The vocal line has a quarter rest in measure three, followed by a quarter note D5, an eighth note E5, a quarter note F5, and a half note G5. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. A C7 chord is indicated below the first measure of this system.

— y - gen. Dig - gin' in — my skin —

G7

This system contains measures five and six. The vocal line has a quarter rest in measure five, followed by a quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. A G7 chord is indicated below the first measure of this system.

Tak - in' more —

Bb

This system contains measures seven and eight. The vocal line has a quarter rest in measure seven, followed by a quarter note D5, an eighth note E5, a quarter note F5, and a half note G5. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. A Bb chord is indicated below the first measure of this system.

- out — of my good earth — Than they'll ev- er put back

C7

Tacet -----*

in —

G7

I'm a hun — gry plan — et,

I had the blu — est skies,

The things they did to

C7

hurt me

G7

Will pass on bye and bye —

Now here I am — All a -

C7

lone — Will they nev-er, ev-er learn?

G7

Well, I

Bb

had to shake - and quake —, And make their — hous — es

C7

burn.

G7

If I Had A Hammer

(The Hammer Song)

Words & Music by

LEE HAYS &

PETE SEEGER

With steady rhythm



mp

1. If I Had A Ham - mer, - I'd ham - mer in the
 2. (If I had a) bell, I'd ring it in the
 3. (If I had a) song, I'd sing it in the
 4. (Well I got a) ham - mer, - And I've — got a

The piano accompaniment for the first system is in E-flat major, 4/4 time, marked *mp*. It features a steady bass line of quarter notes E-flat, B-flat, and G. The treble part has a melody of quarter notes E-flat, G, B-flat, and A, followed by a half note B-flat and a half note G. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

mp

morn - ing, - I'd ham - mer in the ev - 'ning -
 morn - ing, - I'd ring it in the ev - 'ning -
 morn - ing, - I'd sing it in the ev - 'ning -
 bell, — And I've — got a song

The piano accompaniment for the second system is in E-flat major, 4/4 time, marked *mp*. It continues the steady bass line of quarter notes E-flat, B-flat, and G. The treble part has a melody of quarter notes E-flat, G, B-flat, and A, followed by a half note B-flat and a half note G. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Eb7 *Bb7* *Eb*

all o - ver this land; I'd ham-mer out dan - ger,-
 all o - ver this land; I'd ring - out dan - ger,-
 all o - ver this land; I'd sing - out dan - ger,-
 all o - ver this land; It's the ham-mer of jus - tice,-

mf

Cm *Ab*

I'd ham-mer out a warn - ing,- I'd ham-mer out
 I'd ring - out a warn - ing,- I'd ring - out
 I'd sing - out a warn - ing,- I'd sing - out
 It's the bell of free - dom,- It's the song a - bout

Eb *Ab* *Eb* *Bb7* *Eb* *Ab* *Eb* *Bb7*

love be - tween all of my broth-ers, All o - ver this
 love be - tween all of my broth-ers, All o - ver this
 love be - tween all of my broth-ers, All o - ver this
 love be - tween all of my broth-ers, All o - ver this

1. 2. 3. *Eb* *Ab* *Eb* **4.** *Eb* *Ab* *Eb*

land. _____ 2. If I had a
 land. _____ 3. If I had a
 land. _____ 4. Well I got a land. _____

mp

I Knew I'd Want You

Words & Music by
GENE CLARK

Moderately

mf

I'd —

Em D D7 C

— like to love you — with all of my

G F

heart, — You've had me on your trip

Em A C

right from the start. And when you

Em C Em

looked at me with love in your eyes — I

F D D7

Knew _____ I'd Want You. _____ Oh yeah! _____

Em D D7

I'd _____ like to hold you _____

C G

if you want me to, _____ I've found some - thing

F Em A

new, _____ girl, just by look - ing at you. _____

C Em C

And it's in your smile _____ and it's in the

way I Knew I'd Want You. Oh

yeah! I meet so man - y

peo - ple I feel I don't know,

But I felt so close to you when you said hel -

lo. I'd like to

cresc.

mf

Chords: Em, F, D, D7, C, G, F, Em, C, G, F, D, Am7, D, D7, Em

D D7 C G

love you — and to - geth - er we'd find —

F Em

the place we've been look - in' — for where we'll

A C Em

have peace of mind. — And there we'll be hap - py —

C Em F

and there I'll know why — I Knew — I'd Want

D D7 F E

You. — Oh yeah, — oh yeah! —

rit.

I Trust

(Everything is gonna work out alright)

Words & Music by
ROGER McGUINN

In times of des-pair I might lose my pa-tience I think a-bout the good things that you've done, but won't you please try to un-der-stand, And

though you're not there I've got ob-li-gat-ions, I some-times ask my-self, "Is an-y-one?" and I in-tend to face-them and take my stand.

It's hard be-ing hu-man when the whole world's up-tight, It's so hard be-ing hu-man when on-ly trou-b-le's in sight,

C C7 F C F Dm7 C Dm F Dm G7

But some-how I know _____ that ev'-ry-thing is gon-na work out al - right.

Stick by me ba — by in spite of my faults,

that's all I want you to do; And try and help me when I'm down,

and I'll take good care of you. _____

Now I want to thank—you for all the ten-der, lov-ing that you give,— It

Chords: F, C, Dm7, F, Dm7, C, F, C, C, G, F#, F, C, F, C, Am, G#, C, D9, F, Dm7, G13, G7, C, C7, F, C

bright-ens my feel-ings and gives me the strength I need to live; It's so

hard be-ing hu-man when on-ly troub-le's in sight but some-how I

know that ev'-ry-thing is gon-na work out al-right. Some-how I

know that ev'-ry-thing is gon-na work out al-right. Some-how I

know that ev'-ry-thing is gon-na work out al-right.

F Dm7 C

Dm F Dm7 G7

F C Dm7 F Dm7 C F C

F C Dm7 F Dm7 C F C

F C Dm7 F Dm7 C Fmaj7 Em7 Dm7 C

Just A Season

Words & Music by
ROGER McGUINN
& JACQUES LEVY

Moderato.



If all my days was hills to climb, and cir-cles with- out

C#m

G#m

A

B7(sus4)

reas-on. If all I was,— was pass-ing— time,

E

C#m

G#m

my life was just a seas-on.

A

B7(sus4)

E

Dares and dreams and sil - ly schemes and fil - lies run - ning
Shouting crowds and mum - ers shrouds — and peo - ple go - ing

E F# A

free - ly. cra - zy. I was young — and no song was sung — that
Al - ways said — what was in their heads — it

E C#m

did - n't sound — ap - peal - ing. I'd have my fun — with a
sure - ly was — a - maz - ing. I had my fun — in the

A B7 A

To Coda ♦

shy girl — and may - be hop — a train, — and I'd
bull - ring — and nev - er got — a scar, —

B7 E F#

look back at her stand - ing — in the rain.

A B7 E

Dir - ty hands and root beer stands — a mon - ey like a ri - ver,

E F# A E

Mak - ing deals — to see how it feels — to get more than you're giv -

C#m A

- in' I'd have my fun — with a gamb - ling man, — and bluff him with my face,

B7 A B7 E

And it's drinks for ev - 'ry - bod - y in — the place-

F# A B7

If

E F#

D. S. al Coda

it

F#

⊕ CODA

real-ly was-n't hard to be a star. ——— If

A B7 E

all my days was hills to climb, and cir-cles with - out

C#m G#m A B7(sus4)

reas-on. If all I was, — was pass-ing — time

E C#m G#m

my life was just a seas-on. If all I was, — was

A B7(sus4) E C#m

pass-ing — time my life was just — a seas - on.

G#m A B7(sus4) E

E

King Apathy III

Words and Music by
ROGER McGUINN

Grease col-lect - ing, stained-glass ru - bies pil-lowed gent - ly

on a strand; — Bear-ing looks — of fren-zied blank-ness,

slow-ing down — their freeb-ie king. —

G F C G

F C G F C

G F C D D7(9#) D7

Mid-dle - class — sub - ur - ban child - ren wear-ing cost - umes
Co-lour chang-es su - per - fic - ial a - pa - thy —

G F C G

that re - veal — Blind-ly fol - low re-cent pi - pers
still a king — Li - ber - al — re - ac - tion - ar - ies

F C G F C

with their mys - ti - cal ap - peal . — Go now
ne - ver feel - ing an - y - thing. — Go

G F C D(sus 4) D

So I'm leav-ing for the

D A

coun-try ————— to try and rest my head 'Cos if I

A G D

hang a - round — this scene ————— too long ————— you know babe I'll be dead..

A G

A G F G D

G F G D G

Mr. Tambourine Man

Words & Music by
BOB DYLAN

Moderato (in 2)

Piano

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody in the treble clef begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note A4. The bass clef accompaniment starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4, then a half note B3, and finally a half note A3. The piece concludes with a final cadence in both hands.

Refrain

Refrain

G A D G

Hey! MIS-TER TAM-BOU-RINE MAN play a song for me, I'm not

mp

D G Em A

sleep-y and there is no place I'm go-in' to.

Hey! MIS - TER TAM - BOU - RINE MAN play a song for me in the

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D G Em A D G D *Fine* *

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

Verse G A D G D

1. Though I know that eve-nin's em-pire has re-turned in - to sand, Van-ished from my

G D G Em A

hand, Left me blind - ly here to stand but still not sleep-in' My

G A D G D

wea-ri-ness a - maz-es me I'm brand - ed on my feet. I have no one to

G D G Em A

meet And the an-cient emp - ty street's too dead for dream-in'.

The improvisational style for which Dylan the Poet is so justly famous often results in differences, both melodic and metric, between the first verse and those which follow. The present song is a prime example, and we have endeavored to show on this page the extent of those differences.

Verses 2, 3, 4

G A D G

2. (—) Take me on a trip up - on your mag - ic swirl - in' ship (—) My
 3. Though you might hear laugh - in' spin - nin' swing - in' mad - ly across the sun, It's not
 4. Then — take me dis - ap - pear - in' through the smoke rings of my mind Down the

For 2nd Verse only 3 times D G

(sens - es have been stripped, My
 (hands can't feel to grip, My
 toes too numb to step, Wait)

For 3rd Verse only 2 times D G

aimed at an - y - one, It's just es -
 cap - in' on the run (—) And but

For 4th Verse only 4 times D G

(fog - gy ruins of time, Far
 past the froz - en leaves, The
 haunt - ed, fright - ened trees Out
 to the wind - y beach Far)

Verses 2, 3, 4

D G A

2. on - ly for my boot heels to be wan - der - in' (—) I'm
 3. for the sky there are no fenc - es fac - in' (—) And
 4. from the twist - ed reach of craz - y sor - row. Yes, to

G A D G

2. read - y to go an - y - where, I'm read - y for to fade (—) In -
 3. if you hear vague trac - es. Of skip - pin' reels of rhyme To your
 4. dance be - neath the dia - mond sky With one hand wav - in' free Sil - hou -

For 2nd Verse only D G D G

to my own pa - rade, Cast your danc - in' spell my way I prom - ise to go

For 3rd Verse only 3 times D G D G

(tam - bou - rine in time, It's just a
 (rag - ged clown be - hind, I would - n't)
 pay it an - y mind, It's just a shad - ow — You're see - in' that he's

For 4th Verse only 4 times D G D G

(et - ted by the sea, (—) Cir - cled
 by the cir - cus sands (—) With all
 mem - o - ry and fate (—) Driv - en
 deep be - neath the waves. Let me for - get a - bout to - day un - til to -

Verses 2, 3, 4

A

2. un - der it.
 3. chas - in'.
 4. mor - row.

Go back to Refrain

Lover Of The Bayou

Words & Music by
ROGER McGUINN
& JACQUES LEVY



Cat-fish pie ——— in a gris gris bag I'm the lov - er of — the Ba -

Am G F E(sus4)

- you. Mark your door-step with a half wet rag,

Am G

I'm the lov - er of the Ba-you.— Raised and swam ——— with the

F E(sus4) Am Am

croc-i-dile, Snake-eye taught me the Mo -jo style,

G F E(sus4) Am

suck-ingweed on chick-en bile, I'm the lov-er of the

Am G F E(sus4)

Ba -you -.

Am Am G F E(sus)

Well, I learned the key to the mas-ter lock,

Am E7 Am G

I learned to float in the wa-ter clock,

Learned to cap-ture the

light-ning shock, —

I'm the lov-er of the Ba-you —

And I got cat's an'teeth and hair for sale —,

I'm the lov-er of the

Ba-you -

Bar - on Zom - be is on your tail —,

I'm the lov-er of the Ba-you -.

I cooked the bat in the gum-bo pan,

F E(sus4) Am Am G

Drank the blood from a rust-y can,

Turned me in-to the

F E Am Am

Hon-ga man-,

I'm the lov-er of the Ba-you -.

G F E(sus4) Am

Hon-ga man-,

I'm the lov-er of the Ba-you -.

Am G F E(sus) Am

The Midnight Special

New Words & New Music Adaptation by

HUDDIE LEDBETTER

Edited with new additional material by

John A. Lomax & Alan Lomax

With a steady beat

1. "Yon-der come Miss - a Ro - sie - How in the world do you

know?" Well, I know her by the a - pron - And the dress she

wore, Um - be - rel - la on her shoul - der, - Piece of pa - per in her hand;

Well, she's gon - na tell the gov - 'nor, Please turn a - loose - a my man.

Chorus

Let the mid - night spe - cial - Shine its light on me;

Chord markings: G, C, C7, D, D7, G7, G, D7, G, C, C7, G.

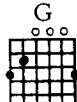
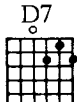
Tempo/Volume markings: *mp*, *mf*.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the voice part, with piano accompaniment in the right and left hands. The lyrics are: "Let the mid - night spe - cial Shine its ev - er - lov - in' light on me... 2. When you wake up in the light on me...". The score includes two systems. The first system has three measures with chords D, D7, and C7 indicated above the voice line. The second system is divided into "For repeat" and "Last time" sections, both with chords G, C, and G indicated above the voice line. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings *mp* and *f*, and a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure.

2. (Verse)
 When you wake up in the mornin',
 When the ding-dong ring.
 Go marchin' to the table,
 Meet the same old thing.
 Knife and fork on the table,
 Nothin' in my pan;
 Ever say anything about it,
 Have trouble with the man.
 (Chorus)
3. (Verse)
 If you ever go to Houston,
 Boy, you better walk right,
 Well, you better not squabble,
 And you better not fight.
 Bason and Brock will arrest you,
 Payson and Boone will take you down;
 The judge will sentence you,
 And you Sugarland bound.
 (Chorus)
4. (Verse)
 Well, jumpin' li'l' Judy
 Was a mighty fine girl,
 Well, Judy brought jumpin'
 To this whole round world.
 Well, she brought it in the mornin'
 Just awhile before day,
 And she brought me the news
 That my wife was dead.
 (Chorus)
5. (Verse)
 That started me to grievin',
 Whoopin', hollerin', and a-cryin',
 Then I began to worry
 'Bout my great long time.
 (Chorus)


Mr. Spaceman

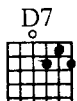
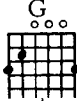
Words & Music by
JIM MCGUINN

Moderately  

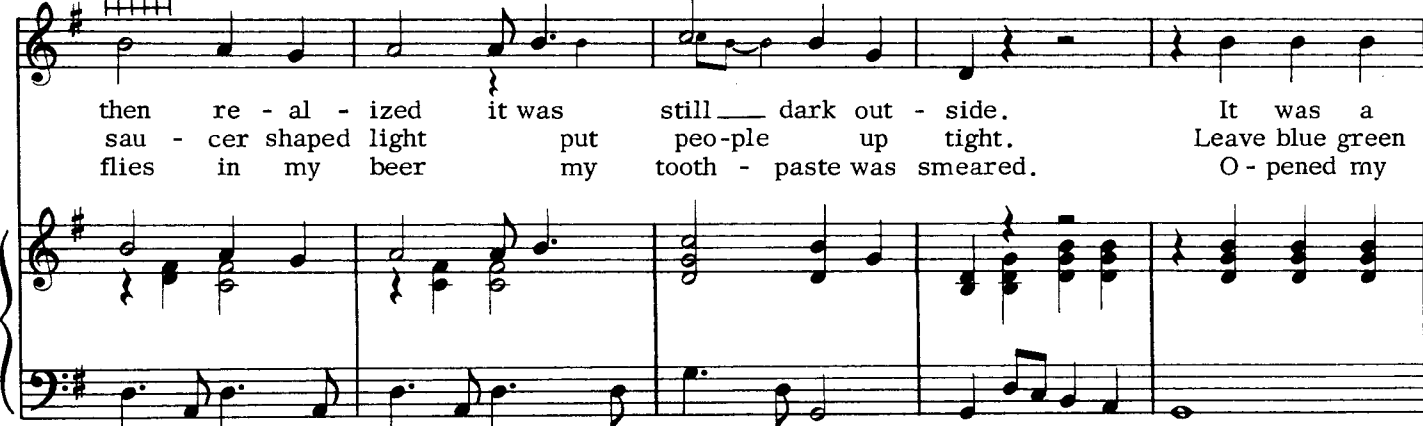
mp

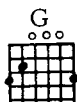
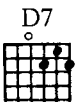
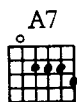
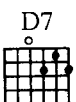
1. Woke up this morn - ing with light in my eyes and
 2. Must be those strang - ers that come ev - 'ry night whose
 3. Woke up this morn - ing I was feel - ing quite weird, had




 

then re - al - ized it was still — dark out - side. It was a
 sau - cer shaped light put peo - ple up tight. Leave blue green
 flies in my beer my tooth - paste was smeared. O - pened my



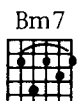
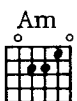
   


light com - in' down from the sky. I don't know who or
 foot prints that glow in the dark. I hope they get home all
 win - dow they'd writ - ten my name, said so long we'll see you a -



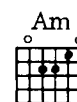



1.  why.  2. 3.  right. gain.  Hey _____

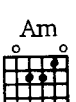
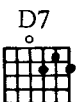
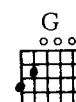



  _____ Mis-ter Space - man, _____ won't you please take me a - long and I




 won't do an - y-thing wrong.  Hey _____  Mis-ter Space - man _____



   _____ won't you please take me a - long for the ride. *D.S. Lyric 3 to Fine* 

(Fine)

(Fine)



Old Blue

Traditional
Arrangement by
ROGER McGUINN

The musical score for 'Old Blue' is presented in a standard format with a piano accompaniment and a vocal melody. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and a more active treble line. The vocal melody is simple and easy to sing. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words in parentheses indicating optional phrasing. The score includes a first ending bracket at the top right and a second ending bracket at the bottom left. Chord symbols (Eb, Bb7) are placed below the piano accompaniment to indicate the harmonic structure.

1

2

(1) Well I had an old dog and his name was Blue —

Yes I had an old dog and his name was Blue —

Well I had an old dog and his name was Blue — Bet-cha five doll-ars he's a

Chord symbols: Eb, Bb7

good dog too.

Bb7 Eb

1 2 %

(2) Oh Blue chased a poss-um up a hol - ler limb _____
 (3) Old Blue died _____ he died so hard _____ he

Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb Eb

Blue chased a poss-um up a holl-er limb, — Blue chased a poss-um up a
 shook the ground up in my back yard. We low-ered him down — with a

Bb7 Eb

holl-er limb, — The poss-um growled, — Blue whined — at him.
 gold-en chain, — And ev' - ry link — we called — his name.

Bb7 Eb

Eb
 Chorus
 Bye bye Blue
 Eb Cm
 You good dog you
 Ab Eb CODA
 D.%. Twice
 (3) When (to & CODA 2nd time)
 Bb7 Eb
 Bb7 Eb

Verse 4. My Old Blue he was a good old hound
 You'd hear him holler miles around,
 When I get to heaven first thing I'll do
 Is grab my horn and call for Blue.

Chos:- Bye bye Blue etc.

Renaissance Fair

Words & Music by
DAVID CROSBY
& JIM McGUINN

Moderately

f

mf

Em

I think that may - be I'm dream - in',

Bm Em Bm

I smell cin - na - mon and spic - es.

Em Bm Em Bm

I hear mu - sic ev - 'ry - where, All a - round ka - lei - do - scope of col - or.

Em A Em Am (tacet)

— the la-dies flash-in', Eyes catch on — a shin-y pri-sm.

(tacet) Em Bm Em

Hear ye the cry-in' of the ven-dors, Fruit for sale, wax

Bm Em Bm Em

can-dles for to— burn. Fires flare soon — it will be night fall. I think that may—

Em Bm Em Bm Em

be I'm dream-in', I think that may - be I'm dream-in', I think that may - be I'm dream-in'.

poco rit.

So You Want To Be A Rock 'N' Roll Star

Words & Music by
JIM McGUINN &
CHRIS HILLMAN

Moderate beat

f

mf

C D C D C D

So You Want To Be A Rock 'N' Roll Star then lis - ten now to what I've

C D C D C D

got to say, Just get an e - lec - tric gui - tar and

C D C D G

take some time and learn how to play. And when your hair's

A D7 G

— combed right_ and your pants fit tight_ it's gon-na be all right._

C D C D C D

Then it's time to go_ down town_ where the a-gent man_ won't

C D C D C D

let you down_ Sell your soul to the com-pa-ny_ who are

C D C D G

wait-ing there_ to sell plas-tic ware._ And in a week_

A D7 G

— or two — if you make the charts — the girls-'ll tear you a - part. —

C D C D C D

The price you paid for your rich - es and fame, — Was it a strange game? — You're a

C D C D C D

lit - tle in - sane. — All the mon - ey that came and the pub - lic ac - claim, — Don't for -

Repeat and fade

C D C D

get who you are, — You're a rock 'n' roll star. — Don't for -

Take A Whiff (On Me)

Words & Music by
ROGER McGUINN &
CLARENCE WHITE

Moderato



Take a whiff, take a whiff, take a whiff on — me —

D

Oh, Bird - ie take a whiff on me. — Hey, hey, —

B

E

To Coda ♢

1.

2.

Ba-by take a whiff on me. —

Take a

A

Went down the corn - er — Fourth Street and Main, - Try-ing to get some

A D

good co — caine. Oh! Oh! — Ba -by take a whiff on me-

E

- Take a whiff, take a whiff, take a whiff on- me —

A D

Oh, Bird - ie take a whiff on me. — Hey, hey, —

B E

1. Ba-by take a whiff on me. ———— 2. Take a

A D

Con-cave for hors-es and not from men, - Doc-tor says it kills you but he

A D

don't know when. ——— Hey, hey ——— Ba-by take a whiff on me. ———

E A

Take a

D.S. al Coda

⊕ CODA

A

This Land Is Your Land

Words & Music by
WOODY GUTHRIE

Moderately Bright

Chorus

G D G7 C

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND —

D7 G D7 Am7 D7 G

— This land is my land — from Cal - i - for - nia — to the New York is - land —

D G7 C D7 G

— From the red wood for - est — to the Gulf Stream wa - ters; —

D7

1.2.3. (to Verses) 4. (Fing) G Am7 G

This land was made for you and me. — me. —

Verses

G D7 G7 C D7 G

1. As I was walk - ing that rib - bon of high - way
 2. I've roamed and ram - bled and I fol - lowed my foot - steps
 3. When the sun comes shin - ing and I was stroll - ing

p

D7 Am7 D7 G

— I saw a - bove me that end - less sky - way
 — to the spark - ling sands of her dia - mond de - serts
 — and the wheat - fields wav - ing and the dust clouds roll - ing

D7 G7 C D7 G

— I saw be - low me that gold - en val - ley
 — And all a - round me a voice was sound - ing
 — As the fog was lift - ing a voice was chant - ing

D7 G D G7

This land was made for you and me.
 This land was made for you and me. THIS LAND IS
 This land was made for you and me.

Turn! Turn! Turn!

(TO EVERYTHING THERE IS A SEASON)

Words: Book of Ecclesiastes

Adaptation & Music by

PETE SEEGER

Moderately (not too fast)

REFRAIN



To ev - 'ry - thing (turn,

f *mf*

C F

turn, turn) There is a sea - son (turn, turn, turn) And a

C F C F C F6

To Verses 1, 2, 3 and 4 Fine

time for ev - 'ry pur - pose un - der heav - en. heav - en.

G7 C C

VERSE 1

A time to be born, a time to die; a time to plant, a time to

mp

C G7 C G7

reap; A time to kill, a time to heal; a time to laugh, a time to

C G7 C G7

D. S. al Verse 2 3/4 VERSE 2

weep. To ev-ry A time to build up, a time to break

C C G7

mf *mp*

down; a time to dance, a time to mourn; A time to cast a-way

C G7 C G7

D. S. al Verse 3 3/4

stones, a time to gath-er stones to- geth- er. To ev-ry-

C F G7 C

mf

VERSE 3

A time of love, a time of hate; a time of war, a time of peace; A

mp

C G7 C G7 C

D. S. al Verse 4

time you may em-brace, a time to re-frain from em-brac-ing. To ev-'ry-

mf

G7 C F G7 C

VERSE 4

A time to gain, a time to lose; a time to rend, a time to sew; A time to love, a time to

mp

C G7 C G7 C G7

D. S. al Fine

hate; a time for peace, I swear it's not too late. To ev-'ry-

mf

C F G7 C

You Won't Have To Cry

Words & Music by
GENE CLARK &
JIM McGUINN

Moderately

Oh you know it makes me sad — to see you feel — so

bad, But it's — hap-pened to you man - y times — be - fore. —

But — if you will come — with me — then girl, — you will see —

that You Won't Have To Cry — an - y - more. —

Chords: C, F, Em, G, Am, D, G7, G9, Dm7, C6, D7, G7

Dynamic: *mf*

G⁹ C F Em

There's no rea - son to feel blue — be - cause of what he says to you. —

G F Am D

And I — would - n't want — to see you hurt — no more. —

G⁷ G⁹ C F Em

I could nev - er do you wrong — 'cause my love for you's — too

Dm⁷ C⁶ F D⁷ C

strong and You Won't Have — To Cry — an - y - more. —

Gm⁷ C⁷ Bb C C⁷

Oh I saw you there — with tears — in your eyes —

F B \flat G7 C F
 be - cause he told you so man - y, man - y

G G7 C F Em
 lies. Oh you know it is - n't right to put your - self up tight

G F Am D
 by think - in' 'bout the things he's done be - fore.

G7 C F Em
 Just trust the love in me and girl you will see

Dm7 F Dm F
 that You Won't Have To Cry, No, You Won't Have To Cry

D F D C C7
 No, You Won't Have To Cry an - y - more.

GUITAR

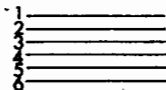
THE BYRDS

GUITAR SECTION

The songs in this book give a fair cross-section of their early material to the things they are into by the time this book is published. The Byrds' later work has a very definite country feel, notably due to the addition of Clarence White, who is a fine player in this field. Although this style is in contrast to the folkier sound they produced in their early days, McGuinn's "Mr. Tambourine Man" sound and style are still very much in evidence.

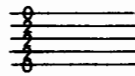
The introductions to most of the songs establish the feel and rhythmic pattern and these are given in tablature form, together with words, standard chord changes and chord diagrams where necessary,

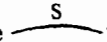

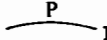
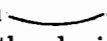
As regards the tablature, the written phrasing is conventional but the method of notation is not. The six lines represent each string of the guitar, i.e.



and the numbers given on the string denote where it is fretted.

The standard chord of A major would be notated in this way:



- 1) A tie  with the letter 's' means that the note must slur or slide to the following numbered fret.
- 2) A tie thus:  means that the following note is not sounded but held for its time value.
- 3) A tie  means that the note is "pulled off" in a slurring fashion.
- 4) The sign  over a fret number means that the note is bent higher to produce the desired effect.

Some chords are written thus: D/C# G/F# etc., and this means that a D chord is played with a C# note in the base and likewise a G chord would be played with an F# note in the base. In most cases these chords are diagrammed.

It will be necessary from time to time, to refer to the piano arrangements for all the verses of the songs and you will notice in some cases that the keys of the songs differ from those given in the guitar section. For example, the written key of "Chestnut Mare" is Eb, but by placing the Capo at the first fret, you can play it in D to retain the open sound. Where this occurs, instructions are given as to where the Capo is placed, together with the actual key.

Also, as a final note, try putting your own guitar arrangements to these songs and experiment as much as you can.

All The Things

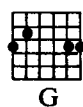
Words & Music by
ROGER McGUINN
& JACQUES LEVY

- 1) D C
See the sun, how bright it is
 G D
It never was before
 C G
See the sun, it shines right thru' my door,
But no-one's there
 D D7
I see warm smiles I never gave
 G Gm
Reflecting in the air ———
- Chorus: D C
All the things I want today
 D C D
All the things I wasted on the way.
- 2) D C
See the earth, how sweet it smells
 G D
I don't know how it feels
 C G
See the earth, it slips beneath my heels as I pass thru',
 D D7 G Gm
I see tears that I never shed in ev'ry drop of dew.
- Em D
Hear the skies singing songs I could have played,
 Am C G D
Too busy taking to prove that I was not afraid.
- 3) D C G D
See this dried up broken straw, it's turning into rot
 C G
See this dried up broken straw, forgotten, left behind
 D D7 G Gm
I see things that I never done - a - blowing in the wind.
All the things etc.

Bad Night At The Whiskey

Introduction: ("Choppy" feel)

Words & Music by
ROGER McGUINN
& JOE RICHARDS



G



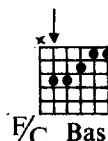
F



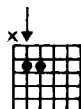
Em



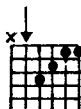
Dm



F/C Bass



Em/B



F/C



C



Am



D7



Bm

Chorus

G F
Push me off the street today

G F Em Dm F/C Em/B F/A
Look how it gets in the way _____

G F
In the darkness she pushed me in

C Em
You say that it's a sin

Am D7
We're hangin' around _____

G F
You told me not to sing today

G F Em Dm F/C Em/B F/A
You say my music gets in the way _____

G F C Em
'Cos it walks on in, just as you begin

Am D7
Bringin' my soul brothers down.

Ballad Of Easy Rider

From Motion Picture "Easy Rider"

Words & Music by
ROGER McGUINN

Introduction: Capo to 5th fret



Capo to 5th fret for these positions



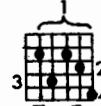
D



Dmaj7



G



Em7



A11

D Dmaj7

The river flows, it flows to the sea,

G Em7 A11

Wherever that river goes, that's where I want to be —

D G D G D

Flow — river flow, let your waters wash down,

G D Em7 A11 D

Take me from this road to some — other town.

D Dmaj7

All he wanted was to be free

G Em7 A11

And that's the way it turned out to be —

D G D G D

Flow — river flow, let your waters wash down,

G D Em7 A11 D G D

Take me from this road to some — other town.

D G D

Go, river go, past a shady tree

D G D

Flow, river flow, flow to the sea

Em7 A11 D G D

Flow, river flow, flow — to the sea —

The Bells Of Rhymney

Words by
IDRIS DAVIES

Music by
PETE SEEGER

Free '2 beat' feel

C F C D C
Oh, what will you give me, say the sad bells of Rhymney,

Bb Dm G
Is there hope for the future, cry the brown bells of Merthyr,

C B# Dm G
Who made the mine owner, say the black bells of Rhondda,

F C Dm C G C
And who robbed the miner? Cry the grim bells of Blaina.

C F C D C
They will plunder willy-nilly, cry the bells of Caerphilly,

Bb Dm G
They have fangs, they have teeth, shout the loud bells of Neath.

C Bb Dm G
Even God is uneasy, say the moist bells of Swansea,

C Dm C G C
And what will you give me, say the sad bells of Rhymney.

Birmingham Jail

New Words & New Music Adaptation by
HUDDIE LEDBETTER

Slow Folky Waltz feel



G



D



Am



Am7

G D
Hear the wind blow, boys, hear the wind blow,

Am D
Put your head out the window and hear the wind blow

G D
Write me a letter, send it by mail,

Am D G Am7 G
Address it all over that Birmingham Jail _____

Chestnut Mare

Capo to 1st fret
(Actual key Eb)

Words & Music by
ROGER McGUINN
& JACQUES LEVY

Introduction: (Ad lib tempo)

Capo to 1st fret

D D/C# D/B D/A G G/F# G/E Asus A
Always alone ——— never with a herd ———

D D/C# D/B D/A G G/F# G/E Asus A
Prettiest mare I've ever seen ——— You have to take my word ———

Chorus:

G G/F# Em7 Asus A D D/C# D/B D/A
I'm going to catch that horse if I can ———

G G/F# Em7 Asus A D D/C# D/B D/A
And when I do I'll give her my brand ———

G G/F# Em7
And we'll be friends for life

G G/F# Em7
She'll be just like a wife,

G G/F# Em7 Asus A D
I'm going to catch that horse if I can.

Drug Store Truck Drivin' Man

Words & Music by
ROGER McGUINN &
GRAM PARSONS

Introduction:

Chorus:

D A7
He's a drug store truck drivin' man,

D
He's the head of the Klu-Klux Klan

Em
When summer rolls around

A7 D
You'll be lucky if he's not in town.

D A7
Well, he's got him a house on the hill,

G D A D
He plays country records till you've had your fill

Em
He's a farmer's friend, he's an unhappy gent.

A7
But he sure does think diff'rent from the records

D
He plays. (To Chorus)

Introduction:

A A9 A A(sus) A A9 A

Repeat To Song.



A



A9



A(sus)



E



E



B7



F#m

The reason why, oh, I cannot say

I have to let you go, baby, and right away —————

After what you did, I can't stay on _____

And I'll probably feel a whole lot better when you're gone —————

Here Without You

Words & Music by
GENE CLARK

Introduction:

* (Let Bass notes ring)

(hold for 4 beats)

Em D A
 The daytime just makes me feel lonely,

 Em D C
 At night I can only dream about you _____

 Em D C D
 Girl, you're on my mind, nearly all of the time,

 C G D Em
 It's hard bein' here without you _____

 G Bm G C A
 Though I know it won't last, I'll see you some day,

 G Bm C
 It seems that the day will come never, _____

 G Bm C A
 But there's one thing I'll swear, though you're far away,

 C A F
 I'll be thinking about you forever.

Hey Joe

Words & Music by
WILLIAM M. ROBERTS

B \flat F C G
Hey Joe, where ya goin' with that gun

D
In your hand _____

B \flat F C G D
Hey Joe, where ya goin' with that gun in your hand _____

B \flat F
I'm goin' out and find my woman now

C G D
She's been runnin' 'round with some other man.

B \flat F
I said I'm goin' out and find my woman now

C G D
She's been runnin' 'round with some other man.

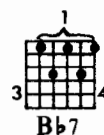
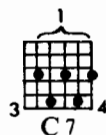
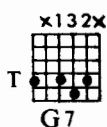
Hungry Planet

Words & Music by
ROGER McGUINN,
SKIP BATTIN &
KIM FOWLEY

Introduction: (with Flat Pick) Hard Funky Sound.

Introduction: (with Flat Pick) Hard Funky Sound.

Repeat Till Voice



G7

I'm a hungry planet, I had a youthful face

C7

G7

But people kept tryin' to take all outer space

C7

G7

Poisoning my oxygen diggin' in my skin ———

Bb7

C7

Takin' more out of my good earth ———

G7

Than they'll ever put back in ———

If I Had a Hammer

Words & Music by
LEE HAYS &
PETE SEEGER

Capo to 1st fret (Actual key: E \flat)

Introduction: Bright & Steady



Capo to 1st fret



D



G



Bm



A



A(sus)

A D A D
If I had a hammer I'd hammer in the mornin',

A
I'd hammer in the ev'nin', all over this land.

D Bm
I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out a warnin',

G D G D
I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters

G A(sus) A D
All ————— over this land.

I Knew I'd Want You

Words & Music by
GENE CLARK

Em D D7 C G
I'd like to love you - with all of my heart.

F Em A G
You've had me on your trip - right from the start —————

Em C Em
And when you looked at me - with love in your eyes

E D D7
I knew I'd want you. - Oh yeah.

Em D D7 C G
I'd like to hold you - if you want me to,

F Em A C
I've found somethin' new, girl, just by lookin' at you —————

Em C Em
And it's in your smile - and it's in the way —————

F D D7
I knew I'd want you - Oh yeah.

C G F Em
I meet so many people - I feel I don't know,

C G F D Am7 D D7
But I felt so close to you - when you said hello —————

I Trust

(Everything is gonna work out alright)

Words & Music by
ROGER McGUINN

Introduction:

Two staves of guitar tablature. The first staff contains four measures with chords C, F, C, and F. The second staff contains four measures with chords C, F, C(sus), and Ad Lib. (indicated by a 7-measure rest).

Six guitar chord diagrams: F/E Bass, Dm7, Am, Am(maj7), Am7, and D9.

C F C
In times of despair - I think about the good things that you've done ———

F F/E Dm7 C
And though you're not there ——— I sometimes ask myself, "Is anyone?" ———

Dm F G
It's hard being human - when the whole world's uptight ———

F F/E Dm7 C
But somehow I know ——— that everything is gonna work out alright.

G F C
Stick by me baby in spite of my faults

F C
That's all I want you to do

Am Am(maj7) Am7 D9
And try and help me when I'm down

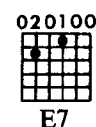
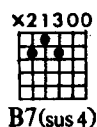
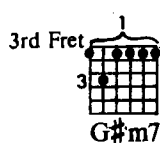
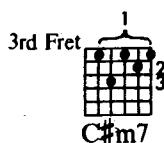
F Dm7 G
And I'll take good care of you ———

Just a Season

Words & Music by
ROGER McGUINN
& JACQUES LEVY

Chorus Introduction:

The musical notation for the Chorus Introduction consists of three staves. The first staff has chords C#m7, G#m7, A, and B7(sus). The second staff has chords E, C#m7, and G#m7. The third staff has chords A, B7(sus), and E7. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 on the strings.



Chorus: C#m7 G#m7 A B7(sus) E
If all my days was hills to climb and circles without reason,
C#m G#m7 A B7(sus) E E7
If all I was was passing time, my life was just a season.

E F#m A E
Dares and dreams and silly schemes and fillies running freely
C#m A B7
I was young and no song was sung that didn't sound appealing,
A B7 E F#m
I'd have my fun with a shy girl and maybe hop a train
A B7 E
And I'd look back at her standing in the rain.

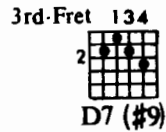
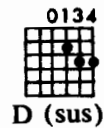
(To Chorus)

E F#m A E
Dirty hands and root beer stands and money like a river
C#m A B7
Makin' deals to see how it feels to get more than you're givin'.
A B7 E F#m
I'd have my fun with a gamblin' man and bluff him with my face,
A B7 E
And it's drinks for ev'rybody in the place.

To Chorus etc.

King Apathy III

Words & Music by
ROGER McGUINN



(Rock feel)

G F C
Grease collecting, stained glass rubies

G F C
Pillowed gently on a strand.

G F C
Bearing looks of frenzied blankness,

G F C D D D7(#9) D7
Slowing down their freebie king.

G F C
Middle class suburban children

G F C
Wearing costumes that reveal,

G F C
Blindly follow recent pipers

G F C D(sus)
With their mystical appeal - Go now.

(Soft country 2-beat feel)

D A
So I'm leavin' for the country

G D
To try and rest my head,

A
'Cos if I hang around this scene too long

G A
You know, babe, I'll be dead.

Lover Of The Bayou

Words & Music by
ROGER McGUINN
& JACQUES LEVY



Am



G



F



E (sus4)

Am G F E(sus4) Am
Catfish pie in a gris-gris bag, I'm the lover of the Bayou.

Am G F E(sus4) Am
Mark your doorstep with a half wet rag, I'm the lover of the Bayou.

Am G F
Raised and swam with the crocodile _____

E(sus4) Am
Snake Eye taught me the Mojo style

Am G
Sucking weed on chicken bile

F E(sus4)
I'm the lover of the Bayou.

(Etc.)

The Midnight Special

New Words & New Music Adaptation by
 HUDDIE LEDBETTER
 Edited with new additional material by
 John A. Lomax & Alan Lomax

Chorus:

G C C7 G
 Let the Midnight Special shine its light on me,

D
 Let the Midnight Special shine its ever lovin' light

G
 On me.

G C G
 Yonder comes Miss Rosie, how in the world do you know,

D G
 Well, I know her by her apron and the dress she wore,

G7 C G
 Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand,

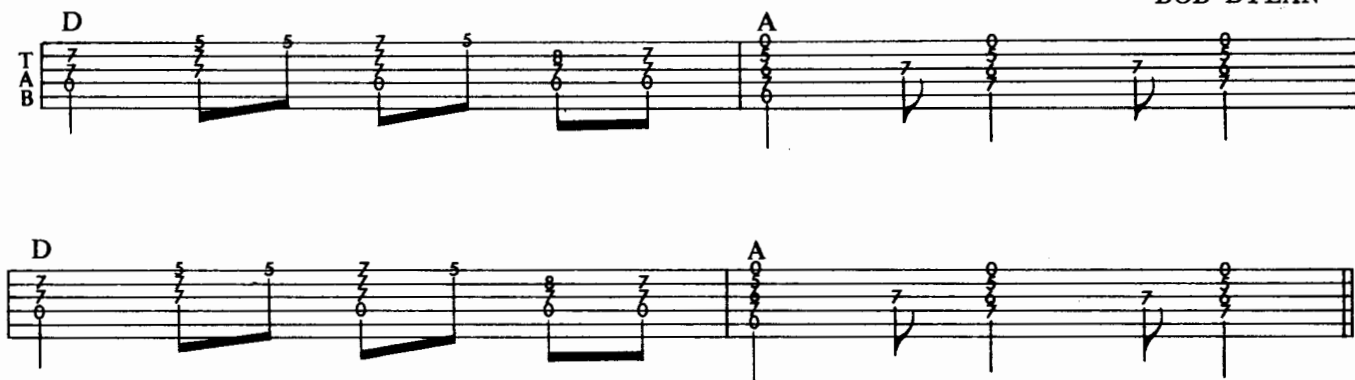
D G C G7
 Well, she's gonna tell the governor, please turn loose my man.

(To Chorus)

Mr. Tambourine Man

Introduction: (Strum Style)

Words & Music by
BOB DYLAN



G A D G
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,

D G Em A
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm goin' to ———

G A D G
Hey Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,

D G Em A D
In the jingle, jangle mornin' I'll come followin' you ———

G A D G
Take me for a trip upon your magic swirlin' ship

D G D G
My senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip,

D G D G A Asus A
My toes too numb to step, — wait only for my boot heels to be wanderin' ———

G A D G
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade,

D G D G
Into my own parade, cast your dancin' spell my way

A Asus A
I promise to go under it ———

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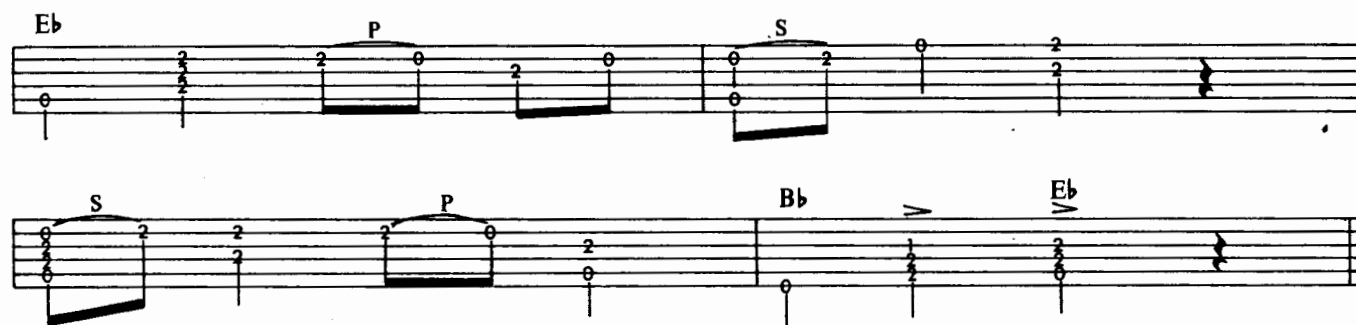
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Old Blue

Capo to 6th fret

Traditional
Arrangement by
ROGER McGUINN

Introduction: (Retain same feel throughout verses)



Capo to 6th fret



Eb



Bb



Cm



Ab

Well, I had an old dog and his name was Blue Eb Bb Eb

Yes, I had an old dog and his name was Blue Bb Eb Bb Eb

I had an old dog and his name was Blue,

Betcha five dollars he's a good dog too Bb Eb Bb Eb

Chorus:

Bye, Bye, Blue - You good dog you. Eb Cm Ab Bb Eb

Bye, Bye, Blue - You good dog you. Cm A# Bb Eb

Renaissance Fair

Words & Music by
DAVID CROSBY
& JIM MCGUINN



Em



Bm



A



Am

Em Bm
I think that maybe I'm dreamin' _____

Em Bm Em Bm
I smell cinnamon and spices, I hear music ev'rywhere

Em Bm Em
All around kaleidoscope of colour — I think that maybe

Bm
I'm dreamin' _____

A Em
Some splash on a soda prism

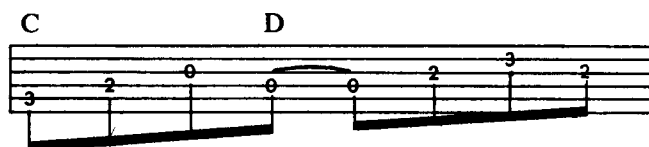
A Em
Bright jewels on the ladies flashin'

A Em Am
Eyes catch on a shiny prism. _____

So You Want To Be a Rock'n Roll Star

Words & Music by
JIM McGUINN &
CHRIS HILLMAN

Introduction:



Repeat Till Song:

C D C D
So you wanna be a rock'n'roll star

C D C D
Then listen now to what I've got to say,

C D C D
Just get an electric guitar

C D C D
And take some time an' learn how to play

G A
And when your hair's combed right

D
And your pants fit tight

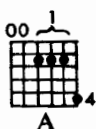
G
It's gonna be all right.

Take a Whiff (On Me)

139

Words & Music by
ROGER McGUINN &
CLARENCE WHITE

Introduction:



Chorus: D
Take a whiff, take a whiff, take a whiff on me,

B7
Oh, birdie take a whiff on me

E E11 A
Hey, Hey, Baby take a whiff on me. (Repeat)

A
Concave for horses and not for men,

D
Doctor says it kills you, but he don't know when

E A
Hey, Hey, Baby take a whiff on me ———

(To Chorus)

A
Went down the corner, Fourth street and Main

D7
Tryin' to get some good cocaine,

E A
Oh, Oh, Baby take a whiff on me ———

(To Chorus)

This Land Is Your Land

Words & Music by
WOODY GUTHRIE

Introduction:

The introduction is written for guitar. The first staff shows a G chord, a bend, and a D chord. The second staff continues the melody with G, C, and G chords, and includes the lyrics 'This land is'.

G C D G
This land is your land, this land is my land,

D Am7 D G
From California to the New York Island,

G7 C G
From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters

D G
This land was made for you and me.

Turn! Turn! Turn!

Words: Book of Ecclesiastes
Adaptation & Music by
PETE SEEGER

Introduction:- Soft Lilted feel.



*Repeat Sequence
To Song:-*



F6

Refrain:

C F C F
To everything (turn, turn, turn),

C F C F6
There is a season (turn, turn, turn).

C G C
A time to be born, a time to die;

G C
A time to plant, a time to reap;

G C
A time to kill, a time to heal;

G C
A time to laugh, a time to weep. (To refrain)

You Won't Have To Cry

Words & Music by
GENE CLARK &
JIM McGUINN

G C F Em G
Oh, you know it makes me sad to see you feel so bad,

F Am D G
But it's happened to you many times before _____

C F Em Dm7
But if you will come with me, then girl, you will see

F D G
That you won't have to cry anymore _____

G C F Em G
There's no reason to feel blue because of what he says to you _____

F Am D G
And I wouldn't want to see you hurt no more _____

C F Em Dm7
I could never do you wrong, 'cos my love for you's too strong

F D C Gm7 C7
And you won't have to cry anymore _____

Bb C C7 F
Oh, I saw you there with tears in your eyes

Bb G C F G
Because he told you so many, many lies.

DISCOGRAPHY

Mr Tambourine Man CS 9172 CL 2372 Producer Terry Melcher Engineer Ray Gerhardt Released June 21 1965	Side one It's No Use, The Bells of Rhymney, I'll Feel A Whole Lot Better, You Won't Have to Cry, Spanish Harlem Incident, We'll Meet Again Side two Chimes of Freedom, Don't Doubt Yourself Baby, Here Without You, Mr Tambourine Man, I Knew I'd Want You, All I Really Want to Do Personnel Gene Clark tambourine, Mike Clarke drums, David Crosby rhythm guitar, Chris Hillman bass, Jim McGuinn 12-string guitar
Turn! Turn! Turn! CS 9254 CL 2454 Producer Terry Melcher Engineer Ray Gerhardt Released December 6 1965	Side one Turn! Turn! Turn!, It Won't Be Wrong, I Set You Free This Time, Lay Down Your Weary Tune, He Was a Friend of Mine Side two The World Turns All Around Her, Satisfied Mind, If You're Gone, The Times They Are A-Changin', Wait and See, Oh! Susannah Personnel Gene Clark tambourine, Mike Clarke drums, David Crosby rhythm guitar, Chris Hillman bass, Jim McGuinn 12-string guitar
Fifth Dimension CS 9349 CL 2549 Producer Allen Stanton Engineer Tom May Released July 18 1966	Side one 5 D, Wild Mountain Thyme, Mr Spaceman, I See You, What's Happening?, I Come and Stand at Every Door Side two Eight Miles High, Hey Joe, Captain Soul, John Riley, 2-4-2 Fox Trot (The Lear Jet Song) Personnel Mike Clarke drums, David Crosby rhythm guitar, Chris Hillman bass, Jim McGuinn 12-string guitar, Van Dyke Parks piano on 5 D
Younger Than Yesterday CS 9442 CL 2642 Producer Gary Usher Engineers Roy Halee, Don Thompson Released February 6 1967	Side one So You Want to Be a Rock and Roll Star, Have You Seen Her Face, CTA 102, Renaissance Fair, Time Between, Everybody's Been Burned Side two Thoughts and Words, Mind Gardens, My Back Pages, The Girl With No Name, Why Personnel Mike Clarke drums, David Crosby rhythm guitar, Chris Hillman bass, Clarence White guitar, Jim McGuinn 12-string guitar
The Byrds' Greatest Hits CS 9516 CL 2716 Released August 7 1967 Re-released July 21 1969	Side one Mr Tambourine Man, I'll Feel A Whole Lot Better, The Bells of Rhymney, Turn! Turn! Turn!, All I Really Want to Do, Chimes of Freedom Side two Eight Miles High, Mr Spaceman, Fifth Dimension, So You Want to Be a Rock and Roll Star, My Back Pages Personnel Gene Clark tambourine, Mike Clarke drums, David Crosby rhythm guitar, Chris Hillman bass, Jim McGuinn 12-string guitar Producers Terry Melcher (Side one), Gary Usher (My Back Pages and So You Want to Be a Rock and Roll Star), Allen Stanton Engineers Ray Gerhardt (Side one), Roy Halee and Don Thompson (My Back Pages and So You Want to Be a Rock and Roll Star), Tom May
The Notorious Byrd Brothers CS 9575 CL 2775 Producer Gary Usher Engineers Roy Halee and Don Thompson Released January 15 1968	Side one Artificial Energy, Goin' Back, Natural Harmony, Draft Morning, Wasn't Born to Follow, Get To You Side two Change Is Now, Old John Robertson, Tribal Gathering, Dolphins Smile, Space Odyssey Personnel Mike Clarke drums, Chris Hillman bass, Jim McGuinn 12-string guitar
Sweetheart of the Rodeo CS 9670 Producer Gary Usher Engineers Roy Halee and Charlie Bragg Released August 30 1968	Side one You Ain't Goin' Nowhere, I Am a Pilgrim, The Christian Life, You Don't Miss Your Water, You're Still On My Mind, Pretty Boy Floyd Side two Hickory Wind, One Hundred Years From Now, Blue Canadian Rockies, Life In Prison, Nothing Was Delivered Personnel Chris Hillman bass and mandolin, Kevin Kelley drums, Roger McGuinn 12-string guitar, Gram Parsons guitar Also Earl P Ball piano, Jon Corneal drums, Lloyd Green steel guitar, John Hartford banjo and guitar, Roy M Huskey bass, Jaydee Maness steel guitar, Clarence White guitar
Dr Byrds and Mr Hyde CS 9755 Producer Bob Johnston Engineers David Diller, Tom May and Neil Wilburn Released March 5 1969	Side one This Wheel's on Fire, Old Blue, Your Gentle Way of Loving Me, Child of the Universe, Nashville West Side two Drug Store Truck Drivin' Man, King Apathy III, Candy, Bad Night at the Whiskey, Medley: My Back Pages, B.J. Blues, Baby What Do You Want Me To Do? Personnel Roger McGuinn 12-string guitar, Gene Parsons drums, Clarence White 6-string guitar, John York bass
Preflyte (Together Records) ST-T-1001 Producer Jim Dickson Re-mix Engineer Keith Olsen Released July 29 1969	Side one You Showed Me, Here Without You, She Has a Way, The Reason Why, For Me Again, Boston Side two You Movin', The Airport Song, You Won't Have to Cry, I Knew I'd Want You, Mr Tambourine Man Personnel Gene Clark tambourine, Mike Clarke drums, David Crosby rhythm guitar, Chris Hillman bass, Jim McGuinn 12-string guitar
The Ballad Of Easy Rider CS 9942 Released November 10 1969 Producer Terry Melcher Associate Producer Jerry Hochman Engineer Jerry Hochman	Side one Ballad of Easy Rider, Fido, Oil In My Lamp, Tulsa County, Jack Tarr the Sailor Side two Jesus is Just Alright, It's All Over Now, Baby Blue, There Must Be Someone, Gunga Din, Deportees, Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins Personnel Roger McGuinn 12-string guitar, Gene Parsons drums, Clarence White 6-string guitar, John York bass
The Byrds (Untitled) G 30127 Producers Terry Melcher & Jim Dickson Engineer Chris Hinshaw Released September 14 1970	Side one (in concert) Lover of the Bayou, Positively 4th Street, Nashville West, So You Want To Be a Rock and Roll Star, Mr Tambourine Man, Mr Spaceman Side two (in concert) Eight Miles High Side three Chestnut Mare, Truck Stop Girl, All the Things, Yesterday's Train, Hungry Planet Side four Just a Season, Take a Whiff, You all Look Alike, Well Come Back Home Personnel Skip Battin bass, Roger McGuinn 12-string guitar, Gene Parsons drums, harmonica, guitar, Clarence White guitar, mandolin, Byron Berline fiddle, Terry Melcher piano, Sneaky Pete Kleinow steel guitar



