

REMOTE REHEARSAL 3/1/21

(2 or more songs on a line can be found on my “2 Page Medleys” page)

Counting Flowers On the Wall

Blue On Blue-no key change

Cover of the Rolling Stone (enclosed)

Sylvie:

Belle of the Blues

Danny Boy-with key change-let’s see who can hit that F#!

Bye Bye Blackbird

Stan:

Swinging On a Star

Wouldn’t It Be Loverly

Till There Was You (enclosed)

Joanne:

When Will I Be Loved-D (enclosed)

That’s an Irish Lullaby

Peter M:

Rainy Day Woman #12 & 35-Dylan (enclosed)

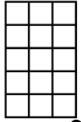
Build Me Up, Buttercup

Kisses Sweeter Than Wine

Roses Are Red

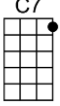
Let Your Love Flow

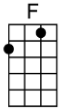
SING A



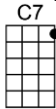
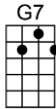
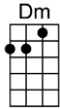
COUNTING FLOWERS ON THE WALL-Lew DeWitt

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

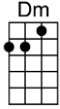
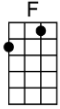
Intro:  (2 measures)



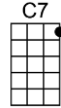
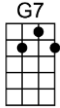
I keep hearin' you're concerned a-bout my happiness



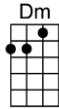
But all that thought you're givin' me is conscience, I guess



If I was walkin' in your shoes I wouldn't worry none

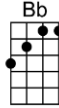


While you and your friends are worryin' about me, I'm havin' lots of fun

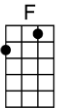


Countin' flowers on the wall, that don't bother me at all

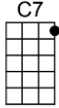
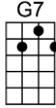
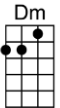
Playin' solitaire 'til dawn with a deck of fifty one



Smokin' cigarettes and watchin' Captain Kangaroo. Now don't tell me I've nothin' to do

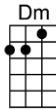
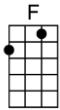


Last night I dressed in tails, pretended I was on the town

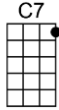
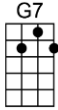


As long as I can dream it's hard to slow this swinger down

p.2. Counting Flowers On the Wall

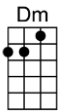
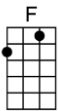


So please don't give a thought to me, I'm really doin' fine

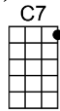
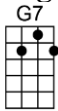


You can always find me here and havin' quite a time

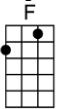
REFRAIN ("Countin' flowers.....")



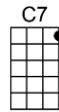
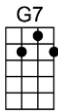
It's good to see you, I must go, I know I look a fright



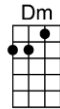
Anyway, my eyes are not ac-customed to this light



And my shoes are not accustomed to this hard concrete

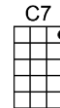
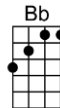


So I must go back to my room and make my day complete

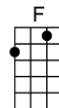
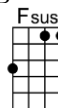
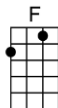
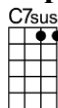
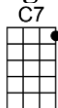


Countin' flowers on the wall, that don't bother me at all

Playin' solitaire 'til dawn with a deck of fifty one



Smokin' cigarettes and watchin' Captain Kangaroo. Now don't tell me I've nothin' to do



Don't tell me I've nothing to do

COUNTING FLOWERS ON THE WALL-Lew DeWitt

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

Intro: C7 (2 measures)

F Dm
I keep hearin' you're concerned a-bout my happiness
G7 C7
But all that thought you're givin' me is conscience, I guess
F Dm
If I was walkin' in your shoes I wouldn't worry none
G7 C7
While you and your friends are worryin' about me, I'm havin' lots of fun

Dm
Countin' flowers on the wall, that don't bother me at all

Playin' solitaire 'til dawn with a deck of fifty one
Bb C7
Smokin' cigarettes and watchin' Captain Kangaroo. Now don't tell me I've nothin' to do

F Dm
Last night I dressed in tails, pretended I was on the town
G7 C7
As long as I can dream it's hard to slow this swinger down
F Dm
So please don't give a thought to me, I'm really doin' fine
G7 C7
You can always find me here and havin' quite a time

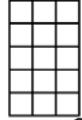
Refrain (Countin' flowers.....)

F Dm
It's good to see you, I must go, I know I look a fright
G7 C7
Anyway, my eyes are not ac-customed to this light
F Dm
And my shoes are not accustomed to this hard concrete
G7 C7
So I must go back to my room and make my day complete

Dm
Countin' flowers on the wall, that don't bother me at all

Playin' solitaire 'til dawn with a deck of fifty one
Bb C7
Smokin' cigarettes and watchin' Captain Kangaroo. Now don't tell me I've nothin' to do
C7 C7sus F Fsus F
Don't tell me I've nothing to do

SING A



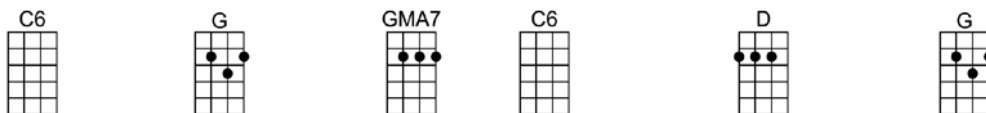
BLUE ON BLUE-Bacharach and David

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

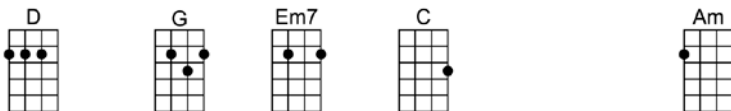
Chorus:



Blue on blue, heartache on heartache. Blue on blue now that we are through.



Blue on blue, heartache on heartache, and I find I can't get over losing you.



I walk a-long the street we used to walk, two by two, lovers pass,



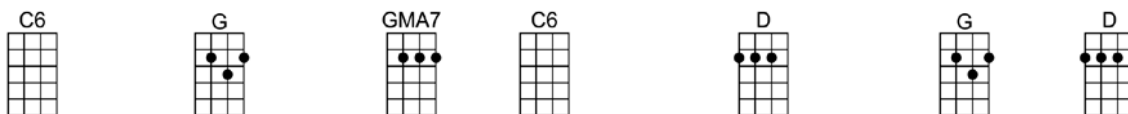
And as they're passing by, I could die, 'cause you're not here with me.



Now the trees are bare, there's sadness in the air, and I'm as blue as I can be.

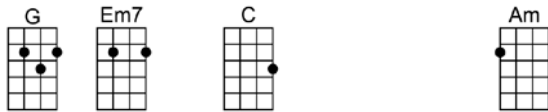


Blue on blue, heartache on heartache. Blue on blue now that we are through.

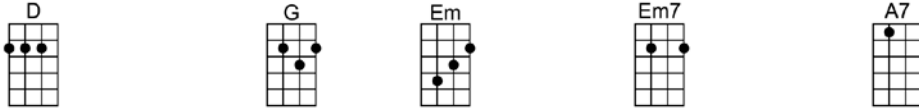


Blue on blue, heartache on heartache, and I find I can't get over losing you.

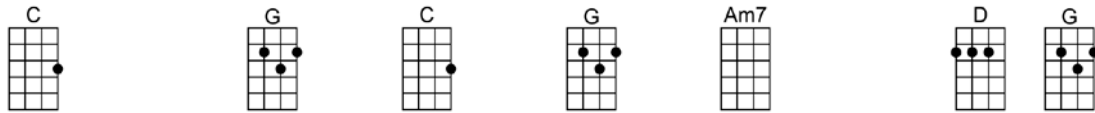
p.2. Blue On Blue



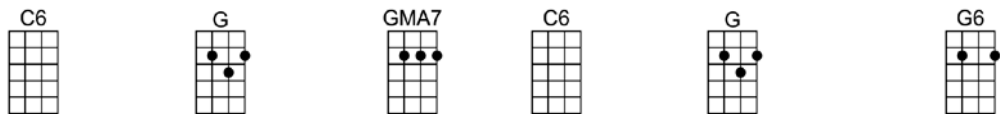
Night after lonely night, we meet in dreams, as I run to your side,



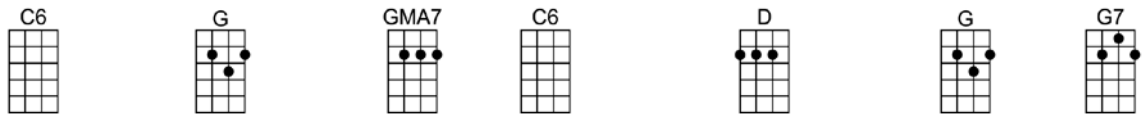
You wait with open arms, open arms that now are closed to me.



Through a veil of tears, your vision disappears, And I'm as blue as I can be.

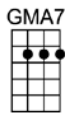


Blue on blue, heartache on heartache. Blue on blue now that we are through.



Blue on blue, heartache on heartache, and I find I can't get over losing you.

Repeat chorus, end on



BLUE ON BLUE-Bacharach and David

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

Chorus:

C6 G GMA7 C6 G G6
Blue on blue, heartache on heartache. Blue on blue now that we are through.

C6 G GMA7 C6 D G
Blue on blue, heartache on heartache, and I find I can't get over losing you.

D G Em7 C Am
I walk a-long the street we used to walk, two by two, lovers pass,

D G Em Em7 A7
And as they're passing by, I could die, 'cause you're not here with me.

C G C G Am7 D G
Now the trees are bare, there's sadness in the air, and I'm as blue as I can be.

C6 G GMA7 C6 G G6
Blue on blue, heartache on heartache. Blue on blue now that we are through.

C6 G GMA7 C6 D G D
Blue on blue, heartache on heartache, and I find I can't get over losing you.

G Em7 C Am
Night after lonely night, we meet in dreams, as I run to your side,

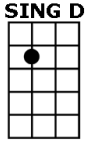
D G Em Em7 A7
You wait with open arms, open arms that now are closed to me.

C G C G Am7 D G
Through a veil of tears, your vision disap-pears, And I'm as blue as I can be.

C6 G GMA7 C6 G G6
Blue on blue, heartache on heartache. Blue on blue now that we are through.

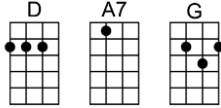
C6 G GMA7 C6 D G G7
Blue on blue, heartache on heartache, and I find I can't get over losing you.

Repeat chorus, end on GMA7



COVER OF THE ROLLING STONE

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro) -Shel Silverstein



Intro: D (4 measures)

D **A7**
Well, we're big rock singers, we got golden fingers, and we're loved everywhere we go

D
We sing about beauty, and we sing about truth, at ten thousand dollars a show

D **G**
We take all kind of pills that give us all kind of thrills, but the thrill we've never known

A7 **D**
Is the thrill that'll getcha when you get your picture on the cover of the Rollin' Stone

A7
(Rollin' Stone) Wanna see my picture on the cover

D
(Stone) Wanna buy five copies for my mother

A7 **G** **D**
(Stone) Wanna see my smilin' face on the cover of the Rollin' Stone
12

D **A7**
I got a freaky old lady, name a Cocaine Katy, who embroiders on my jeans

D
I got my poor old grey-haired daddy drivin' my limou-sine

D **G**
Now, it's all designed to blow our minds, but our minds won't really be blown

A7 **D**
Like the blow that'll gitcha when you get your picture on the cover of the Rollin' Stone

p.2. Cover of the Rolling Stone

A7

(Rollin' Stone) Wanna see my picture on the cover

D

(Stone) Wanna buy five copies for my mother

A7

G

D

(Stone) Wanna see my smilin' face on the cover of the Rollin' Stone

12

D

A7

We got a lot of little teenage blue-eyed groupies who do anything we say

D

We got a genu-wine Indian Guru who's teachin' us a better way

D

G

We got all the friends that money can buy, so we never have to be a-lone

A7

D

And we keep gettin' richer but we can't get our picture on the cover of the Rollin' Stone

A7

(Rollin' Stone) Wanna see my picture on the cover

D

(Stone) Wanna buy five copies for my mother

A7

G

D

(Stone) Wanna see my smilin' face on the cover of the Rollin' Stone

G

A7

On the cover of the Rollin' (Stone) wanna see my picture on the cover

D

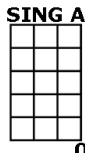
(Stone) Wanna buy five copies for my mother

A7

G

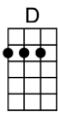
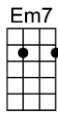
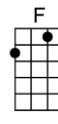
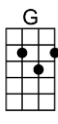
D

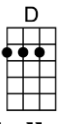
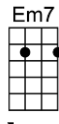
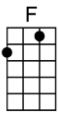
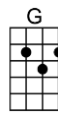
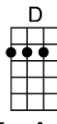
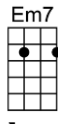
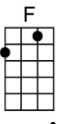
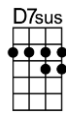
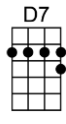
(Stone) Wanna see my smilin' face on the cover of the Rollin' Stone



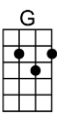
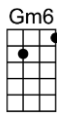
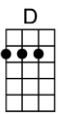
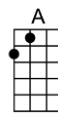
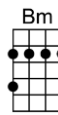
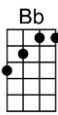
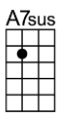
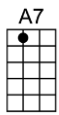
BELLE OF THE BLUES - Janis Ian

4/4 1...2...1234 (slow count)

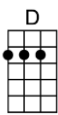
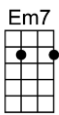
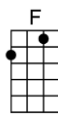
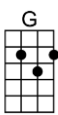
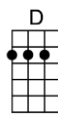
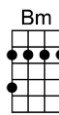
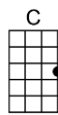
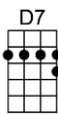
Intro: |  |  |  |  |

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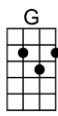
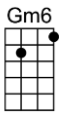
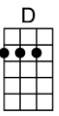
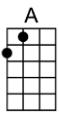
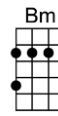
I'm the belle of the blues, and it's easy to see, if I win or I lose, it's all one to me

 |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

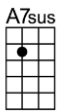
I was born on a shelf in the rare books libra - ry. I re-side by myself with my books and my T.V

 |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

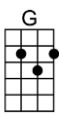
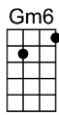
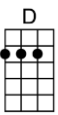
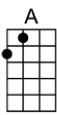
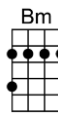
I'm an old age pension for the fossilized rou-tine. Anybody for nos-talgia, put a record on and see

 |  |  |  |  |

Here's a memory of olden days, and a heart-break grown cold

 |  |  |

All that glitters isn't gold. You get no love for free

 |  |  |  |  |

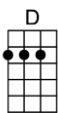
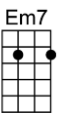
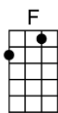
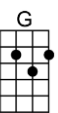
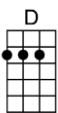
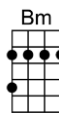
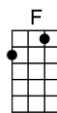
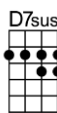
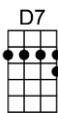
You live and you die, and I'll probably throw it a-way

 |  |  |

But in the end it's mine, and nobody has a right to say

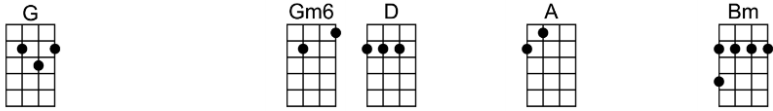
 |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

"Go down lightly, go down silent-ly". I'll go down screaming, "Give it back, it belongs to me"

 |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

I'm the belle of the blues, I'm used to mingling with the crème de la crème of higher socie-ty

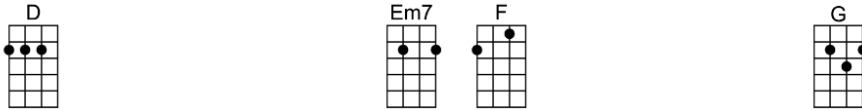
p.2. Belle of the Blues



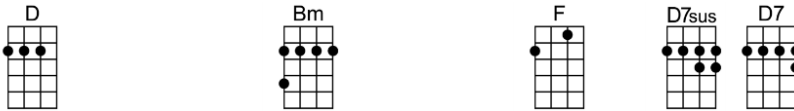
I promise them roses, and an eight-by-ten of me.



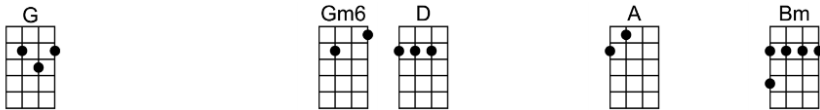
But when the party's over, they're all too glad to leave



Their children sing of sorrow. It's the same old rou-tine



They've begged and they've borrowed someone else's mise-ry



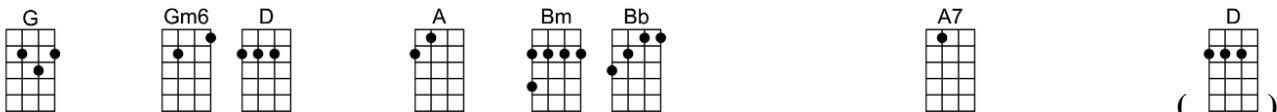
It's an easy act to follow, at least, an easy one for me



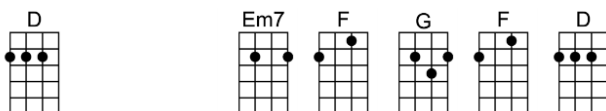
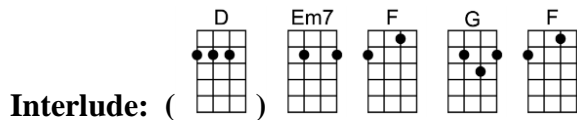
Give me my tomorrows, you can have my memo-ries



Souve-nirs from an old-fashioned school plays coquette on the pillow, like an old-fashioned fool

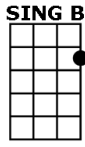


Go down lightly, go down silent-ly, you go down lonely, you go down like me



I'm the belle of the blues, mmm.....

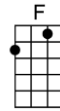
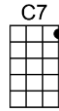
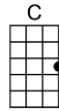
SING B



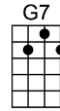
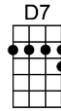
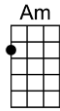
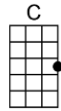
DANNY BOY

4/4 1234

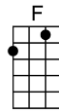
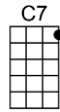
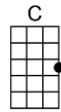
Intro:



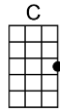
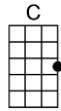
O Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,



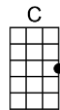
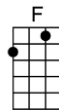
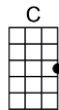
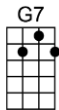
From glen to glen and down the mountain side



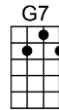
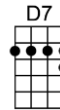
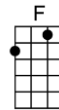
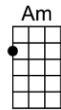
The summer's gone and all the roses falling



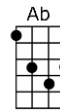
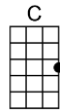
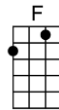
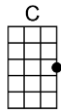
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide



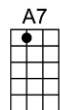
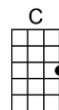
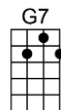
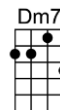
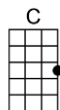
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow



Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow

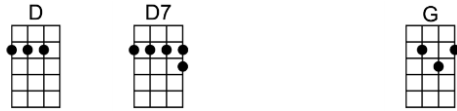


'Tis, I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow



O Danny Boy, O Danny Boy, I love you so.

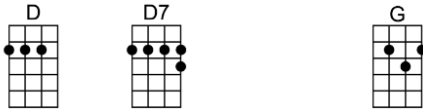
p.2. Danny Boy



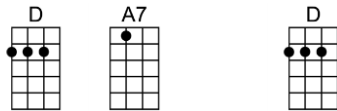
But when you come, and all the flowers are dying,



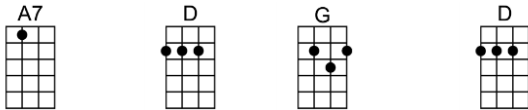
If I am dead, as dead I well may be



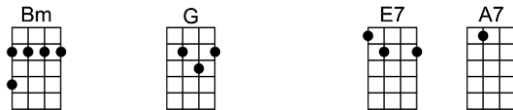
You'll come and find the place where I am lying,



And kneel, and say an Ave there for me



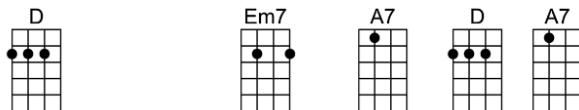
And I shall hear you softly tread a-bove me



And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be



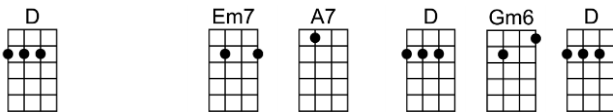
For you will bend, and tell me that you love me



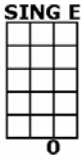
And I shall sleep in peace, un-til you come to me



For you will bend, and tell me that you love me

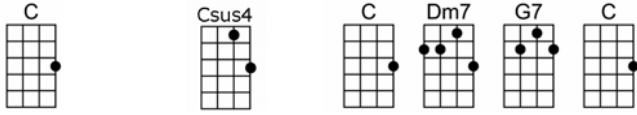


O Danny Boy, O Danny Boy, I love you so.

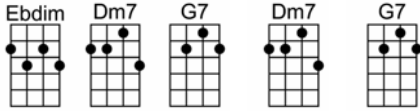


BYE BYE BLACKBIRD w. Mort Dixon m. Ray Henderson

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



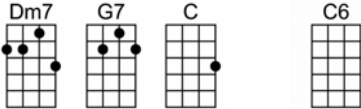
Pack up all my cares and woes, here I go singin' low



Bye bye black-bird



Where somebody waits for me, sugar's sweet, so is she



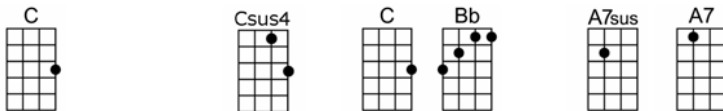
Bye bye blackbird



No one here to love and understand me



Oh what hard luck stories they all hand me

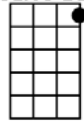


Make my bed and light the light, I'll arrive late tonight

1. repeat
 Blackbird, bye bye.
 1234 1234

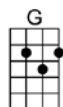
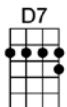
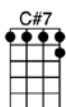
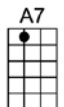
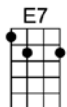
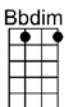
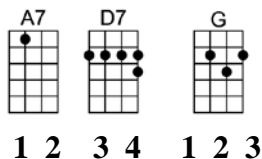
2.
 Blackbird, blackbird, blackbird, bye bye.
 1234 1234 1234 1234 1234 1234 12 34 1...

SING Bb

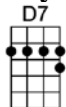
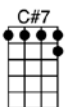
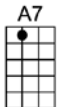
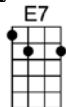
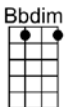


SWINGING ON A STAR

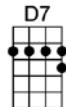
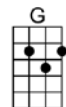
Intro:



Would you like to swing on a star? Carry moonbeams home in a jar?

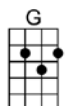
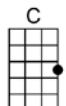
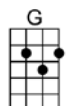
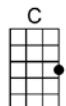
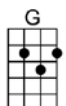
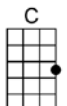
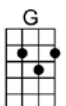


STOP



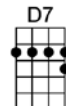
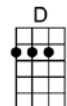
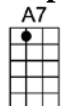
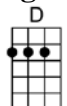
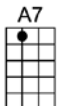
And be better off than you are?

Or would you rather be a mule?



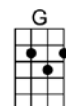
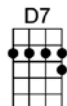
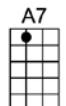
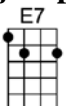
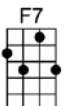
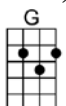
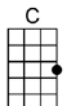
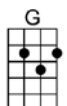
A mule is an animal with long funny ears,

Kicks up at anything he hears.



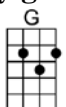
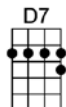
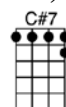
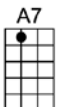
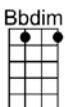
His back is brawny but his brain is weak,

He's just plain stupid with a stubborn streak.

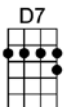
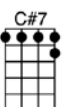
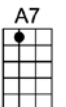
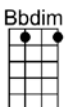


And by the way, if you hate to go to school,

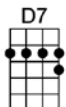
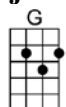
You may grow up to be a mule.



Or would you like to swing on a star? Carry moonbeams home in a jar?

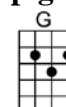
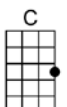
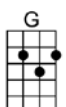
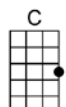
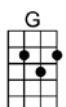
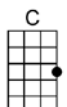
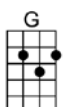


STOP

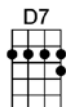
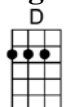
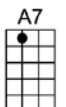
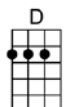
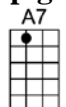


And be better off than you are?

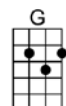
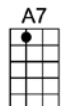
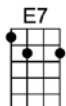
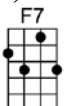
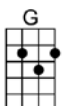
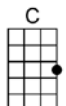
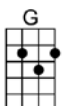
Or would you rather be a pig?



A pig is an animal with dirt on his face; his shoes are a terrible dis-grace.



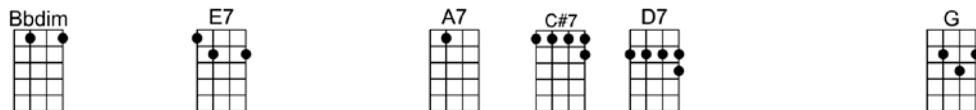
He has no manners when he eats his food, he's fat and lazy and ex-tremely rude;



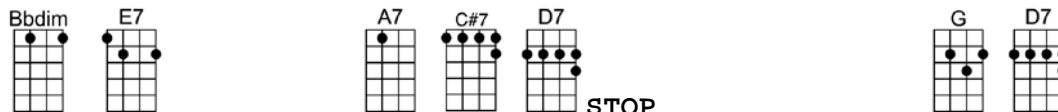
But if you don't care a feather or a fig,

you may grow up to be a pig.

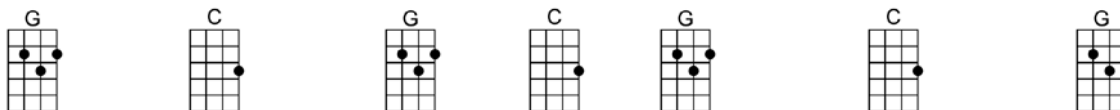
p.2 Swingin' On a Star



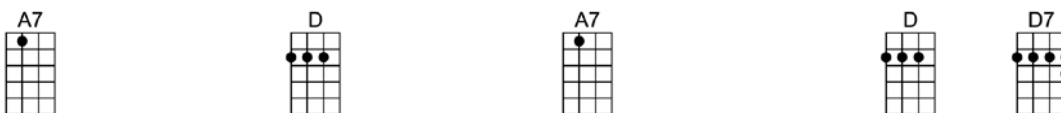
Or would you like to swing on a star? Carry moonbeams home in a jar?



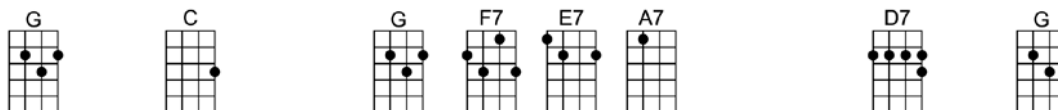
And be better off than you are? Or would you rather be a fish?



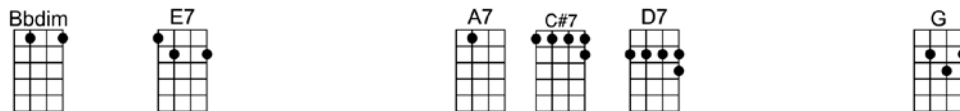
A fish won't do anything, but swim in a brook; he can't write his name or read a book.



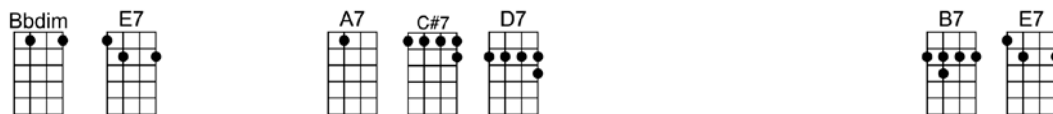
To fool the people is his only thought, and though he's slippery, he still gets caught;



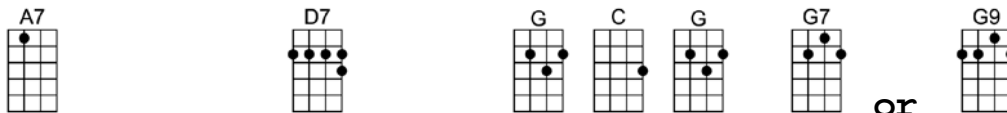
But then if that sort of life is what you wish, you may grow up to be a fish.



And all the monkeys aren't in the zoo; every day you meet quite a few.



So you see it's all up to you -- You can be better than you are,



You..could..be..swing..in'..on..a..star,

4

4

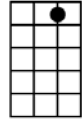
2

2

2

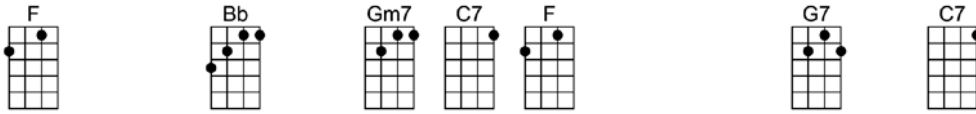
or

SING F

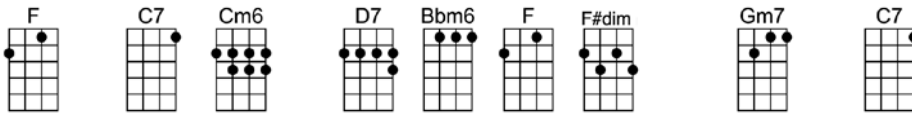


WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY

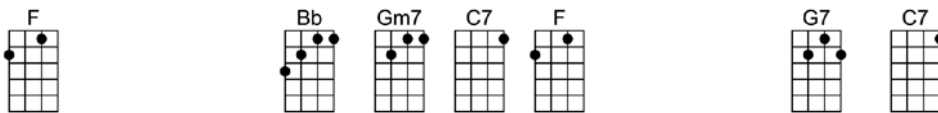
4/4 1...2...1234



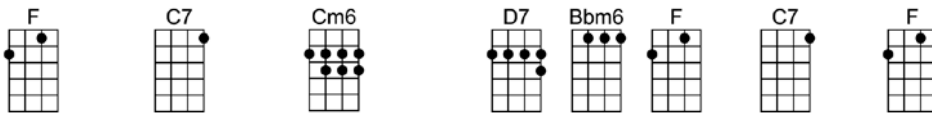
All I want is a room some-where, far away from the cold night air



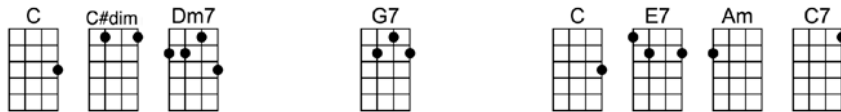
With one e-normous chair, oh, would- n't it be lovely?



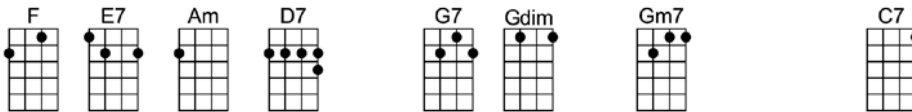
Lots of chocolate for me to eat, lots of coal makin' lots of heat



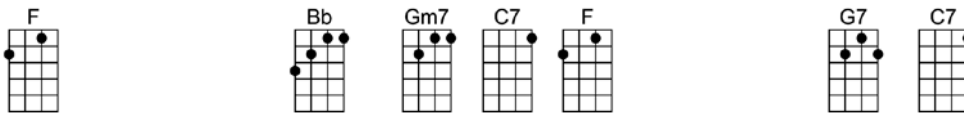
Warm face, warm hands, warm feet, oh, wouldn't it be lovely?



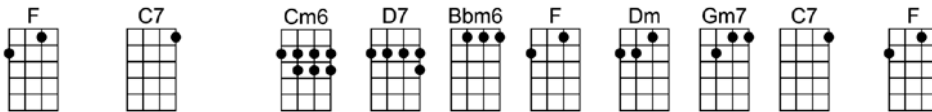
Oh, so lovely sittin' absobloomin' lute - ly still,



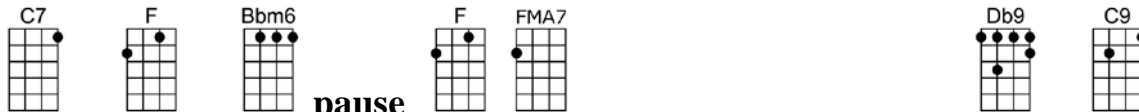
I would never budge 'til spring crept over the window sill.



Someone's 'ead restin' on my knee, warm and tender as he can be

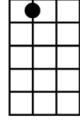


Who takes good care of me oh, would-n't it be lovely,



Lovely, lovely, lovely, lover-ly! (To repeat, after final F, hit Db9 and C9)

SING C#



TILL THERE WAS YOU - Meredith Willson

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

INTRO:

4 4 4 4 2 1 1 2 2 4 2 2

There were bells on the hill, but I never heard them ringing

No, I never heard them at all till there was you

There were birds in the sky but I never saw them winging

No, I never saw them at all till there was you

And there was music and there were wonderful roses, they tell me

In sweet fragrant meadows of dawn, and dew,

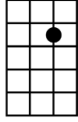
There was love all a-round, but I never heard it singing,

1. No, I never heard it at all, till there was you (repeat the song)

2. No, I never heard it at all, till there was you till there was you

Till there was you

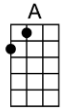
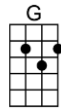
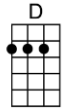
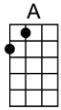
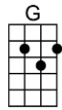
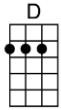
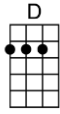
SING F#



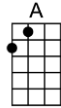
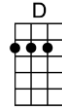
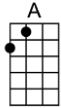
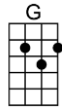
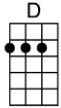
WHEN WILL I BE LOVED - Everly Brothers

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

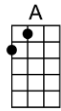
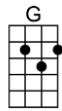
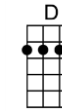
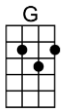
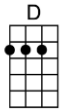
Intro:



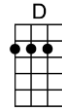
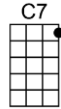
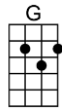
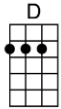
I've been made blue, I've been lied to



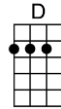
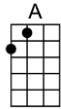
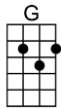
When will I be loved



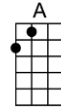
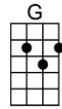
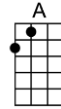
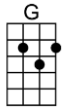
I've been turned down, I've been pushed 'round



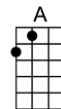
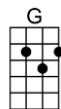
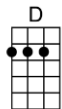
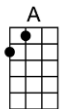
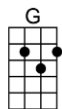
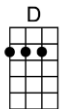
When will I be loved



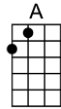
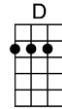
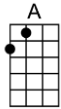
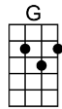
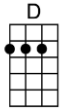
When I meet a new girl that I want for mine



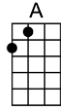
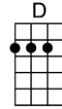
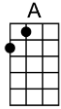
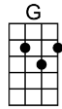
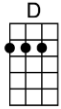
She always breaks my heart in two, it happens every time



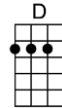
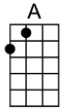
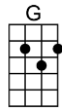
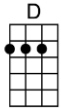
I've been cheat-ed, been mis-treat -ed



When will I be loved

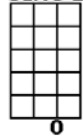


When will I be loved



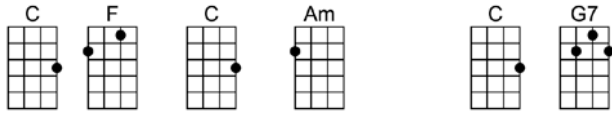
When will I be loved

SING E

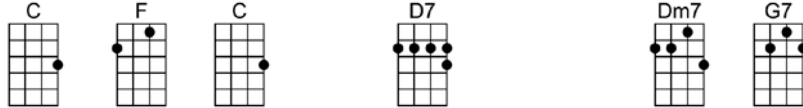


THAT'S AN IRISH LULLABY

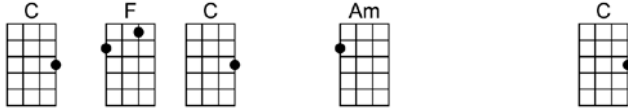
3/4 123 123



Over in Kil-larney, many years a-go



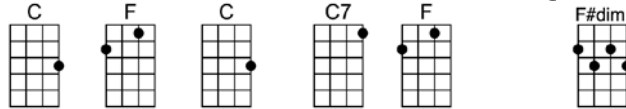
Me mother sang a song to me in tones so sweet and low



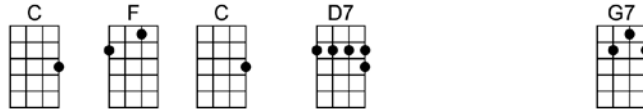
Just a simple little ditty in her good 'ould' Irish way



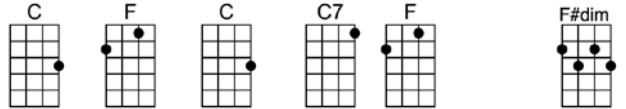
And I'd give the world if she could sing that song to me to-day.....



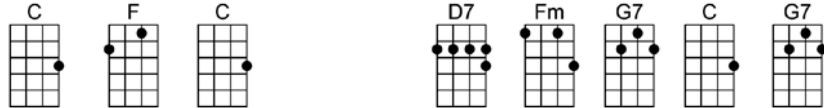
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo--ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,



Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, hush, now, don't you cry.

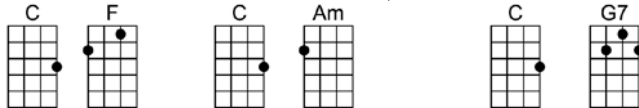


Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li

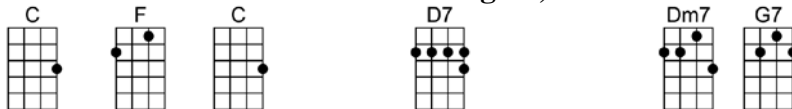


(End on C)

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, that's an Irish lull - a -by.



Oft in dreams I wander to that cot a-gain,



I feel her arms a-huggin' me as when she held me then.

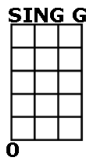


And I hear her voice a-hummin' to me as in days of yore,



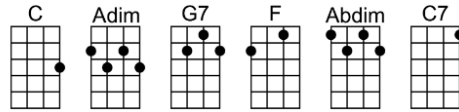
("Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral")

When she used to rock me fast asleep out-side the cabin door.



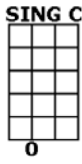
RAINY DAY WOMAN #12 & 35-Bob Dylan

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)



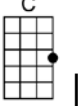
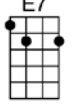
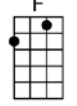
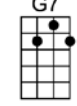

Intro: | C Adim G7 | C

C Adim G7 C
 Well, they'll stone you when you're trying to be so good
 C Adim G7 C
 They'll stone you just like they said they would
 F Abdim C7 F
 They'll stone you when you're tryin' to go home
 C Adim G7 C
 They'll stone you when you're there all a-lone
 G7 C Adim G7 C
 But I would not feel so all alone. Everybody must get stoned.
 C Adim G7 C
 Well, they'll stone you when you're walkin' down the street
 C Adim G7 C
 They'll stone you when you're tryin' to keep your seat
 F Abdim C7 F
 They'll stone you when you're walkin' on the floor
 C Adim G7 C
 They'll stone you when you're walkin' through the door
 G7 C Adim G7 C
 But I would not feel so all alone. Everybody must get stoned.
 C Adim G7 C
 Well, they'll stone you when you're at the breakfast table
 C Adim G7 C
 They'll stone you when you are young and able
 F Abdim C7 F
 They'll stone you when you're tryin' to make a buck
 C Adim G7 C
 They'll stone you and then they'll say, "Good luck"
 G7 C Adim G7 C
 But I would not feel so all alone. Everybody must get stoned.
 C Adim G7 C
 Well, they'll stone you when you walk all a-lone
 C Adim G7 C
 They'll stone you when you are walking home
 F Abdim C7 F
 They'll stone you when you're riding in your car
 C Adim G7 C
 They'll stone you when you're playing your gui-tar
 G7 C Adim G7 C
 But I would not feel so all alone. Everybody must get stoned.

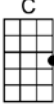
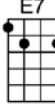


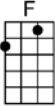
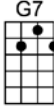
BUILD ME UP BUTTERCUP - Mike d'Abo/Tony Macaulay



4/4 1234 1 (without intro)

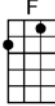
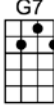
Intro: |  |  |  |  |  |

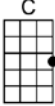
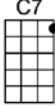
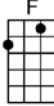

Chorus 1:

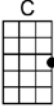
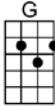
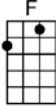
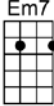
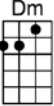
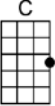
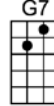
 
 Why do you build me up (build me up), Buttercup, baby

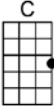
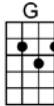

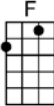

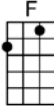
 
 Just to let me down (let me down) and mess me around

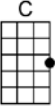
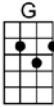
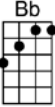
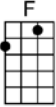
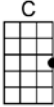
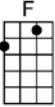
 
 And then worst of all (worst of all), you never call, baby

 
 When you say you will (say you will), but I love you still

    (CODA)
 I need you (I need you) more than anyone, darlin', you know that I have from the start.

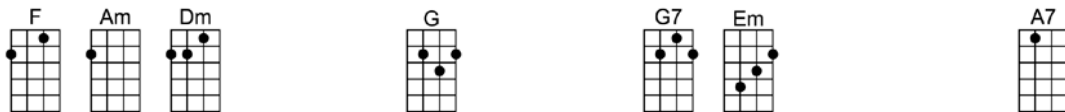
      
 So build me up Buttercup, don't break my heart

     
 "I'll be over at ten," you told me time and a-gain, but you're late, I wait a-round and then

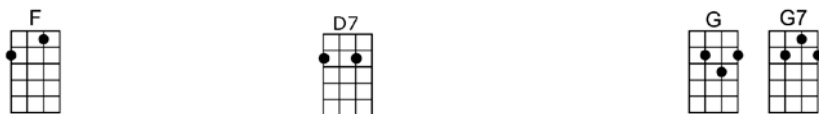
     
 I went to the door, I can't take any more, it's not you, you let me down again

p.2. Build Me Up Buttercup

Chorus 2:

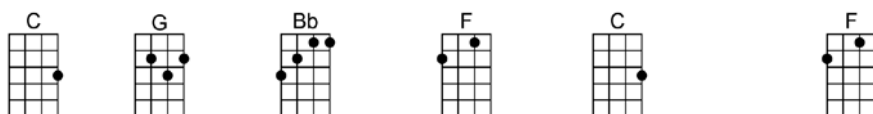


(Hey, hey, hey!) Baby, baby, try to find (Hey, hey, hey!) a little time and I'll make you happy

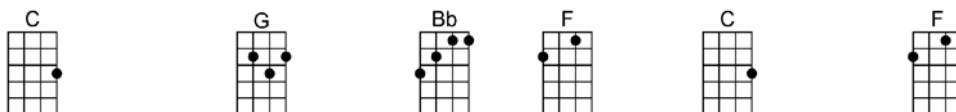


I'll be home, I'll be be-side the phone, waiting for you, 000-00-000, 000-00-000

Chorus 1



To you I'm a toy but I could be the boy you a-dore, if you'd just let me know



Al-though you're un-true, I'm at-tracted to you all the more, why do I need you so

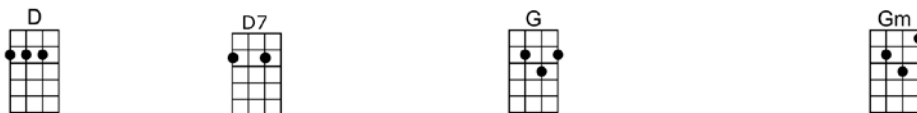
Chorus 2

Chorus 1 and CODA

CODA:



So build me up Buttercup, don't break my heart



I need you more than anyone, darlin', you know that I have from the start.



So build me up Buttercup, don't break my heart

BUILD ME UP BUTTERCUP -Mike d'Abo/Tony Macaulay

4/4 1234 1 (without intro)

Intro: | C | E7 | F | G7 | / |

Chorus 1:

C E7
Why do you build me up (build me up), Buttercup, baby
F G7
Just to let me down (let me down) and mess me around
C E7
And then worst of all (worst of all), you never call, baby
F G7
When you say you will (say you will), but I love you still
C C7 F Fm (CODA)
I need you (I need you) more than anyone, darlin', you know that I have from the start.
C G F Em7 Dm C G7
So build me up Buttercup, don't break my heart

C G Bb F C F
"I'll be over at ten," you told me time and a-gain, but you're late, I wait a-round and then
C G Bb F C F
I went to the door, I can't take any more, it's not you, you let me down again

Chorus 2:

F Am Dm G G7 Em A7
(Hey, hey, hey!) Baby, baby, try to find (Hey, hey, hey!) a little time and I'll make you happy
F D7 G G7
I'll be home, I'll be be-side the phone, waiting for you, 000-00-000, 000-00-000

Chorus 1

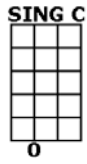
C G Bb F C F
To you I'm a toy but I could be the boy you a-dore, if you'd just let me know
C G Bb F C F
Al-though you're un-true, I'm at-tracted to you all the more, why do I need you so

Chorus 2

Chorus 1 and CODA

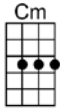
CODA:

C G A7
So build me up Buttercup, don't break my heart
D D7 G Gm
I need you more than anyone, darlin', you know that I have from the start.
D A G F#m Em7 D
So build me up Buttercup, don't break my heart

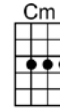
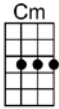


KISSES SWEETER THAN WINE-The Weavers

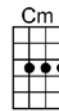
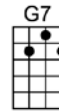
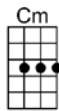
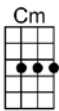
4/4



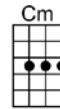
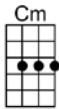
Well, when I was a young man; never been kissed, I got to thinkin' it over how much I had missed.



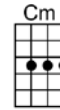
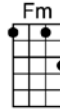
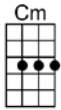
So I got me a girl and I kissed her and then, and then, oh, Lordy, well, I kissed her again, because



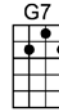
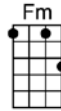
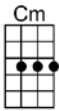
She had kisses sweeter than wine, She had, mmm, mmm, kisses sweeter than wine.



Well, I asked her to marry and to be my sweet wife, I told her we'd be so happy for the rest of our life.



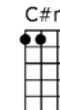
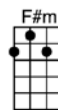
I begged and I pleaded like a natural man, and then, oh Lordy, well she gave me her hand, because



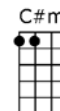
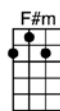
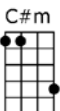
She had kisses sweeter than wine, She had, mmm, mmm, kisses sweeter than wine.



(Sweeter than wine)...



Well, we worked very hard; both me and my wife, workin' hand-in-hand to have a good life.

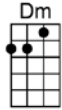


We had corn in the field and wheat in the bin, and then, oh Lord, I was the father of twins, because

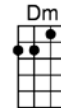
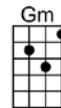
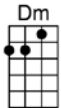
p.2. Kisses Sweeter Than Wine



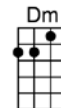
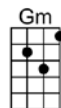
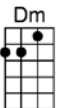
She had kisses sweeter than wine, She had, mmm, mmm, kisses sweeter than wine.



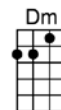
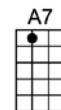
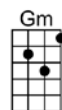
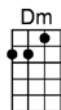
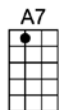
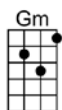
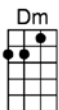
(Sweeter than wine)...



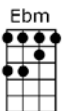
Well, our children they numbered just about four, and they all had a sweetheart a-knockin' at the door.



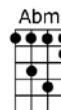
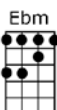
They all got married and they didn't hesitate, I was, oh Lord, the grand-father of eight, because



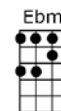
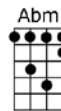
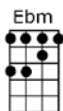
She had kisses sweeter than wine, She had, mmm, mmm, kisses sweeter than wine.



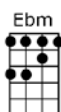
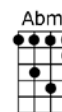
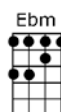
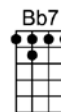
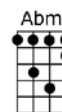
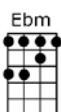
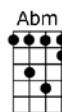
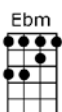
(Sweeter than wine)...



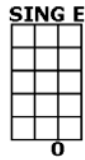
Well, now that I'm old and I'm a'ready to go, I get to thinkin' what happened, a long time ago.



Had a lot of kids, a lot of trouble and pain, but then, oh Lordy, well, I'd do it all again, because



She had kisses sweeter than wine, She had, mmm, mmm, kisses sweeter than wine!



ROSES ARE RED - Al Byron/Paul Evans

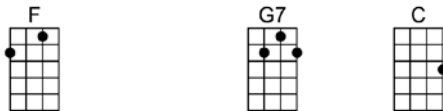
4/4 1...2...1234



Roses are red, my love... Doo doo doo doooo...



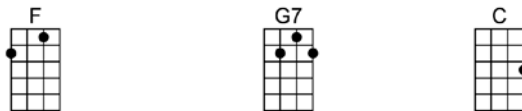
A long, long time ago, on gradu-ation day.



You handed me your book, I signed this way:



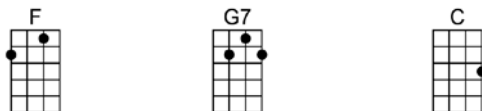
"Roses are red, my love, violets are blue.



Sugar is sweet, my love, but not as sweet as you."



We dated through high school, and when the big day came,



I wrote in-to your book, next to my name:

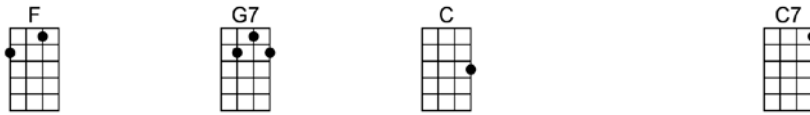


"Roses are red, my love, violets are blue.

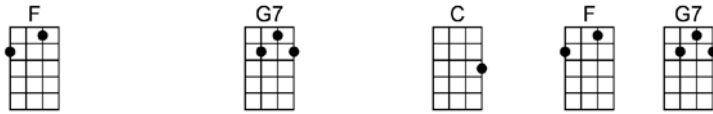


Sugar is sweet, my love, but not as sweet as you." (As sweet as you)

p.2. Roses Are Red



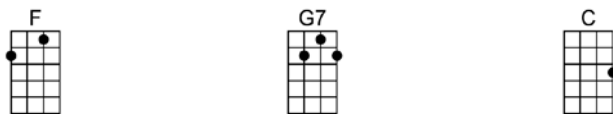
Then I went far away, and you found someone new.



I read your letter dear, and I wrote back to you:



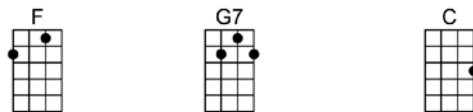
"Roses are red, my love, violets are blue.



Sugar is sweet, my love, good luck, may God bless you."



Is that your little girl? She looks a lot like you.



Someday some boy will write in her book, too:



"Roses are red, my love, violets are blue.



Sugar is sweet, my love, but not as sweet as you." (Roses are red)

ROSES ARE RED-Al Byron/Paul Evans

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

C7 F C
Roses are red, my love... Doo doo doo dooooo...

G7 C
A long, long time ago, on gradu-ation day.

F G7 C
You handed me your book, I signed this way:

F C Am
"Roses are red, my love, violets are blue.
F G7 C
Sugar is sweet, my love, but not as sweet as you."

G7 C
We dated through high school, and when the big day came,
F G7 C
I wrote in-to your book, next to my name:

F C Am
"Roses are red, my love, violets are blue.
F G7 C F C
Sugar is sweet, my love, but not as sweet as you." (As sweet as you)

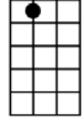
F G7 C C7
Then I went far away, and you found someone new.
F G7 C F G7
I read your letter dear, and I wrote back to you:

C7 F C Am
"Roses are red, my love, violets are blue.
F G7 C
Sugar is sweet, my love, good luck, may God bless you."

G7 C
Is that your little girl? She looks a lot like you.
F G7 C
Someday some boy will write in her book, too:

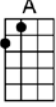
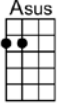
F C Am
"Roses are red, my love, violets are blue.
F G7 C F C
Sugar is sweet, my love, but not as sweet as you." (Roses are red)

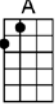
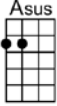
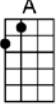
SING C#



LET YOUR LOVE FLOW - Larry Williams

4/4 1234 12 (without intro)

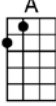
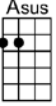
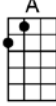
Intro: |  |  | (X2)

There's a reason, for the sunny sky, and there's a reason why I'm feeling so high

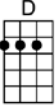
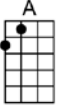
Must be the season, when that love light shines, all a-round us.

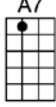
So let that feeling, grab you deep in-side, and send you reeling, where your love can't hide

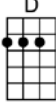
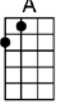
And then go stealing, through the moonlit nights, with your lover.

Just let your love flow, like a mountain stream, and let your love grow, with the smallest of dreams

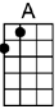
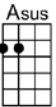
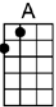
And let your love show, and you'll know what I mean, it's the season.

Oh, let your love fly like a bird on a wing, and let your love bind you to all living things

And let your love shine, and you'll know what I mean, that's the reason.

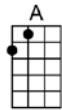
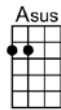
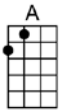
  

There's a reason, for the warm sweet nights, and there's a reason, for the candle lights

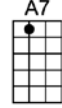
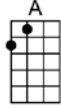
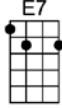
  

Must be the season, when those love lights shine, all a-round us.

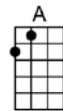
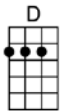
p.2. Let Your Love Flow



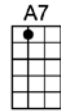
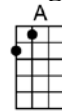
So let that wonder, take into space, and lay you under, its loving embrace



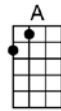
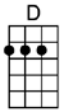
Just feel the thunder, as it warms your face, you can't hold back.



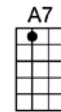
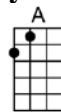
Just let your love flow, like a mountain stream, and let your love grow, with the smallest of dreams



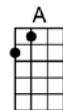
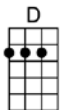
And let your love show, and you'll know what I mean, it's the season.



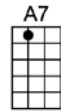
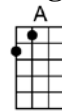
Oh, let your love fly like a bird on a wing, and let your love bind you to all living things



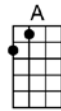
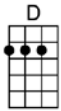
And let your love shine, and you'll know what I mean, that's the reason.



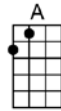
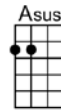
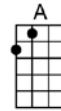
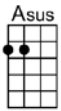
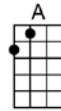
Just let your love flow, like a mountain stream, and let your love grow, with the smallest of dreams



And let your love show, and you'll know what I mean, it's the season.



Oh, let your love fly like a bird on a wing, and let your love bind you to all living things



And let your love shine, and you'll know what I mean, that's the reason, that's the reason,

LET YOUR LOVE FLOW -Larry Williams

4/4 1234 12 (without intro)

Intro: | A | Asus | (X2)

There's a reason, for the sunny sky, and there's a reason why I'm feeling so high
Must be the season, when that love light shines, all a-round us.

So let that feeling, grab you deep in-side, and send you reeling, where your love can't hide
And then go stealing, through the moonlit nights, with your lover.

Just let your love flow, like a mountain stream, and let your love grow, with the smallest of dreams
And let your love show, and you'll know what I mean, it's the season.
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And let your love shine, and you'll know what I mean, that's the reason.

There's a reason, for the warm sweet nights, and there's a reason, for the candle lights
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So let that wonder, take into space, and lay you under, its loving embrace
Just feel the thunder, as it warms your face, you can't hold back.

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And let your love shine, and you'll know what I mean, that's the reason.

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Oh, let your love fly like a bird on a wing, and let your love bind you to all living things
And let your love shine, and you'll know what I mean, that's the reason, that's the reason,