

Wayfaring Stranger

Basic Chords

| | | | |
|----|----|-------|----|
| Dm | Dm | Gm | Dm |
| Dm | Dm | Gm | Dm |
| Bb | F | Bb | A7 |
| Dm | Dm | Gm/A7 | Dm |

intro - mando/dobro

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
Traveling thru this world of woe
Yet there's no sickness, toil, or danger
In that bright world to which I go

I'm going there to see my Father
I'm going there no more to roam
I'm just going over Jordan
I'm just going over home

Break - dobro

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me,
I know my way is rough and steep
Yet golden fields lie just before me
Where God's redeemed their vigils keep

I'm going there to see my mother
She said she'd meet me when I come
I'm just going over Jordan
I'm just going over home

Break - mando/banjo

I'm going there to see my Father
I'm going there no more to roam
I'm only going over Jordan
I'm only going over home

Sad Song

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intro - dobro

(G) I want to write a sad song, **(C)** but you're too good to **(G)** me
(G) Bliss makes for a bad song, **(A)** compared to **(D)** misery
(G) I want to cry a river of tears, and **(C)** drink the ocean dry
(G) How can I write a sad song, **(D)** if you won't make me cry?

Chorus

(G) Why oh why, must you **(C)** always treat me **(G)** right
Why oh why, must you **(A)** come home every **(D)** night
(G) Why do you look so good and **(C)** why must you be so true
(G) I can't write a sad song and it's **(D)** all because of **(G)** you

Break - guitar

I want to write a hurtin' song, just like Hank Williams would
But you sing me a flirtin' song, and make me feel so good
I want to sing of all the bitter lessons that I've learned
How can I write a sad song when you make me feel affirmed?

Chorus/ Break - mando

I want to write of fallin' babe, but you catch me when I trip
I was ready to start bawlin' babe, but then you kissed my lips
I want to sing the blues, but I've got the wrong gestalt
I just can't write a sad song, and it is all your fault

Chorus

Little Maggie

G G G F
G G D7 G
G G G F
G G D7 G

intro - banjo

Over yonder stands little Maggie
With a dram glass in her hand
She's drinkin' away all her troubles,
And courtin' another man

How could I ever stand it
Just to see them two blue eyes?
A-shinin' in the moonlight
Like two diamonds in the sky

Break - dobro

Oh, sometimes I have a nickel
And sometimes I have a dime
And sometimes I have ten dollars,
Just to pay little Maggie's fine

Lay down your last gold dollar
Lay down your gold watch and chain
Little Maggie's gonna dance for daddy
Listen to that ol' banjo ring

Break - bango

Go away, go away, little Maggie
Go and do the best you can
I'll get me another woman
You can get you another man

Last time I saw little Maggie
She was sittin' on the banks of the sea
With a forty-four all around her
And a banjo on her knee

Old Joe Clark

Basic Chords

A A A E
A A A/E A
A A A G
A A A/E A

Capo 2: G G G D
 G G G/D G
 G G G F
 G G G/D G

intro - mando

Old Joe Clark, the preacher's son
Preached all over the plain
The only text he ever knew
Was high low jack and game

Fare thee well Old Joe Clark
Fare thee well I say
Fare thee well Old Joe Clark
I'm bound to go away

Break - dobro

(alternate)

Old Joe Clark had a mule
His name was Morgan Brown
And every tooth in that mule's head
Was sixteen inches round

Old Joe Clark he had a cat
Would neither sing nor pray
Stuck her head in a buttermilk jar
And washed her sins away

Chorus

END - all instruments

Break - banjo

Wished I had a sweetheart
I'd Put her on the shelf
And every time she'd smile at me
I'd get up there myself

Break - guitar

Repeat Chorus

Charlie on the MTA (optional)

G G C C
G G G D7
G G C C
G G D7 G

Let me tell you the story of a man named Charlie
On a dark and fateful day
He put ten cents in his pocket and he kissed his loving family
Went to ride on the MTA

CH: Did he ever return? No, he never returned
And his fate is still unlearned
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston
He's the man who never returned.

Break

Charlie handed in his dime at the Kendall Square Station,
And he changed for Jamaica Plain
When he got there conductor said, 'One more nickel'
Charlie couldn't get off the train.

As his train rolled on through greater Boston
Charlie looked around and sighed
"Well, I'm sore and disgusted and I'm absolutely busted
I guess this is my last long ride."

[CH/Break]

Now all night long Charlie rode through the tunnels
Saying, "What will become of me?
Oh, how can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea
Or my brother in Roxbury?"

Now, citizens of Boston, don't you think it is a scandal
That the people have to pay and pay?
Join Walter A. O'Brien and fight the fare increase
Get poor Charlie off that MTA!

CH