

Dave & Anwyl's Celebrated Slow Jam

Tune-Songs

Air-Chanson

“Old Time Session Tunes” avec des mots. “Jam tunes” pour chanter avec.

De nombreuses mélodies ont des paroles. Les paroles d'une mélodie peuvent souvent aider à se souvenir du début.

Les couplets sont souvent ajoutés progressivement, si bien que certaines mélodies possèdent un grand nombre de couplets possibles.

“Floating lyrics” les paroles flottantes désignent des chansons qui contiennent des couplets identiques ou similaires à ceux d'autres chansons.

Les anciens couplets peuvent être modifiés : nouveaux noms de personnes et de lieux. De nouveaux couplets peuvent remplacer les anciens. Ce processus se poursuit aujourd'hui avec l'ajout constant de nouvelles paroles aux mélodies.

Vous pouvez toujours vous joindre à hum, diddle, scat.

C D E F G A B
Do Ré Mi Fa Sol La Si

Major-majeur, minor-mineur, sharp-dièse, flat-bémol, key-tonalité

Em - Mi mineur, Am - La mineur, Bm - Si mineur

Chorus (Ch.) - Refrain, Verse - couplet

Les mélodies sont divisées en sections A, B et parfois C. Le chant peut porter sur la musique A, la musique B ou les deux.

G Em C D / D Bm G A / C Am F G / A F#m D E

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G Tunes**Big Sciota (Sing A music)**

G - | - - | - - | - - | - - | C - | D - | G - : ||
 G - | D - | - - | Em - | - - | C - | G D | G - : ||

Well I lived on the river all of my life
 Never knew nothing but toil and strife
 Can't go home again
 Can't go home again x2

Well the river's wide and oh so deep
 The banks are muddy and oh so steep
 Can't go home again
 Can't go home again x2

Born and raised in Idaho
 Where I'm bound I don't know
 Can't go home again
 Can't go home again x2

When I come home from far away
 You can go and I will stay
 Can't go home again
 Can't go home again x2

Chattanooga (Sing A music)

G - | - - | - - | C - | G - | - - | D - | G - : ||
 G - | - - | - - | C - | G - | - - | D - | G - : ||

Chattanooga is a fine old town, it shines by night and day
 Chattanooga is a fine old town, and that's what I do say
 Chattanooga is a fine old town, it shines by night and day
 Chattanooga is a fine old town, and that's what I do say

Chattanooga is a fine old town, you are jail house bound
 Chattanooga is a fine old town, then burn your house down
 Chattanooga is a fine old town, you are jail house bound
 Chattanooga is a fine old town, then burn your house down

Chattanooga is a fine old town, sugar, sugar babe
 Chattanooga is a fine old town, where the finest things are made
 Chattanooga is a fine old town, sugar, sugar babe
 Chattanooga is a fine old town, where the finest things are made

Chattanooga is a fine old town, it is the place to go
 Chattanooga is a fine old town, you can dance the heel and toe
 Chattanooga is a fine old town, it is the place to go
 Chattanooga is a fine old town, you can dance the heel and toe

Cotton Eyed Joe (Sing Verse A music Chorus B music)

G - | - - | - - | D7 G : ||
 G - | - - | - - | D7 G : ||

Do you remember a long time ago
 There was a man called Cotton-Eyed Joe. x2

Chorus:

*Where did you come from? Where did you go?
 Where did you come from Cotton-Eyed Joe. x2*

Made him a fiddle and made him a bow
 And they made a little tune called Cotton-Eyed Joe. x2 Ch.

Play it fast or play it slow,
 Didn't play nothing but Cotton-Eyed Joe. x2 Ch.

Bull fiddle and a shoe string bow
 With that we played Cotton-Eyed Joe. x2 Ch.

I could have been married a long time ago
 If it hadn't a-been for Cotton-Eyed Joe. x2 Ch.

Cripple Creek (Sing Verse A music Chorus B music)

G - | C G | - - | D G : ||
 G - | - - | - - | D G : ||

I got a girl at the head of the creek,
 Go up to see her 'bout the middle of the week
 Kiss her on the mouth just as sweet as any wine,
 Wraps herself around me like a sweet potato vine.

Chorus:

*Going up Cripple Creek, going on a run,
 Going up Cripple Creek to have a little fun
 Going up Cripple Creek going in a whirl,
 Going up Cripple Creek to see my girl.*

Girls on the Cripple Creek really have grown,
 Jump on a boy like a dog on a bone
 Roll my britches up to my knee,
 I'll wade old Cripple Creek when I please. Ch.

Cripple Creek's wide and Cripple Creek's deep,
 I'll wade old Cripple Creek afore I sleep
 Roads are rocky and the hillsides muddy
 And I'm so drunk I can't stand steady. Ch.

I got a girl and she loves me,
 She's as sweet as sweet can be
 She's got eyes of baby blue,
 Makes my gun shoot straight and true.

I got a girl and a hound dog too,
 If the gal don't love me, then the hound dog do
 Grab your gal and kiss her on the head,
 If she don't like biscuits give her corn bread.

Last Chance (Sing A music Chorus B music)

G - | - - | D - | - - | G - | - - | - - | Em - : ||
 G - | - - | - - | Em - | G - | - - | Em - : ||

Last chance to come and get me
 Last chance to come and get me
 Last chance to come and get me
 That's what I do say x2

Chorus

Lat chance before I die, before I die, yeah
 Last chance before I die, yeah x2

Last chance to come and find me x3
 That's what I do say

Last chance to come and love me x3
 That's what I do say

Last chance for a trip on the hayride x3
 That's what I do say

Last chance to see me again x3
 I'm leaving on the next train

Last chance before I die x3
 To hang them bells up high

Lazy John (Sing Verse A music Chorus B music)

G | D - | G - | D - | G : ||
 - | C - | D - | - - | G : ||

Work all week in the noon day sun
 Fifteen cents when Saturday comes
 Going to a dance to have some fun
 Why don't you get away Lazy John.

Chorus: Lazy John, Lazy John

*Why don't you get your day's work done
 You're in the shade, I'm in the sun
 Why don't you get away Lazy John.*

My girl lives at the end of the road
 Her teeth are crooked and her legs are bowed
 But we sure have a lot of fun
 Why don't you get away Lazy John. Ch.

Going to a dance Saturday night
 Ain't coming home till the broad daylight
 Then I'll take my baby back home
 Why don't you get away Lazy John. Ch.

I got a girl who lives in the town,
 Her hair is curly and her eyes are brown,
 My heart's at stake, my feet they run
 What will I do oh Lazy John. Ch.

Every night when I go home
 It's peas in the pot and an old jaw bone
 Here today, tomorrow gone,
 Why don't you get away Lazy John. Ch.

Oh we're gonna dance like it's Saturday night
 We're not coming home till the morning light
 I'll shine my shoes and I'll see my hun
 Why don't you get away Lazy John. Ch.

Old Yellow Dog (Sing Verse A music Chorus B music)

G - | - - | D - | G - | - - | - - | D - | G - : ||
 G C | G - | - - | Em - | G C | G - | D - | G - : ||

Oh the old yellow dog went trotting through the meeting house
 Trotting through the meeting house
 Trotting through the meeting house
 Old yellow dog went trotting through the meeting house
 Down in Alabam' x2

Chorus

Brave boys here, brave boys there
Brave boys here, down in Alabam' x2

Oh the old yellow dog was trapped in the meeting house
 Trapped in the meeting house
 Trapped in the meeting house
 Old yellow dog was trapped in the meeting house
 Down in Alabam' x2

marching, sleeping, running etc

Peeler Creek (Sing A music)

G - - | - - - | C - - | D7 - - | G - - | - - - | C - D7 | G - - : ||
 Em - - | - - - | - - - | - - - | - - - | - - - | D - - | G - - : ||

Oh, feed your babies onions so you can find them in the garden after dark,
 Feed your babies onions, so you can find them in the dark. x2

Oh, put bells upon the sheep so you can find them in the garden after dark,
 Bells upon the sheep so you can find them in the dark. x2

Redwing (Sing B music)

G - | C G | C G | A7 D | G - | C G | C G | D G ||
 C - | G - | D - | G - | C - | G - | D7 - | G - ||

And the moon shines bright on Charlie Chaplin
 His boots are cracking for want of blacking
 And his old fusty coat is wanting mending
 Until they send him to the Dardanelles.

Now the moon shines tonight on pretty Red Wing
 The breeze is sighing, the night bird's cryings,
 For far far away her brave is sleeping
 While Red Wing's weeping her heart away.

Seneca Square Dance (Sing A music)

G - | - - | - - | D - | G - | - - | D7 - | G - : ||
 G - | - - | - - | Em - | G - | - - | D7 - | G - : ||

I'm waiting for the federals,
 Waiting for the federals,
 Waiting for the federals,
 To carry me away. x2

The higher up the monkey climbs,
 The higher up the monkey climbs,
 The higher up the monkey climbs,
 The greater he shows his behind. x2

The women wear no clothes at all,
 The women wear no clothes at all,
 The women wear no clothes at all,
 But they get there just the same. x2

Rich girl wears the best perfume
 Poor girl she does the same
 My gal don't wear no perfume at all
 But she gets there just the same. x2

Shove that pig's foot (Sing A music)

G - | C G | - - | D - | G - | C G | - - | D G : ||
 G - | C G | - - | - - | - - | C G | - - | D G : ||

Shove that pig's foot into the fire
 Do it now, Miss Lisa
 Shove that pig's foot into the fire
 Do it now, Miss Lisa x2

Shove that pig's foot under the bed
 Do it now, Miss Katie
 Shove that pig's foot under the bed
 Do it now, Miss Katie x2

Waterbound (Sing A music verse and chorus)

G - | - - | D - - | - - | G - | - C | G D | G - : ||
 C - | - - | G - | - - | C - | - - | G D | G - : ||

There's chickens crowing in the old plowfield
 There's chickens crowing in the old plowfield
 There's chickens crowing in the old plowfield
 Down in North Carolina.

Chorus

Waterbound, and I can't get home
Waterbound, and I can't get home
Waterbound, and I can't get home
 Down in North Carolina

Dance all night and don't go home (3x)
 Just stay with me till morning. Ch.

Boat's up the river but it won't come down(3x)
 I believe that I'm waterbound. Ch

Well, Nick and Charlie left to go home (3x)
 Before that water rises. Ch.

Well, me and Sam and Dave's going home (3x)
 Before that water rises. Ch.

I'll go down to the river and I'll sit right down(3x)
 Jump in that river and drown Ch.

C/Am**Greasy Coat (Sing A music)**

Am - | - G | Am - | Em Am | - - | C - | Am - | Em Am : ||
 Am - | G - | Am - | - - | - - | G - | Am - | Em Am : ||

I don't drink and I don't smoke
 And I don't wear no greasy coat
 I don't smoke and I don't chew
 And I don't go with the girls that do

I don't kiss and I don't tell
 All those sinners go to hell
 I don't cheat and I don't lie
 I'm going to heaven when I die

I don't cuss and I don't snore
 I'm going back to Arkansas
 I don't dance and I don't sing
 I ain't wearing no diamond ring

With whiskers round his large throat
 He wore a greasy coat
 Oh an unhappy man was he
 For he'd never heard of me

You are called a man of note
 But you wear a greasy coat
 He seemed bereft of any hope
 Until he was sold a cake of soap

With coat brushed up as good as new
 He exposed his coat to full view
 She blushing and gently sighed
 I don't care if I do, she replied

D Tunes**Angeline the Baker (Sing A music)**

D - | - - | - - | G - | D - | - - | - - | A7 - :||
 D - | - - | - - | G - | D - | - - | - - | A7 - :||

Angeline the Baker, her age is twenty-three
 Feed her candy by the peck but she won't marry me. x2

Tell how I took Angeline down to the county fair,
 Her father chased me halfway home, told me to stay there. x2

Angeline the Baker, she lived on the village green;
 And the way that I love her, beats all to be seen. x2

Angeline is handsome, and Angeline is tall,
 She broke her little ankle bone, from dancing in the hall. x2

Angeline the Baker, her age is twenty-three,
 Little children round her feet and a banjo on her knee. x2

Black eyed Suzie (Sing Verse A music Chorus B music)

D - | G - | D - | A - :||
 D - | A - | D - | A -
 D - | A - | D - | - - ||

Black eyed Susie went to town
 All she wore was a gingham gown
 Black eyed Susie's long and tall
 Sleeps in the kitchen with her feet in the hall

Chorus

Hey Black eyed Susie

Ho Black eyed Susie

Hey Black eyed Susie Jane.

All I want in this fair land
 Is to fall in love with a handsome man
 Love my man and love my baby
 Love my biscuits sopped in gravy.

All I need to make me happy
 Two little boys and a handsome Pappy.
 Goin' back home with a pocket full of money
 Somebody there to call me honey.

Fell in love with him that night
 Was out with him until before daylight
 We held each other so very tight
 Said we'd kiss and never fight.

Buffalo Girls (Sing Verse A music Chorus B music)

D - | - - | A7 - | D - | - - | - - | A7 - | D - : ||
 D - | - - | A7 - | D - | - - | - - | A7 - - | D - : ||

As I was walking down the street,
 Down the street, down the street,
 A pretty little gal I chanced to meet,
 Oh, she was fair to see. x2

Chorus:

*Oh, Buffalo Gals, won't you come out tonight,
 Come out tonight, come out tonight.
 Buffalo Gals, won't you come out tonight
 And dance by the light of the moon. x2*

I stopped her and we had a talk,
 Had a talk, had a talk,
 Her feet took up the whole sidewalk
 And left no room for me. Ch.

I asked her if she'd have a dance,
 Have a dance, have a dance,
 I thought that I might have a chance
 To shake a foot with her. Ch.

I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin',
 And her heel kept a-knockin', and her toes kept a-rockin'
 I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin'
 And we danced by the light of the moon. Ch.

Coon Dog (Sing A music)

D - | - - | - - | Bm - | D - | - - | A - | G - : ||
 D - | - - | - - | Bm - | D - | - - | - A | G - : ||

Somebody stole my old coon dog
 Wish they'd bring him back
 Chase the big ones over the fence
 And the little ones through the crack x2

Once I had a coon dog
 As blind as he could be
 But every night at supper time
 I believe that dog could see

Whiskey by the gallon
 Sugar by the pound
 Great big bowl to put it in
 And a spoon to stir it round

Fly Around My Pretty Little Miss (Sing A music verse and chorus)

D - | - - | - - | - - | - - | - - | A - | D - : ||
 D - | G - | D - | A - | D - | G - | A - | D - : ||

The higher up the cherry tree
 The riper grows the cherries
 The more you hug and kiss the girls
 The sooner they will marry

Chorus

Fly around my pretty little miss
Fly around my daisy
Fly around my pretty little miss
You almost drive me crazy

Coffee grows on white oak trees
 The river flows with brandy
 If I had my pretty little miss
 I'd feed her sugar candy. Ch.

Going to get some weevily wheat
 I'm going to get some barley
 Going to get some weevily wheat
 And bake a cake for Charlie. Ch.

Peaches in the sumertime,
 Apples in the fall
 If I can't get the girl I love
 I won't have none at all. Ch.

Hop up Ladies (Miss Mcleod's Reel) (Sing Verse A music Chorus B music)

D - | - - | - - | A - | D - | - - | G - | A D : ||
 D - | - - | - - | A - | D - | - - | G - | A D : ||

Did you ever go to the meeting, Uncle Joe?
 Did you ever go to the meeting, Uncle Joe?
 Did you ever go to the meeting, Uncle Joe?
 Don't mind the weather when the wind don't blow! x2

Chorus

Hop up ladies, three in a row,
Hop up ladies, three in a row,
Hop up ladies, three in a row,
Don't mind the weather when the wind don't blow! x2

Did you ever see the devil, Uncle Joe (3x)
 Don't mind the weather when the wind don't blow.

Will the horses carry double, Uncle Joe x3
 Don't mind the weather when the wind don't blow.

Say don't you want to gallop Uncle Joe? X3
 Don't mind the weather when the wind don't blow.

Jaybird (Sing A music)

D - | - - | A - | - - | D - | - - | - - | A D : ||
 G - | D - | A - | - - | G - | D - | - - | A D : ||

Jay bird, jay bird, sitting on a limb,
 He winked at me and I winked at him.
 I picked up a rock and I hit his shin,
 Sez he: "You'd better not do that agin." x2

Jaybird, Jaybird, sitting in the grass,
 Jaybird, Jaybird, sitting in the grass,
 Jaybird, Jaybird, sitting in the grass,
 Wiggle-wiggle went his tail, poop went his ass. x2

Way down the road not far off
 A jaybird died of the whooping cough
 He whooped so hard from whooping cough
 He whooped his head and tail right off.x2

Daddy went a-hunting, Daddy shot a bear;
 Daddy went a-hunting, Daddy shot a bear;
 Daddy went a-hunting, Daddy shot a bear;
 Shot him in the ass, and he never touched a hair.x2

Road to Boston (Les Timides) (Sing B music)

D - | - - | A7 - | - - | D - | - - | - A7 | D - : ||
 D - | - - | Em - | - - | Bm - | - - | A - | D - : ||

It's a long road to Boston, boys
 It's a long road to Boston, boys
 It's a long road to Boston, boys
 Oh when shall we get there? x2

We're on the march to Boston, boys
 We're on the march to Boston, boys
 We're on the march to Boston, boys
 Along the rough old road. x2

What shall we see in Boston, boys?
 What shall we see in Boston, boys?
 What shall we see in Boston, boys?
 There's pretty girls there. x2

Soldier's Joy (Pas d'été a Bozier) (Sing A music)

D - | - - | - - | A7 - | D - | - - | - A7 | D - : ||
 D - | A - | D - | A - | D - | A - | D A7 | D - : ||

I am my mother's darling boy
 I am my mother's darling boy
 I am my mother's darling boy
 Sing a little tune called the Soldier's Joy x2

Grasshopper sitting on a sweet potato vine x3
 Along comes a chicken and says 'you're mine!'

Dance all night and fiddle all day x3
 That's a Soldier's Joy.

I love somebody, yes I do x3
 And I bet you five dollars you can't guess who.

Twenty-five cents for the whiskey
 Fifteen cents for the beer
 Twenty-five cents for the whiskey
 They're gonna take me away from here.

I'm gonna get a drink, don't you want to go x3
 All for the Soldier's Joy.

Sourwood Mountain (Sing Verse A music Chorus B music)

D - | - - | - - | A7 D : ||
 D - | - - | - - | A7 D : ||

My true love's a blue-eyed daisy,
 Hey, ho, diddle-um day.
 She won't come and I'm too lazy.
 Hey ho, diddle-um day.

Chorus:

*Chickens a-crowing on Sourwood Mountain,
 Hey, ho, diddle-um day.
 So many pretty girls I can't count 'em,
 Hey ho, diddle-um day.*

Big dog bark and little one bite you,
 Hey, ho, diddle-um day
 Big girl court and little one spite you,
 Hey ho, diddle-um day. Ch.

My true love's a blue-eyed daisy, Hey, ho...
 If I don't get her, I'll go crazy, Hey, ho..... Ch.

My true love lives at the head of the holler.....
 She won't come and I won't foller..... Ch.

My true love lives over the river.....
 A few more jumps and I'll be with her... ..Ch.

Ducks in the pond, geese in the ocean.....
 Devil's in the women if they take a notion... ..Ch.

Sugar Hill (Sing Verse A music Chorus B music)**D - | - - | - - | G - | D - | - - | A - | D - : ||****D - | - - | - - | G - | D - | - - | A - | D - : ||****Five cents in my pocket change, two dollars in my bill;****If I had, ten dollars more I'd climb old Sugar Hill. x2*****Chorus******If you want to get your eye knocked out, If you want to get your fill******If you want to get your head cut off, then climb on Sugar Hill x2*****If I had no horse to ride, I'd be found a-walking,****Up and down old Toenail Gap, you can hear my woman talking. x2****I'm getting lonesome for my gal, I want a drink of rye.****I'm going on to Sugar Hill, you know the reason why! x2****Yonder comes my own true love, and how do you think I know****Tell her by her shoe fly dress, let's dance the heel and toe. x2****Get your banjo off the wall, grab your fiddle, Bill****Hitch the horses to the sleigh, we're going to Sugar Hill x2**

