

IF I HAD A HAMMER

If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning, I'd hammer in the evening all over this land
I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out warning
I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters all over this land
If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning, I'd sing it in the evening all over this land
I'd sing out danger, I'd sing out warning,
I'd sing out love between my brothers and my sisters all over this land
If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning, I'd ring it in the evening all over this land
I'd ring out danger, I'd ring out warning,
I'd ring out love between my brothers and my sisters all over this land
Now I've got a hammer and I've got a bell, and I've got a song to sing all over this land
It's the hammer of justice, it's the bell of freedom
It's the song about love between my brothers and my sisters all over this land.

LEAVIN' ON A JET PLANE

All my bags are packed, I'm ready to go, I'm standing here outside your door
I hate to wake you up to say goodbye
But the dawn is breaking, it's early morn', taxi's waiting, he's blowing his horn.
Already I'm so lonesome I could cry.
So kiss me and smile for me, tell me that you'll wait for me
Hold me like you'll never let me go
'Cause I'm leavin' on a jet plane, don't know when I'll be back again. Oh, babe, I hate to go.
There's so many times I've let you down, so many times I've played around
I tell you now... they don't mean a thing
Every place I go I'll think of you, every song I sing I'll sing for you
When I come back I'll wear your wedding ring.....CHORUS

Now the time has come to leave you, one more time, let me kiss you
Then close your eyes, I'll be on my way
Dream about the days to come, when I won't have to leave alone
About the times I won't have to say.....CHORUS

LEMON TREE

When I was just a lad of ten, my father said to me,
"Come here and take a lesson from the lovely lemon tree."
"Don't put your faith in love, my boy", my father said to me,
"I fear you'll find that love is like the lovely lemon tree."
Lemon tree very pretty and the lemon flower is sweet
But the fruit of the poor lemon is impossible to eat.
Lemon tree very pretty and the lemon flower is sweet
But the fruit of the poor lemon is impossible to eat.
One day beneath the lemon tree, my love and I did lie
A girl so sweet that when she smiled the stars rose in the sky.
We passed that summer lost in love beneath the lemon tree
The music of her laughter hid my father's words from me:
CHORUS
One day she left without a word. She took away the sun.
And in the dark she left behind, I knew what she had done.
She'd left me for another, it's a common tale but true.
A sadder man but wiser now I sing these words to you:
CHORUS

BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

2

How many roads must a man walk down before you call him a man?

Yes and how many seas must a white dove sail before she sleeps in the sand?

Yes and how many times must the cannonballs fly before they're forever banned?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind, the answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up before he can see the sky?

Yes and how many ears must one man have before he can hear people cry?

Yes and how many deaths will it take 'til he knows that too many people have died?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind, the answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist before it is washed to the sea?

Yes and how many years can some people exist before they're allowed to be free?

Yes and how many times can a man turn his head and pretend that he just doesn't see?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind, the answer is blowin' in the wind.

FIVE HUNDRED MILES

If you miss the train I'm on, you will know that I am gone

You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles

A hundred miles, a hundred miles, a hundred miles, a hundred miles

You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles

Lord, I'm one, Lord, I'm two, Lord, I'm three, Lord, I'm four

Lord, I'm five hundred miles from my home

Five hundred miles, five hundred miles, five hundred miles, five hundred miles

Lord, I'm five hundred miles from my home

Not a shirt on my back, not a penny to my name . Lord, I can't go a-home this a-way

This a-way, this a-way, this a-way, this a-way. Lord, I can't go a-home this a-way

If you miss the train I'm on, you will know that I am gone

You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles

I DIG ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC

I dig rock and roll music, and I love to get the chance to play (and sing it)

I figure it's about the happiest sound goin' down today

The message may not move me, or mean a great deal to me

But hey! It feels so groovy to say

I dig the Mamas and the Papas, at "The Trip," Sunset Strip in LA

They got a good thing goin' when the words don't get in the way

And when they're really wailin', Michelle and Cass are sailin'

Hey! They really nail me to the wall

.....Donovan kind of in a dream-like, tripped-out way

His crystal images tell you 'bout a brighter day

And when the Beatles tell you, they've got a word "love" to sell you

They mean exactly what they say.

I dig rock and roll music, I could really get it on that scene

I think I could say somethin', if you know what I mean

But if I really say it, the radio won't play it, unless I lay it between the lines

PUFF (THE MAGIC DRAGON)

Puff, the magic dragon, lived by the sea

And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honalee

Little Jackie Paper loved that rascal Puff

And brought him strings and sealing wax and other fancy stuff.

Oh, Puff (chorus is 1st two lines sung twice)

Together they would travel on a boat with billowed sail
 Jackie kept a lookout perched on Puff's gigantic tail
 Noble kings and princes would bow whene'er they came
 Pirate ships would lower their flags when Puff roared out his name

CHORUS

A dragon lives forever, but not so little boys
 Painted wings and giants' rings make way for other toys
 One gray night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more
 And Puff that mighty dragon, he ceased his fearless roar
 His head was bent in sorrow, green scales fell like rain
 Puff no longer went to play along the cherry lane
 Without his lifelong friend, Puff could not be brave
 So Puff that might dragon sadly slipped into his cave

CHORUS

PACK UP YOUR SORROWS

If somehow you could pack up your sorrows, and give them all to me,
 You would lose them, I know how to use them, give them all to me.

No use crying, talking to a stranger, naming the sorrows you've seen.

Oh, 'cause there's too many bad times, too many sad times, and nobody knows what you mean.

CHORUS

No use rambling, walking in the shadows, trailing a wandering star.

No one beside you, no one to hide you, nobody knows where you are.

CHORUS

No use roaming, walking by the roadside, seeking a satisfied mind.

Ah, but there's too many highways, too many byways, and nobody walking behind.

CHORUS

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

This land is your land, this land is my land, from California to the New York island,
 From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream wa-ters, this land was made for you and me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway, I saw above me that endless skyway

I saw below me that golden val-ley, this land was made for you and me.

I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps, to the sparkling sand of her diamond
 deserts

And all around me a voice was sounding, this land was made for you and me.

This land is your land.....

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?

Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?

Where have all the flowers gone? Young girls picked them every one.

When will they ever learn? Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone- Gone to young men every one.

Where have all the young men gone- Gone for soldiers every one.

Where have all the soldiers gone- Gone to graveyards every one.

Where have all the graveyards gone- Gone to flowers every one.

Repeat 1st verse

EARLY IN THE MORNING

Well, early in the morning, about the break of day
 I ask the Lord, "Help me find the way". Help me find the way to the promised land
 This lonely body needs a helping hand. I ask the Lord to help me, please, find the way
 When the new day's a-dawnin', I bow my head in prayer
 I pray thee, Lord, won't you lead me there?
 Won't you guide me safely to the golden stair
 Won't you let this body your burden share?
 I pray thee, Lord, won't you lead me, please? Lead me there
 When the judgment comes, to find the world in shame
 When the trumpet blows, won't you call my name?
 When the thunder rolls, and the Heavens ring
 When the sun turns black, never shines again
 When the trumpet blows, won't you call me, please? Call my name

ALL MY TRIALS

All my trials, Lord, soon be over.
 I had a little book was given to me, and every page spelled liberty.
 All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

If religion were a thing that money could buy, then the rich would live and the poor would die
 All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

Too late, my brother, too late but never mind. All my trials, Lord, soon be over

There is a tree in paradise. The pilgrims call it the tree of life

All my trials, Lord, soon be over

Too late, my brother, too late but never mind. All my trials, Lord, soon be over (X2)

MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT ASHORE

Refrain:

Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah

Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah

Sister help to trim the sail, hallelujah

Sister help to trim the sail, hallelujah

Refrain

The river Jordan is chilly and cold, hallelujah

Chills the body but not the soul, hallelujah

Refrain

The river is deep and the river is wide, hallelujah

Milk and honey on the other side, hallelujah

Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah

Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah

THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR LOVING ME

That's what you get for loving me. That's what you get for loving me
Everything you had is gone, as you can see, that's what you get for loving me
I ain't the kind to hang around with any new love that I've found
Movin' is my stock and trade, I'm movin' on, I won't think of you when I'm gone

So don't you shed a tear for me. I ain't the love you thought I'd be
I've got a hundred more like you, so don't be blue. I'll have a thousand 'fore I'm through

Now there you go, you're cryin' again. Now there you go, you're cryin' again
But then some day when your poor heart is on the mend, I just might pass this way again
That's what you get.....

HUSH-A-BYE

Hush-a-bye, don't you cry, go to sleepy, little baby.
When you wake you shall have all the pretty little horses.
Dapples and greys, pintos and bays, all the pretty little horses.
Way down yonder, in the meadow, poor little baby cryin, "mama"
Birds and the butterflies flutter 'round his eyes, poor little baby cryin' "mama"

Hush-a-bye, don't you cry, go to sleepy, little baby.
When you wake you shall have all the pretty little horses.
Dapples and greys, pintos and bays, all the pretty little horses.
Hush-a-bye, don't you cry, go to sleepy, little baby.