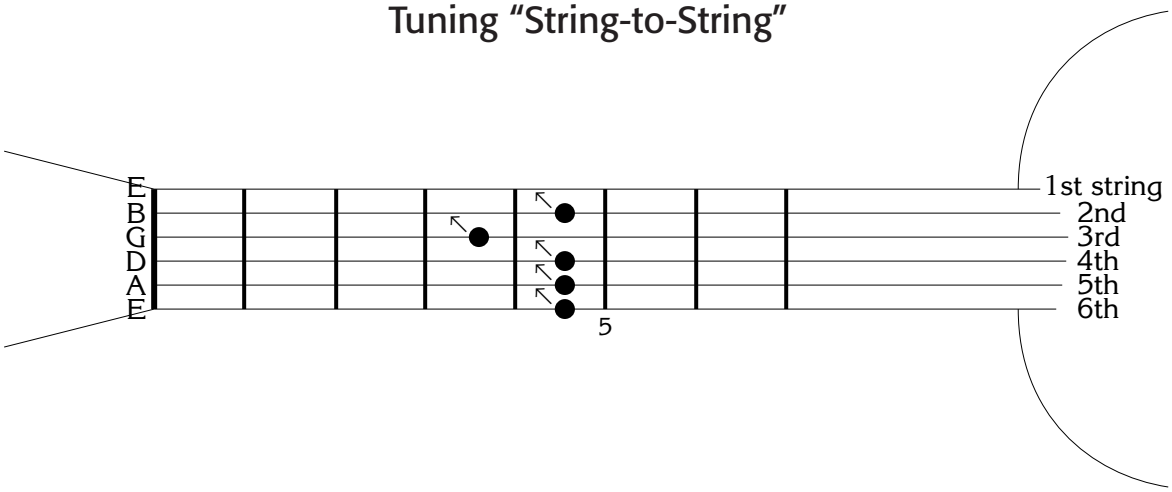
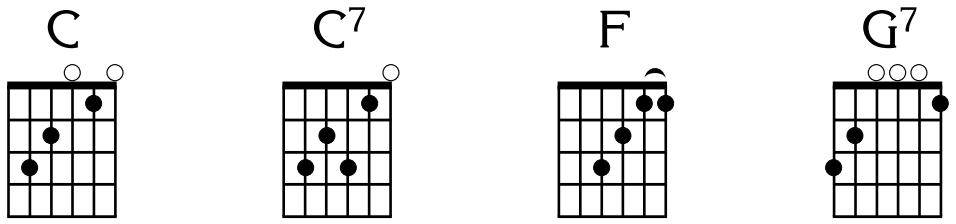
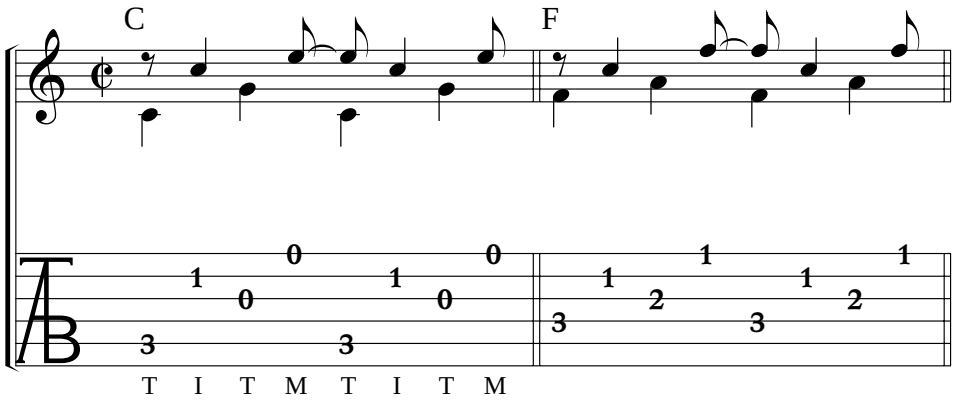
Tuning "String-to-String"



Chords for "STEALIN'"

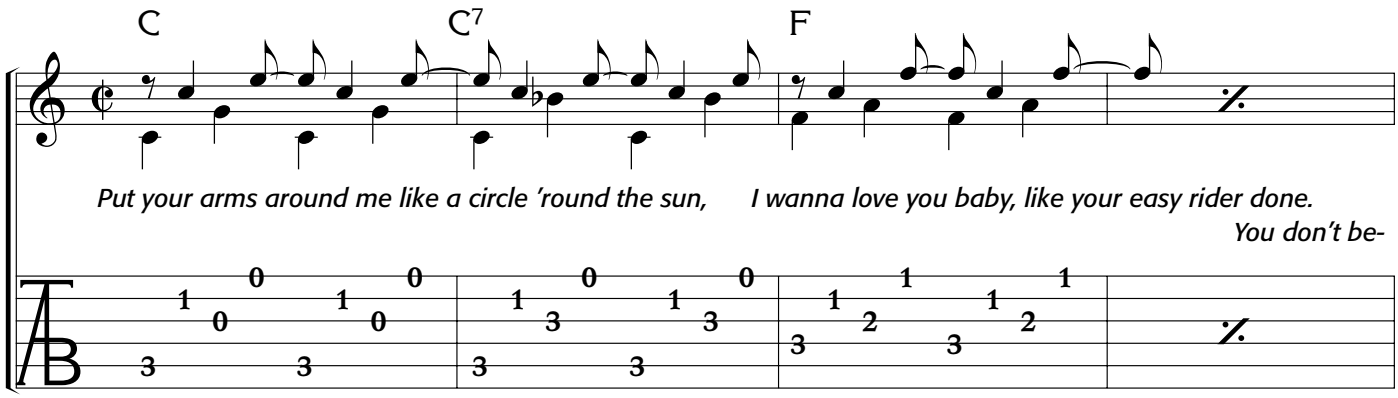


Basic Fingerpicking Pattern for "Stealin"

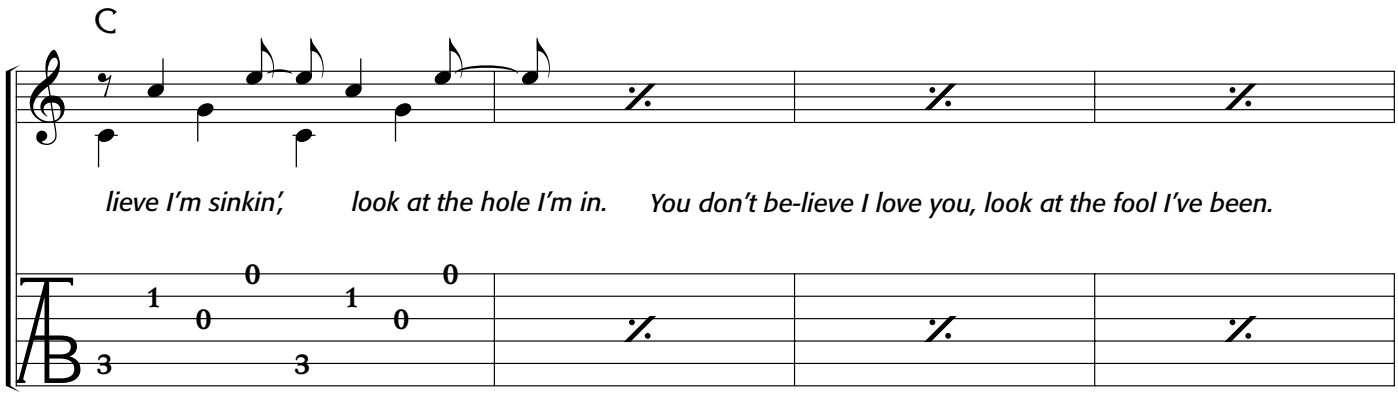


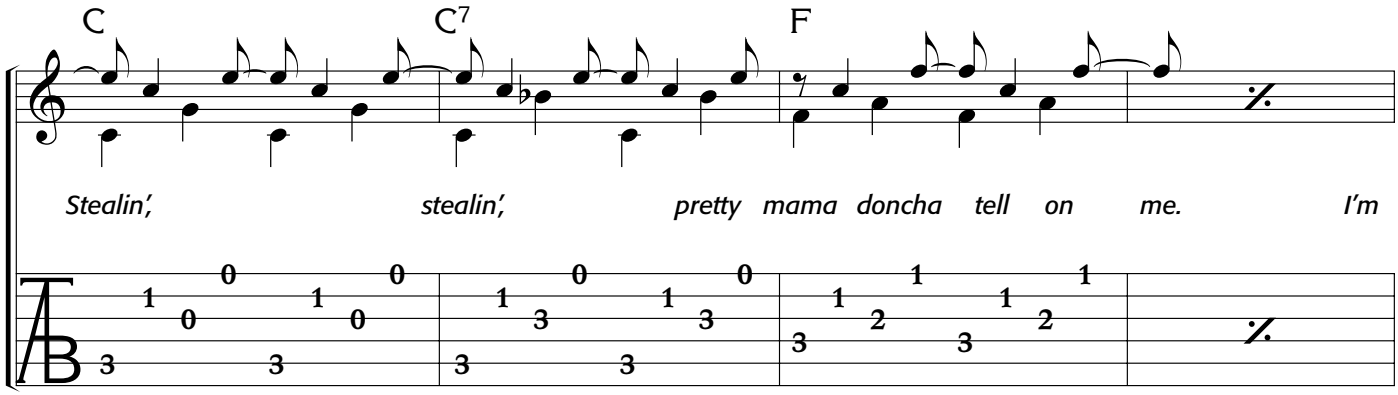
Note: *Stems Up* means pick with fingers;
Stems Down means pick with thumb.

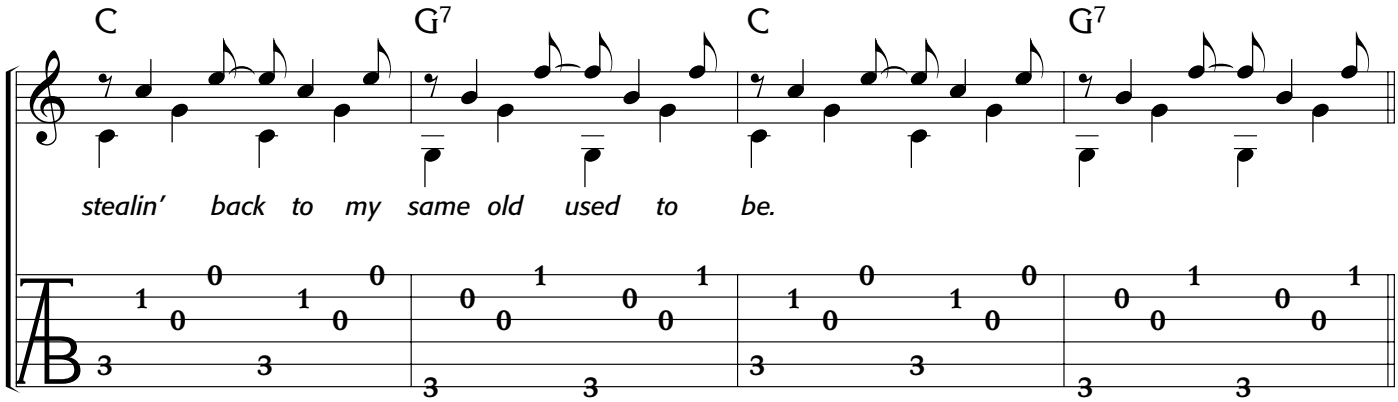
Stealin'



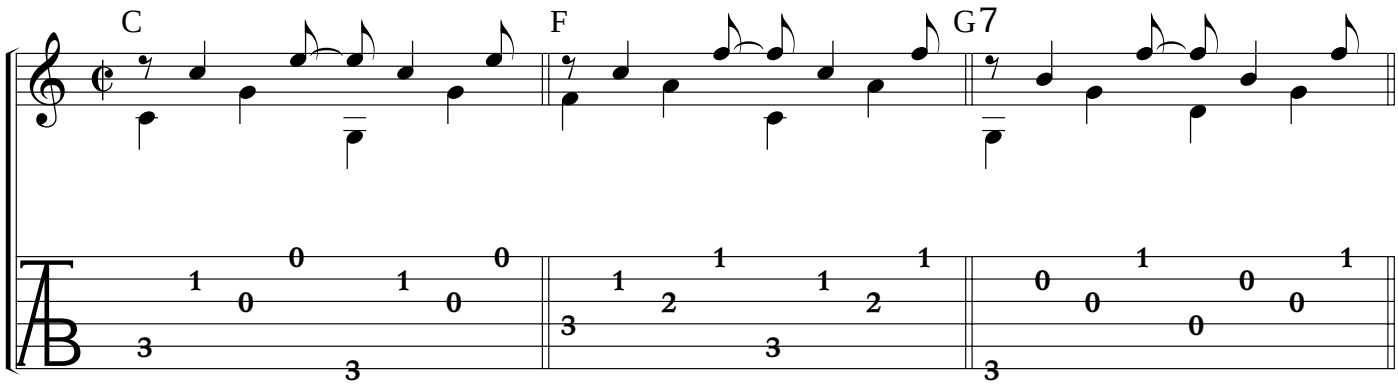
*Note: The 𝄎 sign means repeat the previous bar



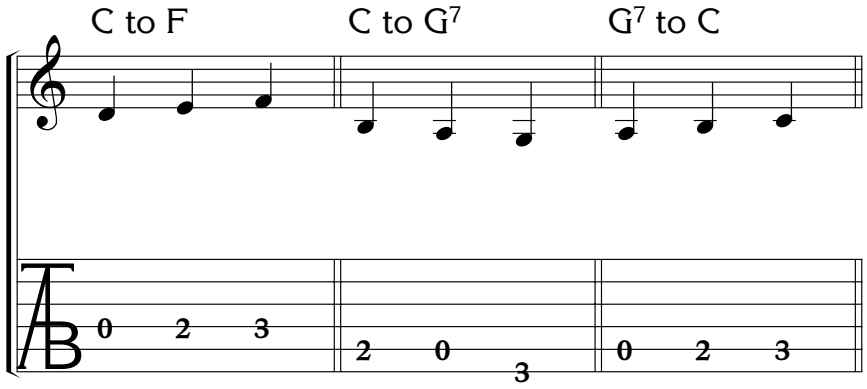




Alternating Bass



Bass Runs



Stealin'

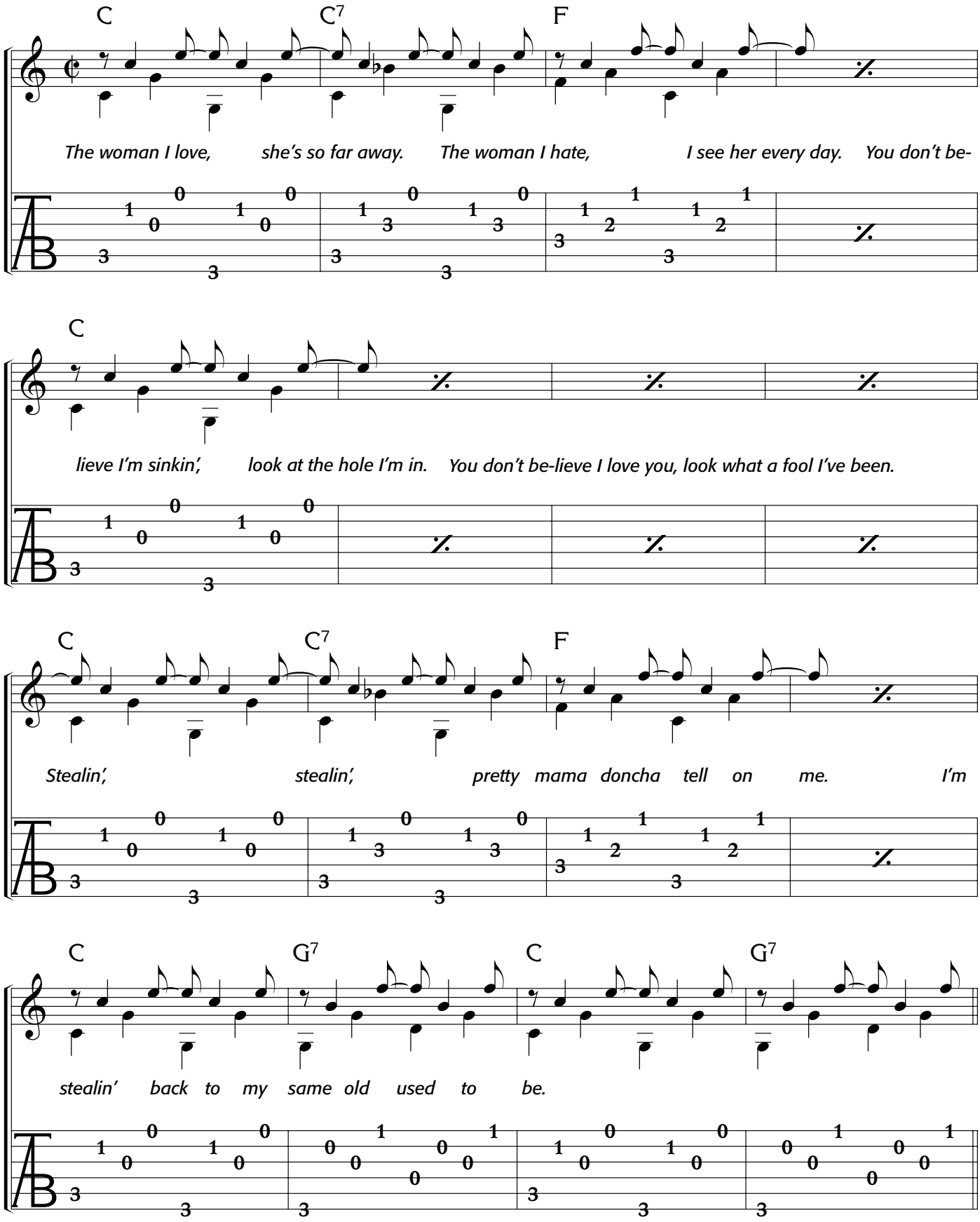
Put your arms around me like a circle 'round the sun,
I want to love you baby, like your easy rider done.

Chorus:
You don't believe I love you, look what a fool I've been.
You don't believe I'm sinkin', look at the hole I'm in.
Stealin', stealin', pretty mama doncha tell on me.
I'm stealin' back to my same old used to be.

Woman I love she's so far away,
Woman I hate, I see her most every day. *(Chorus)*

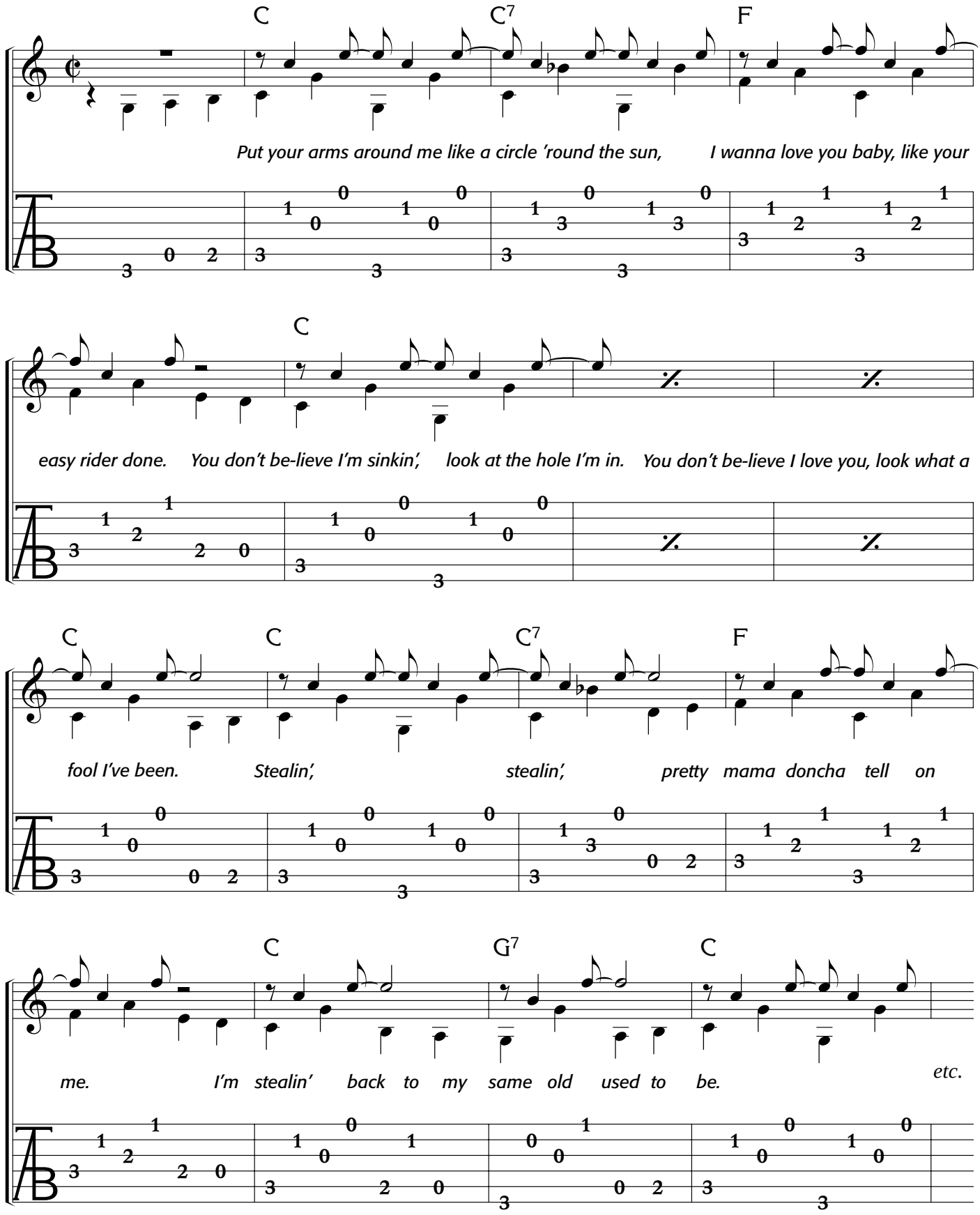
Woman I love she's about my size,
She's a married woman comes to see me sometimes. *(Chorus)*

Stealin'
(with Alternating Bass)

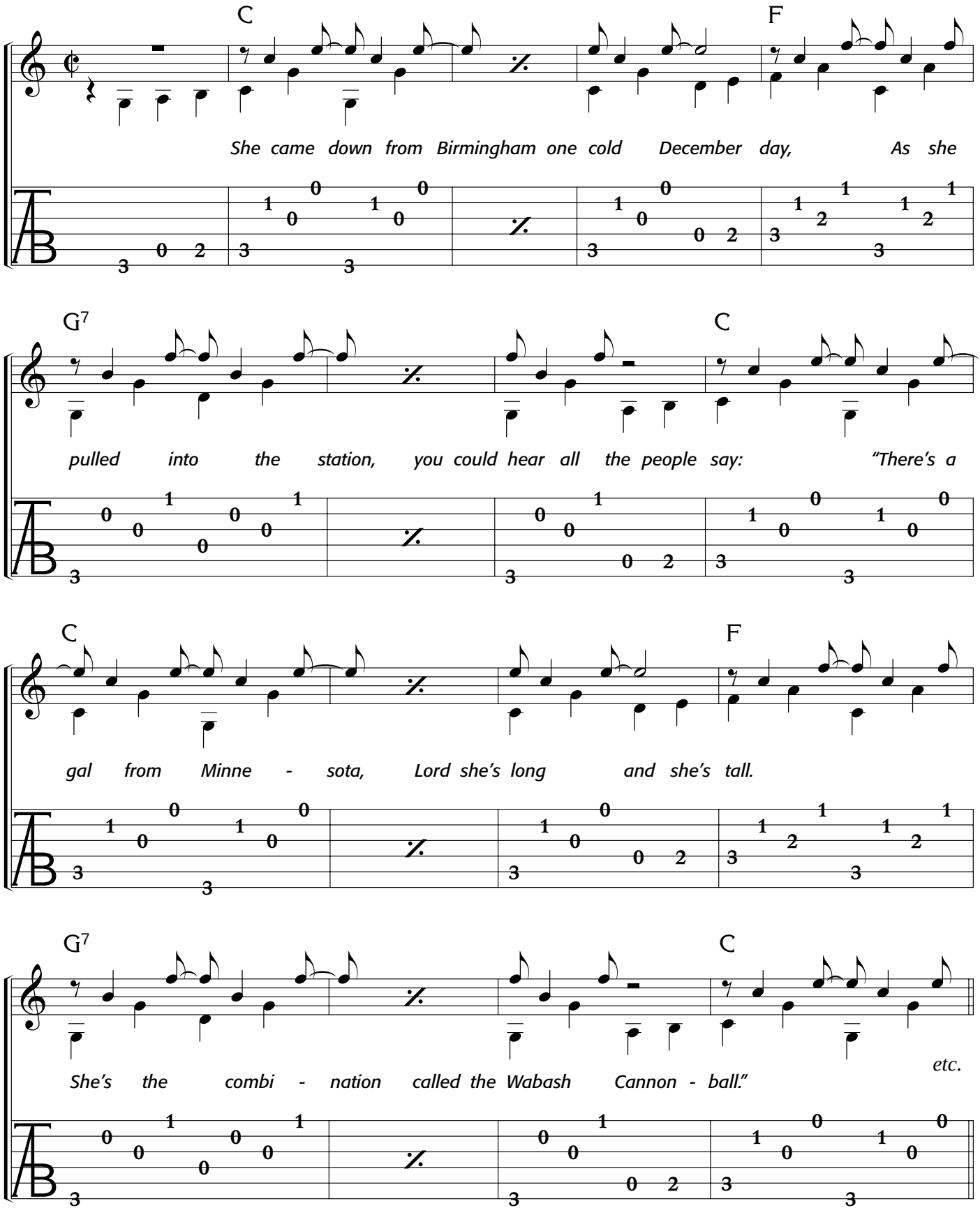


Stealin'

(with Bass Runs and Alternating Bass)



Wabash Cannonball



Wabash Cannonball

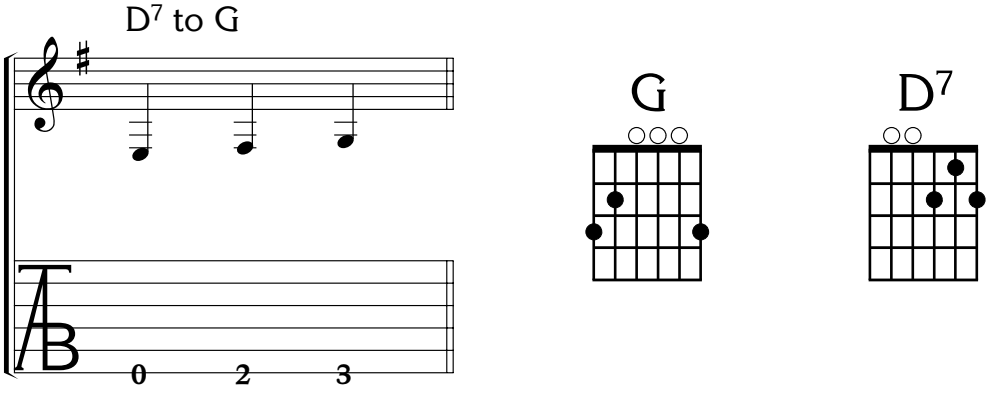
She came down from Birmingham one cold December day,
As she pulled into the station, you could hear all the people say:
"There's a gal from Minnesota, she's long and she's tall.
She's the combination called the Wabash Cannonball."

Chorus:
Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the southland, through hills and by the shore.
Hear the mighty rush of engines, hear the lonesome hoboes call,
Travelin' through the jungles on the Wabash Cannonball.

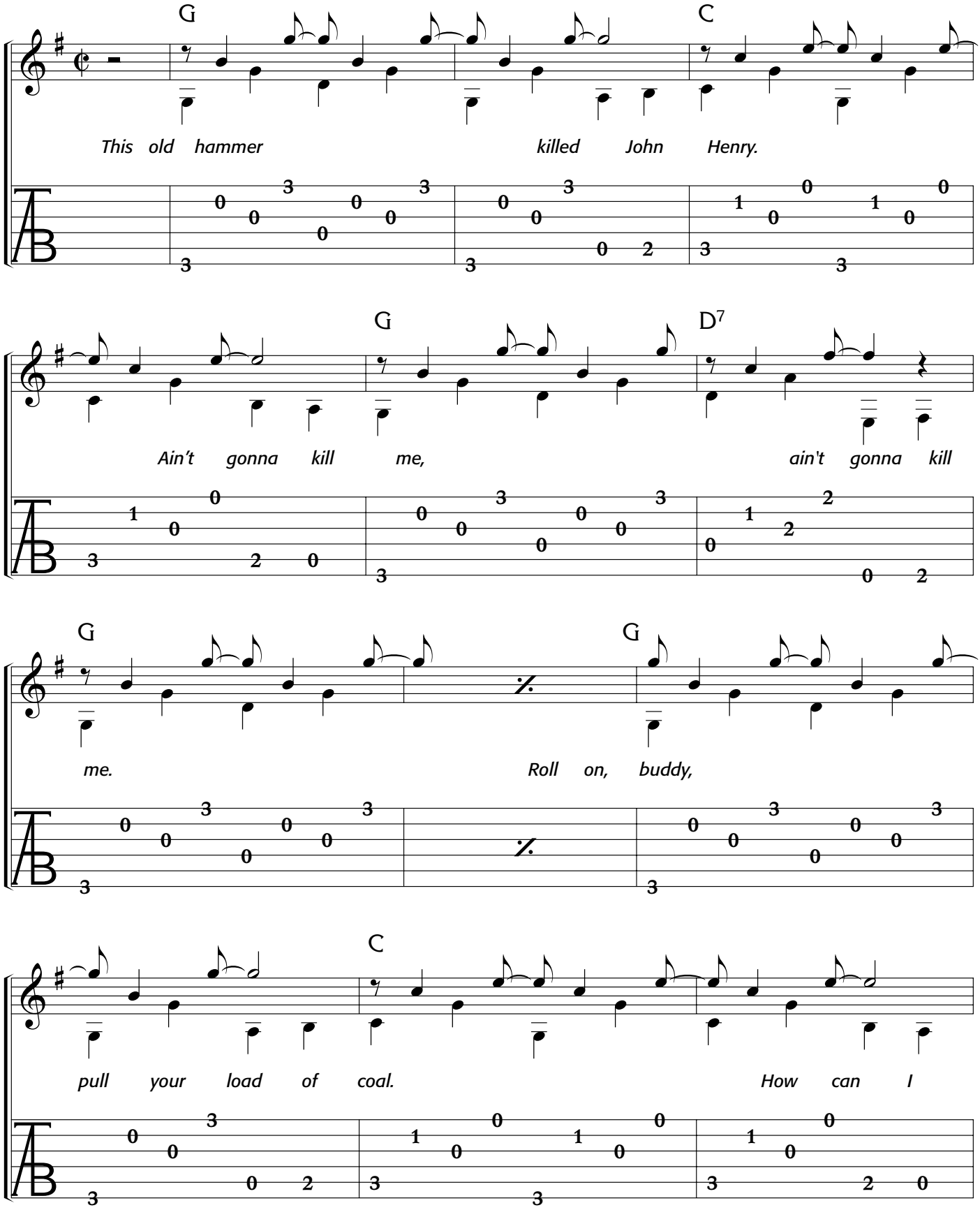
Oh, the Eastern states are dandy so the Western people say,
From New York to Chicago, St. Louis by the way.
From the hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall,
No chances can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball.

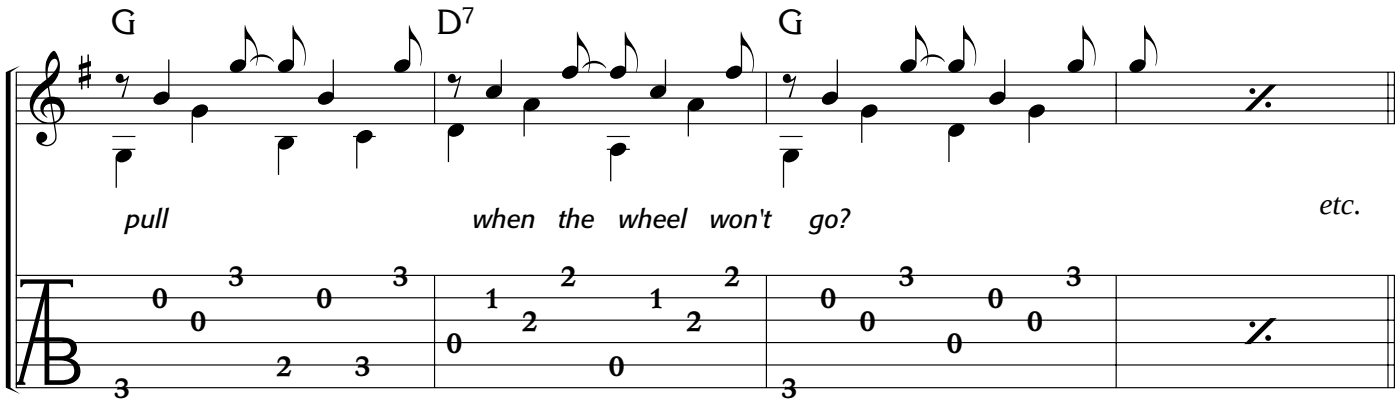
Here's to Daddy Claxton, may his name forever stand,
And may he be remembered in the courts throughout our land.
When his earthly race is over and the curtain 'round him falls,
We'll carry him on to victory on the Wabash Cannonball.

Bass Run



Nine Pound Hammer





Nine Pound Hammer

The nine pound hammer is a little too heavy, for my size, buddy for my size.

Chorus:
Roll on, buddy, doncha roll so slow. How can I roll when the wheel won't go?

This old hammer, it killed John Henry,ain't gonna kill me, ain't gonna kill me.

Chorus:
Roll on, buddy, pull your load of coal. How can I pull when the wheel won't go?

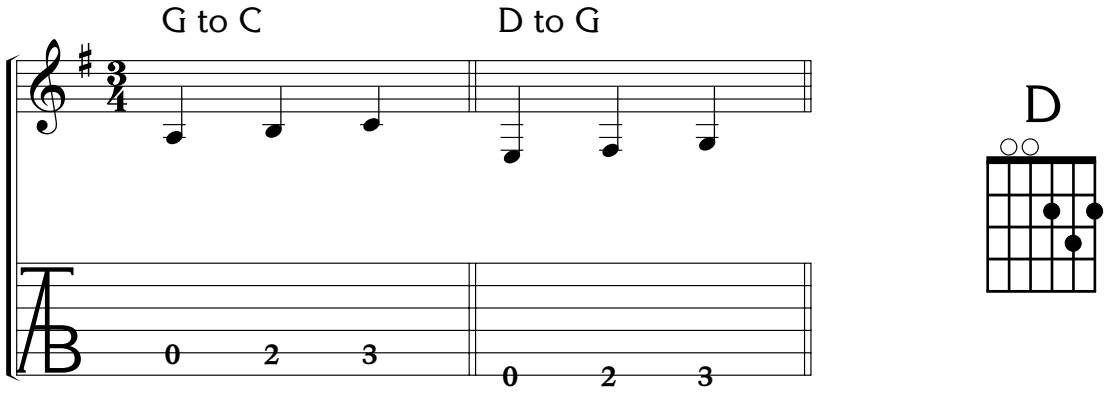
There ain't no hammer in this tunnel that can ring like mine, that can ring like mine.

Rings like silver and it shines like gold. Rings like silver and it shines like gold.

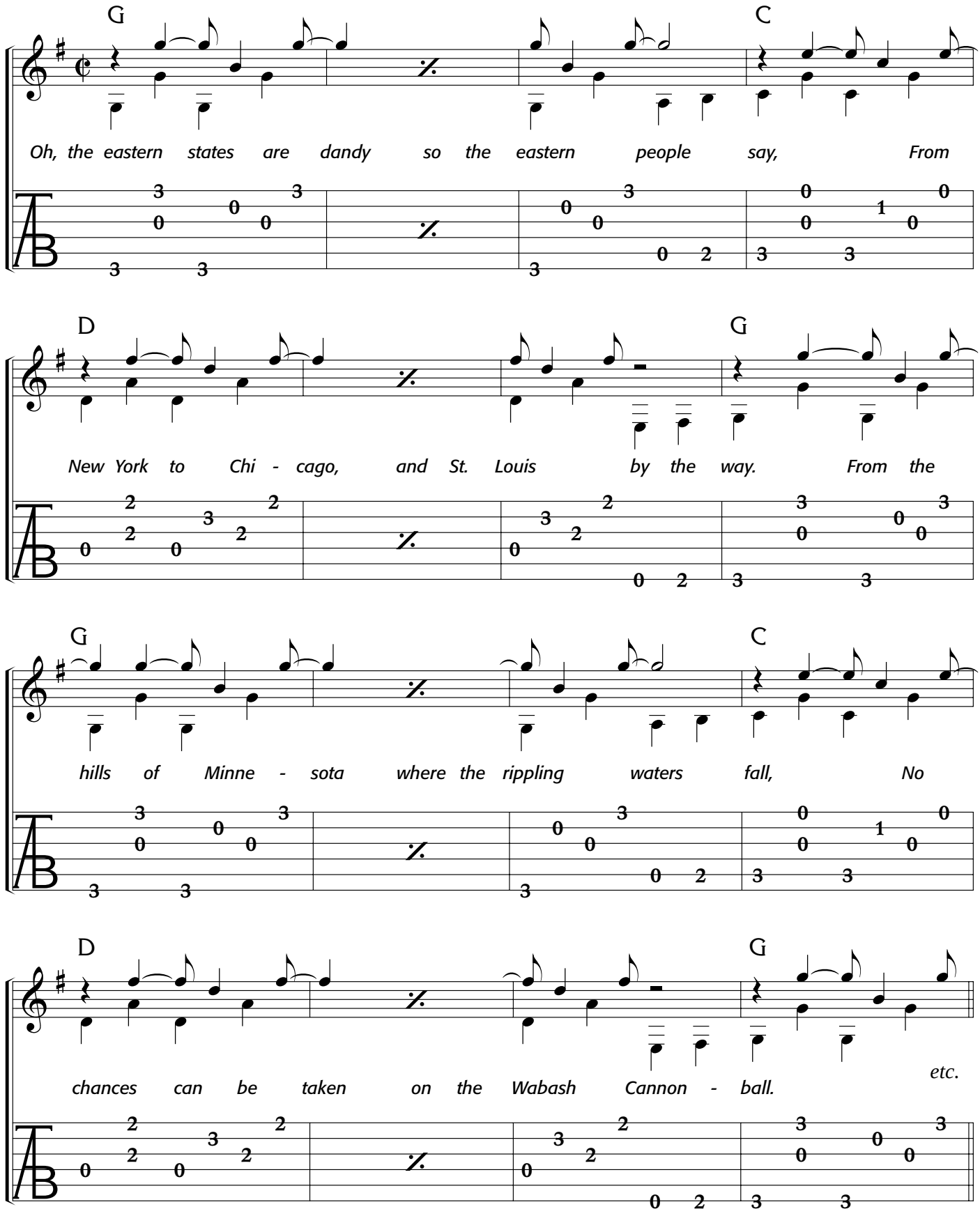
I'm goin' on the mountain for to see my baby, never comin' back, never comin' back.

It's a long way to Harlan and a long way to Hazard to get a little brew, little home brew.

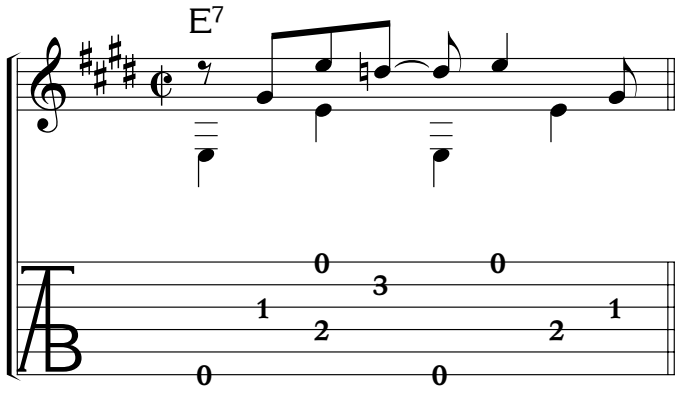
Bass Runs

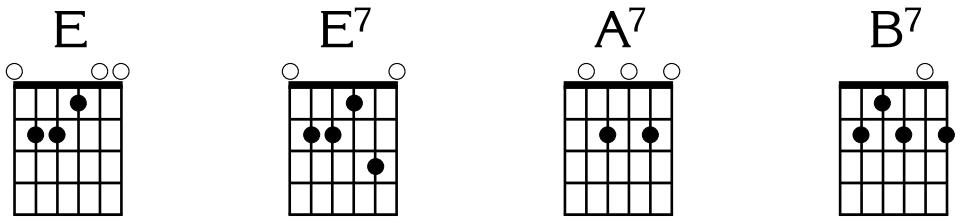


Wabash Cannonball
(with Pinches)

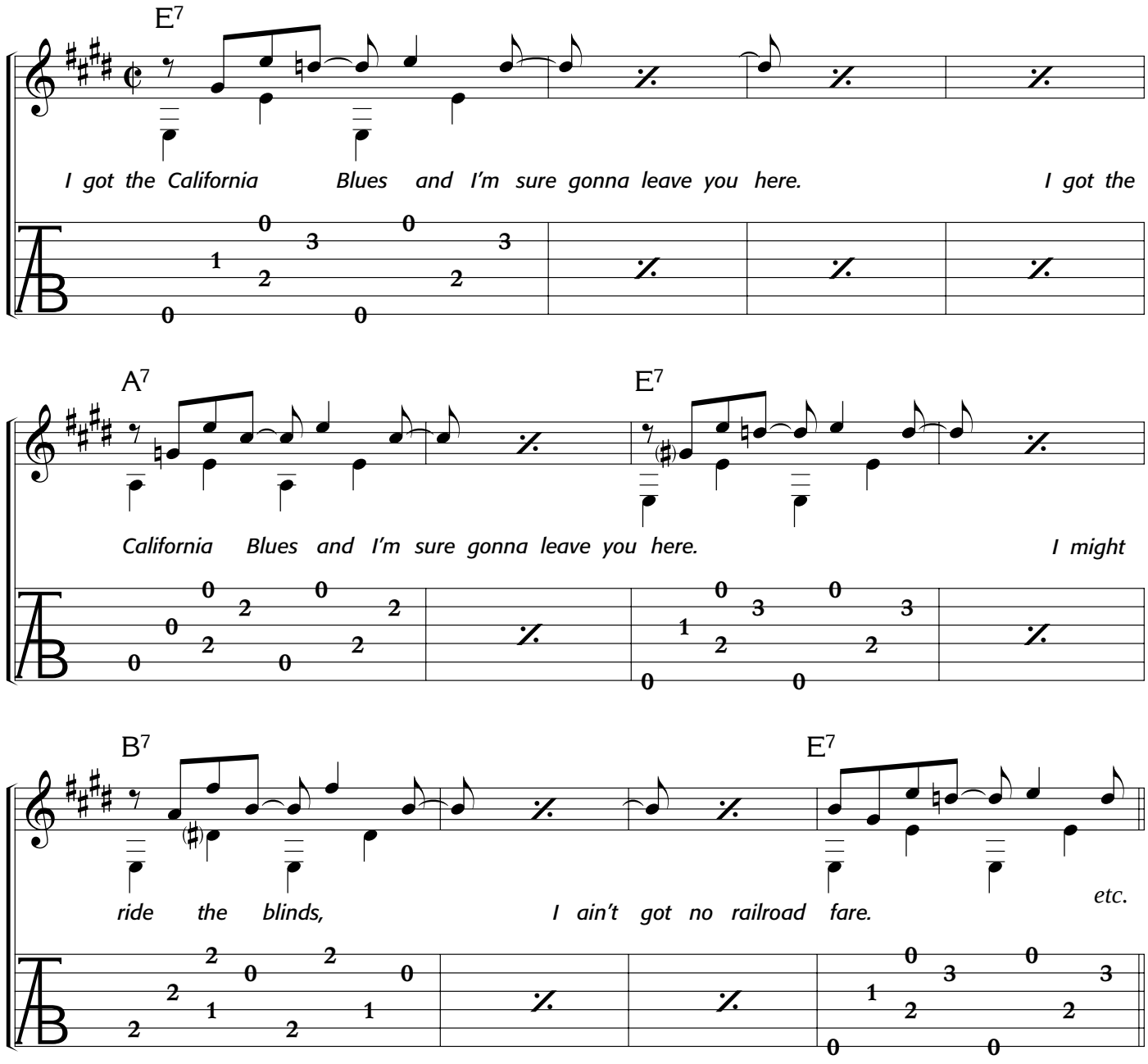


“California Blues” Pattern

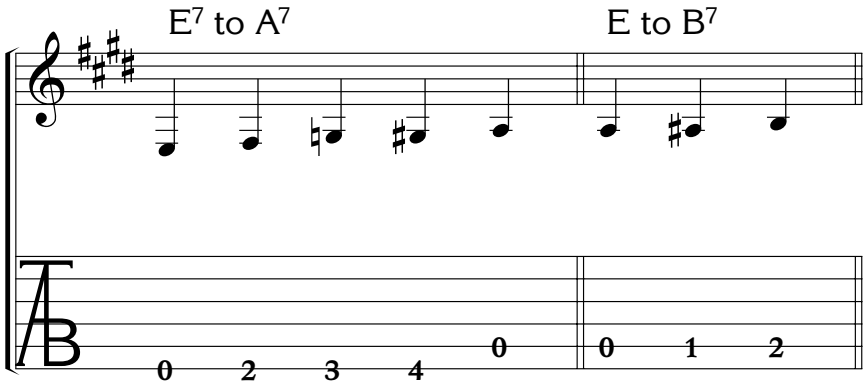




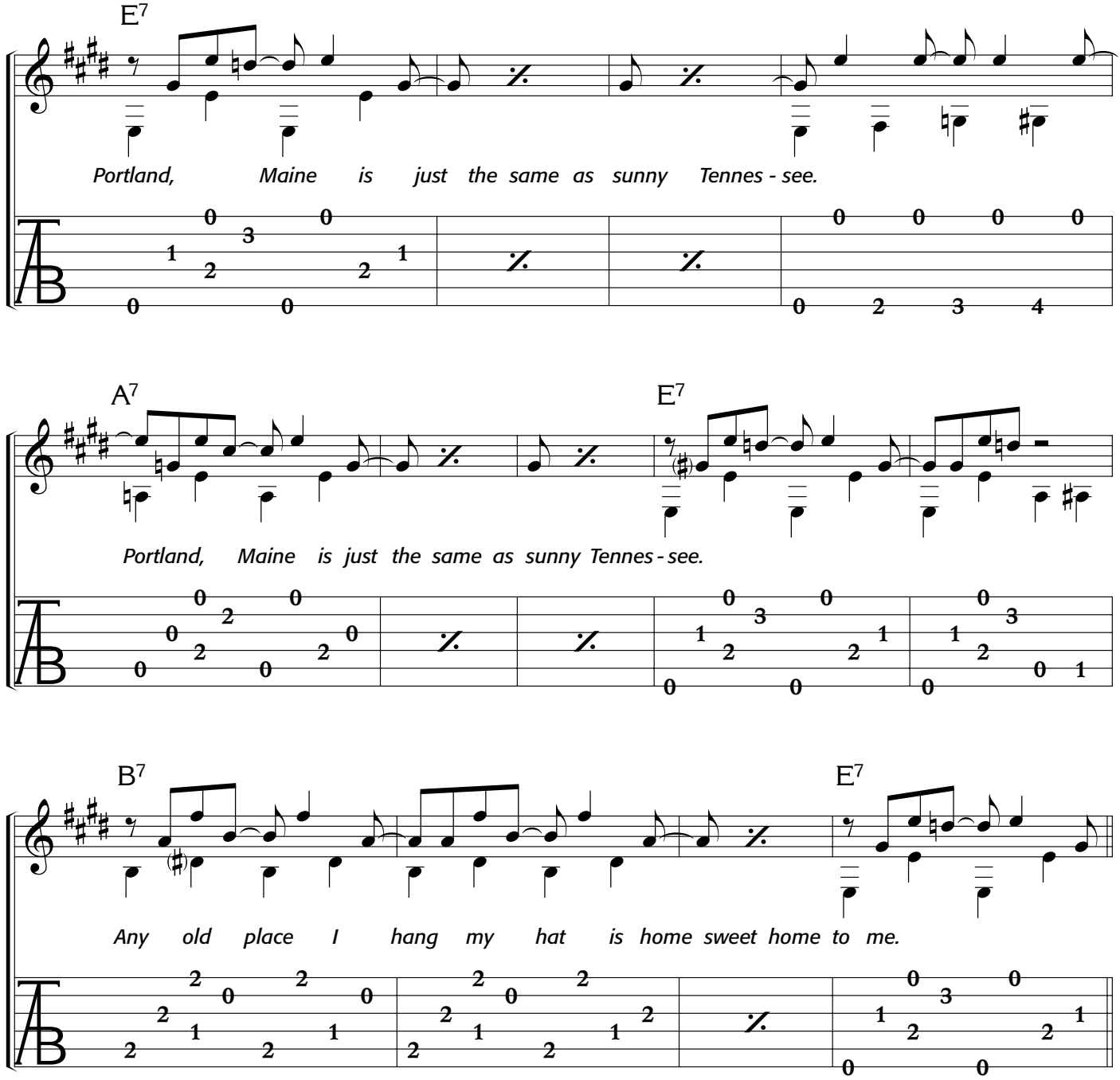
California Blues



Bass Runs



California Blues
(with Bass Runs)



California Blues

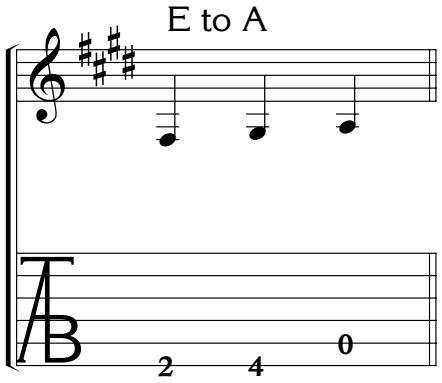
I'm goin' to California where they sleep out every night.
(Repeat)
I'm leavin' you sweet mama, 'cause you just don't treat me right.

Chorus:
I got the California Blues and I'm sure gonna leave you here.
(Repeat)
I might ride the blinds, I ain't got no railroad fare.

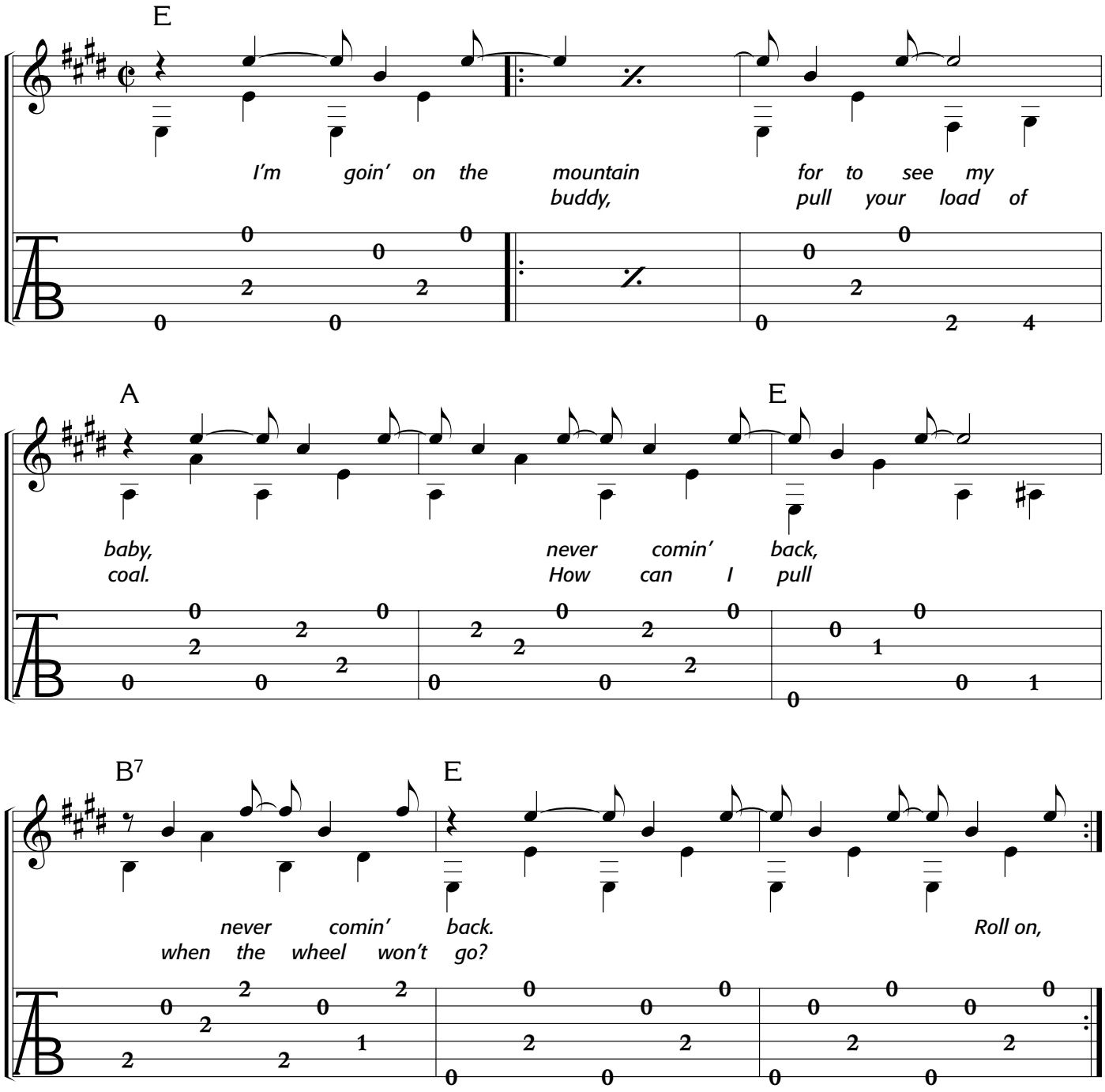
Let me tell you something, mama, that you don't know.
(Repeat)
I'm a do-right papa, got a home everywhere I go.

Listen to me mama, sing this lonesome song.
(Repeat)
You got me worried now, but I won't be worried long.

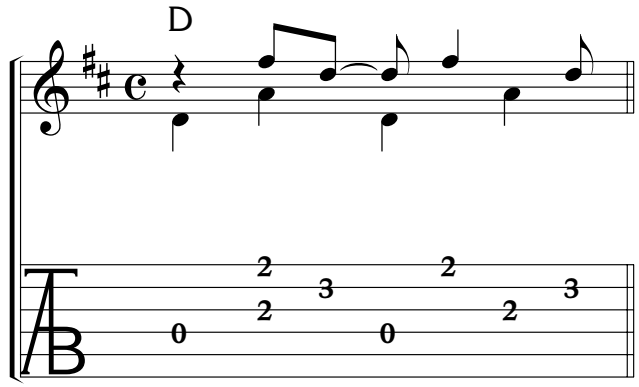
Bass Run



Nine Pound Hammer
(with Bass Runs)



"Sloop John B." Pattern



John B. Sails

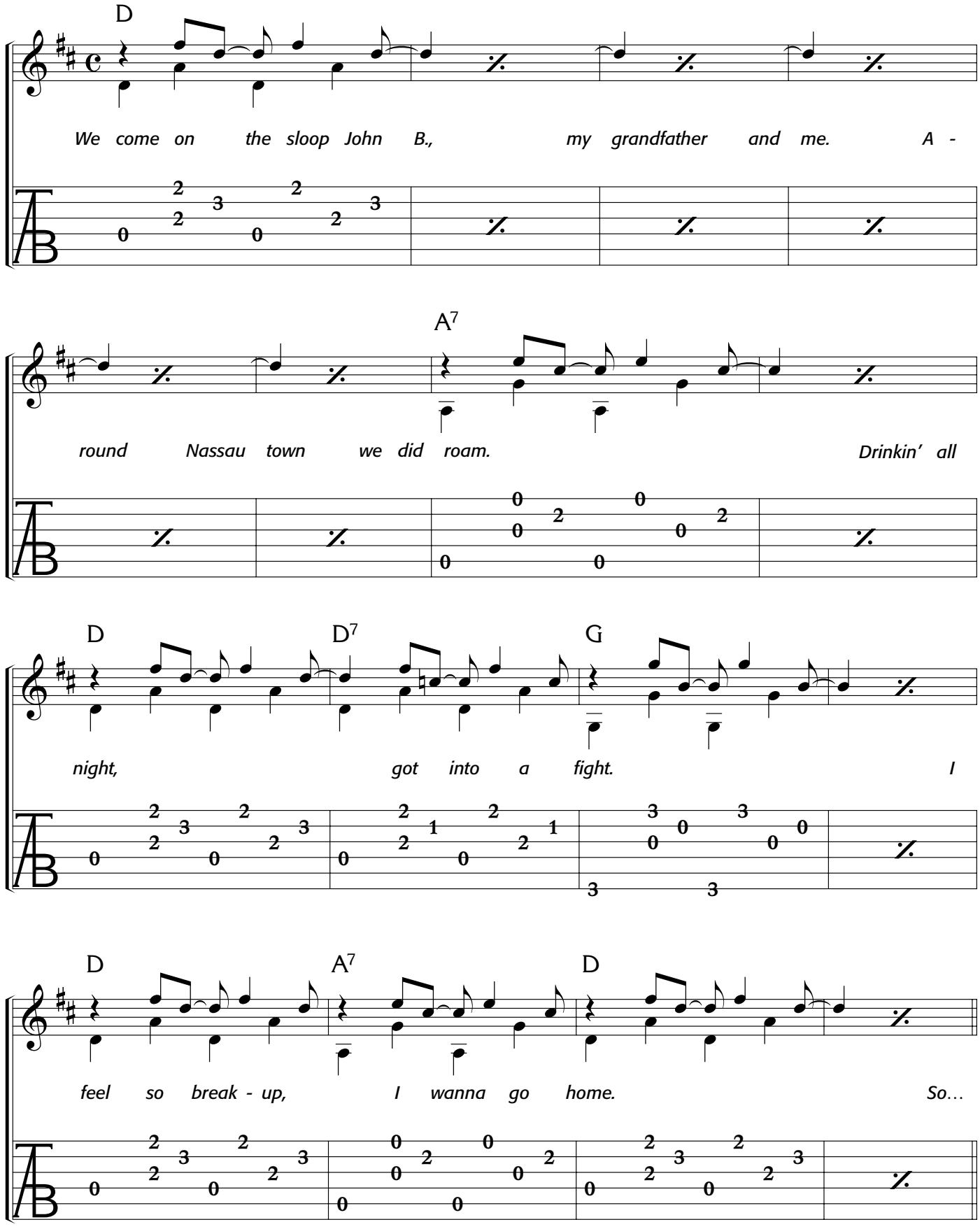
We come on the sloop John B., my grandfather and me.
Around Nassau town we did roam.
Drinkin' all night, got into a fight.
I feel so break-up, I wanna go home.

Chorus:
So hoist up the John B. sails, see how the main sail sets,
Call for the captain ashore, let me go home.
Let me go home. I want to go home.
I feel so break-up, I wanna go home.

The first mate he got drunk, broke up the people's trunk,
Constable had to come and take him away.
Sheriff Johnstone, please let me alone.
I feel so break-up, I wanna go home.

The poor cook he got the fits, threw away all of my grits,
Then he took and he ate up all of my corn.
Let me go home, I wanna go home,
This is the worst trip I ever been on.

Sloop John B.


D
We come on the sloop John B., my grandfather and me. A -
A7
round Nassau town we did roam. Drinkin' all
D
D7
G
night, got into a fight. I
D
A7
D
feel so break - up, I wanna go home. So…

Stagolee

Stagolee shot Billy De Lyons, what do you think of that?
Shot him down in cold blood 'cause he stole his Stetson hat.

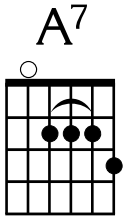
Chorus:
He's a bad man, that cruel Stagolee.

Stagolee oh Stagolee, please don't take my life.
I've got two little kids at home and a darlin' lovin' wife.

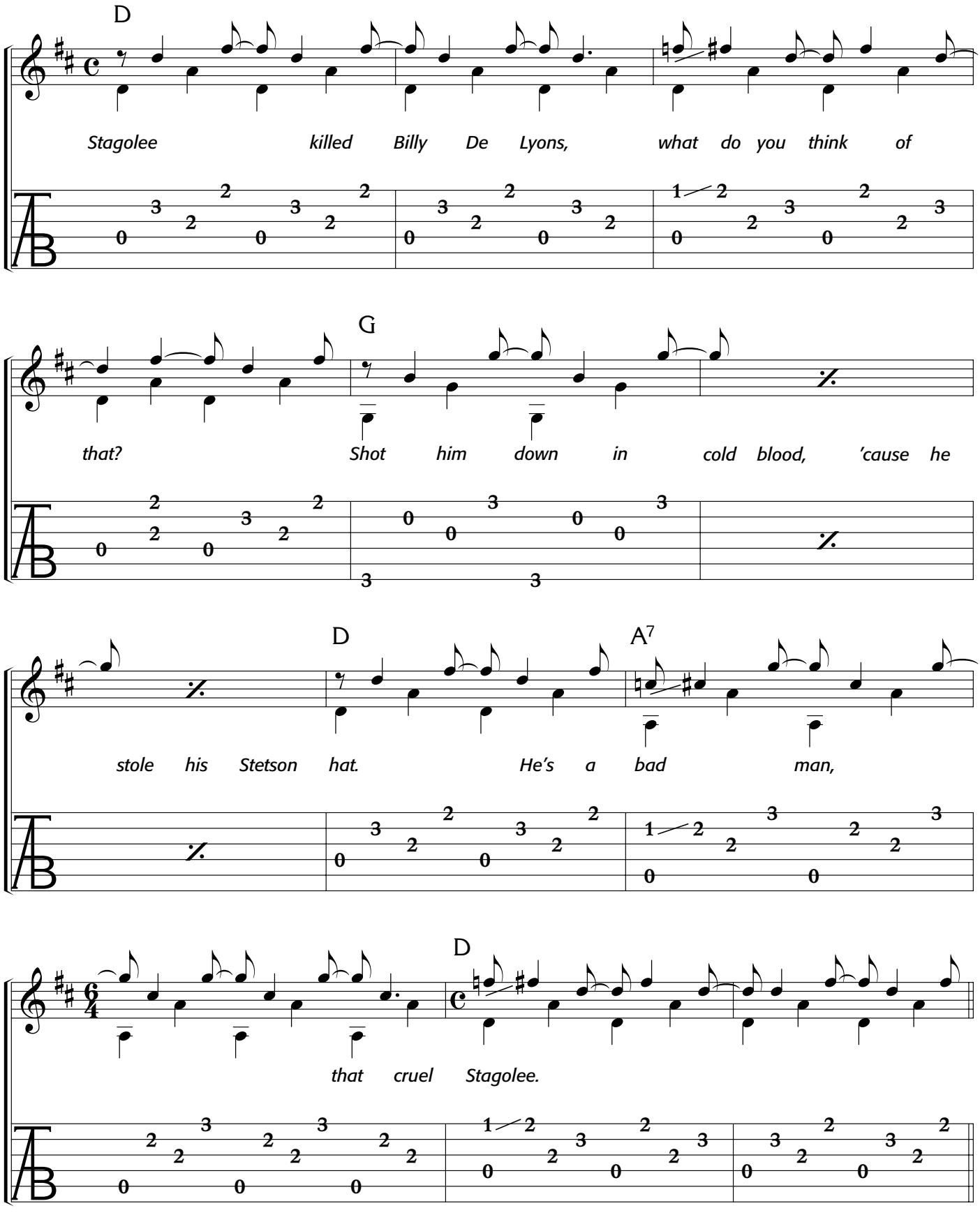
What do I care about your two little kids, your darlin' lovin' wife?
You just stole my Stetson hat and I'm bound to take your life.

Judge said, "Stagolee, what you doin' here?
You done shot Mr. Billy De Lyons, you're gonna die in the 'lectric chair."

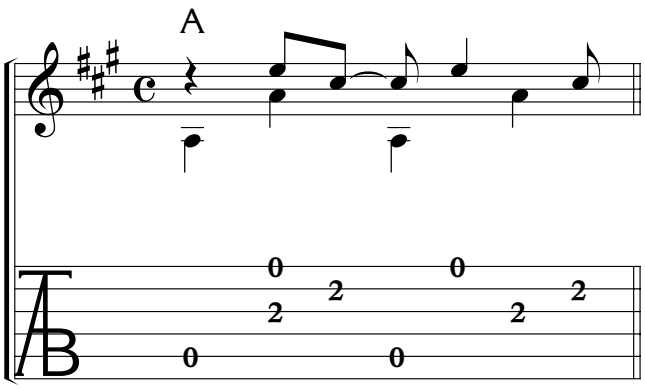
Twelve o'clock they hanged him, head reached up high.
Last thing that poor boy said, "My six-shooter never lied."

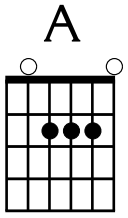


Stagolee

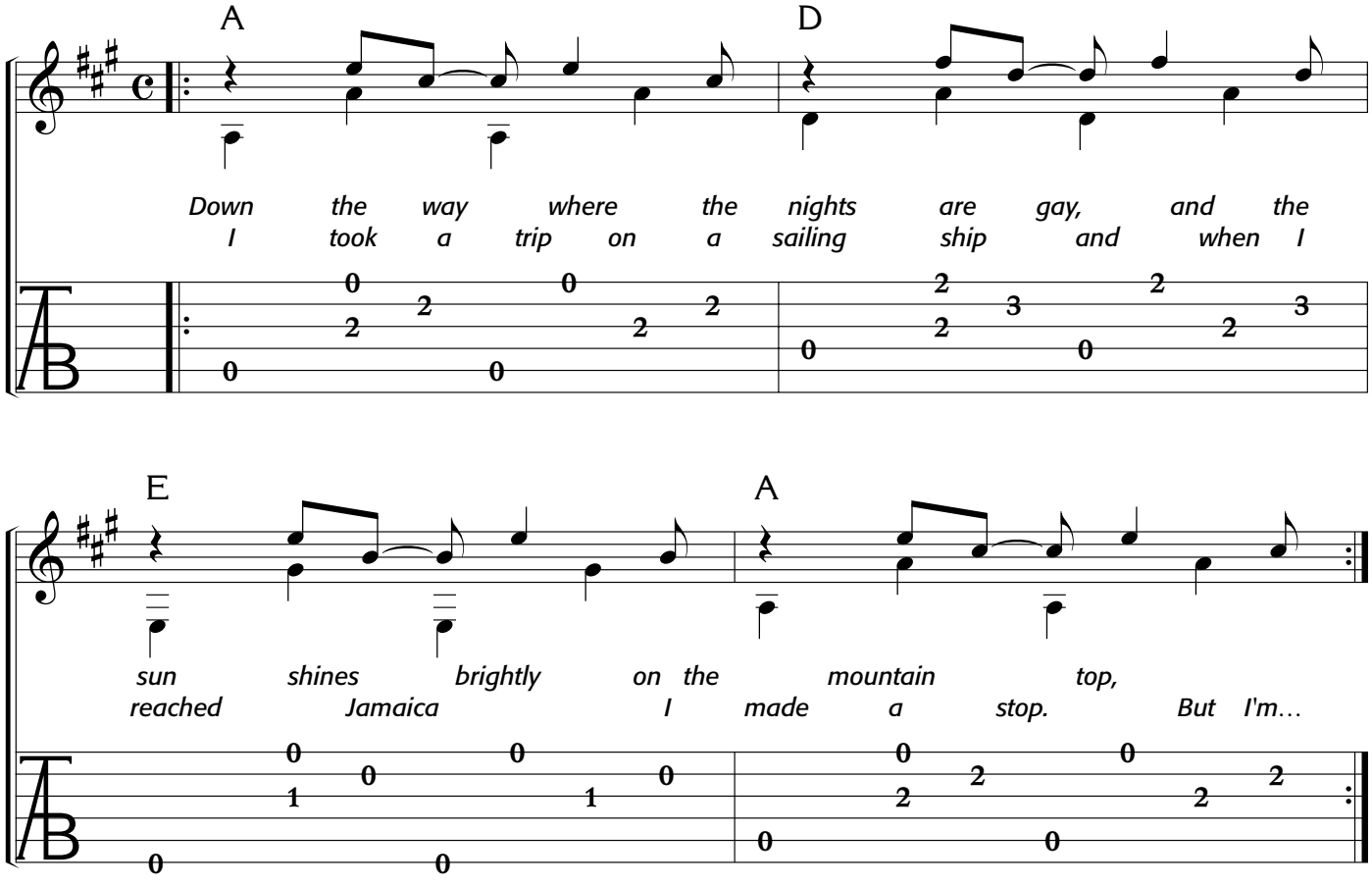

D
Stagolee killed Billy De Lyons, what do you think of
G
that? Shot him down in cold blood, 'cause he
D
A7
stole his Stetson hat. He's a bad man,
D
that cruel Stagolee.

"Jamaica Farewell" Pattern

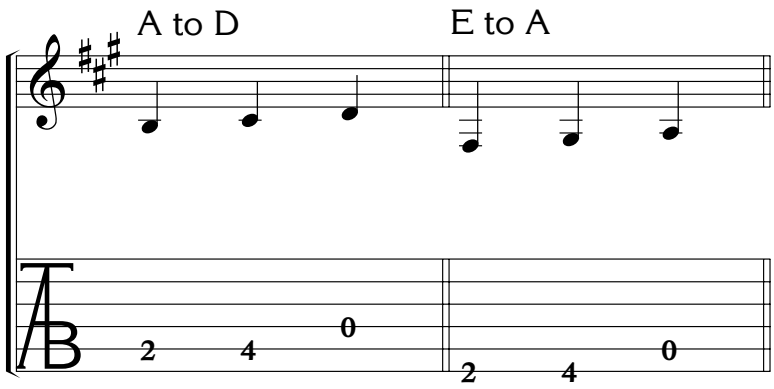




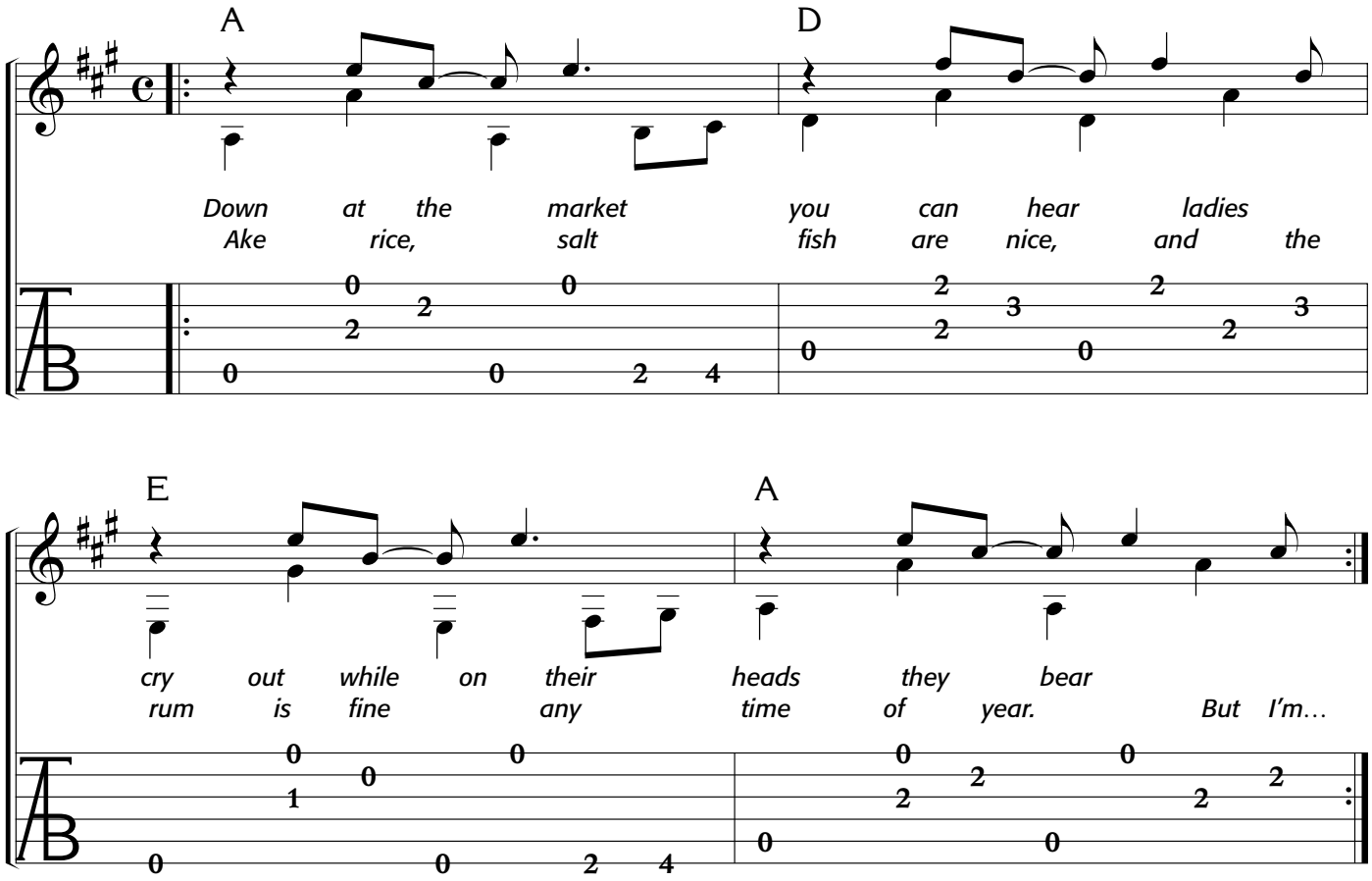
Jamaica Farewell



Bass Runs



Jamaica Farewell
(with Bass Runs)



Jamaica Farewell

Down the way where the nights are gay,
and the sun shines brightly on the mountain top,
I took a trip on a sailing ship
and when I reached Jamaica I made a stop.

Chorus:
But I'm sad to say I'm on my way,
Won't be back for many a day.
My heart is down, my head is turning around,
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town.

Sounds of laughter everywhere
and the dancing girls sway to and fro.
I must admit my heart is there
'though I've been from Maine to Mexico.

Down at the market you can hear
ladies cry out while on their heads they bear
Ake rice, salt fish are nice,
and the rum is fine any time of year.

St. James Infirmary

It was down in old Joe's barroom on the corner by the square.
The drinks were served as usual and the usual crowd was there.

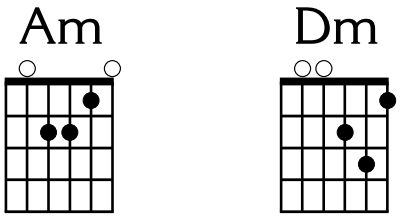
On my left stood big Joe McKennedy, his eyes were bloodshot red.
He took a look at the crowd around him, these are the words he said.

I went down to St. James Infirmary, I saw my baby there.
Stretched out on a long white table, so still, so cold, so fair.

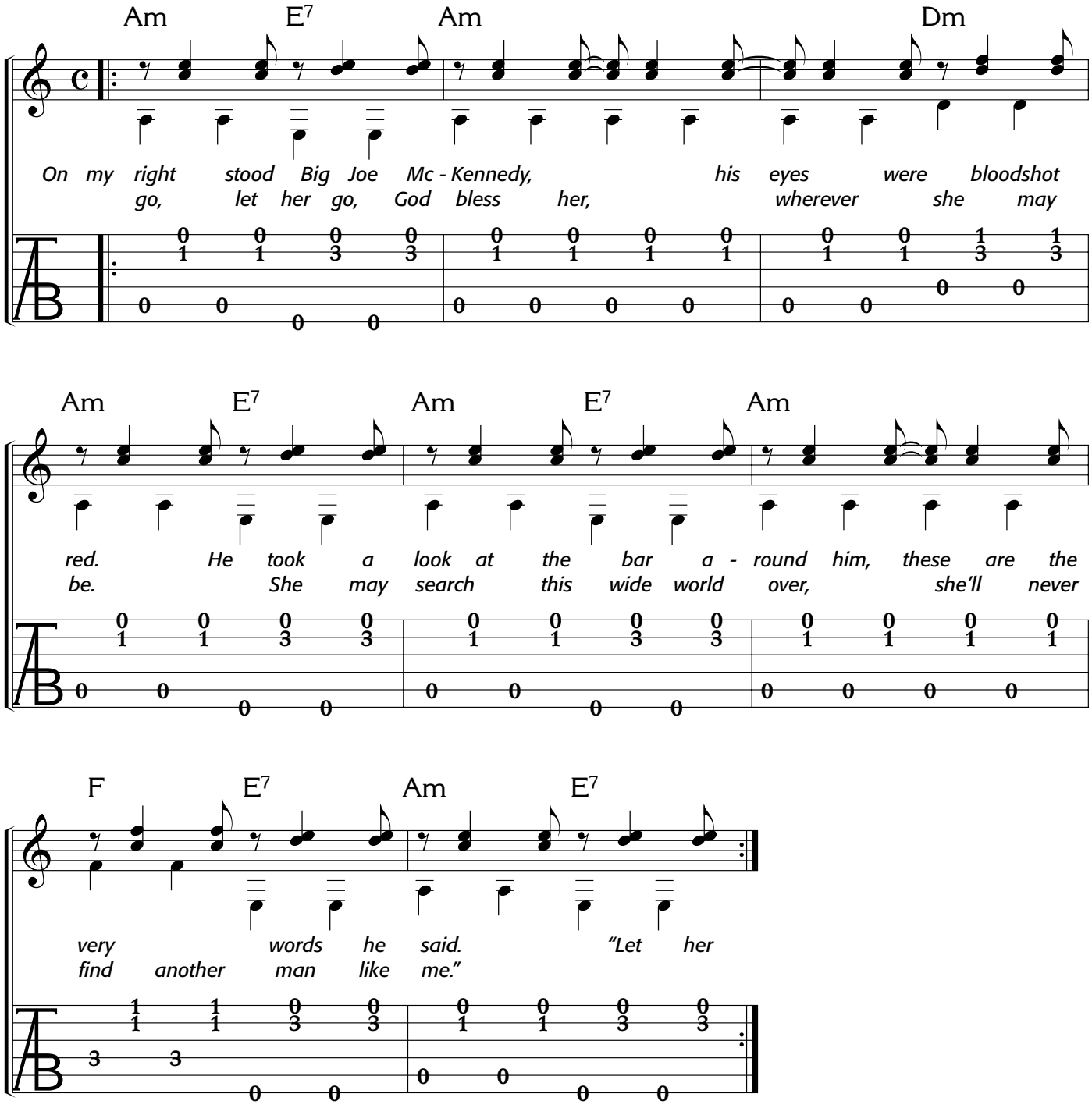
Let her go, let her go, God bless her, wherever she may be.
She may search this wide world over, never find another man like me.

When I die, please bury me in my hightop Stetson hat.
Put a $20 gold piece on my watchchain so the boys'll know I died standing pat.

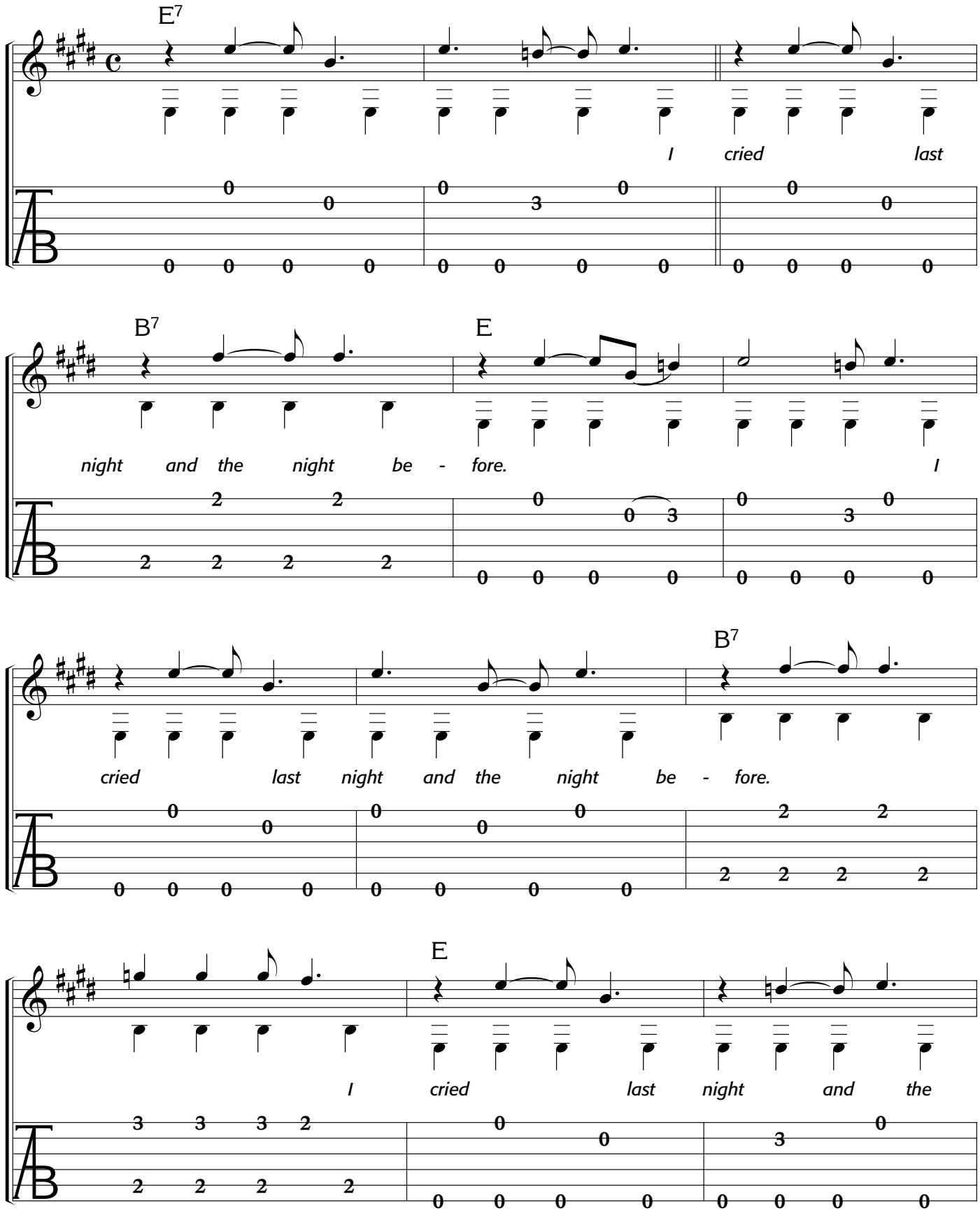
And now that you've heard my story, I'll take another shot of booze.
If anyone should happen to ask you, I've got the gambler's blues.

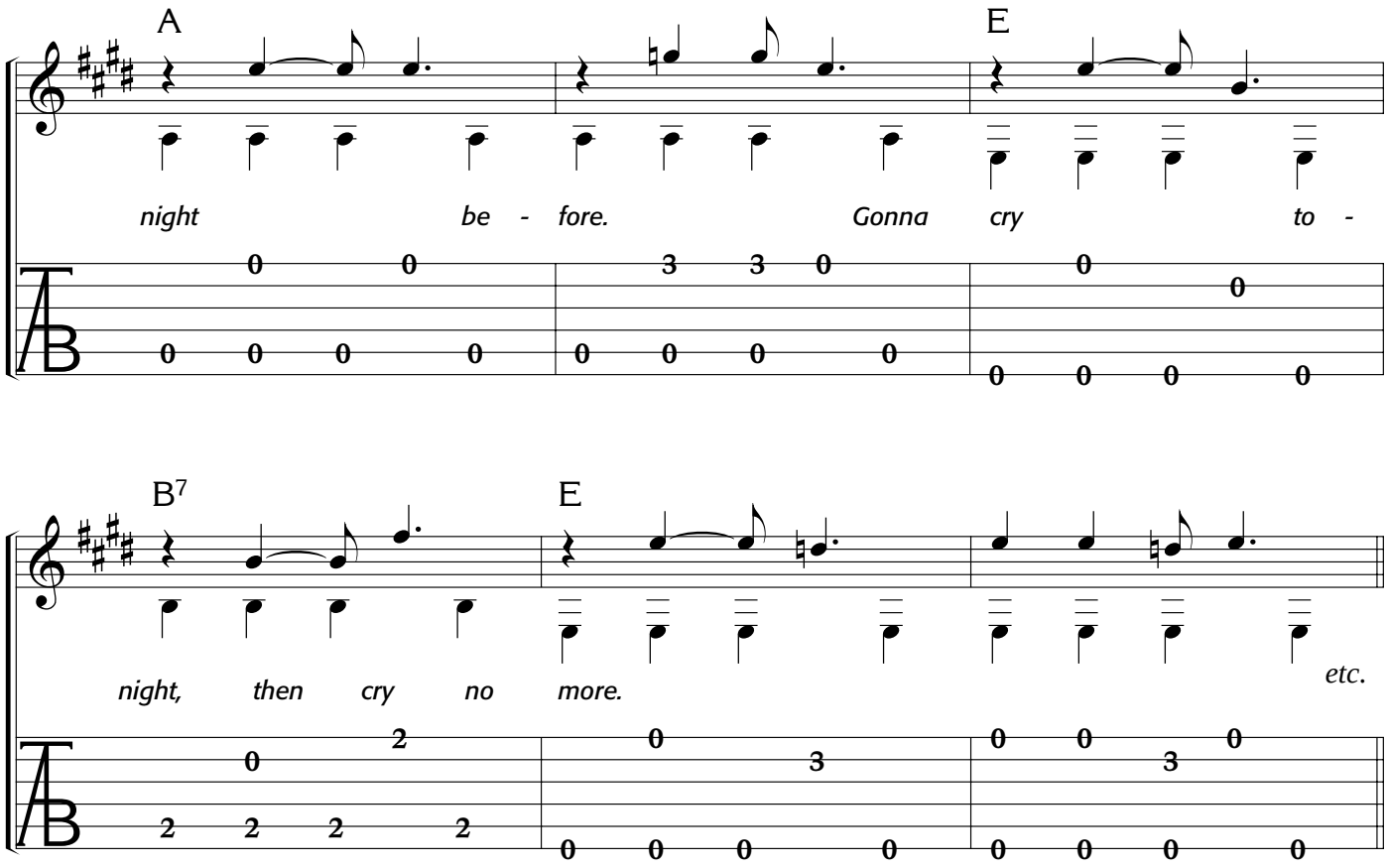


St. James Infirmary



Careless Love





Careless Love

Love, oh love, oh careless love, *(3 times)*
See what love has done to me.

Sorrow, sorrow to my heart, *(3 times)*
When me and my love had to part.

Cried last night and the night before, *(3 times)*
Gonna cry tonight, then cry no more.

House Of The Rising Sun

There is a house in New Orleans that they call the Rising Sun.
It's been the ruin of many a poor girl and Lord I know I'm one.

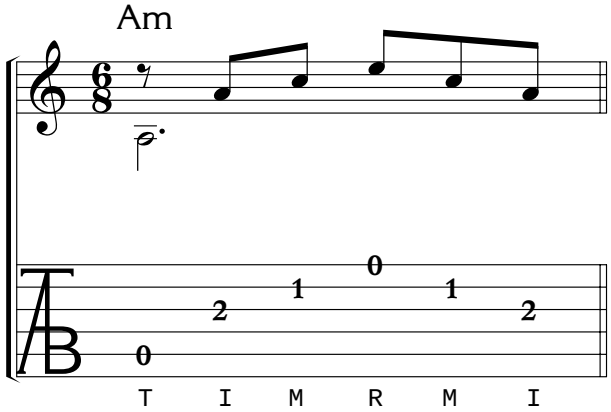
My mother was a tailor, she sewed those new blue jeans,
My father was a gambler, down in New Orleans.

The only thing a gambler needs is a suitcase and a trunk,
And the only time he's satisfied is when he's on a drunk.

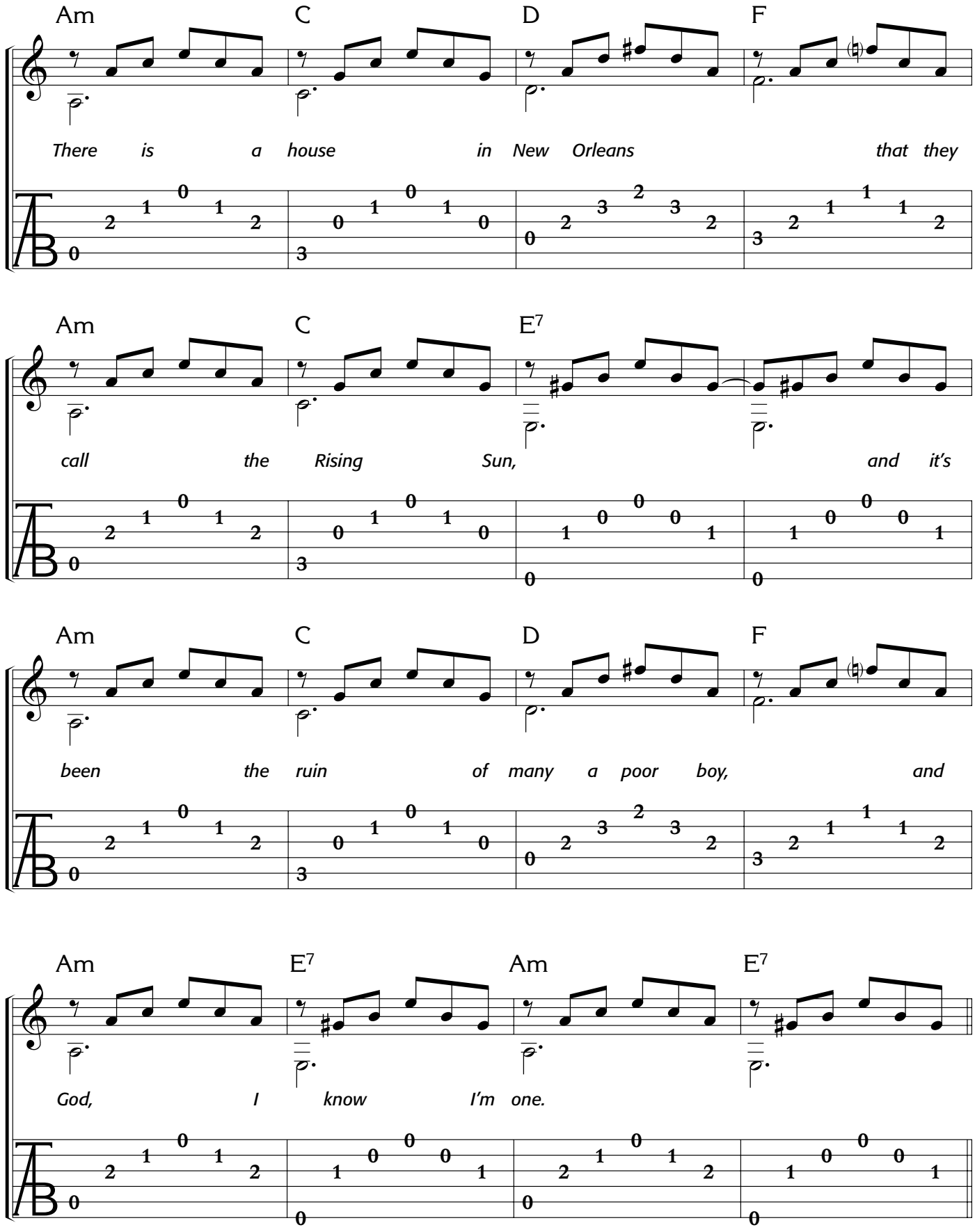
Go tell my baby sister not to do like I have done,
But to shun that house in New Orleans they call the Rising Sun.

I'm goin' back to New Orleans, my race is nearly run,
Goin' back to spend the rest of my life beneath that Rising Sun.

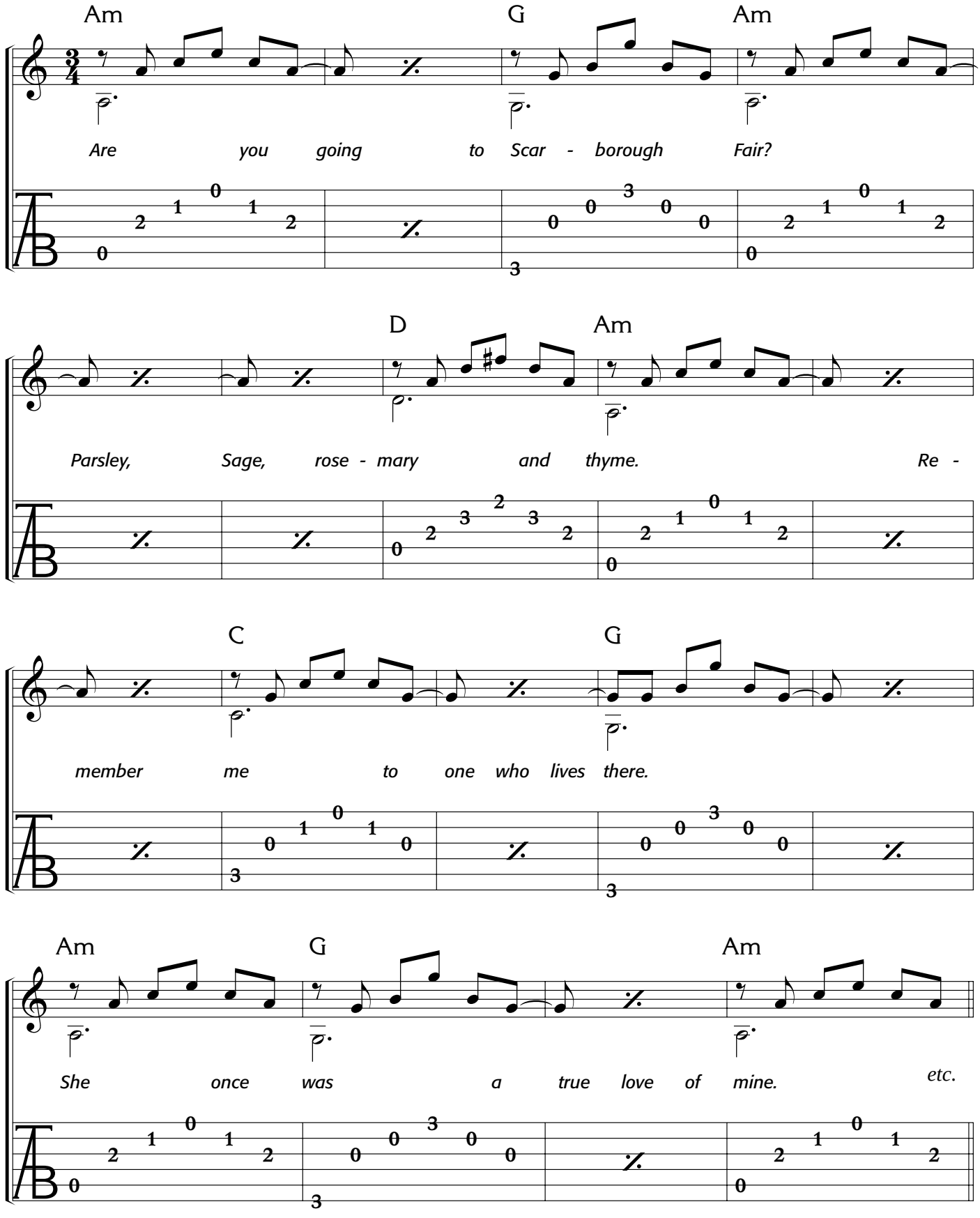
Waltz Pattern



House Of The Rising Sun



Scarborough Fair



Scarborough Fair

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Remember me to one who lives there.
She once was a true love of mine.

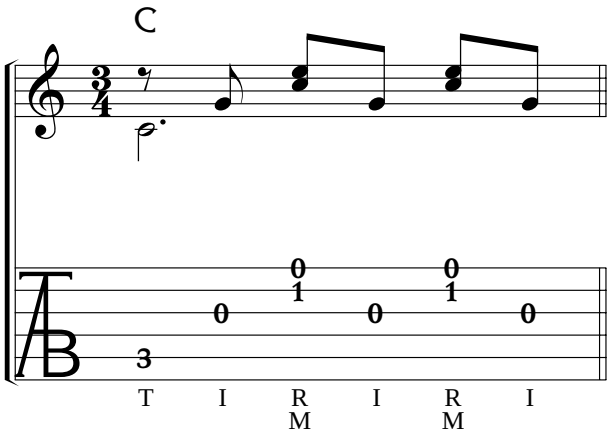
Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, sage…
Without any seam or fine needlework,
then she'll be a true love of mine,

Tell her to wash it in yonder well…
Where water ne'er sprung nor drop of rain fell,
and then she'll be…

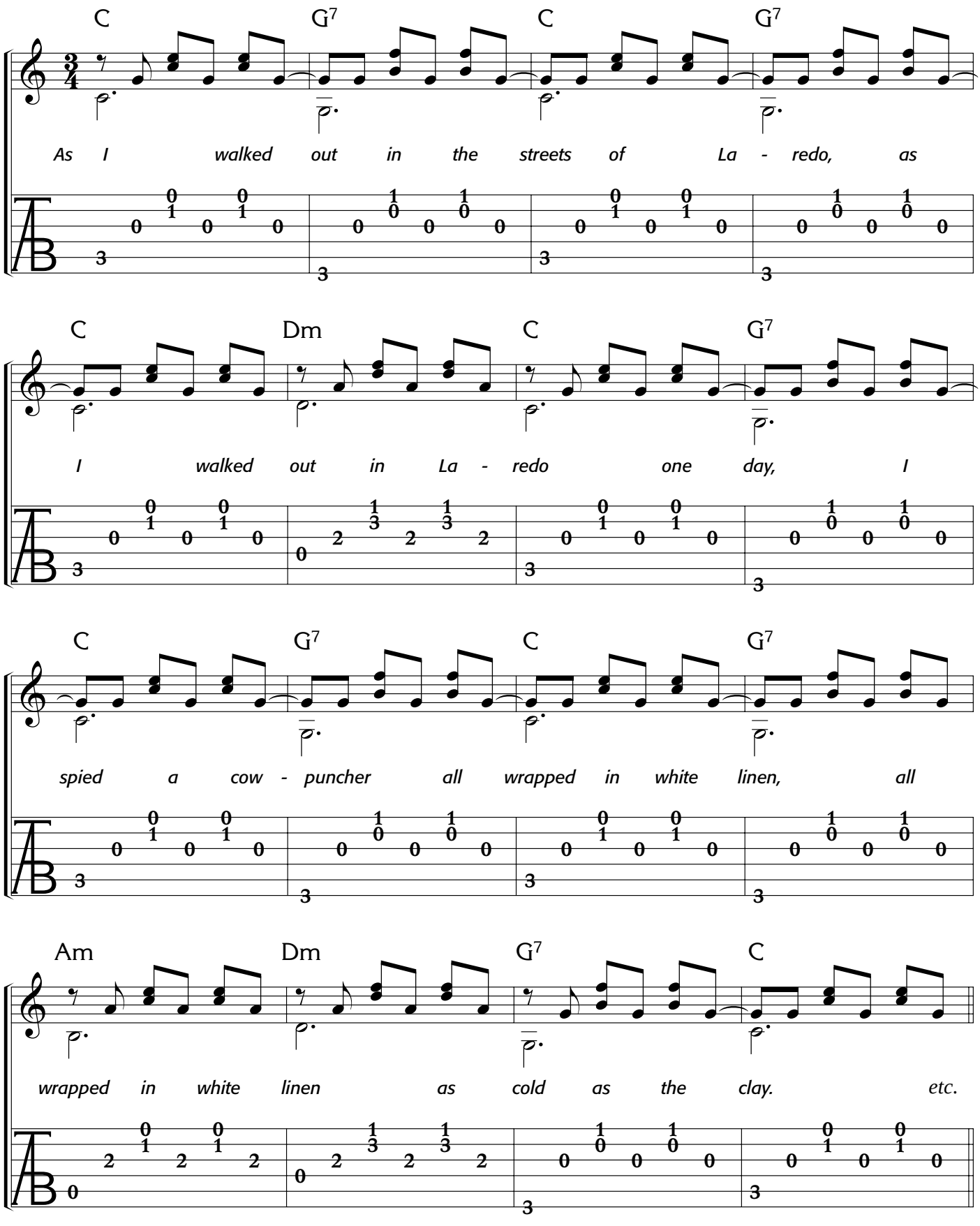
Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn…
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born,
and then she'll be…

O will you find me an acre of land…
Between the sea foam and the salt sea land,
and then she'll be…

Waltz Pattern



Streets Of Laredo



Streets of Laredo

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a cowpuncher all wrapped in white linen,
Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

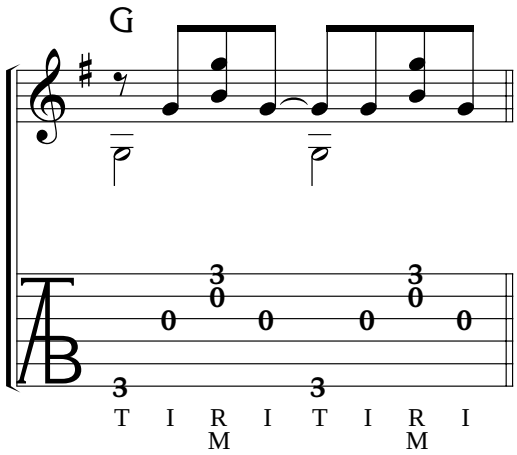
I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,
These words he did say as he saw me ride by.
Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,
I'm shot in the breast and I surely must die.

It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
Once in the saddle I used to go gay.
First to the dram-house and then to the card house,
Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today.

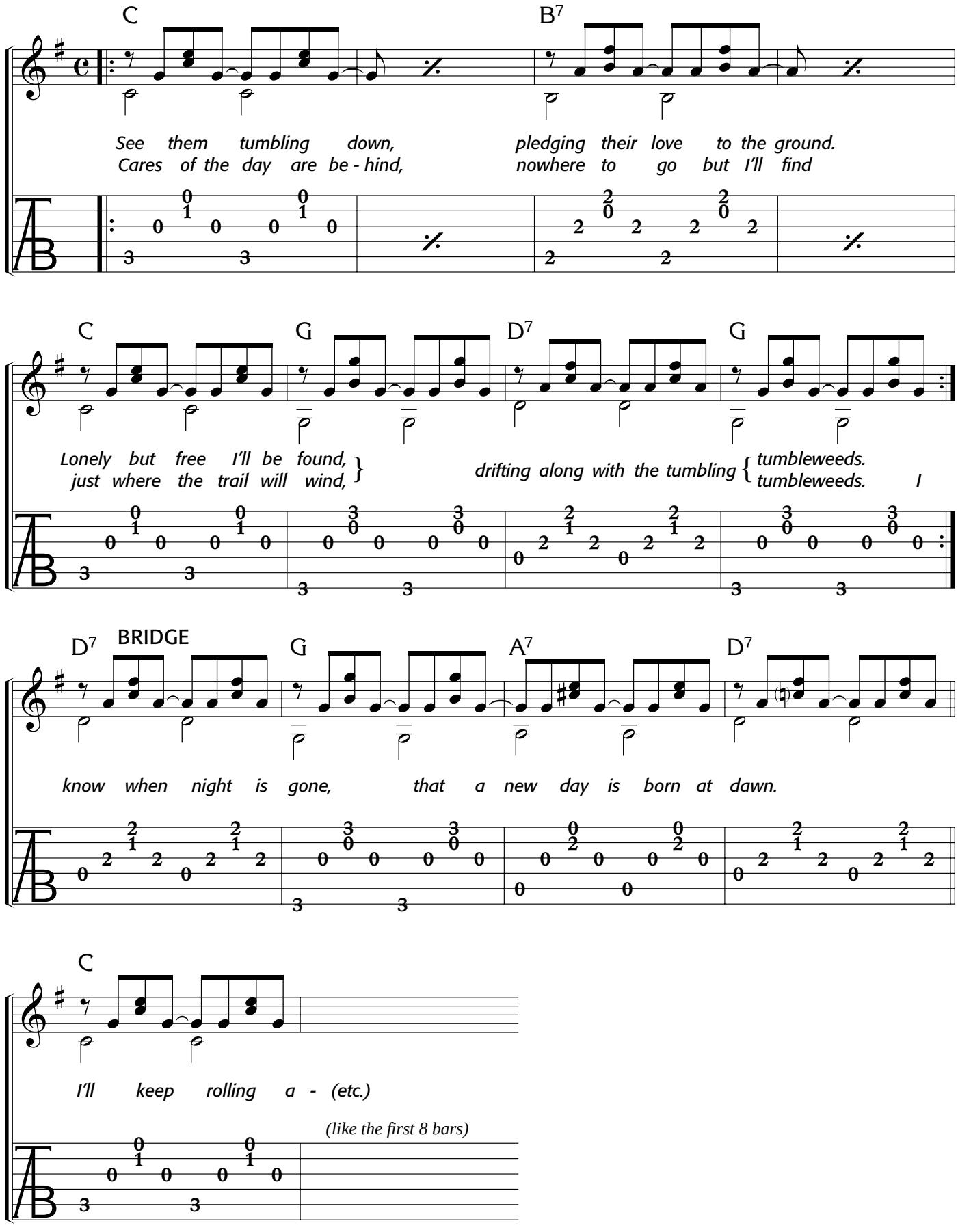
Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin,
Six pretty maidens to bear up my pall.
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,
Roses to deaden the clods as they fall.

Beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
Play the death march as you carry me on.
Take me out to the graveyard and throw the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

"Tumbleweeds" Pattern



Tumbling Tumbleweeds

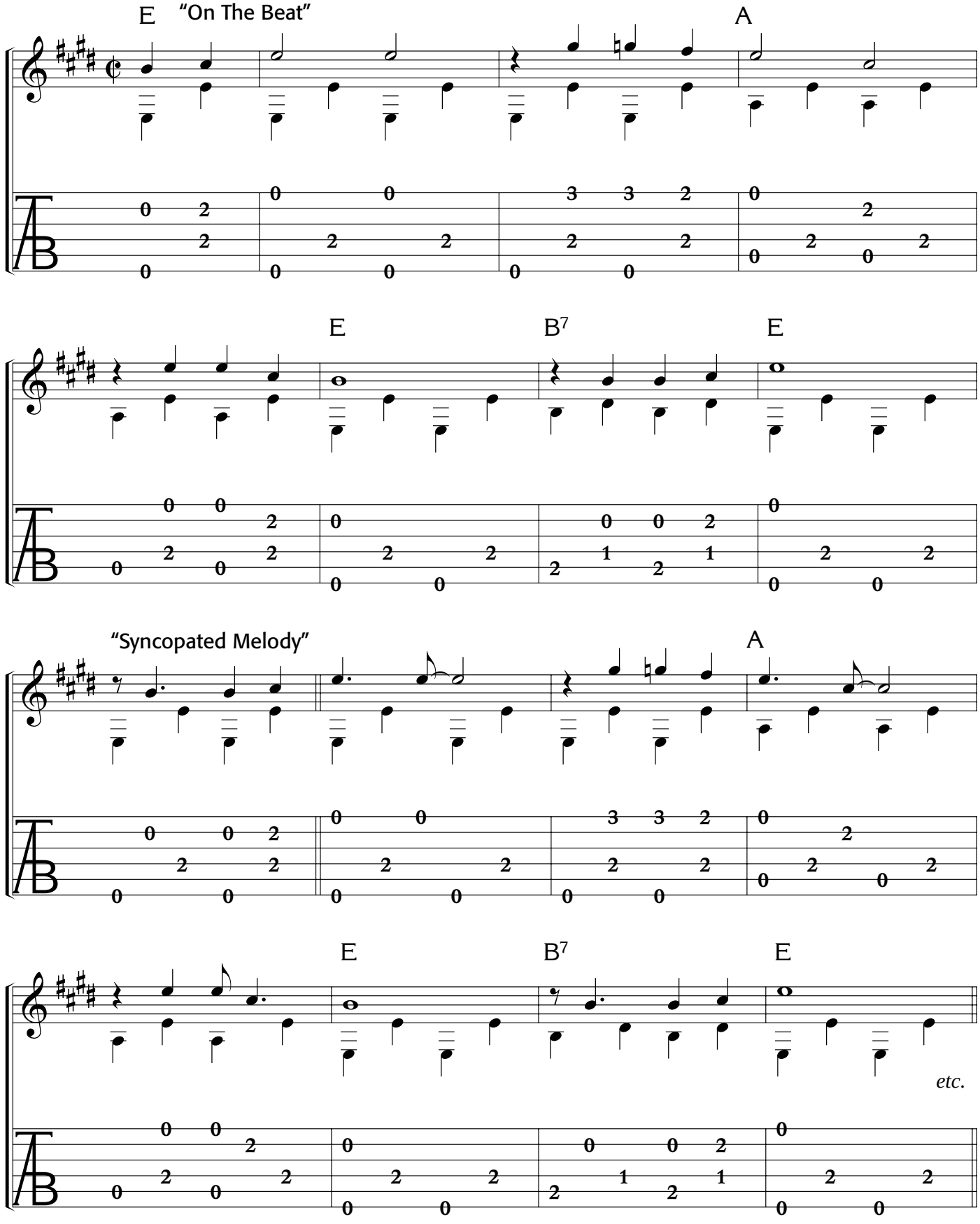


Tumbling Tumbleweeds

See them tumbling down,
pledging their love to the ground.
Lonely but free I'll be found,
    Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

Cares of the past are behind,
nowhere to go but I'll find
Just where the trail will wind,
    Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

    I know when night is gone,
    that a new day is born at dawn.

I'll keep rolling along.
Deep in my heart is a song.
Here on the range I belong,
    Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

Nine Pound Hammer