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JULY 2026



AMERICANA ANTHEMS 1776-2026!



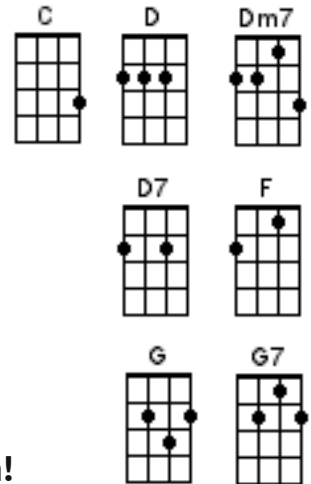
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**ESTABLISHED
2004**

America the Beautiful written in the summer of 1893 by English professor Katharine Lee Bates. It was inspired by the view from the summit of Pikes Peak in Colorado.

Intro: **Dm7 G7 C C**



C G G7 C
 O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain
C G D\\ D7\\ G\\ G7
 For purple mountain majesties, a-bove the fruited plain!
C G G7 C
 A-merica! A-merica! God shed his grace on thee
F C F\\ G7\\ C
 And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea!

C G G7 C
 O beautiful for pilgrim feet, whose stern impassioned stress.
C G D\\ D7\\ G\\ G7
 A thoroughfare of freedom beat, a-cross the wilder-ness!
C G G7 C
 A-merica! A-merica! God mend thine every flaw.
F C F\\ G7\\ C
 Con-firm thy soul in self control, Thy liber-ty in law!

C G G7 C
 O beautiful for heroes proved, in liberating strife
C G D\\ D7\\ G\\ G7
 Who more than self, their country loved, and mercy more than life!
C G G7 C
 A-merica! A-merica! May God thy gold re-fine!
F C F\\ G7\\ C
 Till all success be nobleness, and every gain di-vine!

C G G7 C
 O beautiful for patriot dream, that sees beyond the years
C G D\\ D7\\ G\\ G7
 Thine alabaster cities gleam, un-dimmed by human tears!
C G G7 C
 A-merica! A-merica! God shed his grace on thee
F C F\\ G7\\ C
 And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea!

BALLAD OF DAVY CROCKETT (1954) – The Wellingtons 4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: C F\\ C\\ G7 C C F\\ C\\ G7 C
Davy, Davy Crockett, king of the wild fron-tier!

C F\\ C\\ C D7\\ G7\\
Born on a mountain top in Tennes-see, greenest state in the land of the free
C\\ C7\\ F\\ D7\\ G7 G7\\ C\\
Raised in the woods so he knew every tree, kilt him a bar when he was only three
C F\\ C\\ G7 C
Davy, Davy Crockett, king of the wild fron-tier!

C F\\ C\\ C D7\\ G7\\
Off through the woods he's a-marchin' a-long, makin' up yarns an' singin' a song
C\\ C7\\ F\\ D7\\ G7 G7\\ C\\
Itchin' for a fightin', and a-rightin' a wrong, grizzly as a bear and twice as strong.
C F\\ C\\ G7 C
Davy, Davy Crockett, the man who don't know fear

C F\\ C\\ C D7\\ G7\\
His land is biggest an' his land is best, from grassy plains to the mountain crest
C\\ C7\\ F\\ D7\\ G7 G7\\ C\\
He's a-head of us all, meetin' the test, followin' his legend into the West
C F\\ C\\ G7 C
Davy, Davy Crockett, king of the wild fron-tier!

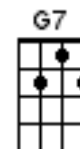
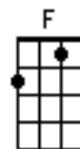
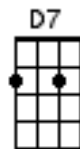
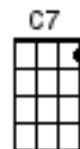
C F\\ C\\ C D7\\ G7\\
He went off to Congress and served a spell, fixin' up the government and laws as well.
C\\ C7\\ F\\ D7\\ G7 G7\\ C\\
He took over Washington so I hear tell, and patched up the crack in the Liberty Bell.
C F\\ C\\ G7 C
Davy, Davy Crockett, seeing his duty clear!

C F\\ C\\ C D7\\ G7\\
When he come home, his politickin' done, Why the westward march had just be-gun.
C\\ C7\\ F\\ D7\\ G7 G7\\ C\\
So he packed his gear and his trusty gun, and lit out a grinnin' to follow the sun.
C F\\ C\\ G7 C
Davy, Davy Crockett, a leadin' a pio-neer!

C F\\ C\\ C D7\\ G7\\
He heard of Houston and Austin and so, to the Texas plains he just had to go
C\\ C7\\ F\\ D7\\ G7 G7\\ C\\
Their freedom was fightin' a-nother foe, and they needed him at the Ala - mo!

C F\\ C\\ G7 C
Davy, Davy Crockett, king of the wild fron-tier!

C F\\ C\\ G7 C\\ G7\\ C\\
Davy, Davy Crockett, king of the wild fron-tier!



DON'T FENCE ME IN

Cole Porter & Robert Fletcher, 1934

Rev 7/15/2026

Intro: [G] | [E7] | [Am7, D7] | [G] (Time Signature: 4/4)

Oh give me [G] land, lots of land under starry skies above,
don't fence me [D7] in.

Let me ride through the wide open country that I love,
don't fence me [G] in.

Let me be by myself in the [G7] evenin' breeze,
[C] Listen to the murmur of the [C7] cotton-wood tree-ees,
[G] Send me off for-ever but I [E7] ask you ple-ease,
[Am7] don't [D7] fence me [G] in.

Just turn me [C] loose let me straddle my old saddle
underneath the western [G] skies.

On my cay- [C] use, let me wander over yonder
till I see the mountains [G] rise. [D7]

I want to [G] ride to the ridge where the [G7] west commences,
And [C] gaze at the moon until I [C7] lose my senses.
I [G] can't look at hobbles and I [E7] can't stand fences,
[Am7] don't [D7] fence me [G] in.

Oh give me [G] land, lots of land under starry skies above,
don't fence me [D7] in.

Let me ride through the wide open country that I love,
don't fence me [G] in.

Let me be by myself in the [G7] evenin' breeze,
[C] Listen to the murmur of the [C7] cotton-wood tree-ees,
[G] Send me off for-ever but I [E7] ask you ple-lease,
[Am7] don't [D7] fence me [G] in.

Just turn me [C] loose let me straddle my old saddle
underneath the western [G] skies.

On my cay- [C] use, let me wander over yonder
till I see the mountains [G] rise. [D7]

I want to [G] ride to the ridge where the [G7] west commences,
And [C] gaze at the moon until I [C7] lose my senses.
I [G] can't look at hobbles and I [E7] can't stand fences,
[Am7] don't [D7] fence me [G] in

[Am7] don't [D7] fence me [G] in (sing softer)

[Am7] don't [D7] fence me [G] in (sing softest)

Instrumental: [Am7] don't [D7] fence me [G] in [G]\

Am7



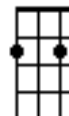
C



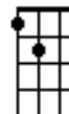
C7



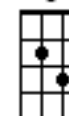
D7



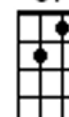
E7



G



G7



IF I HAD A HAMMER *by Pete Seeger*

intro

| C · Am · | F · G7 · | C · Am · | F · G7 · | C · Am · | F ·
oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo

Verse 1:

G7 · C · Em · F · G7 · C · Em · F ·
If I had a ham - mer, I'd hammer in the morn - ing,

G7 · C · Em · F · · G7 · G7sus ·
I'd hammer in the eve - ning, all over this land.

G7 · · · C · · · C · · ·
I'd hammer out dan - ger, I'd hammer out a

Am · · · Am · · · F · C · F ·
warn - ing, I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my

C · F · C · G7 · · · C · Em · F ·
sis - ters, all- - - - - over this land.

Verse 2:

G7 · C · Em · F · G7 · C · Em · F ·
If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morn - ing,

G7 · C · Em · F · · G7 · G7sus ·
I'd ring it in the eve - ning, all over this land.

G7 · · · C · · · C · · ·
I'd ring out dan - ger, I'd ring out a

Am · · · Am · · · F · C · F ·
warn - ing, I'd ring out love between my brothers and my

C · F · C · G7 · · · C · Em · F ·
sis - ters, all- - - - - over this land.

Verse 3:

G7 · C · Em · F · G7 · C · Em · F ·
If I had a song to sing, I'd sing it in the morn - ing,

G7 · C · Em · F · · G7 · G7sus ·
I'd sing it in the eve - ning, all over this land.

G7 · · · C · · · C · · ·
I'd sing out dan - ger, I'd sing out a

Am · · · Am · · · F · C · F ·
warn - ing, I'd sing out love between my brothers and my

C · F · C · G7 · · · C · Em · F ·
sis - ters, all- - - - - over this land.

Verse 4:

G7 · C · Em · F · G7 · C · Em · F ·
Well, I got a ham - mer, and I got a bell,

G7 · C · Em · F · · · G7 · G7sus ·
And I got a song to sing, all over this land.

G7 · · · C · · · C · · ·
It's the hammer of jus - tice, it's the bell of

Am · · · Am · · · F · C · F ·
free - dom, it's a song about love between my brothers and my

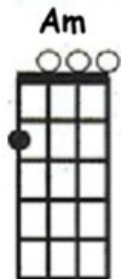
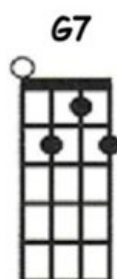
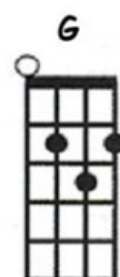
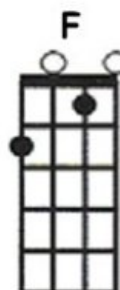
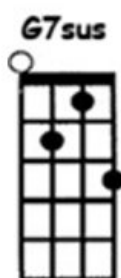
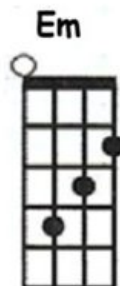
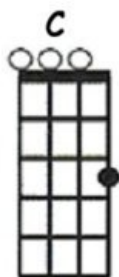
C · F · C · G7 · · · C · Em · F ·
sis - ters, all- ----- over this land.

Outro:

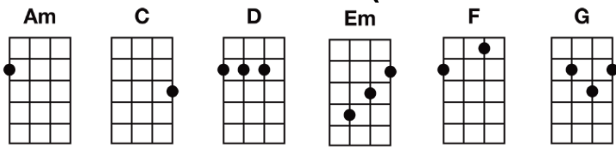
G7 · · · C · · · C · · ·
It's the hammer of jus - tice, it's the bell of

Am · · · Am · · · F · C · F ·
free - dom, it's a song about love between my brothers and my

C · F · C · G7 · · · C · Fm · C!
sis - ters, all- ----- over this land.



I'm an Old Cowhand (From the Rio Grande) by Johnny Mercer (1936)



Intro: D\\ G\\ C D\\ G\\ C C

~~Yippie yi yo kai yay, yippie yi yo kai yay.~~

I'm an old cow-hand from the Rio Grande, but my legs ain't bowed and my cheeks ain't tanned.

I'm a cowboy who never saw a cow, never roped a steer 'cause I don't know how,

And I sure ain't a fixin to start in now, Yippie yi yo kai yay, yippie yi yo kai yay.

(Tacet) I'm an old cow-hand from the Rio Grande, and I learned to ride 'fore I learned to stand.

I'm a riding fool who is up to date, I know every trail in the Lone Star State,

'cause I ride the range in a Ford V-8, Yippie yi yo kai yay, yippie yi yo kai yay.

(Tacet) We're old cow-hands from the Rio Grande and we come to town just to hear the band.

We know all the songs that the cowboys know, 'bout the big corral where the doggies go,

Cause we learned them all on the radio. Yippie yi yo kai yay, yippie yi yo kai yay.

(Tacet) Just an old cow-hand from the Rio Grande, where the West is wild 'round the border-land.

Where the buffalo roam all a-round the zoo, and the Indians sell you a rug or two,

and the old Bar X is a barbecue, yeah, Yippie yi yo kai yay, yippie yi yo kai yay.

(Tacet) I'm an old cow-hand from the Rio Grande, but my legs ain't bowed and my cheeks ain't tanned.

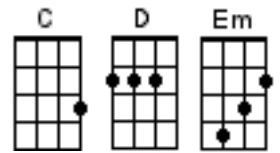
I'm a cowboy who never saw a cow, never roped a steer 'cause I don't know how,

And I sure ain't a fixin to start in now,

Yippie yi yo kai yay, yippie yi yo kai yay, Yippie yi yo kai yay!

The L & N Don't Stop Here Anymore by Jean Ritchie (1965)

as sung by Michelle Shocked



INTRO: C D Em Em

Em D Em Em Em D Em Em
When I was a curly headed baby, My daddy set me down on his knee,
Em D Em Em C D Em Em
Saying "Son you go to school, you learn your letters. Don't you be no dusty miner boy like me

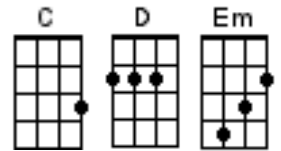
D D Em Em
I was born and raised at the mouth of the Hazard Holler
D D Em Em
Where the coal cars rolled and rumbled past my door.
Em D Em Em C D Em Em
But now they stand in a rusty row of all empties Because the L&N don't stop here any-more.

Em D Em Em Em D Em Em
I used to think my daddy was a black man With script enough to buy the company store.
Em D Em Em C C D D Em Em
But now he goes to town with empty pockets And Lord his face as white as Febru-ary snow.

D D Em Em
I was born and raised at the mouth of the Hazard Holler
D D Em Em
Where the coal cars rolled and rumbled past my door
Em D Em Em C D Em Em
But now they stand in a rusty row of all empties Because the L&N don't stop here any-more.

Em D Em Em
Never thought I'd learn to love the coal dust
Em D Em Em
Never thought I'd pray to hear those temples roar
Em D Em Em
But God I wish the grass would turn to money
C C D D Em Em
And them greenbacks would fill my pockets once more

D D Em Em
I was born and raised at the mouth of the Hazard Holler
D D Em Em
Where the coal cars rolled and rumbled past my door
Em D Em Em C D Em Em
But now they stand in a rusty row of all empties Because the L&N don't stop here any-more.



Em **D** **Em** **Em** **Em** **D** **Em** **Em**
 Last night I dreamed I went down to the office To get my payday like I done be-fore
 Em **D** **Em** **Em**
 But them old Kudzu vines was covering up the doorway
 C **C** **D** **D** **Em** **Em**
 And there was leaves & grass growing right up through the floor

D **D** **Em** **Em**
 I was born and raised at the mouth of the Hazard Holler
 D **D** **Em** **Em**
 Where the coal cars rolled and they rumbled past my door
 Em **D** **Em** **Em** **C** **D** **Em** **Em**
 But now they stand in a rusty row of all empties Because the L&N don't stop here any-more.

SLOWER:

Em **C** **D** **Em** **Em/**
 Because the L&N don't stop here any-more.

Rev: 07.18.26

Jean Ritchie wrote this song. She was born into a family of folk balladeers in the Cumberland Mountains of eastern Kentucky.

Kudzu vines were imported from Japan as a ground cover for spoilbanks from new highways and strip mines, but have grown out of control and taken over many wooded areas in the South.

Ring of Fire – Johnny Cash

(G)Da da-da da-da (C)dah dah (G)dah
(G)Da da-da da-da (D)dah dah (G)dah

(G)Love... is a (C)burning (G)thing
And it (G)makes... a (C)fiery (G)ring
(G)Bound by (C)wild de(G)sire
(G)I fell into a (D)ring of (G)fire

(D)I fell in to a (C)burning ring of (G)fire
I went (D)down, down, down
And the (C)flames went (G)higher
And it (G)burns, burns, burns
The (C)ring of (G)fire
The (D)ring of (G)fire

(G) Da da-da da-da (C) dah dah (G)dah
(G) Da da-da da-da (D) dah dah (G)dah

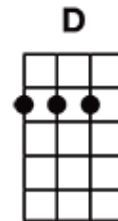
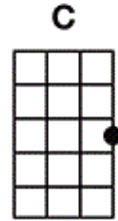
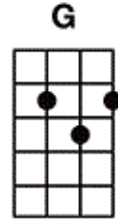
(D)I fell in to a (C)burning ring of (G)fire
I went (D)down, down, down
And the (C)flames went (G)higher
And it (G)burns, burns, burns
The (C)ring of (G)fire
The (D)ring of (G)fire

The (G)taste... of (C)love is (G)sweet
When (G)hearts... like (C)ours (G)meet
I (G)fell for you (C)like a (G)child
(G)Oh but the (D)fire went (G)wild

(D)I fell into a (C)burning ring of (G)fire
I went (D)down, down, down
And the (C)flames went (G)higher
And it (G)burns, burns, burns
The (C)ring of (G)fire
The (D)ring of (G)fire

(D)I fell into a (C)burning ring of (G)fire
I went (D)down, down, down
And the (C)flames went (G)higher
And it (G)burns, burns, burns
The (C)ring of (G)fire
The (D)ring of (G)fire

And it (G)burns, burns, burns
The (C)ring of (G)fire
The (D)ring of (G)fire
(G) (C-G)



SHENANDOAH (key of C) – Traditional (4/4 time)

Intro: **F G7 C C**

C C F\\ C
Oh, Shenandoah , I long to hear you,

C\\ F G7 C C

A-- way , you rolling river

F Em Am\\ F
Oh, Shenandoah , I long to hear you

F\\ C Am Em Am F G\\ C C

A-- way , I'm bound a-way , 'cross the wide Mis-sou-ri.

C C F\\ C
Oh, Shenandoah , I love your daugh-ter,

C\\ F G7 C C

A-- way , you rolling river

F Em Am\\ F
For her I'd cross , the rolling water,

F\\ C Am Em Am F G\\ C C

A-- way , I'm bound a-way , 'cross the wide Mis-sou-ri.

C C F\\ C C\\ F G7 C C
Oh, Shenandoah , I'm bound to leave you, A-- way , you rolling river

F Em Am\\ F
Oh, Shenandoah , I'll not de-ceive you

F\\ C Am Em Am F G\\ C C

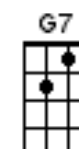
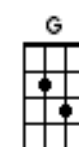
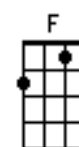
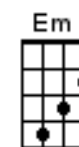
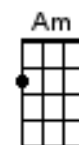
A-- way , I'm bound a-way , 'cross the wide Mis-sou-ri.

C C F\\ C C\\ F G7 C C
Oh, Shenandoah , I long to see you, A-- way , you rolling river

F Em Am\\ F
Oh, Shenandoah , I long to see you

F\\ C Am Em Am F G C C(arpeggio)

A-- way , I'm bound a-way , 'cross the wide Mis-sou-ri.



Take Me Out To The Ball Game

Intro: Instrumental

For it's [F] one, [D7] two,

[C] Three strikes, You're [A7] out

At the [D7] old [G7] ball [C] game. [G7]

[C] Take me out to The **[G7]** ball game.

[C] Take me out

With the **[G7]** crowd.

[A7] Buy me some peanuts and

[Dm] Cracker Jacks.

[D] I don't care if I **[G]** ever get **[G7]** back

Let me **[C]** root, root, root for the

[G7] home team.

If **[C]** they don't **[C7]** win,

It's a **[A7]** shame.

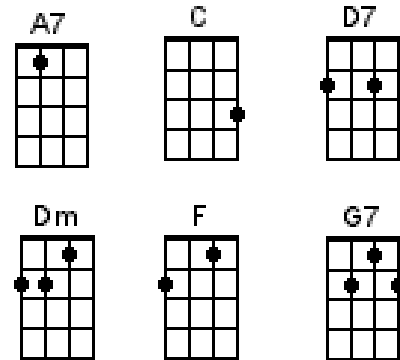
For it's **[F]** one,

[D7] two,

[C] Three strikes, You're **[A7]** out

At the **[D7]** old **[G7]** ball **[C]** game.

PLAY BALL!!





THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND-Woody Guthrie

4/4 1234 1

Short Intro: F⁴ C⁴ G7⁴ C⁵

Intro: Walk-ups



This land is your land, this land is my land, from Cali-fornia to the New York island,



From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream wa.....ters, this land was made for you and me.



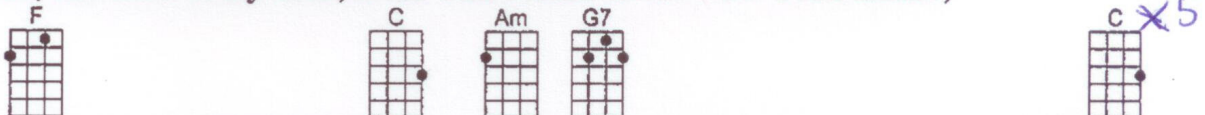
As I was walking that ribbon of highway, I saw above me that endless skyway,



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



This land is your land, this land is my land, from Cali-fornia to the New York island,



From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream wa.....ters, 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 a-round me a voice was sound....ing, this land was made for you and me.



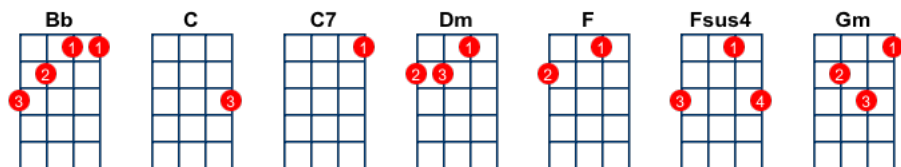
This land is your land, this land is my land, from Cali-fornia to the New York island,



From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream wa...ters, this land was made for you and me.

Where Have All the Flowers Gone

key:F, artist:Pete Seeger writer:Pete Seeger



Pete Seeger: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jbWFL_F2fjo But in B

[F] Where have all the [Dm] flowers gone, [Bb] long time [C] passing?

[F] Where have all the [Dm] flowers gone, [Gm] long time [C] ago?

[F] Where have all the flowers [Dm] gone?

[Bb] Young girls picked them [C] everyone.

[Bb] When will they ever [F] learn?

[Bb] When will they [C7] ever [F] learn? [F] [Fsus4] [F] [Fsus4]

[F] Where have all the [Dm] young girls gone, [Bb] long time [C] passing?

[F] Where have all the [Dm] young girls gone, [Gm] long time [C] ago?

[F] Where have all the young girls [Dm] gone?

[Bb] Gone for husbands [C] everyone.

[Bb] When will they ever [F] learn?

[Bb] When will they [C7] ever [F] learn? [F] [Fsus4] [F] [Fsus4]

[F] Where have all the [Dm] husbands gone, [Bb] long time [C] passing?

[F] Where have all the [Dm] husbands gone, [Gm] long time [C] ago?

[F] Where have all the husbands [Dm] gone?

[Bb] Gone for soldiers [C] everyone.

[Bb] When will they ever [F] learn?

[Bb] When will they [C7] ever [F] learn? [F] [Fsus4] [F] [Fsus4]

[F] Where have all the [Dm] soldiers gone, [Bb] long time [C] passing?

[F] Where have all the [Dm] soldiers gone, [Gm] long time [C] ago?

[F] Where have all the soldiers [Dm] gone?

[Bb] Gone to graveyards [C] everyone.

[Bb] When will they ever [F] learn?

[Bb] When will they [C7] ever [F] learn? [F] [Fsus4] [F] [Fsus4]

[F] Where have all the [Dm] graveyards gone, [Bb] long time [C] passing?
[F] Where have all the [Dm] graveyards gone, [Gm] long time [C] ago?
[F] Where have all the graveyards [Dm] gone?
[Bb] Gone to flowers [C] everyone.
[Bb] When will they ever [F] learn?
[Bb] When will they [C7] ever [F] learn? [F] [Fsus4] [F] [Fsus4]

[F] Where have all the [Dm] flowers gone, [Bb] long time [C] passing?
[F] Where have all the [Dm] flowers gone, [Gm] long time [C] ago?
[F] Where have all the flowers [Dm] gone?
[Bb] Young girls picked them [C] everyone.
[Bb] When will they ever [F] learn?
[Bb] When will they ever [F] learn?
[Bb]

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Will The Circle Be Unbroken

Intro - Solo

I was [G] standing by the [G] window,
On a [C] cold and cloudy [G] day.
When I [G] saw the hearse come [Em] rolling,
To [G] carry my [D7] mother [G] away.

Will the [G] circle be un-[G] broken,
By and [C] by, Lord, by and [G] by?
There's a [G] better home a-[Em]waiting,
In the [G] sky, Lord, [D7] in the [G] sky.

I said [G] to the under-[G] taker,
"Under-[C] taker, please drive [G] slow.
For the [G] body you are [Em] carrying,
Lord, I [G] hate to [D7] see her [G] go."

Will the [G] circle be un-[G] broken,
By and [C] by, Lord, by and [G] by?
There's a [G] better home a-[Em]waiting,
In the [G] sky, Lord, [D7] in the [G] sky. 🙏

Well, I [G] followed close be-[G] hind her,
Tried to [C] hold up and be [G] brave.
But I [G] could not hide my [Em] sorrow,
When they [G] laid her [D7] in the [G] grave.

Will the [G] circle be un-[G] broken,
By and [C] by, Lord, by and [G] by?
There's a [G] better home a-[Em]waiting,
In the [G] sky, Lord, [D7] in the [G] sky.

I went back [G] home, Lord, that home was [G] lonesome,
Since my [C] mother, she was [G] gone.
All my [G] brothers and sisters [Em] cryin',
What a [G] home so [D7] sad and [G] alone.

Will the [G] circle be un-[G] broken,
By and [C] by, Lord, by and [G] by?
There's a [G] better home a-[Em]waiting,
In the [G] sky, Lord, [D7] in the [G] sky. [G/

You Are My Sunshine

Intro - Solo

[NC] The other [A] night dear, as I lay [A] sleeping
I dreamed I [D] held you in my [A] arms [A]
When I a-[D]woke, dear, I was mis-[A]taken
So I [A] hung my [E7] head and I [A] cried.

You are my [A] sunshine, my only [A] sunshine
You make me [D] happy when skies are [A] grey [A]
You'll never [D] know dear, how much I [A] love you
Please don't [A] take my [E7] sunshine a-[A]way

I'll always [A] love you and make you [A] happy
If you will [D] only say the [A] same [A]
But if you [D] leave me and love [A] another
You'll re-[A]gret it [E7] all some [A] day

You are my [A] sunshine, my only [A] sunshine
You make me [D] happy when skies are [A] grey [A]
You'll never [D] know dear, how much I [A] love you
Please don't [A] take my [E7] sunshine a-[A]way

You told me [A] once, dear, you really [A] loved me
And no one [D] else could come be-[A]tween [A]
But now you've [D] left me to love a-[A] nother
You have [A] shattered [E7] all of my [A] dreams

Although I'm [A] sad now that you have [A] left me
And that you [D] don't think I'm too [A] keen [A]
I will go [D] play my Uku-[A] lele
I will re- [A] cover with [E7] a Yellow [A] Submarine

You are my [A] sunshine, my only [A] sunshine
You make me [D] happy when skies are [A] grey [A]
You'll never [D] know dear, how much I [A] love you
Please don't [A] take my [E7] sunshine a-[A] way [A/]

Your State's Name Here

Lou and Peter Berryman

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EX9p50MIexs>

C F C
Sometimes when the grass is blown by the breeze
F C G7
There's a far away look in the leaves of the trees
C F C
A memory returns, heartbreakingly clear
F C G7 C
Of a place I call home, **[Your state's name here]**

F C
No sky could be deeper, no water so clear
F C G7
As back in the meadows of **[Your state's name here]**
C F C
I'm gonna go back, although I don't know when
F C G7 C
There's no other place like **[Your state's name again]**

G7 C
Oh **[Your state's name here]**, oh **[Again]**, what a state
G7 C
I have not been back since **[A reasonable date]**
F C
Where the asphalt grows soft in July every year
F C G7 C
In the warm summer mornings of **[Your state's name here]**

F C
My grandpa would come and turn on the game
F C G7
And fall asleep drinking **[Your local beer's name]**
C F C
While grandma would sing in the garden for hours
F C G7 C
To all of **[The names of indigenous flowers]**

F C
The songs that she sang were somewhat obscure
F C G7
She learned from the local townspeople, I'm sure
C F C
The language they use is not very clear
F C G7 C
Like **[Place a colloquialism right here]**

G7 C
 Oh **[Your state's name here]**, oh **[Again]**, what a state
 G7 C
 I have not been back since **[A reasonable date]**
 F C
 Where the asphalt grows soft in July every year
 F C G7 C
 In the warm summer mornings of **[Your state's name here]**

F C
 I'd love to wake up where **[The state songbird]** sings
 F C G7
 Where they manufacture **[The names of some things]**
 C F C
 Like there on the bumper, a sticker so clear
 F C G7 C
 An I, then a heart, and then **[Your state's name here]**

F C
 Whisper it soft, it's a song to my ear
 F C G7
[Your state's name here, your state's name here]
 C F C
 It's there I was born and it's there I'll grow old
 F C G7 C
 By the rivers of blue and the arches of gold

G7 C
 Oh **[Your state's name here]**, oh **[Again]**, what a state
 G7 C
 I have not been back since **[A reasonable date]**
 F C
 Where the asphalt grows soft in July every year
 F C G7 C
 In the warm summer mornings of **[Your state's name here]**

(more slowly)

F C G7 C
 In the warm summer mornings of **[Your state's name here]**

Performance notes:

The Berrymans perform this as a duet, with Lou singing the unbolded text, and Peter singing the bolded text.

You're A Grand Old Flag/Yankee Doodle Dandy

4/4 time

Intro: [D7] [G7] [C] [C]\

(*tacet*) You're a [C] grand old [C] flag, you're a [C] high-flying [C] flag
And for-[C] ever in [C] peace may you [G7] way-----[G7]ave----
You're the [G7] emblem [G7] of the [C] land I [C] love
The [D7] home of the [D7] free and the [G7] brave [G7]\

(*tacet*) Ev'ry [C] heart beats [C] true, 'neath the [C] Red, White and [C] Blue
Where there's [A7] never a [A7] boast or [Dm] brag [Dm]

But, should [C] auld ac-[C]quaintance [G7] be for-[G7]got
Keep your [D7] eye on the [G7] grand old [C] flag [C]

[C] I'm a [C] Yankee Doodle [D7] Dand-[D7]y,
A [G7] Yankee [G7] Doodle, do or [C] die [C]
A [A7] real, live [A7] nephew of my [Dm] Uncle [Dm] Sam
[D7] Born on the [D7] 4th of Ju-[G7]ly [G7]

I've [C] got a [C] Yankee Doodle [D7] sweet-[D7]heart
[G7] She's my [G7] Yankee Doodle [C] joy [C]

[C]\ Yankee Doodle [C]\ came to London [C]\ just to ride the [C]\ ponies
[D7] I am that [G7] Yankee Doodle [C] boy [C]

[C] I'm a [C] Yankee Doodle [D7] Dand-[D7]y,
A [G7] Yankee [G7] Doodle, do or [C] die [C]
A [A7] real, live [A7] nephew of my [Dm] Uncle [Dm] Sam
[D7] Born on the [D7] 4th of Ju-[G7]ly [G7]

I've [C] got a [C] Yankee Doodle [D7] sweet-[D7]heart
[G7] She's my [G7] Yankee Doodle [C] joy [C]

[C]\ Yankee Doodle [C]\ came to London [C]\ just to ride the [C]\ ponies
[D7] I am that [G7] Yankee Doodle [C] boy [C]

(*Slow down*)

[D7] I---- [D7] am that [G7] Yan---kee [G7] Doo--dle [C] boy [C] [C] [C]\ [G7]\ [C]\

