

I LOVE THIS GUITAR
(Harvey Andrews – Haska Music)

C
I love this guitar,
F
Although I don't play it well
C Am
I'm just not a Ralph McTell
D G
Or a forty chord star
C C7
But I love this guitar
F
It knows every song I sing
C Am
Be it trad be it western swing
D G
Or a dooby-do-ah
F | F | C
I love this guitar

C F
And it carries the scars
C
From all of the gigs we played
G
The nights when we plied the trade
C
Of the old troubadour
F
And if I had my time
C Am
To live over again I'd say
G
I'd do it again this way
C G
I'd take the encore
C
'Cause I love this guitar
F
But it isn't the first I played
C Am
That was cheap and Korean made
D G
From a Christmas bazaar
C
But I loved that guitar

F
I learned how to tune it right
C Am
I played it day and night
D G
In hopes I'd go far
F C
I loved that guitar

F
Then I found a second one
C Am
A Gibson I reckoned on
D G
And desired from afar
C C7
So I bought that guitar
F
It was red like a blazing sun
C Am
And together we'd play for fun
D G
For drinks at the bar
F C
I loved that guitar

C F
And it carries the scars
C
From all of the gigs we played
G
The nights when we plied the trade
C
Of the old troubadour
F
And if I had my time
C
To live over again I'd say
G
I'd do it again this way
C G
I'd take the encore

(Instrumental)

C
I love this guitar,

F
Although I don't play it well
C Am
I'm just not a Ralph McTell
D G
Or a forty chord star
C C7
But I love this guitar
F
It knows every song I sing
C Am
Be it trad be it western swing

D G
Or a dooby-do-ah
F
I love this guitar
F
I love this guitar
C
I love this guitar

C Dm
So you sailed over the water
F G
Big city lights in your eye
Am F
But big cities never give quarter
D G
And big city lights always lie

C Dm
Poor Maggie Ann, who knows her pain
F G
Poor Maggie Ann will she smile once again
C F
Nobody told her, "Dreams won't come true"
D G
Now somebody hold her for me and for you
C Dm
Poor Maggie Ann whose crime was to love
F G
Pray to the sweet dove of peace
C |Am |F |G |
For poor Maggie Ann

C Dm
Grief like a ghost at your shoulder
G C G
Whispering words he once said
C Dm
That boy who would never grow older
F G
Who lives in the tears that you've shed
C Dm
Someday they say comes the healing
F G
Someday they say pain will pass
Am F
But still you drown all you're feeling
D G
In the dregs you drain from the glass

C Dm
Poor Maggie Ann, who knows her pain
F G
Poor Maggie Ann will she smile once again
C F
Nobody told her, "Dreams won't come true"

D G
Now somebody hold her for me and for you

C Dm
Poor Maggie Ann whose crime was to love

F G
Pray to the sweet dove of peace

C | C | Am | Am |
For poor Maggie Ann

F G
Pray to the sweet dove of peace

C | C | Am | Am | F | G | C | C ||
For poor Maggie Ann

WHISKY JACK

(Harvey Andrews/Graham Cooper – Westminster Music)

Key B flat (G Capo 3)

Note When you see a letter after a slash (e.g. /F#), it indicates the bass note you should pick while still playing the previously indicated chord. For instance G |G/F# |Em |Em | is two bars of G and two bars of Em but in the second bar of G, the bass note is an F#.

Intro G |G/F# |Em |Em |C |C |G |D |

G G/F# Em
Well I think I'll take another crack, said Whisky Jack

C G
Sneak another season on the road

Am G
Miles are growing longer, days are growing dark

Am C/G D
I'm tired as the stories I have told

G G/F# Em
The posters have my name, it's second billing now

C G
Chorus that I sing, nobody knows

Am G
Empty seats fill quickly when I leave the stage

Am C/G D
Carrying the lines the spotlight shows

Em
And they always make me feel so down
C D
When they question, with a frown, "I know that face"

Em
And the kids all say "That's Whisky Jack"
C D
In a voice that echoes like a smack across my face

G G/F# Em
The girls I knew are married and much wiser now

C G
Numbers in my notebook never ring

Am G
Those that come to call leave just an empty glass

Am C/G D
Empty eyes are all they seem to bring

ANTIQUES
(Harvey Andrews – Haska Music)

Key E (Capo 4 C)

Intro C | G | Am | Em | F | C | G | C |
C G

He was there for the art nouveau

Am Em

She was there for the art deco

F C

They fell in love when he said hello

D G

Never more were parted

C G

Bought a house where they both could dwell

Am Em

In a country town they loved so well

F C

Objet's d'art soon cast their spell

G C C7

That was how they started

F

They had Clarice Cliff,

C

They had Susie too

G

Red Lalique

C C7

Wedgewood blue

F

A fine oak chest

C Am

And an old church pew

D

G

Where they'd watch the Antiques Roadshow

C

G

In dusty shops and auctions too

Am

Em

They'd sometimes buy a piece on view

F C

Always old, never new

D G

Added to their treasure

C G
Brooches, books and biscuit tins
Am Em
Jugs and jars from long lost inns
F C
Flutes and lutes and violins
G C C7
They would play for pleasure

F
They had Clarice Cliff,
C
They had Susie too
G
Red Lalique
C C7
Wedgewood blue
F
A fine oak chest
C Am
And an old church pew
D G
Where they'd watch the Antiques Roadshow

Am Em
On their shelves a fine display
Am Em
Something better every day
F C
In the attic, put away
D G
Things to keep forever
C G
Through the years they bought and sold
Am Em
Brass and bronze and rings of gold
F C
Till they found themselves quite old
G C
Two antiques together

F
With their Clarice Cliff,
C
And their Susie too

G
Their Red Lalique
C C7
Their Wedgewood blue
F
A fine oak chest
C Am
And an old church pew
D G
Where they'd watch the Antiques Roadshow

(Instrumental – same as verse)

Am Em
When they died their objet's d'art
Am Em
Every book and box and jar
F C
Bought them in from near and far
D G
Every one was bidding

C G
And he was there for the art nouveau
Am Em
She was there to bid for the art deco
F C
They fell in love when he said hello
G C
Never more were parted

F
They bought the fine oak chest
C
The old church pew
G F C
That was how they started

MISTER ARTHUR RITUS
(Harvey Andrews – Haska Music)

G | G | D | G |

G
Who's that coming down the street?

D G
It's Mister Arthur Ritus

G
Someone you don't want to meet,

D G
Mister Arthur Ritus

C G
He's a drag, he's a drain

A7 D
Seems to come out with the rain

G
I wish he'd bugger off again

D D
Mister Arthur Ritus

D | G |

G
Don't shake hands or say good day

D
To Mister Arthur Ritus

G
'cause then he won't go away

D G
Mister Arthur Ritus

C G
Don't you stop, don't give in

A7 D
If you do, he'll always win

G
You'll want to stick your Ibuprofen

D G
Mister Arthur Ritus

C G
He's no friend, he's no joke

A7 D
He's a really nasty bloke

G
Someone you'd just like to choke

D G
Is Mister Arthur Ritus

G | G | D | G |

G
No one gives him any points

D G
Mister Arthur Ritus

G
He hangs out in crummy joints

D G
Mister Arthur Ritus

C G
So, if he comes down your way

A7 D
Pray he doesn't come to say

G
And, if he leaves, then shout "Hooray!"

D G
**** off Arthur Ritus

G
If he leaves, then shout "hooray"

D G
**** off Arthur Ritus

(**** use the sound or word of your choice!)

C G
I was the last to notice,
C G D
The one they wouldn't tell,
Am G/b C Em A7 D
But then she made me walk her road to hell.

G
I didn't get the house,
C
I got the mortgage,
Am
I didn't get the kids,
D
I tried in vain,
G
I didn't get the dog,
C
My den's in storage.
G
I got the heartache,
D G
I got the pain.

D
When he turned to leave
C G
I said you know I'll write that song
D
It's hard to believe,
C G
But I'm another done me wrong
C G
I did not want to lose her,
C G D
But she said she had to go,
Am G/b C
She must have gone to the same damn lawyer,
Em A7 D
'Cause what d'you know?

G
I didn't get the house,
C
I got the mortgage,
Am
I didn't get the kids,

D
I tried in vain,
G
I didn't get the dog,
C
My den's in storage.

G
I got the heartache,
D G | C |
I got the pain.

G
I got the heartache,
D C | G ||
I got the pain.

GIVE A BOY A GUN
(Harvey Andrews – Haska Music)

Key F#m (Em Capo 2)

Em |Em |D | Em | Em |Em |D | Em |

Em Em
Give a boy a gun, give a boy a knife
D Em
Then you'd better run, he'll surely take a life
Em Em
Give a boy a Creed, give a boy a hate
D Em
He'll make somebody bleed; he'll seal somebody's fate

G D
But, give a boy a hope, give a boy a dream
Am Em
And maybe he can cope when he needs to scream
G D
Give a boy a chance, give a boy a hand
Am B7 Em |Em |D |Em
Help him take a stance on the shifting sand

Em Em
Give a boy a tribe, give a boy a field
D Em
When he hears a jibe, tell him not to yield
Em Em
Give a boy a street, give a boy a town
D Em
So it feels sweet to bring the others down

G D
But, give a boy a hope, give a boy a dream
Am Em
And maybe he can cope when he needs to scream
G D
Give a boy a chance, give a boy a hand
Am B7 B7
Help him take a stance on the shifting sand

C Em
Give a boy a drum, give a boy a fife
Am Em
Stand and watch him come to glory in the strife

C Em
Give a boy a tune, give a boy a song
Am B7 B7
He'll be marching soon, it never takes him long

Em Em
But give a boy a sword, give a boy a bomb
D Em
Give a boy a lord, a book to find him from
Em Em
Tell him that it's true, now your web is spun
D Em Em
All you have to do is give a boy a gun

RAMBLING JACK
(Harvey Andrews – Haska Music)

G
It was on a Thursday night
C A7
At the "Jug o' Punch", that's right
D G D
A folk club in the days of way back when
G
I sat on the second row
C A7
Like I always did you know
D G
Ready to sing choruses again
Em
There were songs about the farmer
C
The ploughboy and the sea
A7 D
Songs I loved that didn't really mean a lot to me
G
'Cause there were no farms in my city
C A7
No sails upon my lee
D G D
And no ploughboys in the factories back then
G
When guest time came at last
C A7
And the interval had passed
D G D
A voice said would you all please settle down
G
'Cause it's my job to say
C A7
Let's welcome here today
D G
A legendary man of great renown
Em
He's rambled ever highway
C
He's rambled every road
A7
He's planted and he's gathered

D
He's reaped and he has sowed
G
He's a wanderer, a traveller
C A7
A man of no abode."
D G
And that's when Rambling Jack rode into town

Em
And when he took that flatpick out
C
And hammered on the strings
A7
Suddenly the tunes were tight
D
All the words had wings
Em
And I was hearing songs that told me
C
All mankind are kings
A7 D
The day that Rambling Jack rode into town

G
And when that night was through
C A7
I'd found a love so true
D G D
A flat pick and six strings were all I'd need
G
That Kerouac of songs
C A7
That told of rights and wrongs
D G
Unknowingly had planted one more seed
Em
Now I've rambled down the road of time
C
And there's no going back
A7
But I have planted seeds of song
D
Somewhere along my track
G
So here's to all the troubadours
C A7

Here's to Rambling Jack

D

Safe journeys and safe havens

G D

And God speed

G

So here's to all the troubadours

C A7

Here's to Rambling Jack

D

Safe journeys and safe havens

C G

And God speed

THE PRICE OF BRONZE
(Harvey Andrews – Haska Music)

Key of F (C capo 5)

(1st verse unaccompanied)

On the D-Day landings

Me and my mates fell

Fighting for old Blighty

Blown to bloomin' hell

Wading to the shoreline

Then on to guns and flames

Boys of only twenty

F (add9) C G

Old photos in old frames

C F G C

We had lives before us

F C

Roads to walk along

F G C Am

Wives who would adore us

D Gsus G

Kids who'd grow up strong

F G C

We would have our story

F C Gsus G

Tales we could have told

F G C F

Our days of hope and glory

C C F (add9) C G

Shared as we grew old

C F G C

Jack, he made us laugh then

F C

Laugh until we cried

F G C Am

When the war was over

D Gsus G

He'd show another side

F G C

Work with wives and families

F C Gsus G

With kids who'd lost their dads

F G C F

Give his life-long labour

C G F (add9) C G

In mem'ry of the lads

C F G C
Smithy, he'd stay sober
F C
'til life got too rough
F G C Am
Then he'd try to drown it
D Gsus G
Say he'd had enough
F G C
All us mates would tell him
F C Gsus G
Not to go that way
F G C F
But Smithy'd die at forty C G
C G F (add9)
He wouldn't want to stay

C F G C
Me, I'd be a dreamer
F C
Pen some poetry
F G C Am
Never be a schemer
D Gsus G
Just want to be "me"
F G C
Marry young, three children
F C Gsus G
Every one a gem
F G C F
If my life had a reason
C G F (add9)
I'd always say, it's them

(Instrumental verse)

C F G C
So we've been in this square now
F C
For so many years
F G C Am
November sees you bring us
D Gsus G
Poppies, wreaths and tears
F G C

You stand in silent memory

F C Gsus G

Of our names, now gone

F G C F

I'd shoot the sods who took them

C G F (add9)

We died for them, each one

F G C F

Yes I'd shoot the sods who took them

C G Fadd9 C |C ||

We died for them, each one

ENCORE (LET'S DO IT AGAIN)
(Harvey Andrews - Haska Music)

(Intro - Whistle the same music as first verse)

G
Let's do it again
 C Am
Let's have an encore
 D
A stroll down the lane
 G D
A walk by the shore
 G
Let's buy a cream tea
 C Am
Watch people go by
 D
Just you and just me
 G
How the hours will fly

 B7
Let's hop on a bus
 Em
To the end of the line
 A
Show our pass without fuss
 D
You've got yours I've got mine

 G
On days when there's rain
 C Am
Let's watch old TV
 D
Alan Ladd playing Shane
 G
Looks great in HD
 G
Let's sing the old songs
 C Am
We sang way back when
 D
We could dance all night long
 G
Let's do it again

B7
Let's start to re-read
Em
Those books that we've saved
A
Lady Chatterley may
D
Still make us depraved

G
Let's turn off the news
C Am
We've heard it before
D
The same shoddy views
G D
From the same shady bore
G
Let's doze in the day
C Am
Talk through the night
D
Let's say it's okay
G
Say it's all right

B7
Let's never say no
Em
Let's never ask why
A
Let's get up and go
D
Let's give it a try

G
Let's do it again
C Am
Let's have an encore
D
A stroll down the lane
G D
A walk by the shore
G
Let's buy a cream tea
C Am

Watch people go by

D

Just you and just me

B7 E

How the hours will fly

A

Just you and just me

D C G

My, how the hours will fly

THIS WAS HOME
(Harvey Andrews – Haska Music)

Note – The spoken parts of the song are accompanied by a repeating pattern that is basically as follows:-

C |Am |Dm F |G |

Here's the street, and here's the houses

Here is number eighty five

Front door's changed and so's the windows

Where I watched till Dad arrived

There's the acky stone we ran to

When we played at hide and seek

Cover eyes and count to twenty

Sometimes try to take a peek

All these cars that fill the road that

Was our pitch, our play ground too

Not a kid in sight now, still,

I'll touch the acky stone for you

For all of you

For all of you

C

When this was home

Am

Our happy home

Dm F G

Why can't we all go back in time to be together

C

In our home

Am

Our happy home

Dm F G

And hear those songs we sang, the sound of boot on leather

C

Me and mom
Am
And dad
Dm
And Gran
F G
Who taught me to tie laces
C
What a time
Am
We had
Dm
All gone
G
But still I see their faces

C
Ghosts of home
Am
Our happy home
Dm
If we could just go back
G
In time to be together
C
In our home
Am
Our happy home
Dm F
To sing those songs we sang
G
That hoped for better weather

C
Me and mom
Am
And dad
Dm
And Gran
F G
Who taught me to tie laces
C
What a time
Am
We had
Dm
All gone

G
But still I see their faces

C
Ghosts of home

Am
Our happy home

Dm
If we could just go back

G
In time to be together

C
In our home

Am
Our happy home

Dm F
To sing those songs we sang

G
That hoped for better weather

C Am Dm F G
This was home

C Am Dm F G
This was home

F C/E Dm G C
This was home