

**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

Instrumental as first part of verse

          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

          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  
So I think I'll take another crack, said Whisky Jack  
          C  G  
I'll sneak another season on the road  
Am  G  
Drag my fading daydreams through familiar towns  
Am          C/G                  D  
Tell again the stories I have told  
G          |G/F# |Em |Em |  
La La La .....

C |C |G |C |G |G ||



**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)

(1<sup>st</sup> 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