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n a career that has spanned more than two decades, John Denver has earned international acclaim as a songwriter, performer, actor and humanitarian.

Henry John Deutschendorf, Jr. began his career in the 1960s as an aspiring folk musician in the clubs of Los Angeles. The son of a U.S. Air Force officer, John took his performing name from the premier Rocky Mountain city in the state where he eventually made his home.

His first major break came in the mid-'60s when he was chosen from 250 other hopefuls as lead singer for the popular Chad Mitchell Trio, with whom he sang for two years. His songwriting talents became evident when Peter, Paul and Mary recorded his "Leaving On A Jet Plane," which became their first Number One hit.

Soon after, Denver himself was zooming up the pop charts with a string of hits, including "Take Me Home, Country Roads," "Rocky Mountain High," "Sunshine On My Shoulders," "Annie's Song," "Back Home Again" and "Thank God I'm A Country Boy," and solidifying his position as one of the top pop stars of the '70s. Many of his songs tapped into the growing appreciation and concern for the environment, which has continued as a matter of major importance for Denver and for us all.

His popularity since the early '70s may be measured in record sales that few other artists have achieved, including fourteen gold and eight platinum albums in the U.S. alone. He also has many gold and platinum sales overseas, in such countries as Australia, Germany and the United Kingdom. The album John Denver's Greatest Hits is still one of the largest selling albums in the history of RCA Records, with worldwide sales of over ten million copies. He is one of the top recording artists in the sales history of the music industry.

"My music and all my work stem from the conviction that people everywhere are intrinsically the same," Denver says of the universality of music. "When I write a song, I want to take the personal experience or observation that inspired it and express it in as universal a way as possible. I'm a global citizen. I think we all are—at least we've all got to start thinking that way. I want to work in whatever I do—my music, my writing, my performing, my commitments, my home and personal life—in a way that is directed towards a world in balance, a world that creates a better quality of life for all people."
Following are John's thoughts on such memorable songs as "Leaving On A Jet Plane," "Rocky Mountain High," "Take Me Home, Country Roads," and "Sunshine On My Shoulders," as well as many others found in this anthology.

**Annie's Song**

"Annie's Song" is my most popular song around the world, if not the most famous. It was written after we had been through a particularly difficult time and had come together again, in many ways closer than ever before. We really felt together and much closer from the experiences we'd been through. One day I was skiing, and I'd just finished a run that was totally exhilarating. It was an incredible physical experience. I skied right down to the lift, got on the chair and was off and up the mountain again, my thighs burning and still in the process of catching my breath. I looked out at the mountains I love, and the Colorado sky was a blue color you can only see from this altitude—my favorite color, I might add. The deep green of the trees against the white of the snow, the colorful outfits the people were wearing, the sounds of the lift as it goes over each tower, and birds singing, and laughter, and the smell of the clean, fresh air out there in the wilderness—all these things were going through my mind and it was all beautiful. It filled me completely.

I began thinking about other things that are like that for me, and my first thought was of the woman I had fallen in love with again, and how she filled me so completely. Then I started thinking of other things—things in nature. And in the ten minutes it takes to go from the bottom of the Bell Mountain lift to the top, I had written "Annie's Song." I had the melody in my head, and I knew the chords on the guitar. I skied down to the bottom of the hill, raced home, picked up my guitar and played it. Noel Stookey of Peter, Paul and Mary said that sometimes he didn't feel so much like the writer, but rather the instrument of that which wants to be written. That's what this felt like to me. "Annie's Song" is a song for all lovers and, in its deepest sense, a prayer to the love in us all.

**Calypso**

"Calypso" was written for my friend, Captain Jacques Yves Cousteau—a true inspiration in my life and, I'm sure, for many others—and for Madame Cousteau. I had the pleasure and privilege of meeting Captain Cousteau and spending some time on board the Calypso as part of a television special long ago. The chorus of the song came to me in the first few moments I had on board, almost in the time it takes to say it. Then I began struggling with the verses, wanting to say all I felt about this man and his work, his ship and his crew, and the importance of the world that he opened up for us. I just couldn't find the words for it all. Finally, one day, long after leaving Calypso and after completing the television show, back home in Aspen, I just gave up and went skiing. After a couple of runs I felt this great tension come over me. I had to go back and work on the song. I jumped in the Jeep and headed home, and in the 20 minutes it took to get there I had worked out the rest of the song. This is an example I use when I tell people about being the instrument of that which wants to be written. Sometimes what you have to do is get yourself out of the way and just let it happen. I love "Calypso." It's a song of celebration and commitment to making a difference and a contribution to the quality of life on this planet. I share that commitment. It's why I sing.

**The Eagle And The Hawk**

"The Eagle And The Hawk" was also written for a television show. It starred Neil Newman, the daughter of Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman, and another old friend, Morley Nelson. Morley lives in Boise, Idaho, and knows more about birds of prey than any man in the world. The song came out of the experience of holding a young golden eagle on my arm, and getting a sense of the power and majesty of this bird of prey and why it has been a symbol of every civilization in the history of man. Oh, to be an eagle, to fly like an eagle.

**Fly Away**

"Fly Away" was written about someone whose life just hasn't come together yet—a person who is living in a space of unhappiness, unfulfillment and dissatisfaction; lost in longing for a lover, dreaming of having children, but never willing to take responsibility for the things she wants and yet not quite content in her fantasies. So, within the fantasy, she always flies away—her mind flies away but not her heart.
Follow Me

"Follow Me" is the second song of what I call my "Jet Plane Trilogy." ("Leaving On A Jet Plane" and "Goodbye Again" are the first and third.) I suppose that my greatest longing was for someone to be with—to be with me in all that I am called to do. At the time I wrote this song I had found Annie, but I simply couldn't afford to take her on the road with me. I believe that I knew even then that that was not what she wanted anyway. Mary Travers of Peter, Paul and Mary saw the self-centeredness of the song, thinking it sexist, and changed the last line to "take my hand and I will follow too." I'm not completely sure it's accurate in my case, and I'm afraid I'm becoming more and more self-centered. I'm still looking for someone to "take my hand and say you'll follow me."

I'd Rather Be A Cowboy
(Lady's Chains)

"I'd Rather Be A Cowboy (Lady's Chains)" is another of my favorite songs. Quite honestly, I long for a simpler life. It would be very easy for me to spend more time at home, more time in the mountains. Consequently, I think of what life would be like under different circumstances. What if I had that cabin in the mountains, and it was my woman who wanted life a little closer to the fast lane? Would I—could I love her just enough to let her go? I think so.

For Baby (For Bobbie)

"For Baby (For Bobbie)" is the first song that I wrote with the Mitchell Trio, and was the first song of mine ever recorded by anyone (the Mitchell Trio, Peter, Paul and Mary, and Bobby Darin). It was written for a girl named Bobbie, who I had fallen in love with once upon a time when I was first starting out in the world and trying to do something with my music. The song fits her well and is a very accurate representation of the shape and form of our love at the time—all that it was, and all that it wasn't. Mary Travers (of Peter, Paul and Mary) heard the song differently and sang it as a love song for her daughter. It's great that a song can be appreciated on different levels like that. So, it's "For Bobbie"—a love song between a man and a woman (not quite yet a man and a woman), and "For Baby"—a love song from a woman to a newborn child. How wonderful.

Goodbye Again

"Goodbye Again" is the third of what I called earlier "The Jet Plane Trilogy." Annie and I were living in Aspen and we were in a much better position to afford her traveling with me when she wanted to, but Annie didn't much like to travel. She didn't like the one-night stands, the pressures of so much attention, of constantly having strangers around and having to be "on" all the time. She wanted to be home with our family and friends. Consequently, "Goodbye Again" was an ongoing, frustrating, and unhappy part of our lives. I can't imagine it having been any other way, unfortunately.

How Can I Leave You Again

Maybe it should be a "Jet Plane Quartet." I wrote this song during Christmas when I was involved in filming Oh God. My commitment to this project was, in many ways, a contradiction to the way I was feeling about myself and my life at the time—the energy I was giving to my career was keeping me from home and my loved ones. Christmas is a very special time—for any family. I really wanted to be there and be part of putting Christmas together in our home—going out and getting our Christmas tree, helping decorate the house and just being with the family. I got home at sunset on Christmas Eve and had to leave the morning after Christmas. As I was leaving, Annie was very sad—Christmas had not been that great for us that year. And I, too, was sad, and here

I was going off "in a spaceship over the mountains." At the same time I recognized that I had made a choice a long time ago to give myself completely, to take advantage of every opportunity I can, to do the work I have the opportunity to do to make a difference in this world. "I'm a sailor who runs to the sea."

I'm Sorry

"I'm Sorry" looks at women and an aspect of their lives that was becoming more and more prevalent at the time the song was written. I remember seeing the cover story in both Time and Newsweek addressing the number of women who were leaving seemingly solid, committed relationships, even marriages, to create new lives for themselves. They were finding that they weren't happy, and that the things that were supposed to be the "be all and end all" of their lives were somehow not that—that, in fact, they felt incomplete and unfulfilled. Suddenly, within the women's liberation movement, they began to find the courage to say, "Well, maybe I don't have to be stuck here, and I'm going to take a step for myself and take a different look, and perhaps create a better life for myself." It was scary and dangerous thinking for many of us, and I thought about what it must be like to be the man in that situation, with or without children, when the woman really wants to take a break and get away to make her own life. Suddenly, he is forced to look at some things that he didn't take seriously before. Now, in his pain, all of the things that built up to this particular moment have a deeper meaning. Now, what else can you say?

Leaving On A Jet Plane

"Leaving On A Jet Plane" was initially called "Oh Babe I Hate To Go." Milt Okun is responsible for that title change—I shall be forever grateful to him. The song resulted from my way of life at that time. I was working with the Mitchell Trio and lived on the road. Either I stayed where the last concert was, or I'd go to the next concert city a bit early. I didn't have a home, or even a room somewhere to pile my things. Everything was in storage in California and I lived out of suitcases on the road—always leaving on a jet plane. I was terribly lonely, and I longed for someone to "hold me like you'll never let go." And somehow in my longing, I was able to express the reality of what was going on in a lot of other lives—the lives of young men and women going off to war, leaving home and family, perhaps unsure of what they were doing and not knowing if they would ever return. Isn't it funny how in the expression of your deepest feelings, you can say more than you ever imagined for someone else?
Matthew

"Matthew" was written for my father's family. My grandfather Deutschendorf came to the United States when he was twelve years old. He settled in Oklahoma and raised a family there—a family of twelve children. They grew up during the Depression years, a very difficult time in what is always a most difficult life. The thing that I remembered most from our visits to the Deutschendorf farm was the family spirit, the laughter, and the faith. The epitomy of that was my Uncle Dean, who was the second youngest of Dad's brothers. I went on my first wheat harvest with Dean and learned a great deal from him. He was killed in a car accident when he was just twenty-one, and one day, thinking about him and the family, I wrote this song.

My Sweet Lady

There are songs I've written that turned out to be prophetic to a degree. This is one of those songs. I know a part of the reality occurred in my life long after I wrote the song, and I believe that some of it is yet to come true. Oh, to love like this.

Poems, Prayers And Promises

"Poems, Prayers And Promises" is one of my very favorite songs. I sometimes feel as if I wrote the song before I could possibly have known what I was talking about. And yet I'm sure I did, if only intuitively. It's a song that comes from a very mellow space of family and friends, sitting around enjoying each other and enjoying life in a way that has no time attached to it—no urgency and no frustration, no resentment and no regrets. It's a peaceful time of being together and sharing the things that you feel very deeply, that you can't share with just anybody. And yet, within the sharing, there are things that come up that can't be expressed and the sense that everyone is feeling those things, too. How wonderful life is in moments like this, when you know you are not alone.

Rocky Mountain High

"Rocky Mountain High" was written during the first summer we lived in the Rocky Mountains. I was starting to go camping and fishing, and doing other things that I'd wanted to do all my life, and in the place where I most wanted to be. Everything was new and full of possibility, and I was so happy. I found some new friends and lost an old friend—killed on my motorcycle when he and his wife were visiting us one weekend. Within that personal framework, there was also a big controversy going on about trying to get the 1972 Winter Olympics in Colorado. One night on a camping trip to watch the Perseid meteor shower, when it was literally "raining fire in the sky," I started writing this very personal song of my rebirth.

Sunshine On My Shoulders

"Sunshine On My Shoulders" has an interesting background. There was a movie being made at that time and I was asked to write a song for it. The movie had to do with two people who were going to die, and somehow they knew they were going to die, and the film was about how they spent their last day together. In one of the scenes they were at the beach, laughing and playing in the water, and then making love. And yet there was this overriding sense of sadness through it all. I wrote the song in Minnesota at the time I call late winter, early spring. It was a dreary day, gray and slushy. The snow was melting and it was too cold to go outside and have fun, but God, you're ready for spring. You want to get outdoors again and you're waiting for that sun to shine, and you remember how sometimes just the sun itself can make you feel good. And in that very melancholy frame of mind I wrote "Sunshine On My Shoulders."

Sweet Surrender

"Sweet Surrender" was written for a Walt Disney movie called The Bears And I. It is about a young Vietnam veteran coming back from the war and going up in the Northwestern woods to settle some things for his father, and for a friend who had been in the Marines and had been killed. He didn't know what he wanted to do, and he was taking some time off by himself to go honor this last request of his friend and figure out what to do with the rest of his life. I believe we are all on the same path. It takes many different forms and is found in many different places, but we're all on the same path. Joy is surrendering to what life has to offer. It's not giving up or sitting around and waiting for something to happen. It's putting yourself out there 100 percent, all that you are, and all you aspire to be. It's in reaching for the stars, and knowing that whatever you find, it's just a small part of the gift—the journey, the lessons learned, the failures and the successes. All of this is only a small part of the gift. The rest is in how it was received.

Take Me Home, Country Roads

The first album that had great success for me was an album called Poems, Prayers & Promises, and the song that really made that album a success is one that I wrote with two friends, Bill and Taffy Danoff, from Starland Vocal Band. I met them at a place called The Cellar Door in Washington, D.C., when I was working with the Mitchell Trio and later when I started performing on my own. When I first had the opportunity to be a headline at The Cellar Door, they asked me who I wanted for an opening act. I asked about having Bill and Taffy, who called themselves Fat City. They came and opened the shows for me. The first night we were together we went back to their place after closing, just to visit, see what was going on and enjoy being together. We had a bunch of songs we wanted to show each other. One of the songs was one they had started and were unable to complete. It was a song called "Take Me Home, Country Roads." In the wee hours of the morning, sometime between Christmas and New Year's Eve, in their basement apartment in Washington, D.C., we wrote "Take Me Home, Country Roads." It became my first Number One record.
American Child

Moderately in 2 (\( \frac{3}{4} \) = 1 beat)

\[
\begin{align*}
D & \quad \text{Esus4} \\
E & \quad F \\
G & \quad A \\
G & \quad D \\
& \quad A \\
& \quad G \\
& \quad D
\end{align*}
\]

Go-in' up to Alaska, up to the land of the Midnight
Sun, Where the whale and the polar bear run o'er the icy blue

Goin' up to Alaska, up to the north and the pioneer

life, Where courage and strength still survive and a man can be
American Child, does the call of the wild ever

sing thru the mist of your dreams? Does it fly with the wind when you

waken again? When it's gone do you know what it means? Can you
picture the time when a man had to find his own way through an unbroken

land, before the machine changed the blue and the green to

something you can't understand? American Child, there's a

burning inside you that calls you away through the cold To
come back again to all that you've been, Can't you see that it's time to come home
To the flowers and trees and the rivers and the seas and the earth
who's the mother of all? A promise once made, will it shine, will it fade, will we rise with the vision or fall? Go-in' up to A-
Laska, up to the land of the Midnight Sun, Where the whale and the polar bear run o'er the icy blue sea.

G

Go in' up to A-

G D A

Laska, up to the north and the pioneer life, Where
courage and strength still survive and a man can be free.

Men can be free. Going up to Alaska,

Go-in' up to Alaska, going up to Alaska!
Annie's Song

Words and Music by John Denver

Moderately

You fill up my senses like a night in a forest, like a springtime, like a walk in the

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Like a storm in the desert,
like a sleepy blue ocean,
You fill up my senses,
come fill me again.
Come let me
G

love

A

sen

Bm

you,

G

ses

let me

like a

give

night in a

D

to

D/C♯

you,

D/B

forest,

D/A

Let me

G

Like the

drown in your

laugh

F♯m

ter,

time,

Em

let me

G

like a

die in your

A7

walk in the

arms,

rain.

G

Let me

A

lay down be-

Bm

side

you,

er,

2nd time hold back...
Always be with you, You
sleepy blue ocean, in tempo

Come let me love you, come love me a-
fill up my senses, come fill me a-
gain.

1. D Deus4 D Dsus4
You fill up my gain.
dim.

2. D Deus4 D Deus4 D Deus4 D

Dsus4 Deus4 Deus4 Deus4
Autograph

Gentle rock beat, with feeling

Here I am, and closing my eyes again,

Trying so hard, not to see all the things that I see.

Almost willing to lie again,

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swear that it just isn't so, It just isn't me, We are never a-

lone even tho' we'd like to be.

Then I go and open my eyes again, Say a pray'r and open your heart again,

Love in your eyes is the thing that I'd most like to see, You are the love and the light that we all need to see.
G
D/F♯
Em
G7/D

I'd be willing to die again,
Al - ways will - ing to shine
and then

To

C
G/B
Am7
D

know of a place
Peace on this earth
and a time
is the way
where it always could be;
that it always can be

G
D/F♯
Em
G7/D

To be always with you,
To be always with you,
and

C
G/B
Am7
G (short form)
D

you
you
al - ways
al - ways
with
with
me.
me.

20
Calypso

Words and Music by
John Denver

Moderate tempo

sail on a dream on a
dolphin who guides you,
You bring us beside you
To ride on the crest of the
crystal clear ocean,
To light up the darkness and

wild raging
show us the
storm,
Way.
To work in the service of
Though we are strangers in

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life and the living. In your silent world, To search of the answers to questions unlearnt.

known sea, To be part of the movement and

part of the growing free as a wind-swell, Part of beginning to under-stand.

joyful and loving in letting it

stand. be. Aye, Calypso, The
places you've been to, The things that you've shown us, The stories you tell!

Aye, Calypso, I sing to your spirit, The men who have served you so

long and so well. Hi-dee-ay-ee-ooh do-dle-

oh - ooo do do do do do do-dle-ay-ee
Back Home Again

Words and Music by
John Denver

In a relaxed 4 (♩♩♩ to be played like ♩♩♩♩)

There's a storm_

E    E7    A
across the valley, clouds are roll-in' in, The

B7
afternoon is heavy on your shoulders.

E7
There's a truck out on the four lane a
mile or more away, The whin' of his wheels.

just makes it colder. He's an

hour away from all the news to tell him: how'd you spend your prayers up in the sky?

time? And what's the latest thing the neighbors are barely

you, And ten days on the road a house a

sweetest thing I know of, just spendin' time with it's the little things that make
gone.    There's a
say?      fire    softly
home.    And your

Like a

burn-ing.    sup-er's    But it's the
Fri-day;    on      And you
burn-ing    sup-er    And the
and "Sun-shine"    on    the stove.
made    the stove.
hers cry.

light  felt the    warm.
in your eyes    baby move    just yes-ter-
light  in your    that makes him    day.
eyes    that makes me    warm.

Chorus

Hey, it's good to    be back home    again;

Sometimes this old farm feels like a long-lost friend. Yes 'n' hey, it's good to be back home again.

1. There's

2. And oh, the time that

I can lay this tired old body down and
feel your fingers feath-er soft up-on me.

The kisses that I live for, the

love that lights my way, The hap-pi-ness that

D.S. fade on Chorus

liv-in' with you brings me, It's the
Christmas For Cowboys

Words and Music by
Steve Weisberg

Moderately

Tall in the saddle we spend Christmas Day
Back in the cities they have different ways.

Driv' in' the cattle, on the snow-covered plains.
Football and egg nog, and Christmas parades.

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All of the good gifts, given today,
I'll take the blanket, I'll take the reins,

Ours is the sky and the wide open range,
Christmas for cowboys and wide open plains.

Campfire for warmth as we stop for the Christmas night,
Tall in the saddle we spend Christmas Day.

Stars overhead are the Christmas tree lights,
Driving the cattle on the snow-covered plains.
wind sings a hymn as we bow down to pray, it's

So many gifts have been opened to day, it's

1. Christmas for cowboys and wide open plains. It's ours is the sky

Christ-mas for cow-boys and wide o-pen plains. It's Ours is the sky

and the wide o-pen range, It's Christmas for cow-boys and

and the wide o-pen range. It's Christmas for cow-boys and

2. F Bb F C7 F Bb F

F C7 F Bb F F

C G7 C F C7 F Bb F F

G7 C7 F Bb F C7 F

C7 F Bb F C7 F

wide o-pen plains.

rit.
Dreamland Express

Words and Music by
John Denver

Moderately \( \text{\( \frac{\text{}}{116} \))}

I caught a ride on a Dreamland Express last night, I was sailing on an ocean of blue, And right there by my side much to my surprise was you.
I said, "Come over here, baby, let me look in your eyes."

And I couldn't believe it or conceive that my dream would come true.

'Cause you said, "Hey, there, sweet daddy, everything is all right."

You know for

36
there's no telephone line.

Don't be nervous. Just come and be mine.

You said, "Let me be the end of your rainbow, let me be the stars up above."
Let me be the one that you long for, darlin',

let me be the one that you love, oh,

let me be the one that you love."

And now it's

four in the morn-in', honey, I can't sleep, I can't
I keep seem to get you out of my mind.

tossin' and turnin', yearnin' for the sun to shine.

I'd like to send you a ticket on the Dreamland Express and take you far away with me.
I've got a vision of heaven and
you're livin' there with me. Hon' ey, Won't you

Chorus
let me be the end of your rainbow,
Let me be the stars up above.

Let me be the one that you long for, darlin'.
A Country Girl In Paris

Words and Music by John Denver

Moderately, in 2

Guitar
(capo 3rd fret) - C

Piano - Eb

mf

C


2. See additional lyrics

3. Memories of Tennessee and Nashville in the rain.

It's such a contra-
dic-tion; a heart that's filled with pain.

A coun-try girl in Par-is dream-in'

Nash-ville in the rain.

Bridge

1. Up up - on Mont-martre where she

2. See additional lyrics
stops to rest a while; all the artists

look at her and they long to paint her smile.

For even in her sorrow there's something in her eyes that makes the young men jealous.
Additional Lyrics

2. She walks along the boulevard Champs-Elysées,
   Thinks about a country boy three thousand miles away.
   Pride is such a hard thing, such a price to pay,
   To be all alone in Paris, with true love so far away. (To Bridge)

3. *Instrumental*

   **2nd Bridge:** They say the loss of innocence is always linked to pain,
   For once the heart is opened, nothing ever is the same.
   So the evening lends itself to lovers and romance.
   The way to heal a broken heart: give true love just one more chance.

4. *Repeat 1st Verse*
Eagles And Horses
(I'm Flying Again)

Words by Joe Henry and John Denver
Music by John Denver

With a driving beat

Am

1. Horses are creatures who worship the earth. They

2.3. See additional lyrics

gallop on feet of ivory. Constrained by the wonder of

Am

4. Dying and birth, the horses still run, they are

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My body is merely the shell of my soul.
But the flesh must be given its due, like a pony that carries its rider back home, like an old friend who's tried and been true.

I had a vision of eagles and horses, high on a ridge in a
race with the wind.

Going higher and higher and faster and faster, on eagles and horses I'm flying again.

To Coda

Flying a-
I'm flying again.

D.S. al Coda

Coda

Additional Lyrics

2. Eagles inhabit the heavenly heights;
   They know neither limit nor bound.
   They’re the guardian angels of darkness and light;
   They see all and hear every sound.
   My spirit will never be broken or caught,
   For the soul is a free-flying thing,
   Like an eagle that needs neither comfort nor thought
   To rise up on glorious wings. (To Chorus)

3. My body is merely the shell of my soul,
   But the flesh must be given its due,
   Like a pony that carries its master back home,
   Like an old friend who’s tried and been true.
   My spirit will never be broken or caught,
   For the soul is a free-flying thing,
   Like an eagle that needs neither comfort nor thought
   To rise up on glorious wings. (To Chorus)
The Eagle And The Hawk

Words by John Denver
Music by John Denver and Mike Taylor

Half as fast

\[ \text{D} \]

I am the eagle, I live in high-country in rocky cathedrals that reach to the sky; I am the hawk and there's blood on my feathers, but time is still turning they

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soon will be dry. And all those who see me and all who believe in me

share in the freedom I feel when I fly.

Come dance with the west wind and
touch on the mountain tops, sail o'er the canyons and up to the stars, And
reach for the heav-ens and hope for the fu-ture and all that we can be and not what we

Twice as fast

A

B (add E)

A

G6

Fmaj7-5

E
Eclipse

Words and Music by
John Denver

Moderately

sun is slowly fading in the western sky

Sometimes it takes forever the day to end

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times it takes a lifetime. Sometimes I think I'll never see the sun again.

There's a heavy smog between me and my mountains. It's easy.

Enough to make a grown man sit and cry. It's easy.
Am

nough to make you won-der
do be-lieve I did

C

It's e-nough to make the world roll up and laugh-in' all the
die.

world while.

G

C/G

G

C/G

I

Am

think it's kind of in-t'rest-ing the way things get to be

D

G

G/F#

The

Em

way the peo-ple work with their ma-chines

C

G

Se-
reliability's a long time comin' to me. In fact I don't believe that I know what it means. In the

anymore. The sun again.

The sun again.

Repeat and fade
earth is our mother, just turning around, with her
Sparrows find freedom behind the sun. In the

Am Dm C7sus4 C

trees in the forest and roots under ground. Our
infinite beauty we're all joined in one. I

F F/A Bb F

father above us whose sigh is the wind, Did I
reach out before me and look to the sky. Did I

Bb F/A Csus4 C F

paint us a rainbow without any end, Did some thing pass by?
hear someone whisper? Did something pass by?

As the river runs freely, the mountain does.
rise. Let me touch with my fingers and see with my_ 
eyes. In the hearts of the children, a pure love still 
grows, like a bright star in heaven that 
lights our way home, like the flower that shattered the stone...
Like a bright star in heaven that lights our way.

home, like the flower that shattered the stone.
Fly Away

Words and Music by
John Denver

Gently

G

All of her days have gone soft and cloudy,

D7 (sus 4)

All of her dreams have gone dry,

G

All of her nights have gone sad and shady,

Am

She's getting ready to fly.

D7

Fly away.

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Fly away, Fly away.

To Coda

Life in the city can make you crazy For sounds of the sand and the sea.
looking for lovers and children playing, She's looking for signs of the spring.

She
Life in a high-rise can make you hungry For the
listens for laughter and sounds of dancing, She
things that you can't even see.
Listens for any old thing.

Fly away,

Fly away, Fly away.

In this whole world, there's nobody as lonely as she.

There's nowhere to go and there's nowhere that she'd rather be.
Flying For Me

Words and Music by John Denver

Moderately (♩ = 124)

C   F/C   C   F/C

Well, I gradually fading in

C   Am

guess that you probably know by now I was one who wanted to fly;

F   G

I wanted to ride on that arrow of fire right up into

C   F

heaven.

C

And I wanted to go for ev-

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Every man, every child, every mother of children. I wanted to carry the dreams of all the people right up to the stars.

And I prayed that I'd find that answer there, or maybe I would find the song. Giving a voice to all of the hearts.

—that cannot be heard. And for
C

all of the ones who live in fear And all of those who stand apart...

F

My being there would bring us a little step closer together

G

Chorus

They were flying for me, they were flying

C

ing for every one. They were trying to see a brighter

F

day for each and every one. They gave us their light, they gave us their
spirit and all they could be; They were flying for me.

wanted to wish on the Milky Way and dance upon a falling star;

I wanted to give myself and free myself, en-
join myself with it all!

(Instrumental) in tempo

Given the chance to dream, it can be done: The promise of tomorrow is real.

Children of spaceship Earth, the future belongs to us
She was flying for me, she was flying for everyone...

They were trying to see a brighter day for each and every one...

She gave us her light, she gave us her spirit and all she could be;

They were flying for me. They were flying for me.
They were flying for me,
They were flying for

They were flying for me,
They were flying for

Repeat and fade
Follow Me

Words and Music by John Denver

Moderately fast

It's by far the hardest thing I've ever done,

To be so in love with you and so alone.

Follow me where I go, what I do and who I know,

Make it part of you to be a part of

*Guitarists: Tune lowest string to D.

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A
D
me.
A7
Fol-low me up and down,

G/E
D
all the way and all a-round,

D
G
A7
D
Take my hand and say you'll fol-low me.

A
It's long been on my mind, you know it's

G
D
Bm
been a long, long time, I'll try places to find the

You see, I'd like to share my life with you and
way going to I can make you understand The
places where I've been to
way I feel about you and just how much I need you To be
have you there beside me and never be alone and
there where I can talk to you when there's no one else around,
all the time that you're with me, then we will be at home.

After repeat, D.S. al Coda

Take my hand and say you'll follow me.
For Baby
(For Bobbie)

Slowly, with a double time feeling

I'll walk in the rain by your side,

I'll be there when you're feeling down

Cling to the warmth of your hand,

Kiss away the tears if you cry,

Do anything to help you understand,

Share with you all the happiness I've found,

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Words and Music by John Denver
love you more than any body can.

And the wind will whisper your name to me,
And I'll sing you the songs of the rainbow.

Little birds will sing along in time,
Whisper of the joy that is mine.

The leaves will bow down when you walk by,
And morning bells will chime.
For You

Moderately

C

\begin{align*}
\text{mp legato} & \\
\text{with pedal} & \\
\text{G} & \quad \text{C} & \quad \text{Am}
\end{align*}

Just to look in your eyes again,
just to lay in your arms,
just to be the first one always there for you.

\begin{align*}
\text{F} & \quad \text{Dm} & \quad \text{G}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{C} & \quad \text{G} & \quad \text{C}
\end{align*}

Just to live in your laughter,
Am         F        Dm
just to sing in your heart,
just to be ev'ry one.

G          C        G
of your dreams come true,
Just to sit by your

C          Am       F
window, morning,
just to touch in the night,
just to you by my side,

Dm         G         C
just to offer a prayer each day for you.
just to know that you're never really far away.
Just to long for your kisses,
just to dream of your

Just a reason for living,
just to say I a-
sighs,
dore,
just to know that I'd give my life for here in my heart to

For you, my all the rest

_of my life._ For you, all the best of my life._ For

you alone, only for you, Just to wake up each
Just the words of a love song,
just the beat of my heart,
just the pledge of my life,
my love, for you.
Garden Song

Words and Music by
David Mallett

Moderately

Inch by inch, row by row, gonna make this garden grow,

All it takes is a rake and a hoe and a piece of fertile ground,

Inch by inch, row by row, Some-one bless the seeds I sow.
Some-one warm them from be-low 'til the rain comes tum-bling down.

Pull-ing weeds and pick-in' stones, man is made of dreams and bones,

Feel the need to grow my own 'cause the time is close at hand.
Grain for grain, sun and rain, find my way in nature's chain.

To my body and my brain to the music from the land.
Plant your rows straight and long, thicker than with pray'r and song.

Mother Earth will make you strong if you give her love and care.

Old crow watchin' hungrily from his perch in yon-der tree,

In my garden I'm as free as that feath-ered beak up there.
Inch by inch, row by row, gonna make this garden grow.

All it takes is a rake and a hoe and a piece of fertile ground.

Inch by inch,
row by row,

someone bless the seeds I sow,

Some-one warm them from be-low 'til the rain comes tum-bli-ng

slowly

Melody down.
Goodbye Again

Slowly, but with a double-time feeling

It's five o'clock this morning and the sun is on the rise. There's seems a shame to leave you now, the days are soft and warm. I if your hours are empty now, who am I to blame. You

frosting on the window pane and I long to lay me down again and think if I were always here, our sorrow in your eyes. The stars are fading quietly the hold you in my arms. I long to kiss the tears away and

night is nearly gone. And so you turn away from me and give you back your smile. But other voices beck on me and worth the time alone. And lying by your side the greatest

tears begin to come. And it's) for a little while, It's) good-bye again, I'm sorry to be leaving you. Good-

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bye again, 'cause if you didn't know, it's goodbye again. And

I wish you could tell me why do we always fight when I have to go? 2. It

go? 3. I have to go go? (3) and see some friends of mine some that I don't know and

some who aren't familiar with my name. It's something that's inside of me not

hard to understand, it's anyone who'll listen to me sing. And

D.S. %
To Final Ending
Higher Ground

Words by John Denver and Joe Henry
Music by John Denver and Lee Holdridge

Moderately in 2

There are those who can live with the things they don't believe in. They are giving up their lives for...
something that is less than it can be. Some have longed for a home on my own, in a place of inspiration. Some will fill the emptiness inside by giving it all for the things that they believe, follow my heart until it brings me home.

they believe, brings me home.
Maybe it's just a dream in me, maybe it's just my style.
Maybe it's just the freedom that I've found.

But given the possibility of livin' up to the dream in me, you

3rd time to Coda I

know that I'll be reachin' for higher ground.

4th time to Coda II
Keep me through the night.
Lead me to the light.

Teach me the magic of wonder.
Give me the spirit to fly.

D.S. al Coda I
Grandma’s Feather Bed

Words and Music by Jim Connor

Moderately fast

When I was a little bit-ty boy
After supper we’d sit a-round the fire, the
just up off a
old folks’d spit... and

floor, chew,
We used to go down to the
Pa would talk a-bout the
Grand-ma’s house
farm and the war, and
Every month-end or so,
Granny'd sing a ballad or two.
We'd have chicken pie and country ham 'n'
home-made butter on the bread,
Granny's house was her wake-up in the mornin' in the

Chorus

nine feet tall and six feet wide,
soft as a downy chick.
It was
made from the feathers of forty 'leven geese, took a whole bolt of cloth for the tick.

It'd hold eight kids 'n' four hound dogs and a piggy we stole from the shed.

We didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fun on Grandma's feather bed.
Well, I love my Ma, I love my Pa,... I love Granny and Grandpa too,
I been fish-in' with my un-cle, I ras-sled with my cou-sin, I e-ven kissed Aunt
Lou ooo! But if I ev-er had to make a choice, I guess it ought-a be

98
said That I'd trade 'em all plus the gal down the road for Grandma's feather bed.

I'd trade 'em all plus the gal down the road...

It was

bed. We didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fun on Grandma's feather bed.
Heart To Heart

Words and Music by John Denver

Slowly

Guitar → D  A  G  Bm  Em
(Capo up 2 frets)

Piano → E  B  A  C#m  F#m

hav-en’t seen all there is to see,  But I’ve seen quite a bit.  I’ve seen

Em  D  Em  G  A

things I’ll al-ways re-mem-ber, Some things I wish that I could for-get... I

Em  D  A  G  Bm  Em

hav-en’t quite been a-round the world... But I’ve been a-round the block; I know that
distances ______ are meaningless, Like the hands that move around the clock. And I

know that love is everywhere, Always safe, always true, And ex-

act-ly where it comes from Is where it's going to. ______ Your heart to mine.

My heart to yours.
Talk about opening windows, Talk about opening doors. My heart to yours.

Your heart to mine.

Love is the light that shines from heart to heart.

Easier
Here I am sitting in old Hong Kong With the harbor and the lights; They're like diamonds in the heavens, enough to brighten the darkest nights. There's another side to sorrow As there is to everything. Like the other side of lonely Is falling in love again. And then you know
that there's an answer
To the suffering you see,
And

tho' it isn't easy,
It's still as simple as you and me. And you

know that love is everywhere,
Always safe, always true,
And ex-

act-ly where it comes from
Is where it's going to.
Your heart to mine
My heart to yours, Talk about opening windows,

Talk about opening doors, My heart to yours, Your heart to mine.

Love is the light that shines from heart to heart, Your heart to mine.

Love is the light that shines from heart to heart, cresc.
I Guess He'd Rather Be In Colorado

Words and Music by Bill Danoff and Taffy Nivert Danoff

Easy tempo

\[ \text{D} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \]
pearl after a rain,
moon is scarcely gone,
earn is what you spend,

Once In the
In the

gain I see him walk-in', once a-gain
I hear him

dawn the subway's com-in', in the end
I hear him

dawn I hear him

end, up in his office, In the end a quiet
talkin' to the stars he makes, and ask-in' them for

hummin' some old song he wrote of love in Boulder

cough is all he has to show; he lives in New York

bus fare.
Can-yon.

I I

Cit-y.
I Want To Live

Words and Music by John Denver

Slowly

There are children raised in sorrow on a scorched and barren plain;

Have you
gazed out on the ocean, seen the breach of a whale?

There are

children raised beneath the golden sun;

Have you

watched the dolphins frolic in the foam?

There are

Children of the water the humpback hears five hundred miles away;

And they

heard the song

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C  Am

cry out through the universe their tales of ancient history of voices raised as passages and one. I want to

G  Gmaj7

live I want to grow, I want to see, I want to know, I want to

C  Cadd9

share what I can give, I want to be, I want to live.

Bm  C

Have you For the
worker and the warrior, the lover and the liar: For the

native and the wanderer in kind; For the

maker and the user and the mother and her son I am

looking for my family and all of you are mine. We are
standing all together face to face and arm in arm.

We are standing on the threshold of a dream.

No more hunger, no more killing, no more wasting life away:

It is simply an idea and I know its time has come.

I want to
live, I want to grow, I want to see, I want to know, I want to share what I can give. I want to be, I want to live, I want to grow, I want to see, I want to know, I want to share what I can give, I want to be, I want to live.
I want to live, I want to grow, I want to see, I want to know, I want to share what I can give. I want to be I want to live,

I want to live, slower I want to live!
Joseph & Joe

Words and Music by John Denver

Moderately (even 8th note feeling)

Joseph and Joe,
Joseph I lost you in some other city, our

places they've been to, the spaces they're in.
paths are not crossing, we're way out of touch.

For a
time between storms, Joe, how the seasons have drifted between us, or

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other man's family, is it your vision, much greater than mine.

1. Ooo

Joseph can give you the heed of the darkness which

keys to the kingdom, he'll put you in touch with the spirit of man.

gathers around us, a fire that consumes us forever to burn. Then

Joe loves the desert but lives in the mountains, his closest companion, a mother will teach us what
left-handed man.  
we need to learn.  

Ooo  
Ooo  

Where do you go.  

if you've got no way to get there?  Where do you go?  

How do you know.  

if you've never never been there? How do you know?

Tell me how do you know.

Tell me where do you go if you've

117
In a spaceship over the mountains chasing
rainbows in the setting sun, leaving heart and home for the

city of angels, I feel my life is undone,
There are pathways winding below me, in
pleasure I've gone where they go,  In the quiet stillness

I can hear symphonies, the loveliest music I know.

Chorus

How can I leave you again, I must be clear out of my mind.

Lost in a storm, I've gone blind, Oh,
how can I leave you a-gain._ Oh, it's
been a long time since I've lis-tened._ still long-er since I've walked with
you._ For the first time I know what I'm miss-ing._ some

an-swers are no long-er true._ So I

122
question the course that I follow,
I'm doubtful and deep in despair.
My heart is filled with impossible notions, can it be you no longer care? Still, I
ride on the wings of a high wind
Blowing
steady and strong, behind me, As the clouds

surrender my fate is for certain, I'm a

sail or who runs to the sea. But

how can I leave you again, I
must be clear out of my mind.
Lost in a storm… I’ve gone
blind. Oh, how can I leave you again.
blind. Oh, how can I leave you again.
blind. Oh, how can I leave you again.
Leaving On A Jet Plane

Words and Music by
John Denver

Moderately

\[
\begin{align*}
G & \quad C & \quad G & \quad C \\
\text{bags are packed, I'm} & \quad \text{read-y to go, I'm} & \quad \text{stand-ing here, out-side your door, I} \\
\text{man-y times, I've} & \quad \text{let you down, so} & \quad \text{man-y times, I've} & \quad \text{played a-round, I} \\
\text{Now the time, has} & \quad \text{come to leave you,} & \quad \text{one more time,} & \quad \text{let me kiss you, then} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
G & \quad C & \quad D \\
\text{hate to wake you,} & \quad \text{up to say, good-} & \quad \text{But the} \\
\text{tell you now,} & \quad \text{bye,} & \quad \text{Ev'-ry} \\
\text{close your eyes,} & \quad \text{they don't mean a} & \quad \text{thing,} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
G & \quad C & \quad G & \quad C \\
\text{dawn is break-in', it's} & \quad \text{ear-ly morn, the} & \quad \text{tax-i's wait-in' he's} & \quad \text{blow-in' his horn, al-} \\
\text{place I go, I'll} & \quad \text{think of you, ev'ry} & \quad \text{song I sing I'll} & \quad \text{sing for you, when} \\
\text{Dream a-bout the} & \quad \text{days to come when} & \quad \text{I won't have to} & \quad \text{leave a-lone,} \\
\end{align*}
\]

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126
read y I'm so lone some I could die. (1.) So
I come back I'll bring your wed ding ring. (2.) So
bout the times I won't have to say: (3.)

Chorus

kiss me and smile for me, tell me that you'll wait for me,

Hold me like you'll ne ver let me go. 'Cause I'm

leav in' on a jet plane, Don't know when I'll be back a gain. Oh,

babe, I hate to go. 2. There's so

3.
I'm leavin' on a jet plane,

Don't know when I'll be back again,

Oh, babe, diminuendo

I hate to go.
I'd Rather Be A Cowboy
(Lady's Chains)

Words and Music by John Denver

Moderately

1. D

Jesse went away last summer, a

couple of months ago, after all our time together,
er it was hard to see her go.

2. D

*Guitarists: Tune sixth string down to D.

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called me right up when she arrived, asked me one more time to come,

livin' on an L.A. freeway ain't my kind of havin' fun.

rather be a cowboy, I think I'd
rather ride the range,

I think I'd rather be a cowboy than to

lay me down in love and lady's chains.

When

we were just beginning it was such an easy way,
layin' back up in the mountains, singin'
songs for sunny days. But she got tired of pickin' daisies and
cookin' my meals for me. she can live the life she wants to, yes, and
it's all right with me. I think I'd
rather be a cowboy, I think I'd rather ride the range.

I think I'd rather be a cowboy than to

lay me down in love and lady's chains.
I'd rather live on the side of a mountain

and wander through canyons of concrete and steel,

I'd rather laugh with the rain and sunshine

and lay down my sundown in some starry
field. Oh, but I

miss her in the morn-in' when I a-wake alon-

and the absence of her laughter is a cold and emp-

But her mem-o-ry al-ways makes me smile and
I want you to know I love her, yes, I love her just enough to let her go.

I think I'd rather be a cowboy,

I think I'd rather ride the range,
I think I'd rather be a cowboy than to

yay me down, in love, and lady's chains.

and lady's chains.
I'm Sorry

Words and Music by
John Denver

Moderately

G

cold here in the city,
friends all ask about you,
it always seems that

Am

way, fine,
And I've been thinking about you
almost

D7

ev'ry day,
an'y time...
Thinkin' about the good

G

But they all know I'm cry-

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Thinkin' about the rain,
I can't sleep at night,

Thinkin' about how bad it feels alone again.
They all know I'm dyin' down deep inside.

I'm sorry for the way things are in
I'm sorry for all the lies I

I'm sorry if I took some things for

China,
told you granted,

I'm sorry things ain't
I'm sorry for the
I'm sorry for the
what they used to be,
things I didn't say
chains I put on you

more than anything else
more than anything else
more than anything else

I'm sorry for myself
I'm sorry for myself
I'm sorry for myself

'Cause you're not here.
I can't believe you
For livin' without...
Let Us Begin
(What Are We Making Weapons For?)

Words and Music by
John Denver

Moderately

I am the son of a grass-land farmer,
I had a son and my son was a soldier. He was

west- ern Ok-la-ho-ma, nine-teen so like my fa- ther, he was so much like me.
I felt al- ways grateful to be a good com- rade was the best that he dreamed he could be.

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I gave up my father to South Korea, the
first time in my life I feel like a pris'ner, a
mind of my broth-er to Viet- nam, that
just can't be won.

Now there's a bank-er who
this is not liv-ing, to
can I must give up my
fear for my children as I
say I must give up my
land.

There are four genera-tions of
I re-mem-ber the nine hun-dred
tell me, how can it be we're still
blood in this top-soil,
their
days of Len-ingrad, the
fight-ing each oth-er?
four generations of love on this farm.

What does it take for a people to learn? If our

fore I give up, I would gladly give up my right arm.

member the moments I prayed I would never grow old.

song is not sung as a chorus we surely will burn.

What are we making weapons for?

Why keep on feeding the war machine? We take it right out of the mouths.
of our babies, take it away from the hands of the poor. Tell me,

what are we making weapons for?

[1.]

[2.]

D.S. al Coda

For the

Coda

of the poor. Tell me, what are we making weapons for?
Have we forgotten
ten all the lives that were given,
all the vows that were taken saying never again?
Now for the first
D    A    D    G6
      
   time. this could be the last
   |
| |
| |

D    A    D    G6

   time. If peace is our vision.
   |
| |
| |

D

   let us begin. Have we for-
   |
| |
| |

2. A    D    A    D

   Let us begin. rit.
Like A Sad Song

Words and Music by
John Denver

With feeling

1. Usually in the morning
I'm filled with sweet belonging
And

2. Many different places
A million smiling faces

Everything is beautiful to see
Even when it's raining

Life is so incredible to me
Especially to be near you

And

Sound of heaven singing
Is simply joyful music to me

How it is to touch you
Oh, paradise was made for you and me
Sometimes I feel like a sad song

all alone

I know that life goes on just perfectly

ev'rything is just the way that it should be
Still there are times when my heart feels like breaking. And anywhere is where I'd rather be.

Oh, and in the nighttime I know that it's the right time to hold you close and say I love you so.

To
have some-one to share with
And some-one I can care with
And

that is why I wanted you to know
Sometimes I feel like a

sad song Like I'm all alone without you.

Ooo
Sometimes I feel like a sad song, like I'm all alone without you, without you.
Looking For Space

Words and Music by
John Denver

Smoothly

D
D/C♯
G/B
A

1. On the road of experience I'm try-
2. All alone in the universe Some-

D
D/C♯
G/B
A
D
D/C♯

ing to find my own way.
Sometimes I wish that I get lost in the sad-

G/B
A
D
D/C♯
G/B

could fly away.

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and to
you
find out who I am.
And I'm look-
ing for space.
And I'm look-
ing to try.

A
D
D/C
G/B
A

A

A

(A)
D
D/C
G/B
A

A

A

A


find out who you are.
3. And I'm look-
ing for space.

I'm a-fraid 'cause I think
they always shine
and my heart's

A
D
D/C
G/B
A

A

A

A


I'm look-
ing for space.

And to

A

A

A

A


I think in the sun-
swer, it's just
that's just

A
D
D/C
G/B
A

A

A

A


I'm look-
ing for space.

3. When you're look-
ing for space.

D
D/C
G/B
A

A

A

A


I'm look-
ing for space.

And to

""
and understand the stars,

It's a sweet dream.

Sometimes I'm almost there,

Sometimes I fly like an eagle and

Sometimes I'm deep in despair.
Coda

sweet, sweet dream Sometimes I'm almost there

Sometimes I fly like an eagle but sometimes I'm deep in despair

Sometimes I fly like an eagle, like an eagle I go flying flying

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My Sweet Lady

Words and Music by
John Denver

Moderately

Moderately

La - dy, are you cry - ing, do the tears be-long to
La - dy, are you hap-py, do you feel the way
La - dy, are you cry - ing, do the tears be-long to

me Did you think our time to-geth-er was all

did you are there mean - ings that you've nev-er was all

did you think our time to-geth-er was all

*Guitarists: Tune lowest string to D.

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Em

A

Dmaj7

gone?
fore?
gone?

La - dy, you've been
La - dy, my sweet
La - dy, my sweet

Em/D

D

Dmaj7

G/D

Gm/D
dream-ing I'm as close as I can be and I
la - dy I just can't believe it's true and it's
la - dy I'm as close as I can be and I

Dmaj7

Em

A

D

D7

Last time to Coda

swear to you, our time has just been
like I've never ever loved be - fore.
swear to you, our time has just been
(To Coda)

G

A

D

D7

Close your eyes and rest your wear-y mind I
promise I will stay right here beside you

day our lives were joined, became entwined

wish that you could know how much I love

After Repeat, D.S. % at Coda

you,
Matthew

Words and Music by
John Denver

Brightly, in 2

I had an uncle name of

MATTHEW

He was his father's only boy

Born just south of Colby, Kansas

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All the stories that he told me
Well, I guess there were some hard times
And so he came to live at our house

Back when I was just a lad
And I'm told some years were lean land
And he came to work the land

They had a storm in Forty-seven
He came to ease my daddy's burden

All the memories that he gave me

All the good times that he had, clean
A twist-er came and stripped 'em clean
And he came to be my friend,
Growin' up a Kansas farm boy
He lost the farm and lost his family
And so I wrote this down for Matthew

Life is mostly havin'
He lost the wheat and lost his home
And it's for him this song is sung

Ridin' on his daddy's shoulders
But he found the family Bible
Ridin' on his daddy's shoulders

Am

Play 3 times
Last time
D.S. al Coda

Behind a mule beneath the sun.
A faith as solid as a stone.
Behind a mule beneath the sun.
Yes, and
Yes, and
Yes, and
Coda

sky. Yes and joy was just a thing that he was raised on.

D7

Love was just a way to live and die.

G/B G C G/B Am

Gold was just a windy Kansas wheat-field Blue.

G/B C G/B Am

was just a Kansas summer sky.
Never A Doubt

Moderately slow

Words and Music by
John Denver

G  Em  C  D
I suppose there have been times when you felt

C  D  G  Em  C  D
like a room full of darkness, not a window around. There

G  Em  C  D  G  Em
must have been moments you felt you were truly alone.

C  D  G  Em  C  D
Then again, each of us knows, in a night of unbearable sadness

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ness, still a light can be found. In each morning the promise that
ic. Oh, the magic of love: even that which is broken with

some-day your true love will come. love can be mended again.
There was

never a doubt, never a doubt in my mind. We weren't meant.

to be lonely. Never a doubt. I knew that I'd find you some-day.
There was never a doubt after all of those nights, all alone, all those desperate mornings.

Never a doubt, there was never a doubt in my mind. I suppose.

All the things that you fear, at the most, they mean
nothing.

All the sorrow and sadness can just disappear.

There was never a doubt, never a doubt in my mind.

We weren't meant to be lonely. Never a doubt.

I knew that I'd find you some day.

There was never a doubt after
All of those nights, all alone,
All those desperate mornings.

Never a doubt, there was never a doubt, in my mind.
There was never a doubt, in my mind.

There was never a doubt, in my mind.
Never a doubt, in my mind.

C Am F G C Am F G C

C Am F G C Am

C Am F G C
Freely

G

Em

*p*

Per-haps love is like a rest-ing place,

A

C

D

G

Em

shel-ter from the storm,

It ex-ists to give you com-fort,

It is

Am

D

Bm

Em

there to keep you warm,

And in those times of trou-ble

When

C

D

Am

D

G

D7

you are most a-lone,

The mem-o-ry of love will bring you home.

Per-haps
love to some is like a cloud, to some as strong as steel, For

some a way of living, For some a way to feel, And

some say love is holding on, And some say letting go, And

some say love is everything, And some say they don't know

slightly held back

Perh aps
love is like the ocean, Full of conflict, full of change, Like a

fire when it's cold outside, Or thunder when it rains.

I should live forever And all my dreams come true,

memories of love will be of you.
Poems, Prayers And Promises

Moderately

I've been late-ly think - in' a-bout
days they pass so quick-ly now,
the
nights are sel-dom long.

all the things I've done and how it's been,
time a-round me whis-pers when it's cold.

I can't help be-liev - in' in
chang-es some - how fright-en me,
my own mind still I have to smile.

*Guitarists: Tune lowest string to D.*

Words and Music by
John Denver

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G(add A)

I'm gonna hate to see it end.
For

D

G(add A)

D

seen a lot of sunshine,
tho' my life's been good to me,
there's slept out in the rain,
so

G(add A)

spent a night or two all on my own,
man - y things my mind has nev - er known,
I've I'd

D

G(add A)

D

known my lady's pleasures,
like to raise a family,
I'd had my - self some friends,
like to sail a way, and
spent a time or two in my own home.

dance across the mountains on the moon.

have to say it now it's been a good life all in all, it's really fine.

to have the chance to hang around and lie there by the fire and

watch the evening fire while all my friends and my old lady sit and
pass a pipe a-round and talk of poems and prayers and prom-is-es and

things that we be-lieve in how sweet it is to love some-one how right it is to care how

long it's been since yes-ter-day what a-bout to-mor-row and what a-bout our dreams and all the

mem-o ries we share. (Last time)
Rhymes And Reasons

Words and Music by
John Denver

Moderately bright

(Guitar)
(Tune down 1 full tone)

Keyboard

G
D/F♯
C/E
G
F
C/E
Bb/D
F
Em
Bm
C
D
Dm
Am
B♭
C

spoke to me of sadness and the coming of the winter,
cities start to crumble and the towers fall around us

Fear that is within you now that seems to never end,
sun is slowly fading and it's colder than the sea.

And the

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dreams that have escaped you and a hope that you've forgotten And you
written; From the desert to the mountains they shall lead us, By the

tell me that you need me now and you want to be my friend And you
hand and by the heart and they will comfort you and me. In their

wonder where we're going, where's the trust-ing, they will rhyme and where's the reason, son And it's
innocence and trust-ing, they will teach us to be free, (Instrumental)

you cannot accept it is here we must begin To seek the wis-
Gm

dom of the chil-
dren
And the

G  C  D  G
F  Bb  C  F

grace-ful way_ of flow-
ers in the wind,_
For the chil-
dren and the

D/F♯  C/E  G  Em
C/E  B♭/D  F  Dm
flow-ers are_ my sis-
ters and_ my broth-
ers, Their laugh-
ter and their

Bm  C  D  G
Am  B♭  C  F
love-
li-
ness would clear a cloud-y
day._ Like the mu-
sic of the

love-
li-
ness would clear a cloud-y
day._ And the song that I am
mountains and the colors of the rainbow. They're a

promise of the future and a blessing for to-

Come and stand beside us we can find a better to-

day.

Though the way.

1. G C/G D7/G
   F Bb/F C7/F

2. C/G G F
   Bb/F

L.H. R.H. R.H. R.H.
On The Wings Of A Dream

Words and Music by John Denver

Moderately (d = about 104)

1. Yes-ter-day...

(1, 4.) I had a dream about dying. About laying...
(2.) then I sing for my father. And in truth...
(3.) y'in passing must leave us. There is one...

Bm
D
G

- ing to rest and then flying. How the mo-
you must know I would rather. He were here.
who remains to receive us. There are those.
I'm just a soul whose intentions are good.
And I'm just an ordinary boy that's trying to be a better man.

I've been told that the things I need most
Are the things I can't afford.

And I'm just an ordinary boy
Who's trying to be a better man.

Lay in my bed and I wonder:
Where the spirit would find us?
And the joy of the voices inside me?

They are there just to guide me.
They are there just to guide me.

We are one.
And my faith...
Why is it thus, we are here, And so soon, we are
any way, An - y - way, we are more than we
will proclaim it is so, We are never a -
gone seem lone
Is this life, There are those
just a path, To the place, that we all come
who will lead us Protect us each step of the way.
to the light, From the dark of the night to the dawn.
from
Does the heart, From be - gin - He is so.
2. And if so...
3. Though the bod-

D.S. al Coda

(Take 1st lyric)

In the song

Yes-ter-day...

Coda

gone

Oh, why is it thus— we are here—

held back

And so soon— we are
gone

* 3rd time, 8 bar. inst. omitted
Rocky Mountain High

Words by John Denver
Music by John Denver and Mike Taylor

Moderately

Guitar — D
(Capo up 2 frets)
Keyboard — E

He was born in the summer of his twenty-seventh
Cathedral Mountains, he saw silver clouds below,

year, comin' home every thing as far as you can
he saw that he got crazy once and he

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say he was born again, tried to touch the sun, you might and he lost a friend but

— for ev'ry door kept his memory. When he Now he (Now his

first came to the mountains his life was far away, walks in quiet solitude, the forests and the streams life) is full of wonder but his heart still knows some fear

on the road seeking grace and hangin' by a song, of a simple thing he can not comprehend.
But the string's already broken and he
doesn't really care, and understand, it keeps changin' fast and
His sight has turned inside himself to
try and understand, bring in a couple more.
Why they try to tear the mountains down to
more serenity of a

it don't last for long, clear blue mountain lake,
scars up on the land.

But the And the And the

Colo-ra-do Rocky Mountain high, I've
Rock-y Moun-tain high

He climbed Now his life

It's a Col-o-ra-do Rock-

I've
seen it rainin' fire in the sky,

Friends around the camp fire and everybody's
dim. poco

high. poco

Rocky Mountain high,

Repeat and Fade

Rocky Mountain high,
Shanghai Breezes

Words and Music by John Denver

Slowly

It's funny how you sound as if you're right next door when you're

real - ly half a world away.

just can't seem to find the words I'm looking for.

*Melody phrased somewhat freely.
say the things that I want to say,

I can't remember when I felt so close to you,

it's almost more than I can bear,

Though I seem a half a million miles from you,

you are in my heart and living there.

And the
moon and the stars— are the same— ones you see,— it's the
same old sun up in the sky.

voice in my ear— is like heav— en to me,—

And your

face in my dreams— is like heav— en to me,—
lke the

breezes here in old Shanghai.
There are lovers who walk hand in hand in the park, and
lovers who walk all alone. There are
lovers who lie unafraid in the dark, and
lovers who long
for home.

couldn't leave you even if I wanted to, you're

in my dreams and always near,
And especially when I sing the songs I

wrote for you, you are in my heart and living there. And the
Shanghai breezes, cool and clearing,
evening's sweet caress,

Shanghai breezes soft and gentle re-

mind me of your tenderness. And the
moon and the stars are the same ones you see,
   it's the same old sun up in the sky.

And your love in my life is like heaven to me,
   like the breezes here in old Shanghai.

And the— Just like the
   slightly held back
   slower

breezes here in old Shanghai.
Slowly

course, we have our dif'-renc-es, you shouldn't be sur-prised:

don't know how to tell you, it's dif-fi-cult to say,

natural as changes in the seasons and the skies,

never in my wild-est dreams im-AG-I-NED it this way.

sometimes we grow to-geth-er, some-times we drift a-part:

sometimes I just don't know you, there's a stranger in our home:

A

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wis - er man_ than I _ might know the_ sea - sons of the heart._ And I'm
ly - ing right_ be - side you_ is_ when I'm most a - lone._ And I

walk - ing_ here be - side you_ in the_ ear - ly even - ning chill,_ A
think my_ heart is brok - en_ there's an_ emp - ti - ness in - side,_ So

thing we've al - ways loved to do, I_ know we al - ways will._ We
man - y things_ I've longed for_ have so_ of - ten been de - nied._ Still I,

have so much in com - mon, so_ man - y things_ we share, That I
would _ n't try to change you, there's_ no one that's_ to blame, It's

(2nd time)
can't believe my heart when it im-
just some-things that mean so much, we
plies that you're not there.
cresc.

Love is why I came here in the first place,

Love is now the rea-son I must go,

Love is all I ever hoped to find here,
Love is still the only dream I know.

(Spoken) And so I know.

True love is still the only dream I know.

in tempo

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Starwood In Aspen

Words and Music by John Denver

Moderately

It's a long way from L.A. to Denver,
It's a long way from this place to Denver,

It's a long time to think on my lady's sweet memory,
It's a long time to think on my children's sweet smiles,

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Dm  C  Am
long way home to Star-wood In As-pen, the
long way home at Star-wood In As-pen, All my
long way home to Star-wood In As-pen, the

C  F  C
sweet Rock-y Mountain par-a dise, Oh, my
friends and the snow covered hills, Oh, my
sweet Rock-y Mountain par-a dise, Oh, my

F  C  G7  C
sweet Rock-y Mountain par-a dise, Oh, my
friends are the snow covered hills, Oh, my
the

Dm  G7  C  F
spring-time is roll-in' round slowly, To Gray skies are
Can I tell you I'm happy to be here.
bring in' me down, For I Can't re-member when I've see here the
ever been so lonely, I've for-got what it's
like new friends to be home, Can't re- mem-ber what it's
like new friends to be home, I It's a
Moderato, with a flowing movement

Shipmates and Cheyenne, and raindrops and cry-in! Haunt the dreams of an old, old man.

Candles and church bells, laughter and farewells.

* Tune lowest string to D.
volve in his thoughts like a wind.

I'll hold me one, Just one rising sun Till long after

daylight is gone. I'll hold me one, One

more rising sun Till my daylight and darkness is done.

G/D Dmaj7 G/D D Gmaj7/D
A/E Emaj7 A/E E Amaj7/E
Hmm Ooo D. S. al Coda
I'll hold me one, one more rising

sun Till my daylight and darkness is done.

Ooo

Ooo
Sunshine On My Shoulders

Words by John Denver
Music by John Denver, Mike Taylor and Dick Kniss

Slowly

[Music notation with chords and lyrics]

Sunshine on my shoulders makes me happy,

Guitar (Capo up 3 frets)

Keyboard

G G C C G C G C
Bb Eb Bb Eb Bb Eb

Sunshine in my eyes can make me cry.

G C G C Am7 D7
Bb Eb Bb Eb Cm7 F7

Sunshine on the water looks so lovely.

G C G C G C G C
Bb Eb Bb Eb Bb Eb
sun-shine almost always makes me high.

If I had a day that I could give you,
If I had a tale that I could tell you,

I'd give to you a day just like to-
I'd tell a tale a day sure to make you

day, smile,
I'd wish that I could

sing for you,

I'd wish that I could

sing for you,

Last time, D.S. al Coda

make a wish

for sun-shine all the

way,

Sun-shine al-most all the time makes me high,

sun-shine al-most al-way...


Take Me Home, Country Roads

Words and Music by Bill Danoff,
Taffy Nivert and John Denver

Bright Country tempo

Almost heave-n, mem-ories,
West Vir-gin

gath-er 'round

Blue Ridge
min-er's

Mountains,

Moun-tains,

lady,

She-nan-doh

stran-ger to blue

River.

Life is

old there,

old-er than the

trees,

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younger than the mountains
misty taste of moonshine

growin' like a breeze
tear drop in my eye

Country Roads,
take me home to the

place I belong: West Virginia,

mountain momma,
Take me home, Country

To Coda

1. Roads.
2. All my I hear her voice, in the
morn-in' hour she calls me, the radio reminds me of my home far away, and drivin' down the road I get a feelin' that I should have been home yesterday, yesterday.

Coda Roads, take me home, Country Roads, take me home, Country Roads.
**Sweet Surrender**

Words and Music by John Denver

Brightly

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lieve in
Look-in' for some-
thing that I'd like to do

with my life.
There's noth-in' be-hind me and

noth-in' that ties me. To some-thin' that might have been true yes-ter-day.

To-mor-row is o-pen and right now it seems

to be more Than e-nough to just be here to-
And I don't know what the future is holdin' in

I don't know where I'm goin', I'm not sure where I've been.

There's a spirit that guides me, a light that shines for me.

My life is worth livin', I don't need to see the end.
Sweet, sweet surrender
Live, live without care Like a fish

in the water Like a bird

in the air

1. A

2. A
To The Wild Country

Moderately

Words and Music by John Denver

Guitar → D
(Tune 6th string to D.
Capo up 2 frets)

Piano → E

There are times
Oh I know

I fear
I lose myself
I don't know who I am

I worry
on worldly ways and means

I get caught up in the struggle
And I can see the future killing me

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With my back against a stone wall, my
On a misbegotten highway, my

finger in the dam, prophesies and dreams.
I'm losin' strength and

going down again, and eternity.
When I

And I

take a look around me, my eyes can't find the sun,
it's just changes, and mankind is marching on.
There's noth'in' wild
I know we can't
as far as I can see,
 live in yester-day,

Then my heart turns to A-las-

And freedom on the run, me,

I can hear her spirit calling me,
To the

And what it means to me,

I'd

ka, in'
moun - tains, I can rest there, To the
riv - ers, I will be strong, To the for - ests,
I'll find peace there, To the wild coun - try
where I be - long.
Thank God I'm A Country Boy

Words and Music by
John Martin Sommers

Moderately

Well, life on a farm is kind-a laid back, ain't
work's all done and the sun's settin' low I
wouldn't trade my life for diamonds or jewels, I
fiddle was my daddy's till the day he died, and he

much an old country boy like me can't hack, It's
pull out my fiddle and I rosin' up the bow. But the
never was one of them money hungry fools. I'd
took me by the hand and held me close to his side. He said,

early to rise, early in the sack: Thank
kids are a-sleep so I keep it kind-a low: Thank
rather have my fiddle and my farm in' tools: Thank
"Live a good life and play my fiddle with pride, And thank
God I'm a coun'try boy,
God I'm a coun'try boy,
God I'm a coun'try boy,
God you're a coun'try boy.

A simple kind-a life never
did me no harm,
day if I could, but the
black limousine, A
hunt and how to whittle, He

work-in' on a farm. My
take it very good. So I
that's mighty keen, Well,
tune on the fiddle. He

easy coun'try charm: Thank
work when I should: Thank
act-ly what I mean: I thank
give just a little: Thank

God I'm a coun'try boy.
I'd play 'Sal-ly Goodin' all
Yeah, cit-y folk drivin' in a
My dad-dy taught me young how to

Lord and my wife wouldn't
raisin' me a family and
lotsa sad peo-ple think'in'
He taught me how to work and play a

days are all filled with an
fiddie when I can and I
folks, let me tell you now ex-
He taught me how to love and how to

God I'm a coun'try boy.
God I'm a coun'try boy.
God I'm a coun'try boy.
God I'm a coun'try boy.

Well, I
got me a fine wife, I got me old fiddle. When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle; And life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle: Thank

1. 2. 3. 4. God I'm a country boy.

2. When the
3. I
4. Well, my
Welcome To My Morning  
(Farewell Andromeda) 

Words and Music by  
John Denver

1. Welcome to my mornin',  
   welcome to my day,  
   I'm the one responsible,  
   I made it just this way to make...

2. Welcome to my happiness,  
   you know it makes me smile,  
   please me to have you here,  
   I made it just this way while...

3. Myself some pictures,  
   see what they might bring,  
   And...

*Guitarists: Tune sixth string to low D.
Think I made it perfectly, I wouldn't change a thing. La la la

If the truth is told, they will never come again. La la la

To Coda

La la la

1.

La la la

2.
Welcome to my evening, the closin' of the day,
you know I could try a million times, never
find a better way to tell you that I love...
What One Man Can Do

Words and Music by
John Denver

Slowly

C        G/B       F/A       G        C        G/B

F/A      G        C        G

1. I suppose that there are those who'll

F        G        Dm       G7

say he had it easy, had it made in fact before he'd even be-

C        G7       C        G        F        G

gun. But they don't know the things I know; I was always with him; It

*Guitarists:
Play chords fingerstyle

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may sound strange,
we were more than friends.

2. It's

hard to tell the truth
when no one wants to listen,
When

no one really cares what's goin' on.
And it's hard to stand alone when you

need someone beside you;
Your spirit and your faith must be strong.

What
one man can do is dream. What one man can do is

love. What one man can do is change the world and make it young again.

Here you see what one man can do.
shaded as his eyes might be, that's how bright his mind is,

That's how strong his love for you and me.

friend to all the universe, grandfather of the future

everything that I would like to be.

What
What one man can do is dream.

What one man can do is love.

What one man can do is change the world and make it work again.

Here you see what one man can do.
**Wild Montana Skies**

Words and Music by John Denver

Moderate country 2 \( \frac{4}{4} \) \( \text{about 100} \)

\[
\text{He was born in the Bitter-root Valley in the early mornin' rain,}
\]

\[
\text{Wild geese over the water headin' north and home again Bringin' a warm}
\]

\[
\text{wind from the south, bringin' the first taste of the spring, His}
\]

* Guitarists: Tune 6th string to D

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Mother took him to her breast and softly she did sing:

Oh—

Chorus

Oh Montana, give this child a home, Give him the love of a good family and a woman of his own. Give him a fire in his heart, give him a light in his eyes. Give him the wild.
wind for a brother and the wild

Montana skies.

His mother died that

summer, he never learned to cry.
never knew his father, he never did ask

why And he never knew the answers that would

make an easy way, But he learned to know the will-

der-ness and to be a man that way. His
mother's brother took him in to his family and his home. Gave him a hand.

that he could lean on and a strength to call his own. And he

took to be a farmer, and he learned to love the land. And he

learned to read the seasons, and he learned to make a stand. Oh
Chorus

G   A   D
oh Montana, give this child a home. Give him the love of a good family and a woman of his own. Give him a fire in his heart, give him a light in his eyes, Give him the wild wind for a brother and the wild Montana skies.
On the eve of his twenty-first birthday he set out on his own. Some say he was crazy; some are glad he's gone. He was but

thirty years and running' when he found his way back home Ridin' a storm. Some of us will miss him and we'll try to carry on Givin' a voice.

across the mountains and anach'in' in his heart. Said he
to the forest, givin' a voice to the dawn. Givin' a voice

* 2nd time instrumental omitted
came to turn the pages and to make a brand new start. Now he

on. Oh oh Montana,

give this child a home. Give him the love of a good family and a

woman of his own. Give him a fire in his heart, give him a light.
in his eyes, Give him the wild wind for a brother and the

wild Montana skies Oh_

wild Montana skies
Whispering Jesse

Moderately, gently

1. I often have wandered in deep contemplation.
   It seems that the mind runs wild when you're all alone.

2.3. See additional lyrics

   The way that it could be, the way that it should be,

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things I'd do differently if I could do them again.

2. I've always loved home.
3. I'm just an old left there on an old palomino.

Jesse rode right by my side. I long to
hold her, to hear her soft breathing,

the touch of her cool hands on my fevered brow.
Additional Lyrics

2. I've always loved springtime, the passing winter,
   The green of the new leaves and life goin' on,
   The promise of morning, the long days of summer,
   Warm nights of loving her beneath the bright stars.

3. I'm just an old cowboy from high Colorado,
   Too old to ride anymore, too blind to see.
   I sleep in the city now, away from my mountains,
   Away from the cabin we always called home.
Windsong

Words and Music by Joe Henry and John Denver

Unhurried

\[ \text{Ooo} \]

\[ \text{D} \]

wind is the whisper of our mother, the earth,
wind knows the songs of the cities and canyons,
wind is the hand of our father, the sky.

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wind watches over our struggles and pleasures, The wind is the goddess who first learned to fly, all that is free.

The wind is the taker and giver of mornings, The wind is the symbol of all that is free.

The wind is the bearer of welcome the wind and the wisdom she offers The weaver of darkness, The follow her summons when bringer of dawn again, The wind gives the rain, Then in your heart and your spirit let the

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builds us a rainbow, The wind is the singer who
breezes surround you, Lift up your voice then and

to Coda

sang the first song, The
sing with the wind, La

wind is a twist-er of anger and warning, The

wind brings the frag-rance of freshly mown hay, The
wind is a racer and a white stallion running And the sweet taste of love on a
slow summer's day.

The

coda

Dee dee dee dee__ dee dee dee oo_

decresc.
American Child  
Annie's Song  
Autograph  
Back Home Again  
Calypso  
Christmas For Cowboys  
A Country Girl In Paris  
Dreamland Express  
The Eagle And The Hawk  
Eagles And Horses  
(I'm Flying Again)  
Eclipse  
The Flower That  
Shattered The Stone  
Fly Away  
Flying For Me  
Follow Me  
For Baby (For Bobbie)  
For You  
Garden Song  
Goodbye Again  
Grandma's Feather Bed  
Heart To Heart  
Higher Ground  
How Can I Leave You Again  
I Guess He'd Rather  
Be In Colorado  
I Want To Live  
I'd Rather Be A Cowboy  
(Lady's Chains)  
I'm Sorry  
Joseph & Joe  
Leaving On A Jet Plane  
Let Us Begin  
(What Are We Making Weapons For?)  
Like A Sad Song  
Looking For Space  
Matthew  
My Sweet Lady  
Never A Doubt  
On The Wings Of A Dream  
Perhaps Love  
Poems, Prayers And Promises  
Rhymes And Reasons  
Rocky Mountain High  
Seasons Of The Heart  
Shanghai Breezes  
Shipmates And Cheyenne  
Starwood In Aspen  
Sunshine On My Shoulders  
Sweet Surrender  
Take Me Home, Country Roads  
Thank God I'm A Country Boy  
To The Wild Country  
Welcome To My Morning  
(Farewell Andromeda)  
What One Man Can Do  
Whispering Jesse  
Wild Montana Skies  
Windsong