It's Easy To Play Folk.

Easy to read, simplified arrangements of some of the world's greatest folk songs, including Blowing In The Wind, From Both Sides Now, Universal Soldier, Where Have All The Flowers Gone and many more.

Arranged By Cyril Watters.
It's Easy To Play Folk.

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If You Could Read My Mind
Words and Music by Gordon Lightfoot

Medium rock tempo

1. If you could read my mind, love,
   what a tale my thoughts could tell.

2. If I could read your mind, love,
   what a tale your thoughts could tell.

Just like an old time movie,
Just like a paper back novel,

In a castle dark or a fortress strong,
Then you reached the part where the heart-aches come,

Last time to Coda

You know that ghost is me, and I will never leave me. But heroes often fail, and you won't read that be set free as long as I'm a ghost that you can't see.

I'd walk away like a movie star who gets burned in a three-way script.

Movie queen to play the scene of bringing all the good things out of
But for now, love, let's be real; I never thought I could feel this way and I've got to say that I just don't get it.

I don't know where we went wrong, but the feelin's gone and I just can't get it back.

But stories always end, and if you read be-
between the lines, you'd know that I'm just tryin' to understand the

G     (G)     D     Em

feelin's that you lack. I never thought I could feel this way and I've
C     G     C     G

got to say that I just don't get it. I don't know where
(G)     D     C

we went wrong, but the feelin's gone and I just can't get it back!
G     (G)     D

ritard.
G     F     G
Streets Of London

Words and Music by Ralph McTell

Moderato

F   Dm7   (Dm7)   G7   C

1. Have you seen the
2. Have you seen the
old man in the closed down market,
old girl who walks the streets of London,

G   Am   Em   F

pers with his worn out shoes?
and her clothes in rags?

C   D7   G7   C

In his eyes you
She's no time for

G   Am   Em   F

see no pride, talkin' she
hand held loosely by his side,

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19/20 Poland Street, London W1V 3DD, England.
Paper telling yesterday's news.

So home in two carrier bags.

CHORUS

How can you tell me you're lonely.

And say for you that the sun don't shine?

Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London.

I'll show you something to make you change your mind.

So
In the all night
4. Have you seen the

café at a quarter past eleven,
Same old man,
Mem'ry fading with.

old man outside the seaman's mission,

same old man,

world city the rain cries a little pity
Each tea lasts an

hour and he wanders home alone.
So

C Dm7 (Dm7) G7 C

G Am Em F

C D G7 C

G Am Em F

G Am Em F
CHORUS

how can you tell me you're lonely,

F  C  G7  Am

And say for you that the sun don't shine?

D  G7

Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London.

C  G  Am  Em

I'll show you something to make you change your mind.

F  C  G7  C

G  Am  Dm  G7  C
Where Have All The Flowers Gone?

Words and Music by Pete Seeger

Moderately slow

1. Where have all the flowers gone?
2. Where have all the young girls gone?
3. Where have all the young men gone?

long time passing, Where have all the
long time passing, Where have all the
long time passing, Where have all the

C G7 C F G7
Where have all the flowers gone? The girls have picked them
Where have all the young girls gone? They've taken husbands
Where have all the young men gone? They're all in uniform.

Oh, when will you ever learn?
Oh, when will you ever learn?
Oh, when will you ever learn?

C C G7 C
C G7 F
G G Am
C F G F G
C F C Dm7 C
Catch The Wind
Words and Music by Donovan

Moderato

1. In the chilly hours and minutes
   (2.) feel you all around me.

Of uncertainty,
And to take your hand along the sand.
In the warm...
Ah, but I

1. may as well try your lovin' mind.

2. To catch the wind.

3. When sun-down pales the
   (4.) me to love you

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I want to hide a while
Behind your smile,

Fmaj7 C F Am F

And everywhere
Ah but I may as well

C F G C

I’d look your eyes I’d find.

C F G C

To Coda

G C F C

Did-dy did-dee-dee did-dy

F Em F D7

D, $5 al Coda  $

G7 C

5. When rain has hung the leaves with tears
    I want you near to kill my fears,
    To help me to leave all my blues behind.

6. Standin’ in your heart
    Is where I want to be and long to be;
    Ah, but I may as well try and catch the wind.
From Both Sides Now

Words and Music by Joni Mitchell

1. Bows and flows of angel hair, and ice cream castles in the air, And
2. Moons and Junes and ferris wheels, The dizzy dancing way you feel, As
3. Tears and fears and feeling proud, To say "I love you" right out loud,

feather canyons
every fairy
dreams and schemes and
ev-ry where,
tale comes true,
circus crowds,

now they only block the sun,
now it's just another show,
now old friends are acting strange,

Assigned to Westminster Music Ltd., 19/20 Poland Street, London W.1.
for the territory of the British Commonwealth (excluding Canada)
but including Australia, New Zealand, Republics of South Africa and Eire,
and the continent of Europe including Scandinavia.
I've looked at clouds from both sides now, from up and down and
I've looked at love from both sides now, from give and take and
I've looked at life from both sides now, from win and lose and
Still somehow it's cloud illusions I recall; I really don't know
Still somehow it's love's illusions I recall; I really don't know
Still somehow it's life's illusions I recall; I really don't know
Clouds love life at all.
Repeat and fade out
Universal Soldier

Words and Music by Buffy Saint-Marie

Moderato

He's five feet two, and he's six foot four; He fights with missiles and with

He's all of thirty one, and he's only seventeen, been a

soldier for a thousand years; He's a Catholic, a Hindu, an
A-the-ist— a Jain, a Buddhist and a Baptist, and a Jew; And he

knows he shouldn't kill, and he knows he always will kill you for

me, my friend and me for you. And he's fighting for Canada, He's

fighting for France, He's fighting for the U.S.A. And he's

fighting for the Russians and he's fighting for Japan, and he
thinks we'll put an end to war this way; And he's fighting for Democracy, he's fighting for the Reds; he says it's for the peace of all, He's the one who must decide who's to live and who's to die, and he never sees the writing on the wall. But without him how would Hitler have condemned him at Dachau? without him Caesar would have stood alone. He's the
one who gives his body as a weapon of the war, and without him all this killing can't go on! He's the Universal Soldier, and he really is to blame, his orders come from far away no more; They come from here and there, and you and me, and brothers, can't you see, this is not the way to put the end to war.
Tell It On The Mountain

Adapted and Arranged by P. Yarrow, P. Stookey, M. Okun and M. Travers.

Brightly

F C7 F C7 F

mou-n-tain,  Ov-er the hill and ev-ry-

Dm Gm C7 Am

-where. Go tell it on the mou-n-tain, To

Bb C7 F A7 Bb G7+

VERSE

let my peo-ple go.

1. Who's that yon-der
2. Who's that yon-der
3. Who's that yon-der

F C7 F C F
Let my people go.

Must be the children that Moses led.
Must be the children of the Israelites.

Who's that yonder dressed in red?
Who's that yonder dressed in white?
Who's that yonder dressed in black?

Moses led. Isra-aelites, Go tell it on the moun-

Dm  F  Bb  C7  F

C  F  Dm

Gm  Gm7  C7  F

F7  Bb

Gm  F  Bb
Third time to Coda

Go tell it on the mountain, over the hill and everywhere.

Go tell it on the mountain, to let my people go.
Sundown
Words and Music by Gordon Lightfoot

1. I can see her ly-in' back in her sat-in dress, in a room where you do what you don't confess.
   Sun-down, you better take care if I find you bin creep-in' round, get feel-in' better when I'm feel-in' no pain.

2. Look-in' like a queen in a sailor's dream, and she don't always say what she really means.
   Sometimes I think it's a shame when I hear you bin creep-in' round, my back-stairs.

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Sun down, you better take care, if I find you bin creepin' round.
Sometimes I think it's a shame, when I get feelin' better when I'm

my back stairs. Some times I think it's a sin when I

Sun down, you better take care if I

better take care._ if I find you bin creep-in' round when I get feel-in' bet-ter when I'm feel-in' no pain...

man could make, get-ting faded jeans, she's a lost in her lovin' is your first mis-take.

D7

G

C

F

26

G

C
feel like I'm winnin' when I'm losin' again.
find you bin creepin' round.
G
my back stairs.
G

Sun down, you better take care if I find you bin creepin' round.
C

my back stairs.
G

Sometimes I
G

think it's a sin when I feel like I'm winnin' when I'm losin' again.
C

F

G


Banks Of The Ohio

Arranged by Bruce Welch and John Farrar

Moderato

1. I asked my love
to take a walk,
against his breast,
between twelve and one,

2. knife
To take a walk,
As into,
I cried “My God,

3. home
just a little walk,
my arms he pressed,
what have I done,

C G7 C G7 C G7

C7 Bb C7 F

Down by the Banks
I’m not prepared
He would not take me

of the Ohio.
for eternity.
for his bride.

And only

C G C

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64 Stirling Court, Marshall Street, London, W.1.
CHORUS

say that you'll be mine.

In no

other arms entwine,

Down beside.

where the waters flow.

Down by the Banks

of the Ohio.

2. I held a

3. I wandered

Last

Down by the Banks

of the Ohio.
Mr. Tambourine Man
Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderato

CHORUS

Hey! Mister Tambourine Man

Play a song for me, I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm goin' to.

VERSE

Last time fine

I'll come followin' you. Though I know that evenin's empire has
Chorus

2. Take me on a trip upon your magic swirlin' ship
   My senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip
   My toes too numb to step, wait only for my boot heels
   To be wanderin'
   I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade
   Into my own parade, cast your dancin' spell my way
   I promise to go under it.

Chorus

3. Though you might hear laughin' spinnin' swingin' madly across the sun
   It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escapin' on the run
   And but for the sky there are no fences facin'
   And if you hear vague traces of skippin' reels of rhyme
   To your tambourine in time, it's just a ragged clown behind
   I wouldn't pay it any mind, it's just a shadow you're
   Seein' that he's chasin'.

Chorus

4. Then take me disappearin' through the smoke rings of my mind
   Down the foggy ruins of time, far past the frozen leaves
   The haunted, frightened trees out to the windy beach
   Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow
   Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand wavin' free
   Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands
   With all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves
   Let me forget about today until tomorrow.

Chorus
All I Really Want To Do

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Medium bright

F C G7 C F

lookin’ to compete with you, Beat or cheat or

C G7 C F C

mistreat you; Simplify you, classify

G C F C G7

-ify you, Deny, defy or crucify you.

C F C G G

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2. No, and I ain't lookin' to fight with you,  
   Frighten you, or uptighten you,  
   Drag you down, or bring you down,  
   Chain you down, or bring you down.  
   Chorus

3. I don't want to straight face you,  
   Race, or chase you, track or trace you,  
   Or disgrace you, or displace you,  
   Or define you, or confine you.  
   Chorus

4. I don't want to meet your kin,  
   Make you spin, or do you in,  
   Or select you, or dissect you,  
   Or inspect you, or reject you.  
   Chorus

5. I don't want to fake you out,  
   Take, or shake or forsake you out,  
   I ain't lookin' for you to feel like me,  
   See like me, or be like me.  
   Chorus
Fire And Rain

Words and Music by James Taylor

VERSE
1. Just yesterday morn-in' they let me know you were gone,
   Susan, the plans they made put an end to you.

CHORUS
I just can't remember who to send it to.
I've seen fire and I've seen
2. Won't you look down upon me, Jesus, you got to help me make a stand,  
   You just got to see me through another day.  
   My body's achin' and my time is at hand  
   An' I won't make it any other way.  
   Chorus

3. Been walkin' my mind to an easy time, my back turned towards the sun;  
   Lord knows when the cold wind blows, it'll turn your head around.  
   Well, there's hours of time on the telephone line, to talk about things to come,  
   Sweet dreams and flying machines in pieces on the ground.  
   Chorus
Yes, 'n' How many times must the cannon balls fly before they're forever banned?

knows that too many people have died?

head pretending he just doesn't see?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind, the answer is:

blowin' in the wind, the answer is:

The answer is blowin' in the wind.
American Pie
Words and Music by Don McLean

Ad lib.

A long, long time ago I can still remember how that
G D Em7 Am C

music used to make me smile And I knew if I had my chance that
Em D G D Em

I could make those people dance and maybe they'd be happy for a while.
Am C Em C D

But February made me shiver with every paper I'd deliver.
Em Am Em Am Am

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Intersong Music Ltd., 40 South Audley Street, London W.1.
Bad news on the doorstep I couldn't take one more step I

Can't remember if I cried when I read about his widowed bride, But

Something touched me deep inside the day the music died.

So

In moderate tempo

bye, bye, Miss American Pie, Drove my Chevy to the levee but the

Levee was dry. Them good ole boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye, Singin'

To Coda
This'll be the day that I die,
1. Did you write the book of love and do you

... have faith in God above?
If the Bible tells you so

Now do you believe in rock and roll, Can music save your

mortal soul and can you teach me how to dance real slow?
Well, I know that you're in love with him 'cause I saw you dancin' in the gym, You both kicked off your shoes. Man, I dig those rhythm and blues.

I was a lonely teenage bronc-in' buck with a pink carnation and a pick-up truck. But I knew I was out of luck the day the music died. I started singin' He was singin'
by-bye, Miss American Pie, Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry. Them good ole boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye, Singin' this'll be the day that I die,

This'll be the day that I die.

I met a girl who sang the blues and I asked her for some happy news, But she just smiled and turned away.
I went down to the sacred store where I heard the music years before. But the man there said the music wouldn't play.

And in the streets the children screamed, the lovers cried and the poets dreamed. But not a word was spoken, the church bells all were broken. And the three men I admire most, the Father, Son and the Holy Ghost, They
2. Now for ten years we've been on our own, and moss grows fat on a rollin' stone
   But that's not how it used to be when the jester sang for the king and queen
   In a coat he borrowed from James Dean and a voice that came from you and me
   Oh and while the king was looking down, the jester stole his thorny crown
   The courtroom was adjourned, no verdict was returned
   And while Lenin read a book on Marx the quartet practiced in the park
   And we sang dirges in the dark
   The day the music died
   We were singin'... bye-bye... etc.

3. Helter-skelter in the summer swelter the birds flew off with a fallout shelter
   Eight miles high and fallin' fast, it landed foul on the grass
   The players tried for a forward pass, with the jester on the sidelines in a cast
   Now the half-time air was sweet perfume while the sergeants played a marching tune
   We all got up to dance but we never got the chance
   'Cause the players tried to take the field, the marching band refused to yield
   Do you recall what was revealed
   The day the music died
   We started singin'... bye-bye... etc.

4. And there we were all in one place, a generation lost in space
   With no time left to start again
   So come on, Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack Flash sat on a candlestick
   'Cause fire is the Devil's only friend
   And as I watched him on the stage my hands were clenched in fists of rage
   No angel born in hell could break that Satan's spell
   And as the flames climbed high into the night to light the sacrificial rite
   I saw Satan laughing with delight the day the music died.
   He was singin'... bye-bye... etc.
The Bells Of Rhymney

Words by Idris Davies
Music by Pete Seeger

Freely (not too fast)

Oh, what will you give me? say the sad bells of Rhymney.
Is there hope for the future? cry the brown bells

Mer-thyr. Who made the mine own-er? say the black bells of Rhon-dda.

And who robbed the miner? cry the grim bells of Blaina.

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for the territory of the British Commonwealth of Nations (excluding Canada, Australasia);
also the Republic of Ireland and South Africa.
They will plunder willy nilly, cry the bells of Caerphilly. They have fangs, they have teeth, shout the loud bells of Neath.

Even God is uneasy, say the moist bells of Swansea. And what will you give me? say the sad bells of Rhymney.

Put the vandals in court,
say the bells of Newport. All would be well if, if, if, if,
cry the silver bells of

green bells of Cardiff. Why so worried sisters, why? sang the silver bells of

Wye. And what will you give me? say the sad bells of Romney. Oh

(whistle)
The 'It's Easy to Play' Series is an entirely new departure in music publishing. The music is newly engraved and includes chord symbols and lyrics where appropriate. These fine arrangements are so easy even beginners can play them.