Joni Mitchell

A Case of You
Blue
Both Sides Now
Chelsea Morning
River
Magdelene Laundries
Rainy Night House

Collection
Moderato

Just before our love got lost, you said
I am as constant as the northern star and I said

"Constant in the darkness where's that at, if you want me I'll be in the bar."

On the back of a cartoon coaster in a blue T.V. screen light,
I drew a map of Canada, oh Canada,
With your face sketched on it twice.
Oh, you are in my blood like holy wine,
You taste so bitter and so sweet.
Oh, I could drink a case of you.
Darling, and I would still be on my feet.
Oh, I would still be on my feet.

A Case Of You - 5-2
Oh, I am a lonely painter.
I live in a box of paints.

I'm frightened by the devil
And I'm drawn to those ones
That ain't afraid.
I re-

member that time
you told me, you said "Love is touch-ing souls"
Sure-ly you touched mine
cause
part of you pours out of me— in these lines— from time to time.

I met a woman— She had a mouth like yours; she knew your life;— she knew your deeds. And she said

"Go to him, stay with him if you can,— be prepared to

bleed."

Oh, but you are in— my blood you’re my holy wine— you’re so—
— bitter, bitter and so sweet,— Oh I could drink a case of

you —— my darlin’. — Still — I’d be on my feet,— I would still be

on my feet, (Hum) (Hum) (Hum)

A Case Of You-5-5
Blue

Slowly

Blue songs are like tattoos you know I've been to sea before Crown and anchor me oh, let me sail away

Hey Blue

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There is a song for you, ink on a pin
underneath the skin.

An empty space to fill
in.

Well, there's

Many sinking now you gotta keep thinking you can make it through these

Ac-id, booze and ass
needles, guns and grass, lots of laughs,
lots of laughs.

EVERYBODY'S SAYIN' THAT HELL'S THE HIPPIEST WAY TO GO, WELL, I DON'T THINK SO, BUT I'M GONNA

TAKE A LOOK AROUND IT GO BLUE I LOVE YOU.
Blue, here is a shell for you.
 In-side you'll hear a sigh,
 a foggy lullaby.

There is your song from me.

rubato

a tempo

rit.
Moderately (with a light beat)

C

Moderately

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 everywhere,
every fairy tale comes real,
Dreams and schemes and circus crowds,

I've looked at clouds that way.
I've looked at love that way.
I've looked at life that way.

But
But
But

now they only block the sun, they rain and snow on everyone.
now it's just another show, you leave 'em laughing when you go.
now old friends are acting strange, they shake their heads, they say I've changed. But something's lost but

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I've looked at clouds from
some- thing's gained,
in liv- ing ev -'ry day.
both sides now, from up and down and still some-how it's cloud illu-
sions
both sides now, from give and take and still some-how it's love's illu-
sions
both sides now, from win and lose and still some-how it's life's illu-
sions
I re-call; I real- ly don't know clouds at all.
I re-call; I real- ly don't know love at all.
I re-call; I real- ly don't know life at all.

Repeat and fade out
CHELSEA MORNING

Words and Music by JONI MITCHELL

Moderately fast

Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning and the first thing that I heard was a song outside my window.

Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning and the first thing that I saw was the sun through yellow curtains.

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dow____ and the traf-fic wrote____ the words. It came a-
tains____ and a rain-bow on my wall. Blue, red,

ring-ing up____ like Christ-mas bells and tap-ping up like
green and gold____ to wel-come you, crim-son crys-tal beads

pipes____ to-beck____ and____ drums____ on____

Oh, won't you stay, we'll put on the day____ and we'll
Oh, won't you stay, we'll put on the day____ there's a
wear it till the night comes.

sun show ev'ry second.

Now the curtain opens on a portrait of to-

day, and the streets are paved with passers by, and
pigeons fly and papers lie awaiting to blow

away.

Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning and the first thing that I knew.
there was milk and toast and honey and a
bowl of oranges, too. And the sun poured in like

butterscotch and stuck to all my sens-
es oh,
won't you stay, we'll put on the day and we'll talk in present tenses.

When the curtain closes and the rainbow runs away, I will bring you incense owls by night,
by candlelight by jewel-light if only you will

stay.

Pretty baby, won't you

wake up, it's a Chelsea morning.
RIVER

Words and Music by JONI MITCHELL

Medium Folk Tempo

It's com-in' on—Christmas, they're cut-tin' down—trees. They're put-tin' up rein-deer— and sing-in'

songs of joy—and peace, Oh, I wish I had a riv-er, I could skate—a-

way on, But it don't snow—here; stays pret-ty green— I'm gon-na
make a lot of money, then I'm gonna quit this crazy scene. I wish I had a river.

I could skate away on.
I wish I had a river so long.

I would teach my feet to fly.

Oh, I wish I had a river
I could skate away on.
I made my baby cry.

He tried hard to help me, you know, he

put me at ease and he loves me so

raft-er, made me weak in the knees, Oh, I wish I had a

could skate a-way on...
I'm so hard to handle, I'm selfish and I'm sad, Now I've gone and lost the best baby that I

Oh, I wish I had a river I could skate away on.

I wish I had a river so long I would teach my feet to fly.
Oh, I wish I had a river I could skate a-way.

I made my baby say good-bye.
THE MAGDALENE LAUNDRIES

Tune Guitar: B-F#-B-E-A-E

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Moderately fast
Verse:

A

1. I was an un-married girl,
   I'd just turned twenty-seven
   when they sent me to the sisters
   for the way men looked at me.

D(9)

2. I was branded as a jezebel,
   I knew I was not bound
   for heaven.

The Magdalene Laundries - 6-1
P9996
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I'd be cast in shame into the Magdalene laundries.

Verse:

2. Most girls come here pregnant, some by their own fathers.

Bridget got that belly by her parish priest.
D(9)

We're trying to get things white as snow...

all of us

To Coda

woe - be - got - ten daugh - ters

in the steaming stains of the Mag - da - lene

laun - dr - ies.

Bridge:

Prostitutes and desti - tutes

and temp - tresses like me,

The Magdalene Laundries - 6 - 3
FP906
fallen women sentenced into dreamless drudgery.

Why do they call this heartless place. Our Lady of Charity? Oh, 

charity!

like some lame bulb that never blooms.
come any spring.
not any spring.
No, not any spring.

not any spring.

Verse 3:
These bloodless brides of Jesus,
If they had just once glimpsed their groom,
Then they'd know, and they'd drop the stones
Concealed behind their rosaries.
They wilt the grass they walk upon.
They leech the light out of a room.
They'd like to drive us down the drain
At the Magdalene laundries.

Verse 4:
Peg O'Connell died today.
She was a cheeky girl,
A flirt
They just stuffed her in a hole!
Surely to God you'd think at least
Some bells should ring!
One day I'm going to die here too,
And they'll plant me in the dirt
Like some lame bulb
That never blooms come any spring,
Come any spring,
No, not any spring . . .
1. It was a rainy night, we took a taxi to_
2. You called me beautiful, you called your mother,

your mother's home. She went to Florida,
she was very tanned. So you packed your tent and you went to

and left you with your father's gun alone. Upon her
live out in the Arizona sand. You are a
small white bed
refugee
I fell into a dream,
from a wealthy family,
you sat up all the night and watched me,
you gave up all the golden factories,
to see, who in the world might be,
to see,
I am from the Sunday School,
I sing soprano in the upstairs choir.

Aah.

You are a holy man
on the F. M. radio,

I sat up all the night
and watched thee,
to see
Am\(\text{II}\)  G  Dm

who in the world you    might     be.

D.S. al Coda

Coda

Am\(\text{II}\)  G

who in the world.     you might     be.

poco rall.