But You Know I Love You 30
Dark As A Dungeon 34
Deportee (Plane Wreck At Los Gatos) 26
Detroit City 18
The House Of The Rising Sun 14
Hush-A-Bye Hard Times 8
9 to 5 2
Poor Folks Town 38
Sing For The Common Man 5
Working Girl 23

Album Art ©1980 RCA Records
9 to 5

Lively \( \text{\textit{d}} = 104 \)

Tumble out of bed and stumble to the kitchen; pour myself a cup of ambition, and yawn, and stretch, and try to come to life.

Jump in the shower, and the blood starts pumping;

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out on the street, the traffic starts jump-ing, with folks like me on the job from nine to five. Working (1.3.5) nine to five, (2) nine to five, (4.6.) (see additional lyrics)

what a way to make a living; barely getting by, it's all taking and no giving. They just think that I would deserve a fair promotion; want to
use your mind, and they never give you credit; it's easy
move a head, but the boss won't seem to let me.

-mough to drive you sometimes, that man is crazy, if you let it.

Verse 2:
They let you dream just to watch them shatter;  
You're just a step on the boss man's ladder,  
But you've got dreams he'll never take away.  
In the same boat with a lot of your friends;  
Waitin' for the day your ship'll come in,  
And the tide's gonna turn, and it's all gonna roll your way.  
(To Chorus:)

Chorus 4, 6:
Nine to five, they've got you where they want you;  
There's a better life, and you dream about it, don't you?  
It's a rich man's game, no matter what they call it;  
And you spend your life putting money in his pocket.
Sing For The Common Man

Words and Music by
FREIDA PARTON and
MARK ANDERSEN

Easily
C6sus2
 mf
You may not know me now, but I have been around; you'll never
You may not know my mother, my sisters, or my brothers, yet ev'ry-

see my name on any pages. I'm just the common man, the fool who
one has given for the other. You know the working man, he builds what

understands the pain you go through when life takes you under.
others plan; so ev'ry one of us should sing his story.

So,

Sing For The Common Man - 3 - 1

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Chorus:
sing for the common man;

song for the common man.

paid for the song with the sweat of his brow; he will survive;

To Coda D.C. 2 to next strain G/B 3 A. etc. repeat ad lib and fade

he will survive.
Day after day, he keeps working away in offices, factories, and farms.

Year after year, he sheds tear after tear;

But he will survive;

So,

D.S. repeat chorus ad lib. and fade

Sing For The Common Man - 3 - 3
Hush-A-Bye Hard Times

Words and Music by
DOLLY PARTON

Moderately, with freedom

Many years you have lingered around my cabin door; oh, hard times, come again no more; oh, hard times, come again no more.
Lively \( \frac{1}{4} = 120 \)

E

Oh, hush-a-bye hard times,

go ye a-way;

my hungry baby wants a gingerbread cake.

Oh, hush-a-bye hard times,

go ye to rest;

my ragged baby wants a new, ruffled dress.

'cause

'cause
Not a cow in the barnyard; no money to spend; buckles to wear;

And she wants some new shoes, with not an egg in the hayloft; no little red hen.

and she wants some silver bows, for her golden hair.

So,
Chorus:

hush-a-bye baby, don't cry no more; your

mama can't give you what you're crying for.

There's a

wolf at the door with an angry, cold, hungry stare;
he keeps bowlin' up hard times, and the cupboard is bare.

Hush-a-bye

baby, don't cry no more; your mama can't

Hush-a-bye

Hush-a-bye

hard times, go ye away; I don't in-

Hush-A-Bye Hard Times - 6.5
give you what you're crying for
treated this way.

Oh,

hush-a-bye baby; hush-a-bye hard times;
Repeat ad lib and fade (vocal ad lib)

hush-a-bye baby; don't cry no more.

Hush-A-Bye Hard Times - 6 - 6
The House Of The Rising Sun

Arrangement by
DOLLY PARTON and
MIKE POST

Moderately $\textit{d} = 126$

There is a house in New Orleans,

down in the Vieux Carre';

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mother died not to do when I was young;
not to do when I was young;
and I've worked to live since then to
and I've worked to live since then to
pleasure sin, the men at the House of the Ris-
pleasure sin, the men at the House of the Ris-
shame, and strife, at the House in the House of the Ris-
shame, and strife, at the House in the House of the Ris-

1st time D.S. 2nd time D.S. al Coda
Oh God, you know I'm one.

oh God, you know I'm

N. C. Repeat ad lib and fade

one.
Detroit City

Words and Music by DANNY DILL and MEL TILLIS

Moderately \( \frac{d}{= 112} \)

You know, last night I went to sleep in Detroit.

CITY,

and I dreamed about those cotton fields and home.

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dREAMED A-BOUt my MoTH-ER._ dear old papa, sis-TERS, and
broth-ERS; and I dREAMED A-BOUt a love_ who's been
waIT-ING there so long. I want to go home;

I want to go home;
Verse 2:
My kin folks think I'm big in Detroit City;
From all the letters that I write, they think I'm fine.
By day I make the cars, but by night I make all of the bars;
Oh, if only they'd just read between the lines,
They'd know I want to go ... (To Chorus:)

Verse 3: (Spoken:)
You know, I rode a freight train north to Detroit City;
And after all these years, I find I just been wasting my time.
(Sung:) Think I'll put my foolish pride on a south bound train, and ride;
Head on back to the loved ones I left waiting there behind.
I want to go ... (To Chorus:)
Working Girl

Words and Music by
DOLLY PARTON

Moderately \( \text{\textit{mf}} \) \( \text{\textbf{A/E}} \) \( \text{\textbf{E}} \) \( \text{\textbf{A/E}} \) \( \text{\textbf{E}} \) \( \text{\textbf{A/E}} \) \( \text{\textbf{E}} \)

1. Some men find her sexy;
some men disagree; but

2. Push-up bra from Frederick's;
five inch high heel shoes;

3.4.5.6, (see additional lyrics)

1.3.5.

If she's not, it's not because she doesn't want to be.

2. She wears a May-beline, and Rubinstein, and

2.4.6.

A von's best perfume; and she's a working girl.

A  N. C.

E
Chorus:

She's a working girl; she is single and free; she's a mother, and a wife, and she's proud to be a working girl.

Working Girl - 3 - 2
tak - en her place a - mong the tall - est of trees,

but she weeps like a wil - low when she's brought to her knees;

but she's a work - ing girl.

Verse 3:
Some find her too aggressive; she don't know how to stop,
'Cause she's the kind that don't look down until it's from the top.

Verse 4:
She's elegant and stylish; French perfume and a fur;
Designer clothes by Halston and Diane von Furstenberg;
And she's a working girl.
(To Chorus:)

Verse 5:
You'll find her dressed according to standard uniform,
'Cause she must dress in comfort for the job she must perform.

Verse 6:
She has so many faces; she wears so many names;
She goes so many places, and she does so many things;
'Cause she's a working girl.
(To Chorus:)
Deportee
(Plane Wreck At Los Gatos)

Lyric by WOODY GUTHRIE
Music by MARTIN HOFFMAN

Moderately $\frac{\text{Bb}}{\text{(add 2)}}$ $\frac{\text{Eb}}{}$ $\text{Cm7}$ $\text{Cm7/F}$

The crops are all in, and the peaches are rotting;
the

2.3.4. (see additional lyrics)

oranges are piled in their creosote dumps.

You're
Flying them back to the Mexican border, to pay all their money to wade back again.

Good-

Chorus:

4. The bye to my Juan; goodbye Rosalita; adiós mis a-

Deportee - 4:2
migros, Jesus and Maria. You

won't have a name when you ride the big airplane;

all they will call you will be deportee.
Verse 2:
Some of us are illegal, and some are not wanted;
Our work contract’s out, and we have to move on;
But it’s six hundred miles to that Mexican border;
They chase us like outlaws; like rustlers; like thieves.
(To Chorus:)

Verse 3:
My father’s own father, he waded that river;
They took all the money he made in his life.
My brothers and sisters come working the fruit trees,
And they rode the truck ’til they took down and died.

Verse 4:
The airplane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon;
A fireball of lightning that shook all our hills.
Who are these dear friends all scattered like dry leaves?
The radio said they were just deportees.
(To Chorus:)
But You Know I Love You

Easily \( d = 80 \)  \[\text{Flutes:}\]

\[
\begin{align*}
G(\text{add 9}) & \\
D & \\
A & \\
D & \\
\end{align*}
\]

Words and Music by MIKE SETTLE

When the morning sun streaks across my room, and I'm

on the road once again it seems; all that's

waking up from another dream with you. Yes, you know I'm

left behind

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chain of broken dreams; but you know that I love you;

you know that I love you; oh, I love you.

3. And how I love you.

to next strain 3A, etc. repeat ad lib and fade

And if love you; but you know that I love...
only I could find my way back to the time

when the problems of this life had not yet crossed my mind;

and the answers could be found in children's

nursery rhymes.

I'd come running back to
Verse 3:
And how I wish that love is all we'd need to live;
What a life we'd have, 'cause I've got so much to give.

Verse 4:
But you know I feel so sad, down inside my heart,
That the dollar signs should be keeping us apart
But you know that I love ... (To Chorus:)

Verse 5:
But you know we can't live on dreams alone;
Got to pay the rent, so I must leave you all alone.

Verse 6:
'Cause you know I made my choice many years ago;
And now this traveling life; well, it's the only life I know;
But you know that I love ... (To Chorus:)

But You Know I Love You    4 - 4
Dark As A Dungeon

Come and listen you fellows, so young and so fine; and
seek not your fortunes in the dark, dreary mines.

It will form, as a habit,
seeping in your soul; 'til the blood in your veins runs as black as the coal.

2. There's

It's dark as a dungeon; damp as the dew; the danger is doubled, and the
pleasures are few; where the rain never falls; where the sun never shines; it's dark as a dungeon, way down in the mine.

D.S.

Dark As A Dungeon - 4 - 3
mine. Where the rain never falls; where the sun never
shines; it's dark as a dungeon way down in the mine.

Verse 2:
There's many a man that I've known in my day,
Who lived just to labor his whole life away.
Like a fiend with his dope, and a drunkard his wine,
A man will have lust for the lure of the mine.
(To Chorus:)

Verse 3:
I hope when I'm gone, and the ages shall roll,
My body will blacken, and turn into coal.
Then I'll look from the door of my heavenly hold,
And I'll pity the miners digging my bones.
(To Chorus:)

Dark As A Dungeon - 4 - 4
Poor Folks Town

Moderately \( \frac{d}{\text{min}} = 84 \)

\[
\text{F}
\]

The work is hard and the hours are long; the mon-ey ain’t much, but

2.3.4. (see additional lyrics)

\[
\text{C}
\]

we get a-long. We’re rich in things that life can give, that

\[
\text{Bb}
\]
can't be bought with a dollar bill. So,

Chorus:

children grow.

3. We come on down;

have a look around, at rich folks living in a poor folks town. We

got no money, but we're rich in love; and that's one thing that

Poor Folks Town : 3 : 2
we got a - plen-ty of; so come on down; have a look a - round, at
rich folks liv - ing in a poor folks town._ poor folks town._

Verse 2:
We got no carpets on the floor;
We got wall-to-wall love; who could ask for more?
We got no big fine things to show,
Just a place to watch our children grow.

Verse 3:
We got no big fine car to drive,
And no fancy clothes to keep in style.
What we've got we're paying on,
But it's mostly love that we're living on.
(To Chorus:)

Verse 4:
We got a little simple church nearby,
And the promise of a mansion in the sky;
A heart of gold; a million dollar smile,
And a one-way ticket to paradise.
(To Chorus:)

Poor Folks Town - 3 - 3