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Get Rhythm
Words & Music by Johnny Cash

\[d = 116\text{ (swung 8's)}\]

N.C.

\[F\]

Hey get rhythm when you get the blues come on get rhythm.

\[B\]

When you get the blues get a rock 'n' roll feeling in your bones put taps on your toes and, get gone get
rhythm, when you get the blues.

1. A little

2. Well I

shoe shine boy he never gets low down but he's got the dirtiest

sat and I listened to the shoe shine boy and I thought I was gonna

job in town bending low at the people's feet on a

jump for joy slapped on the shoe polish left and right he took the

windy corner of a dirty street When I asked him while he

shoe shine rag and he held it tight He stopped once to wipe the
shined my shoe
how'd he keep from getting the blues? He

sweat a way,
I said you mighty little boy to be working that way. He

grinned as he raised his little head,
he popped his shoe-shine rag and

said I like it with a big wide grin,
kept on a-popping and

then he said, get rhythm
he say it again get rhythm

when you get the blues,
when you get the blues,

come on get rhythm
come on get rhythm

when you get the blues,
when you get the blues,
a jumping rhythm makes you feel so fine, it'll
it only cost a dime, just a nickle a shoe, it does a
shake all your trouble from your worried mind,
million dollars worth of good for you,
when you get the blues.
when you get the blues.
F

D.S. al Coda

Coda

Get when you

get the blues...

F
I Walk The Line
Words & Music by Johnny Cash

\[ \text{F}\]

\[ \text{Bb}\]

\[ \text{Eb}\]

\[ \text{C7}\]

\[ \text{F}\]
Mmm... 

1. I keep a close watch on this heart of mine. I keep my eyes wide open all the time.
ends out for the tie that binds, because you're mine,
I walk the line.

Mmm.

2. I find it
4. You've got a
very, very easy to be true. I find my way to keep me on your side. You give me self alone when each day is through. Yes I'll admit that I'm a fool for you, because you're know I'd even try to turn the tide, because you're mine, I walk the line. mine, I walk the line.
Mmm.

3. As sure as

night is dark and day is light. I keep you

on my mind both day and night. And hap -
-ness I've known proves that it's right, because you're mine, I walk the line.

Φ Coda

Mm...

5. I keep a
close watch on this heart of mine.
I keep my eyes wide open all the time.
I keep the ends out for the tie that binds,
because you’re mine,
I walk the line.
Mmm.
Wildwood Flower

Traditional
Arranged by A.P. Carter

(2nd) Oh, I'll

twine with my mingling with waving black

I will sing and my life shall be

hair; gay. with the roses so

I will charm everyone
2, 3, 4.

B\(^7\)  E

(2\(^\text{nd}\) & 3\(^\text{rd}\) only)

all flown away...

3, 4. Oh, he taught...

(Verses 3-4 see block lyric)

---

Verse 3:
Oh, he taught me to love him and promised to love
And to cherish me over all others above
How my heart is now wand'ring no mis'ry can't tell
He's left me no warning, no words of farewell.

Verse 4:
Oh, he taught me to love him and called me his flower
That was blooming to cheer him though life's dreary hour
How I long to see him and regret the dark hour
He's gone and this pale wildwood flower.
Lewis Boogie
Music by Jerry Lee Lewis

\[ J = c. 160 \]

N.C.

\[ J = \]

My name is Jerry Lee Lewis, I'm from Louisiana. Gonna
doa little boogie on this here piano. Doing mighty fine, gonna

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make you shake; gonna make you do it, make you do it, 'till it breaks. It's called the

Lewis boogie, in the Lewis way. Lord, I

do my little boogie woogie every day.
Well, down in New Orleans, the land of dreams, the best dog-gone place, son, you
ever have seen. Where the cats go wild, with a boogie that's hot, and my boogie makes you want to stop and do the bop. It's called the Lewis boogie, in the Lewis way. Lord, I do my little boogie woogie every day.
Well, now let's cruise on down to old Mem-phis town, that's where that Pres-ley boy_ says_ he_ ain't been.
boogie woogie.

When your hips start rock in' and your

your knees start knock in' it's the Lewis boogie, in the

Lewis way Lord, I do my little boogie woogie

ev'ry day...
Ring Of Fire
Words & Music by Merle Kilgore & June Carter

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and it makes a fiery ring.
when hearts like ours beat.

Bound by wild desires,
I fell for you like a child,

I fell into a ring of
oh but the fire went
I fell into a burning ring of fire.
I went down, down, down
And the flames went higher.
And it burns, burns, burns.
The ring of fire,
The ring of fire.
To Coda

I fell into a burning ring of fire, I went down, down,
down and the flames went higher. And it burns, burns, burns.
bends the ring of fire, the ring of fire.

and it burns, burns, burns the ring of fire.

fire, the ring of fire.

The ring of fire.
You’re My Baby
Words & Music by Johnny Cash

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(Verses 3-4 see block lyric)

Oh, baby,

baby, you're my baby. Well, I don't mean
Verse 3:
Well, I got a guitar, got six strings
And a picker to make them ring
Every string's gotta know what to do
'Cause I'm gonna serenade you
'Cause you're my baby, you're my sugar,
Don't mean maybe, you're my baby.

Verse 4:
Well, I had a girl who said she's mine
But she run around on me all the time
Now she's gone and I'm glad we're through
'Cause I'm plum-flipped over you
'Cause you're my baby, you're my sugar
Don't mean maybe, you're my baby.
Cry! Cry! Cry!
Words & Music by Johnny Cash

Moderate cut time

Everybody know where you go when the sun goes down, I think you only

live to see the lights uptown. I wasted my
time when I would try, try, try. 'Cause
when the lights have lost their glow you'll cry, cry,
cry. Soon your sugar daddies will all be gone.
You'll wake up some
cold day and find you're alone. You'll

F

call for me, but I'm gonna tell you bye, bye,

F7/A Bb

bye. When I turn around and walk away you'll

C7 F

cry, cry, cry. You're gonna cry, cry.
cry, and you cry alone. When everyone's for-
gotten and you're left on your own, you're gonna

cry, cry, cry.

Ev'rybody cry.
Folsom Prison Blues
Words & Music by Johnny Cash

\[ j = 104 \]

G

\[ \text{G} \]

\[ \text{G} \]

1. I hear the train a-comin'; it's roll-in' round the bend, and I ain't seen the

(2.) I was just a baby my ma-ma told me "Son, always be a

(3.) Instrumental

sun-shine since I don't know when. I'm stuck at Folsome Prison

good boy; don't ever play with guns." But I shot a man in Reno

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Verse 4:
I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car.
They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars,
But I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free,
But those people keep a-movin', and that's what tortures me.

Verse 5: Instrumental

Verse 6:
Well, if they freed me from prison, if that railroad train was mine,
I bet I'd move it on a little further down the line,
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay,
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away.
That's All Right
Words & Music by Arthur Crudup

\( \text{d} = 100 \)
Moderately bright

1. Well, that's all right,  Mama, that's all right for you.
(Verse 3 instrumental)
(Verse 4 & 3 see block lyric)

2.  Mama she done told me, Pa-pa done told me too,

That's all right,  Mama, just any way you do.
Son that gal you're fool-in' with she ain't no good for you, but That's all
**Verse 4:**
I’m leavin’ town tomorrow, leavin’ town for sure.
Then you won’t be bothered with me hangin’ ’round your door.
But that’s all right, that’s all right.
That’s all right Mama, any way you do.

**Verse 5:**
Vocal ad. lib.
But that’s all right, that’s all right.
That’s all right Mama, any way you do.
Juke Box Blues
Words & Music by Helen Carter & Maybelle Carter

Original key F♯

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dropped a nickel in the jukebox just to hear it play. I

didn’t have no tune in mind, I didn’t wait to choose. Just

dropped a nickel in the slot and played the jukebox blues.
There's a guy in there with an old tin horn and a feller on an old banjo, and the man on the fiddle he was no slouch he really could drag that bow.
Well, the man on the fiddle he must have got tired, I
didn't hear him say, 'cause he cut loose on the steel guitar and the
Juke box ran away.
I heard something going strong, it must have been a drum. It gave that song a solid beat, boy; it was going some.

D S. al Coda

I’ve played a lot of juke boxes, most everyone in
That's the first tune I've ever heard that can make one night sur-

round.

Play the juke-box

blues.

Such a rhythm I've never heard... I danced out both my

shoes.
It Ain’t Me Babe

Words & Music by Bob Dylan

G C G

1. Go away from my window and leave at your own chosen speed.

(Verse 3 see block lyric)

G C/E G/D Bm/D

I’m not the one you
want babe, I'm not the one you need.

You say you're lookin' for someone who's never

weak but always strong, to protect you and defend

you, whether you are right or wrong. Someone...
to open each and every door,
but it ain't me, babe,
no, no, no it ain't me, babe,
it ain't me you're lookin' for, babe.  Harmonica

2. Go lightly from the ledge, babe, go
someone to close his eyes for you, someone to close his heart. Someone who will die for you an' more, but it ain't me, babe, no, no, no it ain't me, babe, it ain't me you're looking for, babe. Harmonica
Verse 3:
Go melt back into the night, babe
Everything inside is made of stone
There's nothing in here moving
An' anyway I'm not alone.

You say you're looking for someone
Who'll pick you up each time you fall
To gather flowers constantly
An' to come each time you call
A lover for your life an' nothing more.

But it ain't me etc.
Home Of The Blues
Words & Music by Johnny Cash, Glen Douglas & Lillie McAlpin

\( \text{\(d = c.\ 90\)}}

N.C.

Just around the corner there's heart-ache, down the street that losers use.

If you can wade in through the tear-
- drops, you'll find me at the home of the blues.

I walk and cry while my heart beats, each

time with the drag of my shoes.

The sun never shines though this window of mine, it's
dark in the home of the blues. Oh, but the place is filled with the sweet-est mem’ries,

mem’ries so sweet that I cried,

Dreams that I’ve had have left me feeling so bad,
I just want a give off and lay down and die.

So if you've just lost your sweet-heart, and it seems there's no good way to choose.

Come on with me, mis'try loves company, you're
Welcome at the home of the blues.

Yeah, you're gonna find me at the home of the blues.
Milk Cow Blues
Words & Music by Kokomo Arnold

\[= c. 120\]

N.C.

Oh, well I,

\[G\]

woke up this morn-ing, looked out the door... I could tell that old milk cow by the

[Chorus]

way she lowed, and if you see my milk cow please ride her on
home.
I ain't had no milk and butter

since that cow's been gone.
Well, I

tried to treat you right,

day by day,
get out your little prayer book and get

on your knees and pray; you're gonna need...

you're gonna
need you're daddy's loving help some day.

Well,

then you're gonna be sorry for treating me this way.
Well, believe me,
don't that
sun look good going down?

Well, believe me,
don't that sun look good going down?
D7
Don't that old moon look lonesome when your baby's not around?

Well, I tried, tried every thing, to get along with you.

I'm gonna tell you what I'm gonna do: I'm gonna quit my crying I'm gonna leave you alone.

If you don't believe I'm leaving you can
count the days. I'm gone. I'm gonna leave, you're gonna
need you're loving daddy's help some day.
Well,
then you're gonna be sorry for treating me this
way.
I'm A Long Way From Home

Words & Music by Hank Cochran

Freely \( \frac{j}{=} \) c. 96

\[ \text{G} \text{sus2} \]

\[ \text{G} \]

\[ \text{A} \]

\[ \text{G} \]

I'm a long way from home, and so

\[ \text{A} \]

\[ \text{G} \]

\[ \text{A} \]

all alone, home-sick like I never thought I'd

\[ \text{D} \]

\[ \text{G} \]

be.

\[ \text{G} \]

I'm a long
way from home, and every thing is wrong.

someone please watch over me.

I'm not accustomed to these feelings,

the loneliness is burning in my
Cocaine Blues
Words & Music by T. J. "Red" Arnall

1. Early one morning while making the rounds,
   I took a shot of cocaine and I shot my woman down.
   I went right home and I went to bed;
   I stuck that loving forty-four beneath my head.

Play 9 times
Verse 2:
Got up next mornin' and I grabbed that gun
Took a shot of cocaine and away I run
Made a good run but I ran too slow
They overtook me down in Juarez, Mexico.

Verse 3:
Late in the hot joints takin' the pills
In walked the sheriff from Jericho Hill
He said, "Willy Lee, your name is not Jack Brown
You're the dirty hack that shot your woman down."

Verse 4:
Said, "Yes, oh yes, my name is Willy Lee
If you've got the warrant just a-read it to me
Shot her down because she made me sore
I thought I was her daddy but she had five more."

Verse 5:
When I was arrested I was dressed in black
They put me on a train and they took me back
Had no friend for to go my bail
They slapped my dried up carcass in that county jail.

Verse 6:
Early next mornin', 'bout a half past nine
I spied the sheriff coming down the line
Ah, and he coughed as he cleared his throat
He said come on you dirty hack into that district court.

Verse 7:
Into the courtroom my trial began
Where I was handled by twelve honest men
Just before the jury started out
I saw that little judge commence to look about.

Verse 8:
In about five minutes in walked the man
Holding the verdict in his right hand
The verdict read murder in the first degree
I hollered, "Lawdy Lawdy, have a mercy on me."

Verse 9:
The judge he smiled as he picked up his pen
Ninety-nine years in the Folsom pen
Ninety-nine years underneath that ground
I can't forget the day I shot that bad bitch down.
Jackson
Words & Music by Billy Edd Wheeler & Gaby Rogers

Moderately

1. We got married in a fever,
2. go on, my sweet daddy,
3. I breeze into that city,
4. laugh at you in Jackson, I'll be

hotter than a pepper sprout,
go ahead and wreck your health,
people gonna scrape and bow,
dancin' on a pony keg.

Then I'll
We been talkin' bout Jack son
Play your hand like a lover man, make a
All them women gonna beg me, with your
lead you 'round town like a scolded hound

Ab/Bb    Eb
ever since the fire went out. (He:) I'm goin' to
teach 'em what they don't know how.
big fool of your self. Go on to
tail tuck between your legs. So, go on down to

Ab
Jackson, gonna mess a round.
Jackson, comb your hair.
Jackson, turn loose my coat.
Jackson, you big talkin' man.
Yeah, I'm goin' to
He: Got a snowball I'm goin' to
I'll be waitin' in

Ab
Eb7
Jack son, you know I'm pleasure bound.
Jack son, "Goodbye," that's all she wrote.
Jack son: behind my Japan fan.

She: Well, He: When
She: When they
All the songs made famous by Johnny Cash, June Carter Cash and others, as performed in the original motion picture *Walk The Line*. Arranged for piano, voice and guitar.

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