

Thursday 3rd November

# Spooky Campfire Night at NUTS!

## Campfire Warm-ups:-

- Campfire's Burning, Belle Mama (new)
- Kum Ba Yah - (new)
- Land of the Silver Birch - (new)
- Ging Gang Gooli! - (new)

## Now we're burning:-

- Lazy Bones! - (Book5, p5)
- Bad Moon Rising - (Book 1, p4)
- Banks of the Ohio - (Book 2, p11)
- Delilah - (Book 1, p9)
- Rawhide - (Book 5, p13)
- Ring of Fire - (new version)
- Maxwell's Silver Hammer - (Book 5, p26)
- Wagon Wheel - (Book 5, p17)
- Ragtime Cowboy Joe - (new)
- Monster Mash - (new)
- Ghost Riders in the Sky - (new)
- Folsom Prison Blues - (new)



**Open Mic. and Normal Strum-a-long**

# Campfire's Burning



G

Campfire's Burning, Campfire's Burning

Draw Nearer, Draw Nearer

In the gloaming, In the gloaming

D7                      G

Come Sing and Be Merry

# Belle Mama

for four voices



This simple but gorgeous round is probably Polynesian. It's incredibly easy to learn as the words are repetitive. It works best in four parts and makes a great warm-up.

D (1)
A
D (2)
(3)
A
D (4)

Bel - le Ma-ma bel - le Ma-ma ay                      Bel - le Ma-ma bel - le ma-ma ay

D
A
D
A
D
A
D

Be-le Ma-ma bel-le Ma-ma bel-le Ma-ma Bel-le Ma-ma bel-le Ma-ma ay

# Kumbaya



(G) Kumbaya my Lord, (C) kumba (G) ya

(G) Kumbaya my Lord, (C) kumba (D) ya

(G) Kumbaya my Lord, (C) kumba (G) ya

(C) Oh (G) Lord (D) kumba (G) ya

(G) Someone's strumming Lord, (C) kumba (D7) ya

(G) Someone's strumming Lord, (C) kumba (G) ya

(G) Someone's strumming Lord, (C) kumba (G) ya

(C) Oh (G) Lord (D) kumba (G) ya

(G) Someone's singing Lord, (C) kumba (D) ya

(G) Someone's singing Lord, (C) kumba (G) ya

(G) Someone's singing Lord, (C) kumba (G) ya

(C) Oh (G) Lord (D) kumba (G) ya

*(Quietly):-*

(G) Someone's praying Lord, (C) kumba (D7) ya

(G) Someone's praying Lord, (C) kumba (G) ya

(G) Someone's praying Lord, (C) kumba (G) ya

(C) Oh (G) Lord (D) kumba (G) ya

*(Louder):-*

(G) Kumbaya my Lord, (C) kumba (G) ya

(G) Kumbaya my Lord, (C) kumba (D) ya

(G) Kumbaya my Lord, (C) kumba (G) ya

(C) Oh (G) Lord (D) kumba (G) ya

# Land of the Silver Birch

**D du / D du**

[Am] Land of the silver birch, home of the beaver  
[F] Where still the [C] mighty moose  
[G] Wanders at [Am] will

## CHORUS:

[F] Blue lake and [C] rocky shore  
[G] I will re-[Am]turn once more  
[Am]↓ Boom diddy boom boom  
[Am]↓ Boom diddy boom boom  
[Am]↓ Boom diddy boom boom  
[Am]↓ Boom

[Am] High on a rocky ledge, I'll build my wigwam  
[F] Close to the [C] water's edge  
[G] Silent and [Am] still

## Repeat CHORUS

[Am] My heart grows sick for thee, here in the lowlands  
[F] I will re-[C]turn to thee  
[G] Hills of the [Am] north

## Repeat CHORUS

[Am] Swift as a silver fish, canoe of birch bark  
[F] By might [C] waterways  
[G] Carry me [Am] forth

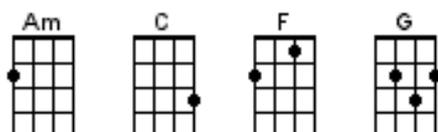
## Repeat CHORUS

[Am] High as an eagle soars, over the mountains  
[F] My spirit [C] rises up  
[G] Free as a [Am] bird

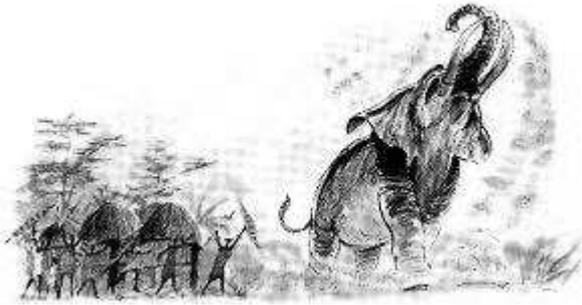
## Repeat CHORUS

[Am] Land of the silver birch, home of the beaver  
[F] Where still the [C] mighty moose  
[G] Wanders at [Am] will

## Repeat CHORUS



# GING GANG GOOLI GOOLI



Ging gang (C) gooli gooli gooli gooli watcha  
ging gang (G) goo ging gang (C) goo.

Ging gang (C) gooli gooli gooli gooli watcha  
ging gang (G) goo ging gang (C) go(C7)o.

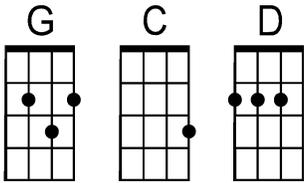
(F) Heyla heyla (C) sheyla,  
heyla (G) shey la (G) hey la (C) ho - o - (C7) o

(F) Heyla heyla (C) sheyla,  
heyla (G) shey la hey la (C) ho

(G) Shali walli shali walli shali walli shali walli,  
(C) ompah, ompah.

# Ring of Fire

by June Carter Cash



**Intro:** riff 1 & . & | G & . & a C & | G . . . | riff 2 | G & . & a C & | G . . . |  
 a-2-3-4--5--5-5 5-7-3--5-----2--2-2 2-3-0--2-----

G . . . C | G . C | G . . . | . . . C | G . C | G . . . |  
 Love is a burning thing. And it makes a fiery ring  
 (riff1-----) (riff2-----)  
 G . . . C | G . C | G . . . | . . . C | G . . . |  
 Bound by wild de-sire. I fell into a ring of fire.  
 (riff1-----)

**Chorus:**

D . . . | C . . . G . . . | D . . . | C . . . G . . .  
 I fell in to a burning ring of fire I went down, down, down and the flames went higher  
 | . . . | . . . C | G . . . C | G . . . |  
 And it burns, burns, burns, the ring of fire, the ring of fire

riff 1 riff 2 riff 1 riff 2  
 | G & . & a C & | G . . . | G & . & a C & | G . . . | G & . & a C & | G . . . | G & . & a C & | G . . . |  
 5--5-5 5-7-3--5-----2--2-2 2-3-0--2-----5--5-5 5-7-3--5-----2--2-2 2-3-0--2-----

**Chorus:**

D . . . | C . . . G . . . | D . . . | C . . . G . . .  
 I fell in to a burning ring of fire I went down, down, down and the flames went higher  
 | . . . | . . . C | G . . . C | G . . . |  
 And it burns, burns, burns, the ring of fire, the ring of fire

| G . . . C | G . C | G . . . | . . . C | G . C | G . . . |  
 The taste of love is sweet When hearts like ours meet  
 (riff1-----) (riff2-----)  
 G . . . C | G . . . C | G . . . | . . . C | G . . . |  
 I fell for you like a child O-o-o-ohh, but the fire went wild  
 (riff1-----)

**Chorus:**

D . . . | C . . . G . . . | D . . . | C . . . G . . .  
 I fell in to a burning ring of fire I went down, down, down and the flames went higher  
 | . . . | . . . C | G . . . C | G . . . |  
 And it burns, burns, burns, the ring of fire, the ring of fire

D . . . | C . . . G . . . | D . . . | C . . . G . . .  
 I fell in to a burning ring of fire I went down, down, down and the flames went higher  
 | . . . | . . . C | G . . . C | G . . . |  
 And it burns, burns, burns, the ring of fire, the ring of fire

| . . . | . . . C | G . . . C | G . . . |  
 And it burns, burns, burns, the ring of fire, the ring of fire

C | G . . . C | G\  
 the ring of fire the ring of fire  
 (Fade out-----)

# Ragtime Cowboy Joe

*Intro - line of Bass (if available) followed by F, Dm, F, Dm or just chord intro..*

## Verse 1

F  
Out in Arizona where the bad men are  
F G7 C7  
And the only friend to guide you is an Eve'ning star  
F G7 C7 F  
The roughest, toughest man by far is Ragtime Cowboy Joe

## Chorus

F  
He always sings, raggy music to his cattle  
G7  
As he swings, back and forward in his saddle  
C7  
On his horse, that is syncopated gaited  
F (Stop) F (Stop) G7 (Stop) C7 (Stop)  
And there's such a funny metre to the roar of his repeater.  
F  
How they run, when they hear that feller's gun,  
G7  
Because the western folks all know:  
Dm (stop) Dm (stop)  
He's a hi-fa-lootin', rootin'-tootin'  
Dm  
Son-of-a-gun from Arizona,  
F C7 F  
Rag-time Cowboy Joe. **Go to end 2<sup>nd</sup> time around**

## Verse 2

F  
Got his name from singin' to the cows and sheep  
F G7 C7  
Ev'ry night they say he sings the herd to sleep  
F G7 C7 F  
In a bass so rich and deep, croon-in' soft and low.

## Repeat Chorus

## End with:

F C7 F C7 F C7 F C7 F  
Ragtime cowboy, what a crazy cowboy, Rag-time Cowboy Joe.

# MONSTER MASH

Pickett Capizzi, 1962

*(thunder, lightning, bubbling...)*

**1, 2 / 1, 2, 3, 4**  
**[G]/[G]/[G]/[G]**

I was **[G]** working in the lab late one night  
When my **[Em]** eyes beheld an eerie sight  
For my **[C]** monster from his slab began to rise  
And **[D]** suddenly to my surprise

## CHORUS:

*(He did the [G] mash)* He did the monster mash  
*(The monster [Em] mash)* It was a graveyard smash  
*(He did the [C] mash)* It caught on in a flash  
*(He did the [D] mash)* He did the monster mash

*(wah-oohs throughout the rest of the verses and bridge)*

From my **[G]** laboratory in the castle east  
To the **[Em]** master bedroom where the vampires feast  
The **[C]** ghouls all came from their humble abodes  
To **[D]** get a jolt from my electrodes

## CHORUS:

*(They did the [G] mash)* They did the monster mash  
*(The monster [Em] mash)* It was a graveyard smash  
*(They did the [C] mash)* It caught on in a flash  
*(They did the [D] mash)* They did the monster mash

## BRIDGE:

The **[C]** zombies were having fun, the **[D]** party had just begun  
The **[C]** guests included Wolf Man **[D]**↓ Dracula and his son

The **[G]** scene was rockin', all were digging the sounds  
**[Em]** Igor on chains, backed by his baying hounds  
The **[C]** coffin-bangers were about to arrive  
With their **[D]** vocal group, "The Crypt-Kicker Five"

**CHORUS:**

*(They played the [G] mash)* They played the monster mash  
*(The monster [Em] mash)* It was a graveyard smash  
*(They played the [C] mash)* It caught on in a flash  
*(They played the [D] mash)* They played the monster mash

[G] Out from his coffin, Drac's voice did ring  
[Em] Seems he was troubled by just one thing  
He [C] opened the lid and shook his fist  
And said [D]↓ "Whatever happened to my Transylvania twist?"

**CHORUS:**

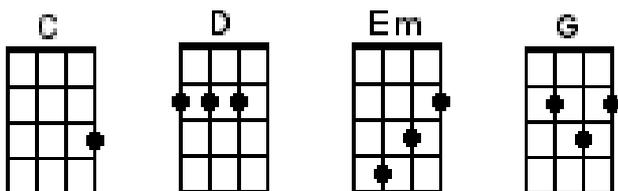
*(It's now the [G] mash)* It's now the monster mash  
*(The monster [Em] mash)* And it's a graveyard smash  
*(It's now the [C] mash)* It's caught on in a flash  
*(It's now the [D] mash)* It's now the monster mash

Now [G] everything's cool, Drac's a part of the band  
And my [Em] monster mash is the hit of the land  
For [C] you, the living, this mash was meant too  
When you [D]↓ get to my door, tell them Boris sent you

**CHORUS:**

*(Then you can [G] mash)* Then you can monster mash  
*(The monster [Em] mash)* And do my graveyard smash  
*(Then you can [C] mash)* You'll catch on in a flash  
*(Then you can [D] mash)* Then you can monster mash

*(Wah [G] ooh)* grrrr - mash good  
*(Monster mash wah-[Em]ooh)* Yes, Igor, you impetuous young boy  
*(Monster mash wah-[C]ooh)* grrrr - mash good  
*(Monster mash wah-[D]ooh)* grrrrrrrrrrrr  
*(Monster mash wah-[G]ooh)* [G]↓



# GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY

Stan Jones, 1948

**INTRO: 1 2 / 1 2 3 4 /**

**[Am] / [Am] / [Am] /**

**[Am]** Yippee-eye-**[C]**ay **[C]** (*Yippee-eye-**[C]**ay*)

**[C]** Yippee-eye-**[Am]**oh **[Am]** (*Yippee-eye-**[Am]**oh*) **[Am]/[Am]/[Am]**

An **[Am]** old cowpoke went riding out one **[C]** dark and windy day **[C]**

Up-**[Am]**on a ridge he rested as he **[C]** went along his **[E7]** way **[E7]**

When **[Am]** all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw

A-**[F]**plowin' through the ragged skies **[Dm] / [Dm]** and **[Am]** up a cloudy draw  
**[Am]**

**[Am]** Yippee-eye-**[C]**ay **[C]** (*Yippee-eye-**[C]**ay*)

**[C]** Yippee-eye-**[Am]**oh **[Am]** (*Yippee-eye-**[Am]**oh*) **[Am]**

**[F]** Ghost **[F]** riders **[Dm]** in **[Dm]** the **[Am]** sky **[Am] / [Am] / [Am]**

Their **[Am]** brands were still on fire and their **[C]** hooves were made of steel **[C]**

Their **[Am]** horns were black and shiny and their **[C]** hot breath he could **[E7]** feel  
**[E7]**

A **[Am]** bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky

For he **[F]** saw the riders comin' hard **[Dm] / [Dm]** and he

**[Am]** Heard their mournful cry **[Am]**

**[Am]** Yippee-eye-**[C]**ay **[C]** (*Yippee-eye-**[C]**ay*)

**[C]** Yippee-eye-**[Am]**oh **[Am]** (*Yippee-eye-**[Am]**oh*) **[Am]**

**[F]** Ghost **[F]** riders **[Dm]** in **[Dm]** the **[Am]** sky **[Am] / [Am] / [Am]**

Their **[Am]** faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, and **[C]** shirts all soaked with  
sweat **[C]**

They're **[Am]** ridin' hard to catch that herd but **[C]** they ain't caught them **[E7]**  
yet **[E7]**

They've **[Am]** got to ride forever in that range up in the sky

On **[F]** horses snortin' fire **[Dm] / [Dm]** as they **[Am]** ride on, hear their cry  
**[Am]**

**[Am]** Yippee-eye-**[C]**ay **[C]** (*Yippee-eye-**[C]**ay*)

**[C]** Yippee-eye-**[Am]**oh **[Am]** (*Yippee-eye-**[Am]**oh*) **[Am]**

**[F]** Ghost **[F]** riders **[Dm]** in **[Dm]** the **[Am]** sky **[Am] / [Am] / [Am]**

As the **[Am]** riders loped on by him, he **[C]** heard one call his name **[C]**

"If you **[Am]** want to save your soul from hell a-**[C]**ridin' on our **[E7]** range **[E7]**

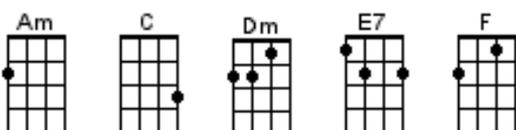
Then **[Am]** cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride

A-**[F]**tryin' to catch the Devil's herd **[Dm] / [Dm]** a-**[Am]**cross these endless  
skies." **[Am]**

**[Am]** Yippee-eye-**[C]**ay **[C]** (*Yippee-eye-**[C]**ay*)

**[C]** Yippee-eye-**[Am]**oh **[Am]** (*Yippee-eye-**[Am]**oh*) **[Am]**

**[F]** Ghost **[F]** riders **[Dm]** in **[Dm]** the **[Am]** sky **[Am] / [Am] / [Am]**↓



## Folsom Prison Blues

3.09.15

*Instrumental intro, chugging and whistle*

C  
I hear the train a-comin', it's rollin' round the bend  
C7  
And I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when  
F C //// //// //// //  
I'm stuck at Folsom Prison, and time keeps draggin' on  
C // G7 C //// //// //// ////  
But that train akeeps on rollin,' on to San Antone

C  
When I was just a baby, my mama told me 'Son,  
C7  
'Always be a good boy and don't ever play with guns'.  
F C //// //// //// //  
But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die  
C // G7 C //// //// //// ////  
When I hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and cry.

*Keith, instrumental, while others lightly strum chords of first verse:*

*BUT! Last line:* C // G7 C //// //// A7 //// //  
(But that train akeeps on rollin,' on to San Antone.)

A7/ D  
I bet there's rich folk eatin' in a fancy dinin' car  
D7  
They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee, and smokin' big cigars  
G D //// //// //// //  
But I know I had it comin' - I know I can't be free  
D // A7 D //// //// G7 //// //  
But those people keep on movin', and that's what's tortures me

G7 /// C  
Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine  
C7  
I bet I'd move on over, a little farther down the line  
F C //// //// //// //  
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay  
C // G7 C //// //// //// //  
And I'd let that lonesome whistle, blow my blues away.

*Keith, instrumental, while others lightly strum chords of first verse:*

*BUT! Last line:* C // G7 C //// //// //// / STOP  
(But that train akeeps on rollin,' on to San Antone.)