BABY DON'T YOU DO IT

Moderate beat

Ah, Baby don't you do it.

don't...
I sacrificed to make you happy, kept nothin' for myself, now you gonna leave me for the love of someone else. My pride is all gone, but whether I'm right or wrong,
I need you baby, to keep on keep-in' on. I'm tryin' to do my best,

I tried to do my best, don't do it,

don't you break my heart, please.

don't do it, don't you break my heart.
biggest mistake was loving you too much
and lettin' you know,

now you got me where you want me and a

you won't let me go.

If my heart was made of glass,

well, then you'll surely see...

how much heartaches and
miser-y, girl, you've been caus-in' me. Well, I been

try'n' to do my best, well, I've tried to do my best, don't
(you know I've)

do it, don't you break my heart, please,

To Code

don't do it, don't you break my heart...
I go down to the river, and there I'll be,

I'm gonna jump in, girl, but you don't care about me.

Open up your eyes, can't you see I love you,

Open up your heart, girl, can't you see I need you?
Oh, baby, don't do it, do it, do it, don't you break my heart.

please don't do it, don't you break my heart,

My

Coda
CALEDONIA MISSION

Words and Music by
JAIME ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Moderately

She reads the leaves and she leads the life—
that she learned so well—from the old wives.

It's so strange to arrange it,
You know I wouldn't change it, But

Hear me if you're near me
Can I just re-arrange it?
The watchman covers me

with his remedy,
I can't sleep, it's hard to feel,
I think his magic might be real.

1. I can't get to you—
3. from you—
2. You know I do believe in your hexagram,  
But can you tell me how they all knew the plan?  
Did you trip or slip on their gifts, you know you were just a con?  
You know it, why'd you do it? I've been hiding in the dark.  
Now I must be on my way, I guess you really have to stay  
Inside the mission law, down in Moccas, Arkansas.
RAG MAMA RAG

Moderate Boogie-Rock

Guitar
(Capo up 3 frets)

Keyboard

Rag Ma-ma Rag, I can't be-lieve, it's true...
Rag Ma-ma Rag, A-what did you do?

crawled up to the rail-road track, Let the four nine-teen scratch my back.

Words and Music by J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON

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Shag, ma-ma, shag

Now

what's come o-ver you?

Rag Ma-ma Rag.

I'm a

pull in' out your gag;

Gonna turn you loose like an old ca-boose, Got a tail.

I need a drag.

I ask about your turtle, and

you ask about the weather, Well, I can't jump the hurdle and we-
can't get together.

We could be relaxin'

in my sleepin' bag,

But all you wanna do for me, mama, is a

There's nowhere to go,

Rag Mama Rag,

Come on resin up the bow.

1.  
2.
Rag Mama Rag,
where do ya roam?

Rag Mama Rag,
bring your skinny little body back home.

It's dog eat dog and cat eat mouse. You can

Rag Mama Rag all over my house.

Hailstones beatin' on the roof, The bourbon is a hundred proof, it's
you and me and the telephone
Our destiny is quite well known.

We don't need to sit and brag,
All we gotta do is Rag.

Mama Rag.
Rag Mama Rag.

Where do you roam?
Rag Mama Rag.
Bring your

skinny little body back home.
KING HARVEST
(HAS SURELY COME)

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Moderately in 2:

Facet chords:

Corn in the fields,
Listen to the rice when the wind blows 'cross the water.

King Harvest has surely come.

I work for the union because she's so good.
to me;
And I'm bound to come out on top,
that's where she said I should be.

I will hear every word the boss may say.
For he's the one who hands me down my pay.
The smell of the leaves from the magnolia trees in the meadow,
King Harvest has surely come.
Dry summer, then comes fall which I depend on most of all.
Hey, rainmaker, can't you hear my call?
Please let these crops grow tall.
Long enough I've been up on Skid Row
And it's plain to see, I've nothin' to show.
I'm glad to pay those union dues,
Just don't judge me by my shoes.

Scarecrow and a yellow moon, pretty soon a carnival on the edge of town,
King Harvest has surely come.
Last year, this time, wasn't no joke,
My whole barn went up in smoke.
My horse, Jethro, well, he went mad
And I can't remember things being so bad.
Then here comes a man with a paper and pen
Tellin' us our hard times are about to end.
And then, if they don't give us what we like
He said, "Men, that's when you gotta go on strike."

(D.S.)
Corn in the fields,
Listen to the rice when the wind blows 'cross the water.
King Harvest has surely come,
W. S. WALCOTT MEDICINE SHOW

Moderately

When your arms are empty, got no where to go.

There'll be Miss Brer Fox hole with bright diamonds in her stealer,
tooth,

he will cure pure gold

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Medicine Show,
You know he always
I'd rather die

holds it happy than not die at all and if you're for a

lookin' for the real thing he can show you where it
man is a fool who will not heed the

There's a
call.

D.S. \( \text{al Coda} \)

Repeat and fade

Medicine Show

W. S. Wallcott — Medicine Show

* 10 bar instrumental omitted
STAGE FRIGHT

Moderately

Words and Music by ROBBIE ROBERTSON

1. New deep in the heart of a lonely kid, who suffered so much for what
2. I've got fire water right on my breath, and the doctor warned me I might
3. Your brow is sweatin' and your mouth gets dry, fancy people go

he did catch a death they gave this plough-boy his fortune and fame
catchin' by said, "You can make it in your disguise,

since that day he ain't been the same, See the man with the
just never show the fear that's in your eyes," at hand,
just one more nightmare you can stand.
Stage Fright, just stand-in' up there t' give it all his might.

and he got caught in the spotlight when we get to the end

he wants t'start all over again.

Now if he says that he's afraid,
take him at his word
and for the price that the poor boy has paid,

he gets t' sing - just like a bird.
Oh hoo oo oo.
Coda

You want to try it once again,

please don't make him stop,

let him take it from the top,

let him start all over again.
THE NIGHT THEY DROVE OLD DIXIE DOWN

Moderately slow

Verse

C

Am

C/G

F

F/E

Dm

Am

C/G

Am/E

F

C

Dm

Am/E

F


Virgil Calvin is the name, and I served as the Danville train.

'Til Stone Man's Cavalry came and tore up the tracks again.

In the winter of sixty five, we were hungry, just barely alive.

By May the tenth, Richmond had fell; it's a time I remember, oh, so well.

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Back with my wife in Tennessee
When one day she called to me
"Virgil, quick, come see:
There goes Robert E. Lee!"
Now, I don't mind choppin' wood
And I don't care if the money's no good,
Ya take what ya need and ya leave the rest
But they should never have taken
The very best.
(Repeat Chorus)

Like my father before me
I will work the land.
And like my brother above me
Who took a rebel stand.
He was just eighteen, proud and brave,
But a Yankee laid him in his grave.
I swear by the mud below my feet,
You can't raise a Calne back up
When he's in defeat.
(Repeat Chorus with final ending)
ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Fairly free tempo

Stand-in' by your window in pain,
A pistol in your hand,
And I beg you, dear, Mol-ly, girl,

Try and understand your man the best you can.

Moderately

A-cross The Great Di-vide,
Just grab your hat, and take that ride,

Get your-self a bride
And bring your chil-dren down to the riv-er side.
I had a goal in my younger days, I nearly wrote my will;

But I changed my mind — for the better; I'm at the still, had my fill, and I'm fit to kill.

Pin-ball machine — and a queen, I nearly took a bust,

Tried to keep my hands to myself, Ya say it's a must, but who can ya trust?

Harvest moon shin-in' down from the sky, A wea-ry sign for all,

I'm gonna leave this one-horse town, Had t' stall till the fell, now I'm gonna crawl.
Now, Mel-ly, dear, don’t ya shed a tear,

Your time will sure-ly come,

You'll feed your man chick-en ev-ry Sun-day,

Now, tell me, hon, what-cha done with the gun.
THE UNFAITHFUL SERVANT

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Moderately

Guitar → E7 B/F♯
(Capo up 2 frets)
Keyboard → F♯7 B/G♯ A

Unfaithful Servant,
I hear you leavin'\n
soon in the mornin', What did you do to the lady
whistle blowin', Yes, that train is comin'

that she's gonna have to send you away? Unfaithful
and soon you'll be ago in.

Servant, bow our heads for you don't have to say you're sorry,
we won't be complainin';

Unfaithful Servant,
Let us not

Coda

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D/F♯
E/G♯

---

E7
F♯7
A (sus 4)
B (sus 4)

---

for the spite,
to us all
or did ya do it
just for the glory?
Even when that
sky is rainin'.

Bm/G♯
Cm/A♯
A/F♯
B/G♯

Like a stranger,
To take it like a
grain of salt
Is all I can do.
Left your keys,
and
It's
gone to pack.
no one's fault.
Bear in mind who's to blame.
Makes no dif'rance if
and all the shame;

G
F♯7
Bm/G♯
A/F♯
B/G♯

A
G♯7
Cm/A♯

She really cared,
the time she spared,
and the home you shared.
It's just as it was,
It's much too cold for
me to stay.
Good-bye to that country home, So long to a lady I had known,
Farewell to my other side, I'd best just take it in stride,

Unfaithful servant, you'll learn to find your place; I can see it in your smile, sad, yes, I can see it in your face.
The memories will linger on, But the good old days, they're all gone, Oh! lonesome servant, can't you see That we're still one and the same, just you and me.
THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE

Moderately, with a beat

Words by BOB DYLAN
Music by RICK DANKO

Verse

If your mem'ry serves you well, We were goin' to meet a-gain and wait.

So I'm goin' to un-pack all my things And sit before it gets to late.

No man a-live will come to you With an- other tale to tell.

But you

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2. If your mem'ry serves you well,
I was goin' to confiscate your lase
And wrap it up in a sailor's knot
And hide it in your case,
If I knew for sure that it was yours
But it was oh, so hard to tell
But you know that we shall meet again
If your mem'ry serves you well.

Chorus

3. If your mem'ry serves you well,
You'll remember you're the one
That called on them to call on me
To get you your favors done,
And after ev'ry plan had failed
And there was nothing more to tell
You know that we shall meet again
If your mem'ry serves you well.

Chorus and Fine
Slowly, but with a beat

I pulled in to Naz- a-reth, was feelin' bout half past dead;

I just need some place where I can lay my head.

"Hey, mis- ter, can ya tell me where a man might find a bed?"

He just grinned and shook my hand, and

"No!" was all he said.

Take a load off Pon- up,
I picked up m'bag, I went lookin' for a place t'hide;
When I saw Carmen and the Devil walkin' side by side,
I said "Hey, Carmen, come on, let's go downtown."
She said, "I gotta go, but my friend can stick around."

(Repeat chorus)

Go down, Miss Moses, there's nothin' you can say
"Well, Luke, my friend, what about young Anna Lee?"
He said, "Do me a favor, son, wouche stay an' keep Anna Lee company?"

(Repeat chorus)

Crazy Chester followed me, and he caught me in the fog.
He said, "I will fix your sack, if you'll take jack, my dog."
I said, "Wait a minute, Chester, you know I'm a peaceful man."
He said, "That's okay, boy, won't you feed him when you can."

(Repeat chorus)

Catch a cannon ball now, t'take me down the line
My bag is sinkin' low and I do believe it's time.
To get back to Miss Fenny, you know she's the only one
Who sent me here with her regards for everyone.

(Repeat chorus and tag)
THE SHAPE I'M IN

Words and Music by ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Moderately

G C G C

(Last two bars of intro.)

Go out yonder,

peace in the valley, come downtown, have to tumble in the alley.

D G

Oh, you don't know, The Shape I'm in.

C G

Has anybody seen my lady?

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This liv-in' a-lone
will drive me cra-zy.
Oh, you don't

I'm gon-na go down by the wa-ter,
I've just spent sixty days in the jail-house,
but I ain't gon-na jump_
in, no, no!
havin' no dough, no, no,

I'll just be look-in' for my mak-er
now, here I am back out on the street.
and I hear that that's where she's been? Oh!
for the crime of havin' nowhere to go.
Out of nine lives Save your neck.

I've spent seven, now, how in the world do you get to heav-en?
or save your broth-er looks like it's one or the other.

Oh, don't you know. The Shape I'm In.
Oh, don't you know. The Shape I'm In.
Now, two young kids

might start a ruck-us

you know they feel

you're tryin' to shock us

Ah,

you don't know

The Shape I'm In.
Chest Fever

Words and Music by
JAME ROBERTSON

2nd time no repeat

I know she's a track-

er.

Any scar-let would back her;

They say she's a choos-

er.

And I just can't re-fuse her.

She was just there, but then She can't be here no more.
2. She's been down in the dunes and she's dealt with the goons,
Now she drinks from the bitter cup I'm trying to get her to give it up.
She was just here, I fear she can't be here no more.
And as my mind unweaves, I feel the freeze down in my knees.
But just before she leaves, she receives.

Interlude (spoken against Introduction figure)

It's long, long, when she's gone, I get weary holding on.
And now I'm oddly fading fast I don't think I'm gonna last
Very much longer.

"She's stone," said the Swede, and the Moon call agreed
I'm like a viper in shock with my eyes in the clock
She was just there somewhere, and here I am again.
And as my mind unweaves, I feel the freeze down in my knees.
But just before she leaves, she receives.
LIFE IS A CARNIVAL

Moderately

Words and Music by
J.R. ROBERTSON
LEVON HELM
RICK DANKO

1. You can walk on the water, drowned in the sand.
2. Saw a man with the jinx in the third degree.
You can fly off a mountain top, if anybody can.
Tryin' to deal with people, people you can't see.

Run away, take away,
Run away, take away,

it's a restless age,
this house of mirrors.

Look away, give away,
Look away,
you can turn the page,
all the souvenirs.

look away,
you can turn the page.
give away,
all the souvenirs.

Hey, buddy, would you like to buy a watch.
We're all in the same boat,
get ready to float.

real cheap,
off the edge of the world,
here on the street?
our flat old world.

The street is a sideshow from the peddler to the
six on each arm and two.
more on my feet. Life is a car-
corner girl. Life is a car-
nival, believe it or not.
nival, it's in the book.

Life is a carn-
Life is a car
ival, two bits a shot.
ival, take another look.

Tacet
GET UP, JAKE

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Moderately

Chorus

Get Up, Jake, it's late in the mornin', the rain is pourin', and we got

work to do. (last time only)

Get Up, Jake, there's no need a-lyin', you

To next strain

tell me that you're dyin', but I know it's not true.

Anna-belle's cryin', and it's all for you.
Verse 1.

Now, me and Jake, we were down on the river, on the ferry, "Baltimore"...

And when Jake don't rise up in the mornin',

Verse 2.

People lined up all along the shore.

Crap game will take you to the cleaners, Rye whiskey to the grave.
River woman don't you come no closer, 'cause me and Jake got no time.

to save, Oh, oh.

Dirty Dan he came up from Savannah,

Carried a mean streak in his eye; Now, him and Jake both went-
ed Anna-belle, I guess one man here has got to die.
HANG UP MY ROCK AND ROLL SHOES

Moderate Rock Shuffle

G7       C

Ma - ma she done told me she didn't like this rock and roll:

ma - ma, ma - ma, please,

mama, you just don't know, I don't want to hang up my rock and roll.
shoes,

I don’t want to hang up my rock and roll shoes.

I get an old-time feelin’

every time I hear the blues.
told me get a job and set your-self a goal, but can't they un-der-stand I just

wanna rock and roll, I don't want to

hang up my rock and roll shoes,

I don't want to
hang up my rock and roll shoes.

Some-thin' hap-pens to me ev-ry time that I hear the blues.

I'm gon-na do my home-work,

I'll clean the yard ev-ry
day.

I will even do the dishes,

I'll do anything you say.

They say that rock and roll will soon fade away, but I just wanna tell ya, rock and roll is here to stay, and I don't want to
hang up my rock and roll shoes,

no, no, I don't want to hang up my rock and roll shoes,

I get a good time feelin' every time I hear the blues.
Some might even say, it put the devil in my soul, but that's a bunch of shit, I just want to

 wanna rock and roll, I don't want to

 hang up my rock and roll shoes.

 no, no, I don't want to
hang up my rock and roll shoes.

start a movin' every time I hear the blues.

No, no no, I don't want to.

hang up my rock and roll shoes.
No, no, no, I don't want to hang up my rock and roll shoes.

Some-thin' happens to me every time I hear the blues.