THE BAND
&
MUSIC FROM BIG PINK
THE BAND

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Note: Due to copyright limitations
"THE LONG BLACK VEIL" does not appear in this folio.
ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Fairly free tempo

G G/B C/E G G/B

Stand-in' by your win-

dow in pain,

A pis-tol in your

hand,

And I beg you, dear,

Mol-ly, girl,

Try and un-
der-stand your

man the best you can.

Moderately

G A7 C Em G

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.

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I had a goal in my younger days, 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.

Pinball machine, and a queen, nearly took a bust,

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

Harvest moon shinin' down from the sky, A weary sign for all,

I'm gonna leave this one horse town, Had t' stall till the fall, now I'm gonna crawl
Now, Molly, 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.
RAG MAMA RAG

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Guitar (Capo up 3 frets)
Keyboard

Moderate Boogie-Rock

[1.]
Rag Mama Rag
I can't believe it's true...

[2.]
Rag Mama Rag
What did you do?

I crawled up to the railroad track,
Let the four nineteen scratch my back.
Shag, ma-ma, shag
Now

what's come over 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'

But all you wanna do

Rag Mama Rag. There's nowhere to go,

Rag Mama Rag. Come on reslin' up the bowl.

1. 2.
Rag Ma-ma Rag,

where do ya roam?

Rag Ma-ma Rag,

bring your skinny little body back home.

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

Rag Ma-ma 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.
THE NIGHT THEY DROVE OLD DIXIE DOWN

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Moderately slow

Verse

C/G

C

Vir-gil Caine is the name, and I served

F

F/E

Dm

F/E

Dm

C/G

on the Dan-ville train,

' Til Stone-man's Cav-al-ry came and
tore up the tracks a-gain.

In the win-ter of six-ty five, we were

C

Dm

C

Dm

A/m/B

hun-gry, just bare-ly a-live.

By May the tenth,

F

C

Am

Dm

D

Rich mond had fell; it's a time I re-mem-ber, oh, so well.
Chorus
C/G  Fmaj7  C/G  Fmaj7

Night They Drove — Old Dix-ie Down, And the bells were ring-in', The Night.

C/G  Fmaj7  C/G  Fmaj7

They Drove — Old Dix-ie Down. And the people were sing-in'. They went,

C/G  Am  Gsus4  F

La, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

For additional words
C

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)

For final ending
C  Bm  Bb  F/A  Fm6/Ab  C/G  D7/F#

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 Caine back up
When he's in defeat.

(Repeat Chorus with final ending)
WHEN YOU AWAKE

Words and Music by J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON and RICHARD MANUEL

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"When You A-wake, you will re-member ev-'ry-thing, You will be
hang-in' on a string from your... When you be-lieve, You will re-lieve the on-ly soul
That you were born with to-grow old and nev-er know."

ADDITIONAL VERSES

Ollie showed me the fork in the road,
You can take to the left or go straight to the right,
Use your days and save your nights,
Be careful where you step, and watch wha-cha eat,
Sleep with the light and you got it beat.
(Repeat Chorus)

Ollie warned me it's a mean old world,
The street don't greet ya, yes, it's true;
But what am I supposed to do:
Read the writing on the wall,
I heard it when I was very small.
(Repeat Chorus, then to Coda)
Coda (after last verse and chorus)

E

Wash my hands in lye water,
Snow's gonna come and the frost gotta bite,
I got a date with the

F#m

captain's daughter.
You can go and tell your brother
up last night.
Ain't no reason to hang your head,
I could wake up in the

E

love one another,
Oh!

F#m

may be right, and ya
You and

E

might be wrong, I ain't gonna worry all day long.
if I thought it would do any good, I'd stand on the rock where Moses stood.

F#m

fade
UP ON CRIPPLE CREEK

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Verse

When I get off of this mountain, Ya know where I wanna go?

Straight down the Mississippi River To the

Gulf Of Mexico.

To Lake Charles, Louisiana, Little

Bessie girl I once knew

And she told me just to

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come on by, If there's any thing that she could do.

Chorus

Up On Cripple Creek, she sends me; If I spring a leak,

she mends me; I don't have t' speak 'Cause she defends me.

drunk-ard's dream if I ever did see one.

Interlude after 4th and 5th verses
Last time, repeat and fade.

No, no, hoo Lo-dy, lo-dy, lo-dy, hoo.
ADDITIONAL VERSES

2. Good luck had just stung me
To the race track I did go.
She bet on one horse to win,
And I bet on another to show.
The odds were in my favor
I had 'em five to one.
And that nag to win
Came around the track
And sure enough we had won.

(Repeat chorus)

3. I took up all of my winnin's
And I gave my little Bessie half
She tore it up and threw it in my face
Just for a laugh.
Now if there's one thing in the whole wide world
I sure would like to see
That's when that little love of mine
Dips her doughnut in my tea.

(Repeat chorus)

4. Now me and my mate were back at the shack,
We had Spike Jones on the box,
She said, "I can't take the way he sings,
But I love t' hear him talk."
Now that just gave my heart a throb
To the bottom of my feet,
And I swore as I took another pull,
M'Bessie can't be beat.

(Repeat chorus)

(Interlude may be inserted here. Same as the fade)

5. There's a flood out in California
And up north it's freezin' cold
And this livin' off the road
Is gettin' pretty old.
So I guess I'll call up my big mama
Tell her I'll be rollin' in
But cha know deep down I'm kinda tempted
To go and see my Bessie again.

(Repeat chorus and interlude. Fade.)
WHISPERING PINES

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON and
RICHARD MANUEL

If you find me in a gloom
Or catch me in a dream,
In - side my lonely room
There is no one
in between.

Whis - per - ing Pines,
Ris - ing of the tide,

If only one star shines,
That's just enough to get inside.

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Eb
higher

I will wait un-till it all goes 'round with you in sight,
The lost are found.

Cmaj7

F-

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Moderately driving 4

I'm gonna give it to you.

Ain't no pretender, gonna ride in my canoe.

If I were a barker in a girl-y show, tell ya

what I'd do, I'd lock the door, tear my shirt and let my river flow.
2. Jemima Surrender. I'm gonna give it to you,
Ain't no pretender, gonna see my tattoo;
I hand you my rod and you hand me that line,
That's what you do, now, we ain't doing much fishin'
Or drinkin' any wine.
Sweet Jemima, if I were king
I'd fix you up with a diamond ring.

3. Jemima Surrender. I'm gonna give it to you,
I'll bring over my Fender
And I'll play all night for you.
There's a bird on my head
And his mouth won't talk,
You know he laughs just like a goose,
But looks like a hawk.
Sweet Jemima, you know what I'm try'n to say,
Meet me in front and we'll fly away.
LOOK OUT, CLEVELAND

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Moderately bright 2

Chorus

Look Out, Cleveland,
the storm is comin' through,

Dm7 Am/E Dm/F G7 C

And it's runnin' right up on you.

F

Look out, Houston,
There'll be thunder on the hill;

Dm7 Am/E Dm/F G7 C

Bye-bye, baby, don't-chal lie so still.

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Verse

G

Was Wedn's-day even' nin' when first we heard the word,

G

It did not come by train nor bird.

E7

'Twas when Ben Pike stepped down to say,

F

This old town's gonna blow away.

C

ADDITIONAL WORDS

Chain lightnin', frightnin' as it may seem
Must not be mistaken for just another dream.
Justice of the peace don't know his own fate
But he'll go down in the shelter late.

(Repeat Chorus)

Hidin' your money won't do no good,
Build a big wall, you know you would if you could, yeah!
When clouds of warmin' come into view,
It'll get the ol' woman right outta her shoe.

(Repeat Chorus to the fine)
JAWBONE

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON and
RICHARD MANUEL

Rubato

Moderately

when did you first go wrong?

when did you first go Oh, Jaw-bone, is it you belong?

Three time loser, you'll

Three time loser, you'll never learn,

Lay down your

tools before you burn.

Ya keep on runnin' and

hidin' your face, spreadin' your heat all over the place.

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Chorus

I'm a thief and I dig it!

I'm up on a beef, I'm gonna rig it!

I'm a thief and I dig it!

Slow shuffle

Oh, Jaw-bone, why don't cha sit and moan?

Oh, Jaw-bone, you
know that it's stone for stone.

Sneak through the night up-

on your toes. To look in your eye, it nev-er shows.

Your name up - on the post of-fice wall, Puts you on edge 'cause they

(Repeat Chorus)

wrote it too small! Oh, jaw- bone, re-

venge stays on your mind._ Oh, Jaw -

bone, you been do-in'
too much time.  

Pull off a job with an inside man Who needs the cash and likes your plan. Then you will know just who to thank When you land right back in the tank.

(Repeat Chorus)

Oh, Jaw-bone, why don't cha go home? Oh, Jaw-bone, where is it you belong? Boost-in' and go-in' out on the lam,
Ya know that you’ll steal an-y-thing that you can.

stands just be-hind that door, So what you wan-na go and o pen it for?

e I’m a thief and I dig it!

I’m up on a beef, I’m gon-na rig it.

I’m a thief and I dig it.
THE UNFAITHFUL SERVANT

Words and Music by J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Moderately

Guitar → E7
(Capo up 2 frets)

Keyboard → F#7

Un - faith - ful Ser - vant,
I hear you leav - in'
I can hear the

A7
soon in the morn - in'
whis - tle blow - in',

G
What did you do to the la - dy

A7
that she's gon - na have to send you a - way?
and soon you'll be a - go in'.

Bm7
Un - faith - ful
Let us not

D/F#
Serv - ant,
bow our heads for

A/E
you don't have to say you're sor - ry,
we won't be com - plain - in';

Am7
If you don't just
Life has been good.

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for the spite, or did ya do it just for the glory?
Ev'en when that sky is rain-in'.

Like a stranger, you turned your back, is Left your keys, and it's

gone to pack. no one's fault, Bear in mind who's to blame, and all the shame;

She really cared, the time she spared, and the home you shared, me to stay.
Good-bye to that country home,
So long to a lady I had known,

Fare-well 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,
and, yes, I can see it in your face.

The memories will linger on,
But the good old days, they're all gone,
Oh! lonely servant,

Can't you see That we're still one and the same, Just you and me.
ROCKIN' CHAIR

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Moderately

Am

\( \text{C} \)

Ad lib.

F

Dm

Dm/C

A tempo

Bb

\( \text{Dm} \)

\( \text{Dm/C} \)

Hang a-round, Wil-lie Boy, don't you raise the sails...

\( \text{C} \)

\( \text{F} \)

\( \text{Dm} \)

\( \text{Dm/C} \)

an-y more... It's for sure, I've spent my whole life at

\( \text{G/B} \)

\( \text{Bb} \)

\( \text{Dm/A} \)

\( \text{G} \)

sea and I'm push-in' age sev-en-ty three... Now there's

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only one place that was meant for me:

Oh, to be home again.

Down in old Virginia,

With my very best friend,

They call him Rag-time Willie. We're
gonna soothe away the rest of our years,

We're gonna put away all

of our tears,

That big Rock-in' Chair won't go nowhere.
ADDITIONAL WORDS

Slow down, Willie Boy,
Your heart's gonna give right out on you, it's true.
And I believe I know what we should do.
Turn the stern and point to shore,
The seven seas won't carry us no more.

Oh, to be home again,
Down in old Virginny
With my very best friend,
They call him Ragtime Willie,
I can't wait to sniff that air,
Dip 'n snuff, I won't have no care,
Big Rockin' Chair won't go nowhere.

Hear the sound, Willie Boy,
The Flyin' Dutchman's on the reef.
It's my belief
We've used up all our time,
This hill's too steep to climb,
And the days that remain ain't worth a dime.

Oh, to be home again,
Down in old Virginny
With my very best friend,
They call him Ragtime Willie,
Would-a been nice just t' see the folks,
Listen once again to the stale jokes,
That Big Rockin' Chair won't go nowhere.
KING HARVEST
(Has Surely Come)

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Moderately in 2

Tacet 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 'cause she's so good

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Am    Dm  
   to me; And I'm bound to come  
F    Bb  
out on top, that's where she said I should be.

Am  Bb  C  G  
I will hear ev'ry word the boss may say, For

Am Bb C G
he's the one who hands me down my pay.
ADDITIONAL WORDS

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 bein' 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.
TEARS OF RAGE

Words by BOB DYLAN
Music by RICHARD MANUEL

Moderately

C

Am

F

Dm

Bb

F


1. We carried you in our arms On Independence

And now you'd throw us all aside

put us on our way.

Oh, what dear daughter

'tneath the sun could treat a father so

To wait upon him hand and foot And always tell him

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2. It was all very painless
   When you went out to receive
   All that false instruction
   Which we never could believe
   And now the heart is filled with gold
   As if it was a purse
   But, oh, what kind of love is this
   That goes from bad to worse.

(Chorus)

3. We pointed you the way to go
   And scratched your name in sand
   Though you just thought it was nothing more
   Than a place for you to stand.
   I want you to know, that while we watched,
   You discovered no one would be true.
   And I myself was among
   The ones who thought
   It was just a childish thing to do.

(Chorus and Fine)
IN A STATION

Words and Music by
RICHARD MANUEL

Moderately slow

Once I walked through the halls of a station,

Someone called your name. In the street I heard

children laughing, They all sound the same.

Wonder, could you ever know me,

Know the reason why I

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2. Once I climbed up the face of a mountain
   And ate the wild fruit there,
   Fell asleep until the moonlight woke me,
   And I could taste your hair.
   Isn't everybody dreaming!
   Then the voice I hear is real
   Out of all the idle scheming
   Can't we have something to feel.

3. Once upon a time leaves me empty
   Tomorrow never came,
   I could sing the sound of your laughter
   Still I don't know your name.
   Must be some way to repay you
   Out of all the good you gave
   If a rumor should delay you
   Love seems so little to save.
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

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 from your
gar-den gate, You know, it's al-ways locked by the mag-i-strate. Now, he don't care

why you cry Tho' he thinks it just a lie to get out I don't doubt

that you'd make a try If the good times get you thru, I know the dogs won't both-er you.

We'll be gone in moon-shine time I got a place they'll nev-er find.

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 knew 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 Modock, Arkansas.
THE WEIGHT

Words and Music by
JAIME ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Slowly, but with a beat

I pulled in to Naz-areth, was feel-in'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 Fan-ny.

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ADDITIONAL WORDS

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 m'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, woncha 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 rack, 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 Fanny, you know she's the only one
Who sent me here with her regards for everyone.

(Repeat chorus and tag)
WE CAN TALK

Words and Music by
RICHARD MANUEL

Moderately

We Can Talk about it now. It's that same old riddle Only

starting from the middle, I'd fix it but I don't know how. Well, we

could try to reason But you might think it's treason. One voice for all.

Ech- ing a cross the hall. Don't give up on father clock.

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We Can Talk a-bout it now...

Come let me show you how...

To keep the wheels turn- in' got to keep the en-gines churn-in' Did-

you ev-er milk a cow I had the chance one day, But I was all dressed up for Sun-day.

Ev'-ry-bod-y, ev'-ry-where, Do you real-ly care

Pick up your heads— and walk. We Can Talk a-bout it now— It
Soft shoe tempo

C

E7

F

seems to me. We've been holding something
Underneath our tongues. I'm afraid if you ever got a pat on the back it would likely burst your lungs. Woh-

A

E7

A

E7

Stop me. I should sound kind-a down in the mouth. But I'd rather be burned in Canada than to freeze here in the south.

As before

D

Em

D

G

Pulling that eternal plough. We've got to find a sharper blade...
Or have a new one made. Rest a-while and cool your brow._Don't need it._

No need to slave._The whip is in the grave._No salt, no trance._It's safe now to take a back-ward glance._The

leaves have turned to chalk We Can Talk a-bout it now._
CHEST FEVER

Words and Music by
JAIME ROBERTSON

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.

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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 coldly fading fast I don’t think I’m gonna last
Very much longer.

"She’s stone" said the Swede, and the moon calf 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.
THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE

Words by BOB DYLAN
Music by RICK DANKO

Moderately, with a beat

Verse

Am

If your mem'ry serves you well,
Well, we were goin' to meet a-gain and

D₉

wait... So I'm goin' to un-pack all my things And

E

sit be-fore it gets to late.
No man a-live will

E7

come to you With an-other tale to tell.

F

But you
2. If your mem'ry serves you well
I was goin' to confiscate your lace
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
I SHALL BE RELEASED

Words and Music by
BOB DYLAN

Moderately slow

They say ev'rything can be placed,
They say ev'ry distance is not near.

So I remember ev'ry face
Of ev'ry man who put me here.

I see my light come shining-

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2. They say ev'ry man needs protection,
    They say that ev'ry man must fall.
    Yet I swear I see my reflection
    Somewhere so high above this wall.

    (Chorus)

3. Now yonder standing there in this lonely crowd
    A man who swears he's not to blame.
    All day long I hear him shouting so loud,
    Just cryin' out that he was framed.

    (Chorus)
TO KINGDOM COME

Words and Music by ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Moderately fast

Guitar → A
(Capo up 2 frets)

Keyboard → B

Fore-father pointed to Kingdom Come,  Sad-ly told his only son,

Just be care-ful what you do,  It all comes back on you.

False wit-ness spread the news,  Some-bod-y's gonn-a lose

Either she or me or you,  There's noth-ing we can do.  So,

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Don'tCHA say a word Or re-pet a thing you heard, Time will tell you, well, If you tru-ly, tru-ly fell. Tarred and feathered, yea! This-tles and thorns, One or the other He kind-ly warns. Now look out the win-dow tell me What do you see?
I see a golden calf pointing back at me. Last time, roll.

sit-in' here for so darn long, Waitin' for the end to come along.

Holy roaster on the brink, Take a chance, swim or sink.

False witness, cast an evil eye, Said I cannot tell a lie.

Haints and saints don't bother me, I'm not alone you see. So,
GET UP, JAKE

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Moderately

Chorus

A

Get Up, Jake, it's late in the morn-in', the rain is pour-in', and we got

Bm

work to do. (last time only)

D

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

To next strain

A

tell me that you're dy-in', but I know it's not true._

Fine

A

all for you._

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Now, me and Jake, we were down on the river, on the ferry, "Bal-

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

People lined up all along the shore.

Verse 2.
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.

---

Verse 3.

Dirty Dan he came up from Savannah,

Carried a mean streak in his eye;

Now, him and Jake both want-

Ed Annabella, I guess one man here has got to die.