

Willyama 2008

Draft 1

Start	Item	Dur				
7:30 PM	Christmas Bush	4:28	Sonia	S		x
7:34 PM	Joy to the world	4:00		F	S	x
7:39 PM	Faces in the street	2:51		M		
7:42 PM	Golden Wattle	2:56	Sonia	S		
7:46 PM	Grandma got run over (Jane E?)	2:35		F		x
7:49 PM	Nobody knows you when you're down & out	3:04		M		
7:52 PM	Eve of Destruction	3:33		F	S	
7:56 PM	Blow Leaves	4:29	Sonia	S		
8:01 PM	Sailability Medley	4:50		S/F	S	
8:07 PM	Gendarmes Duet	3:00		F		
8:10 PM	Where have all the flowers gone?	2:51		F	S	
8:14 PM	12 Days of Christmas	8:00		F	S	x
8:22 PM	Once in Royal David's City	3:00	Sonia	S	S	x
8:26 PM	<i>End</i>					
				0:56		

Extras

The night they drove old Dixie down	3:43	F	S
Rolling Home	3:00	S	S
Four Strong Women	3:13	M	
My Country	4:27	S	
You send me	5:26	Sonia	S

Christmas Bush

Wds: Sonia Bennett & Denis Kevans Mus: Sonia Bennett

Arr. Wayne Richmond

C 3 Verse 1 (Sonia solo) G⁷ C



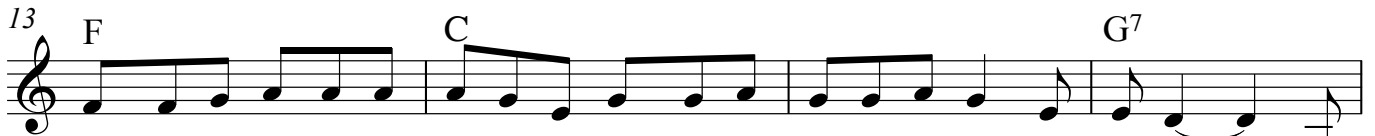
Oh Christ-mas Bush, Oh Christ-mas Bush, how dain-ty are your se-pels,-

9 G⁷ C



Your dis-play I see to-day, Be-side the moun-tain de-vils.---

13 F C G⁷



Christ-mas is com-ing we hear-the drum-ming of yel-low & green ci-ca-das,--- And

17 C G⁷ C F C G⁷ C F C G⁷



right on cue we no-tice you in your fril-ly red py-ja-mas.. In

Ah

Ah

Ah

24 Verse 2 C G⁷ C



shop-ping mall, the chil-dren ball and the tills are loud-ly ring-ing,--- My heart it sings the

The chil-dren ball and the tills are loud-ly ring-ing,--- The

The tills are loud-ly ring-ing,---

The tills are loud-ly ring-ing,---

29

G⁷

C

F

joy it brings, When the Christ - mas Bush is bloom-ing. — Oh Christ - mas Bush, Oh

joy it brings, When the Christ - mas Bush is bloom-ing. — Oh Christ - mas Bush, Oh

When the Christ - mas Bush is bloom-ing. — Oh Christ - mas Bush, Oh

When the Christ - mas Bush is bloom-ing. — Oh Christ - mas Bush, Oh

33

C

G⁷

C

Christ - mas Bush, how dain - ty are your pe - tals, — Your cream white flowers they

Christ - mas Bush, how dain - ty are your pe - tals, — Your cream white flowers they

Christ - mas Bush, how dain - ty are your pe - tals, — Your cream white flowers they

Christ - mas Bush, how dain - ty are your pe - tals, — Your cream white flowers they

37

G⁷

C

F

C

G⁷

C

F

C

G⁷

turn to red, and leave just pret - ty se - pals. — Our

turn to red, and leave just pret - ty se - pals. Ah — Our

turn to red, and leave just pret - ty se - pals. Ah — Our

turn to red, and leave just pret - ty se - pals. Ah — Our

Verse 3

43 C G⁷ C

moun-tains are a spec-ial sight, in the heart & haze of sum-mer. And

moun-tains are a spec-ial sight, in the heart & haze of sum-mer. And

moun-tains are a spec-ial sight, in the heart & haze of sum-mer. And

moun-tains are a spec-ial sight, in the heart & haze of sum-mer. And

47 G⁷ C

burs - ting through green can - o - py, the Christ - mas Bush in flow - er. The

burs - ting through green can - o - py, the Christ - mas Bush in flow - er. The

burs - ting through green can - o - py, the Christ - mas Bush in flow - er. The

burs - ting through green can - o - py, the Christ - mas Bush in flow - er. The

51 F C G⁷

glor - i - ous scene you make in the green is a Christ - mas pan - to - mime. All we

glor - i - ous scene you make in the green is a Christ - mas pan - to - mime. All we

glor - i - ous scene you make in the green is a Christ - mas pan - to - mime. All we

glor - i - ous scene you make in the green is a Christ - mas pan - to - mime. All we

55

C

G⁷

C

F

C

G⁷

need is San-ta, in the bush-land pan-ta, In the good ole Christ-mas time.

need is San-ta, in the bush-land pan-ta, In the good ole Christ-mas time. Ah_____

need is San-ta, in the bush-land pan-ta, In the good ole Christ-mas time. Ah_____

need is San-ta, in the bush-land pan-ta, In the good ole Christ-mas time. Ah_____

Verse 4

60

C

F

C

G⁷

C

G⁷

C

O Christ-mas Bush, Oh Christ-mas Bush, how dain-ty are your se-pels, _

O Christ-mas Bush, Oh Christ-mas Bush, how dain-ty are your se-pels, _

O Christ-mas Bush, Oh Christ-mas Bush, how dain-ty are your se-pels, _

O Christ-mas Bush, Oh Christ-mas Bush, how dain-ty are your se-pels, _

66

G⁷

C

F

Your dis-play I see to-day, Be-side the moun-tain de-vils. _ Christ-mas is com-ing we

Your dis-play I see to-day, Be-side the moun-tain de-vils. _ Christ-mas is com-ing we

Your dis-play I see to-day, Be-side the moun-tain de-vils. _ Christ-mas is com-ing we

Your dis-play I see to-day, Be-side the moun-tain de-vils. _ Christ-mas is com-ing we

71 C G⁷

hear - the drum-ming of yel - low & green ci - ca - das, And

hear - the drum-ming of yel - low & green ci - ca - das, And

hear - the drum-ming of yel - low & green ci - ca - das, And

hear - the drum-ming of yel - low & green ci - ca - das, And

74 C G⁷

right on cue we no - tice you in your fril - ly red py -

right on cue we no - tice you in your fril - ly red py -

right on cue we no - tice you in your fril - ly red py -

right on cue we no - tice you in your fril - ly red py -

77 C F C G⁷ C F C G⁷ C

ja - mas. Ah

ja - mas. Ah

ja - mas. Ah

ja - mas. Ah

Jig

82 C G⁷ C

86 G⁷ C

90 F C G⁷

94 C G⁷ C F

98 C G⁷ C F | 1. C G⁷ | 2. C G⁷ C

Joy to the world

Isaac Watts

G. F. Handel

D G D A⁷ D G

Sop

Alto

Ten

Bass

Joy to the world the Lord is come Let earth re -
 Joy to the earth the Sav - iour and reigns Let men their
 He rules the world with truth and grace And makes the

6 A D

S.

A.

T.

B.

ceive her king Let ev - ry heart pre
 songs em - ploy While fields and floods, rocks
 na - tions prove The glo - ries of his

11 A

S.
pare Him room And heav'n and na - ture sing And heav'n and na - ture
hills and plains Re - peat the sound ing joy Re -peat the sound ing
right - eous ness And won - ders of his love And won - ders of his

A.
pare Him room And heav'n and na - ture sing And heav'n and na - ture
hills and plains Re - peat the sound ing joy Re -peat the sound ing
right - eous ness And won - ders of his love And won - ders of his

T.
pare Him room And heav'n and na - ture sing and
hills and plains Re - peat the sound - ing joy Re -
right - eous ness And won - ders of his love And

B.
pare Him room And heav'n and na - ture sing and
hills and plains Re - peat the sound - ing joy Re -
right - eous ness And won - ders of his love And

16 A⁷ D G D A⁷ D

S.
sing And heav'n and heav'n and na - ture sing
joy Re - peat re peat the sound - ing joy
love and won - ders and won - ders of his love

A.
sing And heav'n and heav'n and na - ture sing
joy Re - peat re peat the sound - ing joy
love and won - ders and won - ders of his love

T.
heav'n and na - ture sing, and heav'n and na - ture sing
peat the sound - ing joy, re peat the sound - ing joy
won - ders of his love, and won - ders of his love

B.
heav'n and na - ture sing, and heav'n and na - ture sing
peat the sound - ing joy, re peat the sound - ing joy
won - ders of his love, and won - ders of his love

Faces in the street

Words: Henry Lawson Music: Ian Hamilton

Violins *pizz.*

Ian 4 Dm Am Dm

They lie the men who tell us For rea sons of their own. That
 In house be - fore the dawn - ing dims the star - light in the sky. The
 And when the hours on lag - ging feet have slow - ly dragged a - way, And
 I won - der would the a - pathy of wealth - y men en - dure, Were

Rec.

Vln.

Ian 7 F G A Dm F

want is here a stra nger And mi ser y's un known For where the clo sest su burb and the
 wan & wea - ry fa - ces first be - gin to trick - le by, In - creas - ing as the mo ments hur - ry____
 sick - ly yel - low gas lights rise to mock the go - ing day, Then, flow - ing past my win - dow, like a
 all their win - dows le - vel with the fa - ces of the poor? Ah! Mam - mon's slaves, your knees shall knock, your

Rec.

Vln.

Ian 10 G A Dm Gm F Gm Dm

ci ty pro per meet, My win dow sill is le vel with the fa ces in the street.
 on with morn - ing feet, Till like a pal - lid ri - ver flow the fa - ces in the street.
 tide in its re - treat, A - gain I see the pal - lid stream of fa - ces in the street.
 hearts in ter - ror beat, When God de - mands a rea - son for the sor - rows of the street. (The)

Rec.

Vln.

13 F Am F Am Dm C Am

Ian
8
Drif ting past drif ting past to the beat of wea ry feet While I sor-row for the own-ers of those
Flow - ing in, flow-ing in, to the beat of hur-ried feet Ah! I sor-row for the own-ers of those
Eb - bing out, eb-bing out, to the drag of tir - ed feet, While my heart is ach-ing dumb-ly for the
wrong things (& the) bad— things (& the) sad things that we meet, In the fil - thy lane & al - ley (& the)

S.
A.
B.
Rec.
Vln. *arco.*

18 1-3 4. Dm C Dm
Dm *rall* *a tempo* *rall*

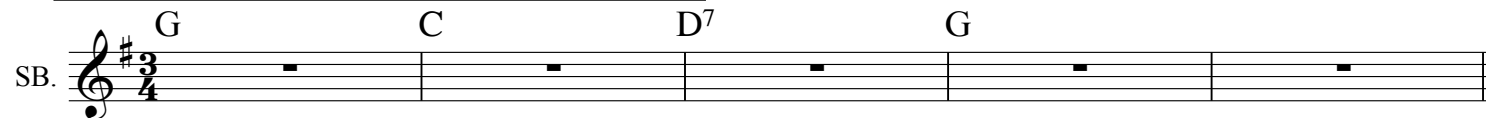
Ian
8
fa - ces in the street. — cru-el heart-less street.
fa - ces in the street. —
fa - ces in the street. —

S.
A.
B.
Rec. *rall* *a tempo* *rall*
Vln. *pizz.* *pizz.*

Golden Wattle


Words: Denis Kevans Music: Sonia Bennett (Arr. Sam O'Brien)

Verse 1: Sonia plus harp (arpeggios)
 Verse 2: Sonia + strings, harp & keyboard (+ flutes at end)
 Verse 3: Sonia + solo sop, strings, harp & keyboard
 Instrumental: Flute, strings, harp & keyboard
 Verse 4: All

SB. 

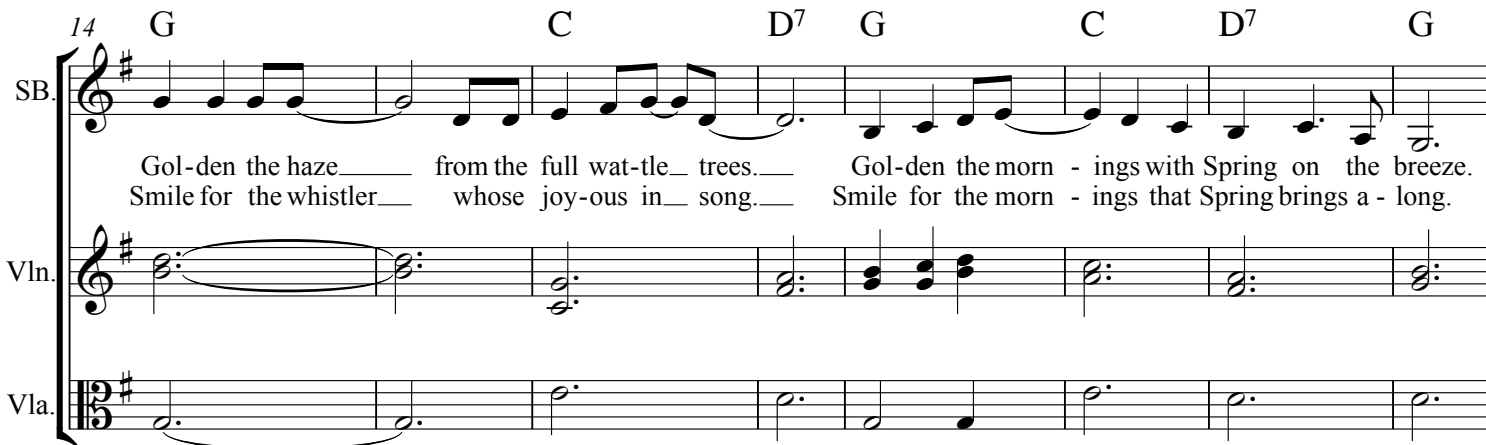
6 **A** Verses 1 & 2


SB. 


Vln. 

Vla. 

14 G C D7 G C D7 G

SB. 

Vln. 

Vla. 

22 G C D7 G **B** D Verse 3 G

SB. 

Har. 

Fl. 

Vln. 

Vla. 

31 D G C D

SB. Dance with the blos-soms hung down to your knees. Dance in the noon of the hot burn-ing day.

Har.

Vln.

Vla.

39 G C D7 G

SB. Dance as the even-ing falls mem-ories a - way.

Har.

Fl. G C D7 G

Vln.

Vla.

48 C Instrumental Interlude

Fl. G C D7 G C D7 G

Vln.

Vla.

58 C D7 G C D7 G C D7 G

Fl.

Vln.

Vla.

D Verse 4

69 SB. *G C D⁷ G C D⁷*

Gold-en the wat-tle, that spreads through this land. Gol-den the wat-tle, to hold in your hand.

Har. *G C D⁷ G C D⁷*

Ooh _____ Do do do do do do do. Ooh _____

Ch. *G C D⁷ G C D⁷*

(Oohs)

Vln. *G C D⁷ G C D⁷*

Vla. *G C D⁷ G C D⁷*

77 SB. *G C D⁷ G C D⁷ G*

Gold-en the haze, from the full wat-tle trees. Gold-en the morn- ings with Spring on the breeze.

Har. *G C D⁷ G C D⁷ G*

Ooh _____ Do do do do do do do. Ooh _____ Do do do do do do.

Ch. *G C D⁷ G C D⁷ G*

Vln. *G C D⁷ G C D⁷ G*

Vla. *G C D⁷ G C D⁷ G*

85 SB. *G C D⁷ G*

Gold - en the morn - ings with Spring on the breeze.

Har. *G C D⁷ G*

Gold - en the morn - ings with Spring on the breeze.

Ch. *G C D⁷ G*

Gold - en the morn - ings with Spring on the breeze.

Vln. *G C D⁷ G*

Vla. *G C D⁷ G*

Eve of Destruction

2 bars drums --> 4 bars guitar (D)

V1: Wayne --> Chorus

V2: Wayne --> Chorus

V3: Ian --> Chorus

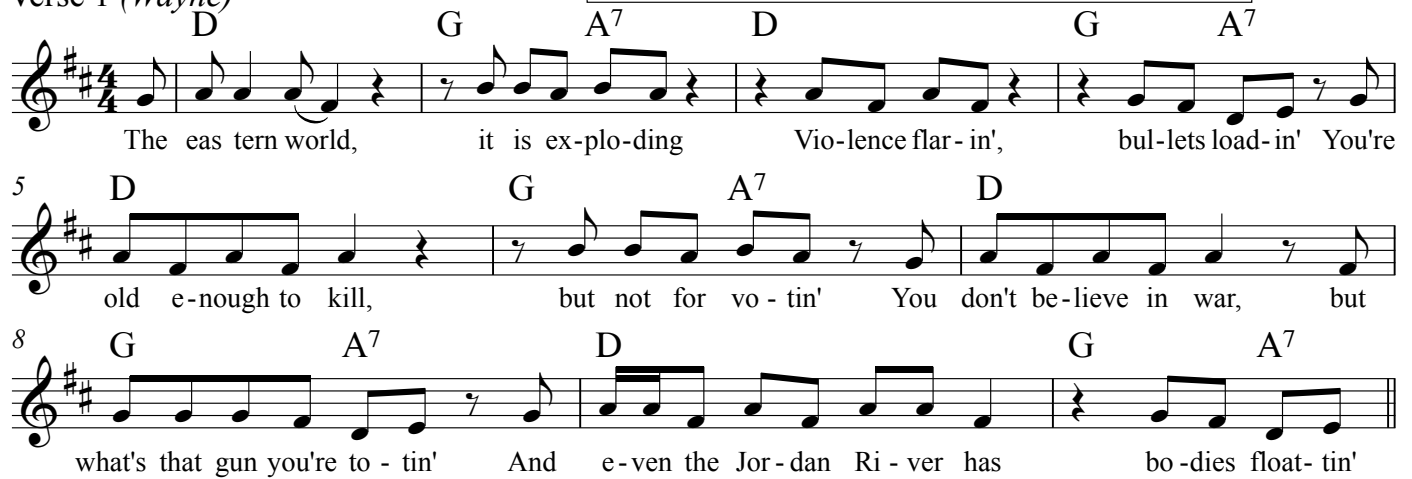
V4: Men --> Chorus

V5: All --> Chorus (extra 'and over') + rpt last phrase

P F Sloan

Verse 1 (Wayne)

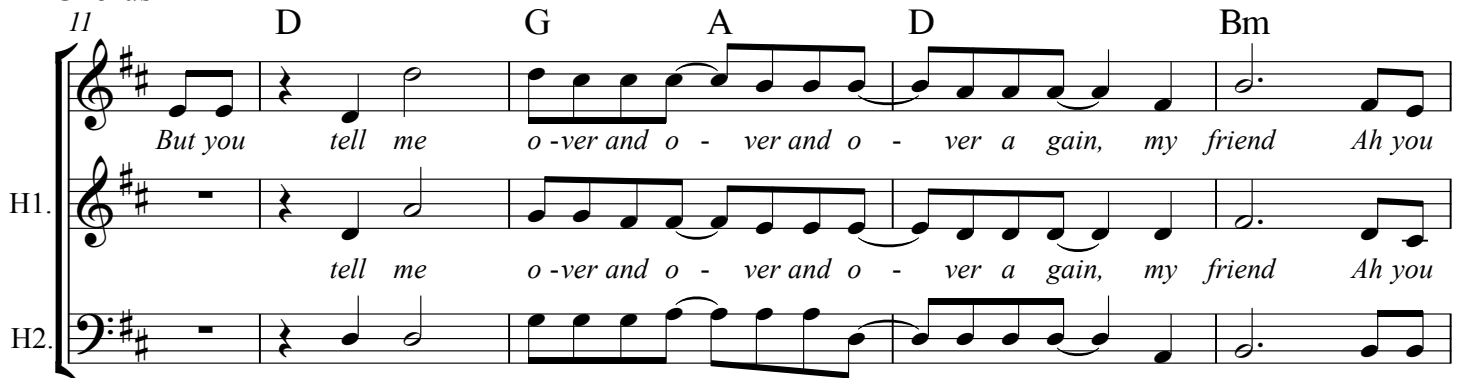
D
G
A⁷
D
G
A⁷



The eas tern world, it is ex-plo-ding Vio-lence flar-in', bul-lets load-in' You're
 old e-nough to kill, but not for vo-tin' You don't be-lieve in war, but
 what's that gun you're to-tin' And e-ven the Jor-dan Ri-ver has bo-dies float-tin'

Chorus

D
G
A
D
Bm



But you tell me o-ver and o-ver and o-ver a gain, my friend Ah you
 tell me o-ver and o-ver and o-ver a gain, my friend Ah you

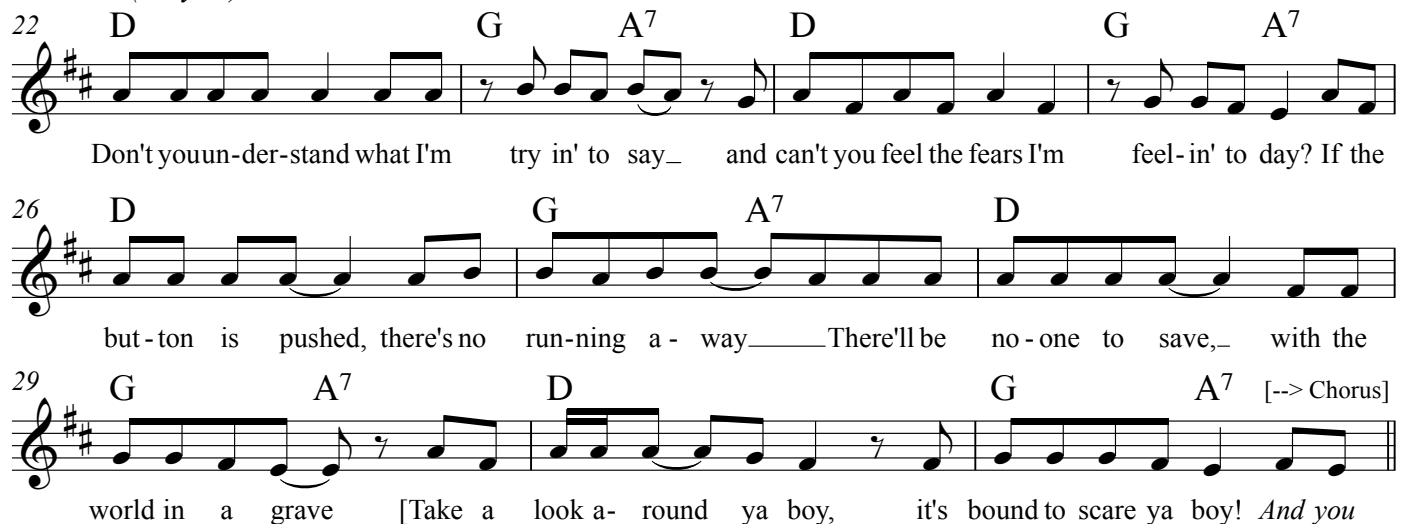
G
A⁷
D
G
A⁷
Fine (D)



don't be lieve we're on the eve_ of de-struc tion._
 don't be lieve we're on the eve_ of de-struc tion._

Verse 2 (Wayne)

D
G
A⁷
D
G
A⁷



Don't you un-der-stand what I'm try in' to say_ and can't you feel the fears I'm feel-in' to day? If the
 but-ton is pushed, there's no run-ning a-way_ There'll be no-one to save,_ with the

G
A⁷
D
G
A⁷
[--> Chorus]

world in a grave [Take a look a-round ya boy, it's bound to scare ya boy! And you

Verse 3 (Ian)

Verse 4 (Men)

32 D G A⁷ D

Yeah my blood's so mad feels like co-ag-u-la-tin' I'm sit-ting here just

37 G A⁷ D G A⁷

con-tem-pla-tin' I can't twist the truth it knows no reg-u-la-tion.

40 D G A⁷

Hand-ful of sen-a-tors, don't pass leg-is-la-tion And

42 D G A⁷ D

march-es a-lone can't bring in-te-gra-tion When hu-man res-pect is

45 G A⁷ D G A⁷ [--> Chorus]

dis-in-te-gra-tin' this whole cra-zy world is just too frus-tra-tin' And you

Verse 5 (All)

48 D G A⁷

And think of all the hate there is in Red Chi-na Then

52 D G A⁷

take a look a-round to Sel-ma Al-a-bam-a

54 D G A⁷

You may leave here for 4 days in space But

56 D G A⁷

when you re-turn it's the same old place The

58 D G A⁷ D

poun-ding of the drums, the pride and dis-grace. You can bur-y your dead, but

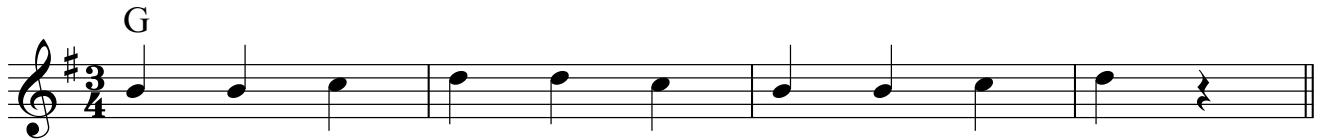
61 G A⁷ D G A⁷ [--> Chorus]

don't leave a trace Hate your next door neigh-bour, but don't for-get to say grace, And

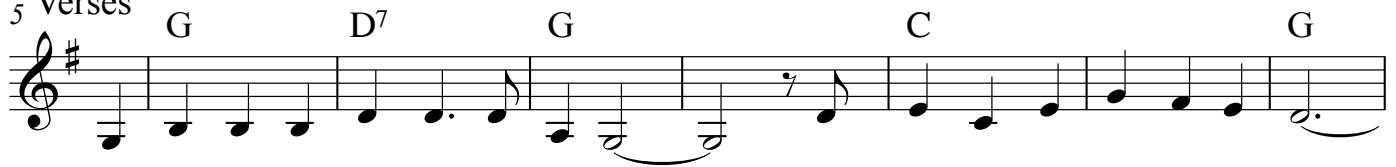
Blow Leaves

Words & Music: Denis Kevans - 1985

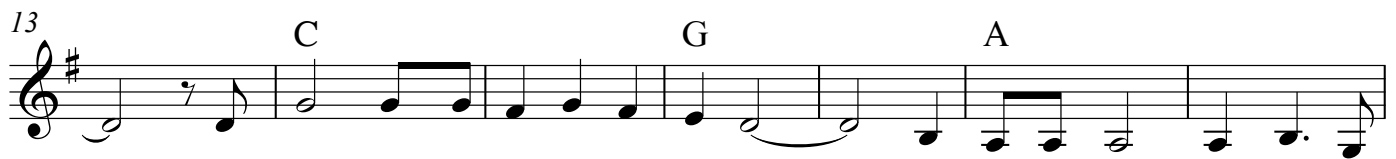
Arr. Sonia Bennett



5 Verses



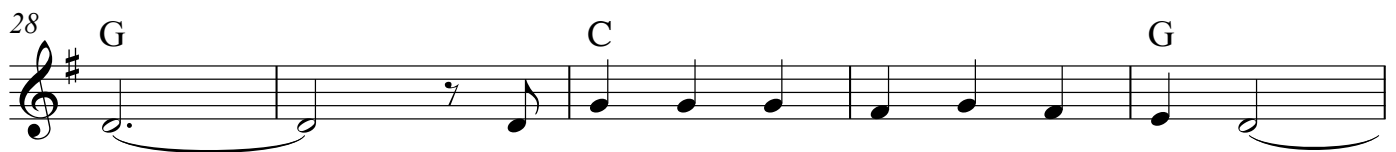
When myr - tle leaves fall in the val - ley, _____ A bright col - oured car - pet is laid, _____
 In media - e - val pag - eants re - mem ber, _____ They decked all the dan - ces with leaves, _____
 The myr - tles make sum - mer their aut umn, _____ They dish out the yel - low and red, _____
 I walked in this val - ley of wat ers, _____ Where the half - light is weav - ing its spell, _____



Down isles of the rain - for - est sal - ly, _____ those col - our - ful troops on pa -
 For they wor - shipped the trees and their beau - ty, _____ or so man - y peo - ple be -
 The green and the brown in their thous ands, _____ to make col - oured quilts for their
 And the leaves of the rain - for - est val leys, _____ they col - our my dream - ing as



rade, _____ Whipped by the winds of the even ing, _____ they rise, in a cloud to the
 lieved. _____ And here in the heat of the sum mer, _____ the pag - eants re - pea - ed once
 bed. _____ Along and a - way up the val - ley, _____ they wind, in a pat - tern, to
 well, _____ Like bing - o tick - ets in mill ions, _____ like lotter - y tick - ets gal



sky, _____ And shake out a hun - dred bright col - ours, _____
 more, _____ Where sum - mer leaves gath - er in thous - ands, _____
 see, _____ And un - wind the parts of my memor - y, _____
 ore, _____ That na - ture has bought me for - e - ver, _____



and fill up the tra - vell - er's eye. _____
 and dance, with their mates, on the floor. _____
 way back down the moun - tain for me. _____
 they lie on the rain - for - est floor. _____

Chorus

38 C

Blow leaves blow through my mind

Blow leaves blow through my mind

Men.

42 C/B Am G (Solo)

blow all my dreams a way, The

blow all my dreams a way,

Men.

48 C C/B Am Am/G (Tutti) D⁷ G

col our of dreams and of sun sets, the col-ours of yes - ter - day.

Men.

Gendarmes' Duet

Words: H. B. Farnie Music: J. Offenbach

V1.

V2.

5 D A D A⁷ D

T.

8

And of ourselves we take good care!
Then lit - tle but - ter - flies we chase!
And punch each o - ther's heads at night,

B.

We're pub-lic guard ians, bold, yet wa - ry, To risk our
Sometimes our du - ty's ex - tra mu - ral, We like to
If gen - tle men will make a ri - ot, We're quite dis

V1.

V2.

10 A D A⁷ D

T.

8

When dan - ger looms we're nev - er there!
Com - mune with Na - ture face to face!
Pro - vid - ed that they make it right!

B.

pre - cious lives we're cha - ry, But when we
gam - bol in things ru - ral, Un - to our
posed to keep it qui - et, But if they

V1.

V2.

14 G D G D A⁷

T. Or lit-tle boysthat do no harm, Werunthem in,
 Refresh'dbyNa ture's ho - ly charm,
 Or give to us our pro-per terms!

B. meet a helpless wo - man, We run them in, we run them
 beat then back re - turn - ing,
 do not seem to see it,

V1.

V2.

19 D A⁷ D

T. we run them in, We show them we're the bold Gen - darmes!

B. in, We run them

V1.

V2.

22 A⁷ Bm G D A⁷ D

T. We run them in, we run them in, We show them we're the bold Gen - darmes!

B. in, we run them in, we run them in, We show them we're the bold Gen - darmes!

V1.

V2.

Once In Royal David's City

(H. J. Gauntlett - Oxford 100 Carols for Choirs)

Descant

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Bmin D G A/E A⁷ D⁷ G G/B G D C D⁷ G

Once in roy - al Da - vid's - ci - ty Stood a low - ly cat - tle - shed,
 He came down to earth - from - hea - ven Who is God and Lord - of - all,
 And our eyes at last - shall - see him, Through his own re - deem - ing - love,
 Not in that poor low - ly - sta - ble, With the ox - en stand - ing - by,

Once in roy - al Da - vid's - ci - ty Stood a low - ly cat - tle - shed,
 He came down to earth - from - hea - ven Who is God and Lord - of - all,
 And our eyes at last - shall - see him, Through his own re - deem - ing - love,
 Not in that poor low - ly - sta - ble, With the ox - en stand - ing - by,

7

D.

S.

A.

T.

B.

Bmin D G A/E A⁷ D⁷ G G/B G D C D⁷ G

Where a mo - ther laid - her - ba - by In a man - ger for - his - bed:
 And his shel - ter was - a - sta - ble, And his cra - dle was - a - stall;
 For that child so dear - and - gent - le Is our Lord in heav - en a - bove;
 We shall see him; but - in - hea - ven, Set at God's right hand - on - high;

Where a mo - ther laid - her - ba - by In a man - ger for - his - bed:
 And his shel - ter was - a - sta - ble, And his cra - dle was - a - stall;
 For that child so dear - and - gent - le Is our Lord in heav - en a - bove;
 We shall see him; but - in - hea - ven, Set at God's right hand - on - high;

13

D.

S.
 Ma - ry was that mo - ther mild,
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly -
 And he leads his child - ren on
 When like stars his child - ren crowned

A.

T.
 Ma - ry was that mo - ther mild,
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly -
 And he leads his child - ren on
 When like stars his child - ren crowned

B.

16

D.

S.
 Je - sus Christ earth - tle - tle child.
 Lived on our sa - viour - holy.
 To the place where he is - gone.
 All in white shall wait - a - round.

A.

T.
 Je - sus Christ earth - tle - tle child.
 Lived on our sa - viour - holy.
 To the place where he is - gone.
 All in white shall wait - a - round.

B.

Verse 1: Nicky a capella
 Verse 2: Page 1: Nicky (with soft instruments) Page 2: Tutti (soft)
 Verse 3: Tutti
 Verse 4: Tutti

The night they drove old Dixie down

Robbie Robertson

5 Am C F Am
Vir-gil Caine is my name and I served on the Den-ville train.

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

13 F C Am F
In the win-ter of six-ty five we were hun- gry, just bare-ly a- live,

17 Am F C Am D⁷
By May the tenth Rich-mond had fell, it was a time I re-mem-ber oh, so well.

23 C F C Am
The night they drove old Dix-ie down, and all the bells were ring-ing, The
The night they drove old Dix-ie down, The

28 C F C Am

S. *night they drove old Dix-ie down, — and all the peo-ple were sing - ing, They went,*

T. *night they drove old Dix-ie down, —*

B. *night they drove old Dix-ie down, —*

Vln.

32 C Am D⁷ F

S. *La, la, la, la, la, — La, la, la, la la, la — la, la — la.*

T. *La, la, la, la, la, — La, la, la, la la, la — la, la — la.*

B. *La, la, la, la, la, — La, la, la, la la, la — la, la — la.*

Vln.

37 C

S. *Back with my wife in Tennessee, when one day she called to me,*

Vln.

"Virgil, quick, come and 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.

Like my father before me, I will work the land,
 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.

Rolling Home

John Tams

V1: Wayne --> Chorus
 V2: Ian --> Chorus
 V3: Rima --> Chorus
 V4: Men --> Chorus
 V5: All --> Chorus --> Chorus (a capella)

Verse 1 (Wayne)

F
C7
F
Bb

Round goes the wheel of for- tune don't be a-fraid to ride, There's a land of milk and
 hon ey_ waits on the oth - er side... There'll be peace & there'll be plen - ty, you'll
 ne ver. need to roam. When we go_ roll ing_ home, when we go roll - ing home.

Chorus

F
Bb
C7

Rol - ling home, when we_ go roll - ing home, when we_ go
 roll - ing home

Rol - ling home, when we_ go roll - ing home, when we_ go

F
Bb
Gm
F
C7
F

roll - ing, roll - ing when we go roll - ing home.

roll - ing, roll - ing when we go roll - ing home.

Verse 2 (Ian)

F
C7
F
Bb

The gen try_ in their fine ar ray, do pros-per night and morn. While we un - to_ the
 fields must go_ to plough and sow the corn. The rich they steal the pow-er, but the

36 C⁷ F C⁷ F [--> Chorus]

glor-y's ours a-lone. When we go roll-ing home, when we go roll-ing home.

Verse 3 (Rima)

42 F C⁷ F B \flat

The frost is on the hedge row, the i-cy winds do blow. While we poor wear-y

48 F C⁷ B \flat F

la-bour ers strive through the driv ing_ snow, Our_ dreams fly up to glo - ry of

53 C⁷ F C⁷ F [--> Chorus]

where the lark has flown. When we go roll-ing home, when we go roll-ing home.

Verse 4 (Men)

59 F C⁷ F B \flat

The sum mer of re-sent ment,- the win-ter of des- pair,- The jour ney to_ con

65 F C⁷ B \flat F

tent ment is set with trap and snare. Stand to and stand to- geth-er, your

70 C⁷ F C⁷ F [--> Chorus]

la bours yours a-lone. When we go roll ing_ home, when we go roll-ing home.

Verse 5 (All)

76 F C⁷ F B \flat

So_ pass the bot tle_ 'round and let the toast go_ free. Here's a health to ev er-y

82 F C⁷ B \flat F

la bour er where - e-ver they may be. Fair wa-ges now and e - ver, let's

87 C⁷ F C⁷ F [--> Chorus x2]

reap what we_ have sown. When we go roll- ing_ home, when we_ go roll - ing home.

Where have all the flowers gone?

Pete Seeger

A F#m
Where have all the flowers gone?

Bm E
Long time passing

A F#m
Where have all the flowers gone?

Bm E
Long time ago

A F#m
Where have all the flowers gone?

Bm E
Girls have picked them every one

Bm A
When will they ever learn?

Bm E A
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone?

Long time passing

Where have all the young girls gone?

Long time ago

Where have all the young girls gone?

Taken husbands every one

When will they ever learn?

When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young men gone?

Long time passing

Where have all the young men gone?

Long time ago

Where have all the young men gone?

Gone for soldiers every one

When will they ever learn?

When will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone?

Long time passing

Where have all the soldiers gone?

Long time ago

Where have all the soldiers gone?

Gone to graveyards every one

When will they ever learn?

When will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone?

Long time passing

Where have all the graveyards gone?

Long time ago

Where have all the graveyards gone?

Covered with flowers every one

When will we ever learn?

When will we ever learn?