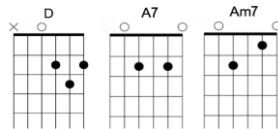


2-Chord Old-Timey Songs in D from CreekDontRise.com



Chords Used in These Songs:



Buffalo Gals

D
Buffalo Gals, won't you come out tonight?
A7 D
Come out tonight, come out tonight?
D
Buffalo Gals, won't you come out tonight,
A7 D
And dance by the light of the moon?

As I was walking down the street,
Down the street, down the street,
A pretty little gal I chanced to meet,
Oh, she was fair to view!

I danced with that gal with a hole in her stocking,
And her heel kept a-rockin' and her toe kept a-knockin',
I danced with that gal with a hole in her stocking,
And we danced by the light of the moon!

My Darling Clementine

D
Oh my darling, oh my darling
D A7
Oh my darling, Clementine
A7 D
You are lost and gone forever
D A7
Dreadful sorry, Clementine

In a cavern, in a canyon, Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner forty-niner, And his daughter, Clementine

Light she was, and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine.
Herring boxes, without topses
Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove the ducklings to the water
Every morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine

Ruby lips above the water
Blowing bubbles soft and fine
But alas, I was no swimmer
So I lost my Clementine

Down in the Valley

D A7
Down in the valley, the valley so low,
D
Hang your head over; hear the wind blow.
A7
Hear the wind blow, Dear, hear the wind blow.
D
Hang your head over; hear the wind blow.

Roses love sunshine; violets love dew.
Angels in Heaven know I love you.
Know I love you, Dear, know I love you.
Angels in Heaven know I love you.

Go tell Aunt Rhody,

D A7 D
Go tell Aunt Rhody, Go tell Aunt Rhody,
D A7 D
Go tell Aunt Rhody, The old gray goose is dead.

The one she's been saving, The one she's been saving,
The one she's been saving, To make a feather bed.

She died last Sunday, She died last Sunday,
She died last Sunday, Standing on her head.

Old Joe Clark

D D Am7
Fair-thee-well, Old Joe Clark! Fair-thee-well, I say!
D Am7 D
Fair-thee-well, Old Joe Clark; Be back again some day.

D
I went down to Old Joe Clark's,
D Am7
Never been there before.
D
Stuck my toe in the table-leg
Am7 D
Stuck my nose in the butter.

Old Joe Clark, he had a house, Eighteen stories high.
Every story in that house/Was filled with chicken pie.

Old Joe Clark, he had a cow, Sure was muley born.
Took a jaybird half a day/To fly from horn to horn.