THE BAND
&
MUSIC FROM BIG PINK

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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 000 G/B 000 C/E 0 0 0 G 000 G/B 000

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

C/E 0 0 0 G 000 G/B 000 C/E 0 0 0

Try and understand your man the best you can.

Moderately

G 000 A7 0 0 0 C 0 0 Em 000 G 000

Across The Great Divide, Just grab your hat, and take that ride,

A 0 0 0 C 0 0 Em 000 G 000

Get yourself a bride And bring your children down to the river side.

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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 weary sign for all,

I'm gonna leave this one-horse town, Had t' stall till the fall, now I'm gonna crawl.
with the gun, __
Sun- day, _
chick- en ev - 'ry

Now, Mol- 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.

D.S. § al Coda

Coda
RAG MAMA RAG

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Moderate Boogie-Rock

I can't believe it's true.

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

what's come o-ver you?
Rag Ma-ma Rag,
I'm a

pull, in' out your gag;
Gon-na
turn you loose like an old ca-boose, Got a tail,

I need a drag,
I ask a-bout your tur-tle, and

you ask a-bout the weath-er, Well, I can't jump the hur-dle and we~
can't get together.

We could be relaxin'

in my sleep-in' bag.

But all you wanna do for me, ma-ma, is a

There's nowhere to go,

Rag Ma-ma Rag.

Come on resalin' up the bow.

1. 2.
It's hundred proof, a good proof,

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 beat in' 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-

Ma-ma Rag.  
Rag Ma-ma Rag.

Where do you roam?  
Rag Ma-ma 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

Am

C/G

C

F

F/E

Dm

Am

C/G

F

F/E

Dm

Am/E

F

C

Dm

Am/E

C

F

C

Dm

Am/E

F

D

Verse

Moderately slow

Virgil Caine— is the name, and I served on 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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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.

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 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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I'm a fool.
So I
walked on down the road a mile,
Went to the house that brings a smile,
Sat up on my grandpa's knee, And what do you think he said to me?
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)

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)

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)
Wash my hands in lye water, I got a date with the fade
cap-tain's daugh-ter. You can go and tell your broth-er
love one an-oth-er, Oh! You And
may be right, and ya might be wrong, I ain't gon-na wor-ry all day long.

May be right, and ya might be wrong, I ain't gon-na wor-ry all day long. 

You can go and tell your broth-er 

love one an-oth-er, Moh-ses stood.
UP ON CRIPPLE CREEK

Words and Music by J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Moderately

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, Lou'is'iana, Lit-tle Bes-sie, girl I once knew_ And she told me just to

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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

With only

Bb7/D

Am/G

Am

Cadd9

Cmaj7

Em7

G7

If you find me in a gloom

Am/G

F

Cadd9

Em7

G7

If you find me in a gloom

G7

F

Cadd9

Em7

G7

If you find me in a gloom

Em7

Cmaj7

Cadd9

Am

Am/G

Cadd9

Am

Cadd9

Am

Cadd9

If on-ly one star shines

That's just e-nough to get in-side.
I will wait un-til it all goes 'round with you in sight, The lost are found.

Fog-horn through the night, Calling out to sea,

Protect my only light For she once belonged.

Let the waves rush in,

Let the sea gulls cry,
Moderately driving 4

JEMIMA SURRENDER

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON and
LEVON HELM

Ain't no pre-tend - er, _ gon-na ride in my ca-noe._

If I _ were a bark-er in a girl-y show,_

Tell ya

what I'd do,_ I'd lock the door,_
tear my shirt_ And let my riv-er flow._

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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

Moderately bright 2

Chorus

F

C/E

Dm7 Am/E Dm/F G7 C

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

And it's runnin' right up on you.

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

Dm7 Am/E Dm/F G7 C

Fine

Bye-bye, baby, don'tcha lie so still,

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Verse

Was Wedn's-day even' when first we heard the word,
It did not come by train nor bird.
'Twas when Ben Pike stepped down to say,
"This old town's gon-na blow a-way."

EXTRA WORDS

Chair 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 warnin' 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

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Chorus

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!

Slow shuffle

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

Oh, Jaw-bone, — you
Go in' on the lam,

Oh, Jaw-bone, why don't cha go home?

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?

Boost-in' and go-in' out on the lam,
Ya know that you'll steal anything that you can,

stands just behind that door, So what you wanna go and open it for?

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.
THE UNFAITHFUL SERVANT

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Moderately

Guitar —> E7  D/F#  G  D/F#  A/E  A
(Capo up 2 frets)

Keyboard —> F#7  B/G#  A  E/G#  B/F#

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

soon in the morn - in'.  What, did you  do to the la - dy

whis - tle blow - in',  Yes, that  train is a - com - in'

that she's gon - na have to  send you a - way?  Un - faith - ful

and soon  you'll be a - go in'.  Let us not

Ser - vant,  bow our heads for  you don't have to  say you're sor - ry,

we won't be com - plain - in';  If you done it just -

Life has been good

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She really cared, it's just as it was, the time she spared, it's much too cold for and the home you shared. It's just for the glory?

Like a stranger, you turned your back, even when that sky is rainin'.

Bear in mind who's to blame, and all the shame; Makes no difference if we fade away.

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

She really cared, 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,

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! lone-some serv-ant,

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

Hang a-round, Willie Boy, don't you raise the sails

It's for sure, I've spent my whole life at

Now there's
That big Rock-in' Chair won't
of our tears, _

on - ly one place that was meant for me:

Oh, to be home a - gain, _
Down in old Vir - gin - ay,

With my ver - y best friend,
They call him Rag - time Wil - lie. We're_

gon-na soothe a - way the rest of our years,
We're gon-na put a - way all_

of our tears, _ That big Rock-in' Chair won't go no - where.
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.

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.

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.
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.

Fine

King Harvest has surely come.

I work for the union 'cause she's so good
C

-to me;

And I'm bound to come

F

out on top,

that's where she said I should be.

Am

I will hear ev'ry word the boss may say,

For

Am

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

Moderately

Words by BOB DYLAN
Music by RICHARD MANUEL

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1. We carried you in our arms On Independence Day,
And now you'd throw us all aside And put us on our way.
Oh, what dear daughter 'neath the sun could treat a father so
To wait upon him hand and foot And always tell him
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

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
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

Moderately

Words and Music by
JAIME ROBBIE ROBERTSON

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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 watch-man 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
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 Nazareth, was feelin'bout half past dead;
I just need some place where

I can lay my head."

"Hey, mister, 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 Fanny,

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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)

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)

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)

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)

ADDITIONAL WORDS

Put the load right on me. — Hum

Last time only

Take a load for free; Take a load off Fan-ny

And (and) (and) you

A E D A D

0 0 0 0 0 O O O

A A D

0 0 0 0 0 0 0
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.

Ech-o-ing a-cross the hall, Don't give up on fa-ther'clock,
We Can Talk about it now.

Come let me show you how.

To keep the wheels turnin' got to keep the engines churnin'. Did you ever milk a cow, I had the chance one day, But I was all dressed up for Sunday.

Everybody, everywhere, Do you really care

Pick up your heads and walk. We Can Talk about it now.
Soft shoe tempo

C 0 0 Bb 0

E7 D7 0 0

F 0

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. Wob—

C 0 0 Bb 0

E7 D7 0 0

F 0

A 0

E7 0

A 0

E7 0

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 0 0

G 0 0

A 0

Pulling that eternal plough We've got to find a sharper blade
We Can Talk a-bout it now.

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.

We Can Talk a-bout it now...
Words and Music by
JAKE ROBERTSON

2nd time no repeat

---

1. I know she's a track-

---

They say she's a choos-

---

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.

   *Intertlude (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, We were goin' to meet a-gain and

Dm

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

F

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

Am

come to you With an-

other tale to tell,

C

But you

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2. If your mem'ry serves you well
   I was gain' to confiscate your lice
   And wrap it up in a saller'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 re-

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 shin-in'
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

Guitar
(Capo up
2 frets)

Keyboard

Moderately fast

Fore-father pointed to Kingdom Come,  
Sadly told his only son.

"Just be careful what you do,  
It all comes back on you."

False witness spread the news,  
Somebody's gonna lose

Either she or me or you,  
There's nothing we can do.  
So,
Don't cha say a word Or repeat a thing you heard,
Time will tell you, well, If you truly fell.
Tarred and feathered, yea!

Thistles and thorns, One or the other He kindly warns.

Now look out the window tell me What do you see?
So, you see. I'm not a false witness, cast an evil eye,
Said I cannot tell a lie,

I see a golden calf pointing back at me.
Last time, roll.

Sitting here for so darn long, waiting for the end to come along.

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

D.S. al Fine
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-ly-in', you

To next strain

Fine

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

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Verse 1.

Now, me and Jake, we were down on the river, on the ferry, "Sal-ti-more".

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

People lined up all along the shore.

Crap game will take you to the cleaners, Rye whiskey to the grave.

Verse 2.
I guess one man here has got to die. 

D.S.~

Al Fine

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Verse 3.

River woman don't you come no closer, 'cause me and Jake got no time.

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Carried a mean streak in his eye; Now, him and Jake both want-

D

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A

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ed Anna-bella, I guess one man here has got to die.