

WWW.ALIROMANOW.COM

Folk Harmonic

TUESDAYS 7:30PM | \$15/DROP-IN | 4839 HEADQUARTERS ROAD



AIN'T NO FUN TO BE ALONE IN SAN ANTONE

GENE WATSON

*G*⁶ *D*⁷

IT'S A - NO - THER SAT - UR - DAY NIGHT DOWN IN SAN AN - TON - I - O. AND I
YOU SAID WE COULD MEET AT THE CAF - E CAR - ME - LI - TA. SO WHILE I

*G*⁶

5 LOOK FOR YOU FROM THE RI - VER WALK TO THE A - LA - MO. I
WAIT - ED ON YOU I HAD ME A FEW MARG - A - RI - TAS. NOW ITS

*G*⁶ *G*⁷ *C*⁶ *A*m

9 CHECKED OUT ALL THE HANG OUTS BUT YOUR WHEREA BOUTS WERE UN KNOWN AND IT
CLOS - ING TIME AND THEY'RE SAYING THAT I'M GONNA HAVE TO BE MOV - ING ON

*D*⁷ *G*⁶

13 AINT NO FUN TO BE A - LONE DOWN IN SAN AN - TONE. I THOUGHT

*G*⁶ *D*⁷

17 YOU WERE MY SAN AN - TONE ROSE AND

*G*⁶

21 I WAS YOUR HILL BILL - Y ROM - E - O. THE

*G*⁶ *G*⁷ *C*⁶ *A*m

25 WAY THAT YOU HELD ME I THOUGHT YOU'D NE - VER GO BUT THEN YOU

*D*⁷ *G*⁶

29 LEFT ME ALL A - LONE DOWN IN SAN AN - TON - I O.

All this trouble in the World – the Fugitives
NIFH March 24, 2015

arr. Ali Romanow

Chorus

F	C	Dm	Bb
F	C	Dm	Bb
Bb			

Verse

F	Dm	Bb	F C
F	Dm	Bb C	F

Capo 5

C	G	Am	F
C	G	Am	F
F			
C	Am	F	C G
C	Am	F G	C

*All this trouble in the world, Let it come, let it come
All this trouble in the world, Let it come, let it come*

The infirm all alone by the window in their beds
The fears that are real, the doubts just in our heads
Straining to remember when we've forgotten what was said
All our problems always

Child on the playground pushed too far up in the swing
Chasing the life partner who will never wear the ring
The song that you cherish but the notes too high to sing
All our problems always

Chorus

The same old god with a hundred different names
Elevator music while the holding caller waits
A flaking painting outlived by its frame
All our problems always

Praying for the cold in the summer and for winter in the heat
Every narrow darkly lit street
Worshipping the beauty of her body but hesitating at the feet
All our problems always

Trying to leave town when the love affair is done
The bus that comes too early the train that never comes
There's 50 ways to leave you r love why can't I just find one?
All our problems always...

**It is the softness of our skins against the sharp edge of a knife
It is the regiments of day versus the pleasures of the night
It is the certainty of death and the passion for this life
All our problems always**

Better Quit Now – Country Blues

Claude Casey & His Pine State Playboys

(Depending on who is singing you can change Mama in the final line of the chorus to Papa or Baby. This can also be done to the 5th & 6th verses by re-arranging the lyrics so that the gender is switched.

It is also perfectly acceptable to leave it as the original no matter who is singing the lead..)

You don't want me you want my dough,
Whatcha gonna do when there ain't more?
You better quit it now (oh you better quit it now)
You better quit it now (oh you better quit it now)
Sweet Sweet Mama, you better quit it now.

You step high wide and free
That ain't nothing its all on me...

It's so late, at last you're in,
Oh my gosh tell me where you been...

Some day soon, you'll come home,
And you'll be there all alone...

Now this man, who is he?
And why are you on his knee?

See here woman one more word
Don't you dare call me absurd...

G6	G6	G6	G6
C7	C7	G6	G6
D7	D7	G6	G6

Brother, Drop Dead (Boogie)

Redd Stewart & His Kentucky Colonels 1950

A6	A6	A6	A6
D7	D7	A6	A6
E7	E7	A6	A6

I met the cutest little gal down in Tennessee
I told her that I loved her asked her did she love me?
She was the sweetest gal for miles around
She had the cutest little dimples in her cheeks so round
I tried to steal a little kiss and this is what she said:
You're barking up the wrong tree, Brother, drop dead!

I took her out for a ball 'neath the Tennessee moon
I started conversation 'bout a bride and a groom
I promised her a cottage in some Tennessee town
And I said I'd quit my roaming, stop my running around.
But when I popped the question 'bout the day we would wed
The only thing she said to me was: Brother, drop dead!

Well she finally said she'd have me said she'd be my wife
I thought how happy we would be, settled down for life
I even bought a wedding ring and put it on her hand
We went and got the license went to see the preacher man
He said is this the man that you were wanting to wed?
But the only thing she said to him was: Brother, drop dead!

Now you've heard my story 'bout the way she treated me
The little gal I fell in love with down in Tennessee
She went away and left me in the dumps and feeling blue
and that's the reason that I tell my story to you,
So if you've thought of married life, remember what I've said
Just pack your load and hit the road and tell her drop dead

Optional Intro/Outro:

A7 G#7	G7 F#7	F7 E7	A6	A6
--------	--------	-------	----	----

Dark Eyes

Musical notation for the first system, measures 1-4. Chords: A7, D-.

4/4

A7 D-

TAB: 4 0 1 0 0 4 0 1 0 0 0 0

Musical notation for the second system, measures 5-8. Chords: A7, Bb6.

A7 Bb6

TAB: 0 4 4 2 3 4 2 0 0 3 0

Musical notation for the third system, measures 9-12. Chords: G-6, D-.

G-6 D-

TAB: 3 2 2 1 1 2 3 2 0 0 0 0 4 0

Musical notation for the fourth system, measures 13-16. Chords: A7, D-.

A7 D-

TAB: 1 0 2 3 0 0

Everything is Free – Gillian Welch

Dm	F	C	G
----	---	---	---

Everything is free now
That's what they say
Everything I ever done
Gonna give it away.
Someone hit the big score
They figured it out
That we're **gonna do it anyway**
Even if doesn't pay.

I can get a tip jar
Gas up the car
Try to make a little change
Down at the bar.
Or I can get a straight job
I've done it before
Never minded working hard
It's who I'm working for.

Everything is free now
That's what they say
Everything I ever done
Gonna give it away.
Someone hit the big score
They figured it out
That we're gonna do it anyway
Even if doesn't pay.

Every day I wake up
Humming a song
But I don't need to run around
I just stay home.
Sing a little love song
My love and myself
If there's something that you want to hear
You can sing it yourself.

'Cause everything is free now
That's what I said
No one's got to listen to
The words in my head.
Someone hit the big score
And I figured it out
That I'm gonna do it anyway
Even if doesn't pay.

GAUCHO (CORTA-JACA)

CHIQUINHA GONGAZA

VIOLIN

UKULELE

1 2 3 4

VLN.

UKE.

5 6 7 8

VLN.

UKE.

9 10 11 12

VLN.

UKE.

13 14 15 16

VLN.

UKE.

17 18 19 20

VLN.

UKE.

21 22 23 24

25 C7 F

VLN.

UKE.

29 Gm C7 F

VLN.

UKE.

33 C7 F

VLN.

UKE.

37 1. Dm Bb A7

VLN.

UKE.

41 2. Gm C7 F A7 D.C. AL CODA Dm

VLN.

UKE.

GAUCHO (CORTA-JACA)

CHIQUINHA GONGAZA

VIOLIN

ACOUSTIC GUITAR

DM A7 DM A7

2/4 0 2-2-2 3 2-2-2 | 2 2-2-2 5 2-2-2 | 0 2-2-2 3 2-2-2 | 2 2-2-2 5 2-2-2

5 VLN.

A. GTR.

DM A7 DM A7

4/4 0 2 3 0 2 3 | 2 1 2 2 0 1 | 0 3 2 1 3 2 | 2 2 2

9 VLN.

A. GTR.

DM A7 DM A7

4/4 2-2-2 3 2-2-2 | 2 2-2-2 5 2-2-2 | 0 2-2-2 3 2-2-2 | 2 2-2-2 5 2-2-2

13 VLN.

A. GTR.

D7 Gm A7 DM

4/4 0 1 0 4 0 2 | 0 4 0 3 3 3 | 2 3 2 1 2 2 | 0 3 2 3 0 0

17 VLN.

A. GTR.

D7 Gm A7 DM

4/4 0 1 0 4 0 2 | 0 4 0 3 3 3 | 2 3 2 1 2 0 | 3 2-2-2 3 2-2-2

21 VLN.

A. GTR.

A7 DM A7 DM Db7

4/4 2 2-2-2 5 2-2-2 | 0 2-2-2 3 2-2-2 | 2 2-2-2 0 2-2-2 | 0 0 4

2

25 C7 F

VLN.

A. GTR.

29 Gm C7 F

VLN.

A. GTR.

33 C7 F

VLN.

A. GTR.

37 1. Dm Bb A7

VLN.

A. GTR.

41 2. Gm C7 F A7 D.C. AL CODA Dm

VLN.

A. GTR.

Girl In The War – Josh Ritter

The Animal Years 2006

C F	C F	C F	C F
C F	C F	C F	C F
Am	F	C F	C F
Am	F	C F	C F

Peter said to Paul you know all those words we wrote
Are just the rules of the game and the rules are the first to go
now talking to God is Laurel begging Hardy for a gun
I got a girl in the war man I wonder what it is we done

Paul said to Peter you got to rock yourself a little harder
Pretend the dove from above is a dragon and your feet are on fire
I got a girl in the war Paul the only thing I know to do
Is turn up the music and pray that she makes it through

Because the keys to the kingdom got locked inside the kingdom
And the angels fly around in there but we can't see them
I got a girl in the war Paul I know that they can hear me yell
If they can't find a way to help her they can go to hell

Paul said to Peter you got to rock yourself a little harder
Pretend the dove from above is a dragon and your feet are on fire
I got a girl in the war Paul her eyes are like champagne
They sparkle bubble over and in the morning all you got is rain
They sparkle bubble over and in the morning all you got is rain
They sparkle bubble over and in the morning all you got is rain

HOME IN SAN ANTONE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY FLOYD JENKINS (FRED ROSE)

ARR. ALI ROMANOW

RECORDED IN 1942 BY BOB WILLS

*C*⁶ *F*⁷

HAV - ENT GOT A WOR - RY HAV - ENT GOT A CARE I
TRAV - LING 'ROUND THE COON - TRY ON MY MER - RY WAY, I'VE

*C*⁶ *G*⁷

5 HAV - ENT GOT A THING TO CALL MY OWN _____ BUT
BEEN IN CROWDS AND FELT I WAS A - LONE _____

*C*⁶ *F*⁷

9 THOUGH I'M OUT OF LIKE MO - NEY I'M A MIL - LION - AIRE
WHEN I FEEL LIKE BRAG - GING I JUST UP AND SAY

*C*⁶ *G*⁷ *C*⁶

13 I STILL HAVE MY HOME IN SAN AN - TONE _____
I'M A NA - TIVE SON OF SAN AN - TONE _____

*F*⁷

17 WHEN I GREET MY NEIGH - BOR WITH A "HI YOU ALL" I'M
THERE'S A SWEET SOME - BO - DY BY THE AL - A - MO SOME

*C*⁶ *G*⁷

21 WEAL - THY AS A KING U - PON A THRONE _____
DAY SHE'S GOING TO BE MY VE - RY OWN _____

*C*⁶ *F*⁷

25 YOU CAN KEEP YOUR MAN - SION OR YOUR COT - TAGE SMALL
AND WE'LL BUY A HIGH CHAIR IN A YEAR OR SO

*C*⁶ *G*⁷ *C*⁶

29 I'LL JUST KEEP MY HOME IN SAN AN - TONE _____
FOR OUR LIT - TLE HOME IN SAN AN - TONE _____

It's All Your Fault

www.aliromanow.com

Cindy Walker

Fast Swing

G⁶ **E⁷**

Oh it's all your fault if I'm not sleep-in liv-in on dreams in - stead of eat - in

5 **A⁷** **D⁷** **G⁶** **G^{#o}** **Am⁷** **D⁷**

I'm a wreck its all your fault Oh it's

9 **G⁶** **E⁷**

all your fault if I'm not play-in hav-in an-y fun, lord I'm just stay-in all by

13 **A⁷** **D⁷** **G⁶**

my self well it's all your fault

17 **B⁷** **E⁷**

When you said that we were through I tried to find some-bo-dy new

21 **A⁷** **D⁷**

I found out that wouldn't do now I'd ra-ther be a-lone than withsome-bod-y new Oh it's

25 **G⁶** **E⁷**

all your fault if I'm a grand- ma if those kids don't call you Grand- pa well

29 **A⁷** **D⁷** **G⁶** **G^{#o}** **Am⁷** **D⁷**

I'll just tell 'em its all your fault

Love like Yours – Ali Romanow

C	F	C	C
C	F	C	C
C	F	C	F
C	F	C	C

Capo 5

G	Csus	G	G
G	Csus	G	G
G	Csus	G	Csus
G	Csus	G	G

I'm looking for a love like yours,
For an ember not a fire to start a war
At the end of the day the small things drift away
I'm looking for a love like yours

Dreamers live in the clouds
But even the best burry their hearts underground,
Can we make love a tree?
Find the balance between
If it falls we'll both hear the sound.

I'm looking for a love like yours,
For an ember not a fire to start a war
At the end of the day the small things drift away
I'm looking for a love like yours

If it shatters in the midst of a squall
At least we'll have something to show for it all
Cause those branches will burn and warmth will return
We just have to work through it all

I'm looking for a love like yours,
For an ember not a fire to start a war
At the end of the day the small things drift away
I'm looking for a love like yours

A6	Ab7	A6	F#7
B7	F7 E7	A6 Ab7	A6 Ab7
A6	Ab7	A6	F#7
B7	F7 E7	A6 Ab7	A6 Ab7
A6	Ab7	A6	F#7
B7	F7 E7	A6 Ab7	A6

E7		A6 Ab7	A6 Ab7
E7		A6 Ab7	A6 Ab7
E7		A6 Ab7	A6 Ab7

A6	Ab7	A6	F#7		
B7	F7 E7	A6 Ab7	A6 Ab7	A6 Ab7	A6

She's a bit old-timey, but that's alright with me
 She wears a dress of velvet that hangs below her knees, her knees
 She's a bit old-fashioned, as all the world can see
 The cameo she wears upon her bosom, puts me in ecstasy, ecstasy
 Yes, she's her own grandmother, that's what they're telling me
 But my old-timey baby is swell enough for me, you see

You see, she plays her old Victrola
 The lamp is low, kerosene, you know
 You know we lie, we lie upon her bed
 The patchwork quilt beneath her head
 or while her wheel is spinning
 She sews some lace or we embrace

Or when we go out strolling, the world can plainly see
 That my old-timey baby is swell enough, she's young enough
 She's hip enough for me

Oh Susanna – Trad. Stephen Foster arr. Ali Romanow

I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee,
I'm going to Louisiana, my true love for to see.
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry
The sun so hot I froze to death, Susanna, don't you cry.

Oh! Susanna, Oh don't you cry for me,
For I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee.

I had a dream the other night, when everything was still;
I thought I saw Susanna dear, a coming down the hill.
A buckwheat cake was in her mouth, a tear was in her eye,
Says I, I'm coming from the south, Susanna, don't you cry.

I soon will be in New Orleans, and then I'll look around,
And when I find Susanna, I'll fall upon the ground.
But if I do not find her, then I will surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried, Oh, Susanna, don't you cry.

Open

C/a	C/b	C	C/b a
C/a	C/b	C	C/b a

chorus

F		C	G
C		C G	C

Capo 5

G/e	G/f#	G	G/f# e
G/e	G/f#	G	G/f# e

chorus

C		G	D
G		G D	G

Folk song (trad chords)

C			G
C		C G	C
F		C	G
C		C G	C

Pallet on your Floor – Traditional
 Key C
 Arranged by Ali Romanow

OPEN

F	F	C	C
F	F	C	C
C	C7	F	F
C	G	C	C

CAPO 3 (A SHAPES)

D	D	A	A
D	D	A	A
A	A7	D	D
A	E	A	A

NASHVILLE

IV	IV	I	I
IV	IV	I	I
I	I7	IV	IV
I	V	I	I

Lyrics

Make me down a pallet on your floor
 Make me down a pallet on your floor
 Make me down a pallet soft and low
 When I'm broke and got no where to go

Been hanging around with good time friends of mine
 Been hanging around with good time friends of mine
 Oh they treat you very nice and kind
 When ya got a dollar and dime

Way I been sleepin' my back and shoulders tire
 Way I been sleepin' my back and shoulders tire
 Come tomorrow, I'll be satisfied
 If I can catch that fast train and ride

Make me down a pallet on your floor
 Make me down a pallet on your floor
 make me down a pallet soft and low
 When I'm broke and got no where to go

Sept 9, 2016
VIMW Folk Harmonic

Arranged: Ali Romanow
www.aliromanow.com

Real Midnight - Birds of Chicago

Real midnight's gonna come Real midnight's gonna come
Real wolves at your door With blood on their tongues
Now what you gonna do With your days left in the sun
Ha da la ha

Are you cruel to the one, Who loves you because
You're tired or you're scared, It's easily done
And who's standing there when the Anger comes and
darkens your eyes

Lift me up lift me up Lift me up lift me up
Don't cut don't cut don't cut Don't cut
I know you love me, why would You cut me?
Don't cut don't cut don't cut don't cut Me **down**

Lift me up lift me up Lift me up lift me up
Don't cut don't cut don't cut Don't cut
I know you love me, why would You cut me?
Don't cut don't cut don't cut don't cut Me **down**

Real midnight's gonna come But yeah that's alright
We will be as the stars And put holes in the night
In 10,000 years they'll see our love shine
When they're lying on their backs Looking up through the
pines

SambaLele – arr. Ali Romanow

Portuguese

Samba lelê ta doente
Ta com a cabeça que brada
Samba lelê precisava
É de umas boas palmadas

Samba, samba, samba O lelê
Pisa na barra da saia ô Lalá
Samba, samba, samba O lelê
Pisa na barra da saia ô Lalá

Ali's improvised Phonetics

Samba Laylay ta doentchi
Takwa kabaysa kay brada
Samba lele pray sea sava
Eh djumas boas palmadas

Samba samba sambo laylay
Peesa na baha la sigh oh la la
Samba samba sambo laylay
Peesa na baha la sigh oh la la

Many thanks to Igor Bacelar for finding this tune and getting the groove going! Any mistakes in pronunciation are entirely mine, the phonetics are an approximation from listening to many different versions of the song.

C	G	G	C
C	G	G	C

Youtube:

Awesome arrangement:

Barbatuques - SambaLele

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_Tz7KROhuAw

Really Clear Lyrics:

Alexandre Guerra - Samba Lele from my childhood

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VALDNQoDYcM>

Shut Up and Drink Your Beer – Bob Newman
Recorded By: Luke Wills' Rhythm Busters 1947

:G6	G6	G6	D7
D7	D7	D7	G6 :
:G6	G6	D7	D7
D7	D7	G6	G6 :

There's a place on the corner where the gang loves to meet
Where the jukebox music makes you tap your feet
In the middle of the evening when the spirits are gay
The big bartender, you will hear him say

Shut Up! and drink your beer
There's a man asleep 'neath the table in the rear
Shut Up! and drink your beer
It's time to have another

Now Patrick Mahoney, he was always the same
He'd lick any man with an Irish name
The door it would open and Patrick walk in
Now this is the place where the chorus begins

Shut Up! and drink your beer
The man's still asleep 'neath the table in the rear
Shut Up! and drink your beer
It's time to have another

As the place gets noisy and you know that it will
The folks all around you seem to have their fill
You all know the words from beginning to end
So, one-two-three, let's all sing it again

Shut Up! and drink your beer
The man's still asleep 'neath the table in the rear
Shut Up! and drink your beer
It's time to have another

SUGAR MOON

WWW.ALIROMANOW.COM

1945 CINDY WALKER BOB WILLS

WHEN IT'S SU-GAR CANE TIME LONG A ROUND A BOUT JUNE I'LL BE WALK IN WITH
 WHEN THE SU-GAR MILL SHINES LONG A ROUND A-BOU JUNE ILL BE WALK-IN WITH

SU - GAR NEATH THAT OLD SU-GAR MOON GON-NA DROP HER A
 SU - GAR NEATH THAT OLD SU-GAR MOON ALL THE KISS-ES I'VE

LINE MISSED TO EX-PECT ME SOON SAY I'M CRAV - IN SOME
 I'LL BE GET - TIN SOON SU - GAR KISS - ES FROM

SU - GAR NEATH THAT OLD SU-GAR MOON I CAN SEE HER RIGHT
 SU - GAR NEATH THAT OLD SU-GAR MOON OH I'M DREAM - IN

NO - W SHE'LL GET THE CAL-EN-DAR DOWN PUT A CIR-CLE A -
 SWEET DREAMS OF ALL THE LOV - N I'LL GET WHEN I GET TO MY

ROUND THE DAY WE'RE AL - TAR SOU - ND WHEN IT'S SU-GAR CANE TIME
 PET OH LORD - Y HOW I'LL FRE - T TILL IT'S SU-GAR CANE TIME

LONG A-ROUND A - BOUT JUNE WED DING BELLS WILL BE
 LONG A-ROUND A - BOUT JUNE AND I'M WALK - IN WITH

CHIM - ING NEATH THAT OLD SU - GAR MOON
 SU - GAR NEATH THAT OLD SU - GAR MOON

-UP SWING

SWING 48

-DTANGO

G-6

Musical staff 1: Treble clef, key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), 4/4 time signature. Chord **G-6** is written above the staff. The melody consists of four measures: a quarter rest, a quarter note G4, a quarter rest, a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, and a whole note C4.

C-6 **G-6**

Musical staff 2: Treble clef, key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), 4/4 time signature. Chords **C-6** and **G-6** are written above the staff. The melody consists of four measures: a quarter rest, a quarter note G4, a quarter rest, a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, and a whole note C4.

E^b7 **D7** **G-6**

Musical staff 3: Treble clef, key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), 4/4 time signature. Chords **E^b7**, **D7**, and **G-6** are written above the staff. The melody consists of four measures: a quarter note G4, a quarter note Ab4, a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note D5, a quarter note Eb5, a quarter note F5, a quarter note G5, a quarter note Ab5, a quarter note Bb5, a quarter note C6, a quarter note Bb5, a quarter note Ab5, a quarter note G5, a quarter note F5, a quarter note Eb5, a quarter note D5, a quarter note C5, and a whole note Bb4.

Teach Your Children – Graham Nash 1969

F		B ^b	
F		C	
F		B ^b	
F		C	

F		B ^b	
F		Dm	
B ^b	C		

You who are on the road

Must have a code that you can live by
And so become yourself
Because the past is just a good-bye.

Teach your children well,
Their father's hell did slowly go by,
And feed them on your dreams
The one they pick's, the one you'll know by.

Don't you ever ask them why, if they told you, you will cry,
So just look at them and sigh
And know they love you.

And you, of tender years,
Can't know the fears that your elders grew by,
And so please help them with your youth,
They seek the truth before they can die.

Can you hear and Do you care and
Can you see we must be free to
Teach your children you believe and
Make a world that we can live in

Teach your parents well,
Their children's hell will slowly go by,
And feed them on your dreams
The one they picks, the one you'll know by.

Don't you ever ask them why, if they told you, you will cry,
So just look at them and sigh
and know they love you.

Tennessee Waltz – Key G
 Arranged by Ali Romanow
 2nd verse lyrics by L. Cohen

G	G	G(7)	C
G	G	D	D(7)
G	G	G(7)	C
G	D	G	G

G	G(7)	C	G
G	G	D	D(7)
G	G	G(7)	C
G	D	G	G

I was dancing with my darlin' to
 the Tennessee waltz, when an
 old friend I happened to see
 I introduced her to my darlin'
 and while they were dancing, my
 friend stole my sweetheart from
 me.

I remember the night and the
 Tennessee Waltz,
 Who knows just how much I
 have lost?
 Yes I lost my little darlin' the
 night they were playing the
 beautiful Tennessee waltz.

She goes dancing in the dark
 To the Tennessee waltz
 And I feel like I'm falling apart
 And it's stronger than drink, and
 deeper than sorrow
 This darkness she left in my
 heart

I remember the night and the
 Tennessee Waltz,
 Who know just how much I have
 lost,
 Yes I've lost my only darlin' the
 night they were playin' the
 beautiful Tennessee waltz.

MELODY

YA KHOTIV BI

A ROMANOW

Musical score for the melody of "YA KHOTIV BI" in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves. The first staff contains measures 1-4 with chords Em, Am, B7, and Em. The second staff contains measures 5-8 with chords Em, Am, B7, and Em. The third staff contains measures 9-10 with chords Em and D. The fourth staff contains measures 11-12 with chords G, B7, Em, Am, B7, and Em. The score includes various rhythmic values, triplets, and a repeat sign at the end.

HARMONY

YA KHOTIV BI

A ROMANOW

Musical score for the harmony of "YA KHOTIV BI" in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves. The first staff contains measures 1-4. The second staff contains measures 5-8. The third staff contains measures 9-10. The fourth staff contains measures 11-12. The score includes various rhythmic values, triplets, and a repeat sign at the end.