

Timelines Chords

At least as Clinton Hammond figures them out

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Fires Of Calais

DADGAD Tuning

Capo 3rd fret

(Key of F)

The (D)fishing boats roll (F#m)out across the (G)dark green Channel (A)water
As they (D) gather speed for (F#m) Flanders they (G)cut their nets (A2)away
It's not (D) herring they'll be (F#m) pulling from the (G)waters on this (A)morning
They'll (D)reap a bitter (F#m)harvest from the (G)Fires (A)of (D)Calais

Twenty leagues from France I saw the amber soaked horizon
In Arles, the Cliffs Of Dover fall beneath the Channel waves
Where waters used to sing a song to sooth the hearts of fishers
Now, we hear the rolling thunder from the Fires Of Calais

As we pull in tight to shore, this armada bent on rescue
We curse the men behind the desks who sell our lives this way
Never signed on board to save em from this bloody lack of planning
That strands these fine young men beneath the Fires Of Calais

On the beach, allied confusion will they stand or are they running
If it's run, where will they go to between the sea and the melee?
On the flanks, the troop's advancing
with heavy guns, they're firing
And not a mother's son could save them from the Fires Of Calais

In scattered groups along the shore some look towards a safer harbor
Some fix their eyes upon the flames, that turn the night to day
Some yet standing, bold and ready, to stoutly guard the rear from "Jerry"
They'll need no flares to see `em `neath the Fires Of Calais

I've fished these channel waters since was man enough face them
For the herring and the flounder I have often hauled away
But a catch like this I've never had in forty years of sailing
Saving "Tommies" as they flounder `neath the Fires Of Calais

The fishing boats roll out across the dark green Channel water
As the gather speed for Flanders they cut their nets away
It's not herring they'll be pulling from the waters on this morning
They'll reap the bitter harvest from the Fires of Calais

D 000200

F#m 044200

G 020000
A 002200
A2 002002

Boom Gone To Bust

Standard Tuning
Capo 2nd Fret
(Key of A)

G G/Am7 G
Am Am/B C D (Get used to this 'Keeloism', yer gonna play it a LOT)

My (G)Dad started east some (G/Am7)time in the (G)thirties
With the (Am)On-To-(Am/B)Ottawa (C)men (D)
He'd (G)enough of the camps and the (G/Am7)dole and the (G) handouts
He (Am)wanted to (Am/B)work and to (C)tie the loose (D)ends
He (Em) drifted from factory to foundry to flop-house
The (Am)war sorted (Am/B)out what (C)mere men could (D)not
In (G)Sudbury's forges he (G/Am7)worked like a (G)mad-man
Those (Am)years lost to (Am7)hunger, (D)Dad never (G)forgot

I headed west when I had turned twenty
When the factories and foundries had closed
And in my minds eye I thought I might settle
Out here where my father was raised and was born
I worked as a jug-hound a rough-neck a bouncer
I worked where I wanted and I drew damn good pay
Saw no end to our luck and so we just pushed it
But O.P.E.C. and mortgages ate it away

Now the (C)boom's gone to (D)bust
And we're (G)down on the (Em)dole boys
(Am)No treasure (Am/B)laid up, for (C)family and (D)friends
It's (C)pull up stakes (G)now or (Em)pull up stakes later
For (Am)labouring (Am7)men the (D)road never (G)ends

Now it seems to me somehow this nation of migrants
From father to daughter, from mother to son
Must constantly shift from the east of the west
'Til we run out of work or of places to run
Gone now the days when you lived where your parents
And your parents before them were bred and were born
We must go where the work is to live any life boys
Bend like the willow to weather the storm

Yes the boom's gone to bust
And we're down on the dole boys
For labouring men the road never ends

G 320003
G/Am7 302013
Am 002210

Am/B 020010
C 032010
D 200232
Em 022000

Jenny Bryce

DGDGBD tuning
Capo 4th fret
(Key of C?)

Our boy Jimmy is gonna fill in these chords
Ya know... in all his free time..... Hehehehehe

This morning I was lost in thought as up the hill I wandered,
And sitting there to greet the dawn upon my life I pondered.
I glanced across the shaded grove where often I had been
With sweet Jenny Bryce, Jack the rover's daughter. (2x)

Some said they were of tinker stock, baptized by flowing water.
Old Jack, he was disposed to roam, and so his only daughter.
And as a lad of seventeen, I left my parents' home
With Jenny Bryce, Jack the rover's daughter.

From wooded glen to heathered moor with Jenny I went roaming.
Her voice so sweet made soft the road from daylight 'til night's closing.
And when at night I laid to rest, 'twas in my true love's arms,
With Jenny Bryce, Jack the rover's daughter.

One day says she, "Oh Willie, I weary of the road."
So a fine small house I built for her down in yon shady grove.
And then with Jenny by my side, I led a settled life
With Sweet Jenny as companion and as wife.

And one day says she, "Oh Willie, a child for us I bear."
And all that winter long I worked and helped her to prepare.
But none but God could help her with a birth such as she saw.
She was Jenny Bryce, she bore for us a daughter.

Six tortured hours she lingered and never once complained.
And all there was to do for her, I did to ease the pain.
And when morning came, I formed a cross and carved in it her name.
I carved "Jenny Bryce, Jack the rover's daughter."

This morn as I was lost in thought, 'twas down the hill I ambled,
And back along the shaded stream where with my love I rambled,
To greet a child of seven years that bears her mother's name.
She's sweet Jenny Bryce, Jenny Bryce's daughter.

Follow Me Up To Carlow

Standard Tuning
No Capo
Key of G

Em Em Em D

(Em)Lift Mac Cahir Og, your (D)face
From (Em) brooding o'r the (G)old (D)disgrace
That (Em) black FitzWillam stormed your(D) place
And (Em)drove ye (D)to the (Em)fern
Grey said victory was sure
Soon the firebrand he'd secure
Until he met at Glen Malure
With Fiach McHugh O'byrne

(Bm)Curse and swear Lord Kildare
(D)Fiach will do what Fiach will dare
(Bm)Now FitzWillam have a care
(D)Fallen is your (Em)star low
(Bm)Up with halberd Up with sword
(D)On we go for by the Lord
(Bm)Fiach McHugh has given the word
(D)Follow me up to (Em)Carlow

See the swords at Glen Imaal
They're flashing o'r the English pale
See all the children of the Gael
Beneath O'byrne's banner
Rooster of a fighting stock
Now would you let a Saxon cock
Crow out upon an Irish rock
Fly up an' teach him manners

From Tasaggert to Clonmore
There flows a stream of Saxon gore
Well great is Ruari Og O'More
At driving the loons to Hades
White is sick, Grey is fled
Now for Black FitzWillam head
We'll send it over a'dripping red
To Queen Liza and her ladies

Em 022000
D 200232
G 320033
Bm 224432

Refugee
DADGAD Tuning
Capo 3rd

D D+E
D D+E
G

(D)I will write you one last time, you will be here in the morning

I imagine that you're sleeping on the (G)North Atlantic (A)swell
(D)There's a wind in off the sea, enough to keep me waking
(Em)Enough to make me think we will (A)say no more farewells

(D)All the words that pass between us, a line of pale blue letters
Stretching from the Sambro lighthouse
To the (G)waves around (A)Lands End
Now you're following that line enveloped by the darkness
You'll (G)find me waiting (A)when you reach its (D)end

All the (A)ones who ran from war
All the (G)wealthy and the (D)wounded
That have (A) landed on this shore They don't (G)mean a thing to (A)me
All that (D)matters is the one who will be with me tomorrow
It's a (Em)lonely heart that (A)loves the (D)refugee

You have left behind your home, I have left behind my family
We have come here to this shore with the strength to start anew
There's a world here for the taking, a safe and steady harbour
There's a million things to think of but tonight I'll think of you

It's immigrants we are, this land has known no other
There's a million came before us, a million more will follow on
An endless wave is washing on this rocky coastline
Carving features in the landscape, fanning out and moving on

Tomorrow morning you'll look out,
You will see this lovely coastline
From Michel Bay to Prospect it will seem like open arms
Those arms, will enfold you sweep you safe into the harbour
Deliver you from loneliness and harm

Tomorrow morning I will climb upon the hill above the harbour
I will look out to the East to where the heaven meets the sea
When the ship has come in sight I'll run down to the dockside
And welcome here just one more refugee

D 000200
D+E 000240
G 550000
A 002002
Em 222000

Lost

Standard Tuning
Capo 2nd Fret
Key Of A

(G)Lost.... I am (Am)lost on the vale of (C)emotion
(G)Tossed... Like a (Am)stone in the stream set in (C)motion
(G)Held... Like a (Am)leaf in the wind
I could (C)not but spin and (D)roll

(G)Glad... That our (Am)hearts were full
And we could (C)live beyond (D)control

In your (G)upstairs (Am)room we could (C)hear the (G)train
As it (C)pulled (Am/B)out (Am)west (Am+G)on the (C)C.P. (D)Main
We had (G)followed that course one (Am)short year before
When the (C)sea (Am/B)called us (Am)to (Am+G)its (C)side once (D)more

Words... we spoke in quiet haste
The time was ours and ours to waste
Left to ourselves we might shrink and die
You said yes to life and so must I

(Chorus)

And the wineglass gleams in the candlelight
Like molten amber for just one night
Our hearts they are cast on that self same fire
Ablaze with that urge and that one desire

Hearts... Set to walk the road
Aware of the weight but not the load
My hands on the rein and I'm on my way
I won't deal with tomorrow
'Till I'm through with today

(Chorus)

Am/B 020010
Am+G 302010

Snap The Line Tight

by Vic Bell
Standard Tuning
No Capo
Key of G(?)

C Em D.....

I've got a (G)halibut (D)boat the (Em)opening is (C)over
The (G)fish just weren't (Am)biting our (C)catch is way (D)down
We're (C)salvagers (D)now there's (Em)logs that are (C)waiting
We (G)pull 'em off (Am)shore and we (C)sell them in (D)town

(C)Snap the line (D)tight... (C)Haul them (G)away
(C)Snap the line (D)tight... (C)She's rocking , (D)She's free
(C)Snap the line (D)tight... (C)Haul them (G)away
And (C)slide 'em off (Em)into the (D)sea...

How many thousands of acres of forest
Lie scattered and heaped by the wind and the tide
The companies cut them, boomed 'em & lost 'em

And left them forever to rot where they lie

She's a six foot thick hemlock half-sunken in sand
Gotta dig out a hole to pass the line through
Wrap her around and when she's tied and ready
Then stand clear away and signal the crew

(Chorus)

It's thirty-six hours we've been without sleep
Gotta boom them by dawn if we're making this tide
It's a five hour haul with a Nor'wester blowing
And a starboard-side swell for a bloody rough ride

And our back deck's a mess of anchors and peaveys
All sliding and tangling in cable and chains
We're in the middle with chokers and pike-poles
To wrap the logs tight so they're not lost again

Sea For The Shore

Standard Tuning

Capo 4th

Key of E

The (C)lights of the (G)freighters they (Am)danced on the (F)water
They tugged at the anchors that held them at bay
And (C)lost in her (G)arms boys (C)I too was (F)dancing
I (C)traded the (G)sea for the (Am)shore (C+G)

The light from the moon turned the wet streets to silver
As we walked hand in hand up the road from the bay
Me glancing backwards from where I had come to
I traded the sea for the shore
I traded the sea for the shore

The light from the street-lamp cast haloes around us
As I leaned on the railing at the foot of her stairs
I touched her cheek lightly the skies now are clearing
I traded the sea for the shore

The light from the sunrise poured gold through the curtain
Touched the edge of her shoulder
Caught the glow in her eyes
The horn of the freighter called
"Home wayward sailor"
But I traded the sea for the shore
I traded the sea for the shore

C 032010

G 300030

Am 002210

F 003210

C+G 302000

Fires Of Calais -- slow version

Standard Tuning

Capo 3rd fret

The (G)fishing boats roll (Em)out across the (C)dark green Channel (D)water
As they (G) gather speed for (Em) Flanders they (C)cut their nets (D)away
It's not (G) herring they'll be (Em) pulling from the (C)waters on this (D)morning
They'll (G)reap a bitter (Em)harvest from the (C)Fires (D)of (G)Calais