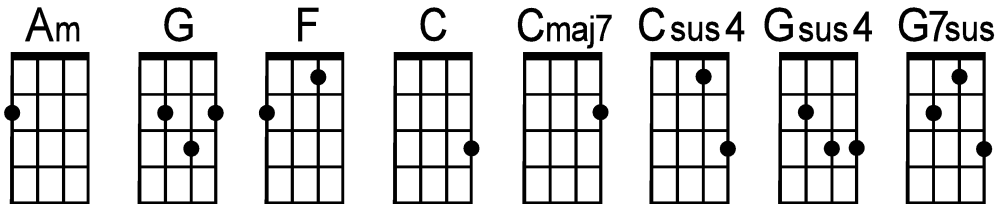


Hard Times

by Gillian Welch & David Rawlings



(Capo 1st fret for original key)

There was a Camptown Man, used to plow and sing

.....He loved that mule and the mule loved him

When the day got long, as it does about now

..... I'd hear him singing to his muley cow.....

Calling, "Come on my sweet old girl..... I'd bet the whole damn world.....

..... That we're gonna make it yet to the end of the row".....

Chorus:

Singing hard times... ain't gonna rule my mind, Bessie

Hard times... ain't gonna rule my mind

Hard times... ain't gonna rule.... my mind.... no more.....

Said it's a mean old world, heavy in need

.....That big ma-chine is just a-picking up speed

They were supping on tears, they were supping on wine

.....We all get to heaven in our own sweet time.....

So come all you Asheville boys..... and turn up your old-time noise.....

And kick 'til the dust comes up from the cracks in the floor.....

Chorus:

Singing hard times... ain't gonna rule my mind, Brother

Hard times... ain't gonna rule my mind,

Hard times... ain't gonna rule... my mind... no more.....

Am G F C
But the Camptown Man, he doesn't plow no more

Am G F C
.....I seen him walking down to the Superette store

Am G F C
Guess he lost that knack, and he forgot that song

Am G F C C_{sus4} C
.....Woke up one morning and the mule was gone.....

C C C_{sus4} C C_{sus4}
So, come on, you ragtime kings..... and come on, you dolls, and sing.....

C Am C F G G_{sus4} G
Pick up your dusty old horn and give it a blow.....

Chorus: Am G F C
Playing, hard times... ain't gonna rule my mind, Honey

Am G F C
Hard times... ain't gonna rule my mind, Sugar

Am G F G C G_{7sus4}/ C
Hard times... ain't gonna rule.... my mind.... no more.....