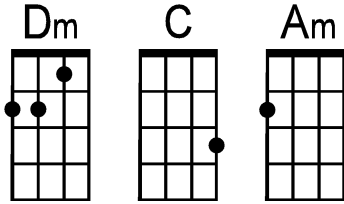


Shady Grove

Traditional



Intro: Dm . C . | Dm . . . | . . C . | Am . Dm . |

Dm . C . | Dm . . .
Peaches in the summer-time. Apples in the fall—

| . . C . | Am . Dm . |
If I can't have the girl I love, I don't want none at all—

Dm . C . | Dm . . .
Chorus: Shady Grove, my little love. Shady Grove, I know—

. C . | Am . Dm . | Am . Dm . |
Shady Grove, my little love, I'm bound for Shady Grove—

| Dm . C . | Dm . . .
I wish I had a banjo string made of golden twine—

. C . | Am . Dm . |
Every tune I'd play on it "I wish that girl were mine—"

Dm . C . | Dm . . .
Chorus: Shady Grove, my little love. Shady Grove, I know—

. C . | Am . Dm . | Am . Dm . |
Shady Grove, my little love, I'm bound for Shady Grove—

| Dm . C . | Dm . . .
I wish I had a needle and thread, fine as I could sew—

. C . | Am . Dm . |
I'd sew that pretty gal to my side and down the road we'd go—

Dm . C . | Dm . . .
Chorus: Shady Grove, my little love. Shady Grove, I know—

. C . | Am . Dm . | Am . Dm . |
Shady Grove, my little love, I'm bound for Shady Grove—

Dm . C . | Dm . . .
Some come here to fiddle and dance. Some come here to tarry—

. C . | Am . Dm . |
Some come here to fiddle and dance. I come here to marry—

Dm . C . | Dm . . .
Chorus: Shady Grove, my little love. Shady Grove, I know—

. C . | Am . Dm . |
Shady Grove, my True Love, I'm bound for Shady Grove—

Dm . C . | Dm . . .
Shady Grove, my little love. Shady Grove, my Dar—lin'

. C . | Am\ --- Dm\ Dm\
Shady Grove, my True Love, we're goin' back to Har—lan—