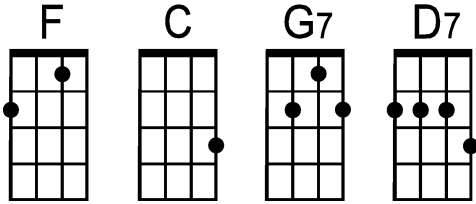


# Get Up and Go

Anonymous  
(as sung by Pete Seeger)



waltz tempo

**Chorus:** F . . . C .  
How do I know if my youth is all spent?  
G7 . . . C .  
My get up and go, has got up and went.  
F . . . C .  
But in spite of it all, I'm able to grin  
G7 . . . C . . .  
And think of the places my get up has been.

C . . . G7 . . . C .  
Old age is golden, so I've heard said, but sometimes I wonder as I crawl into bed.  
F . . . C . . . D7 . . . G7  
With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup, my eyes on the table un-til I wake up.  
C . . . G7 . . . C .  
As sleep dims my vision, I say to my-self: Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?  
F . . . C . . . G7 . . . C . . .  
But though nations are warring and business is vexed, I'll stick around to see what happens next.

## Chorus

C . . . G7 . . . C .  
When I was young, my slippers were red, I could kick up my heels right over my head.  
F . . . C . . . D7 . . . G7  
When I was older, my slippers were blue, but still I could dance the whole night through.  
C . . . G7 . . . C .  
Now I am older, my slippers are black, I huff to the store and I puff my way back.  
F . . . C . . . G7 . . . C . . .  
But never you laugh, I don't mind at all, I'd rather be huffing than not puff at all!

## Chorus

C . . . G7 . . . C .  
I get up each morning and dust off my wits, open the paper and read the o-bits,  
F . . . C . . . G7 . . . C . . .  
If I'm not there, I know I'm not dead, so I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed!

## Chorus