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

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

If I can't have the girl I love, I won't have none at all——

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


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——

Every tune I'd play on it "I wish that girl were mine——"

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


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——

I'd sew that pretty girl to my side and down the road I'd go——

Whistle: Dm . C . | Dm . . . |


Some come here to fiddle and dance. Some come here to tarry——

Some come here to fiddle and dance. I come here to marry——

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

Shady Grove, my little love, I'm bound for Shady Grove——

Dm . C . | Dm . . . |
Shady Grove, my True Love. Shady Grove, I know—

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