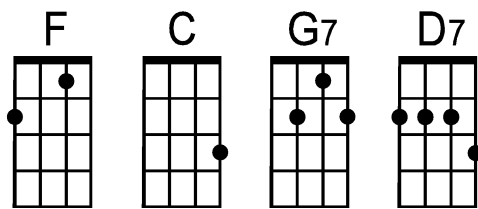# Get Up and Go

Anonymous poem (music by Pete Seeger)

F   C   G7   D7

Intro: **C** . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |

(sing a)

          F . . | . . . |**C** . . | . .

Chorus: How do I know— 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 a–ble to grin—

. |**G7** . . | . . . | . . . |**C** . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |

And think of– the plac-es my get up has been—

C . . | . . . |**G7** . . | . .

Old age is gol-den— so I've heard said–

. | . . . | . . . |**C** . . | . .

But some-times I won-der as I crawl in–to bed—

. |**F** . . | . . . |**C** . . | . .

With my ears in a draw-er, my teeth in a cup—

. |**D7** . . | . . . | . . . |**G7** . . | . . . | . . . | . . .

My eyes on the ta-ble un- til I wake up—

. |**C** . . | . . . |**G7** . . | . .

As sleep dims my vi–sion, I say to my–self–

. | . . . | . . . |**C** . . | . . . | . .

Is there an–y—thing else I should lay on the shelf?

. |**F** . . | . . . |**C** . . | . .

But though na–tions are warr-ing and busi-ness is vexed

. |**G7** . . | . . . | . . . |**C** . . |

I'll still— stick a–round to see what hap-pens next—

          F . . | . . . |**C** . . | . .

Chorus: How do I know— 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 a–ble to grin—

. |**G7** . . | . . . | . . . |**C** . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |

And think of– the plac-es my get up has been—

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C     .    .  |   .    .    .  |G7  .     .     |.     .
When I    was young— my  slip-pers were  red—

.      |    .    .    .  |  .    .    .  |C  .    .  |.    .    .  |
I could  kick up my heels—  right o—ver my head—

F      .    .  |  .    .    .  |C  .    .  |.    .
When I    was old-er, my  slip-pers were blue–

.    |D7  .    .    |.    .    .  |.    .    .    |G7  .    .  |.    .    .  |.    .    .  |.    .    .  |
But  still  I   could dance—the who-le  night  through—


C    .    .  |  .    .    .  |G7  .    .    |.    .
Now I   am  old-er, m y  slip-pers are  black

.  |.    .    .  |  .    .    .  |C  .    .  |.    .
I    huff to the  store and I   puff my way back

.  |F  .    .  |.    .    .  |C  .    .    .  |.    .
But  ne-ver you laugh   I   don't mind at  all—

.  |G7  .    .  |.    .    .  |.    .    .  |C  .    .  |
I'd  ra—ther be  huff-ing than  not puff at  all—


              F    .    .  |  .    .    .  |C  .    .  |.    .
Chorus:   How do  I    know—  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  a—ble  to  grin—

              .  |G7  .    .  |.    .    .  |.    .    .  |C  .    .  |.    .    .  |.    .    .  |.    .    .  |
           And think of–  the  plac-es  my get  up has been—


           |C  .    .    |.    .    .    .  |G7  .    .  |.    .    .  |
           I get up  each  morn-ing and dust off my  wits—

           .    .    .    |.    .    .  |C  .    .  |.    .    .  |
           O–pen the  pa–per and read the o—bits—

           F  .    .  |.    .    .  |C  .    .    |.    .
           If I'm  not there— I   know I'm  not dead—

           .    |G7  .    .  |.    .    .  |.    .    .  |C  .    .  |
           So I  eat  a   good break-fast and  go  back to   bed—


              F    .    .  |  .    .    .  |C  .    .  |.    .
Chorus:   How do  I    know—  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  a—ble  to  grin—

              .  |G7  .    .  |.    .    .  |.    .    .  |C\
           And think of  the  plac-es  my   get  up   has   been—
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