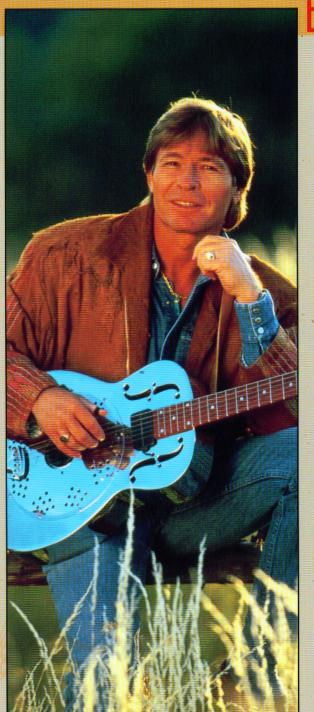
# FJOHN DENVER FJOHN DENVER



# His Greatest Hits

Annie's Song

Rocky Mountain High

Leaving On A Jet Plane

Take Me Home, Country Roads



Edited by Milton Okun

# OF JOHN DENVER EASY PIANO

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Management: Advent Management Corp. Music Engraving by Gordon Hallberg Production: Daniel Rosenbaum/Rana Bernhardt Art Direction: Rosemary Cappa-Jenkins

Director of Music: Mark Phillips

Photography by John Russell

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# **Sunshine On My Shoulders**

Words by John Denver Music by John Denver, Mike Taylor and Dick Kniss





make

a wish

for

sun - shine all

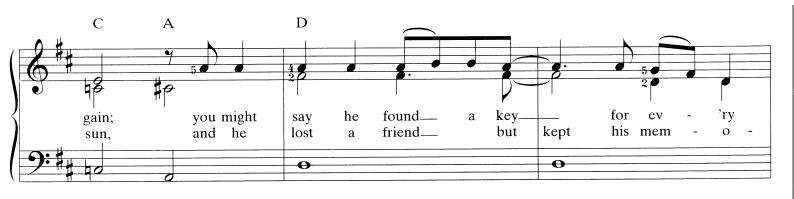
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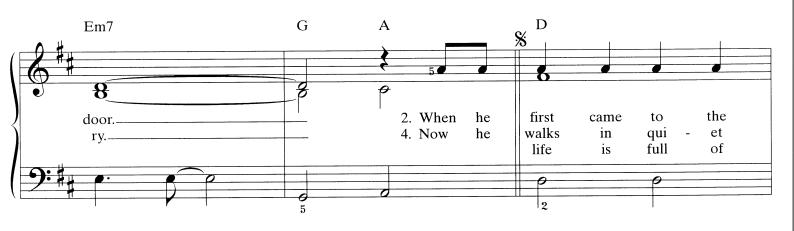
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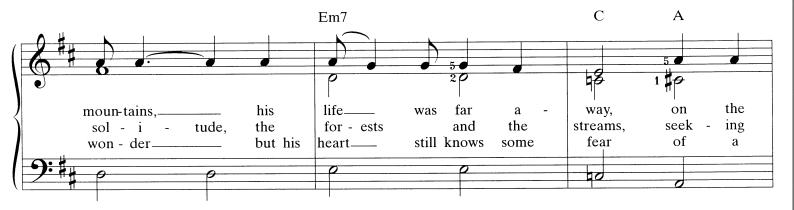
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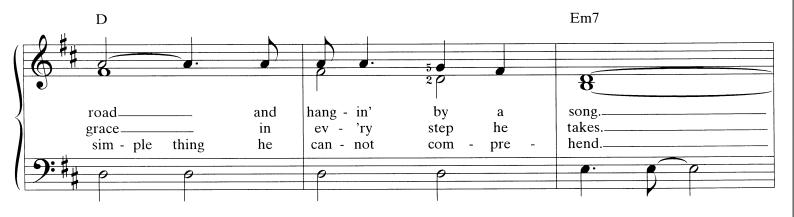
Words by John Denver Music by John Denver and Mike Taylor



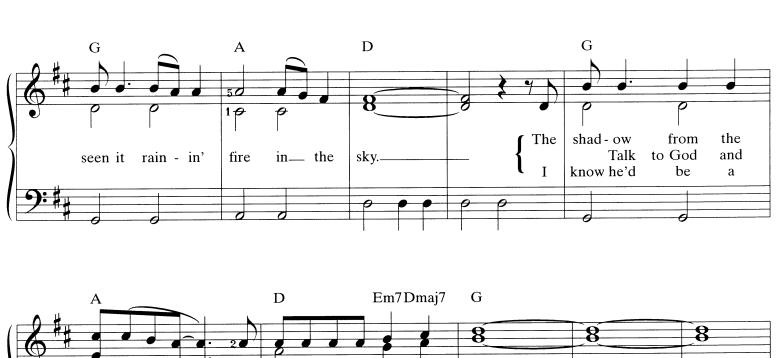


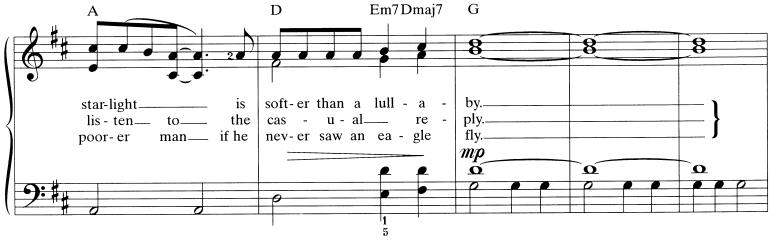


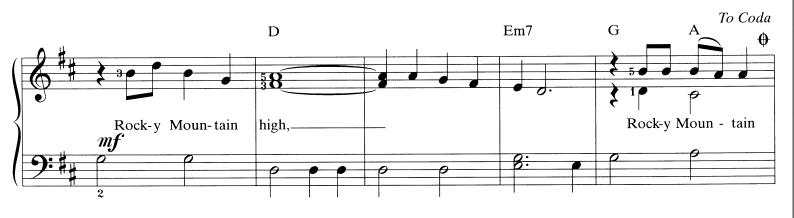


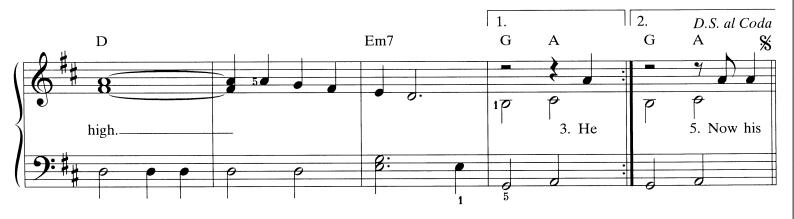










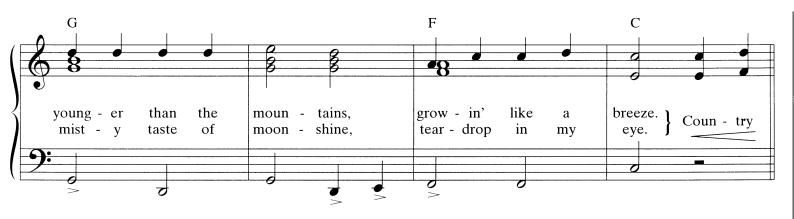


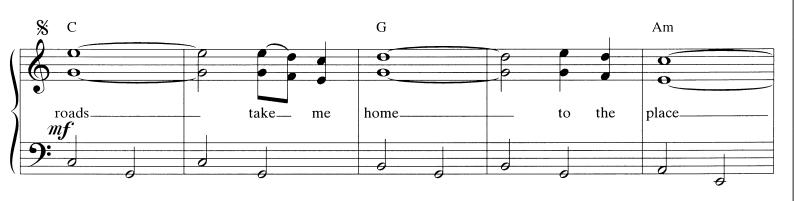


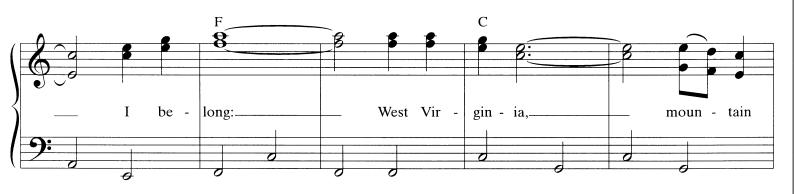
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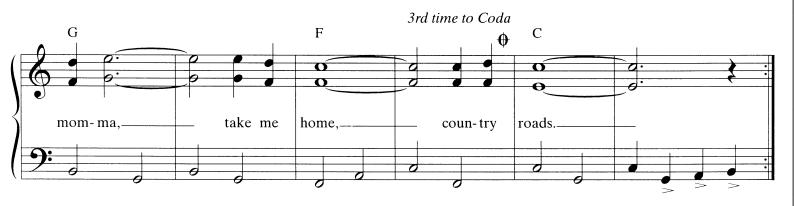
Words and Music by John Denver, Bill Danoff and Taffy Nivert

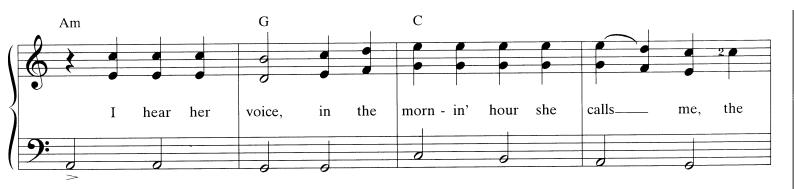


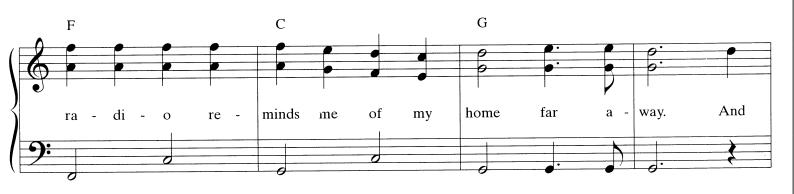


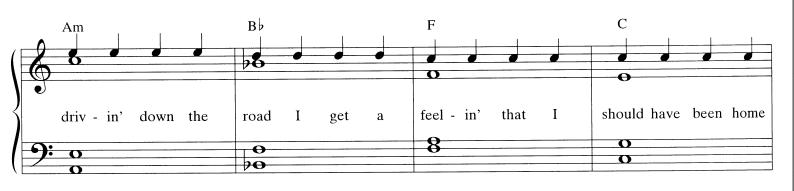


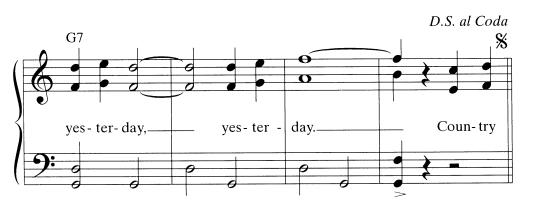


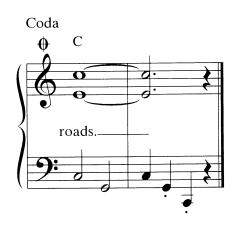






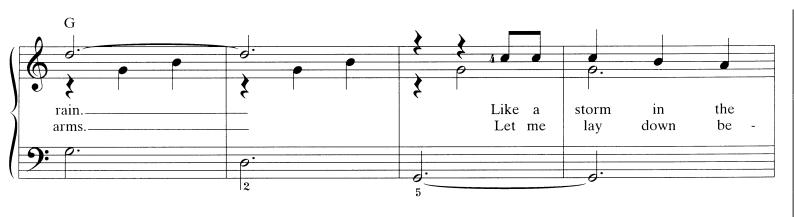


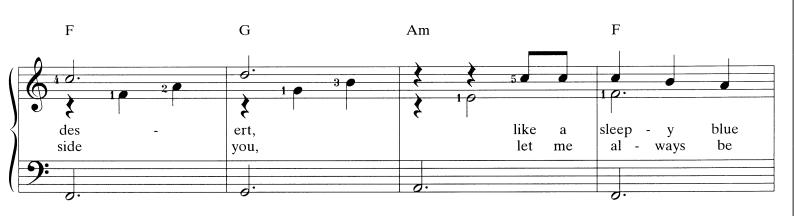


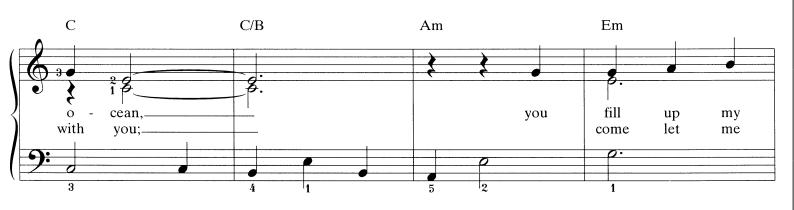


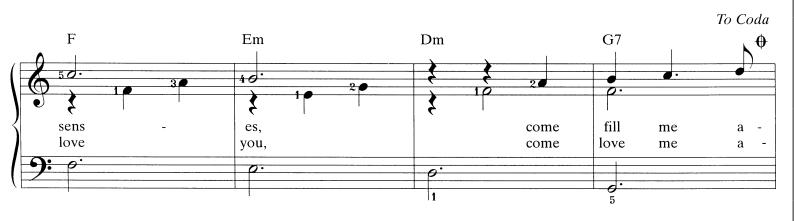
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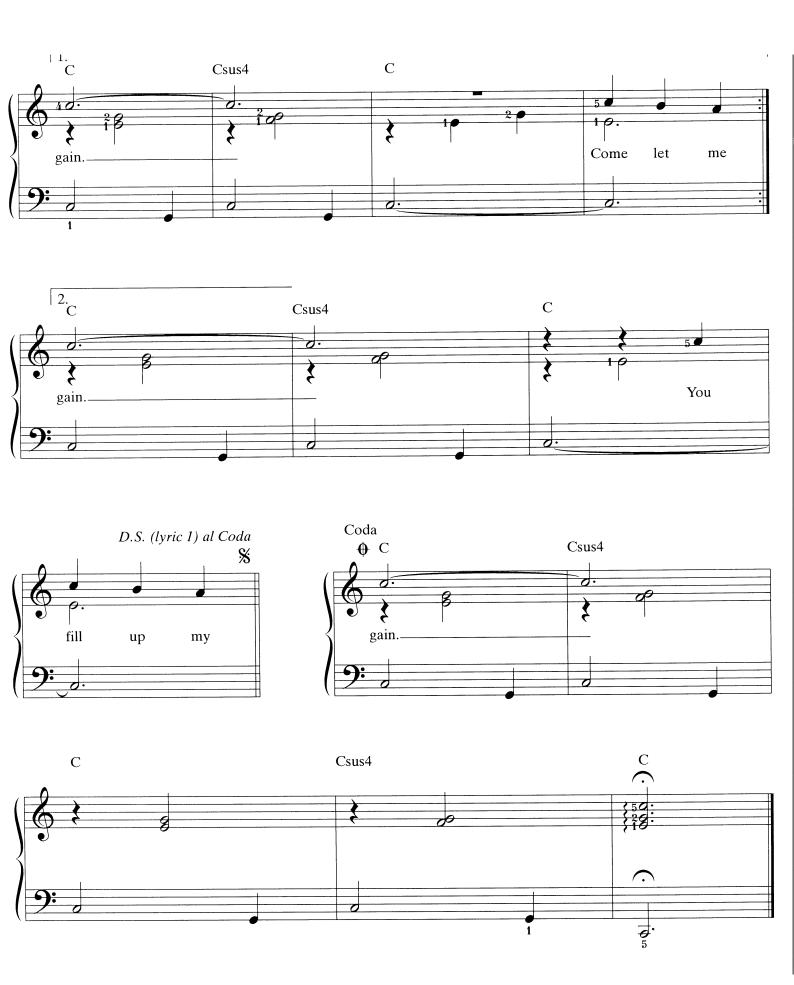








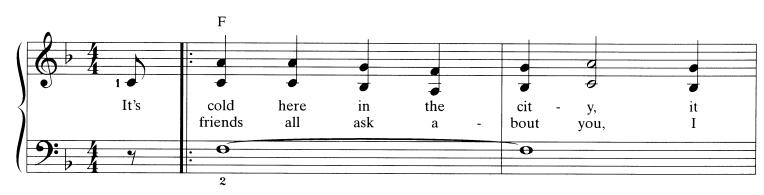


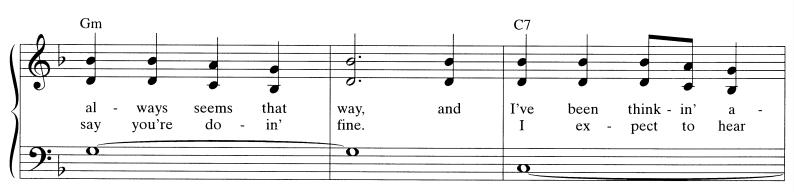


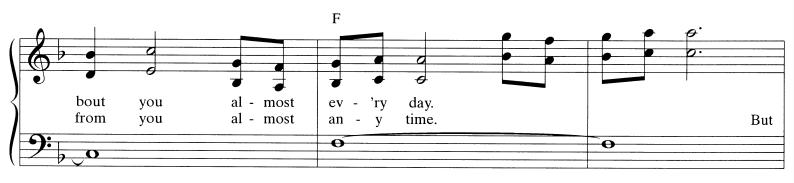
# I'm Sorry

Words and Music by John Denver

#### **Moderately**

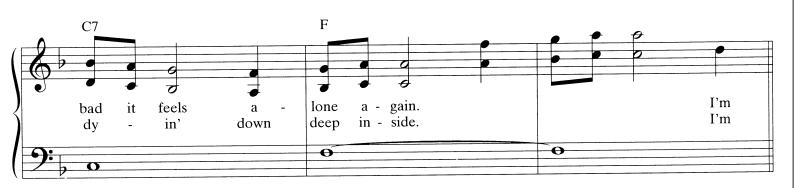


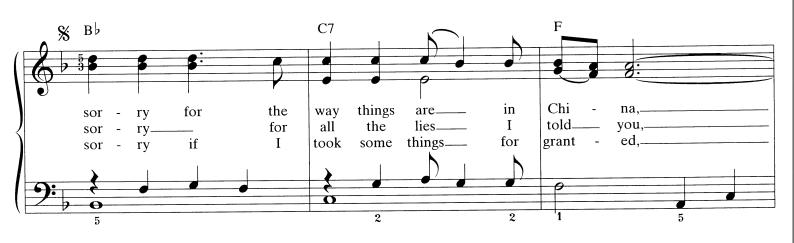


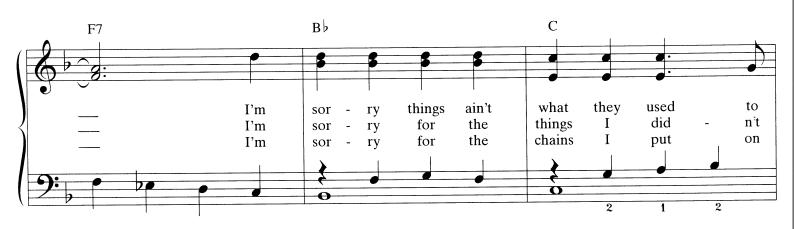


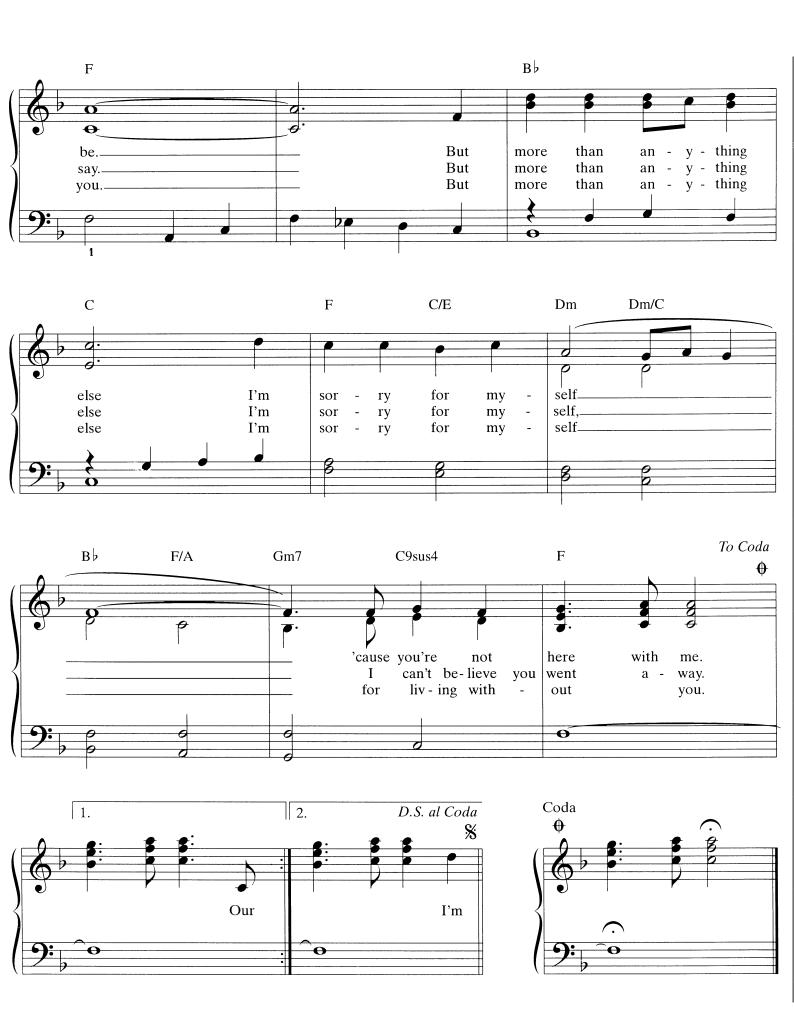








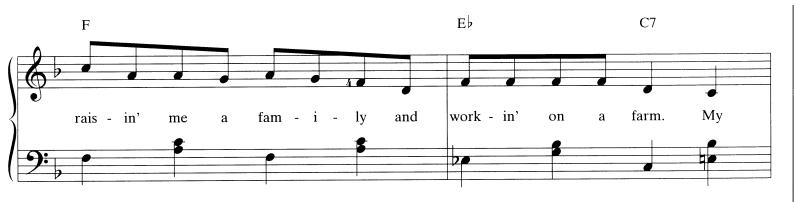




# Thank God I'm A Country Boy

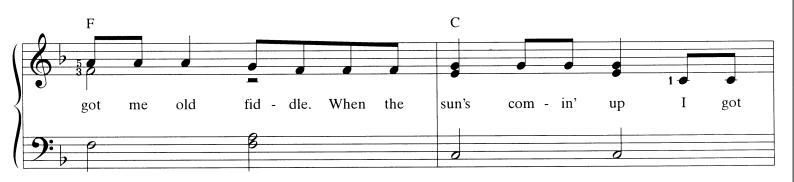
Words and Music by John Martin Sommers

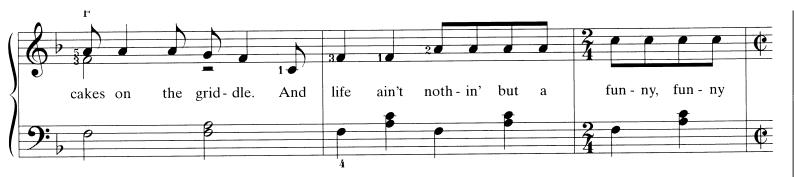


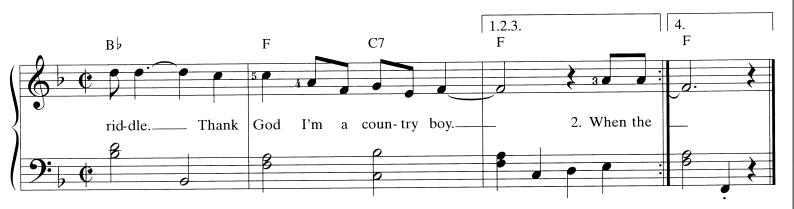










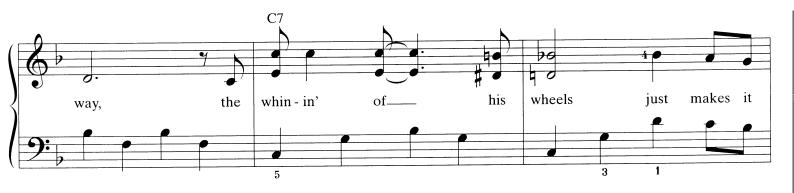


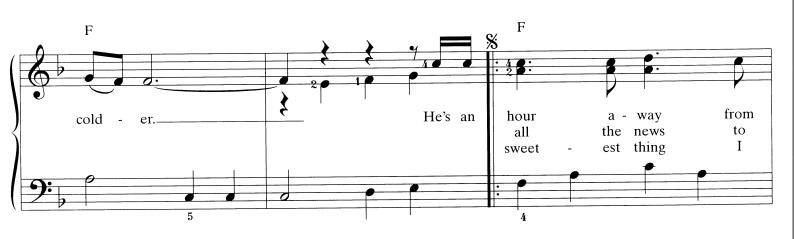
#### Additional Lyrics

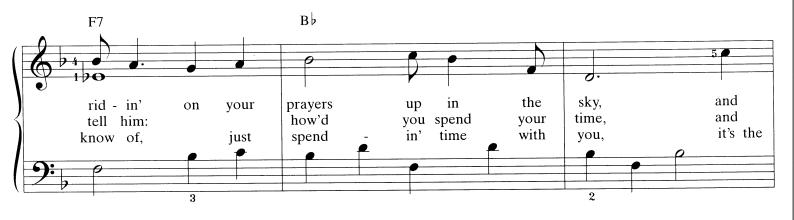
- 2. When the work's all done and the sun's settin' low I pull out my fiddle and I rosin up the bow. But the kids are asleep so I keep it kinda low. Thank God I'm a country boy. I'd play "Sally Goodin'" all day if I could, But the Lord and my wife wouldn't take it very good. So I fiddle when I can and I work when I should. Thank God I'm a country boy. (To Chorus)
- 3. I wouldn't trade my life for diamonds or jewels, I never was one of them money-hungry fools. I'd rather have my fiddle and my farmin' tools. Thank God I'm a country boy. Yeah, city folk drivin' in a black limousine, A lotta sad people thinkin' that's mighty keen. Well folks, let me tell you now exactly what I mean: I thank God I'm a country boy. (To Chorus)
- 4. Well, my fiddle was my daddy's till the day he died,
  And he took me by the hand and held me close to his side.
  He said, "Live a good life and play my fiddle with pride,
  And thank God you're a country boy."
  My daddy taught me young how to hunt and how to whittle,
  He taught me how to work and play a tune on the fiddle.
  He taught me how to love and how to give just a little.
  Thank God I'm a country boy. (To Chorus)

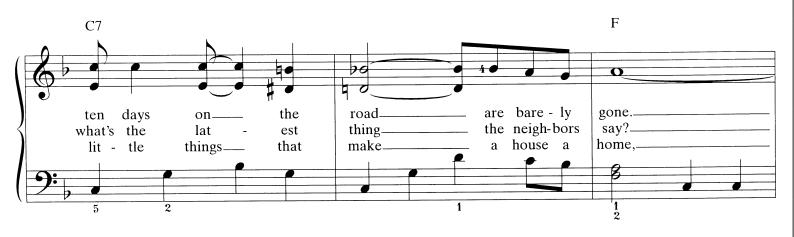
# **Back Home Again**

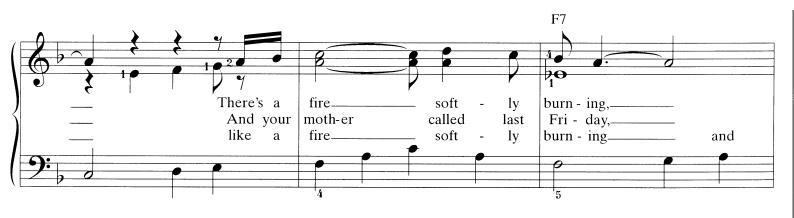


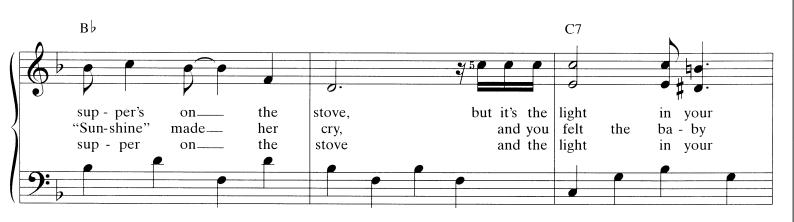


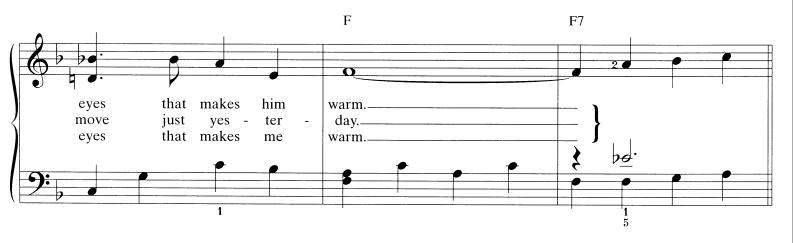


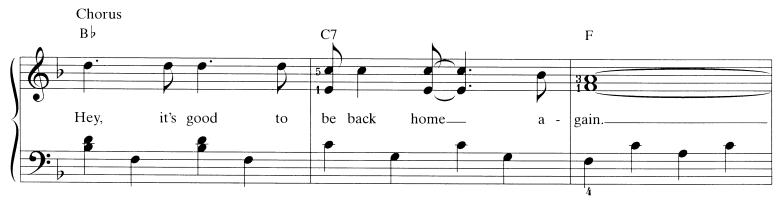


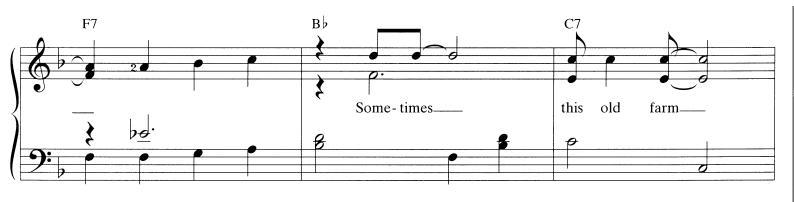


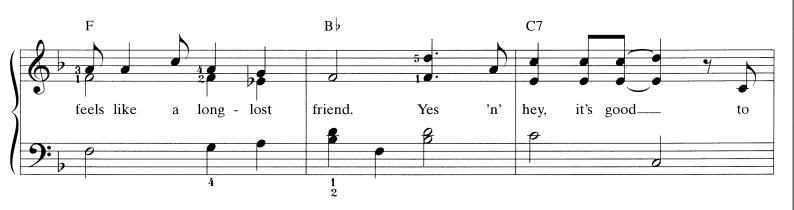


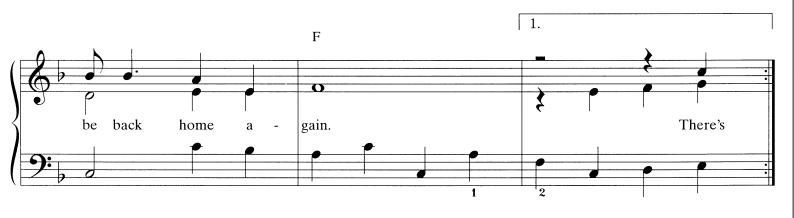


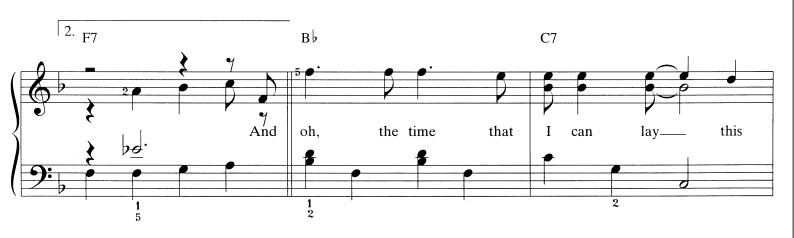


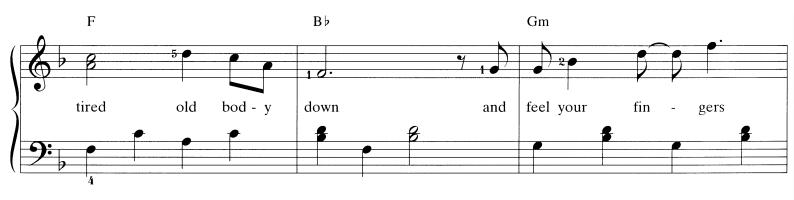


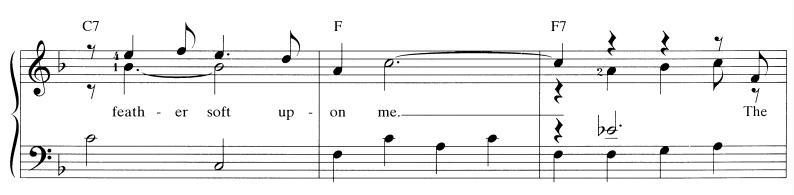


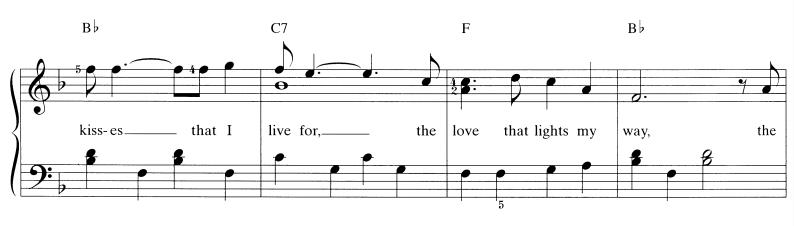


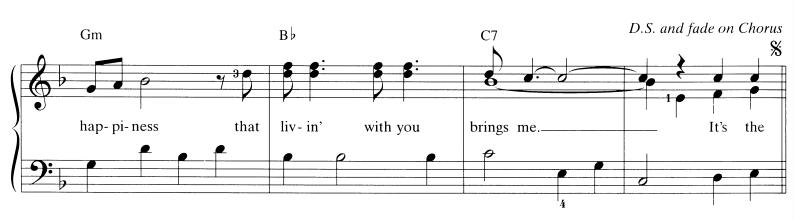






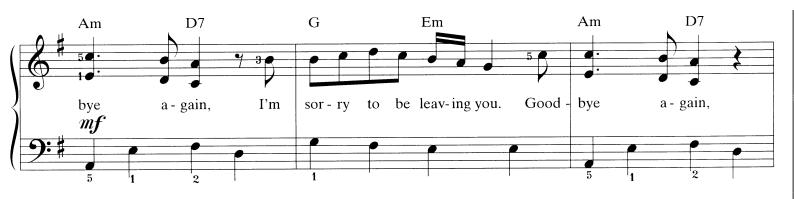


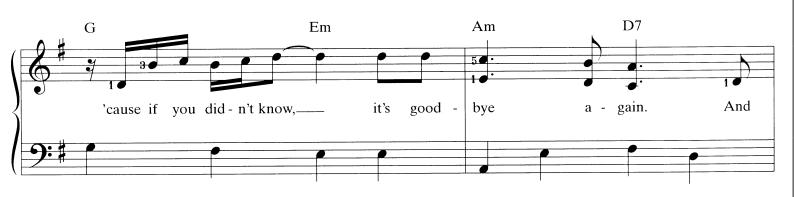


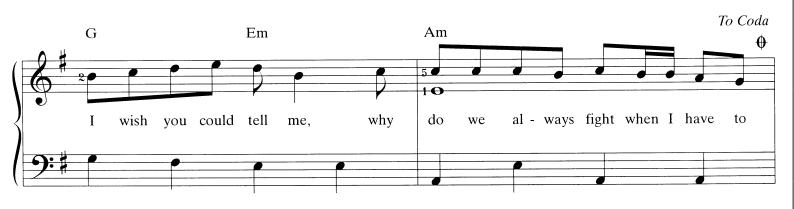


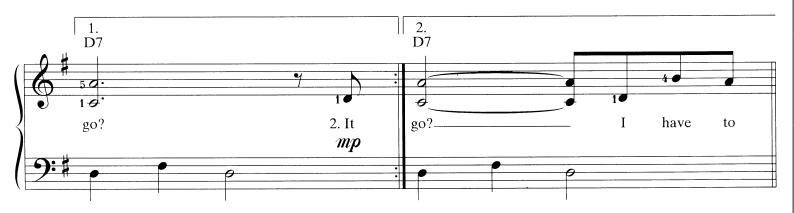
### Goodbye Again

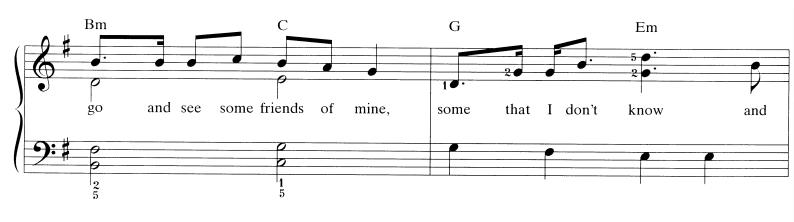


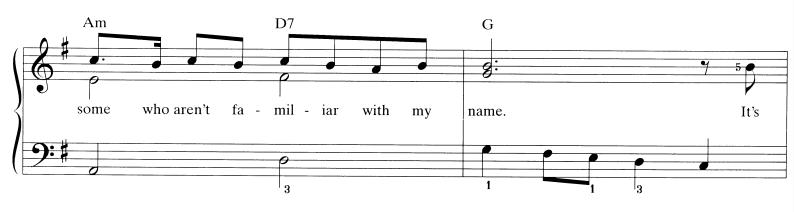


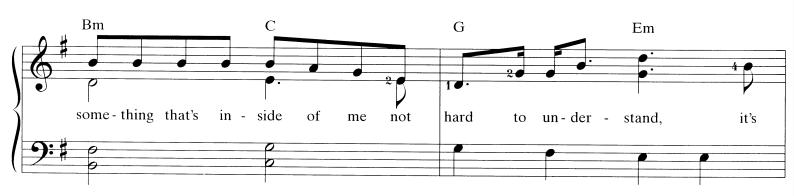




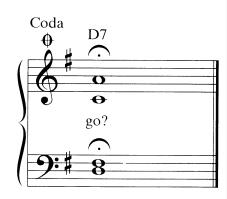










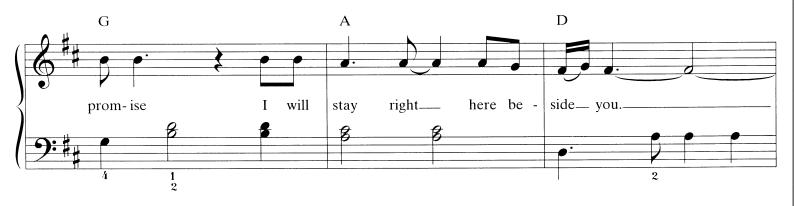


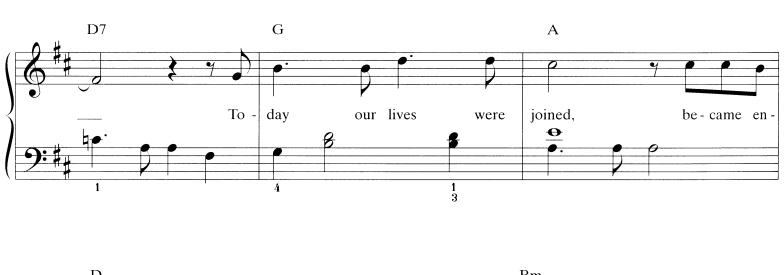
# My Sweet Lady



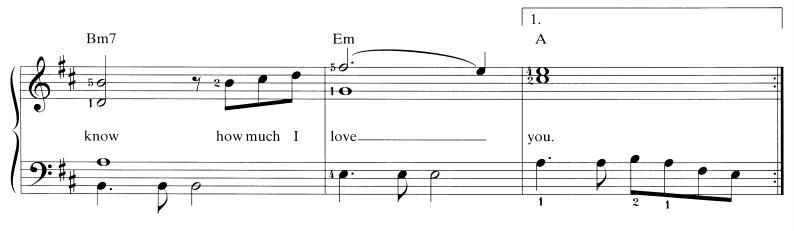


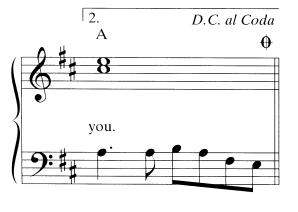


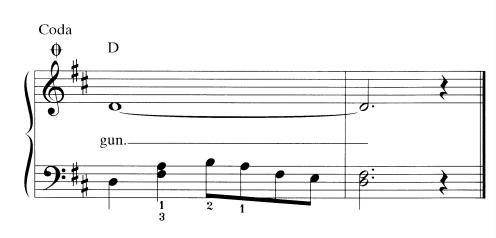






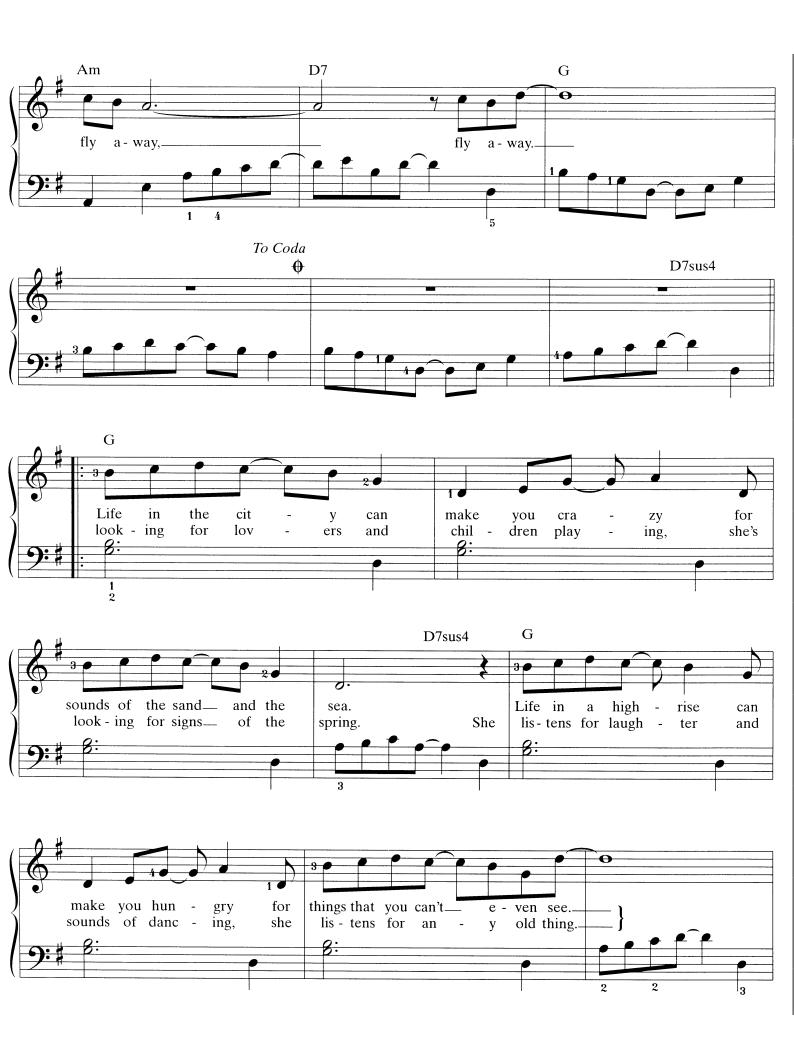






## Fly Away



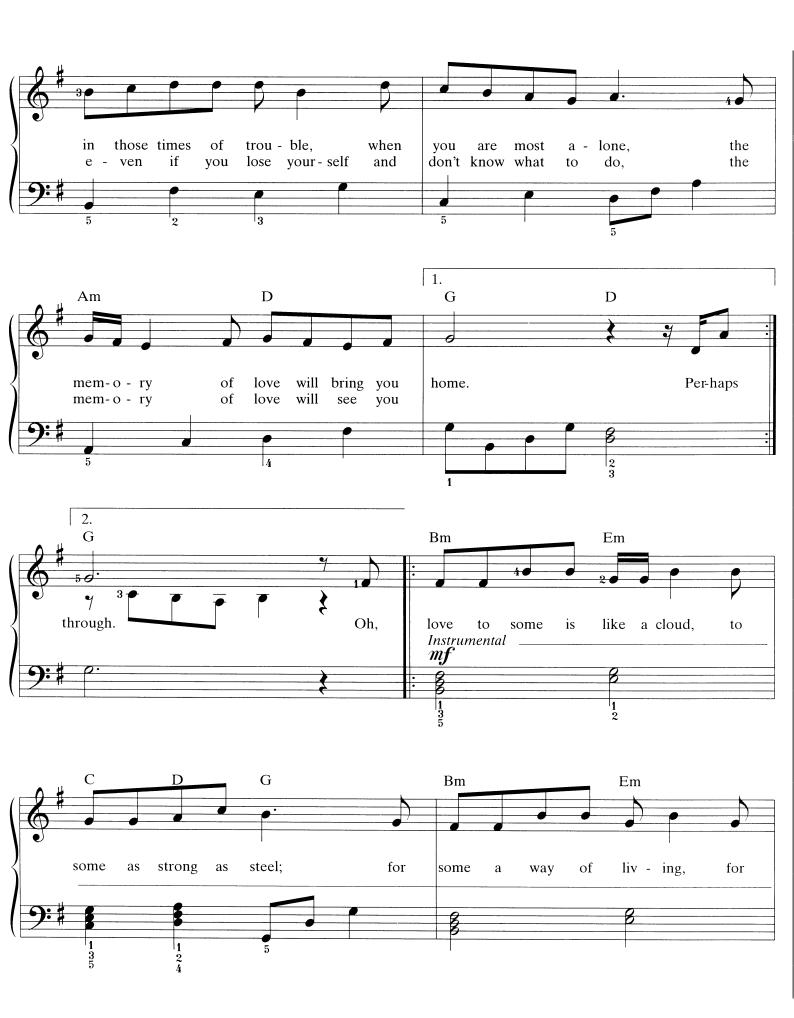


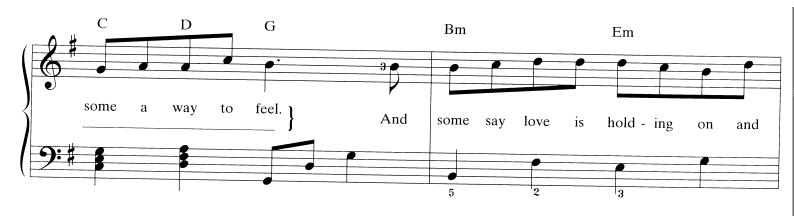


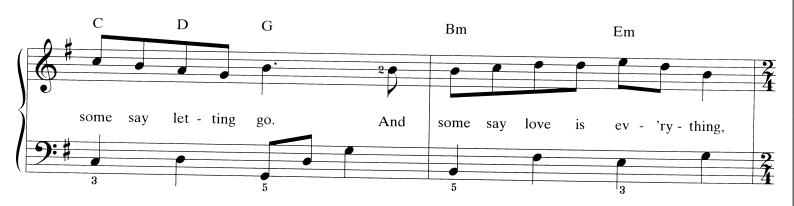


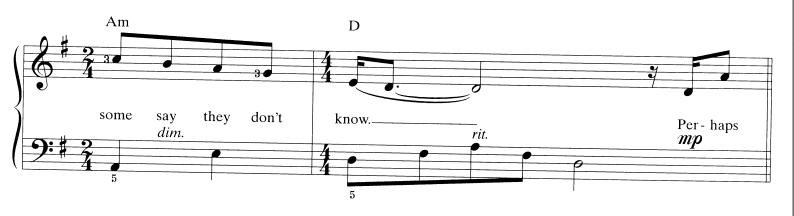
## **Perhaps Love**

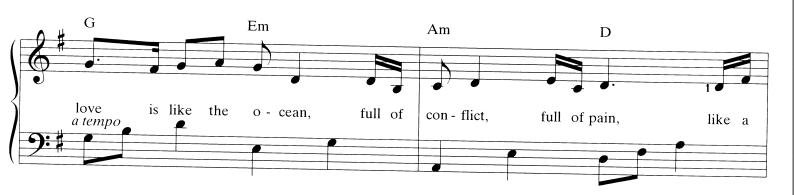


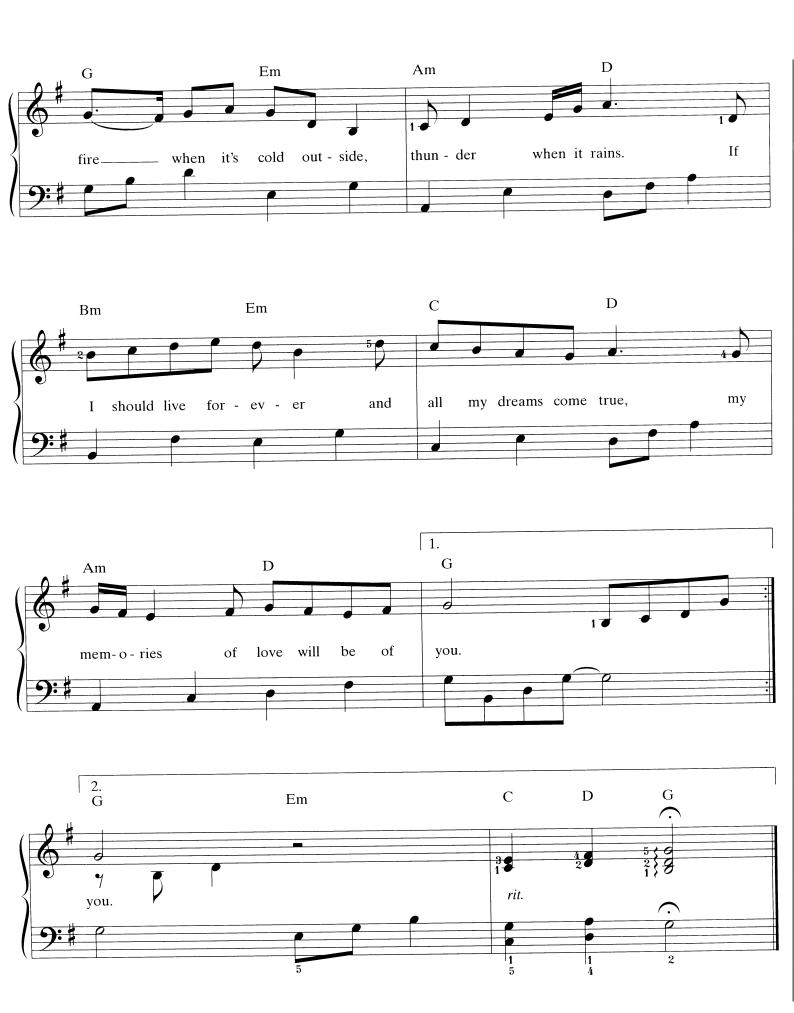






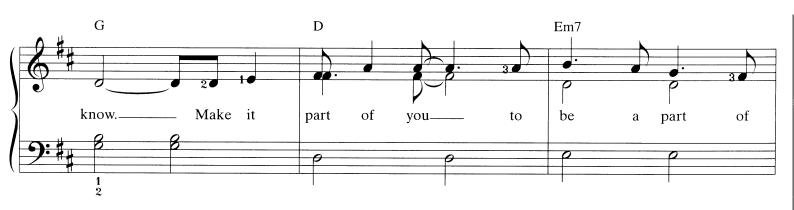


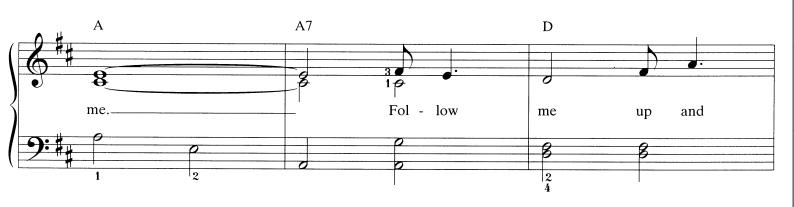


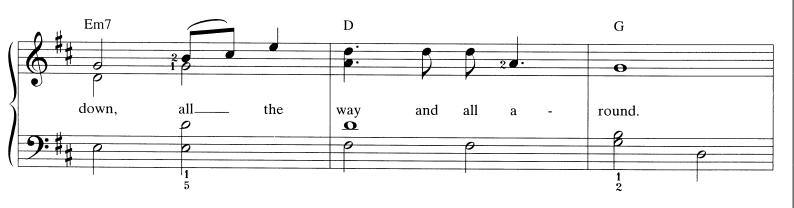


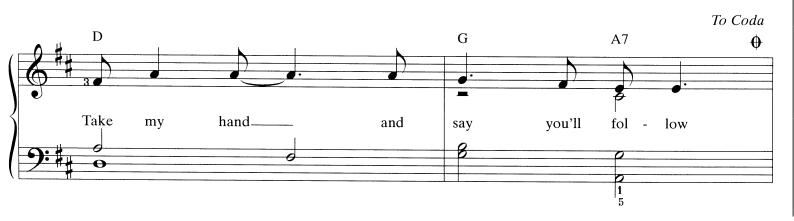
### Follow Me

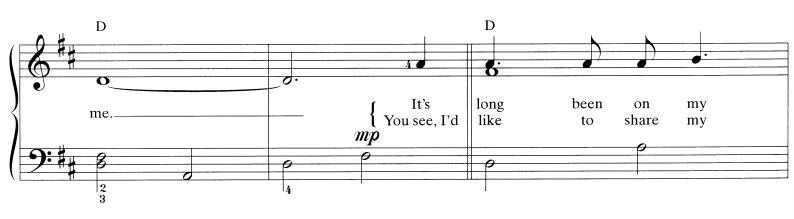


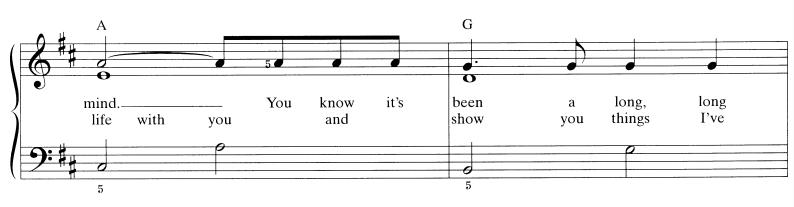


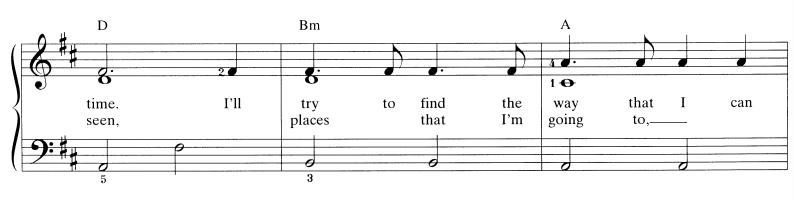


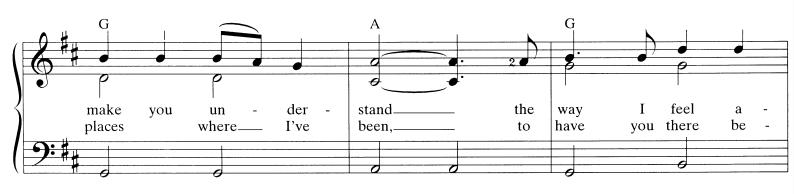


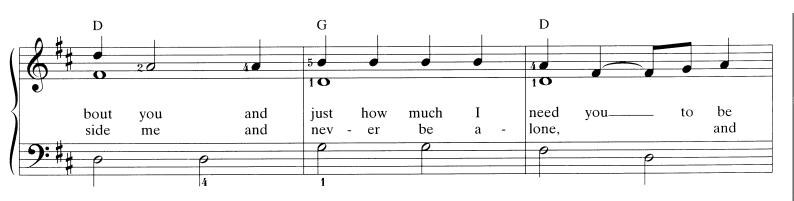


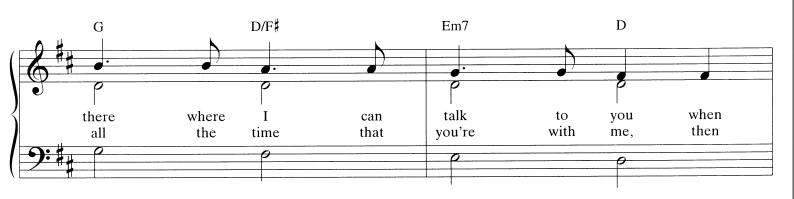


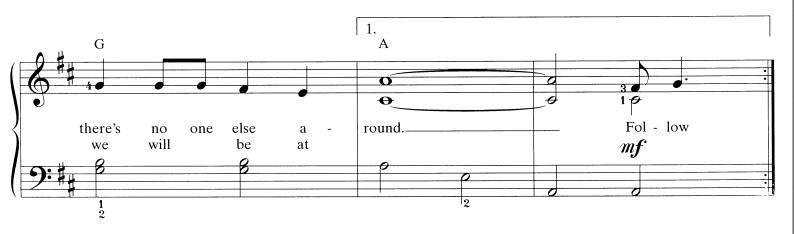


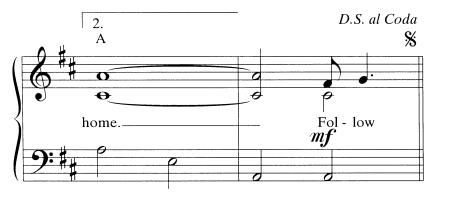


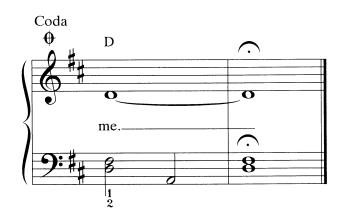












# For Baby (For Bobbie)

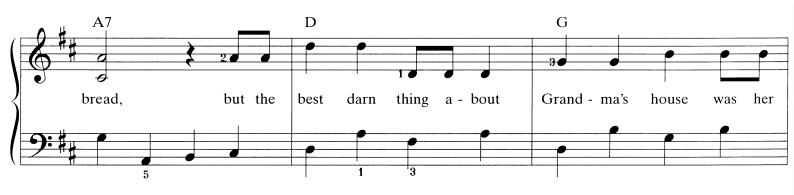


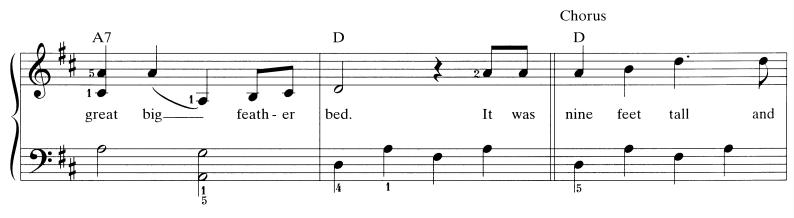


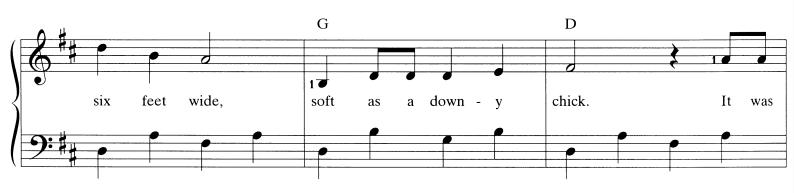
## Grandma's Feather Bed

Words and Music by Jim Connor

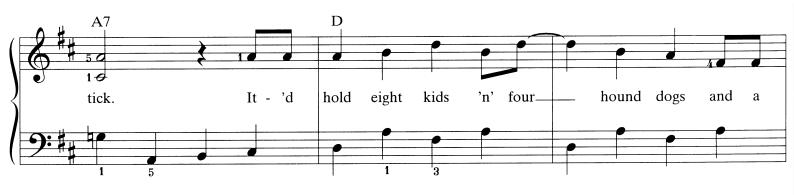


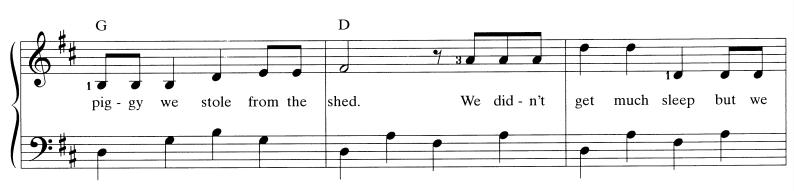


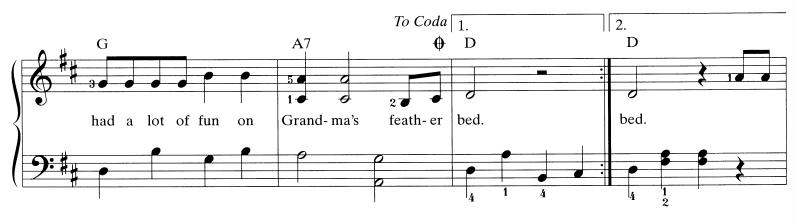


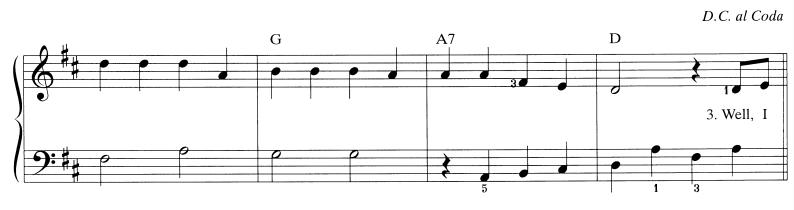




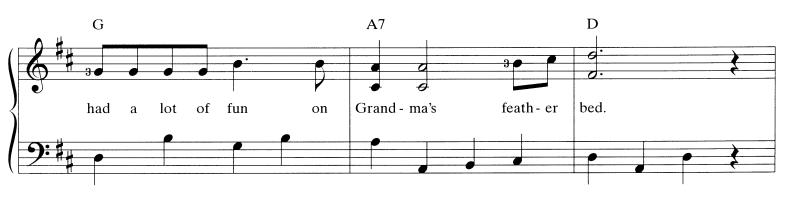


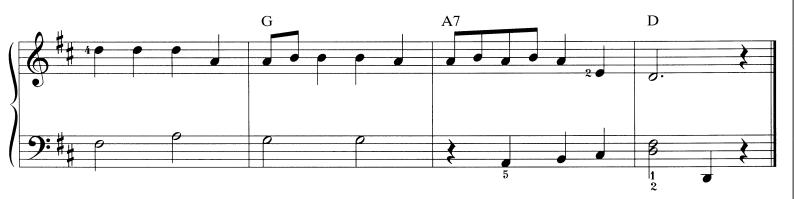








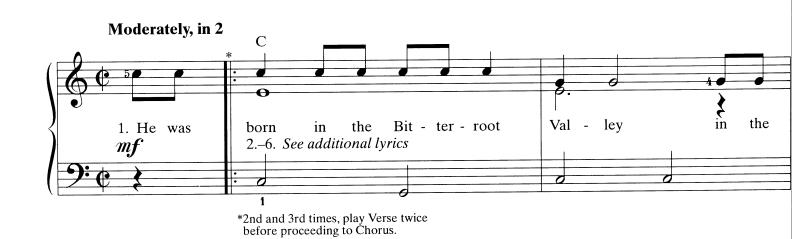




#### Additional Lyrics

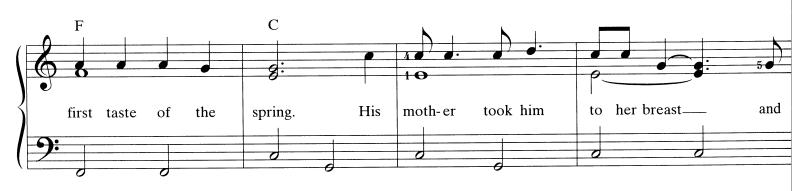
- 2. After supper we'd sit around the fire,
  The old folks'd spit and chew.
  Pa would talk about the farm and the war,
  And Granny'd sing a ballad or two.
  I'd sit and listen and watch the fire
  Till the cobwebs filled my head.
  Next thing I'd know I'd wake up in the mornin'
  In the middle of the old feather bed. (To Chorus)
- 3. Well, I love my ma, I love my pa.
  I love Granny and Grandpa too.
  I been fishin' with my uncle, I rassled with my cousin,
  I even kissed Aunt Loo ooo!
  But if I ever had to make a choice.
  I guess it oughta be said
  That I'd trade 'em all plus the gal down the road
  For Grandma's feather bed. (To Chorus)

#### **Wild Montana Skies**

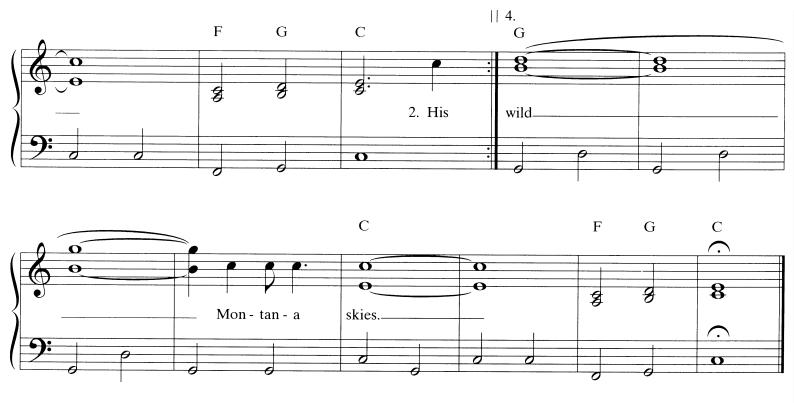












#### Additional Lyrics

- 2. His mother died that summer, he never learned to cry. He never knew his father, he never did ask why. And he never knew the answers that would make an easy way. But he learned to know the wilderness and to be a man that way.
- 3. His mother's brother took him in to his family and his home, Gave him a hand that he could lean on and a strength to call his own. And he learned to be a farmer, and he learned to love the land. And he learned to read the seasons, and he learned to make a stand. (To Chorus)
- 4. On the eve of his twenty-first birthday he set out on his own. He was thirty years and runnin' when he found his way back home. Ridin' a storm across the mountains and an achin' in his heart, Said he came to turn the pages and to make a brand-new start.
- 5. Now, he never told the story of the time that he was gone.

  Some say he was a lawyer, some say he was a john.

  There was somethin' in the city that he said he couldn't breathe,

  And there was somethin' in the country that he said he couldn't leave. (To Chorus)
- 6. Now, some say he was crazy, some are glad he's gone.
  But some of us will miss him and we'll try to carry on.
  Giving a voice to the forest, giving a voice to the dawn,
  Giving a voice to the wilderness and the land that he lived on. (To Chorus)

## **For You**

Words and Music by John Denver



2

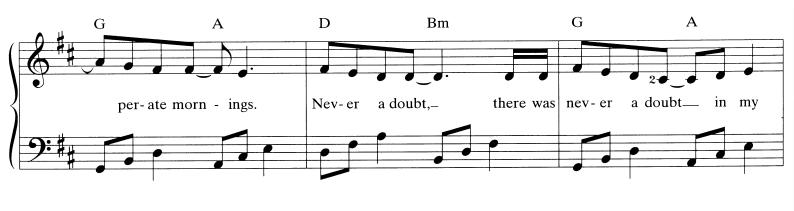


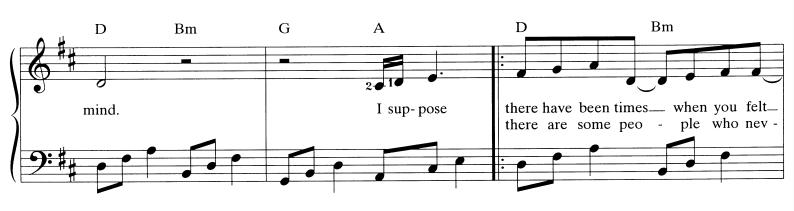


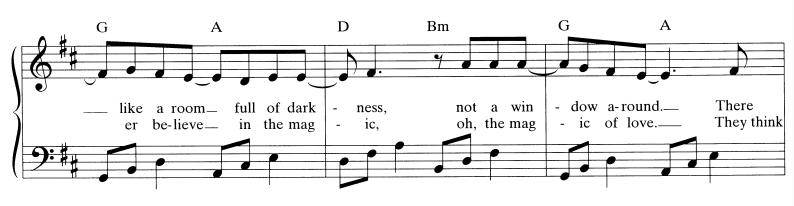


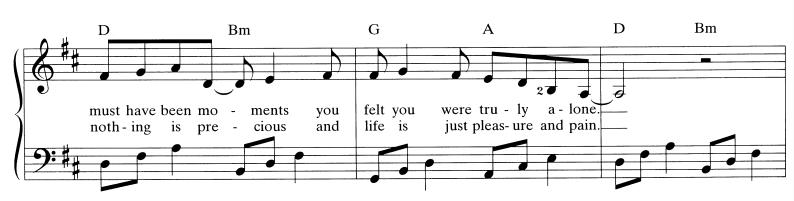
### **Never A Doubt**

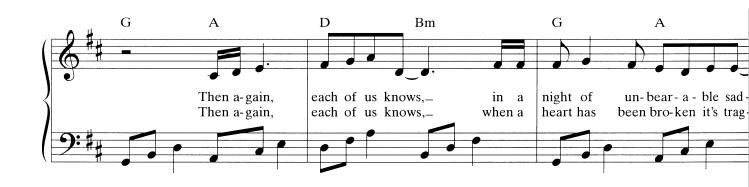


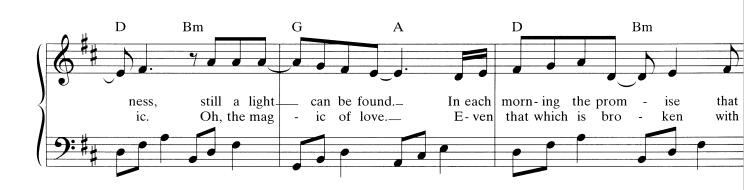


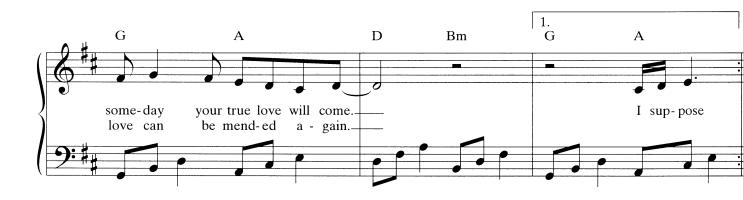


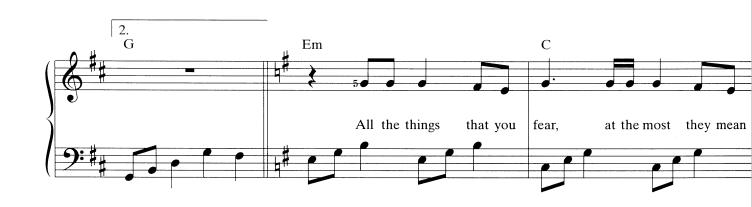
















# Leaving On A Jet Plane





