

NO PRACTICE NEEDED -  
PLAY RIGHT AWAY !

PRESS  
BUTTON



AUTO-CHORD

SONG BOOK

## FIRST TUNE YOUR INSTRUMENT

Tune the first string to the note sounded by your pitch pipe. Press 2<sup>nd</sup> string at 3<sup>rd</sup> fret and tune to 1<sup>st</sup> string. Press 3<sup>rd</sup> string at 4<sup>th</sup> fret and tune to 2<sup>nd</sup> string. Press 2<sup>nd</sup> string at 3<sup>rd</sup> fret and tune 4<sup>th</sup> string.

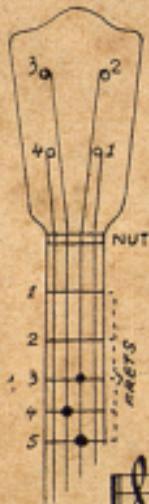


diagram shows how to tune from piano left hand note is middle C.



Automation in music! Press the buttons and the Auto-Chord does the rest! First fix the Auto-Chord over the first five frets and the top nut through which the strings pass to the tuning pegs. Fix the rubber bands round the back of the neck and anchor on to side hooks of Auto Chord. When you press a button the magic fingers of the Auto-Chord make gentle contact with the strings and give you a rich full tone. Strum right across the strings with the pick held lightly between thumb and forefinger.



## Strokes

You can vary the right hand "strum" by using the fingers instead of the felt pick. For this professional style dangle the first finger loosely over the strings; play the "down" stroke with the first finger nail and come back "up" with the ball of the finger. Next try the back hand stroke with all four fingers. Clench the fingers, then "explode" them across the strings as shown. When you develop a smooth roll you will find this stroke, which is used in flamenco guitar playing, very effective.

# Clementine

In a cavern, in a canyon,



G

excavating for a mine.



B

dwell a miner, forty-niner



C

and his daughter, Clementine.



D



E

IN ADDITION TO THE PLEASURE YOU DERIVE FROM  
MUSIC MAKING THE "AUTO-CHORD" TRAINS YOUR EAR.

# Molly Malone

In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty



I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone



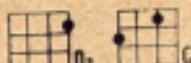
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow,



Through streets wide and narrow,



Crying "Cockles and Mussels Alive, alive, oh!"



# *Little Brown Jug*

*Ha, ha, ha, you and me,*



*little brown jug don't I love thee!*



*Ha, ha, ha, you and me,*



*little brown jug don't I love thee!*



DON'T USE THE FRET TUNING METHOD AS A "CRUTCH", TRY  
TUNING BY EAR AND CHECK WITH FRETS OR PIANO

# *Camptown Races*

*De Camptown ladies sing dis song, doo-dah*



*doo-dah, de Camptown race track five miles*



*long dah, doo-dah day, gwine to run all*



*night, gwine to run all day, I bet my cash*



*on a bob-tail nag, somebody bet on de bay.*



# *Oh Susanna*

*I came from Alabama wid my banjo*



*on my knee I'm off to Louisiana, My*



*true love for to see. Oh, Susanna*



*don't you cry for me I'm off to*



*Louisiana, my true love for to see.*



# *Comin' round the Mountain*

*She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes*



*She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes*



*She'll be comin' round the mountain*



*She'll be comin' round the mountain*



*She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes*



# *Frankie and Johnny*

Frankie and Johnny were lovers. Oh



Lordy how they could love, they swore to



be true to each other, just as true

as the stars above, he was her man



but he done her wrong!



# *Bring back my bonnie*

*Bring back, bring back, Oh* •



*bring back my bonnie*



*to me, to me.*



*Bring back bring back, Oh*



*bring back my bonnie to me.*



# Jingle Bells

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the



way, oh what fun it is to ride in a one



horse open sleigh. Jingle bells, jingle



bells, jingle all the way, oh what fun it



is to ride in a one horse open sleigh!



# *Loch Lomond*

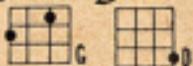
*Oh! ye'll tak the high road and I'll tak*



*the low road and I'll be in Scotland*



*afore ye, where me and my true love.*



*Will never meet again, on the bonnie*



*bonnie banks of Loch Lomond*



# *Home on the Range*

*Home, home on the range,*



*Where the deer and the antelope play,*



*Where never is heard,*



*A discouraging word*

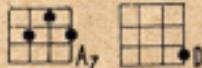


*And the skies are not cloudy or grey*



# *Barbara Allen*

*In Scarlet Town where I was born*



*There was a fair maid dwelling*



*Made every youth cry "Well a day"*



*Her name was Barbara Allen.*



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