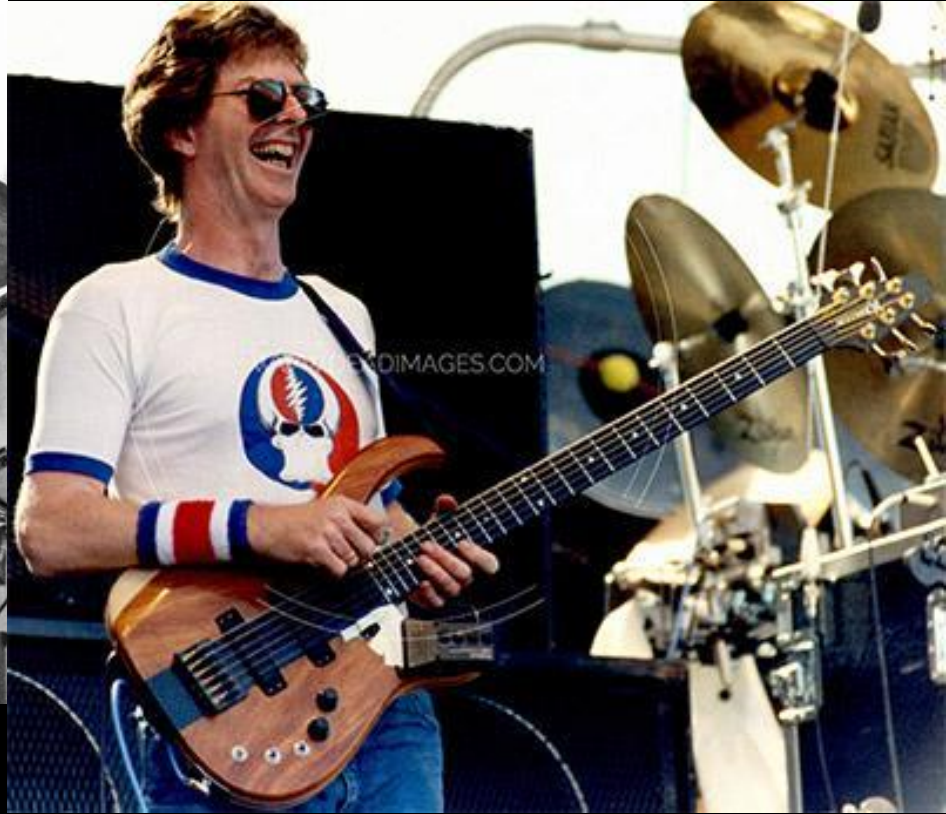
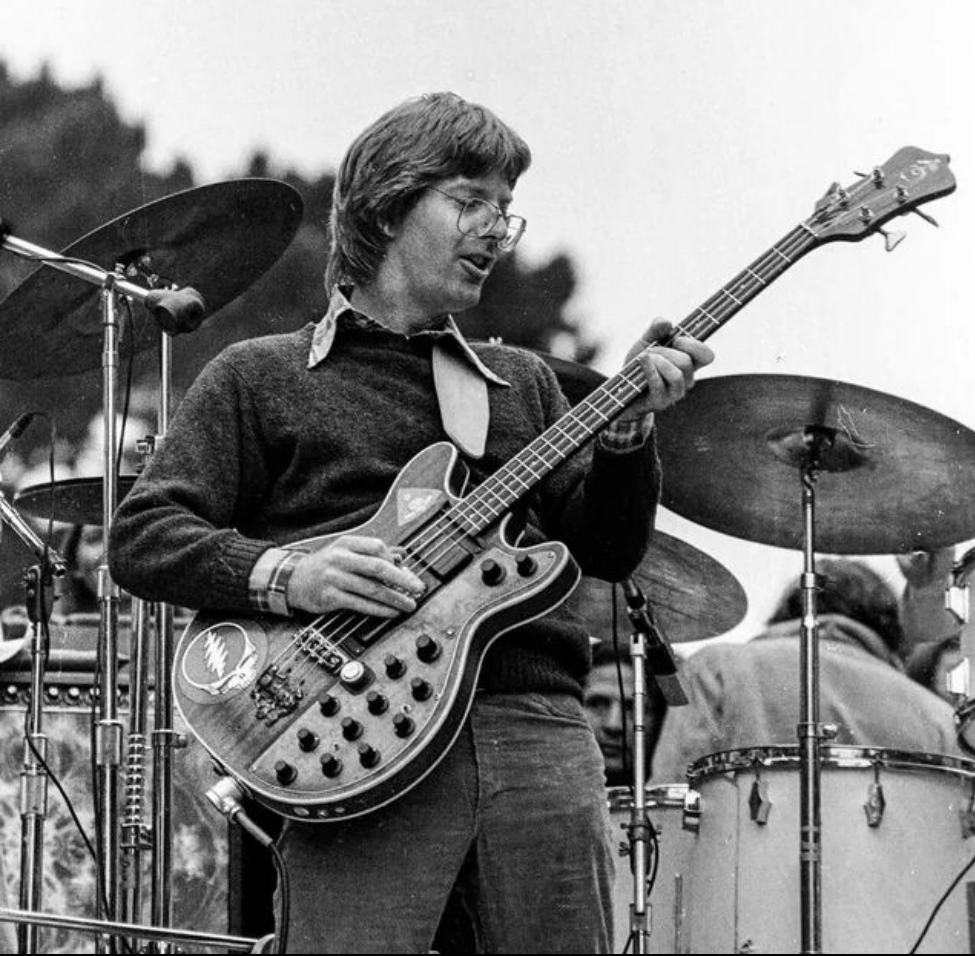


Phil Lesh 1940-2024



N.C.

G

G

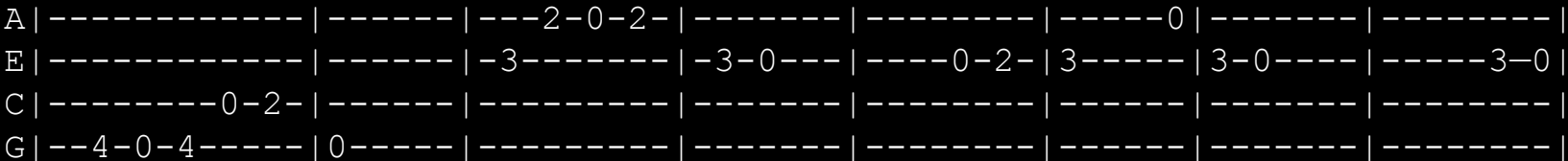
C

C

C

C

C



G

G

G

C

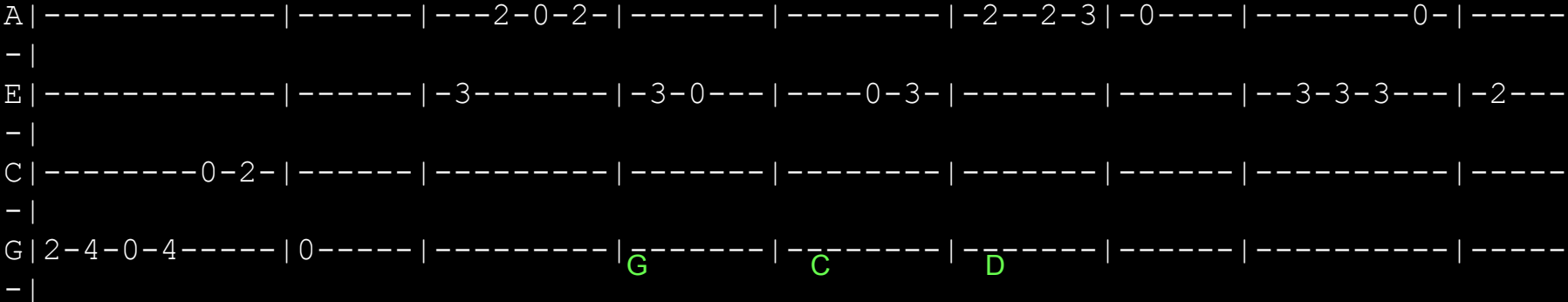
C

G

D

C

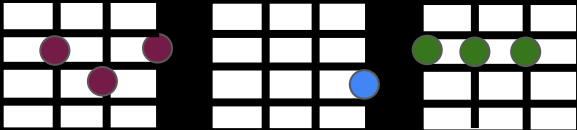
G



G

C

D



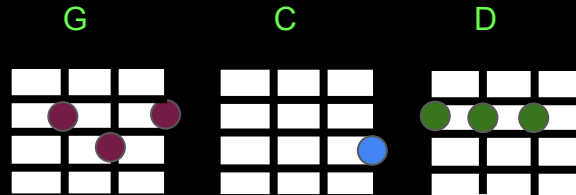
126 bpm

If my words did glow with the gold of sunshine

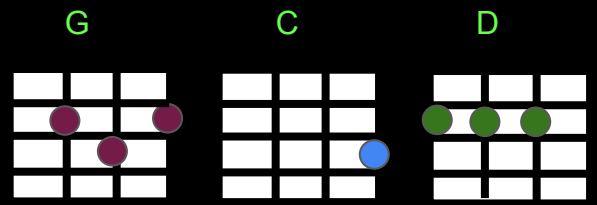
And my tunes were played on the harp unstrung

Would you hear my voice come through the music

Would you hold it near as it were your own?



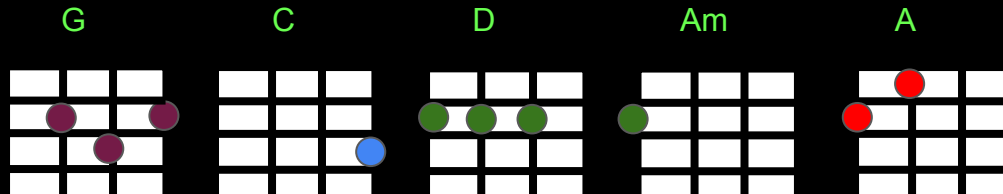
It's a hand-me-down, the thoughts are broken  
Perhaps they're better left unsung  
I don't know, don't really care  
Let there be songs to fill the air



**Am**                                      **D**  
Ripple in still water

**G**                                      **C**  
When there is no pebble tossed

**A**                                      **D**  
Nor wind to blow

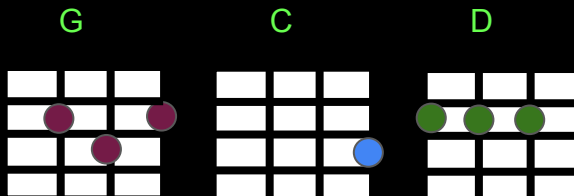


Reach out your hand if your cup be empty

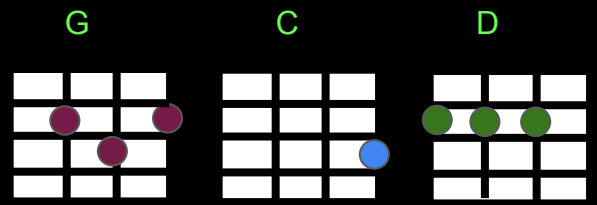
If your cup is full may it be again

Let it be known there is a fountain

That was not made by the hands of men



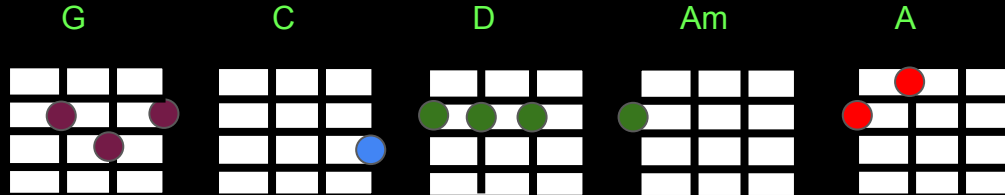
There is a road, no simple highway  
Between the dawn and the dark of night  
And if you go no one may follow  
That path is for your steps alone



**Am** **D**  
Ripple in still water

**G** **C**  
When there is no pebble tossed

**A** **D**  
Nor wind to blow



Ripple – The Grateful Dead



G

C

You who choose to lead must follow

C

G

But if you fall you fall alone

G

C

If you should stand then who's to guide you?

G

D

C

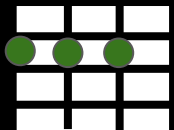
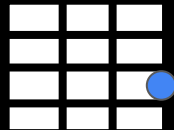
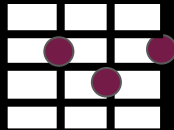
G

If I knew the way I would take you home

G

C

D



G C  
 La da da da, Lah da-ah da da, da  
C G  
 La da da, la da, da da da-ah, da da  
G C  
 La da da da, Lah da-ah da da, da  
G D C G!  
 La da da da, Lah da da da da

