

# "Gentle On My Mind"

John Hartford

Arranged & Tablited  
by Tom Arri 2017  
BanjoTom2.ORG

C/C: INTRO...

C/B

C/A

C/G

4 (Nothing Yet)... Etc. Etc. Etc.

C/C: INTRO... C/B C/A C/G (Walk-Up)...

C/C (Again)...

C/B

C/A

C/G

5 Etc. Etc. Etc. 0

C/C (Again)... C/B C/A C/G It's

C/C: Verse 1...

C/B

C/A

C/G

(Walk-Up)...

dm/D

9 3 3 3 0 3 3 3 0 3 3 3 5 3 0 5 3 5

know in' that your door is al ways o pen and your path is free to walk...

C/C: Rhythm Mandolin...

C/B

C/A

C/G

(Walk-Up)...

dm/D

0 3 2 0 3 2 0 3 2 0 3 2 0 3 2 0 1 0 1 0



29

C/C C/B dm/D dm/C# dm/C

ink stains that are dried up on some line...

C/C C/B dm/D dm/C# dm/C

34

dm/B dm/D dm/C# dm/C dm/B

That keeps you in the back roads of the rivers of my mem 'ry... That

dm/B dm/D dm/C# dm/C dm/B

39

G7 C/C C/B 1.C/A

keeps you e ver gen tle on my mind...

G7 C/C C/B C/A

44

C/G C/C C/B C/A

C/G (Walk-Up)... C/C C/B C/A

0↑ 3 2 0↑ 3 2 0↑ 3 2 0↑ 3 2 0↑ 3 2 0↑ 3 2

0 B 2 4 5 B 5 B 4 B 4 B 2 B 2 B

48

C/G 2C/A C: End...

It's

C/G C/A C: End...

0 2 3 0 2 4 2 0 0 2 3 0

Verse 2...

It's not clingin' to the rocks and ivy  
 Planted on their columns now that bind me  
 Or something that somebody said because  
 They thought we fit together walkin'  
 It's just knowing that the world  
 Will not be cursing or forgiving  
 When I walk along some railroad track and find  
 That you're movin' on the back roads  
 By the rivers of my memory  
 And for hours you're just gentle on my mind

Verse 4...

I dip my cup of soup back from a gurglin' cracklin' cauldron  
 In some train yard  
 My beard a rustlin' coal pile  
 And a dirty hat pulled low across my face  
 Through cupped hands 'round a tin can  
 I pretend to hold you to my breast and find  
 That you're waitin' from the back roads  
 By the rivers of my memory  
 Ever smilin', ever gentle on my mind

Verse 3...

Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines  
 And the junkyards and the highways come between us  
 And some other woman's cryin' to her mother  
 'Cause she turned and I was gone  
 I still might run in silence  
 Tears of joy might stain my face  
 And the summer sun might burn me till I'm blind  
 But not to where I cannot see  
 You walkin' on the back roads  
 By the rivers flowin' gentle on my mind