

Bb Tacet Bb Tacet Bb Tacet

Sam-son told De-li-lah loud and clear: Keep your cot-ton-pick-in' fin-gers out my curl-y hair. }  
 heard 'bout a king who was do-in' like a swell rock. } Till he start-ed play-in' with that e-vil Jez-e-bel. } Oh,  
 I got a worn-an a head like a If she ev-er went a-way I'd cry a-round the clock }

Eb7 Bb F7

yeah, — Ev-er since the world be-gan. — Uh-huh-huh. — A Hard Head-ed Wom-an been a

Eb7 Bb Gb7 F7 Bb Eb7 Bb

thorn in the side of man. I man.

### HE'S A REBEL

Words and Music by  
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Moderately, with a beat

A F#m

See the way he walks down the street, Watch the way he shuff-les his feet, Oh, how he holds his head high when  
 When he holds my hand I'm so proud, 'Cause he's not just one of the crowd, My ba-by's al-ways the one to

1 D E7 2 D B7

he goes walk-in' by He's my guy! try the things they've nev-er done, And just be-cause of that they

REFRAIN E7 F7 Bb Gm Bb

say: He's A Reb-el and he'll nev-er ev-er be an-y good, He's A Reb-el 'cause he

F7 Eb D Gm

nev-er ev-er does what he should, Well, just be-cause he does-n't do what ev-'ry-bod-y else does, That's no rea-son why

Eb F7 Bb Gm Eb

{ I can't give him all my love, } He is al-ways good to me, { Al-ways treats me ten-der-ly, } 'Cause he's not a reb-el, no, no, no,  
 { We can't share a love, } { Good to him I'll try to be, }

1 To next strain F Bb F7 2 Fine Bb

He's not a reb-el, no, no, no, to me. me.

Gm Eb C7 F7

If they don't like him that way, they won't like me af-ter to-day, I'll be stand-ing right by his side when they say: **D.S. al Fine**