

Tune Kantele to D

Chords used

Blue Stockings

D	G	A	Em
A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○
A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○
A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○
A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○
A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○
A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○
A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○
A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○
A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○	A ○ B ○ C# ○ D ○ E ○ F# ○ G ○ B ○

Music by David D. Thompson

Words by Lani K. Thompson

♩ = 106

10 strings I once loved a wo - man in long, blue stockings. She walked off the hills, straight in - to my heart. She prom - ised me that she'd ne - ver wan - der, But now the dark green hills keep us a - part. Blue Stockings, Blue Stockings, Where are you now walk - ing? And who, may I ask, is walk - ing with you? On that path - way un - known, Are you walk - ing a - lone? Blue Stockings, come walk - ing, Come walk - ing with me.

2. I courted a woman in long blue stockings.
 She wore blue stockings where ever she roamed.
 And though the path to my heart called to her,
 The path through those dark hills carried her home.
 Blue Stockings, Blue Stockings
 Where are you now walking?
 And who, may I ask, is walking with you?
 On that pathway unknown,
 Are you walking alone?
 Blue Stockings, come walking,
 Come walking with me.

3. The hills hide a flower they call Blue Stockings.
 It clings to rock where the sun does not shine.
 And scorns the garden where it might wither
 To always remain my wild, rambling vine.
 Blue Stockings, Blue Stockings
 Where are you now walking?
 And who, may I ask, is walking with you?
 On that pathway unknown,
 Are you walking alone?
 Blue Stockings, come walking,
 Come walking with me.