## Cassidy

Words by John Perry Barlow, music by Bob Weir



"Cassidy" was first recorded on Ace (1972), a Weir solo album on which he's backed by his Grateful Dead band mates. It became a live staple and is now played regularly by RatDog.

The song pays tribute to '60s counterculture icon Neal Cassady as well as a baby girl named Cassidy who was born while Weir was writing the music. The original version is in a now-

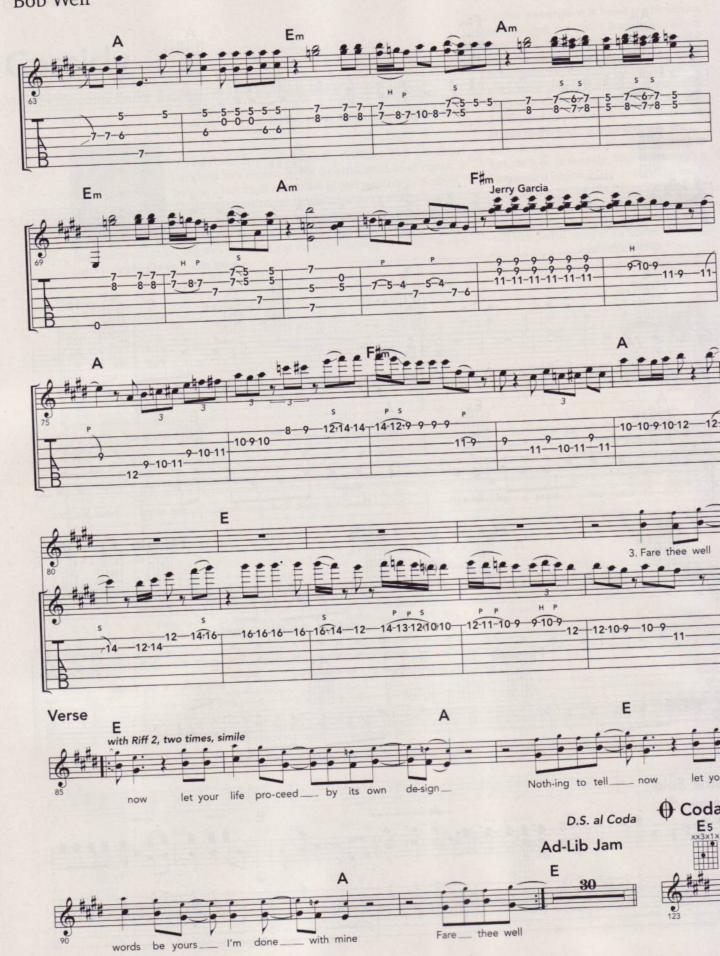
forgotten open tuning, but Weir reworked it in standard tuning in the late '70s, and that's how he's played it ever since.

This transcription is based on the version on Reckoning, the Dead's live acoustic album from 1981, but it also incorporates chordal ideas that Weir demonstrated in the interview. In any given run-through of "Cassidy," he may voice these chords differently or embellish them with slides, hammer-ons, and pull-offs. But his tendency is to favor two- or three-note chords up the neck; playing with pick and fingers allows him to skip over strings easily, as in bars 3-6. In the solo, Weir begins with a harmonized version of the melody and hands off to Garcia on the F‡m in bar 73. After the final verse, the band stretches into a loose modal improvisation in E that leads eventually to a partial recap of the bridge.

-JEFFREY PEPPER RODGERS







I have seen where the wolf has slept by the silver stream

I can tell by the mark he left you were in his dream

Ah child of countless trees, ah child of boundless seas

What you are, and what you're meant to be

Speaks his name though you were born to me

Born to me, Cassidy

Lost now on the country miles in his Cadillac

I can tell by the way you smile he is rolling back

Come wash the nighttime clean, come grow the scorched ground green

Blow the horn, tap the tambourine

Close the gap on the dark years in between

You and me, Cassidy

Bridge

E5 Quick beats in an icy heart, a catch colt draws a coffin cart

There he goes and now here she starts, hear her cry

F#m(add4) E5

F#m(add4) E5 Flight of the seabirds

F#m(add4) Scattered like lost words

A5 Wheel to the storm and fly

Fare thee well now, let your life proceed by its own design

Nothing to tell now, let the words be yours, I'm done with mine

Fare thee well now, let your life proceed by its own design

Nothing to tell now, let the words be yours, I'm done with mine

Repeat second half of Bridge

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