

the  
**JIMI HENDRIX**  
**EXPERIENCE**  
**Album**

Contents	Page no.
ARE YOU EXPERIENCED? .....	4
CAN YOU SEE ME? .....	5
FIRE .....	6
FOXY LADY .....	8
I DON'T LIVE TODAY .....	9
LOVE OR CONFUSION .....	12
MANIC DEPRESSION .....	13
MAY THIS BE LOVE .....	14
PURPLE HAZE .....	3
RED HOUSE .....	15
REMEMBER .....	16
THE BURNING OF THE MIDNIGHT LAMP.....	17
THE WIND CRIES MARY .....	20
THIRD STONE FROM THE SUN .....	18

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A. SCHROEDER MUSIC PUBLISHING CO. LTD.  
 15, Berkeley Street, London, W.1.

# PURPLE HAZE

By JIMI HENDRIX

F Ab Bb F

Pur-ple haze — was in my brain, Late-ly things — don't

Ab Bb F Ab Bb

seem the same, Act-in' fun-ny, but I don't know why,

F gtr. tacet - - - - - fill - - - - -

'Scuse me — while I kiss the sky.

F Ab Bb F

Pur-ple haze — all a - round, Don't know if I'm com-ing

Ab Bb F Ab Bb

up or down. Am I hap-py or in mi-se-ry? — What-

F gtr. tacet - - - - - fill - - - - -

e - ver it is, — that girl put a spell on me!

F Ab Bb F

Pur-ple haze — was in my eyes, Don't know if it's

Ab Bb F Ab Bb

day or night. You've got me blow-ing, blowin' my mind. Is it

F Gtr. tacet - - - - - fill - - - - -

to - mor - row or just the end of time?

# ARE YOU EXPERIENCED

By JIMI HENDRIX

If you can just get your mind to-gether then come on a-cross to me. —  
 We'll hold hands-an' then we'll watch the sun rise from the bot-tom of the sea.  
*tacet*  
 But first are you ex-per-i-enced? Ah! have you ev-er been ex-  
 per-i-enced? — Well, — I have. — I know, I know —  
 you'll pro-bab-ly scream-n' cry That your lit-tle world won't let you go.  
 But who in your meas-ly lit-tle world are you trying to prove that You're made  
*tacet* out of gold and-a  
 can't be sold. — So-er, are you ex-per-i-enced? Ah! have you ev-er been ex-  
 per-i-enced? — Well, — I have. — Ah, let me prove it to you.  
 Trum-pets and vi-o-lins I can hear in the dis-tance. I think they're call-ing our names. —  
 May-be now — you can't hear them, but you will — if you  
 just take hold of my hand. — Ah! — but are you ex-per-i-enced?  
 Have you ev-er been ex-per-i-enced? Not necessarily stoned, but beautiful.

# CAN YOU SEE ME

By JIMI HENDRIX

Can you see me blam-ing you on any knees? —  
me cry-ing all ov-er town? —

Wo yeh. — Can you see me, ba-by,  
Wo yeh. — Can you hear me, ba-by,

Ba - by, please don't leave — Yeah. If you can  
Cry- ing 'cos you put me down? — Yeah. If you can

see me do-ing that you can see in the fut-ure of a thou-sand years. (band)  
hear me do-ing that you can hear a freight train coming from a thou-sand miles.

Can you hear — Can you hear —

— me — sing-ing this song to you? (Oh, you gotta listen to me, baby)

Can you hear — me, ba-by, sing-ing this song to you? —

If you can hear me sing — you

bet-ter come home — like you s'posed to do. (band)

Can you hear — me? Hey hey. —

I don't be - lieve you can hear me, Wo yeah. — Can you see —  
— me, ba-by? I don't be- lieve you can. —

# FIRE

By JIMI HENDRIX

(band)  Al - right, \_\_\_\_\_

 now list - en, ba - by. You don't care for me, I don' - a

 care a - bout that. Got - ta new fool, ha! I like it like that.

 I have on - ly one burn - ing de - sire, \_\_\_\_\_ Let me stand \_\_\_\_\_ next to your

 fire. \_\_\_\_\_ Let me stand \_\_\_\_\_ next to your fire. \_\_\_\_\_

 List - en here, ba - by, and stop act - ing so cra - zy.

 You say your mum ain't home, \_\_\_\_\_ it ain't my con - cern, Just

 play with me and you won't get burned. I have on - ly one

 itch - ing de - sire, Let me stand \_\_\_\_\_ next to your fire. \_\_\_\_\_

**D** **C** (repeat 4 times)

Let me stand next to your fire.

**D** **C**

(band) Oh! move o - ver, Ro - ver and let Jim - i take

**C** **A**

o - ver, Yeah, you know what I'm talk-ing 'bout.

**C** **F**

Yeah, get on with it, ba - by.

**D** **F** **D**

That's what I'm talking 'bout. Now dig this!

**D**

Ha! Now list-en, ba-by,

**D**

You try to gim-me your mon-ey, you bet-ter save it, babe,

**D**

Save it for your rain-y day. I have on - ly one

**D**

burn-ing de-sire, Let me stand next to your fire.

**D** **C** *fade ad lib.*

Let me stand next to your fire.

# FOXY LADY

By JIMI HENDRIX

Gm7 Gm7 C7 Gm7 Gm7 C7

Gm7 Fox-y C7 Gm7\* Fox-y C7

You know — you are a cute lit-tle heart break-er. — Fox-y yeah,

Gm C7 Gm7 C7

And you know — you are a sweet lit-tle love mak-er, — Fox-y.

Gm F Gm F

I wan-na take you home, yeah, I won't do you no harm. —

Gm Gm (tacet) (gtr. fill) *al*  $\oplus$

You've got to be all mine, — all mine, ooh Fox-y lad-y.

Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7

Fox-y Fox-y, Now-a I see you — come

Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7

down on the scene, — oh Fox-y, You make me — wan-na get up and-a — scream.

Gm7 C7 Gm F Gm

Fox-y, oh baby list-en now, I've made up my mind, — I'm tired of wasting all my

F Gm F Gm *D.S. al*  $\oplus$

*Coda* preo-ious time. — You've got to be all mine, — all mine, ooh, Fox-y lad-y.

Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7

Ooh, Fox-y lad-y, yeah yeah. — You look so good, — Fox-y oh yeah —

Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7 Gm7 C7

Fox-y yeah, give us some, Fox-y, Fox-y Fox-y.

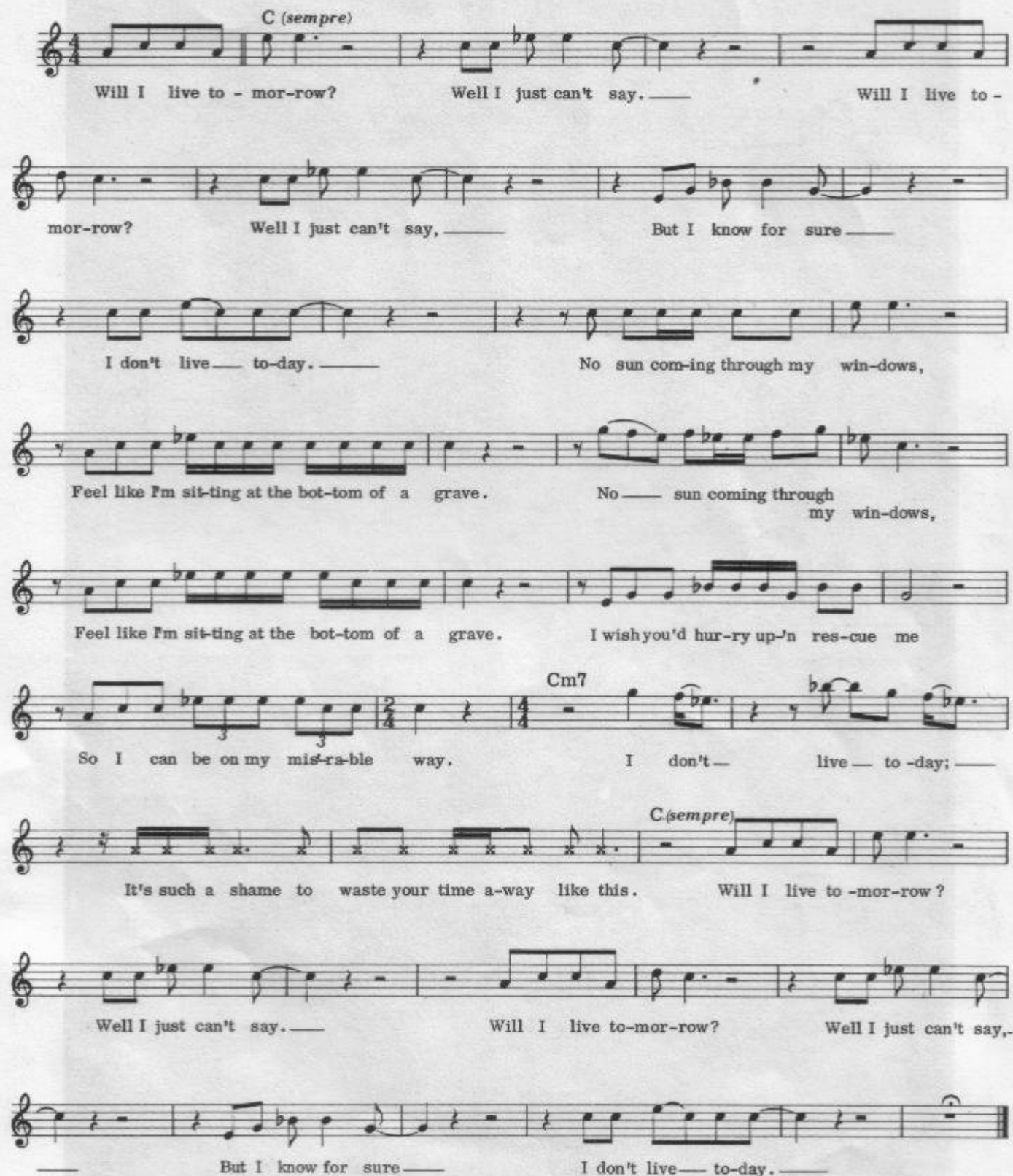
Gm7 Gm7 C7 Gm7 Gm7 C7

Fox-y Fox-y Fox-y Fox-y.

# I DON'T LIVE TODAY

By JIMI HENDRIX

*C (sempre)*



Will I live to - mor-row? Well I just can't say. Will I live to -  
mor-row? Well I just can't say, But I know for sure  
I don't live to-day. No sun com-ing through my win-dows,  
Feel like I'm sit-ting at the bot-tom of a grave. No sun coming through  
my win-dows,  
Feel like I'm sit-ting at the bot-tom of a grave. I wish you'd hur-ry up-n res-cue me  
So I can be on my mis-ra-ble way. I don't live to-day;  
*C (sempre)*  
It's such a shame to waste your time a-way like this. Will I live to -mor-row?  
Well I just can't say. Will I live to-mor-row? Well I just can't say,  
But I know for sure I don't live to-day.



# LOVE OR CONFUSION

By JIMI HENDRIX

G F (G bass)

Is that the stars — in the sky — or is it rain - ing far from now? —

G F (G bass) G F6

Will it burn me — if I touch the sun, so big, — so — round? Will I — be

G F6 G F6 G F G F

truth-ful, yeah, — in choos-ing you as the one for me? Is this love —

G6 F6 G G

— ba-by, or is it - a just con-fus - ion? Oh, my mind is so mixed-up,

F (G bass) G

go-in' 'round-'n 'round. — Must there — be — all these col-ours

F (G bass) G F6 G6 F6

with-out names, — with-out sounds? — My heart burns — with feel-in' but

G F6 G F6 G F6 G F6 G

Oh! but my mind is cold, and reel-ing. Is this love, — ba-by, or is it con-

G *al* F (G bass)

fu - sion? Oh, my head — is pound-ing pound-ing, go -ing 'round and

*D.S. al* *Coda*

G

'round and 'round — and 'round. Must there al - ways be these col-ours?

# MANIC DEPRESSION

By JIMI HENDRIX

A G D D# E7 A

Man-ic de-press-ion's touch-ing my soul, \_\_\_\_\_ I know what I

G D D# E7 A E7

want, but I just don't know how to go a-bout get-ting it. Feel-ing sweet feel-ing \_\_\_\_\_

D C G A G D D# E7 A

drops from my fin-gers fin - gers. Man-ic de - press-ion's cap-tured my soul.

G G# A A A G D D# E7 A

(band)

Wom-an so will-ing the sweet cause in vain, \_\_\_\_\_

A A G D E7 A

You make love, you break love, it's-a all the same when it's when it's

A E7 D C G

o-ver Mus-ic sweet mus-ic, I wish I could ca-ress ca - ress ca-ress. \_\_\_\_\_

A G D D# E7 A G G# A A

al

Man-ic de-press-ion's a frus-tra-ting mess. (band) Well I

A G D A A

think I'll go turn my-self off an' go on down. \_\_\_\_\_ Real-ly ain't no

G D D# E7 A A A

D.S. al Coda

use me hang-ing a - round. \_\_\_\_\_ Oh I got-ta see you.

# MAY THIS BE LOVE

By JIMI HENDRIX

Wa-ter fall, ——— no-thing can harm — me at all, ——— My wor-ries seem

so ve-ry small ——— with my wa - ter-fall. ———

I can see ——— my rain-bow cal - ing me ——— Through — the

mis-ty breeze ——— of my wa - ter - fall.

Some people say day dream-ing's for the — la-zy mind-ed fools ——— With no-thing  
else to

do. So let them laugh, laugh at me, ——— so just as long — as I have

you To see me through, I have no-thing to lose 'long as I have you.

Wa-ter-fall ——— don't ev-er change your ways. ———

Come with me for a mil-lion days, Oh my wa - ter - fall.

## RED HOUSE

By JIMI HENDRIX

There's a red house o-ver yon-der, that's where my ba-by stays.

There's a red house o-ver yon-der, bab-y, that's where my ba-by stays.

Well I ain't been home to see my ba-by in a-bout a nine-ty nine and one half days,

'Bout time I see her, wait a min-ute, some-thing's wrong, The key won't un-lock the door.

Wait a min-ute, some-thing's wrong, ba-by. The key won't un-lock the door.

I got a bad, bad feel - ing that my ba-by don't live here no more.

I might as well go on back down, go back 'cross yon-der o-ver the hill.

I might as well go back o-ver yon-der way back over yon-der 'cross the hill, (That's where I come from) 'Cos if

my bab-y don't love me no more I know her sis-ter will!

## REMEMBER

By JIMI HENDRIX

Oh, re - mem - ber the mock - ing bird, my ba - by, bun, He used to  
mem - ber the blue - birds and the hon - ey bees, They used to  
sing for his sup - per, ba - by. Yes — he used to sing for his sup - per, babe,  
sing for the sun - shine. Yes — they used to sing for the flow - ers,  
He used to sing so sweet since my ba - by left me he  
They used to sing so sweet, But - a since my ba - by left me they  
ain't sang in two long days. Oh, re -  
Hey! pret - ty ba - by, come on back to me. Make ev - 'ry - bod - y hap - py as can be. So  
ba - by, if you'll please come home a - gain you know I'll kiss you for my sup - per, You know I'll  
kiss you for my din - ner, babe, yeah! But - a if you don't come back you know I'll have to starve to death 'Cos I  
ain't had one kiss all day now. Please re - mem - ber,  
you got to re - mem - ber, you got to re - mem - ber our love.  
Come on back, come on back in my arms, I'll make ev - 'ry - thing that bet - ter.  
(Come on baby, hurry up now) (Can you hear me calling you  
back again now?) (Come on baby, stop jiving around) (Hurry home - hurry home)

# THE BURNING OF THE MIDNIGHT LAMP

By JIMI HENDRIX

F Dm B

The morning is dead — and the day is too. (Spoken) There's nothing left here to greet me —

E Cmaj.7 Gmaj.7

but the vel- vet moon. — All my lone-li-ness — I have felt — to- day. —

D7 F G

It's a lit- tle more than e- nough to make a man throw himself a- way, — and I con- tin- ue —

G

to burn the mid- night lamp — a - lone. —

F Dm

(spoken) Now the smil- ing por- trait of you is still hang- ing on my frown- ing wall, —

B E

It real- ly does- n't both- er me, it real- ly does- n't both- er me at all, —

C G

It's just the ev- er fal- ling dust that makes it so hard — for me to see,

D7 F G

That for- got- ten ear- ring lay- ing on the floor fac- ing cold - ly towards the door, —

G

And I con- tin - ue to burn the mid- night lamp — all a- lone. —

## 3RD STONE FROM THE SUN

By JIMI HENDRIX

The musical score is written in E major (three sharps) and 4/4 time. It consists of six systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system shows a simple bass line. The second system introduces a melodic line in the treble clef with a chord 'E' indicated. The third system continues the melodic line with a chord 'E'. The fourth system continues with a chord 'E'. The fifth system continues with a chord 'E'. The sixth system concludes with a chord 'C' in the treble clef and a final bass line. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, quarter notes, and triplets.

Em7 Bm7

Patter

	(1st. verse)	Oh strange beautiful	grass of green
	(2nd. verse)	Although your world	wonders me

With your majestic	silken scenes,	Your mysterious mountains I wish to see
With your majestic	superior cackling hen,	Your people I do not understand, So to you

closer, May I land my kinky machine.	E
I wish to put an end, And you'll never hear surf music again.	

E

E



# THE WIND CRIES MARY

By JIMI HENDRIX

Af-ter all the jacks are in their box-es, And the clowns have all gone to  
bed, You can hear hap-pli-ness— stag-ger-ing— on down the street,—  
Foot-prints dressed in red, And the wind— whis-pers Mary.  
A broom is drear-i-ly— sweep-ing up the bro-ken  
pie-ces of yes-ter-day's— life, Some-where a Queen is weep-ing, Some-  
where— a King— has no wife, And the wind it cries—  
Mar-y. The traf-fic lights they turn blue to -

The traffic lights they turn blue tomorrow  
And shine their emptiness down on my bed;  
The tiny island sags downstream  
'Cos the life that they lived is dead.  
And the wind screams Mary.

Will the wind ever remember  
The names it has blown in the past,  
And with this crutch, its old age and its wisdom  
It whispers, "No, this will be the last."  
And the wind cries Mary.

