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Disclaimer

This book was produced by Much Wenlock and District U3A for the sole purpose of study and practice of the ukulele.

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Acknowledgments

Uke3A acknowledges the following sources for the songs in this collection:

Bridgnorth Ukulele Club

Pages: 8, 15, 16, 20, 23, 24, 28, 30, 31, 41, 42, 48, 49, 52, 56, 58, 59, 60, 62, 63, 66, 67, 73, 75, 86, 89, 90, 93

Dr. Uke web site

Pages: 7, 10, 11, 14, 19, 27, 50, 51

Richard G's Ukulele Songbook

Pages: 9, 13, 17, 26, 33, 35, 39, 45, 46, 57, 74, 88, 91, 92, 98, 99

Grantham Ukulele

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The Daily Ukulele

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Cathys Chords web site

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Cool & Uke

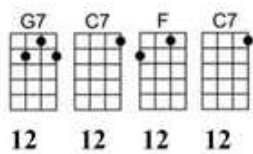
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The following are our own arrangements or where we have made substantial changes

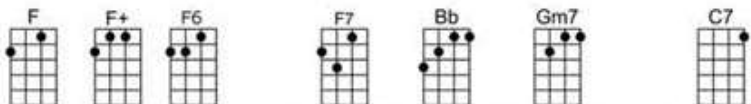
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Accentuate The Positive


(Arlen & Mercer, 1944)

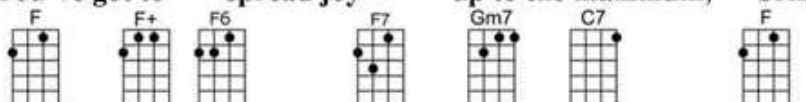
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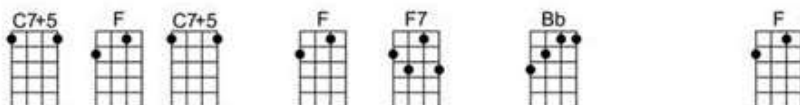
Sing C



 You've got to accen - tuate the positive, elim - inate the negative

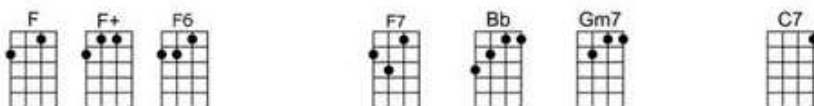

 Latch on to the affirmative, don't mess with Mr. In Between.


 You've got to spread joy up to the maximum, bring gloom down to the minimum



 Have faith or pandemonium liable to walk upon the scene


 To illus-trate my last remark, Jonah in the whale, Noah in the ark


 What did they do, just when everything looked so dark, looked so dark, Man, they said:


 You've got to accen - tuate the positive, elim - inate the negative an'


 Latch on to the affirmative, don't mess with Mr. In Between, no,


 Don't mess with Mr. In Between, no, Don't mess..... with Mr. In Between.
 1234 12 12 1

Achy Breaky Heart

(Don Von Tress, 1991. Performed by Billy Ray Cyrus)

[F]You can tell the world, you never was my girl
You can burn my clothes when I'm [C7]gone
Or you can tell your friends just what a fool I've been
And laugh and joke about me on the [F]phone

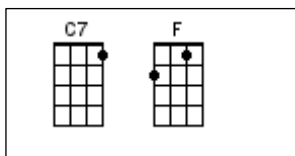
You can tell my arms - go back onto the farm
You can tell my feet to hit the [C7]floor
Or you can tell my lips to tell my fingertips
They won't be reaching out for you no [F]more

But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
I just don't think he'd under-[C7]stand
And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
He might blow up and kill this [F]man

You can tell your ma, I moved to Arcansaw
You can tell your dog that bit my [C7]leg
Or tell your brother Cliff, who's fist can tell my lip
He never really liked me any- [F]way

Go tell your aunt Louise, tell anything you please
Myself already knows I'm not o-[C7]kay
Or you can tell my eye, watch out for my mind
It might be walkin' out on me one [F]day

But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
I just don't think he'd under-[C7]stand
And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
He might blow up and kill this [F]man



Ain't No sunshine

(Bill Withers, 1972)

Intro: [Am][Em7][G][Am][Am][Em7][G][Am]

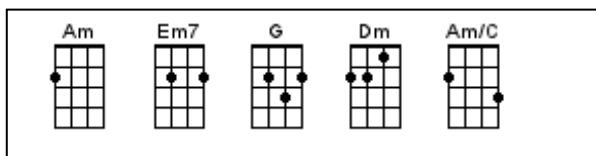
[Am] Ain't no sunshine when she's gone [Em7][G][Am]
[Am] It's not warm when she's away [Em7][G][Am]
Ain't no sunshine when she's [Em7] gone
And she's always gone too [Dm] long
Anytime she goes a[Am]way [Em7][G][Am]

Wonder this time where she's gone [Em7][G][Am]
Wonder if she's gone to stay [Em7][G][Am]
Ain't no sunshine when she's [Em7] gone
And this house just ain't no [Dm] home
Anytime she goes a[Am]way [Em7][G][Am]

[Am] I know I know I know I know I know I know etc

I oughtta [Am/C] leave the young thing a[Em7]lone
But there ain't no [Dm] sunshine
When she's [Am] gone [Em7][G][Am]

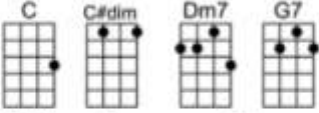
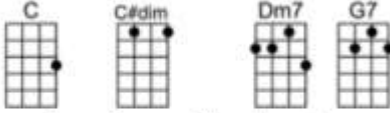
[Am] Ain't no sunshine when she's gone [Em7][G][Am]
[Am] Only darkness everyday [Em7][G][Am]
Ain't no sunshine when she's [Em7] gone
And this house just ain't no [Dm] home
Anytime she goes a[Am]way [Em7][G][Am]
Anytime she goes away [Em7][G][Am]
Anytime she goes away [Em7][G][Am]
Anytime she goes away [Em7][G][Am]



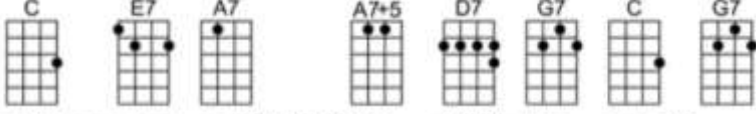
Ain't She Sweet

(Ager & Yellen 1927)

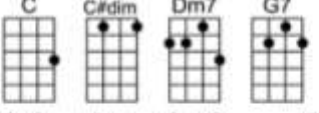
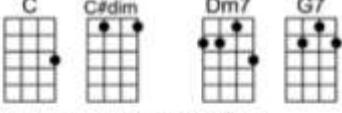
Sing A

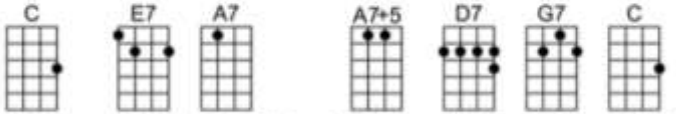
Ain't she sweet? See her coming down the street.




Now I ask you very confidentially, Ain't she sweet?

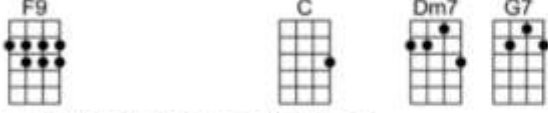
Ain't she nice? Look her over once or twice.



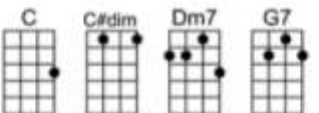
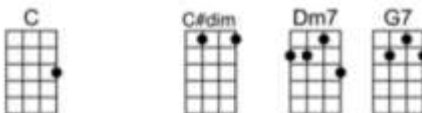
Now I ask you very confidentially, ain't she nice?



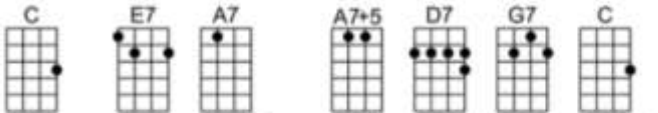
Just cast an eye in her direction



Oh, me! Oh, my! Ain't that perfection?

I re-peat, don't you think that's kind of neat?



And I ask you very confidentially Ain't she sweet?

All I Have to do is Dream

(Felice and Boudleaux Bryant, 1958. Performed by The Everly Brothers)

Sing E

C Am F G7 C Am F G7 **HOLD**

Dreeeeeeeam, dream, dream, dream, dreeeeeeeam, dream, dream, dream,

C Am F G7 C Am F G7

When I want you in my arms, when I want you and all your charms

C Am F G7 C Am F G7

Whenever I want you all I have to do is dream, dream, dream, dream

C Am F G7 C Am F G7

When I feel blue in the night and I need you to hold me tight,

C Am F G7 C F C C7

Whenever I want you all I have to do is dream

CHORUS:

F Em Dm G7 C C7

I can make you mine, taste your lips of wine anytime, night or day

F Em D7 G7

Only trouble is gee whiz, I'm dreaming my life a-way

C Am F G7 C Am F G7

I need you so that I could die, I love you so and that is why

C Am F G7 C F C C7

Whenever I want you all I have to do is dream..... (CHORUS)

1. C Am F G7 C F C

2.

Dreeeeeeeam, dream, dream, dream, dreeeeeeeam

Annie's Song

(John Denver, 1974)

Gsus
C
D
Em
G
Gmaj7
G6
Bm7
Am
D7

Moderately

1., 3. You fill up my senses like a night in a forest,
 2. Come let me love you, let me give my life to you,

like the mountains in spring time, like a walk in the
 let me drown in your laughter, let me die in your

rain. Like a storm in the desert, like a
 arms. Let me lay down beside you, let me

sleep - y blue o - cean, you fill up my sens love -
 al - ways be with you. Come let me love

es, come fill me a - gain.
 you, come love me a - gain.

Bad Moon Rising

(John Fogerty, 1969. Performed by Creedence Clearwater Revival)

[G] I see the [D7] bad [C] moon a[G]rising
[G] I see [D7] trouble [C] on the [G] way
[G] I see [D7] earth[C]quakes and [G] lightnin'
[G] I see [D7] bad [C] times to[G]day

[C] Don't go around tonight well it's [G] bound to take your life
[D7] There's a [C] bad moon on the [G] rise
[C] Don't go around tonight well it's [G] bound to take your life
[D7] There's a [C] bad moon on the [G] rise

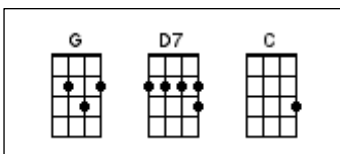
[G] I hear [D7] hurri-[C]canes a[G]blowing
[G] I know the [D7] end is [C] coming [G] soon
[G] I fear [D7] rivers [C] over [G] flowing
[G] I hear the [D7] voice of [C] rage and [G] ruin

[C] Don't go around tonight well it's [G] bound to take your life
[D7] There's a [C] bad moon on the [G] rise
[C] Don't go around tonight well it's [G] bound to take your life
[D7] There's a [C] bad moon on the [G] rise

[G] Hope you [D7] got your [C] things to[G]gether
[G] Hope you are [D7] quite pre[C]pared to [G] die
[G] Looks like we're [D7] in for [C] nasty [G] weather
[G] One eye is [D7] taken [C] for an [G] eye

[C] Don't go around tonight well it's [G] bound to take your life
[D7] There's a [C] bad moon on the [G] rise
[C] Don't go around tonight well it's [G] bound to take your life
[D7] There's a [C] bad moon on the [G] rise


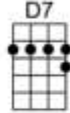
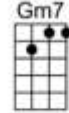
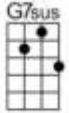

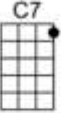
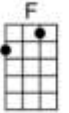
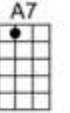
- Repeat last line



Ballin' The Jack

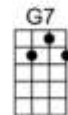
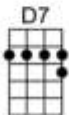
(Burriss & Smith, 1913)

Key F Sing A

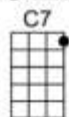
INTRO: *   /    /  /   /

1&2& 3&4& 1&2&- & 4 12&3&4& 1&2 &-&4&

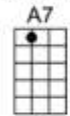
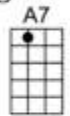
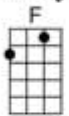
*(numerals = 'DOWN' strums/& = 'UP' strums)



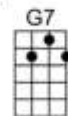
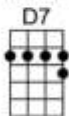
[: First you put your two knees / close up tight, then you / sway 'em to the left, then you /



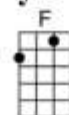
sway 'em to the right. * / Step a-round the floor kind of / nice and light, then /



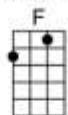
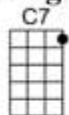
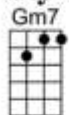
twis' around and twis' around with / all your might. __ - /



Stretch you lov-in' arms straight / out in space, then you / do the Ea-gle Rock with /



style and grace. Swing your / foot way 'round then / bring it back, now /



that's what I call / Ballin' The Jack. __ - / :]

Change the dynamics on the repeat by singing somewhat softer and adlibbing the melody with a jazzy swing.

Blue Moon/Sh Boom

(Rodgers & Hart, 1934 / The Chords, 1954)

Intro: [C][Am][Dm][G7][C][Am][Dm][G7]

Blue [C] moon [Am][Dm]
You saw me [G7] standing a-[C]lone [Am][Dm]
Without a [G7] dream in my [C] heart [Am][Dm]
Without a [G7] love of my [C] own [Am][Dm][G7]

Blue [C] moon [Am][Dm]
You knew just what [G7] I was [C] there for [Am][Dm]
You heard me [G7] saying a [C] prayer for [Am][Dm]
Someone I [G7] really could [C] care for [Am][Dm][G7]

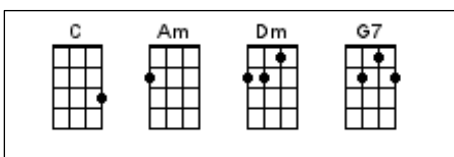
Blue [C] moon [Am][Dm]
Now I'm no [G7] longer a [C]lone [Am][Dm]
Without a [G7] dream in my [C] heart [Am][Dm]
Without a [G7] love of my [C] own [Am][Dm][G7]

[C] Life could be a [Am] dream [Dm]
If I could [G7] take you up to [C] paradise up a- [Am] bove [Dm]
If you would [G7] tell me I'm the [C] only one that you [Am] love
[Dm] Life could be a [G7] dream, sweet- [C] heart

[C] Hello, hel- [Am] lo again
Sh [Dm] boom, I'm hoping we'll [G7] meet again

[C] Life could be a [Am] dream [Dm]
If only [G7] all my precious [C] plans would come [Am] true [Dm]
If you would [G7] let me spend my whole [C] life loving [Am] you
[Dm] Life could be a [G7] dream, sweet- [C] heart

[C] Hello, hel- [Am] lo again
Sh [Dm] boom, I'm hoping we'll [G7] meet again [C]



Blue Suede Shoes

(Carl Perkins, 1955)

[Tacet]Well, it's one for the money [C][C]
[Tacet]Two for the show [C][C]
[Tacet]Three to get ready; now [C]go, cat, [C7]go
But [F]don't you step on my blue suede [C]shoes
You can [G7]do anything, but lay off of my blue suede [C]shoes

[C7]You can [C]knock me down [C7][C]step on my face
[C7][C]Slander my name [C7]all [C]over the place
[C7][C]Do anything [C7]that you [C]want to do
[C7]But [C]uh, uh, honey, lay [C7]off-a them shoes
[F]Don't you step on my blue suede [C]shoes
Well you can do [G7]anything, but lay off-a my blue suede [C]shoes

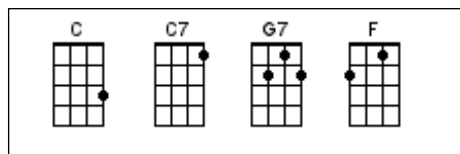
Instrumental [C][F][C][G7][C]

[C7]You can [C]burn my house [C7][C]steal my car
[C7][C]Drink my liquor [C7]from an [C]old fruit jar
[C7][C]Do anything [C7]that you [C]want to do
[C7]But [C]uh, uh, honey, lay[C7] off-a them shoes
[F]Don't you step on my blue suede [C]shoes
Well, you can [G7]do anything, but lay off-a my blue suede [C]shoes

Instrumental [C][F][C][G7][C]

[C7]Well, it's-a [C]one for the money,
[C7][C] two for the show
[C7][C]Three to get ready; now [C7]go, cat, go
But [F]don't you step on my blue suede [C]shoes
You can do [G7]anything, but lay off of my blue suede [C]shoes

[C]Well, it's-a blue, blue, blue suede shoes
[C]Blue, blue...blue suede shoes
[F]Blue, blue...blue suede shoes
[C]Blue, blue...blue suede shoes
Well, you can [G7]do anything, but lay off of my blue suede [C]shoes



Bye Bye Love

(Felice and Boudleaux Bryant, 1957. Performed by The Everly Brothers)

Intro: [G][Bb][C][G] [G][Bb][C][G]

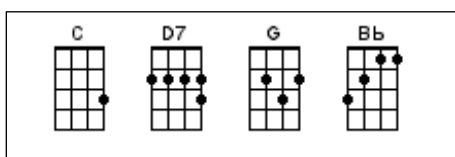
[C] Bye bye [G] love [C] bye bye [G] happiness
[C] Hello [G] loneliness I think I'm a [D7] gonna [G] cry
[C] Bye bye [G] love [C] bye bye [G] sweet caress
[C] Hello [G] emptiness I feel like [D7] I could [G] die
[G] Bye bye my [D7] love good [G] bye

[Tacet] There goes my [D7] baby with someone [G] new
[G] She sure looks [D7] happy I sure am [G] blue
[G7] She was my [C] baby till he stepped [D7] in
Goodbye to romance that might have been [G][G7]

[C] Bye bye [G] love [C] bye bye [G] happiness
[C] Hello [G] loneliness I think I'm a [D7] gonna [G] cry
[C] Bye bye [G] love [C] bye bye [G] sweet caress
[C] Hello [G] emptiness I feel like [D7] I could [G] die
[G] Bye bye my [D7] love good [G] bye

[Tacet] I'm through with [D7] romance, I'm through with [G] love
[G] I'm through with [D7] counting the stars a[G]bove
[G7] And here's the [C] reason that I'm so [D7] free
My lovin' baby is through with me [G][G7]

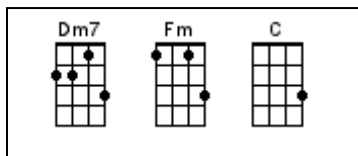
[C] Bye bye [G] love [C] bye bye [G] happiness
[C] Hello [G] loneliness I think I'm a [D7] gonna [G] cry
[C] Bye bye [G] love [C] bye bye [G] sweet caress
[C] Hello [G] emptiness I feel like [D7] I could [G] die
[G] Bye bye my [D7] love good [G] bye
[G] Bye bye my [D7] love good[G]bye
[G] Bye bye my [D7] love good[G]bye



Can't Take My Eyes Off You

(Bob Crewe & Bob Gaudio, 1967. Performed by Andy Williams)

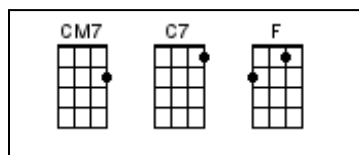
Intro: Dm7/Fm/C/C /Dm7/Fm/C {STOP}



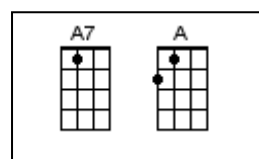
You're just too [C]good to be true, can't take my [Cmaj7]eyes off of you
You'd be like [C7]heaven to touch, I wanna [F]hold you so much
At long last [Fm]love has arrived and I thank [C]God I'm alive
You're just too [D]good to be true [Fm] can't take my [C]eyes off of you

Pardon the [C]way that I stare, there's nothing [Cmaj7]else to compare
The sight of [C7]you leaves me weak, there are no [F]words left to speak
So if you [Fm]feel like I feel, please let me [C]know that it's real
You're just too [D]good to be true, [Fm]can't take my [C]eyes off of you

[Dm]Dah dah, Dah dah [G7]Dah dah dah dah dah
[Cmaj7] Dah dah, Dah dah [C6]Dah dah dah dah dah
[Dm] Dah dah, Dah dah [G7]Dah dah dah dah dah
[C] Dah dah, Dah dah.....

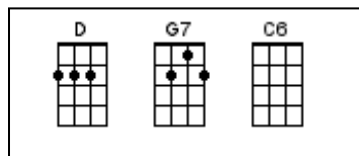


[A] Oooooooh [A7]I love you [Dm7]baby and if it's [G7]quite all right
I need you [Cmaj7]baby to warm the [C6]lonely night
I love you [Dm7]baby, [G7]trust in me when I [C]say
[A7]Oh pretty [Dm7]baby, don't bring me [G7]down I pray
Oh pretty [Cmaj7]baby, now that I've [C6]found you stay
And let me [Dm7]love you baby, let me [Fm]love you



You're just too [C]good to be true, can't take my [Cmaj7]eyes off of you
You'd be like [C7]heaven to touch, I wanna [F]hold you so much
At long last [Fm]love has arrived and I thank [C]God I'm alive
You're just too [D]good to be true [Fm] can't take my [C]eyes off of you

[Dm]Dah dah, Dah dah [G7]Dah dah dah dah dah
[Cmaj7] Dah dah, Dah dah [C6]Dah dah dah dah dah
[Dm] Dah dah, Dah dah [G7]Dah dah dah dah dah
[C] Dah dah, Dah dah....

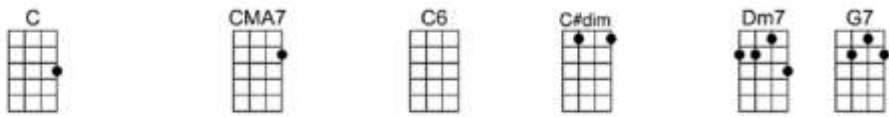


[A] Oooooooh [A7]I love you [Dm7]baby and if it's [G7]quite all right
I need you [Cmaj7]baby to warm the [C6]lonely night
I love you [Dm7]baby, [G7]trust in me when I [C]say
[A7]Oh pretty [Dm7]baby, don't bring me [G7]down I pray
Oh pretty [Cmaj7]baby, now that I've [C6]found you stay
And let me [Dm7]love you baby, let me [Fm]love you

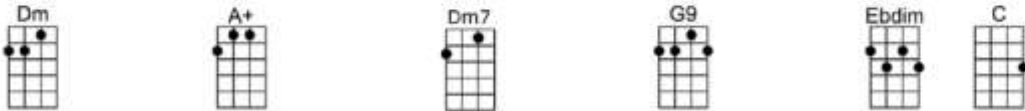
Carolina in the Morning

(Kahn & Dondaldson, 1922)

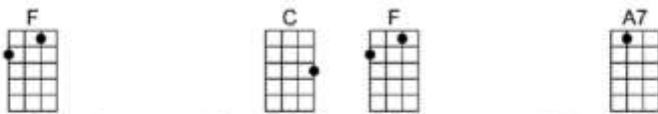
Sing G



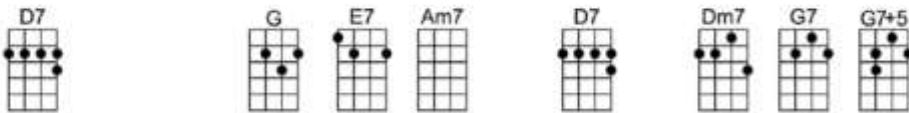
Nothing could be finer than to be in Caro-li-na in the morn---ing,



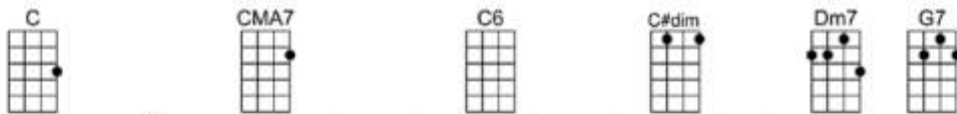
No one could be sweeter than my sweetie when I meet her in the morn---ing.



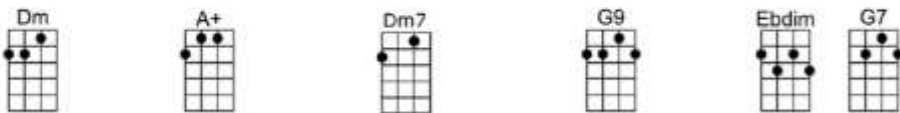
Where the morning glories twine around the door,



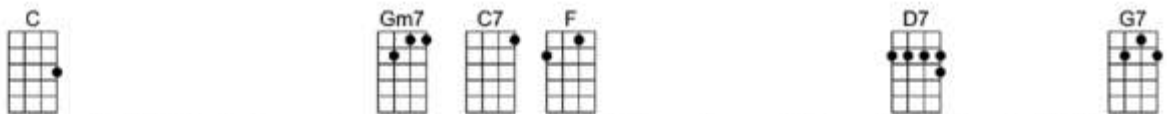
Whispering pretty stories I long to hear once more.



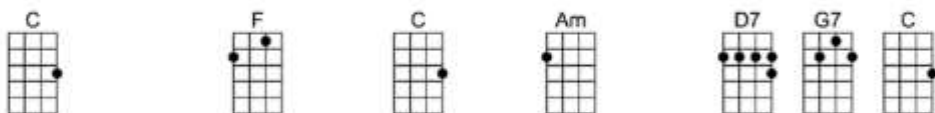
Strolling with my girlie where the dew is pearly early in the morn---ing,



Butterflies all flutter up and kiss each little buttercup at dawn--ing,



If I had Aladdin's lamp for only a day, I'd make a wish and here's what I'd say:



Nothing could be finer than to be in Caro-li-na in the morn-----ing.

Cider Drinker

(George Baker, 1975 as "Paloma Blanca". This parody by The Wurzels, 1976)

[C]When the moon shines [F]on the [C]cow shed
and we're rolling [F]in the [C]hay
All the cows are [F]up there [C]grazin' and the [G7]milk is on its [C]way.

I am a Cider [F]Drinker, I drinks it all of the [C]day
I am a Cider [F]Drinker, it soothes all me troubles [C]away
Ooh arrh, ooh arrh [G7]ay, Ooh arrh, ooh arrh [C]ay

[C]It's so cosy [F]in the [C]kitchen with the smell of [F]rabbit [C]stew
When the breeze blows [F]'cross the [C]farm yard
you can [G7]smell the [F]cow shed [C]too.

[C]When those combine [F]wheels stops [C]turnin'
and the hard days [F]work is [C]done
There's a pub a-[F]round the [C]corner It's the [G7]place we 'ave our [C]fun.

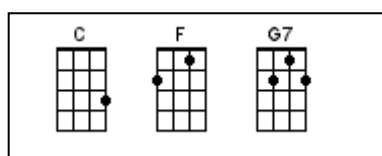
I am a Cider [F]Drinker, I drinks it all of the [C]day
I am a Cider [F]Drinker, it soothes all me troubles [C]away
Ooh arrh, ooh arrh [G7]ay, Ooh arrh, ooh arrh [C]ay

[C]Now dear old Mabel [F]when she's [C]able
we takes a stroll down [F]Lovers [C]Lane
And we sinks a [F]pint o' [C]Scrumpy, then we'll [G7]play old nature's [C]game.

[C]But we end up [F]in the [C]duckpond
when the pub de-[F]cides to [C]close
With me breeches [F]full o' [C]tadpoles, and the [G7]newts between me [C]toes.

I am a Cider [F]Drinker, I drinks it all of the [C]day
I am a Cider [F]Drinker, it soothes all me troubles [C]away
Ooh arrh, ooh arrh [G7]ay, Ooh arrh, ooh arrh [C]ay

I am a Cider [F]Drinker, I drinks it all of the [C]day
I am a Cider [F]Drinker, it soothes all me troubles [C]away
Ooh arrh, ooh arrh [G7]ay, Ooh arrh, ooh arrh [C]ay
Ooh arrh, ooh arrh [G7]ay, Ooh arrh, ooh arrh [C]ay [G7][C]



Close to You

(Burt Bacharach & Hal David, 1963. Performed by The Carpenters)

[G][Bm][Bm][Em][C][Am][G]

Why do [G]birds suddenly ap[Bm]pear every time you are [Em]near
[C]Just like me, [Am]they long to be...[G]Close to you

Why do [G]stars fall down from the [Bm]sky every time you walk [Em]by
[C]Just like me, [Am]they long to be...[G]Close to you

Refrain:

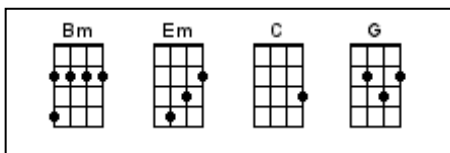
[C]On the day that you were born the angels got together
And [Bm]decided to create a dream come true
So they [C]sprinkled moon dust in your hair of [Am]gold
And starlight in your eyes of [D]blue

That is [G]why all the boys in [Bm]town follow you all a[Em]round
[C]Just like me, [Am]they long to be...[G]Close to you

[C]Laaah La La La [Am]Laaah...[G]Close to you...

[C]Laaah La La La [Am]Laaah...[G]Close to you...

(Etc...)



Da Do Ron Ron

(Barry, Greenwich, Phil Spector, 1963)

Intro: 1st verse chords

[C]I met him on a Monday and my [F]heart stood still

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron

Somebody told me that his [F]name was Bill

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron

[C]Yes, my [F]heart stood still, [C]yes, his [G7]name was Bill

[C]And when he [F]walked me home

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron

[C]I knew what he was thinkin' when he [F]caught my eye

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron

He looked so quiet but [F]my oh my

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron

[C]Yes, he [F]caught my eye, [C]yes, but [G7]my oh my

[C]And when he [F]walked me home

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron

Instrumental (with kazoo)

[C]Well he picked me up at seven and he [F]looked so fine

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron

Someday soon I'm gonna [F]make him mine

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron

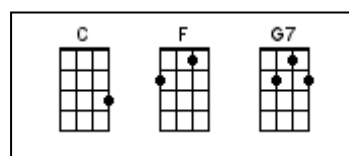
[C]Yes, he [F]looked so fine, [C]yes, gonna [G7]make him mine

[C]And when he [F]walked me home

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron [G7][C]



Dance the Night Away

(The Mavericks, 1998)

Intro: [F][C7] [F][C7] x2

[F]Here comes my [C7]happiness ag-[F]ain [C7]
[F]Right back to [C7]where it should have [F]been [C7]
[F]'Cause now she's [C7]gone and I am [F]free [C7]
[F]And she can't [C7]do a thing to [F]me [C7]

[F]I just wanna [C7]dance the night a-[F]way [C7]
[F]With senor-[C7]itas who can [F]sway [C7]
[F]Right now to-[C7]morrow's lookin' [F]bright [C7]
[F]Just like the [C7]sunny mornin' [F]light [C7]

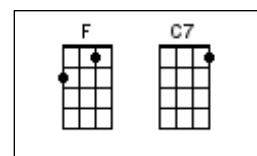
And [F]if you should [C7]see her
[F]Please let her [C7]know that I'm [F]well [C7]..As you can [F]tell [C7]
And [F]if she should [C7]tell you
That [F]she wants me [C7]back
Tell her [F]no [C7]...I gotta [F]go [C7]

[F]I just wanna [C7]dance the night a-[F]way
[C7][F]With senor-[C7]itas who can [F]sway [C7]
[F]Right now to-[C7]morrow's lookin' [F]bright [C7]
[F]Just like the [C7]sunny mornin' [F]light [C7]

And [F]if you should [C7]see her
[F]Please let her [C7]know that I'm [F]well [C7]..As you can [F]tell [C7]
And [F]if she should [C7]tell you
That [F]she wants me [C7]back
Tell her [F]no [C7]...I gotta [F]go [C7]

[F]I just wanna [C7]dance the night a-[F]way [C7]
[F]With senor-[C7]itas who can [F]sway [C7]
[F]Right now to-[C7]morrow's lookin' [F]bright [C7]
[F]Just like the [C7]sunny mornin' [F]light [C7]

[F]I just wanna [C7]dance the night a-[F]way [C7]
[F]With senor-[C7]itas who can [F]sway [C7]
[F]Right now to-[C7]morrow's lookin' [F]bright [C7]
[F]Just like the [C7]sunny mornin' [F]light [C7]



Delilah

(Words: Mason and Whittingham. Music: Les Reed, 1968. Performed by Tom Jones)

[Dm]I saw the light on the night that I passed by her [A7]window [Dm]
I saw the flickering shadows of love on her [A7]blind
[D]She [D7]was my [Gm]woman
[Dm]As she deceived me I [A7][STOP]watched and went out of my [Dm]mind[C7]

[F]My, my, my, Deli-[C]lah
[C7]Why, why, why, Deli-[F]lah
I could [F7]see that [Bb]girl was no good for [Gm]me
But I was [F]lost like a [C]slave that no man could [F]free [A7]

[Dm]At break of day when that man drove away, I was [A7]waiting [Dm]
I crossed the street to her house and she opened the [A7]door
[D]She [D7]stood there [Gm]laughing
[Dm]I felt the knife in my [A7][STOP]hand - and she laughed no [Dm]more [C7]

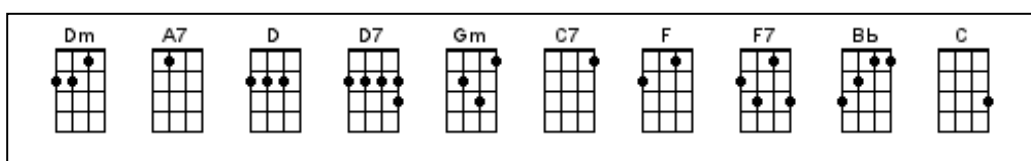
[F]My, my, my Deli-[C]lah
[C7]Why, why, why Deli-[F]lah
So be-[F7]fore they [Bb]come to break down the [Gm]door
[F]Forgive me Delilah I [C]just couldn't take any [F]more [A7]

Kazoo....

~~[Dm]At break of day when that man drove away, I was [A7]waiting~~
~~[Dm]I cross the street to her house and she opened the [A7]door~~
[D]She [D7]stood there [Gm]laughing [Dm]
I felt the knife in my [A7][STOP]hand - and she laughed no [Dm]more [C7]

[F]My, my, my Deli-[C]lah [C7]
Why, why, why Deli-[F]lah
So be-[F7]fore they [Bb]come to break down the [Gm]door
[F]Forgive me Delilah I [C]just couldn't take any [F]more [A7]
[Dm]Forgive me Delilah I [A7]just couldn't take any [Dm]more

2 notes on kazoo +
"Delilah!"



Dirty Old Town

(Ewan MacColl, 1949)

Intro: 1st two lines of verse + last line of verse

I met my [G]love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a [C]dream by the old ca[G]nal
I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old [D]town dirty old [Em7]town

Clouds are [G]drifting across the moon
Cats are [C]prowling on their [G]beat
Spring's a girl from the streets at night
Dirty old [D]town dirty old [Em7]town

Instrumental Verse (with kazoo or whistle)

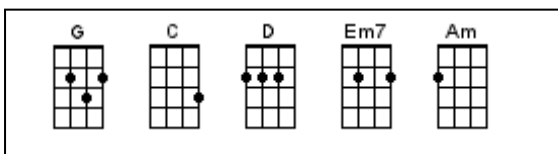
I heard a [G]siren from the docks
Saw a [C]train set the night on [G]fire
I smelled the spring on the smoky wind
Dirty old [D]town dirty old [Em7]town

I'm gonna [G]make me a big sharp axe
Shining [C]steel tempered in the [G]fire
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree
Dirty old [D]town dirty old [Em7]town

I met my [G]love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a [C]dream by the old ca[G]nal
I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old [Am]town.....dirty old [Em7]town

whistle...

~~Dirty old [D]town dirty old [Em7] town~~



Do Wah Diddy

(Barry and Greenwich, 1963. Performed by Manfred Mann)

Intro: [C][F][C]

(Tacet) There she was just a walkin' down the street
Singin' [C] doo wah diddy diddy [F] dum diddy [C] doo
[C] Snappin' her fingers and [F] shufflin' her [C] feet
Singin' [C] doo wah diddy diddy [F] dum diddy [C] doo

[C] She looked good (looked good) she looked fine (looked fine)
[C] She looked good she looked fine and I nearly lost my mind

Be[C] fore I knew it she was [F] walkin' next to [C] me
Singin' [C] doo wah diddy diddy [F] dum diddy [C] doo
[C] Holdin' my hand just as [F] natural as can [C] be
Singin' [C] doo wah diddy diddy [F] dum diddy [C] doo

[C] We walked on (walked on) to my door (my door)
[C] We walked on to my door then we kissed a little more

[C] Whoa [C7] whoa I [Am] knew we was falling in love
[F]..... yes I did and so I [G7] told her all the things I'd been dreamin' of

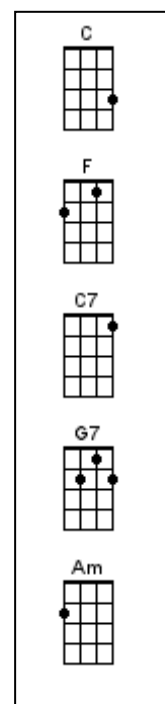
Now [C] we're together nearly [F] every single [C] day
Singin' [C] doo wah diddy diddy [F] dum diddy [C] doo
Oh [C] we're so happy and that's [F] how we're gonna [C] stay
Singin' [C] doo wah diddy diddy [F] dum diddy [C] doo

[C] I'm hers (I'm hers) she's mine (she's mine)
[C] I'm hers she's mine wedding bells are gonna chime

[C] Whoa [C7] whoa I [Am] knew we was falling in love
[F]..... yes I did and so I [G7] told her all the things I'd been dreamin' of

(Tacet) Now we're together nearly every single day
Singin' [C] doo wah diddy diddy [F] dum diddy [C] doo
Oh [C] we're so happy and that's [F] how we're gonna [C] stay
Singin' [C] doo wah diddy diddy [F] dum diddy [C] doo

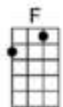


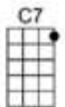
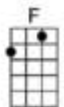
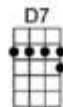
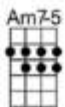
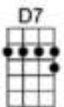
[C] I'm hers (I'm hers) she's mine (she's mine)
[C] I'm hers she's mine wedding bells are gonna chime [G7] whoa oh yeah
[C] Doo wah diddy diddy [F] dum diddy [C] doo x 3



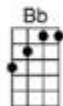
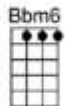
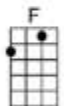
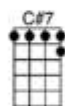
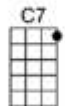
Dream a Little Dream

(Words: Gus Kahn. Music: Andre and Schwandt, c1931)

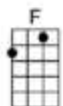
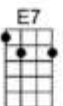
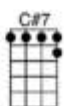
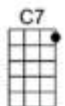
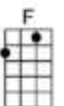
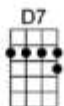
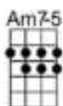
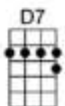
Intro: First 4 chords x 2. Sing F

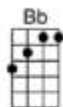
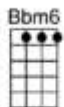
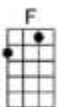
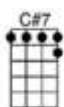
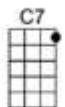
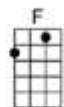
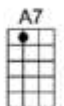
Stars shining bright a-bove you Night breezes seem to whisper "I love you."

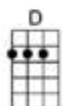
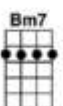
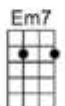
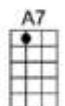
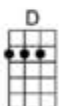
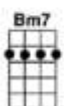


Birds singing in the sycamore tree Dream a little dream of me.

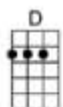

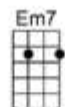
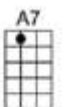
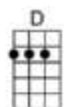
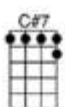
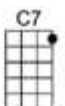
Say "Nightie-night" and kiss me Just hold me tight and tell me you'll miss me

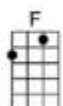
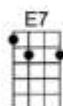

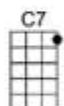
While I'm alone and blue as can be Dream a little dream of me.

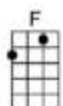
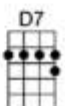
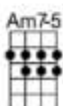
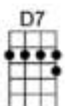
Stars fading but I linger on, dear Still craving your kiss

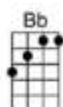
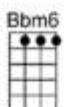
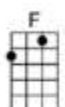

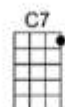

I'm longing to linger 'til dawn, dear Just saying this...

Sweet dreams 'til sunbeams find you

Sweet dreams that leave all worries be-hind you


But in your dreams what-ever they be Dream a little dream of me.








But in your dreams what-ever they be Dream a little dream of me.

Dream Baby (How Long Must I Dream)

(Cindy Walker, 1962. Performed by Roy Orbison)

[G7] Sweet dream baby Sweet dream baby

[C] Sweet dream baby [G7] How long must I [C] dream

[G7] Dream baby got me dreamin' sweet dreams the whole day through

Dream baby got me dreamin' sweet dreams night time too

[C] I love you and I'm dreaming of you but that won't do

[G7] Dream baby make me stop my dreamin',

You can make my dreams come [C] true

[G7] Sweet dream baby Sweet dream baby

[C] Sweet dream baby [G7] How long must I [C] dream

[G7] Dream baby got me dreamin' sweet dreams the whole day through

Dream baby got me dreamin' sweet dreams night time too

[C] I love you and I'm dreaming of you but that won't do

[G7] Dream baby make me stop my dreamin',

You can make my dreams come [C] true

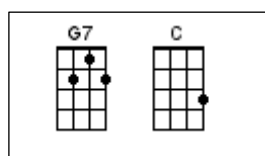
Aww, [G7] sweet dream baby

Yeah, yeah, swee-ee-et dream baby

[C] Sweet dream baby [G7]How long must I [C] dream

[G7] Sweet dream baby

[G7] Sweet dream baby



Dreaming

(Stein and Debbie Harry, 1979. Performed by Blondie)

Intro: First line chords

[C]When I met you in the [F]restaurant
[C]You could tell I was no [F]debutante
[C]You asked me what's my [G]pleasure, "A movie or a [Am]measure?"
I'll have a cup of [F]tea and [G7]tell you of my...

[C]Dreaming...[F]dreaming is free
[C]Dreaming...[F]

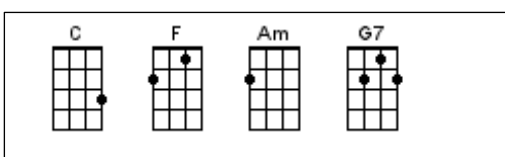
[C]I don't want to live on [F]charity
[C]Pleasure's real or is it [F]fantasy?
[C]Reel to reel is living [G]rarity, people stop and [Am]stare at me
We just walk on [F]by [G7]we just keep on...

[C]Dreaming...[F]dreaming is free
[C]Dreaming...[F]dreaming is free

[F]Feet feet walking a two mile, meet me, meet me at the turnstile
I [C]never met him, I'll [G]never forget him
[F]Dream dream even for a little while
Dream dream filling up an idle hour
[C]Fade away, Oh [G]radiate

[C]I sit by and watch the [F]river flow
[C]I sit by and watch the [F]traffic go
[C]Imagine something of your [G]very own
Something you can [Am]have and hold
I'll build a road in [F]gold [G7]just to have some...

[C]Dreaming...[F]dreaming is free
[C]Dreaming...[F]dreaming is free
[C]Dreaming...[F]dreaming is free
[C]Dreaming...[F]dreaming is free [C]



(A) Drop of Nelson's Blood

(Traditional)

A [Dm]drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
A [C]drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
A [Dm]drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll [C]all hang on be-[Dm]hind.

Chorus:

So we'll [Dm]roll the old chariot along
An' we'll [C]roll the old chariot along.
So we'll [Dm]roll the old chariot along
An' we'll [C]all hang on be-[Dm]hind!

A [Dm]plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm
A [C]plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm
A [Dm]plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll [C]all hang on be-[Dm]hind

Chorus

A [Dm]nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm
A [C]nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm
A [Dm]nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll [C]all hang on be-[Dm]hind

Chorus

A [Dm]roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm
A [C]roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm
A [Dm]roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll [C]all hang on be-[Dm]hind

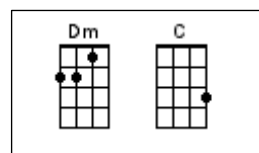
Chorus

A [Dm]little ukulele wouldn't do us any harm
A [C]little ukulele wouldn't do us any harm
A [Dm]little ukulele wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll [C]all hang on be-[Dm]hind

Chorus

A [Dm]round on the house wouldn't do us any harm
A [C]round on the house wouldn't do us any harm
A [Dm]round on the house wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll [C]all hang on be-[Dm]hind

Chorus x 2 (slow last line)



Drunken Sailor

(Traditional)

[Dm]What shall we do with a drunken sailor?

[C]What shall we do with a drunken sailor?

[Dm]What shall we do with a drunken sailor?

[C]Ear-lye in the [Dm]morning?

Chorus:

[Dm]Wah-hey, an' up she rises [STOP]

[C]Wah-hey, an' up she rises [STOP]

[Dm]Wah-hey, an' up she rises

[C]Ear-lye in the [Dm]morning?

[Dm]Put him the longboat 'till he's sober

[C]Put him the longboat 'till he's sober

[Dm]Put him the longboat 'till he's sober

[C]Ear-lye in the [Dm]morning **Chorus**

[Dm]Keep him there and make him bail 'er

[C]Keep him there and make him bail 'er

[Dm]Keep him there and make him bail 'er

[C]Ear-lye in the [Dm]morning **Chorus**

[Dm]Give him a dose of salt and water

[C]Give him a dose of salt and water

[Dm]Give him a dose of salt and water

[C]Ear-lye in the [Dm]morning **Chorus**

[Dm]Shave his belly with a rusty razor

[C]Shave his belly with a rusty razor

[Dm]Shave his belly with a rusty razor

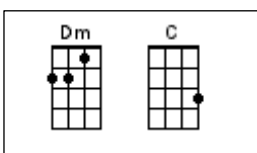
[C]Ear-lye in the [Dm]morning **Chorus**

[Dm]What shall we do with a drunken sailor?

[C]What shall we do with a drunken sailor?

[Dm]What shall we do with a drunken sailor?

[C]Ear-lye in the [Dm]morning? **Chorus x 2 (slow last line)**



Fever

(Eddie Cooley and Otis Blackwell, 1956)

Intro: [Am][Dm][E7][Am]

[Am]Never know how much I [Dm]love you [E7]never know how much I [Am]care
When you put your arms a[Dm]round me
I get a [E7]fever that's so hard to [Am]bear. You give me fever
[Dm]When you kiss me, [E7]fever when you hold me [Am]tight. Fever!
[Dm]In the morning, [E7]fever all through the [Am]night

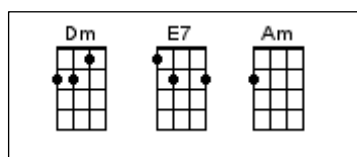
Sun lights up the [Dm]daytime [E7]moon lights up the [Am]night
I light up when you [Dm]call my name
And you [E7]know I'm gonna treat you [Am]right. You give me fever
[Dm] When you kiss me, [E7]fever when you hold me [Am]tight. Fever!
[Dm]In the morning, [E7]fever all through the [Am]night

Everybody's [Dm]got the fever, [E7]that is something [Am]you all know
Fever isn't [Dm]such a new thing, [E7]fever started[Am] long ago[Am][Dm][E7][Am]

Romeo loved [Dm]Juliet, [E7]Juliet she felt the [Am]same
When he put his arms a[Dm]round her,
he said [E7] "Julie, Baby, you're my [Am]flame. Thou giveth fever
[Dm] when we kisseth, [E7]fever with thy flaming [Am]youth. Fever!
[Dm] I'm afire, [E7]fever yeah I burn for[Am]sooth." [Am][Dm][E7][Am]

Captain Smith and Poca[Dm]hontas [E7]had a very mad [Am]affair
When her daddy tried to [Dm]kill him
she said [E7]"Daddy, oh, don't you [Am] dare! He gives me fever
[Dm]with his kisses, [E7]fever when he holds me [Am]tight. Fever!
[Dm]I'm his missus, so [E7]Daddy won't you treat him [Am]right?"

Now you've listened to my [Dm]story, [E7]here's the point that I have [Am]made
Chicks were born to give you [Dm]fever, be it [E7]Fahrenheit or Centi-[Am]grade
They give you fever
[Dm]when you kiss them, [E7]fever if you live and [Am]learn. Fever!
[Dm]'till you sizzle, [E7]what a lovely way to [Am]burn.
[E7]What a lovely way to [Am]burn **(X3) (Slowly on last)**



Fisherman's Blues

(Mike Scott and Steve Wickham, 1988. Performed by The Waterboys)

Intro: [G][F][Am][C] [G][F][Am][C]

I [G] wish I was a fisherman [F] tumbling on the seas
[Am] Far away from dry land and its [C] bitter memories
[G] Casting out my sweet line with a-[F]bandonment and love
[Am] No ceiling bearing down on me save the [C] starry sky above

With light in my [G] head.....you in my [F] arms
[Am] Wooh [G][F][Am][C]

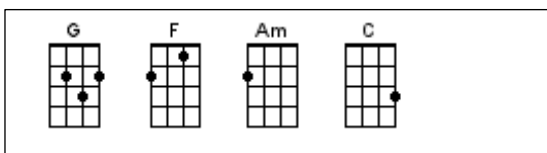
I [G] wish I was the brakeman on a [F] hurtling fevered train
Crashing [Am] headlong into the heartland like a [C] cannon in the rain
With the [G] beating of the sleepers and the [F] burnin' of the coal
[Am] Counting the towns flashing by in a [C] night that's full of soul

With light in my [G] head.....you in my [F] arms
[Am] Wooh [G][F][Am][C][G][F][Am][C]

Oh I [G] know I will be loosened from [F] bonds that hold me fast
And the [Am] chains all hung around me [C] will fall away at last
And on that [G] fine and fateful day I will [F] take thee in my hands
I will [Am] ride on the train I will [C] be the fisherman

With light in my [G] head...you in my [F] arms
Woo hoo [Am] ooh [C]

With light in my [G] head...you in my [F] arms
Woo hoo [Am] ooh [C]



Five Foot Two

(Words: Lewis and Young. Music: Ray Henderson, 1925)

[C] [E7] [A7] [A7]
 E | --0---3---0---0---4---0---0---0---5---0---5---0---5---0
 Five foot two, eyes of blue but oh what those five feet could do
 [D7] [G7] [C] [G7]
 E | --5--8--5--8--5--3---5---0---
 has an-y bod-y seen my girl

**Intro: slow single strums over
 picked melody line (no vocal)**

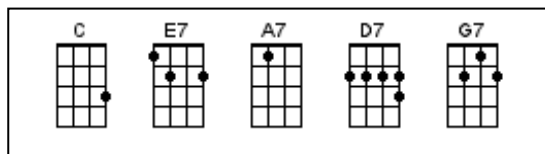
Verse 1: Slow

[C]Five foot two, [E7]eyes of blue, but, [A7]oh, what those five feet could do!
 Has [D7]anybody [G7]seen my [C] gal? [G7]
 [C]Turned up nose,[E7]turned down hose, [A7]flapper, yes sir, one of those!
 Has [D7]anybody [G7]seen my [C] gal?
 Now if you [E7]run into a five foot two, [A7]covered in furs,
 [D7]Diamond rings, and all those things [G7] [STOP]betcha life it isn't her!
 But [C]could she love, [E7]could she woo, [A7]could she, could she, could she coo!
 Has [D7]anybody [G7]seen my [C] gal? [G7]

Verse 2: Moderately Fast

~~[C]Five foot two, [E7]eyes of blue, but, [A7] Oh, what those five feet could do!~~
~~Has [D7] anybody [G7]seen my [C] gal? [G7]~~
 [C]Five foot two, [E7]eyes of blue, but, [A7]oh, what those five feet could do!
 Has [D7]anybody [G7]seen my [C] gal? [G7]
 [C]Turned up nose,[E7]turned down hose, [A7]flapper, yes sir, one of those!
 Has [D7]anybody [G7]seen my [C] gal?
 Now if you [E7]run into a five foot two, [A7]covered in furs,
 [D7]Diamond rings, and all those things [G7] [STOP]betcha life it isn't her!
 But [C]could she love, [E7]could she woo, [A7]could she, could she, could she coo!
 Has [D7]anybody [G7]seen my [C] gal? [G7]

Instrumental Verse 1 with kazoo (moderately fast)



Verse 3: Fast

[C]Five foot two, [E7]eyes of blue, but, [A7]oh, what those five feet could do!
 Has [D7]anybody [G7]seen my [C] gal? [G7]
 [C]Turned up nose,[E7]turned down hose, [A7]flapper, yes sir, one of those!
 Has [D7]anybody [G7]seen my [C] gal?
 Now if you [E7]run into a five foot two, [A7]covered in furs,
 [D7]Diamond rings, and all those things [G7] [STOP]betcha life it isn't her!
 But [C]could she love, [E7]could she woo, [A7]could she, could she, could she coo!
 Has [D7]anybody [G7]seen my, has [D7]anybody [G7]seen my, has [D7]anybody [G7]seen
 my [C] gal?

Five Hundred Miles

(Hedy West, 1963. Performed by Peter, Paul and Mary)

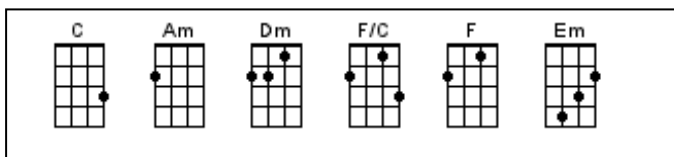
Intro: 1st three lines of verse

If you [C] miss the train I'm [Am] on
You will [Dm] know that I am [F/C] gone
You can [Dm] hear the whistle [Em] blow a [F] hundred [G7] miles
A hundred [C] miles a hundred [Am] miles
A hundred [Dm] miles a hundred [F/C] miles
You can [Dm] hear the whistle [Em] blow a [F] hundred [C] miles

Lord I'm [C] one lord I'm [Am] two
Lord I'm [Dm] three lord I'm [F/C] four
Lord I'm [Dm] five hundred [Em] miles [F] from my [G7] home
Five hundred [C] miles five hundred [Am] miles
Five hundred [Dm] miles five hundred [F] miles
Lord I'm [Dm] five hundred [Em] miles [F] from my [C] home

Not a [C] shirt on my [Am] back not a [Dm] penny to my [F/C] name
Lord I [Dm] can't go a-[Em]home [F] this a-[G7]way
This a-[C]way this a-[Am]way this a-[Dm]way this a-[F/C]way
Lord I [Dm] can't go a-[Em] home [F] this a-[C]way

If you [C] miss the train I'm [Am] on
You will [Dm] know that I am [F/C] gone
You can [Dm] hear the whistle [Em] blow a [F] hundred [C] miles



Folsom Prison Blues

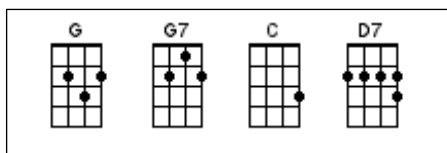
(Johnny Cash, 1955)

[G] I hear the train a comin' it's rolling round the bend,
And I ain't seen the sunshine since I [G7] don't know when
I'm [C] stuck in Folsom prison and time keeps draggin' [G] on
But that [D7] train keeps a rollin' on down to San An[G]ton

[G] When I was just a baby my mama told me son
Always be a good boy don't [G7] ever play with guns
But I [C] shot a man in Reno just to watch him [G] die
Now when I [D7] hear that whistle blowing, I hang my head and [G] cry

[G] I bet there's rich folks eating in a fancy dining car
They're probably drinkin' coffee and [G7] smoking big cigars
Well I [C] know I had it coming, I know I can't be [G] free
But those [D7] people keep a movin' and that's what tortures [G] me

[G] Well if they'd free me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move it all a little [G7] further down the line
[C] Far from Folsom prison that's where I want to [G] stay
And I'd [D7] let that lonesome whistle blow my blues a[G]way [Gb][G]



Frankie and Johnny

(Traditional)

[C]Frankie and Johnny were lovers. Oh lordy how they could [C7]love
They [F]swore to be true to each other, true as the stars a-[C]bove
He was her [G7]man, he wouldn't do her no [C]wrong

[C]Frankie went down to the ale house, and called for a bucket of [C7]beer
She [F]asked that old bar tender, "Has my loving Johnny been [C]here?"
He is my [G7]man, he wouldn't do me no [C]wrong

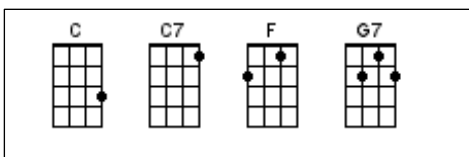
[C]Well I don't wanna cause you no trouble, but I ain't gonna tell you no [C7]lie
I [F]seen your loving Johnny out back with Nelly [C]Bly
He is your [G7]man, but he's been doing you [C]wrong

[C]So Frankie drew back her kimono, and pulled out a little forty-[C7]four
Then [F]rooty-toot-toot she shot him right through that hard oak [C]door
She shot her [G7]man 'cause he was doing her [C]wrong

[C]Roll me over easy. Roll me over [C7]slow
Roll [F]me on the left side, 'cause your bullets hurt me [C]so
I was your[G7] man, but I done you [C]wrong

[C]Well bring on a thousand policemen, bring them around to-[C7]day
Put [F]me in that cold prison cell and throw the key a-[C]way
I shot my [G7]man, 'cause he was doing me [C]wrong

She shot her [G7]man, 'cause he was doing her [C]wrong



[The] Gas Man Cometh

(Flanders and Swann, 1963)

[C]'Twas on a Monday [G7]morning, the [C]Gas – man [G7]came [C]to call,
The [F]gas tap wouldn't [C]turn, I wasn't [D7]getting gas at [G]all,[G7]
He [C]tore out all the [C7]skirting boards, to [F]try and find the [D7]main,
And I [F]had to call a [C]carpenter to [D7]put them [G7]back a –[C]gain

[G7]Oh..., it [C]all [G7]makes [C]work for the [F]working [G7]man to [C]do!

[C]'Twas on a Tuesday [G7]morning, the [C]Carpen - ter [G7]came[C] 'round,
He [F]hammered, and he [C]chiselled, and he [D7]said," Look what I've [G]found!
Your [C]joists are full of [C7]dry - rot, but I'll [F]put it all to [D7] rights!"
Then he [F]nailed right through a [C]cable, ..and [D7]out went [G7]all the [C]lights,

[G7]Oh..., it [C]all [G7]makes [C]work for the [F]working [G7]man to [C]do!

[C]'Twas on a Wednesday [G7]morning, the [C]Elec –[G7]trician [C]came,
He [F]called me Mr.[C]Sanderson, which [D7]isn't quite my [G]name,[G7]
He [C]couldn't reach the [C7]fusebox without [F]standing on the [D7]bin,
And his [F]foot went through a [C]window, so I [D7]called a [G7]Glazier [C] in,

[G7]Oh..., it [C]all [G7]makes [C]work for the [F]working [G7]man to [C]do!

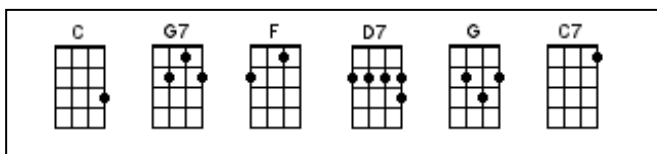
[C]'Twas on a Thursday [G7]morning, the [C]Glazier [G7]came a –[C]long,
With his [F]blow torch, and his [C]putty, and his merry...[D7]Glaz - iers...[G]song,[G7]
He [C]put another [C7]pane in, it [F] took no time at [D7]all,
But I [F]had to get a [C]painter in to [D7] come and [G7]paint the [C]wall,

[G7]Oh..., it [C]all [G7]makes [C]work for the [F]working [G7]man to [C]do!

[C]'Twas on a Friday [G7]morning, the [C]Painter [G7]made a [C]start,
With [F]undercoats, and [C]over coats, he [D7]painted every [G]part,[G7]
Every [C]nook, and every [C7]cranny, but I [F]found when he was [D7]gone...
...He'd [F]painted over the [C]gas-tap, and I [D7]couldn't [G7]turn it [C]on,

[G7]Oh..., it [C]all [G7]makes [C]work for the [F]working [G7]man to [C]do!

[G]On [C]Saturday, and [C7]Sunday, they [F]do no [C]work at [D7]all...
So, 'twas [F]on a Monday [C]morning that the [D7]gas-man [G7]came to [C]call! [G7][C]



Ghost Riders in the Sky

(Stan Jones, 1948)

Intro: 2 bars of bass

[Em]An old cowpoke went riding out one [G]dark and windy day
[Em]Upon a ridge he rested as he [G]went along his [B7]way
When[Em] all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw
A'[C]plowin' through the ragged skies [Am/C]... and [Em]up a cloudy draw

[Em] Yi-pi-yi-[G] ay, Yi-pi-yi-[Em] o
[C] Ghost riders [Am/C] in the [Em] sky

[Em]Their brands were still on fire and their [G]hooves were made of steel
[Em]Their horns were black and shiny and their [G]hot breath he could [B7]feel
A [Em]bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky
For he [C]saw the riders comin' hard [Am/C]and he [Em]heard their mournful cry

[Em] Yi-pi-yi-[G] ay, Yi-pi-yi-[Em] o
[C] Ghost riders [Am/C] in the [Em] sky

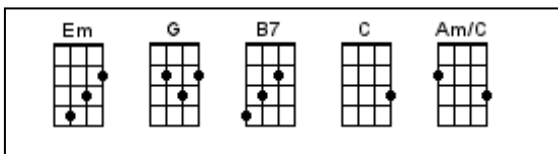
[Em]Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, and [G]shirts all soaked with sweat
[Em]They're ridin' hard to catch that herd but [G]they ain't caught them [B7] yet
They've [Em]got to ride forever in that range up in the sky
On [C]horses snortin' fire, [Am/C]as they [Em]ride on, hear their cry

[Em] Yi-pi-yi-[G] ay, Yi-pi-yi-[Em] o
[C] Ghost riders [Am/C] in the [Em] sky

[Em]As the riders loped on by him, he [G]heard one call his name
[Em]"If you want to save your soul from hell a'[G]ridin' on our [B7]range"
"Then [Em]cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride"
"A-[C]tryin' to catch the Devil's herd [Am/C]a-[Em]cross these endless skies."

[Em] Yi-pi-yi-[G] ay, Yi-pi-yi-[Em] o
[C] Ghost riders [Am/C] in the [Em] sky

Chorus x 2



[The]Glory of Love

(Bill Hill, 1936)

Intro: D, Bm7, Em7, A7 (play twice with 2 strums each)

Sing A

Chord diagrams for D, A7, D, D7, G.

You've got to give a little, take a little, and let your poor heart break a little

Chord diagrams for D, Bm7, Em7, A7, D, A7, A7+5.

That's the story of, that's the glory of love

Chord diagrams for D, A7, D, D7, G.

You've got to laugh a little, cry a little, before the clouds roll by a little

Chord diagrams for D, Bm7, Em7, A7, D, D7.

That's the story of, that's the glory of love

Chord diagrams for G, D, Ddim, D.

As long as there's the two of us, we've got the world and all its charms

Chord diagrams for Gm, E7, A7, A7+5.

And when the world is through with us we've got each other's arms

Chord diagrams for D, A7, D, D7, G.

You've got to win a little, lose a little, and always have the blues a little

Chord diagrams for D, Bm7, Em7, A7.

That's the story of, that's the glory of

Chord diagrams for D, Bm7, Em7, A7.

That's the story of, that's the glory of

Chord diagrams for D, Bm7, Em7, A7, D, G, D6.

That's the story of, that's the glory of love

12

3&a

4

Hello Mary Lou

(Gene Pitney and Father Cayet Mangiaracina, 1960)

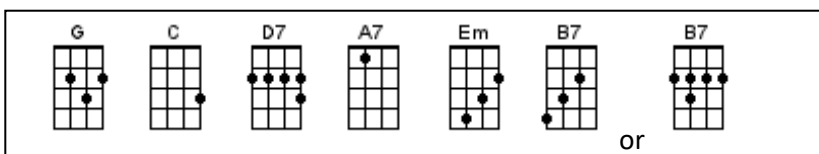
He-[G]llo Mary Lou, [C]Goodbye heart
Sweet [G]Mary Lou I'm so in love with [D7]you
I [G]knew Mary Lou [B7]we'd never [Em]part
So hel[A7]lo Mary [D7]Lou, goodbye [G]heart"[C][G]

[G]You passed me by one sunny day
[C]Flashed those big brown eyes my way
And [G]oh I wanted you forever [D7]more
Now [G]I'm not one that gets around
[C]swear my feet's stuck to the ground
And [G]though I never [D7]did meet you be-[G]fore [C][G]

I said "Hello Mary Lou, [C]Goodbye heart
Sweet [G]Mary Lou I'm so in love with [D7]you
I [G]knew Mary Lou [B7]we'd never [Em]part
So hel[A7]lo Mary [D7]Lou, goodbye [G]heart"[C][G]

I [G]saw your lips I heard your voice
be-[C]lieve me I just had no choice
Wild [G]horses couldn't make me stay a-[D7]way
I [G]thought about a moonlit night
[C]Arms around you good an' tight
That's [G]all I had to [D7]see for me to [G]say [C][G]

I said "Hello Mary Lou, [C]Goodbye heart
Sweet [G]Mary Lou I'm so in love with [D7]you
I [G]knew Mary Lou [B7]we'd never [Em]part
So hel[A7]lo Mary [D7]Lou, goodbye [G]heart
I said, hel[A7]lo Mary [D7]Lou, goodbye [G]heart"[C][G]



Help Yourself

(Words: Jack Fishman. Music: Carlo Donida, 1968. Performed by Tom Jones)

[C]Love is like candy on a [G7]shelf.
[C]You want to taste and help your-[F]self.
The sweetest things are there for [C]you,
help your-[G7]self, take a [C]few,
That's what [G7]I want you to [C]do.

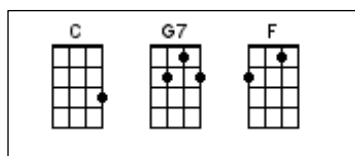
[C]We're always told, repeated-[G7]ly.
[C]The very best in life is [F]free.
And if you want to prove it's [C]true,
Baby, [G7]I'm telling [C]you,
This is [G7]what you should [C]do.

Chorus:

Just help your-[C]self to my lips,
to my arms, just say the word, and they are [G7]yours.
Just help your-[G7]self to the love, in my heart,
your smile has opened up the [C]door.
The greatest wealth that exists, in the world,
Could never buy what I can [G7]give.
Just help yourself to my lips,
To my arms, and then let's really start to [C]live.

[C]My heart has love enough for [G7]two.
[C]More than enough for me and [F]you.
I'm rich with love, a million-[C]aire,
I've so [G7]much, it's un-[C]fair,
Why don't [G7]you take a [C]share.

Chorus and end [G7][C]



[The] Hippopotamus Song

(Flanders and Swann, late 1950s)

Intro: [G][Em][Am7][D7] (*strum -1,2&3&*)

A [G]bold hippopotamus was [C]standing one [B7] day
On the [Em]banks of the [A7]cool[D7]Shalimar
He [G]gazed at the bottom as it [C]peacefully [B7]lay
By the [Em]light of the [A7]evening [D]star
A[Am]way on a [Em]hilltop sat [Am]combing her [Em]hair
His [F]fair hippo-[E7]potamine [Am]maid
The [A7] hippopo-[D]tamus was [A7]no igno-[D7]ramus
And [Am]sang her this [Am7]sweet sere-[D]nade [D7]

Chorus:

[G]Mud, [Em]mud, [Am7]glorious [D7]mud
[G]Nothing quite [Em]like it for [A7]cooling the [D7]blood
So [G]follow me, follow, [C]down to the [Am]hollow
And [C]there let us [G]wallow in [Am]glor-[D7]ious
[G]mud
[Em][Am7][D7] (*1,2&3&*)

The [G]fair hippopotoma he [C]aimed to en-[B7]tice
From her [Em]seat on the [A7]hilltop a-[D7]bove
As [G]she hadn't got a ma to [C]give her ad-[B7]vice
Came [Em]tiptoeing [A7]down to her [D]love
Like [Am]thunder the [Em]forest re-[Am]echoed the [Em]sound
Of the [F]song that they [E7]sang as they [Am]met
His [A7]inamo-[D]rata ad-[A7]justed her [D]garter
And [Am]lifted her [Am7]voice in du-[D]et [D7]

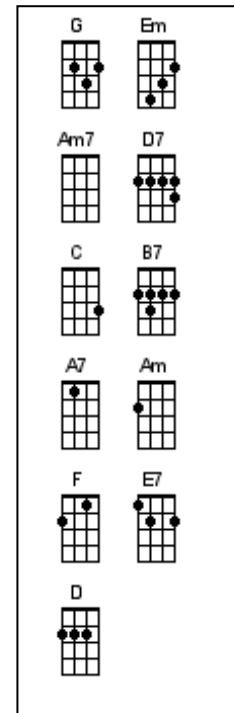
Chorus

Now [G]more hippopotami be[C]gan to con-[B7]vene
On the [Em]banks of the [A7]river so [D7]wide
I [G]wonder now what am I to [C]make of the [B7]scene
That en-[Em]sued by the [A7]Shalimar [D]side
They [Am]dived all at [Em]once with an [Am]ear-splitting [Em]splosh...
Then [F]rose to the [E7]surface a-[Am]gain
A [A7]regular [D]army of [A7]hippopo-[D]tami
All [Am]singing this [Am7]haunting re-[D]frain [D7]

Pause!

Chorus x 2 (end both these choruses on "[G]mud" , i.e. - don't play [Em][Am7][D7])

End song on sharp stop



Hotel California

(Words: Don Henley and Glen Frey. Music: Don Felder, 1976. Performed by The Eagles)

Intro: [Em][B7][D][A][C][G][Am][B7] (*i.e. 1st verse chords*)

[Em] On a dark desert highway [B7] cool wind in my hair
[D] Warm smell of colitas [A] rising up through the air
[C] Up ahead in the distance [G] I saw a shimmering light
[Am] My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim
[B7] I had to stop for the night

[Em] There she stood in the doorway [B7] I heard the mission bell
[D] And I was thinking to myself this could be [A] heaven or this could be hell
[C] Then she lit up a candle [G] and she showed me the way
[Am] There were voices down the corridor [B7] I thought I heard them say

Chorus 1:

[C] Welcome to the Hotel Cali[G]fornia
Such a [Am] lovely place such a [Em] lovely face
[C] Plenty of room at the Hotel Cali[G]fornia
Any [Am] time of year you can [B7] find it here

[Em] Her mind is Tiffany twisted [B7] she got the Mercedes bends
[D] She got a lot of pretty pretty boys [A] that she calls friends
[C] How they dance in the courtyard [G] sweet summer sweat
[Am] Some dance to remember [B7] some dance to forget

[Em] So I called up the captain [B7] please bring me my wine
He said [D] we haven't had that spirit here since [A] nineteen sixty-nine
[C] And still those voices are calling from [G] far away
[Am] Wake you up in the middle of the night [B7] just to hear them say

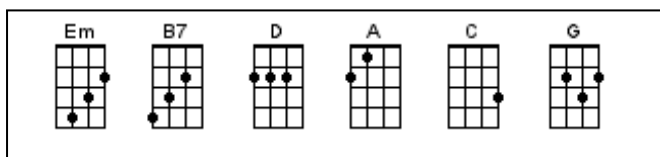
Chorus 2:

[C] Welcome to the Hotel Cali[G]fornia
Such a [Am] lovely place such a [Em] lovely face
They [C] livin' it up at the Hotel Cali[G]fornia
What a [Am] nice surprise bring your [B7] alibis

[Em] Mirrors on the ceiling [B7] the pink champagne on ice
And she said [D] we are all just prisoners here [A] of our own device
[C] And in the master's chambers [G] they gathered for the feast
[Am] They stab it with their steely knives but they [B7] just can't kill the beast

[Em] Last thing I remember I was [B7] running for the door
[D] I had to find the passage back to the [A] place I was before
[C] Relax said the nightman we are [G] programmed to receive
[Am] You can check out anytime you like [B7] but you can never leave

Repeat Chorus2 and end on an [Em]



Hound Dog

(Words: Mike Stoller. Music: Jerome Leiber, 1953. Performed by many, but Elvis Presley's biggest hit)

[Tacet] You ain't nothin' but a [C] hound dog cryin' all the time
You ain't nothin' but a [F] hound dog cryin' all the [C] time
Well you ain't [G] never caught a rabbit
And you [F] ain't no friend of [C] mine

[Tacet] Well they said you was [C] high classed well that was just a lie
Yeah they said you was [F] high classed well that was just a [C] lie
Well you ain't [G] never caught a rabbit
And you [F] ain't no friend of [C] mine

[Tacet] You ain't nothin' but a [C] hound dog cryin' all the time
You ain't nothin' but a [F] hound dog cryin' all the [C] time
Well you ain't [G] never caught a rabbit
And you [F] ain't no friend of [C] mine

Instrumental: [C] [C] [C] [C] [F] [F] [C] [C] [G] [F] [C]

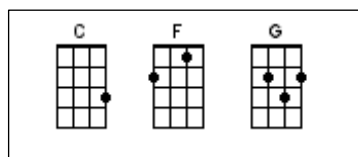
[Tacet] Well they said you was [C] high classed well that was just a lie
Yeah they said you was [F] high classed well that was just a [C] lie
Well you ain't [G] never caught a rabbit
And you [F] ain't no friend of [C] mine

Instrumental: [C] [C] [C] [C] [F] [F] [C] [C] [G] [F] [C]

[Tacet] Well they said you was [C] high classed well that was just a lie
Yeah they said you was [F] high classed well that was just a [C] lie
Well you ain't [G] never caught a rabbit
And you [F] ain't no friend of [C] mine

[Tacet] You ain't nothin' but a [C] hound dog cryin' all the time
You ain't nothin' but a [F] hound dog cryin' all the [C] time
Well you ain't [G] never caught a rabbit
And you [F] ain't no friend of [C] mine

Repeat last two lines slowly



House of the Rising Sun

(Traditional)

Intro: [Am][C][D][F][Am][E7][Am][E7]

There [Am] is a [C] house in [D] New Or[F]leans
They [Am] call the [C] Rising [E7] Sun
And it's [Am] been the [C] ruin of [D] many a poor [F] boy
And [Am] God I [E7] know I'm [Am] one [E7]

My [Am] mother [C] was a [D] tailor [F]
She [Am] sewed my [C] new blue [E7] jeans
My [Am] father [C] was a [D] gamblin' [F] man
[Am] Down in [E7] New Or[Am]leans

[C][D][F][Am][E7][Am][E7]

Now the [Am] only [C] thing a [D] gambler [F] needs
Is a [Am] suit[C]case and [E7] trunk
And the [Am] only [C] time that [D] he's satis[F]fied
Is [Am] when he's [E7] on a [Am] drunk [E7]

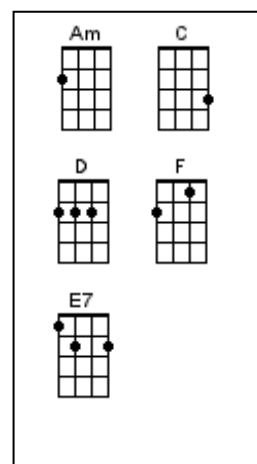
Oh [Am] mother [C] tell your [D] children [F]
Not to [Am] do what [C] I have [E7] done
[Am] Spend your [C] lives in [D] sin and mise[F]ry
In the [Am] House of the [E7] Rising [Am] Sun

[C][D][F][Am][E7][Am][E7]

Well I got [Am] one foot [C] on the [D] platform [F]
The [Am] other [C] foot on the [E7] train
I'm [Am] goin' [C] back to [D] New Or[F]leans
To [Am] wear that [E7] ball and [Am] chain [E7]

Well there [Am] is a [C] house in [D] New Or[F]leans
They [Am] call the [C] Rising [E7] Sun
And it's [Am] been the [C] ruin of [D] many a poor [F] boy
And [Am] God I [E7] know I'm [Am] one

Outro: [C][D][F][Am][E7][Am][E7][Am]



Iko Iko

(James "Sugar Boy" Crawford, 1953)

[F]My grandma and your grandma sitting by the [C]fire My grandma says to your grandma "I'm gonna set your flag on [F]fire"

Talkin' 'bout Hey now (Hey now) Hey now
Iko iko an[C]nay Jockomo feena ah na nay Jockomo feena [F]nay

Look at my king all dressed in red, iko iko an [C]nay
I bet you five dollars he'll kill you dead Jockomo feena [F]nay

Talkin' 'bout Hey now (Hey now) Hey now
Iko iko an[C]nay Jockomo feena ah na nay Jockomo feena [F]nay

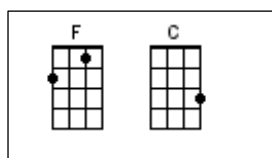
My flag boy and your flag boy sitting by the [C]fire
My flag boy says to your flag boy "I'm gonna set your flag on [F]fire"

Talkin' 'bout Hey now (Hey now) Hey now
Iko iko an[C]nay Jockomo feena ah na nay Jockomo feena [F]nay

See that guy all dressed in green, iko iko an [C]nay
He's not a man, he's a loving machine Jockomo feena [F]nay

Talkin' 'bout Hey now (Hey now) Hey now
Iko iko an[C]nay Jockomo feena ah na nay Jockomo feena [F]nay

Talkin' 'bout Hey now (Hey now) Hey now
Iko iko an[C]nay Jockomo feena ah na nay Jockomo feena [F]nay
[C]Jockomo feena [F]nay [C]Jockomo feena [F]nay



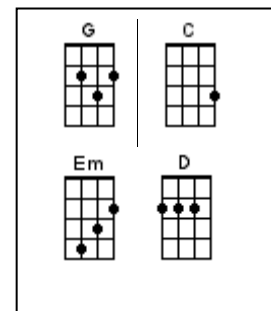
[The] Irish Rover

(Traditional)

On the [G]Fourth of July, eighteen hundred and [C]six,
We set [G] sail from the [Em]sweet cobh of [D]Cork
We were [G]sailing away with a cargo of [C]bricks,
For the [G]Grand City [D]Hall in New [G]York
'Twas an [G]wonderful craft, [D]she was rigged fore and aft,
And oh, [G]how the wild wind [D]drove her
She could [G]stand a great blast, She had twenty seven [C]masts
And they [G]called her The [D]Irish [G]Rover

We had [G]one million bags of the best Sligo [C]rags
We had [G]two million [Em]barrels of [D]stones
We had [G]three million sides of old blind horses [C]hides.
We had [G]four million [D]barrels of [G]bones
We had [G]five million hogs, And [D]six million dogs, [G]Seven million barrels of [D]porter
We had [G]eight million bales of old nanny-goats' [C]tails
in the [G]hold of The [D]Irish [G]Rover

There was [G]awl Mickey Coote who played hard on his [C]flute,
when the [G]ladies lined [Em]up for a [D]set
He was [G]tootin' with skill for each sparkling [C]quadrille,
though the [G]dancers were [D]fluther'd and [G]bet
With his [G]smart witty talk he was [D]cock of the walk,
and he [G]rolled the dames under and [D]over
They all [G]knew at a glance when he took up his [C]stance
That he [G]sailed in The [D]Irish [G]Rover








There was [G]Barney McGee from the banks of the [C]Lee,
There was [G]Hogan from [Em]County Ty-[D]-rone
There was [G]Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of [C]work,
and a [G]chap from West[D]meath called [G]Malone
There was Slugger O'Toole, [D]drunk as a rule, [G]Fighting Bill Treacy from [D]Dover
And your [G]man, Mick McCann from the banks of the [C]Bann
Was the [G]skipper of The [D]Irish [G]Rover

We had [G]sailed seven years when the measles broke [C]out,
and our [G]ship lost its [Em]way in the [D]fog
And that [G]whole of a crew was reduced down to [C]two
just [G]myself and the [D]Captain's old [G]dog
Then the [G]ship struck a rock **[STOP] Slow, single strums**
Oh [D]Lord! what a shock, the [G]boat it flipped right [D]over
Turned [G]nine times around, and the poor old dog was [C]drowned **[STOP]-2-3-4** I'm the [G]
last of The [D]Irish [G]Rover

It's a Sin to Tell a Lie

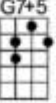


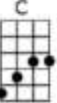


(Billy Mayhew, 1936)

Sing G     

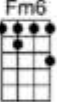



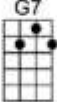

Be sure it's true when you say, "I love you," IT'S A SIN TO TELL A LIE!

Many poor hearts have been broken just because those words are spok - en.

I love you, yes I do, I love you. If you break my heart I'll die.

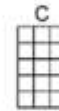
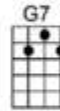
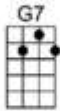
So be sure it's true when you say, "I love you," IT'S A SIN TO TELL A LIE!

I Walk The Line

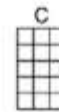
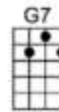
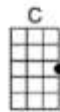
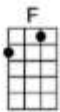
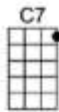
(Johnny Cash, 1956)

↓ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑
 1 2 & 3 & 4 & Accent (louder) on "2" and "4"

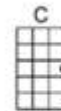
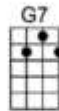
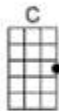
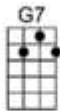
Sing C



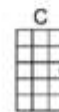
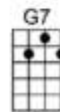
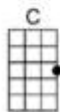
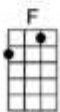
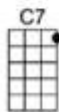
I keep a close watch on this heart of mine. I keep my eyes wide open all the time.



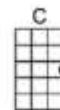
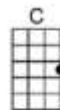
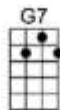
I keep the ends out for the tie that binds. Because you're mine I walk the line.



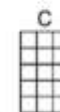
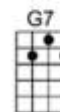
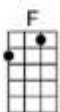
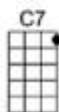
I find it very very easy to be true. I find myself alone when day is through.



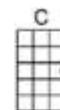
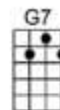
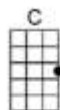
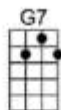
Yes, I'll admit that I'm a fool for you. Because you're mine I walk the line.



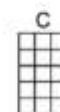
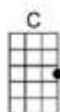
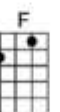
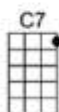
As sure as night is dark and day is light. I keep you on my mind both day and night.



And happiness I've known proves that it's right. Because you're mine I walk the line.



You've got a way to keep me on your side. You give me cause for love that I can't hide.



For you I know I'd even try to turn the tide. Because you're mine I walk the line.

I Wan'na be Like You [Version in Am/C]

(Robert and Richard Sherman, 1967 for the film The Jungle Book)

Now [Am]I'm the king of the swingers, Oh, the jungle [E7]VIP
I've reached the top and had to stop and that's what's botherin' [Am]me
I wanna be a man, mancub and stroll right into [E7]town
And be just like the other men, I'm tired of monkeyin' [Am]around!

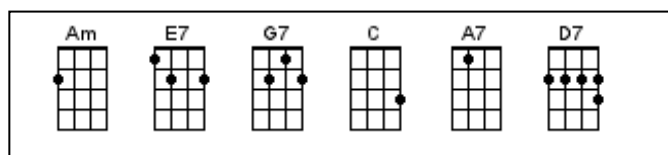
[G7]Oh,[C]oobee doo, I wanna be like [A7]you
I wanna [D7]walk like you, [G7]talk like you, [C]too
[G7]You'll see it's [C]true, an ape like [A7]me
Can [D7]learn to be [G7]human [C]too

Now [Am]don't try to kid me, mancub, I made a deal with [E7]you
What I desire is man's red fire to make my dream come [Am]true
Now give me the secret, mancub, come on, clue me what to [E7]do
Give me the power of man's red flower, so I can be like [Am]you

[G7]Oh,[C]oobee doo, I wanna be like [A7]you
I wanna [D7]walk like you, [G7]talk like you, [C]too
[G7]You'll see it's [C]true, an ape like [A7]me
Can [D7]learn to be [G7]human [C]too[G7]

[G7]Oh,[C]oobee doo, I wanna be like [A7]you
I wanna [D7]walk like you, [G7]talk like you, [C]too
[G7]You'll see it's [C]true, an ape like [A7]me
Can [D7]learn to be [G7]human [C]too

Can [D7]learn to be [G7]human [C]too
Can [D7]learn to be [G7]human [C]too



I Wan'na be Like You [Version in Em/G]

(Robert and Richard Sherman, 1967 for the film The Jungle Book)

Easier to sing version

(sing E)

Now [Em]I'm the king of the swingers, Oh, the jungle [B7]VIP
I've reached the top and had to stop and that's what's botherin' [Em]me
I wanna be a man, mancub and stroll right into [B7]town
And be just like the other men, I'm tired of monkeyin' [Em]around!

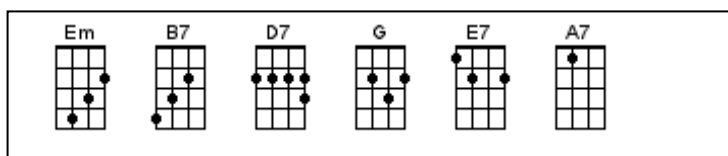
[D7]Oh,[G]oobee doo, I wanna be like [E7]you
I wanna [A7]walk like you, [D7]talk like you, [G]too
[D7]You'll see it's [G>true, an ape like [E7]me
Can [A7]learn to be [D7]human [G]too

Now [Em]don't try to kid me, mancub, I made a deal with [B7]you
What I desire is man's red fire to make my dream come [Em>true
Now give me the secret, mancub, come on, clue me what to [B7]do
Give me the power of man's red flower, so I can be like [Em]you

[D7]Oh,[G]oobee doo, I wanna be like [E7]you
I wanna [A7]walk like you, [D7]talk like you, [G]too
[D7]You'll see it's [G>true, an ape like [E7]me
Can [A7]learn to be [D7]human [G]too[D7]

[D7]Oh,[G]oobee doo, I wanna be like [E7]you
I wanna [A7]walk like you, [D7]talk like you, [G]too
[D7]You'll see it's [G>true, an ape like [A7]me
Can [A7]learn to be [D7]human [G]too

Can [A7]learn to be [D7]human [G]too
Can [A7]learn to be [D7]human [G]too



I Wish You Love

(Charles Trenet, 1943. English words Albert Beach)

(sing F#)

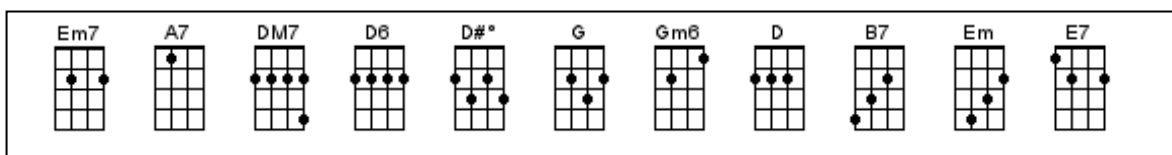
[Tacet]I wish you [Em7]blue-birds in the [A7]spring
To give your [Dmaj7]heart a song to [D6]sing;
And then a [Em7]kiss, but more than [A7]this...
I wish you [D6]love-2-3-4

[D#dim]1-2-And in Ju [Em7]ly, a lemon [A7]ade
to cool you [Dmaj7]in some leafy [D6]glade;
I wish you [Em7]health and more than [A7]wealth...
I wish you [D7]love-2-3-4 1-2

My breaking [G]heart and I a[Gm6]gree
that you and [D]I could never [B7]be.
So with my [Em]best, my very [E7]best,
I set you [A7]free-2-3-4

[D#dim]1-2-I wish you[Em7]shelter from the [A7]storm,
A cozy [Dmaj7]fire to keep you [D6]warm;
But most of all [Em7] when snow-flakes [A7]fall,
I wish you [D]love

Repeat the whole song



Jamaica Farewell

(Words: "Lord Burgess" Music: based on trad, 1955)

[C]Down the way where the [F]nights are gay
And the [C]sun shines [G7]daily on the [C]mountain top
I took a trip on a [F]sailing ship
And when I [C]reach [G7]Jamaica I [C]make a stop

Chorus:

But I'm sad to say I'm [F]on my way
[G7] Won't be back for [C]many a day
My heart is down
My head is [F]turning around
I had to [C]leave a little [G7]girl in [C]Kingston town

[C]Down at the market [F]you can hear
Ladies [C]cry out while [G7]on their [C]heads they bear
Akee rice salt [F]fish are nice
And the [C]rum is [G7]fine any [C]time of year

Chorus

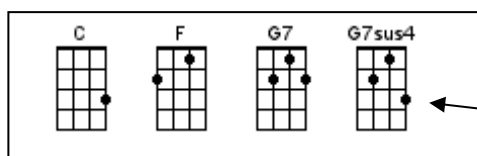
[C]Sounds of laughter [F] everywhere
And the [C] dancing girls [G7]swaying [C]to and fro
I must declare my [F] heart is there
Though I've [C] been from [G7]Maine to [C]Mexico

Chorus

[C]Down the way where the [F]nights are gay
And the [C]sun shines [G7]daily on the [C]mountain top
I took a trip on a [F]sailing ship
And when I [C]reach [G7]Jamaica I [C]make a stop

Chorus

[F]I had to [C]leave a little [G7]girl in [C]Kingston town
[F]I had to [C]leave a little [G7]girl...[G7sus4]...[G7]... in [C]Kingston town



Keep the G7 shape in place
and just add a finger

Jambalaya

(Hank Williams, 1952)

Goodbye [C]Joe, me gotta go, me oh [G]my oh
Me gotta go pole the [G7]piroque down the [C]bayou
My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh [G]my oh
Son of a gun, we'll have big [G7]fun on the [C]bayou...[STOP]

Chorus:

Jamba- [C]laya and a crawfish pie and fillay [G]gumbo
'Cause tonight I'm gonna [G7]see my chere a-[C]mio
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be [G]gay-o
Son of a gun, we'll have big [G7]fun on the [C]bayou...[STOP]

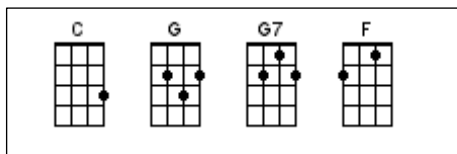
Thibo- [C]deaux, fontaineaux, the place is [G]buzzin
Kinfolk come to see [G7]Yvonne by the [C]dozen
Dress in style, go hog wild, me oh [G]my oh
Son of a gun, we'll have big [G7]fun on the [C]bayou...[STOP]

Chorus

Settle [C]down far from town, get me a [G]piroque
And I'll catch all the [G7]fish in the [C]bayou
Swap my mon to buy Yvonne what she [G]need-o
Son of a gun, we'll have big [G7]fun on the [C]bayou...[STOP]

Chorus

Jamba- [C]laya and a crawfish pie and fillay [G]gumbo
'Cause tonight I'm gonna [G7]see my chere a-[C]mio
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be [G]gay-o
Son of a gun, we'll have big [G7]fun on the [C]bayou
Son of a [G]gun, we'll have [G7]big fun on the [C]bayou
Son of a [G]gun, we'll have [G7]big fun on the [C]bayou [F][C]



Jolene

(Dolly Parton, 1973)

[Am] Jolene [C] Jolene Jo[G]lene Jo[Am]lene
I'm [G] begging of you [Em7] please don't take my [Am] man-2-3-4 1-2-3-4
[Am] Jolene [C] Jolene Jo[G]lene Jo[Am]lene
[G] Please don't take him [Em7] just because you [Am] can-2-3-4 1-2-3-4

[Am] Your beauty is be[C]yond compare
With [G] flaming locks of [Am] auburn hair
With [G] ivory skin and [Em7] eyes of emerald [Am] green-2-3-4 1-2-3-4
[Am] Your smile is like a [C] breath of spring
Your [G] voice is soft like [Am] summer rain
And [G] I cannot com[Em7]pete with you Jo[Am]lene-2-3-4 1-2-3-4

(Follow count for rest of song)

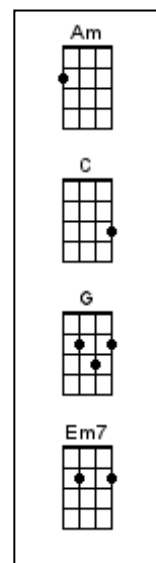
[Am] He talks about you [C] in his sleep
And there's [G] nothing I can [Am] do to keep
From [G] crying when he [Em7] calls your name Jo[Am]lene
[Am] And I can easily [C] understand
How [G] you could easily [Am] take my man
But [G] you don't know what he [Em7] means to me Jo[Am]lene

[Am] Jolene [C] Jolene Jo[G]lene Jo[Am]lene
I'm [G] begging of you [Em7] please don't take my [Am] man
[Am] Jolene [C] Jolene Jo[G]lene Jo[Am]lene
[G] Please don't take him [Em7] just because you [Am] can

[Am] You can have your [C] choice of men
But [G] I could never [Am] love again
[G] He's the only [Em7] one for me Jo[Am]lene
[Am] I had to have this [C] talk with you
My [G] happiness de[Am]pends on you
And what[G]ever you de[Em7]cide to do Jo[Am]lene

[Am] Jolene [C] Jolene Jo[G]lene Jo[Am]lene
I'm [G] begging of you [Em7] please don't take my [Am] man
[Am] Jolene [C] Jolene Jo[G]lene Jo[Am]lene
[G] Please don't take him [Em7] even though you [Am] can

[Am] Jolene... *[fade]*Jolene...



King of the Road

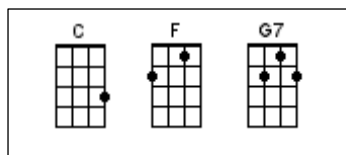
(Roger Miller, 1964)

[C]Trailers for [F]sale or rent, [G7]rooms to let...[C]fifty cents.
No phone, no [F]pool, no pets [G7][STOP] I ain't got no cigarettes
Ah, but..[C]two hours of [F]pushin' broom buys an [G7]eight by twelve [C]four-bit room
I'm a man of [F]means by no means[G7][G7][STOP]
King of the road.

[C]Third boxcar, [F]midnight train, [G7]destination...[C]Bangor, Maine.
Old worn out [F]suit and shoes[G7][STOP] I don't pay no union dues,
I smoke [C]old stogies [F]I have found, [G7]short, but not too [C]big around
I'm a man of [F]means by no means[G7][G7][STOP]
King of the road.

I know [C]every engineer on [F]every train
[G7]All of their children, and [C]all of their names
And every handout in [F]every town
And [G7][STOP]every lock that [G7][STOP]ain't locked when [G7][STOP]no one's
around[G7][STOP].

I sing, [C]Trailers for [F]sale or rent, [G7]rooms to let...[C]fifty cents.
No phone, no [F]pool, no pets [G7][STOP] I ain't got no cigarettes
Ah, but..[C]two hours of [F]pushin' broom buys an [G7]eight by twelve [C]four-bit room
I'm a man of [F]means by no means
[G7][G7][STOP]King of the road -2-3-4
[G7][G7][STOP]King of the road -2-3-4
[G7][G7][STOP]King of the road -2-3-4
(Single strums)C-C-F-F-G7-G7-G7-C



[The]Leaving of Liverpool

(Traditional)

Intro: [C][F][C][G][C] (Last 2 lines of verse)

Fare [C]thee well to you, my [F]own true [C]love,
I am going far, far aw-[G]ay
I am [C]bound for Cali[F]forn-i-[C]a,
And I know that I'll re[G]turn some[C]day

So [G]fare thee well, my [F]own true [C]love,
For when I return, united we will [G]be
It's not the [C]leaving of Liverpool that [F]grieves [C]me,
But my darling when I [G]think of [C]thee

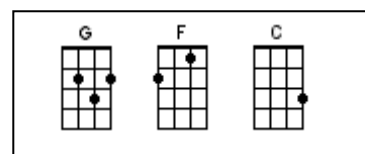
I have shipped on a Yankee [F]sailing [C]ship,
Davy Crockett is her [G]name,
And her [C]Captain's name was [F]Bur-[C]gess,
And they say that she's a [G]floating [C]hell

So [G]fare thee well, my [F]own true [C]love,
For when I return, united we will [G]be
It's not the [C]leaving of Liverpool that [F]grieves [C]me,
But my darling when I [G]think of [C]thee

Oh the sun is on the [F]harbour, [C]love,
And I wish that I could re-[G]main,
For I [C]know that it will be a [F]long, long [C]time,
Before I [G]see you [C]again

So [G]fare thee well, my [F]own true [C]love,
For when I return, united we will [G]be
It's not the [C]leaving of Liverpool that [F]grieves [C]me,
But my darling when I [G]think of [C]thee

So [G]fare thee well, my [F]own true [C]love,
For when I return, united we will [G]be
It's not the [C]leaving of Liverpool that [F]grieves [C]me,
But my darling when I [G]think of [C]thee



Leaving on a Jet Plane

(John Denver, 1966)

Intro: [C][F][C][F][C][Dm][G7] (1st three lines of verse)

All my [C] bags are packed I'm [F] ready to go
I'm [C] standing here out-[F]side your door
I [C] hate to wake you [Dm] up to say good-[G7]bye
But the [C] dawn is breakin' it's [F] early morn
The [C] taxi's waitin' he's [F] blowin' his horn
Al[C]ready I'm so [Dm] lonesome I could [G7] cry

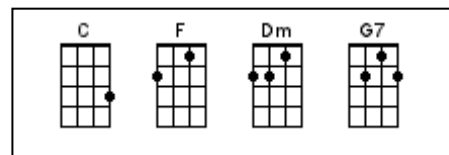
Chorus:

So [C] kiss me and [F] smile for me
[C] Tell me that you'll [F] wait for me
[C] Hold me like you'll [Dm] never let me [G7] go
I'm [C] leavin' [F] on a jet plane
[C] Don't know when [F] I'll be back again
[C] Oh [Dm] babe I hate to [G7] go

There's so [C] many times I've [F] let you down
[C] So many times I've [F] played around
[C] I tell you now [Dm] they don't mean a [G7] thing
Ev'ry [C] place I go I'll [F] think of you
Ev'ry [C] song I sing I'll [F] sing for you
When [C] I come back I'll [Dm] wear your wedding [G7] ring

Chorus

[C] Now the time has [F] come to leave you
[C] One more time [F] let me kiss you
Then [C] close your eyes, [Dm] I'll be on my [G7] way
[C] Dream about the [F] days to come
When [C] I won't have to [F] leave alone
[C] About the times [Dm] I won't have to [G7] say



Chorus

Outro: [C][F][C][F][C][Dm][G7] (1st three lines of verse) finish on a [C]

Lili Marlene (English, last verse in German)

(Original Words: Hans Leip, 1915. English words: Tommie Connor. Music: Norbert Schultze, 1938)

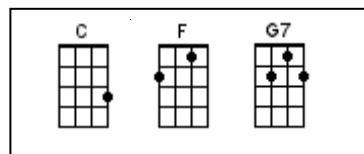
Intro: [F][G7][C][G7] (2 strums each)

[C]Underneath the lantern, [G7]by the barrack gate.
Darling I remember the way you used to [C]wait.
'Twas [F]there that you whispered [C]tenderly,
That [G7]you loved me; you'd [C]always be...
My [G7]Lili of the [C]lamplight
My[G7] own Lili Mar[C]lene.

[C]Time would come for roll call, [G7]time for us to part.
Darling I'd caress you and press you to my [C]heart.
And [F]there 'neath that far-off [C]lantern light,
I'd [G7]hold you tight; we'd [C]kiss goodnight.
My [G7]Lili of the [C]lamplight
My [G7]own Lili Mar[C]lene.

[C]Orders came for sailing, [G7]somewhere over there.
All confined to barracks was more than I could [C]bear.
I [F]knew you were waiting [C]in the street
I [G7]heard your feet, but [C]could not meet
My [G7]Lili of the [C]lamplight
My [G7]own Lili Mar[C]lene.

[C]Aus dem stillen Raume,
[G7]Aus der Erde Grund
Hebt mich wie im Traume
Dein verlieb[C]ter Mund
Wenn [F]sich die späten [C]Nebel drehn
Werd' [G7]ich bei der Later[C]ne steh'n
Wie [G7]einst Lili Mar[C]leen
Wie [G7]einst Lili Mar[C]leen



Lily the Pink

(The Scaffold, 1968. Based on folk song, "The Ballad of Lydia Pinkham")

Chorus:

We'll [C]drink a drink to Lily the [G7]pink, the pink, the pink
The saviour of the human [C]race
For she invented medicinal [G7]compound
Most efficacious in every [C]case

Mister Flears had sticking out [G7]ears
And it made him awful [C]shy
And so they gave him medicinal [G7]compound
Now he's learning how to [C]fly

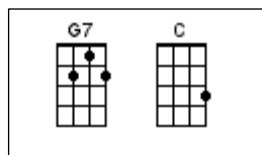
Chorus

Brother Tony was known to be [G7]boney
He would never eat his [C]meals
And so they gave him medicinal [G7]compound
Now they move him round on [C]wheels

Instrumental chorus with kazoos

We'll drink a drink to Lily the [G7]pink, the pink, the pink
The saviour of the human [C]race
For she invented medicinal [G7]compound
Most efficacious in every [C]case

Chorus



Lion Sleeps Tonight

(The Tokens, 1961. Based on 1930s Zulu song)

[G]a-wimoweh, a-wimoweh, a[C]-wimoweh, a-wimoweh
a-[G]wimoweh, a-wimo-wo- [D7]ho
[G]a-wimoweh, a-wimoweh, a[C]-wimoweh, a-wimoweh
a-[G]wimoweh, a-wimo-wo- [D7]ho

[G]In the jungle, the [C]mighty jungle, The[G] lion sleeps to- [D7]night
[G]In the jungle, the [C]quiet jungle, [G]The lion sleeps to- [D7]night

[G]Oooooo [C]oooooo [G]we-e-e-um-um-a-weh [D7]-2-3-4
[G]Oooooo [C]oooooo [G]we-e-e-um-um-a-weh [D7]-2-3-4

[G]Near the village, the [C]peaceful village, The [G]lion sleeps to- [D7]night
[G]Near the village, the [C]quiet village, [G]The lion sleeps to- [D7]night

[G]Oooooo [C]oooooo [G]we-e-e-um-um-a-weh [D7]-2-3-4
[G]Oooooo [C]oooooo [G]we-e-e-um-um-a-weh [D7]-2-3-4

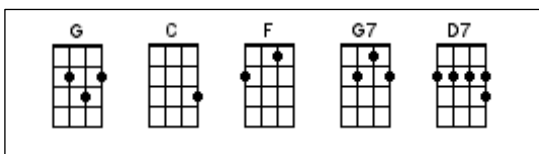
(Single strums next line)

[G]Hush my darling, don't [C]fear my darling, The [G]lion sleeps to- [D7]night
[G]Hush my darling, don't [C]fear my darling, The [G]lion sleeps to- [D7]night

[G]Oooooo [C]oooooo [G]we-e-e-um-um-a-weh [D7]-2-3-4
[G]Oooooo [C]oooooo [G]we-e-e-um-um-a-weh [D7]-2-3-4

[G]a-wimoweh, a-wimoweh, a[C]-wimoweh, a-wimoweh
a-[G]wimoweh, a-wimo-wo- [D7]ho
[G]a-wimoweh, a-wimoweh, a[C]-wimoweh,
a-wimoweh a-[G]wimoweh, a-wimo-wo- [D7]ho

[G]Oooooo [C]oooooo [G]we-e-e-um-um-a-weh [D7] -2-3-4
[G]Oooooo [C]oooooo [G]we-e-e-um-um-a-weh [D7] -2-3-4 **[G]**



Little Ole Wine Drinker Me

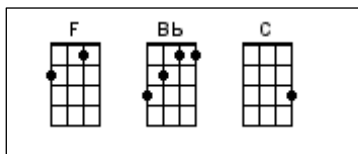
(Hank Mills and Dick Jennings, 1967. Performed by Dean Martin)

[F]I'm praying for [Bb]rain in Cali-[F]fornia
So the grapes can grow and they can make more [C]wine
And I'm [F]sitting in a [Bb]honky in Chi-[F]cago
With a broken heart and a [C]woman on my [F]mind

I asked the [C]man behind the bar for the [F]jukebox
And the music takes me back to Tennes-[C]see
And he [F]asked who's the [Bb]fool in the [F]corner crying
I say a little ole [C]wine drinker [F]me

I came here last [Bb]week from down in [F]Nashville
'Cause my baby left for Florida on a [C]train
I [F]thought I'd get a [Bb]job and just for-[F]get her
But in Chicago, the broken [C]heartache's still the [F]same

I asked the [C]man behind the bar for the [F]jukebox
And the music takes me back to Tennes-[C]see
And he [F]asked who's the [Bb]fool in the [F]corner crying
I say a little ole [C]wine drinker [F]me
I say a little ole [C]wine drinker [F]me



Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds

(Lennon and McCartney, 1967)

NB: Verses are 3/4 time, choruses are 4/4 time.
Key =A. **Sing C#**

Intro:



[A] Picture your[A7]self in a [F#m] boat on a [F+5] river with
 [A] Tangerine [A7] trees and [F#m] marmalade [F] skies. /1-2-3
 [A] Somebody [A7] calls you, you [F#m] answer quite [F+5] slowly,
 The [A] girl with kal[A7]eidoscope [F#m] eyes /1-2-3 [F]/1-2-3/1-2-3
 [Bb] Cellophane flowers of [C] yellow and green,
 [Dm7] Towering over your [Bb] head. /1-2-3
 [C] Look for the girl with the [G] sun in her eyes and she's [D7] gone.

2-3-4

Chorus:

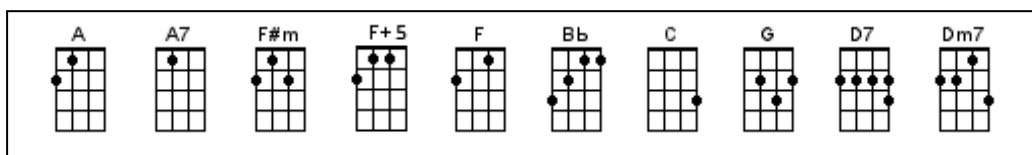
(G) Lucy in the [C] sky with (D7) diamonds
 (G) Lucy in the [C] sky with (D7) diamonds
 (G) Lucy in the [C] sky with (D7) diamonds Ahhhhh [A]
 1-2-3-4 1

[A] Follow her [A7] down to a [F#m] bridge by a [F+5] fountain
 Where [A] rockinghorse [A7] people eat [F#m] marshmallow [F] pies. /1-2-3
 [A] Everyone [A7] smiles as you [F#m] drift past the [F+5] flowers
 That [A] grow so [A7] incredibly [F#m] high /1-2-3 [F]/1-2-3/1-2-3
 [Bb] Newspaper taxis [C] appear on the shore
 [Dm7] Waiting to take you a[Bb]way. /1-2-3
 [C] Climb in the back with your [G] head in the clouds
 And you're [D7] gone. **2-3-4**

Chorus

[A] Picture your[A7]self on a [F#m]train in a [F+5] station with
 [A] Plasticine [A7] porters with [F#m] looking glass [F] ties. /1-2-3
 [A] Suddenly [A7] someone is [F#m]there at the [F+5] turnstile
 The [A] girl with kal[A7]eidoscope [F#m] eyes /1-2-3 [F] **1-2-3-4**

**Chorus x 2,
fading out**



Medley

Intro: [C][G7][C] (Last line of 1st verse)

[C]She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes
She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she [G7]comes.
She'll be [C]coming 'round the mountain,
She'll be [F]coming 'round the mountain,
She'll be [C]coming 'round the [G7]mountain, when she [C]comes.

[C]She'll be driving six white horses when she comes
She'll be driving six white horses when she [G7]comes
She'll be [C]driving six white horses
She'll be [F]driving six white horses
She'll be [C]driving six white [G7]horses when she [C]comes

[C]Oh, we'll all come out to meet her when she comes
Oh, we'll all come out to meet her when she [G7]comes
Oh, we'll [C]all come out to meet her
Oh, we'll [F]all come out to meet her
Oh, we'll [C]all come out to [G7]meet her when she [C]comes

*[C]Oh, when the saints, go marchin' in, Oh when the saints go marching [G7]in,
Oh Lord, I want to [C]be in that [F]number, When the [C]saints go [G7]marching [C]in.*

*[C]Oh when the sun, refuse to shine, Oh when the sun refuse to [G7]shine,
Oh Lord, I want to [C]be in that [F]number, When the [C]sun re[G7]fuse to [C]shine.*

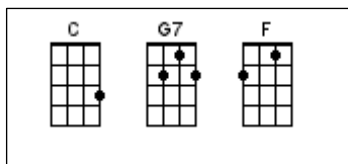
*[C]Oh, when the saints, go marchin' in, Oh when the saints go marching [G7]in,
Oh Lord, I want to [C]be in that [F]number, When the [C]saints go [G7]marching [C]in.*

Swing [C]low, sweet [F] chari-[C]ot, comin' for to carry me [G7]home
Swing [C]low, sweet [F] chari-[C]ot, comin' for to [G7]carry me [C]home

I [C]looked over Jordan, and [F]what did I [C]see, comin' for to carry me [G7]home?
A [C]band of angels, [F]comin' after [C]me, comin' for to [G7]carry me [C]home

Swing [C]low, sweet [F] chari-[C]ot, comin' for to carry me [G7]home
Swing [C]low, sweet [F] chari-[C]ot, comin' for to [G7]carry me [C]home

Slow on last line



Memphis Tennessee

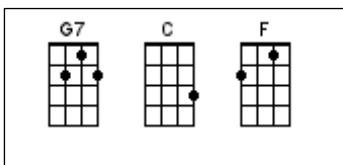
(Chuck Berry, 1963)

[G7]Long distance information, give me Memphis Tennessee
Help me find the party trying to get in touch with me
She [C]could not leave her number, but I know who placed the call
'Cause my [G7]uncle took the [F]message and he [G7]wrote it on the [C]wall

[G7]Help me, information, get in touch with my Marie
She's the only one who'd phone me here from Memphis Tennessee
Her [C]home is on the south side, high up on a ridge
[G7]Just a half a [F]mile from the [G7]Mississippi [C]Bridge

[G7]Help me, information, more than that I cannot add
Only that I miss her and all the fun we had
But [C]we were pulled apart because her mom did not agree
[G7]And tore apart our [F]happy home in [G7]Memphis Tennes-[C]see

[G7]Last time I saw Marie she's waving me good-bye
With hurry-home drops on her cheek that trickled from her eye
Ma-[C]rie is only six years old, information please
[G7]Try to put me [F]through to her in [G7]Memphis Tennes-[C]see



Mercedes Benz

(Janis Joplin, 1970)

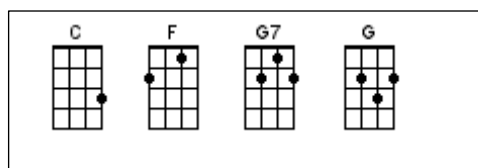
[C]Oh Lord, won't you buy me a [F]Mercedes [C]Benz?
My friends all drive Porsches, and I [G7]must make [C]amends
Worked hard all my lifetime, no [F]help from my [C]friends
So oh! Lord, won't you buy me a [G]Mercedes [C]Benz?

[C]Oh Lord, won't you buy me a [F]colour [C]TV?
"Dialling for Dollars" is [G7]trying to find [C]me
I wait for delivery each [F]day until [C]three
So oh! Lord, won't you buy me a [G]colour [C]TV?

[C]Oh Lord, won't you buy me a [F]night on the [C]town?
I'm counting on you, Lord, [G7]please don't let me [C]down
Prove that you love me and [F]buy the next [C]round
Oh Lord, won't you buy me a [G]night on the [C]town?

[C]Oh Lord, won't buy me a [F]uku-le-[C]le?
My friends all play gi-tars[G7]they're too hard for [C]me
With six strings my fingers get [F]muddled you [C]see
So oh! Lord, won't you buy me a [G]uku-le-[C]le

[C]Oh Lord, won't you buy me a [F]Mercedes [C]Benz?
My friends all drive Porsches, and I [G7]must make [C]amends
Worked hard all my lifetime, no [F]help from my [C]friends
So oh! Lord, won't you buy me a [G]Mercedes [C]Benz?



Mingulay

(Music: Traditional Gaelic. Words: Hugh Robertson, 1938)

(sing C)

(Tacet) Heel y'[F]ho boys, let her go, boys
Bring her [C]head round into the [Bb]wea-[F]ther
[F]Heel y'ho boys, let her go boys
Sailing [C]homeward to Mingu-[F]lay!

Single strums

(Tacet)What care [F]we, tho' white the Minch is
What care [C]we for wind and [Bb]wea-[F]ther?
[F]Let her go boys, every inch is
Sailing [C]homeward to Mingu-[F]lay!

Simple up-down strums

(Tacet) Heel y'[F]ho boys, let her go, boys
Bring her [C]head round into the [Bb]wea-[F]ther
[F]Heel y'ho boys, let her go boys
Sailing [C]homeward to Mingu-[F]lay!

(Tacet)Wives are [F]waiting on the bank, boys
Looking [C]seaward from the [Bb]hea-[F]ther.
[F]Pull her 'round boys, and we'll anchor
'Ere the [C]sun sets at Mingu-[F]lay!

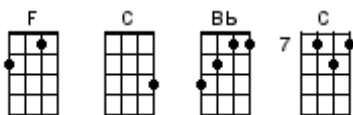
(Tacet) Heel y'[F]ho boys, let her go, boys
Bring her [C]head round into the [Bb]wea-[F]ther
[F]Heel y'ho boys, let her go boys
Sailing [C]homeward to Mingu-[F]lay!

More complex strums

A Capella Chorus

Repeat Chorus

Could end song with Bb - F




This version of C can be quite effective if used sparingly. The C chord in the last line of the chorus is a good place to try it. (It's the same shape as a G, but at the 7th fret)


Morning Has Broken

(Words: Eleanor Farjon, 1931. Music: Traditional Gaelic "Bunessan". Popularised by Yusuf Islam, 1971)


Moderately



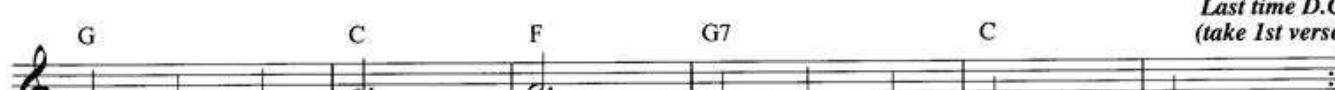
1. Morn - ing has bro - ken like the first morn - ing;
 2. Sweet the rain's new fall, sun - lit from heav - en,
 3. Mine is the sun - light! Mine is the morn - ing



black - bird has spo - ken like the first bird. _____
 like the first dew one - fall on the first grass. _____
 born of the one light E - den saw play! _____

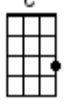
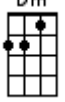
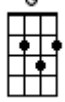
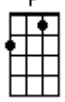
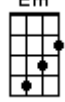
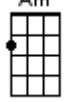
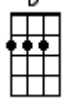
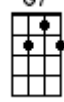


Praise for the sing - ing! Praise for the morn - ing!
 Praise for the sweet - ness of the wet gar - den,
 Praise with e - la - tion, praise ev - 'ry morn - ing,



Praise for them spring - ing fresh from the Word! _____
 sprung in com - plete - ness where His feet pass. _____
 God's re - cre - a - tion, of the new day! _____

*Last time D.C.
(take 1st verse)*

C	Dm	G	F	Em	Am	D	G7
							

Music, Music, Music

(Stephen Weiss and Bernie Baum, 1949)

Intro: [D7][G7][C]

1-2 1-2 1-2-3-4

Verse: (sing G)

[C]Put another nickel in, in the nickelodeon

[D7]All I want is [G7]having you and [C]music, music, music [G7] (*one strum*)

[C]I'll do anything for you, anything you want me to.

[D7]All I want is [G7]kissing you and [C]music, music, music

Bridge:

[G7]Closer...my dear, come [C]closer

The nicest [G7]part of any melody,

is [C]when you're [C7]dancing[Dm]close to [G7]me

So [C]put another nickel in, in the nickelodeon

[D7]All I want is [G7]loving you and [C]music, music, music [G7] (*one strum*)

Instrumental verse with kazoo

[G7]Closer...my dear, come [C]closer

The nicest [G7]part of any melody,

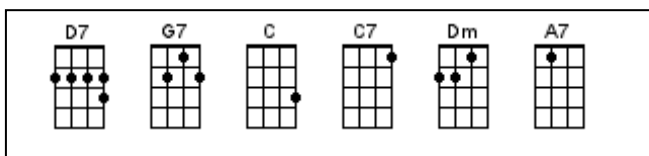
is [C]when you're [C7]dancing[Dm]close to [G7]me

So [C]put another nickel in, in the nickelodeon

[D7]All I want is [G7]loving you and [C]music, music, music [A7] (*one strum*)

[D7]All I want is [G7]loving you and [C]music, music, music

[D7]All I want is [G7]loving you and [C]music, music, music [G7][C]



Pōkarekare Ana

(origins c1914. Claims for lyrics disputed)

Intro: [G][Am][G]

(sing D)

[Tacet] Pōkarekare [G] ana, ngā wai o Roto-[C] rua
Whiti atu koe [D] hine, marino ana [G] e

E hine [C] e, hoki mai [G] ra, ka mate a-[Am] hau i te aroha [G] e [Gsus4][G]

[Tacet] Tuhituhi taku [G] reta, tuku atu taku [C] rīni
Kia kite tō [D] iwi, raruraru ana [G] e

E hine [C] e, hoki mai [G] ra, ka mate a-[Am] hau i te aroha [G] e [Gsus4][G]

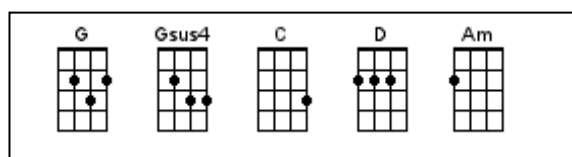
[Tacet] Whatiwhati taku [G] pene, kau pau aku [C] pepa
Ko taku ar-[D] oha, mau tonu ana [G] e

E hine [C] e, hoki mai [G] ra, ka mate a-[Am] hau i te aroha [G] e [Gsus4][G]

[Tacet] E kore te ar-[G] oha, e maroke i [C] te rā
Mākūkū tonu i [D] aku roimata [G] e

E hine [C] e, hoki mai [G] ra, ka mate a-[Am] hau i te aroha [G] e [Gsus4][G]

Repeat 1st verse and chorus



NB: Gsus4 always follows G, so keep the fingers on the G shape and put down the little finger on the 3rd fret of the 1st string and lift again to return to the following G

Red Red Wine

(Neil Diamond, 1967)

(Tacet)Red, red [C]wine [F][G7]goes to my [C]head [F][G7]
Makes me for-[C]get that [F]I [G7]still love her [F]so [G7]

Red, red [C]wine [F][G7]it's up to [C]you [F][G7]
All I can [C]do, I've [F]done [G7]but memories won't [F]go [G7]
Memories won't [C]go [F][G7]

I'd have thought, that in [C]time
[F]Thoughts of you would leave my [C]head
I was [G7]wrong, now I [C]find
Just one [F]thing makes me for-[G7]get

Red, red [C]wine [F][G7]stay close to [C]me [F][G7]
Don't let me [C]be a-[F]lone [G7] it's tearin' a-[F]part [G7]
My blue, blue [C]heart [F][G7]

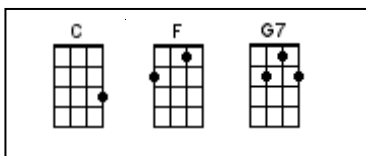
I'd have thought, that in [C]time
[F]Thoughts of you would leave my [C]head
I was [G7]wrong, now I [C]find
Just one [F]thing makes me for-[G7]get

Red, red [C]wine [F][G7]stay close to [C]me [F][G7]
Don't let me [C]be a-[F]lone [G7]it's tearin' a-[F]part [G7]
My blue, blue [C]heart [F][G7]

[C][F][G7] [C][F][G7]

Red, red [C]wine [F][G7]Stay close to [C]me [F][G7]
Don't let me [C]be a-[F]lone [G7]It's tearin' a-[F]part [G7]
My blue, blue [C]heart [F][G7]

[C][F][G7] [C][F][G7][C]



Runaround Sue

(Dion and Enrie Maresca, 1961)

[C] Here's my story it's sad but true [Am] it's about a girl that I once knew
[F] She took my love then ran around [G] with every single guy in town

[C] Hey hey woh oh oh oh oh [Am] hey hey woh oh oh oh oh

[F] Hey hey woh oh oh oh oh [G] hey

[C] Hey hey woh oh oh oh oh [Am] hey hey woh oh oh oh oh

[F] Hey hey woh oh oh oh oh [G] hey woooooohhhhh

[C] Yeah I should have known it from the very start

[Am] This girl would leave me with a broken heart

[F] Now listen people what I'm telling you

[G] Keep away from Runaround Sue

[C] Her amazing lips and the smile on her face

The [Am] touch of her hand and this girl's warm embrace

[F] So if you don't want to cry like I do [G] keep away from Runaround Sue

[C] Hey hey woh oh oh oh oh [Am] hey hey woh oh oh oh oh

[F] Hey hey woh oh oh oh oh [G] hey woooooohhhhh

[F] She like to travel around she'll [C] love you then she'll put you down

Now [F] people let me put you wise [G] she goes out with other guys

And the [C] moral of the story from the guy who knows

[Am] I've been in love and my love still grows

[F] Ask any fool that she ever knew they'll say

[G] Keep away from Runaround Sue

[C] Hey hey woh oh oh oh oh [Am] hey hey woh oh oh oh oh

[F] Hey hey woh oh oh oh oh [G] hey woooooohhhhh

[F] She like to travel around she'll [C] love you then she'll put you down

Now [F] people let me put you wise [G] she goes out with other guys

And the [C] moral of the story from the guy who knows

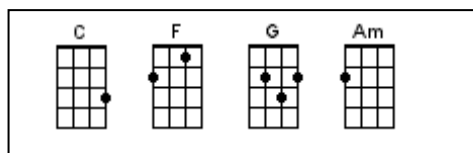
[Am] I've been in love and my love still grows

[F] Ask any fool that she ever knew they'll say

[G] Keep away from Runaround Sue

[C] Hey hey woh oh oh oh oh [Am] hey hey woh oh oh oh oh

[F] Hey hey woh oh oh oh oh [G] hey woooooohhhhh [C]



San Francisco Bay Blues

(Jesse Fuller, 1954)

Intro: [A]Walkin' with my baby down [D7]by the San Francisco [G]Bay [D7]

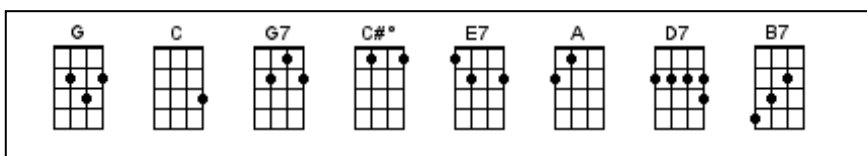
I got the [G]blues from my baby
Left me [C]by the San Francisco [G]Bay [G7]
The [C]ocean liner took her so far a-[G]way [G7]
[C]Didn't mean to treat her so [C#dim]bad,
she was the [G]best girl I ever have [E7]had
She [A]said goodbye, made me cry - [D7][STOP]I wanna lay down and die

I [G]ain't got a nickel and I [C]don't have a lousy [G]dime [G7]
And if she [C]don't come back, think I 'm gonna lose my [B7]mind
If she [C]ever comes back to stay
it's gonna [G]be another brand new [E7]day
[A]Walkin' with my baby down [D7]by the San Francisco [G]Bay [D7]

Instrumental (with kazoo) 1st two verses

[G]Sittin' down [C]looking from my [G]back door
[G]wonderin' which [C]way to [G]go [G7]
[C]Woman I 'm so crazy 'bout
[C#dim]she don't love me no [G]more
[C]Think I 'll catch me a freight train [G]cos I 'm feeling [E7]blue
[A]Ride all the way to the end of the line-[D7][STOP]thinkin' only of you

[G]Meanwhile [C]in another [G]city
[G]just about to [C]go in-[G]sane [G7]
[C]Thought I heard my baby, Lord
the [B7]way she used to call my name
And if I [C]ever get back to stay
it's gonna [G]be another brand new [E7]day
[A]Walkin' with my baby down [D7]by the San Francisco [G]Bay hey [E7]
[A]Walkin' with my baby down [D7]by the San Francisco [G]Bay [Gb][G]



She Wears Red Feathers

(Bob Merrill. 1952)

Intro: last line of chorus

Chorus:

[C]She wears red feathers and a huly-huly [G]skirt,
She wears red feathers and a huly-huly [C]skirt,
She [F]lives on just [C]cokey-nuts and fish from the sea,
A [Am]rose in her hair, a gleam in her eyes, and [G]love in her heart for [C]me
~~A [Am]rose in her hair, a gleam in her eyes, and [G]love in her heart for [C]me~~

[C] I worked in a London bank, respectable po[G]sition,
From nine to three they [C] serve you tea, but [D] ruin your dispo[G]sition,
Each [F] night at the music hall, [C] travelogues I'd [Am] see,
And [C] once a pearl of a native girl came [G] smilin' right at [C] me

Chorus

[C] Goodbye to the London bank, I started in a-[G]sailin',
The fourteenth day from [C] Mandalay I [D] spied her from the [G] railin',
She [F] knew I was on my way, [C] waited, and was [Am] true,
She [C] said, "You son of an Englishman, I've [G] dreamed each night of [C] you"

Chorus

[C] I went to her Ma and Pa and said I loved her [G] only,
And they both said [C] we could be wed, oh, [D] what a cere[G]mony.
An [F] elephant brought her in, [C] placed her by my [Am] side,
While [C] six baboons got out bassoons and [G] played "Here Comes the [C]
Bride"

Chorus

[C] I'm back here in London town and, though it may sound [G] silly,
She's here with me and [C] you should see us [D] walk down Picca[G]dilly,
The [F] boys at the London bank [C] kinda hold their [Am] breath,
She [C] sits with me and sips her tea which [G] tickles them to [C] death

Chorus (repeat last line 3 times)

A musical staff in 4/4 time showing the melody for the line "A rose in her hair, a gleam in her eye, and love in her heart for me". The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, ending with a whole note. The lyrics are written below the staff.

A box containing five guitar chord diagrams: Am (finger 1 on 2nd fret, 2 on 4th fret), G (finger 1 on 3rd fret, 2 on 5th fret), C (finger 2 on 2nd fret, 3 on 3rd fret, 4 on 5th fret), D (finger 1 on 2nd fret, 2 on 3rd fret, 3 on 4th fret), and F (finger 1 on 1st fret, 2 on 2nd fret, 3 on 3rd fret, 4 on 4th fret).

Side By Side

(Gus Kahn and Harry M Woods, 1927)

Intro: 1st verse

(Sing C)

Oh, we [C]ain't got a barrel of [F]mon-[C]ey,
Maybe we're ragged and [F]fun-[C]ny
But we'll [F]travel along
[C]Singing a [A7]song
[D7]Side [G7]by [C]side

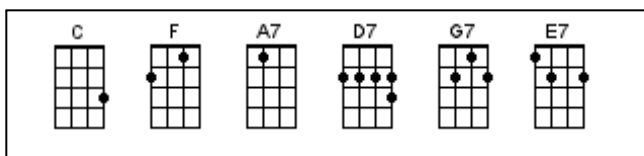
[C]Don't know what's comin' [F]to-[C]morrow
Maybe it's trouble and [F]sor-[C]row
But we'll [F]travel the road
[C]Sharing our [A7]load
[D7] Side [G7]by [C]side

[E7]Through all kinds of weather
[A7]What if the sky should fall?
Just as [D7]long as we're together,
[G7]It doesn't matter at all.

When they've [C]all had their quarrels and [F]par-[C]ted
We'll be the same as we [F]star-[C]ted
Just [F]travelling along
[C]Singing a [A7]song
[D7]Side [G7]by [C]side

Repeat from top and finish...

Just [F]travelling along
[C]Singing a [A7]song
[D7]Side.....[G7]by.....[C]side



South Australia

(Traditional)

*We often miss out these verses

In [C]South Australia [F]I was [C]born, [F]heave a-[C]way, [F]haul a-[C]way
In South Australia [G7]round Cape [C]Horn, We're bound for South Aus-[G7]tra-[C]lia
*[C]Haul away you [F]rolling [C]kings, [F]heave a-[C]way, [F]haul a-[C]way
Haul away, you'll [F]hear me [C]sing, We're bound for South Aus-[G7]tra-[C]lia*

As I walked out one [F]morning [C]fair, [F]heave a-[C]way, [F]haul a-[C]way
'Twas there I met Miss [G7]Nancy [C]Blair, We're bound for South Aus-[G7]tra-[C]lia
*[C]Haul away you [F]rolling [C]kings, [F]heave a-[C]way, [F]haul a-[C]way
Haul away, you'll [F]hear me [C]sing, We're bound for South Aus-[G7]tra-[C]lia*

*I shook her up and I [F]shook her [C]down, [F]heave a-[C]way, [F]haul a-[C]way
I shook her round and [G7]round the [C]town, We're bound for South Aus-[G7]tra-[C]lia
*[C]Haul away you [F]rolling [C]kings, [F]heave a-[C]way, [F]haul a-[C]way
Haul away, you'll [F]hear me [C]sing, We're bound for South Aus-[G7]tra-[C]lia*

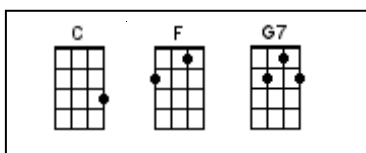
*I run her all night and I [F]run her all [C]day, [F]heave a-[C]way, [F]haul a-[C]way
And I run her until we [G7]sailed a-[C]way, We're bound for South Aus-[G7]tra-[C]lia
*[C]Haul away you [F]rolling [C]kings, [F]heave a-[C]way, [F]haul a-[C]way
Haul away, you'll [F]hear me [C]sing, We're bound for South Aus-[G7]tra-[C]lia*

There's just one thing [F]on my [C]mind, [F]heave a-[C]way, [F]haul a-[C]way
To leave Miss Nancy [G7]Blair be-[C]hind, We're bound for South Aus-[G7]tra-[C]lia
*[C]Haul away you [F]rolling [C]kings, [F]heave a-[C]way, [F]haul a-[C]way
Haul away, you'll [F]hear me [C]sing, We're bound for South Aus-[G7]tra-[C]lia*

And as we wallop a-[F]round Cape [C]Horn, [F]heave a-[C]way, [F]haul a-[C]way
You'll wish to God you'd [G7]never been [C]born, We're bound for South Aus-[G7]tra-[C]lia
*[C]Haul away you [F]rolling [C]kings, [F]heave a-[C]way, [F]haul a-[C]way
Haul away, you'll [F]hear me [C]sing, We're bound for South Aus-[G7]tra-[C]lia*

In South Australia my [F]native [C]land, [F]heave a-[C]way, [F]haul a-[C]way
Full of rocks and thieves and [G7]fleas and [C]sand, We're bound for South Aus-[G7]tra-[C]lia
*[C]Haul away you [F]rolling [C]kings, [F]heave a-[C]way, [F]haul a-[C]way
Haul away, you'll [F]hear me [C]sing, We're bound for South Aus-[G7]tra-[C]lia*

I wish I was on Aus-[F]tralia's [C]strand, [F]heave a-[C]way, [F]haul a-[C]way
With a bottle of whiskey [G7]in my [C]hand, We're bound for South Aus-[G7]tra-[C]lia
*[C]Haul away you [F]rolling [C]kings, [F]heave a-[C]way, [F]haul a-[C]way
Haul away, you'll [F]hear me [C]sing, We're ...bound... for... South... Aus-[G7]tra-[C]lia*



Stray Cat Strut

(Stray Cats, 1981)

Intro: [Am]ooh [G]ooh [F]ooh [E7]ooh x 4

[Am]Black and orange [G]stray cat [F]sittin' on a [E7]fence

[Am][G][F][E7]

[Am]Ain't got [G]enough dough to [F]pay the [E7]rent

[Am][G][F][E7]

[Am]I'm flat [G]broke but [F]I don't [E7]care

I [Am][STOP]strut right by with my tail in the air

[Dm]Stray cat [C]strut I'm a [Bb]ladies [A7]cat

I'm a [Dm]feline Casa [C]nova, hey [Bb]man that's [A7]that

Get a [Dm]shoe thrown [C]at me from a [Bb]mean old [A7]man

I [Dm][STOP]get my dinner from a garbage can

[Am][G][F][E7]Meow!

[Am][G][F][E7]Don't cross my path!

[Dm]I don't bother chasing mice a [Am]round

I [Dm]slink down the alley lookin' for a fight

[B7]Howlin' to the moonlight on a [E7]hot summer night

[Am]Singin' the [G]blues while the [F]lady cats [E7]cry

[Am]Wow stray [G]cat you're a [F]real gone [E7]guy

I [Am]wish I could [G]be as [F]carefree and [E7]wild

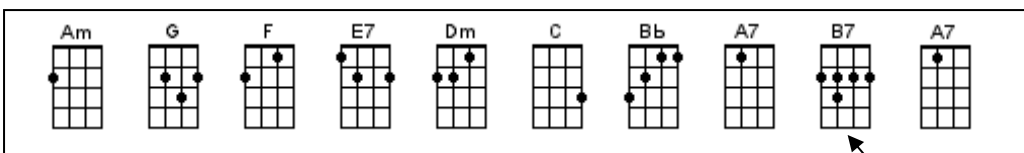
But I [Am][STOP]got cat class and I got cat style

[Am]ooh [G]ooh [F]ooh [E7]ooh x 4

Repeat last verse and the chord progressions

Then end song with:

But I [Am][STOP]got cat class and I got cat style....Meooow



This version of B7 gives a smoother change to the following E7

Sugar Town

(Lee Hazelwood, 1966 Performed by Nancy Sinatra)

Intro: [G][Am][C][Bm] [G][Am][C][Bm] (1st two lines of verse)

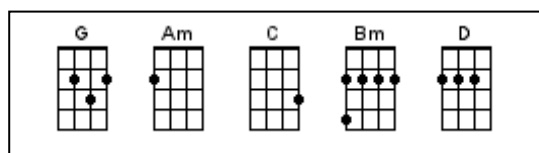
[G]I got some [Am]troubles but [C]they won't [Bm]last
[G]I'm gonna [Am]lay down [C]right here in the [Bm]grass
[G]And pretty [Am]soon all my [C]troubles will [Bm]pass
'Cause I'm in [Am]Shoo-shoo-[D]shoo, [Am]shoo-shoo-[D]shoo
[Am]Shoo-shoo, shoo-shoo, [D]shoo-shoo [G]Sugar Town[Am][C][Bm]

[G]I never [Am]had a dog that [C]liked me [Bm]some
[G]Never [Am]had a friend or [C]wanted [Bm]one
[G]So, I just [Am]lay back and [C]laugh at the [Bm]sun
'Cause I'm in [Am]Shoo-shoo-[D]shoo, [Am]shoo-shoo-[D]shoo
[Am]Shoo-shoo, shoo-shoo, [D]shoo-shoo [G]Sugar Town[Am][C][Bm]

[G]Yester-[Am]day it rained in [C]Tennes-[Bm]see
[G]I heard it [Am]also rained in [C]Tallahas-[Bm]see
[G]But not a [Am]drop fell on [C]little old [Bm]me
'Cause I'm in [Am]Shoo-shoo-[D]shoo, [Am]shoo-shoo-[D]shoo
[Am]Shoo-shoo, shoo-shoo, [D]shoo-shoo [G]Sugar Town[Am][C][Bm]

[G]If I [Am]had a million [C]dollars or [Bm]ten
[G]I'd [Am]give it to your [C]world and [Bm]then
[G]You'd go [Am]away and [C]let me [Bm]spend
My life in [Am]Shoo-shoo-[D]shoo, [Am]shoo-shoo-[D]shoo
[Am]Shoo-shoo, shoo-shoo, [D]shoo-shoo [G]Sugar Town[Am][C][Bm]

[G][Am][C][Bm] La, la, la
[G][Am][C][Bm] La, la, la
[G][Am][C][Bm] La, la, la
[G]



Sunny Afternoon

(Ray Davies, 1966)

Intro: Play twice...

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      Dm                A7
A | --5--5--3--3--2--2--1--1--0--0----- |
E | -----3--3--1--1--0--0-- |
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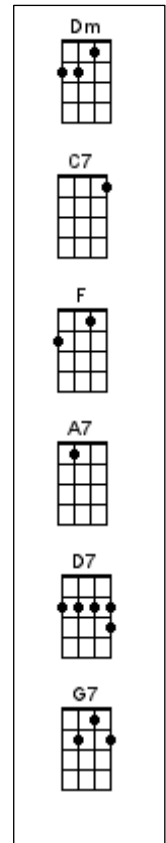
The [Dm]tax man's taken [C7]all my dough,
And [F]left me in my [C7]stately home,
[A7]Lazing on a sunny after-[Dm]noon.
And I can't [C7]sail my yacht, He's [F]taken every-[C7]thing I've got,
[A7]All I've got's this sunny after-[Dm]noon -2-3-4 1-2-3-4

[D7]Save me, save me, save me from this sque-[G7]eze-2-3-4 1-2-3-
I got a [C7]big fat mama trying to break [F]me-2-3-4 [A7]-2-3
And I [Dm]love to live so [G7]pleasantly,
[Dm]Live this life of lux-[G7]ur-[C7]y,
[F]Lazing on a [A7]sunny after-[Dm]noon.
In the summertime In the summertime. In the summertime [A7]

My [Dm]girlfriends run off with [C7]my car,
And [F]gone back to her [C7]ma and pa,
[A7]Telling tales of drunkenness and [Dm]cruelty.
Now I'm [C7]sitting here, [F]Sipping at my [C7]ice cold beer,
[A7]Lazing on a sunny after-[Dm]noon-2-3-4 1-2-3-4

[D7]Help me, help me, help me sail a-wa-[G7]ay-2-3-4 1-2-3-
Or give me [C7]two good reasons why I oughta [F]stay-2-3-4 [A7]-2-3-
Cause I [Dm]love to live so [G7]pleasantly,
[Dm]Live this life of lux-[G7]ur-[C7]y,
[F]Lazing on a [A7]sunny after-[Dm]noon.
In the summertime In the summertime. In the summertime [A7]

[D7]Save me, save me, save me from this sque-[G7]eze-2-3-4 1-2-3-
I got a [C7]big fat mama trying to break [F]me-2-3-4 [A7]-2-3
And I [Dm]love to live so [G7]pleasantly,
[Dm]Live this life of lux-[G7]ur-[C7]y,
[F]Lazing on a [A7]sunny after-[Dm]noon.
In the summertime In the summertime. In the summertime In the summertime. In the
summertime



Sway (Quien Sera)

(Pablo Ruiz, 1953)

(sing A)

[Dm]When marimba rhythms [Edim]start to [A7]play,
[Edim]dance with [A7]me, [Dm]make me sway.

[Dm]Like the lazy ocean [Edim]hugs the [A7]shore,
[Edim]hold me [A7]close, [Dm]sway me more.

[Dm]Like a flower bending [Edim]in the [A7]breeze,
[Edim]bend with [A7]me, [Dm]sway with ease.

[Dm]When we dance you have a [Edim]way with [A7]me,
[Edim]stay with [A7]me, [Dm]sway with me.

[Dm7] - Other dancers may [C7]be on the floor, dear,
but my eyes will [F]see only you.

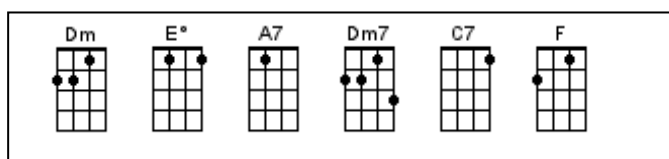
Only you have that [A7]magic technique - when we sway I grow [Dm]weak.

[Dm]I can hear the sound of [Edim]vi-o-[A7]lins,
[Edim]long be-[A7]fore, [Dm]it begins.

[Dm]Make me thrill as only [Edim]you know [A7]how,
[Edim]sway me [A7]smooth, [Dm]sway me now

Repeat from top and finish...

[A7] - Sway me smooth, sway me [Dm]now



Sweet Georgia Brown (D)

(Words: Kenneth Casey. Music: Ben Bernie and Maceo Pinkard, 1925)

Intro: last two lines of 1st verse

(sing D)

[D7]No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown.

[G7]Two left feet, but oh, so neat has Sweet Georgia Brown.

[C7]They all sigh and wanna die for Sweet Georgia Brown,

I'll tell you just [F]why,

you know I don't [A7]lie (not much)

[D7]It's been said she knocks 'em dead when she lands in town.

[G7]Since she came why it's a shame how she's cooled 'em down.

[Dm]Fellas [A7]she can't get

Are [Dm]fellas [A7]she ain't met.

[F]Georgia [A7]claimed her, [D7]Georgia named her,

[G7]Sweet [C7]Georgia [F]Brown.

(Hushed) [D7]No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown.

[G7]Two left feet, but oh, so neat has Sweet Georgia Brown.

[C7]They all sigh and wanna die for Sweet Georgia Brown,

I'll tell you just [F]why,

you know I don't [A7]lie (not much)

(Louder) [D7]All those tips the porter slips to Sweet Georgia Brown

[G7]They buy clothes at fashion shows for one dollar down.

[Dm]Fellas, [A7]tip your hats.

[Dm]Oh boy, ain't [A7]she the cats?

[F]Who's that [A7]mister, [D7]tain't her sister,

It's [G7]Sweet [C7]Georgia [F]Brown.

Instrumental Verse, kazoo optional

[D7]No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown.

[G7]Two left feet, but oh, so neat has Sweet Georgia Brown.

[C7]They all sigh and wanna die for Sweet Georgia Brown,

I'll tell you just [F]why,

you know I don't [A7]lie (not much)

[D7]All those tips the porter slips to Sweet Georgia Brown

[G7]They buy clothes at fashion shows for one dollar down.

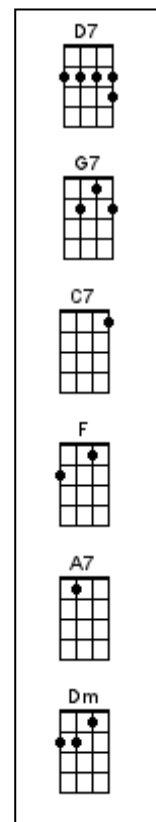
[Dm]Fellas, [A7]tip your hats.

[Dm]Oh boy, ain't [A7]she the cats?

[F]Who's that [A7]mister, [D7]tain't her sister,

It's [G7]Sweet [C7]Georgia [F]Brown.

(Slowly) It's [G7]Sweet... [C7]Georgia.... [F]Brown...



Sweet Georgia Brown (A)

(Words: Kenneth Casey. Music: Ben Bernie and Maceo Pinkard, 1925)

Easier to sing version

Intro: last two lines of 1st verse

(sing A)

[A7]No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown.
[D7]Two left feet, but oh, so neat has Sweet Georgia Brown.
[G7]They all sigh and wanna die for Sweet Georgia Brown,
I'll tell you just [C]why,
you know I don't [E7]lie (not much)
[A7]It's been said she knocks 'em dead when she lands in town.
[D7]Since she came why it's a shame how she's cooled 'em down.
[Am]Fellas [E7]she can't get
Are [Am]fellas [E7]she ain't met.
[C]Georgia [E7]claimed her, [A7]Georgia named her,
[D7]Sweet [G7]Georgia [C]Brown.

(Hushed) [A7]No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown.
[D7]Two left feet, but oh, so neat has Sweet Georgia Brown.
[G7]They all sigh and wanna die for Sweet Georgia Brown,
I'll tell you just [C]why,

you know I don't [E7]lie (not much)

(Louder) [A7]All those tips the porter slips to Sweet Georgia Brown

[D7]They buy clothes at fashion shows for one dollar down.

[Am]Fellas, [E7]tip your hats.

[Am]Oh boy, ain't [E7]she the cats?

[C]Who's that [E7]mister, [A7]tain't her sister,

It's [D7]Sweet [G7]Georgia [C]Brown.

Instrumental Verse, kazoo optional

[A7]No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown.

[D7]Two left feet, but oh, so neat has Sweet Georgia Brown.

[G7]They all sigh and wanna die for Sweet Georgia Brown,

I'll tell you just [C]why,

you know I don't [E7]lie (not much)

[A7]All those tips the porter slips to Sweet Georgia Brown

[D7]They buy clothes at fashion shows for one dollar down.

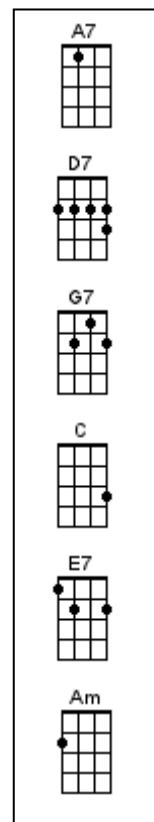
[Am]Fellas, [E7]tip your hats.

[Am]Oh boy, ain't [E7]she the cats?

[C]Who's that [E7]mister, [A7]tain't her sister,

It's [D7]Sweet [G7]Georgia [C]Brown.

(Slowly) It's [D7]Sweet... [G7]Georgia... [C]Brown...



Sweet Little Sixteen

(Chuck Berry, 1958)

Intro: last line of 1st verse

[C]They're really rockin' in [G7]Boston, and Pittsburgh, P. [C]A.
Deep in the heart of [G7]Texas and round the 'Frisco [C]Bay
All over St.[F]Louis and down in New Or-[C]leans
All the cats wanna [G7]dance with Sweet Little Six-[C]teen **[stop]**

Sweet Little Six-[G7]teen, she's just got to [C]have
About half a [G7]million framed auto-[C]graphs
Her wallet's filled with [F]pictures, she gets them one by [C]one
Becomes so ex-[G7]cited, won't you look at her [C]run.

"Oh Mommy, [F]Mommy, please may I [C]go
It's such a sight to [G7]see. Somebody steal the [C]show"
"Oh Daddy, [F]Daddy, I beg of [C]you
Whisper to [G7]Mommy "It's alright with [C]you" **[stop]**

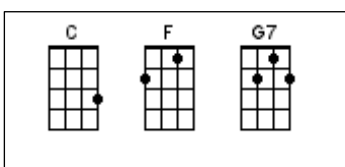
They're really rockin' on [G7]Bandstand, Philadelphia, P. [C]A.
Deep in the heart of [G7]Texas and round the 'Frisco [C]Bay
All over St.[F]Louis and down in New Or-[C]leans
All the cats wanna [G7]dance with Sweet Little Six-[C]teen

Instrumental verse ("Oh Mommy, Mommy", etc)

They're really rockin' on [G7]Bandstand, Philadelphia, P. [C]A.
Deep in the heart of [G7]Texas and round the 'Frisco [C]Bay
All over St.[F]Louis and down in New Or-[C]leans
All the cats wanna [G7]dance with Sweet Little Six-[C]teen **[stop]**

Sweet Little Six-[G7]teen, **[stop]**she's got the grown - up [C]blues **[stop]**
Tight dresses and [G7]lipstick,**[stop]**she's sportin' high - heel [C]shoes **[stop]**
Oh but tomorrow [F]morning **[stop]**she'll have to change her [C]trend **[stop]**
And be sweet six-[G7]teen **[stop]**and back in class a-[C]gain

[C]They're really rockin' in [G7]Boston, and Pittsburgh, P. [C]A.
Deep in the heart of [G7]Texas and round the 'Frisco [C]Bay
All over St.[F]Louis and down in New Or-[C]leans
All the cats wanna [G7]dance with Sweet Little Six-[C]teen [G7][C]



Three Little Birds

(Bob Marley, 1977)

Intro: last line of chorus

Chorus:

[C]Don't worry, about a thing
'Cause [F]every little thing, is gonna be all [C]right
Baby don't worry, about a thing,
'Cause [F]every little thing, is gonna be all [C]right

Woke up this morning, smile with the [G7]rising sun
Three little [C]birds, each by my [F]doorstep
Singing [C]sweet songs, of melodies [G7]pure and true, singing,
[F]This is my message, to [C]you-oo-oo.....

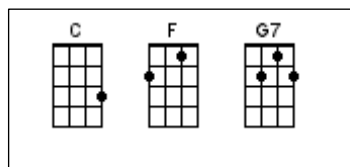
Chorus

Woke up this morning, smile with the [G7]rising sun
Three little [C]birds, each by my [F]doorstep
Singing [C]sweet songs, of melodies [G7]pure and true, singing,
[F]This is my message, to [C]you-oo-oo.....

Chorus

Instrumental verse with kazoos ("Woke up this Morning", etc)

Don't worry, about a thing
'Cause [F]every little thing, is gonna be all [C]right
Baby don't worry, about a thing,
'Cause [F]every little thing, is gonna be all [C]right
'Cause [F]every little thing, [G7][STOP]is gonna be all [C]right [G7][C]



Ukulele Lady

(Words: Gus Kahn. Music: Richard Whiting, 1925)

[F] I saw the splendour of the moonlight on Hono [Db7] lu [C7] lu [F] Bay
[F] There's something tender in the moonlight on Hono [Db7] lu [C7] lu [F] Bay
[Dm] And all the beaches are filled with peaches, who [Am] bring their ukes a [F] long
And in the glimmer of the moonlight they love to [Db7] sing this [C7] song *[pause]*

Verse 1

If [F/C] you [Am/C] like [F/C] Ukulele [Am/C] Lady
[F/C] Ukulele [Am/C] Lady like a'[Dm] you
If [Gm7] you [C7] like to [Gm7] linger where it's [C7] shady
[Gm7] Ukulele [C7] Lady linger [F] too
If [F/C] you [Am/C] kiss a [F/C] Ukulele [Am/C] Lady
[F/C] While you promise [Am/C] ever to be [Dm] true
And [Gm7] she [C7] sees a [Gm7] nother Uku [C7] lele
[Gm7] Lady foolin' [C7] 'round with [F] you [F7]

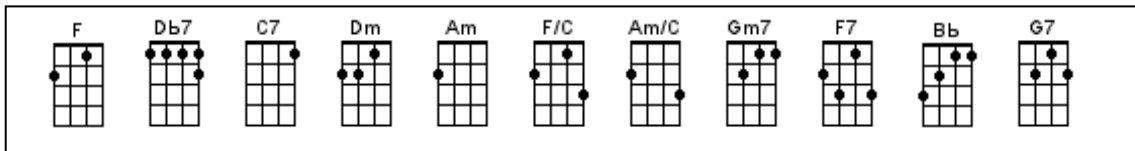
Verse 2

[Bb] Maybe she'll sigh (an awful lot) [F] maybe she'll cry (and maybe not)
[G7] Maybe she'll find somebody [C] else by and by [C7]
To [F/C] sing to [Am/C] when it's [F/C] cool and [Am/C] shady
[F/C] Where the tricky [Am/C] wicky wacky [Dm] woo
If [Gm7] you [C7] like [Gm7] Ukulele [C7] Lady [Gm7] Ukulele [C7] Lady like a'[F]you
(After repeat, jump to end:)

[F] She used to sing to me by moonlight on Hono [Db7]lu [C7] lu [F] Bay
[F] Fond memories cling to me by moonlight although I'm [Db7] far [C7] a [F] way
[Dm] Someday I'm going, where eyes are glowing and [Am] lips are made to [F] kiss
[F] To see somebody in the moonlight and hear the [Db7] song I [C7] miss *[pause]*

Repeat verse 1 & 2

end: [Gm7] Ukulele [C7] Lady like a'[F]youuuuu



Urban Spaceman

(Neil Innes, 1968)

Intro (with kazoos): [G] [G] [A] [A] [C] [D7] [G]

[G] I'm the urban spaceman baby [A] I've got speed
[C] I've got [D7] everything I [G] need
[G] I'm the urban spaceman baby [A] I can fly
I'm a [C] super[D7]sonic [G] guy
I [Em] don't need pleasure I [C] don't feel [G] pain
[C] If you were to [G] knock me down I'd [A] just get up a[D7]gain
[G] I'm the urban spaceman baby [A] I'm making out
[C] I'm [D7] all [G] about

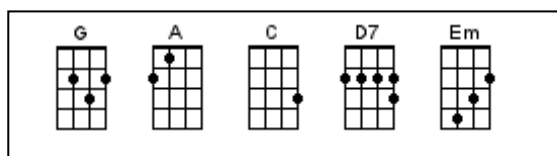
Instrumental with kazoos: [G] [G] [A] [A] [C] [D7] [G]

I [Em] wake up every morning with a [C] smile upon my [G] face
[C] My natural [G] exuberance spills [A] out all over the [D7] place

Instrumental with kazoos: [G] [G] [A] [A] [C] [D7] [G]

[G] I'm the urban spaceman I'm in[A]telligent and clean
[C] Know [D7] what I [G] mean
[G] I'm the urban spaceman as a [A] lover second to none
[C] It's a [D7] lot of [G] fun
I [Em] never let my friends down I've [C] never made a [G] boob
[C] I'm a glossy [G] magazine an [A] advert on the [D7] tube
[G] I'm the urban spaceman baby [A] here comes the twist
[C] I [D7] don't [G] exist

Outro: (with kazoos): [G] [G] [A] [A] [C] [D7] [G]



Valerie [C]

(The Zutons, 2006)

Well some-[C]times I go out by myself and I look across the [Dm]water
And I [C]think of all the things, what you're doing and in my head I make a
[Dm]picture

'Cos [F]since I've come on home, well my [Em]body's been a mess
And [F]I've missed your ginger hair and the [Em]way you like to dress

[F]Won't you come on over, [C]stop making a fool of [G]me
Why won't you come on over Valer-[C]ie, Valer-[Dm]ie

Did you [C]have to go to jail, put your house on up for sale, did you get a
good [Dm]lawyer?
I hope you [C]didn't catch a tan, I hope you find the right man who'll fix it [Dm]for you

Are you [C]shopping anywhere, changed the colour of your hair, are you [Dm]busy?
Did you [C]have to pay the fine you were dodging all the time, are you
still [Dm]dizzy?

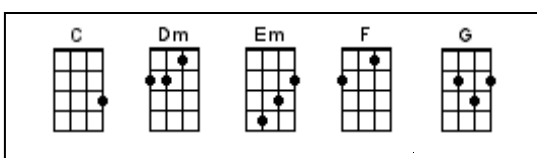
'Cos [F]since I've come on home, well my [Em]body's been a mess
And I've [F]missed your ginger hair and the [Em]way you like to dress

[F]Won't you come on over, [C]stop making a fool of [G]me
Why won't you come on over Valer-[C]ie, Valer-[Dm]ie, [C]Valerie, [Dm]Valerie

(No chords) Well sometimes I go out by myself and I look across the water
And I think of all the things, what you're doing and in my head I make a [Dm]picture

'Cos [F]since I've come on home, well my [Em]body's been a mess
And I've [F]missed your ginger hair and the [Em]way you like to dress

[F]Won't you come on over, [C]stop making a fool of [G]me
Why won't you come on over Valer-[C]ie, Valer-[Dm]ie, [C]Valerie, [Dm]Valerie
Valer- [C]ieeeeeeeee



Valerie [F]

(The Zutons, 2006)

Easier to sing version

(sing C)

Well some-[F]times I go out by myself and I look across the [Gm]water
And I [F]think of all the things, what you're doing and in my head I make a
[Gm]picture

'Cos [Bb]since I've come on home, well my [Am]body's been a mess
And [Bb]I've missed your ginger hair and the [Am]way you like to dress

[Bb]Won't you come on over, [F]stop making a fool of [C]me
Why won't you come on over Valer-[F]ie, Valer-[Gm]ie

Did you [F]have to go to jail, put your house on up for sale, did you get a
good [Gm]lawyer?
I hope you [F]didn't catch a tan, I hope you find the right man who'll fix it [Gm]for you

Are you [F]shopping anywhere, changed the colour of your hair, are you [Gm]busy?
Did you [F]have to pay the fine you were dodging all the time, are you
still [Gm]dizzy?

'Cos [Bb]since I've come on home, well my [Am]body's been a mess
And I've [Bb]missed your ginger hair and the [Am]way you like to dress

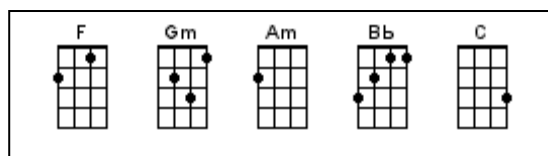
[Bb]Won't you come on over, [F]stop making a fool of [C]me
Why won't you come on over Valer-[F]ie, Valer-[Gm]ie, [F]Valerie, [Gm]Valerie

(No chords) Well sometimes I go out by myself and I look across the water
And I think of all the things, what you're doing and in my head I make a [Gm]picture

'Cos [Bb]since I've come on home, well my [Am]body's been a mess
And I've [Bb]missed your ginger hair and the [Am]way you like to dress

[Bb]Won't you come on over, [F]stop making a fool of [C]me

Why won't you come on over Valer-[F]ie, Valer-[Gm]ie, [F]Valerie, [Gm]Valerie
Valer- [F]ieeeeeeee



Wagon Wheel

(From a Bob Dylan demo, developed by Ketch Secor, 2003)

Intro (1st three lines of chorus): [G] [D] [Em] [C] [G] [D] [C] [C]

[G] Headed down south to the [D] land of the pines
And I'm [Em] thumbin' my way into [C] North Caroline
[G] Starin' up the road and [D] pray to God I see [C] headlights

I [G] made it down the coast in [D] seventeen hours
[Em] Pickin' me a bouquet of [C] dogwood flowers
And I'm a [G] hopin' for Raleigh I can [D] see my baby to[C]night

Chorus:

So [G] rock me mama like a [D] wagon wheel
[Em] Rock me mama any [C] way you feel
[G] Hey [D] mama [C] rock me [C]
[G] Rock me mama like the [D] wind and the rain
[Em] Rock me mama like a [C] south-bound train
[G] Hey [D] mama [C] rock me
[G] [D] [Em] [C] [G] [D] [C] [C] (*1st three lines of chorus. Only do the first time*)

[G] Runnin' from the cold [D] up in New England
I was [Em] born to be a fiddler in an [C] old time string band
My [G] baby plays the guitar [D] I pick a banjo [C] now
Oh the [G] North country winters keep a [D] gettin' me down
Lost my [Em] money playin' poker so I [C] had to leave town
But I [G] ain't a turnin' back to [D] livin' that old life [C] no more

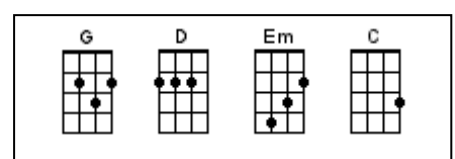
Chorus

[G] Walkin' to the south [D] out of Roanoke
I caught a [Em] trucker out of Philly had a [C] nice long toke
But [G] he's a-heading west from the [D] Cumberland Gap
To [C] Johnson City Tennessee
And I [G] gotta get a move on [D] fit for the sun
I hear my [Em] baby callin' my name
And I [C] know that she's the only one
And [G] if I die in Raleigh at [D] least I will die [C] free

A Capella chorus

Chorus

Rpt chorus last line and end 4xC + G



What a Day for a Daydream

(John Sebastian, 1966)

[C] What a day for a [A7] daydream
[Dm] What a day for a [G7] day dreamin' boy
[C] And I'm lost in a [A7] daydream
[Dm] Dreaming 'bout my [G7] bundle of joy

[F] And even if [D7] time ain't really [C] on my [A7] side
[F] It's one of those [D7] days for taking a [C] walk out [A7] side
[F] I'm blowing the [D7] day to take a [C] walk in the [A7] sun
[D7] And fall on my face on somebody's [G7] new-mown lawn

[C] I've been having a [A7] sweet dream
[Dm] I've been dreaming since I [G7] woke up today
[C] It starred me and my [A7] sweet thing
[Dm] Cause she's the one makes me [G7] feel this way

[F] And even if [D7] time is passing me [C] by a [A7] lot
[F] I couldn't care [D7] less about the [C] dues you say I [A7] got
[F] Tomorrow I'll [D7] pay the dues for [C] dropping my [A7] love
[D7] A pie in the face for being a [G7] sleepin' bull doag

Instrumental 1st verse (with whistling)

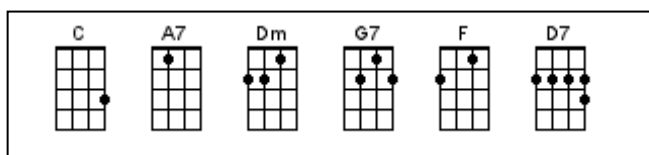
[C] [A7] [Dm] [G7] [C] [A7] [Dm] [G7]

[F] And you can be [D7] sure that if you're [C] feeling [A7] right
[F] A daydream will [D7] last along [C] into the [A7] night
[F] Tomorrow at [D7] breakfast you may [C] prick up your [A7] ears
[D7] Or you may be daydreaming for a [G7] thousand years

[C] What a day for a [A7] daydream
[Dm] Custom made for a [G7] daydreamin' boy
[C] And I'm lost in a [A7] daydream
[Dm] Dreaming 'bout my [G7] bundle of joy

Outro: Instrumental 2nd verse (with whistling)

[F] [D7] [C] [A7] [F] [D7] [C] [A7] [F] [D7] [C] [A7] [D7] [G7] and end on [C]



Whiskey in the Jar

(Traditional)

As [C]I was going' over the [Am]Cork and Kerry mountains
I [F]saw Captain Farrell and his [C]money he was [Am]counting
I [C]first produced my pistol and [Am]then produced my rapier
I [F]said 'Stand and deliver or the [C]devil he may take [Am]you

Musha [G]rim sham-a-doo sham-a-da
[C]Wack for my daddy-o, [F]Wack for my daddy-o
There's [C]whiskey [G]in the [C]jar

I [C]took all of his money which [Am]was a pretty penny
I [F]took all of his money and I [C]brought it home to [Am]Molly
She [C]swore that she loved me, never [Am]would she leave me
But [F]the devil take that woman for you [C]know she tricked me [Am]easy

Musha [G]rim sham-a-doo sham-a-da
[C]Wack for my daddy-o, [F]Wack for my daddy-o
There's [C]whiskey [G]in the [C]jar

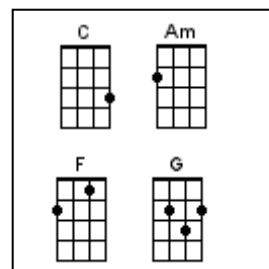
[C]Being drunk and weary I [Am]went to Molly's chamber
[F]takin' Molly with me and I [C]never knew the dang-[Am]er
[C]At six or maybe seven, [Am]in walked Captain Farrell
I [F]jumped up, fired my pistols and I [C]shot him with both [Am]barrels

Musha [G]rim sham-a-doo sham-a-da
[C]Wack for my daddy-o, [F]Wack for my daddy-o
There's [C]whiskey [G]in the [C]jar

Now [C]some men like the fishin' and some [Am]men like the fowlin',
and [F]some men like ta hear, the [C]cannonballs a [Am]roarin'
[C]Me? I like sleepin' [Am]in my Molly's chamber
But [F]here I am in prison, here I [C]am with ball and [Am]chain, oh

Musha [G]rim sham-a-doo sham-a-da
[C]Wack for my daddy-o, [F]Wack for my daddy-o
There's [C]whiskey [G]in the [C]jar

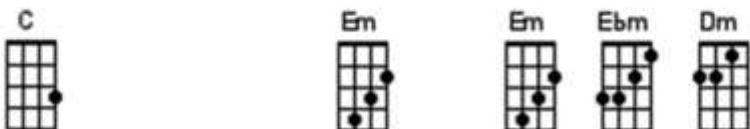
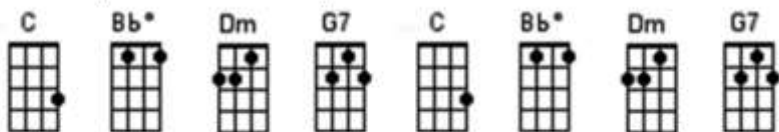
Musha [G]rim sham-a-doo sham-a-da
[C]Wack for my daddy-o, [F]Wack for my daddy-o
There's [C]whiskey [G]in the [C]jar



Whispering Grass

(Fred and Doris Fisher, 1940)

Intro: (2 strums each)



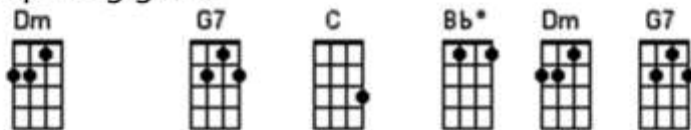
1. Why do you whisper green grass



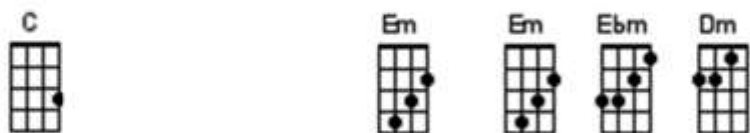
Why tell the trees what ain't so



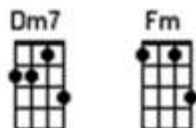
Whispering grass



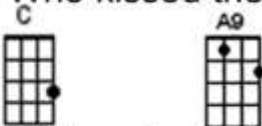
The trees don't have to know



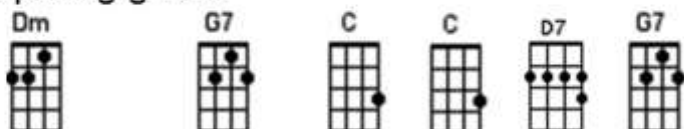
2. Why tell them all your secrets



Who kissed there long a go



Whispering grass



The trees don't need to know



3. Don't you tell it to the breeze



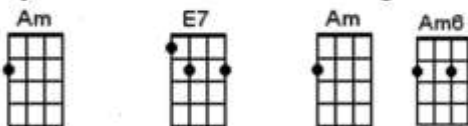
For she will tell the birds and bees



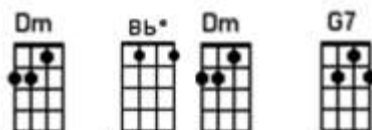
And everyone will know



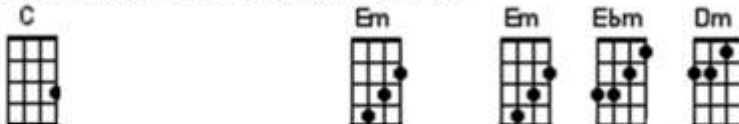
Because you told the blabbering trees



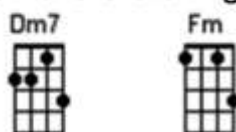
Yes you told them once be-fore



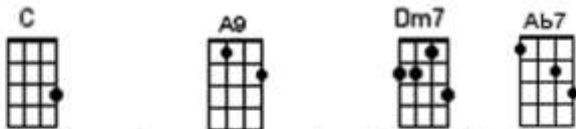
And it's no secret any more



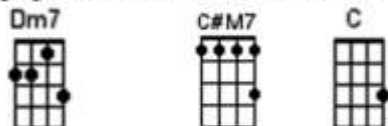
4. Why tell them all the old things



They're buried under the snow



Whispering grass don't tell the trees



Cause the trees don't need to know

Repeat 3. (spoken) and 4.

Wild Mountain Thyme

(Words: Francis McPeake. Music: Traditional)

(sing C)

O the [C]summer [F]time has [C]come
And the [F]trees are sweetly [C]bloomin'
And the [F]wild [Em]mountain [Am]thyme
Grows a-[Dm]round the bloomin' [F]heather
Will ye [C]go, [F]lassie, [C]go?

Chorus:

And we'll [F]all [G]go to-[C]gether
To pull [F]wild [Em]mountain [Am]thyme
All a-[Dm]round the bloomin' [F]heather
Will ye [C]go, [F]lassie, [C]go?

I will [C]build my [F]love a [C]bower
By yon [F]cool crystal [C]fountain
And [F]round it [Em]I will [Am]pile
All the [Dm]wild flowers o' the [F]mountain
Will ye [C]go, [F]lassie, [C]go?

Chorus

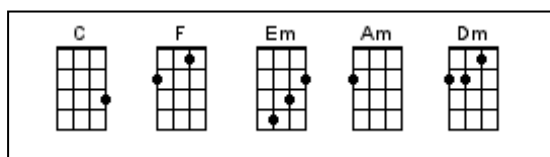
I will [C]range [F]through the [C]wilds
And the [F]deep glen sae [C]dreary
And re-[F]turn [Em]wi' their [Am]spoils
To the [Dm]bower o' my [F]dearie
Will ye [C]go, [F]lassie, [C]go?

Chorus

If my [C]true love [F]she'll not [C]come
Then I'll [F]surely find an-[C]other
To pull [F]wild [Em]mountain [Am]thyme
All a-[Dm]round the bloomin' [F]heather
Will ye [C]go, [F]lassie, [C]go?

Chorus x 2

Gentle single strums for verses
Simple down/up for chorus



Wild Rover

(Traditional)

[F]I've been a wild rover for many a [Bb]year,
And I've [F]spent all me [Bb]money on [C7]whiskey and [F]beer
But now I'm returning with gold in great [Bb]store,
And I [F]never will [Bb]play the wild [C7]rover no [F]more

Chorus:

And it's [C7]no, nay, never
[F]No nay never no [Bb]more
Will I [F]play the wild [Bb]rover
No [C7]never no [F]more

I [F]went to an alehouse I used to fre-[Bb]quent,
And I [F]told the land-[Bb]lady my [C7]money was [F]spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me, [Bb]"Nay,
such a [F]custom as [Bb]yours I can [C7]have any [F]day"

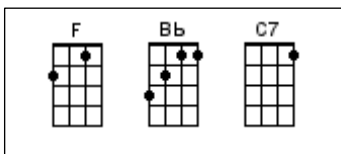
Chorus

I [F]took from my pocket ten sovereigns [Bb]bright,
And the [F]landlady's [Bb]eyes opened [C7]up with [F]delight
She said, "I have whiskeys and wines of the [Bb]best,
And the [F]words that I [Bb]spoke, sure were [C7]only in [F]jest"

Chorus

I'll [F]go home to my parents, confess what I've [Bb]done,
And I'll [F]ask them to [Bb]pardon their [C7]prodigal [F]son
And if they forgive me as oft-times [Bb]before,
I [F]never will [Bb]play the wild [C7]rover no [F]more

Chorus x 2



You Ain't going Nowhere

(Bob Dylan, 1967)

[G] Clouds so swift [Am] rain won't lift
[C] Gate won't close [G] railings froze
[G] Get your mind off [Am] winter time
[C] You ain't goin' no[G]where

Chorus:

[G] Whoo-ee [Am] ride me high
[C] Tomorrow's the day my [G] bride's gonna come
[G] Oh oh are [Am] we gonna fly [C] down in the easy [G] chair

[G] I don't care how many [Am] letters they sent
[C] Morning came and [G] morning went
[G] Pick up your money and [Am] pack up your tent
[C] You ain't goin' no[G]where

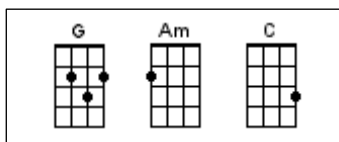
Chorus

[G] Buy me a flute and a [Am] gun that shoots
[C] Tail gates and [G] substitutes
[G] Strap yourself to the [Am] tree with roots
[C] You ain't goin' no[G]where

Chorus

[G] Genghis Khan he [Am] could not keep
[C] All his kings su[G]plied with sleep
[G] We'll climb that hill no [Am] matter how steep
[C] When we get up to [G] it

Chorus x 2 and slow on last line



You Never Can Tell

(Chuck Berry, 1964)

[C] It was a teenage wedding and the old folks wished 'em well
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoi[G7]selle
And now the young monsieur and madame
Have rung the chapel bell
C'est la vie say the old folks it goes to show you never can [C] tell

[C] They furnished off an apartment
With a two room Roebuck sale
The coolerator was crammed with TV dinners and ginger [G7] ale
But when Pierre found work
The little money comin' worked out well
C'est la vie say the old folks it goes to show you never can [C] tell

[C] They had a hi-fi phono boy did they let it blast
Seven hundred little records all rock rhythm and [G7] jazz
But when the sun went down the rapid tempo of the music fell
C'est la vie say the old folks it goes to show you never can [C] tell

[C] They bought a souped up jitney 'twas a cherry red '53
They drove it down to New Orleans
To celebrate their anniversa[G7]ry
It was there that Pierre was wedded to the lovely mademoiselle
C'est la vie say the old folks it goes to show you never can [C] tell

[C] It was a teenage wedding and the old folks wished 'em well
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoi[G7]selle
And now the young monsieur and madame
Have rung the chapel bell
C'est la vie say the old folks it goes to show you never can [C] tell

[G7]C'est la vie say the old folks it goes to show you never can [C] tell

