

Contents

Disclaimer.....	3
Acknowledgments	4
Always Look on the Bright Side of Life	5
Blackleg Miner (The)	6
Black Magic Woman.....	7
Blame it on the Bossa Nova.....	8
Boxer (The).....	9
Bring Me Sunshine.....	10
Buttons and Bows	11
Cigarettes, Whusky and Wild Wild Women	12
Crooked Jack.....	13
Deadwood Stage (The).....	14
Dirty Old Town (in C)	15
Don't Marry Her.....	16
Down in the Coal Mine	17
Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill.....	18
Fat Bottomed Girls.....	19
Hernando's Hideaway	20
Hound Dog - Big Mama Thornton version.....	21
I Guess it Doesn't Matter any More	22
I'm Not in Love	23
Is This The Way to Amarillo	24
Jollity Farm.....	25
Leaning on a Lamp Post.....	26
Locomotion.....	27
Lola.....	28
Marry You.....	29
Meet Me On The Corner (in C).....	30
Mr Tambourine Man	31

New York Girls	32
Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'	33
Old Bazaar in Cairo (The)	34
Only The Lonely	35
Over The hills and far away	36
Play me a Ukulele Tune	37
Price Tag	38
Sentimental Journey	39
Singing The Blues.....	40
Sloop John B.....	41
Song of the Ancient Britons	42
Streets of London	43
Teddy Bears' Picnic	44
Tennessee Waltz.....	45
Waterloo Sunset	46
When You're Smiling	47
Working Man	48
Y.M.C.A.	49
Appendix - Chorale (finger style ukulele with guitar & bass).....	50
Appendix - I'm an Old Cow Hand/Buttons & Bows.....	51
Appendix - Rock and Roll Medley (Starting with <i>Hound Dog</i>).....	52
Appendix - The Humours of Glendart (Campenella style ukulele).....	54
Appendix - When You're Smiling/Bring Me Sunshine	55

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

Dr. Uke web site

Richard G's Ukulele Songbook

The Daily Ukulele

Cool & Uke

The Shropshire Strummers

And the many others who have been kind enough to share their songbooks on the web

Always Look on the Bright Side of Life

(Eric Idle, 1979)

Some [Am]things in life are [D7]bad, they can [G]really make you [Em]mad
Other [Am]things just make you [D7]swear and [G]curse [Em]
When you're [Am]chewing on life's [D7]gristle
Don't [G]grumble give a [Em]whistle
And [A7]this'll help things turn out for the [D7]best

**First verse -
single strum
on each chord**

And [G]always [Em]look on the [Am]bright [D7]side of [G]life [Em][Am][D7]
[G]Always [Em]look on the [Am]bright [D7]side of [G]life [Em][Am][D7]

If [Am]life seems jolly [D7]rotten, there's [G]something you've [Em]forgotten
And [Am]that's to laugh and [D7]smile and dance and [G]sing [Em]
When you're [Am]feeling in the [D7]dumps, [G]don't be silly [Em]chumps
Just [A7]purse your lips and whistle, that's the [D7]thing

And [G]always [Em]look on the [Am]bright [D7]side of [G]life [Em][Am][D7]
Come on, [G]always [Em]look on the [Am]bright [D7]side of [G]life [Em][Am][D7]

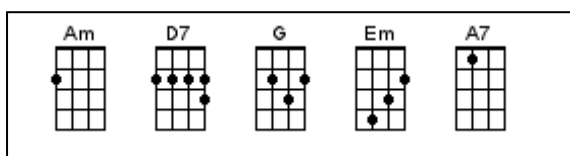
For [Am]life is quite [D7]absurd and [G]death's the final [Em]word
You must [Am]always face the [D7]curtain with a [G]bow [Em]
For-[Am]-get about your [D7]sin, give the [G]audience a [Em]grin
En-[A7]-joy it - it's your last chance any-[D7]-how.

So [G]always [Em]look on the [Am]bright [D7]side of [G]death [Em][Am][D7]
[G]Just [Em]before you [Am]draw your [D7]terminal [G]breath [Em][Am][D7]

[Am]Life's a piece of [D7]shit [G]when you look at [Em]it
[Am]Life's a laugh and [D7]death's a joke it's [G]true [Em]
You'll [Am]see it's all a [D7]show
Keep 'em [G]laughing as you [Em]go
Just [A7]remember that the last laugh is on [D7]you

And [G]always [Em]look on the [Am]bright [D7]side of [G]life [Em][Am][D7]
[G]Always [Em]look on the [Am]bright [D7]side of [G]life [Em][Am][D7]
(Come on guys, cheer up)

[G]Always [Em]look on the [Am]bright [D7]side of [G]life [Em][Am][D7]
[G]Always [Em]look on the [Am]bright [D7]side of [G]life [Em][Am][D7][G]



Blackleg Miner (The)

(Traditional, North East England)

[Sing D] [a capella...]

*So it's in the evening after dark, when the blackleg miner creeps to work
With his moleskin pants and dirty shirt, there goes the blackleg miner.*

Well he [Dm]grabs his duds and [Am]down he [C]goes,
To [Dm]hew the coal that[Am] lies below.
There's [Dm]not a woman [Am]in this town row,
Will look [Dm]at a [Am]blackleg [Dm] miner.

Chorus :

Oh[Dm]bonny lads why[Am]don't you gang,
Oh [Dm]bonny lads why [Am]don't you gang,
Oh [Dm] bonny lads why [Am]don't you [C]gang -2-3-4
To [Dm]catch the [Am]blackleg [Dm]miner.

Oh [Dm]Dullable is a [Am]terrible [C]place,
They [Dm]rub wet clay in the [Am] blackleg's face.
And [Dm]round the heaps they [Am]run a foot race,
To [Dm]catch the [Am]blackleg [Dm]miner.

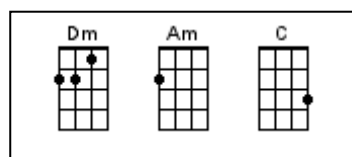
So [Dm]divin' go down [Am]the Cleghill [C]mine,
A-[Dm]cross the way they [Am]stretch a line.
To [Dm]catch the throat and [Am]break the spine,
Of the [Dm]dirty [Am]blackleg [Dm] miner.

Chorus

Well they [Dm]grab his duds and [Am]pick as [C]well,
And [Dm]hoy them down the [Am]pit of hell.
[Dm] Down you go and [Am]fare you well,
You [Dm]dirty [Am]blackleg [Dm]miner.

So [Dm]join the union [Am]while you [C]may,
Don't [Dm]wait until your [Am]dying day.
For [Dm]that may not be [Am]far away,-2-3-4
You[Dm]dirty [Am]blackleg [Dm]miner!

Chorus



Black Magic Woman

(Peter Green, 1968)

[Tacet] I got a black magic [Am]woman - I got a black magic [Em]woman
Yes, I got a [Am]black magic woman, she's got me so blind I can't [Dm]see,
That she's a [Am]black magic woman and she's [E7]tryin' to make a devil out of [Am]me

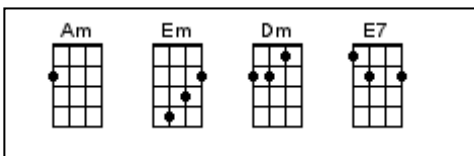
[Tacet] Don't turn your back on me [Am]baby - Don't turn your back on me ba-[Em]by
Yes, don't turn your [Am]back on me baby, don't mess around with your [Dm]tricks.
Don't turn you back [Am]on me baby, you [E7]just might pick up my magic [Am]sticks.

Instrumental 1st verse with kazoo

[Tacet] You got your spell on me [Am]baby - You got your spell on me ba-[Em]by
Yes, you got your [Am]spell on me baby, turnin' my heart into [Dm]stone.
I [Am]need you so bad, [E7]magic woman, I can't leave you a-[Am]lone.

Instrumental improv with kazoo

Repeat 1st verse



Blame it on the Bossa Nova

(Words: Cynthia Weil, Music: Barry Mann, 1963. Performed by Eydie Gormé)

I was at a [C]dance when he caught my [G7] eye
Standin' all alone lookin' sad and [C] shy
We began to dance [C7] swaying' to and [F] fro
And [C] soon I knew [G7]I'd never let him [C] go

Blame it on the bossa [G7] nova with its magic [C] spell
Blame it on the bossa [G7] nova that he did so [C] well
[C7]Oh, it all began with [F] just one little dance
But soon it ended [C] up a big romance
Blame it on the bossa [G7] nova
The dance of [C] love

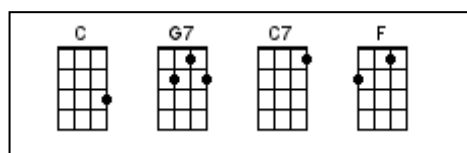
Now was it the [G7] moon? No, no, the bossa nova
Or the stars a-[C]bove? No, no, the bossa nova
Now was it the [G7] tune? Yeah, yeah, the bossa nova
[C]The [F] dance of [C] love...

[C] Now I'm glad to say I'm his bride to [G7] be
And we're gonna raise a fami[C]ly
And when our kids ask [C7] how it came a[F]bout
I'm [C] gonna say to [G7] them without a [C] doubt

Blame it on the bossa [G7] nova with its magic [C] spell
Blame it on the bossa [G7] nova that he did so [C] well
[C7]Oh, it all began with [F] just one little dance
But soon it ended [C] up a big romance
Blame it on the bossa [G7] nova
The dance of [C] love...

Now was it the [G7] moon? No, no, the bossa nova
Or the stars a-[C]bove? No, no, the bossa nova
Now was it the [G7] tune? Yeah, yeah, the bossa nova
[C]The [F] dance of [C] love...

Now was it the [G7] moon? No, no, the bossa nova
Or the stars a-[C]bove? No, no, the bossa nova
Now was it the [G7] tune? Yeah, yeah, the bossa nova
[C]The [F] dance of [C] love



Boxer (The)

(Paul Simon, 1969)

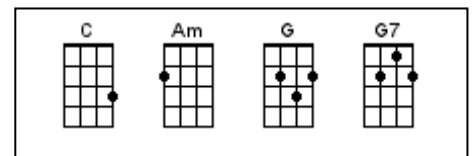
[C]I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom [Am]told
I have [G]squandered my resistance
For a [G7]pocket full of mumbles such are [C]promises
All lies and [Am]jest still a [G]man hears what he [F]wants to hear
And disregards the [C]rest hmmm[G7]mmmm[F]mmmm[C]

[C]When I left my home and my family I was no more than a [Am]boy
In the [G]company of strangers
In the [G7]quiet of the railway station [C]running scared
Laying [Am]low seeking [G]out the poorer [F]quarters
Where the ragged people [C]go
Looking [G7]for the places [F]only they would [C]know

Lie la [Am]lie. Lie la [Em]lie lie lie lie lie
Lie la [Am]lie. Lie la [G7]lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie [C]lie

[C]Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a [Am]job, but I get no [G]offers
Just a [G7]come-on from the whores on Seventh [C]Avenue
I do [Am]declare there were [G]times when I was [F]so lonesome
I took some comfort [C]there lie la [G7]lie lie lie lie [F][C]

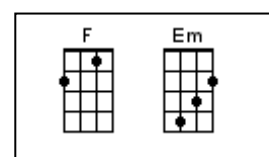
Lie la [Am]lie. Lie la [Em]lie lie lie lie lie lie
Lie la [Am]lie. Lie la [G7]lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie [C]lie



[C]Then I'm laying out my winter clothes
And wishing I was [Am]gone, going [G]home
Where the [G7]New York City winters aren't[C]bleeding me
[Em]Leading m...[Am]e going [G]home

In the [C]clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his [Am]trade
And he [G]carries the reminders of [G7]ev'ry glove that laid him down
Or [C]cut him till he cried out in his anger and his [Am]shame
I am [G]leaving I am[F]leaving but the fighter still re-[C]mains mm[G7][F][C]

Lie la [Am]lie. Lie la [Em]lie lie lie lie lie lie
Lie la [Am]lie. Lie la[G7]lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie
Lie la [Am]lie. Lie la [Em]lie lie lie lie lie lie lie
Lie la [Am]lie. Lie la[G7]lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie
Lie la [Am]lie. Lie la [Em]lie lie lie lie lie lie lie
Lie la [Am]lie. Lie la[G7]lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie [C]



Bring Me Sunshine

(Words: Sylvia Dee. Music: Arthur Kent, 1966 (Morecombe & Wise signature tune))

Bring me [G] Sunshine, in your [Am] smile
Bring me [D7]laughter, all the [G] while,
In this world where we [G7] live
There should [C] be more happiness,
So much [A7] joy you can give
To each [D7] [STOP] brand new bright tomorrow,

Make me [G] happy, through the [Am] years
Never[D7] bring me any [G] tears,
Let your arms be as [G7] warm as the [C] sun from up above,
Bring me [Am] fun, bring me [D7] sunshine, bring me [G] love.

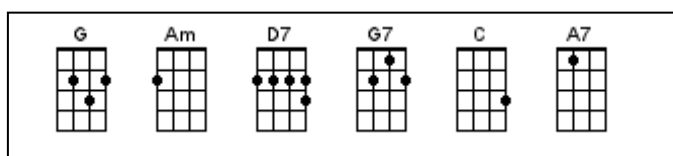
~~Make me [G] happy, through the [Am] years
Never [D7]bring me any [G] tears,
Let your arms be as [G7] warm as the [C] sun from up above,
Bring me [Am] fun, bring me [D7] sunshine, bring me [G] love.~~

Bring me [G] Sunshine, in your [Am] eyes
Bring me [D7]rainbows, from the [G] skies,
Life's too short to be [G7] spent having [C] anything but fun,
We can [A7] be so content, if we [D7] [STOP] gather little sunbeams,

Be light [G] hearted, all day [Am] long
Keep me [D7]singing, happy [G] songs,
Let your arms be as [G7] warm as the [C] sun from up above,
Bring me [Am] fun, bring me [D7] sunshine, bring me [G] love

single strums

Bring me [Am] fun, bring me [D7] sunshine, bring me [G] love [Gb][G]



Buttons and Bows

(Livingstone and Evans, 1947)

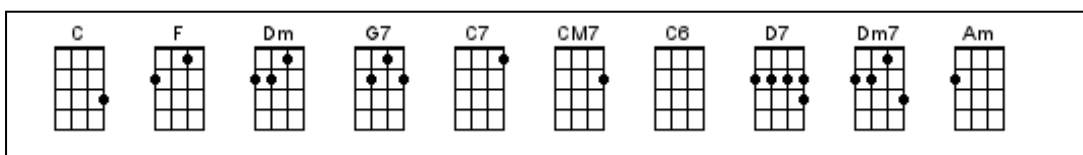
[C]East is [F]east and [C]west is [F]west
And the [C]wrong one [F]I have [C]chose
[F]Let's go where you'll [C]keep on [Dm]wearin' those
[C]Frills and [F]flowers and [C]buttons and [F]bows
[C]Rings and [F]things and [G7]buttons and [C]bows

Don't bury [F]me on the [C]lone prai-[F]rie
Take me [C]where the ce-[F]ment [C]grows
[F]Let's move down to [C]some big [Dm]town, where they
[C]Love a [F]gal by the [C]cut of her [F]clothes
And [C]you'll stand [F]out in [G7]buttons and [C]bows[C7]

[F]I'll love you in buckskins or skirts that you've home-[C]spun
But I'll [C]love ya' [CM7]longer, [C6]stronger
[C]Where your [D7]friends don't tote a [G7]gun

My [C]bones de-[F]nounce the [C]buckboard [F]bounce
And the [C]cactus [F]hurts my [C]toes
[F]Let's vamoose where the [C]gals keep [Dm]usin' those
[C]Silks and [F]satins and [C]linen that [F]shows
And [C]you're all [F]mine in [G7]buttons and [C]bows

Gimme [Dm7]Eastern [G7]trimmin' where [C]women are [Am]women
In [D7]high silk [G7]hose and [C]peek-a-boo [Am]clothes
With [Dm7]French per-[G7]fume that [C]rocks the [Am]room
And [Dm7]you're all mine in
[G7]buttons and [C]bows
[G7]Buttons and [C]bows
[G7]buttons and [C]bows..... (x 2 fade)



Cigareetes, Whusky and Wild Wild Women

(Tim Spencer, 1947)

[G]Once I was happy and [C]had a good [G]wife;
I had enough money to [A7]last me for [D]life
I [G]met with a gal and we [C]went on a [G]spree;
She started me smokin' and [D]drinkin' whus-[G]key.

Chorus:

[G]Cigareetes and whusky and [C]wild, wild [G]women
They'll drive you crazy; They'll [A7]drive you in-[D]sa..ay..ne
Ciga-[G]reetes and whusky and [C]wild wild [G]women
They'll drive you crazy; They'll [D]drive you in-[G]sane.

[G]Cigareetes are a blight on the [C]whole human [G]race,
A man is a monkey with [A7]one in his [D]face;
Take [G]warning, dear friend, take [C]warning dear [G]brother:
A fire's on one end, a [D]fool's on the [G]other.

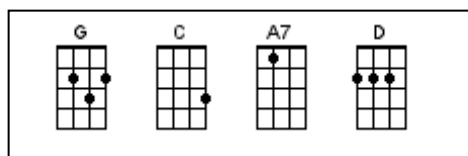
Chorus

[G]Now I am feeble and [C]broken with [G]age
The lines on my face make [A7]a well-written [D]page
I'm [G]weaving this story, [C]how sad but how [G]true
On women and whuskey and [D]what they will [G]do.

Chorus

[G]Write on the cross at the [C]head of my [G]grave
"For women and whuskey here [A7]lies a poor [D]slave"
Take [G]warning, dear stranger, take [C]warning dear [G]friend
Then write in big letters these [D]words at the [G]end.

Chorus x 2



Crooked Jack

(Words: Dominic Behan, 1965 Music: Traditional - Child Ballad 56)

Come [Am]Irishmen both [C]young and [G]stern
With ad-[Am]venture in your [G]soul
There are [Am]better ways to [C]spend your [G]days
Than in [Am]working [G]down a [Am]hole

Chorus:

I was tall and [C]true, all of six foot [G]two
but they [Am]broke me across the [G]back.
By a [Am]name I'm known and it's [C]not my [G]own
for they [Am]call me [G]Crooked [Am]Jack

The [Am]ganger's blue-eyed [C]pet was [G] I,
Big [Am]Jack could do no [G]wrong
And the [Am]reason simply [C]was be-[G]cause
I could [Am]work hard [G]hours and [Am]long

Chorus

I've [Am]seen men old be-[C]fore their [G]time,
Their [Am]faces drawn and [G]gray
I [Am]never thought so [C]soon would [G]mine
Be [Am]lined the [G]self same [Am]way

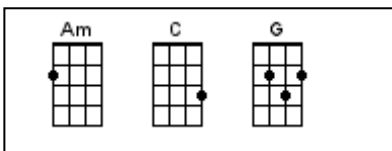
Chorus

I've [Am]cursed the day that I [C]went a-[G]way
To [Am]work on the hydro [G]dams
For [Am]sweat and tears or [C]hopes and [G]fears
Bound [Am]up in [G]shuttering [Am]jams

Chorus

They [Am]say that honest [C]toil is [G]good
For the [Am]spirit and the [G]soul
But [Am]believe me boys it's for [C]sweat and [G]blood
That they [Am]want you [G]down a [Am]hole

Chorus



Deadwood Stage (The)

(Sammy Fain & Paul Webster, 1953. Performed by Doris Day)

[G]Oh! The Deadwood Stage is a-rollin' on over the plains,
With the curtains flappin' and the driver slappin' the [D]reins.
Beautiful [D7]sky! A [G]wonderful day!
[D]Whip crack-away!, [D]Whip crack-away!, [D]Whip crack- a[G]way!

Oh! The [G]Deadwood Stage is a-headin' on over the hills,
Where the Injun arrows are thicker than porcupine [D]quills.
Dangerous [D7]land! No [G]time to delay!
So, [D]Whip crack-away!, [D]Whip crack-away!, [D]Whip crack- a[G]way!

We're headin' [C]straight for town, [G]loaded down, [D]with a fancy [G]cargo,
[D]Care of Wells and [C]Fargo, Illi-[D]nois - [D7]Boy!

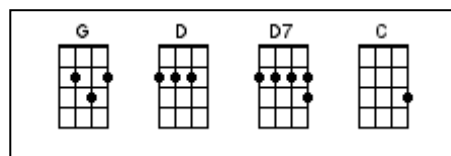
Oh! The [G]Deadwood Stage is a-comin' on over the crest,
Like a homing pigeon that's a-hankerin' after its [D]nest.
Twenty-three [D7]miles we've [G]covered today.
So, [D]Whip crack-away!, [D]Whip crack-away!, [D]Whip crack- a[G]way!

The wheels go [C]turnin' round, [G]homeward bound,
[D]Can't you hear 'em [G]humming,
[D]Happy times are [C]coming for to [D]stay - [D7]hey!

Kazoo

~~Oh! The [G]Deadwood Stage is a-comin' on over the crest,
Like a homing pigeon that's a-hankerin' after its [D]nest.
Twenty-three [D7]miles we've [G]covered today.
So, [D]Whip crack-away!, [D]Whip crack-away!, [D]Whip crack- a[G]way!~~

~~The wheels go [C]turnin' round, [G]homeward bound,
[D]Can't you hear 'em [G]humming,
[D]Happy times are [C]coming for to [D]stay - [D7]hey!~~



We'll be [G]home tonight by the light of the silvery moon,
And our hearts are thumpin' like a mandolin a-plunking a [D]tune.
When I get [D7]home, I'm [G]fixing to stay.
So, [D]Whip crack-away!, [D]Whip crack-away!, [D]Whip crack- a [G]way!
[D]Whip crack-away!, [D]Whip crack-away!, [D]Whip crack- a [G]way!
[D] YEE [G] HAAAA!!!

Dirty Old Town (in C)

(Ewan MacColl, 1949)

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

I met my [C]love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a [F]dream by the old ca-[C]nal
I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old [G]town dirty old [Am7]town

Clouds are [C]drifting across the moon
Cats are [F]prowling on their [C]beat
Spring's a girl from the streets at night
Dirty old [G]town dirty old [Am7]town

Instrumental Verse (with whistle)

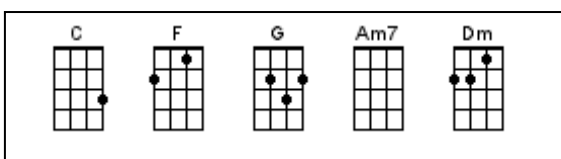
I heard a [C]siren from the docks
Saw a [F]train set the night on [C]fire
I smelled the spring on the smoky wind
Dirty old [G]town dirty old [Am7]town

I'm gonna [C]make me a big sharp axe
Shining [F]steel tempered in the [C]fire
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree
Dirty old [G]town dirty old [Am7]town

I met my [C]love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a [F]dream by the old ca-[C]nal
I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old [Dm]town.....dirty old [Am7]town

whistle...

~~Dirty old [G]town dirty old [Am7] town~~



Don't Marry Her

(The Beautiful South, 1996)

Intro: [F]Don't marry [G]her, have [C]me

[C]Think of you with [G]pipe and slippers, [F]think of her in [G]bed
[F]Laying there just [C]watching telly, [D]think of me in-[G]stead
I'll [C]never grow so [G]old and flabby, [F]that could never [G]be
[F]Don't marry [G]her, have [C]me

And your [C]love life shines like [G]cardboard but your [F]work shoes are gliste-[G]ning
She's a [F]PhD in "I [C]told you so" You've a [D]kighthood in "I'm not [G]listening"
She'll [C]grab your Sandra [G]Bullocks, then [F]slowly raise her [G]knee
[F]Don't marry [G]her, have [C]me

Chorus:

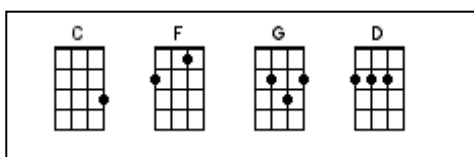
And the [C]Sunday sun shines down on San Fran-[F]cisco [C]bay
And you [F]realise you can't make it, any-[C]way
You have to wash the car, take the [F]kids to the [C]park
[F]Don't marry [G]her, have [C]me

Those [C]lovely Sunday [G]mornings with [F]breakfast brought in [G]bed
Those [F]blackbirds look like [C]knitting needles [D]trying to peck your [G]head
Those [C]birds will peck your [G]soul out and [F]throw away the [G]key
[F]Don't marry [G]her, have [C]me

And the [C]kitchen's always [G]tidy and the [F]bathroom's always [G]clean
She's a [F]diploma in "just [C]hiding things", you've a [D]first in low es-[G]teem
When your [C]socks smell of [G]angels but your [F]life smells of [G]brie
[F]Don't marry [G]her, have [C]me

Chorus X2 and end...

[F]Don't marry [G]her, have [C]me



Down in the Coal Mine

(J.B. Geoghegan, 1872)

Intro: [D]~~Deep down in the coal mine, under~~ [A7]neath the [D]ground, 2 3 4

I [D]am a jovial collier lad, as blithe as blithe can [G]be
And [D]let the times be good or bad, it's [A7]all the same to [C]me
It's [D]little of the world I know, and care less for its [G]ways
For [D]where the Dog Star never glows, it's there I [A7]spend my [D]days

Chorus:

[C]Down in the coal mine, underneath the [G]ground
[D]Where a gleam on sunshine [A7]never can be [C]found
[D]Digging up the dusky diamonds all the seasons [G]round
[D]Deep down in the coal mine, under-[A7]neath the [D]ground

Me [D]hands are horny, hard and black, through working in the [G]vein
And [D]like the clothes upon me back, my [A7]speech is rough and [C]plain
And [D]if I stumble with my tongue, I've one excuse to [G]say
It's [D]not the collier's heart that's wrong, it's his [A7]head that goes a-[D]stray

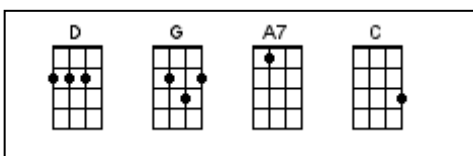
Chorus

How [D]little do the great ones care, who sit at home se-[G]cure
What [D]hidden dangers colliers dare, what [A7]hardships they [C]endure
The [D]very fire they sit beside, to cheer themselves and [G]wives
May-[D]hap was kindled up at cost, of jovial [A7]miner's [D]lives

Chorus

Then [D]cheer up lads and make the most of every joy you [G]can
And [D]always make your murphys, such as [A7]best befits a [C]man
For [D]let the times be good or bad, we'll still be jovial [G]souls
For [D]where would Britain be without the lads who [A7]look for [D]coal

Chorus x 2



Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill

(Words: Thomas Casey. Music: Charles Connolly, 1888)

[Am]Early in the morning at seven o' clock
There are [E7]twenty tarriers, drilling at the rock.
And the [Am]boss comes around and he says,
"Keep still, and [E7]come down heavy on your cast iron drill!"

Chorus:

And [Am]drill, ye [E7]tarriers, [Am]drill;
Drill, ye [G]tarriers, [Am]drill,
Well, you work all day for the sugar in your tay,
[E7]Down behind the railway,
And [Am]drill, ye [E7]tarriers, [Am]drill.
And blast, and fire.

[Am]Now the boss was a fine man down to the ground
And he [E7]married a lady six feet round
She [Am]baked good bread and she baked it well
But she [E7]baked it as hard as the hobs in hell

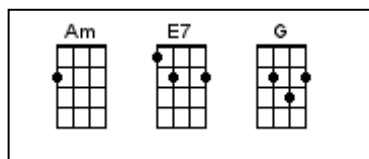
Chorus

[Am]Now our new foreman was Jim McGann,
By [E7]golly, he was a damn mean man.
Last [Am]week a premature blast went off,
And a [E7]mile in the sky went Big Jim Goff.

Chorus

[Am]Now when next payday came around,
Jim[E7] Goff a dollar short was found,
When [Am]asked what for, came this reply,
"You were [E7]docked for the time you were up in the sky".

Chorus



Fat Bottomed Girls

(Brian May, 1978)

[Sing A or C# or E] [a capella...]

Are you gonna take me home tonight?

Ah down beside that red fire light?

Are you gonna let it all hang out?

Fat bottomed [A]girls you make the [E7]rockin' world go [A]round[STOP]

[Tacet](Hey!) I was [A]just a skinny lad, never know no good from bad

But I knew life before I left my nurs-[E7]ery (huh)

Left a-[A]lone with big fat Fanny, she was [D]such a naughty nanny

Heap big wo-[A]man you made a [E7]bad boy out of [A]me[STOP]

[Tacet]I've been [A]singing with my band, across the wire, across the land

I've seen ev'ry blue-eyed floozy on the [E7]way (hey)

But their [A]beauty and their style, went kind of [D]smooth after a while

Take me [A]to them [E7]naughty ladies every [A]time[STOP]

[A]Oh, won't you [G]take me home to-[D]night?

[A]Oh, down be-[G]side your red fire [E7]light?

[A]Oh, when you [D]give it all you got

Fat bottomed [A]girls you make the [E7]rockin' world go [A]round [D]

Fat bottomed [A]girls you make the [E7]rockin' world go [A]round

[Tacet]Now I got [A]mortgages and homes. I got stiffness in my bones

Ain't no beauty queens in this local-[E7]ity (I tell you)

Oh, but [A] I still get my pleasure, still [D]got my greatest treasure

Heap big wo-[A]man you made a [E7]big man out of [A]me[STOP]

[A]Oh, (I know) you gonna[G]take me home to-[D]night (please)

[A]Oh, down be-[G]side that red fire [E7]light

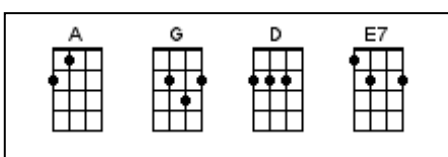
[A]Oh, you gonna [D]let it all hang out

Fat bottomed [A]girls you make the [E7]rockin' world go [A]round (yeah)

[D]Fat bottomed [A]girls you make the [E7]rockin' world go [A]round

[D]Fat bottomed [A]girls you make the [E7]rockin' world go [A]round

[D]Fat bottomed [A]girls you make the [E7]rockin' world go [A]round



Hernando's Hideaway

(Richard Adler, Jerry Ross, 1954)

Intro: Castanets

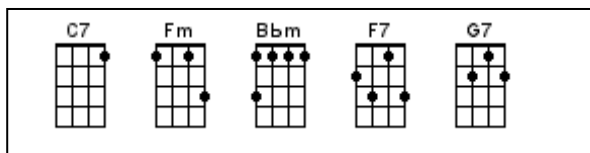
I [C7]know a dark, secluded place, a [Fm]place where no one knows your face!
A [C7]glass of wine, a fast embrace, it's [Fm]called Her-[C7]nando's Hidea-[Fm]way,
[C7]O-[Fm]LE!

All [C7]you see are silhouettes, and [Fm]all you hear are castanets
And [C7]no one cares how late it gets, not [Fm]at Her-[C7]nando's Hidea-[Fm]way,
[C7]O-[Fm]LE!

[Bbm]...(hum)...[Fm] [Stop] [Tacet] At the Golden Finger Bowl or anyplace you go
[Bbm]...(hum)...[Fm] [Stop] [Tacet] You will meet your Uncle Max and everyone you know
[F7].....(hum)...[Bbm] [Stop] [Tacet] But if you go to the spot I am thinking of

[G7][Tacet]You will be free[G7][Tacet]to gaze at me [G7] [C7][Tacet] and talk of [C7]love

Just [C7]knock three times and whisper low, that [Fm]you and I were sent by Joe
Then [C7]strike a match and you will know you're [Fm]in Her-[C7]nando's Hidea-[Fm]way,
[C7]O-[Fm]LE!



Hound Dog - Big Mama Thornton version

(Lieber & Stoller, 1952)

You ain't nothing but a [C]hound dog
Been snoopin' 'round my door [C7]
You ain't nothing but a [F7]hound dog
Been snoopin' 'round my [C]door
You can [G7]wag your tail
But I [F7]ain't gonna feed you no [C]more [G7]

You told me you was [C]high class
But I could see through that [C7]
Yes, you told me you was [F7]high class
But I could see through [C]that
And [G7]daddy I know
You [F7]ain't no real cool [C]cat [G7]

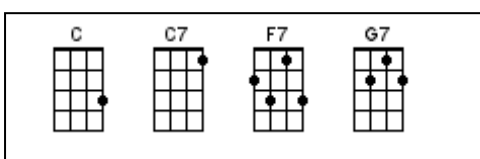
You ain't nothing but a [C]hound dog
Been snoopin' 'round my door [C7]
You're just an old [F7]hound dog
Been snoopin' 'round my [C]door
You can [G7]wag your tail
But I [F7]ain't gonna feed you no [C] more [G7]

Instrumental (12 bars):

[C] [C] [C] [C7] - [F7] [F7] [C] [C] - [G7] [F7] [C] [G7]

You made me [C]feel so blue
You made me weep and moan [C7]
You made me [F7]feel so blue
Well you made me weep and [C]moan
'Cause you ain't [G7]looking for a woman
All you're [F7] lookin' for is a [C]home [G7]

You ain't nothing but a [C]hound dog
Been snoopin' 'round my door [C7]
You ain't nothing but a [F7]hound dog
Been snoopin' 'round my [C]door
You can [G7]wag your tail
But I [F7]ain't gonna feed you no [C]more [G7][C]



I Guess It Doesn't Matter any More

(Paul Anka, 1958. Performed by Buddy Holly)

[G] There you go and baby, here am I
Well you [D] left me here so I could sit and cry
Well-a, [G] golly gee what have you done to me
But I [Am] guess it doesn't [D7] matter any [G] more.

[G] Do you remember baby, last September
How you [D] held me tight each and every night
Well, [G] oops-a daisy how you drove me crazy
But I [Am] guess it doesn't [D7] matter any [G] more.

[Em] There's no use in me a-[G] cryin'
I've [Em] done everything and now I'm [G] sick of trying
I've [A7] thrown away my nights
And wasted all my days over [D7] yoo [D] oo [D7] oo [D] oo

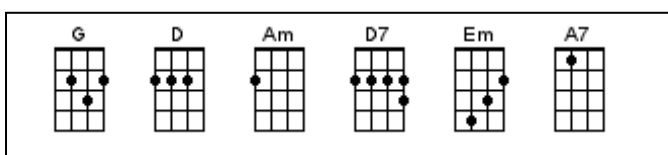
[G] Now you go your way and I'll go mine
[D] Now and forever 'till the end of time . . . I'll find
[G] Somebody new and baby we'll say we're through
And [Am] you won't [D] matter any [G] more.

[Em] There's no use in me a-[G] cryin'
I've [Em] done everything and now I'm [G] sick of trying
I've [A7] thrown away my nights
And wasted all my days over [D7] yoo [D] oo [D7] oo [D] oo

[G] Now you go your way and I'll go mine
[D] Now and forever 'till the end of time . . . I'll find
[G] Somebody new and baby we'll say we're through
And [Am] you won't [D7] matter any [G] more.

[Am] You won't [D7] matter any [G] more
[Am] You won't [D7] matter any [G] more. [D7] [G]

(slow down...)



I'm Not in Love

(Eric Stewart and Graham Gouldman (10cc), 1975)

Intro: [D] [E7] [D] [E7] [D] [E7] [D] [E7] [C#7]

[D] I'm not in love [Dm] so don't forget it
[A] It's just a [C#7] silly phase I'm [F#m] going through
[D] And just because [Dm] I call you up
[A] Don't get me [C#7] wrong don't think you've [F#m] got it made
[D] I'm not in love no no [E7] it's be[A]cause [D] [C] [D]

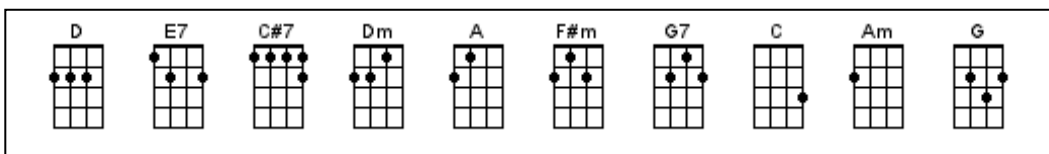
[D] I like to see you [Dm] but then again
[A] That doesn't [C#7] mean you mean that [F#m] much to me
[D] So if I call you [Dm] don't make a fuss
[A] Don't tell your [C#7] friends about the [F#m] two of us
[D] I'm not in love no no [E7] it's be[A]cause [D] [C] [D]

[Dm] Ooh you'll [G7] wait a long time for [C] me [Am]
[Dm] Ooh you'll [G7] wait a long time [G] [A]
[Dm] Ooh you'll [G7] wait a long time for [C] me [Am]
[Dm] Ooh you'll [G7] wait a long time [G] [A]

[D] I keep your picture [Dm] upon the wall
[A] It hides a [C#7] nasty stain that's [F#m] lyin' there
[D] So don't you ask me [Dm] to give it back
[A] I know you know it [C#7] doesn't mean that [F#m] much to me
[D] I'm not in love no no [E7] it's be[A]cause

[Dm] Ooh you'll [G7] wait a long time for [C] me [Am]
[Dm] Ooh you'll [G7] wait a long time [G] [A]
[Dm] Ooh you'll [G7] wait a long time for [C] me [Am]
[Dm] Ooh you'll [G7] wait a long time [G] [A]

[D] I'm not in love [Dm] so don't forget it
[A] It's just a [C#7] silly phase I'm [F#m] going through
[D] And just because [Dm] I call you up
[A] Don't get me [C#7] wrong don't think you've [F#m] got it made
[D] I'm not in love [Dm] I'm not in love [A]



Is This The Way to Amarillo

(Sedaka and Greenfield, 1971)

[A] Sha la la la [D] la la la la [D][A] sha la la la [E7] la la la la [E7][D]Sha la la la [A] la la la la
[E7]Sha la la la la la la la [E7]Sha la la la la la la

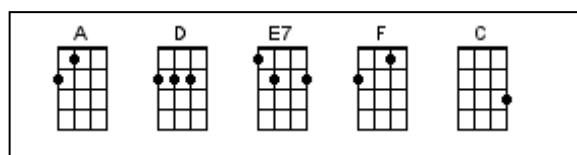
[A] Da da-da [A] da da-da[A] da da-da [A] da da-da

[A] When the day is [D] dawning [A] on a Texas [E7] Sunday morning
[A] How I long to [D] be there, with [A] Marie who's [E7] waiting for me there
[F] Every lonely [C] city [F] where I hang my [C] hat
[F] Ain't as half as [C] pretty as [E7] where my baby's at
[A] Is this the way to [D] Amarillo
[A] Every night I've been [E7] huggin' my pillow
[A] Dreaming dreams of [D] Amarillo
[A] And sweet Ma-[E7]-rie who [A] waits for me
[A] Show me the way to [D] Amarillo
[A] I've been weepin' [E7] like a willow
[A] Crying over [D] Amarillo
[A] And sweet Ma-[E7]-rie who [A] waits for me

[A] Sha la la la [D] la la la la [D] [A] sha la la la [E7] la la la la [E7] [D]
Sha la la la [A] la la la la [E7] And Marie who [A] waits for me

[A] There's a church-bell [D] ringing
[A] Hear the song of [E7] joy that it's singing
[A] For the sweet Ma-[D]-ria [A] and the guy who's [E7] coming to see her
[F] Just beyond the [C] highway [F] there's an open [C] plain
[F] And it keeps me [C] going [E7] through the wind and rain
[A] Is this the way to [D] Amarillo
[A] Every night I've been [E7] huggin' my pillow
[A] Dreaming dreams of [D] Amarillo
[A] And sweet Ma-[E7]-rie who [A] waits for me
[A] Show me the way to [D] Amarillo
[A] I've been weepin' [E7] like a willow
[A] Crying over [D] Amarillo
[A] And sweet Ma-[E7]-rie who [A] waits for me

[A] Sha la la la [D] la la la la [D] [A] sha la la la [E7] la la la la [E7] [D]
Sha la la la [A] la la la la [E7] And Marie who [A] waits for me



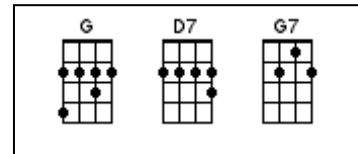
Jollity Farm

(Leslie Sarony, 1929)

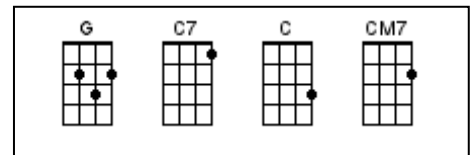
[C]There's a farm called [CM7]Misery, but [F]of that we'll have [C]none,
Be-[G7]cause we know of [G]one,
That's [F]always lots of [C]fun. (Ha-ha)
[C]And this one's name is [CM7]Jollity, be-[F]lieve me, folks, it's [C]great,
For [G]every-[D7]thing sings [G]out to [D7]us as [G]we go [D7]through the [G7]gate.

Chorus:

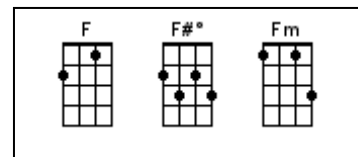
[C]All the little pigs they grunt and howl,
The [G7]cats meow,
The [C]dogs bow-wow,
[F]Every-[F#°]body [C] makes a row,
[G7]down on Jollity [C]Farm.



[C]All the little birds go tweet-tweet-tweet,
The [G7]lambs all bleat, and [C]shake their feet
[F]Every-[F#°]thing's a [C]perfect treat,
[G7]down on Jollity [C]Farm.



[F]Regular in [Fm]habit,
The [C]cock begins to [C7]crow,
[F]And the old buck [Fm]rabbit says,
I love [G7] doe-de-oh-doe.



[C]All the little ducks go quack-quack-quack,
The [G7]cows go "moo", the [C]bull does, too,
[F]Every-[F#°]one says [C]"How d'you do"
[D7] Down on [G7]Jollity [C]Farm.

On repeat kazoo Archers
theme and end with
"Down on Jollity Farm"

[C]You won't find such [CM7]jollity, though [F]you may walk a [C]mile,
The [G7]sun shines all the [G]while
You[F] cannot help but [C]smile.
[C]The farmer's name is [CM7]Jolly Boy, he's [F]laughing all the [C]day,
And [G]when you [D7]see his [G]missus [D7]you'll be [G]glad you [D7]strolled that
[G7]way, Oh... **[Repeat Chorus]**

Leaning on a Lamp Post

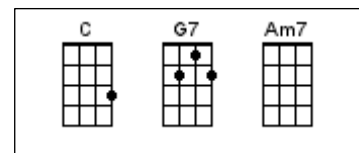
(Noel Gay, 1937. Performed by George Formby)

(slowly)

I'm [C]leaning on a [G7]lamp, maybe you [Am7]think, I look a [G7]tramp,
Or you may [C]think I'm hanging [D7]round to steal a [G7]car.
But [C]no, I'm not a [G7]crook, And if you [Am7]think, that's what I [G7]look,
I'll tell you [Am]why I'm here, And [D7]what my motives [G7]are. {stop}

(faster)

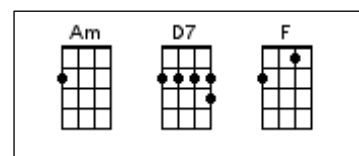
I'm [C]leaning on a lamp-post at the corner of the street,
In case a [G7]certain little lady comes [C]by.
Oh [G7]me, oh [C]my, I [D7]hope the little lady comes [G7]by.
I [C]don't know if she'll get away, She doesn't always get away,
But [G7]anyway I know that she'll [C]try.
Oh [G7]me, oh [C]my, I [D7]hope the little lady comes [G7]by



[G7]There's no other girl I would wait for, but [C]this one I'd break any date for, I
[D7]won't have to ask what she's late for, she'd [G7]wouldn't leave me [G7]flat,
She's not a [G7]girl [G7]like [G7]that.

Oh, she's [C]absolutely wonderful, and marvellous and beautiful.

And [G7]anyone can understand [C]why,
I'm [F]leaning on a lamp-post at the [D7]corner of the street
In case a [C]certain little [G7]lady passes [C]by.



~~Oh, she's [C]absolutely wonderful, and marvellous and beautiful.~~

~~And [G7]anyone can understand [C]why,
I'm [F]leaning on a lamp-post at the [D7]corner of the street
In case a [C]certain little [G7]lady passes [C]by.~~

[G7]There's no other girl I would wait for, but [C]this one I'd break any date for, I
[D7]won't have to ask what she's late for, she'd [G7]wouldn't leave me [G7]flat,
She's not a [G7]girl [G7]like [G7]that.

Oh, she's [C]absolutely wonderful, and marvellous and beautiful.

And [G7]anyone can understand [C]why,
I'm [F]leaning on a lamp-post at the [D7]corner of the street
In case a [C]certain little [G7]lady passes [C]by.

I'm [F]leaning on a lamp-post at the [D7]corner of the street
In case a [C]certain little [G7]lady,
[C]certain little [G7]lady,
[C]certain little [G7]lady passes [C]by [G7][C]

Locomotion

(Gerry Goffin & Carole King, 1962)

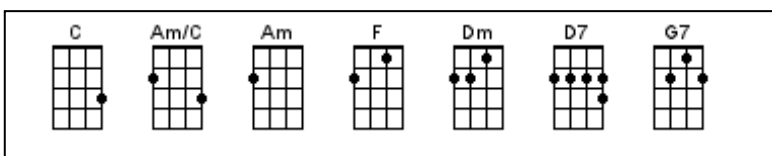
[C] Everybody's doin' a [Am/C] brand-new dance, now
[C] (Come on baby, [Am/C] do the Locomotion)
[C] I know you'll get to like it if you [Am] give it a chance now
[C] (Come on baby, [Am/C] do the Locomotion)
[F] My little baby sister can [Dm] do it with me
[F] It's easier than learning your [D7] A-B-C's
So [C] come on, come on and [G7] do the Locomotion with [C] me

You gotta swing your hips, now [F] Come on, baby.
Jump [C] up Jump back Well, I [G7] think you've got the knack.

[C] Now that you can do it, [Am/C] let's make a chain, now
[C] (Come on baby, [Am/C] do the Loco-motion)
[C] A chug-a chug-a motion like a [Am] railroad train, now.
[C] (Come on baby, [Am/C] do the Loco-motion)
[F] Do it nice and easy, now, [Dm] don't lose control:
[F] A little bit of rhythm and a [D7] lot of soul.
So [C] come on, come on and [G7] do the Loco-motion with [C] me.

You gotta swing your hips, now [F] Come on, baby.
Jump [C] up Jump back Well, now, I [G7] think you've got the knack.

[C] Move around the floor in a [Am/C] Locomotion.
[C] (Come on baby, [Am/C] do the Locomotion)
[C] Do it holding hands if [Am/C] you get the notion.
[C] (Come on baby, [Am/C] do the Locomotion)
There's [F] never been a dance that's so [Dm] easy to do.
It [F] even makes you happy when you're [D7] feeling blue,
So [C] come on, come on and [G7] do the Locomotion with [C] me



Lola

(Ray Davies, 1970)

[C]I met her in a club down in old Soho
Where you [F]drink champagne and it [Bb]tastes just like
Cherry [C]cola C. O .L. A. [F]cola

She [C]walked up to me and she asked me to dance
I [F]asked her name and in a [Bb]dark brown voice
She said [C]"Lola" L. O. L .A. [F]Lola, [Bb]la la la la [C]Lola

[C]Well I'm not the world's most physical guy
But when she [F]squeezed me tight, she nearly [Bb]broke my spine
Oh my [C]Lola, la la la la [F]Lola

[C]Well I'm not dumb, but I can't understand
Why she [F]walked like a woman and [Bb]talked like a man
Oh my [C]Lola, la la la la [F]Lola, [Bb]la la la la [C]Lola

Well we [G]drank champagne and danced all night [D]under electric candlelight
She [F]picked me up and sat me on her knee and said
[STOP] "Little boy, won't you come home with me?"

[C]Well I'm not the world's most passionate guy
But when I [F]looked in her eyes, well I [Bb]almost fell for my
[C]Lola, la la la la [F]Lola, [Bb]la la la la [C]Lola

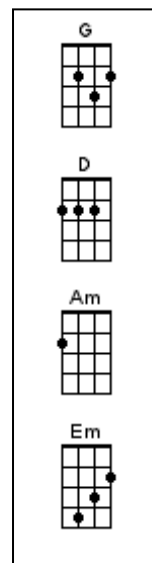
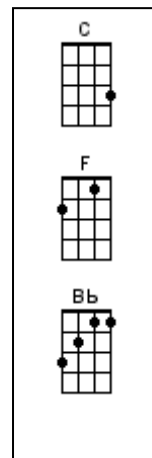
I [F]pushed [Am]her [G]away...I [F]walked to [Am]the [G]door...
I [F]fell to [Am]the [G]floor...I got [C]down [Em]on my [Am]knees
Then [G] I looked at her and she at me

[C]Well that's the way I want it to stay
And I [F]always want it to [Bb]be that way for my
[C]Lola, la la la la [F]Lola

[C]Girls will be boys and boys will be girls
It's [F]a mixed up. Muddled up, [Bb]shook up world, except for
[C]Lola, la la la la [F]Lola

Well [G] I left home just a week before and [D] I'd never ever kissed a woman before
[F]Lola smiled and took me by the hand and said
[STOP]"Little boy, I'm gonna make you a man"

Well [C]I'm not the world's most masculine man
But [F] I know what I am and I'm [Bb]glad I'm a man, and so is
[C]Lola, la la la la [F]Lola, [Bb]la la la la [C]Lola
[C]Lola, la la la la [F]Lola, [Bb]la la la la [C]Lola
[C]Lola, la la la la [F]Lola, [Bb]la la la la [C]Lola [Am] [G] [C]



1&2& 3 4

Marry You

(Bruno Mars, 2011)

Chorus:

[C] It's a beautiful night
We're looking for something [Dm] dumb to do
Hey [F] baby I think I wanna marry you [C]
[C] Is it the look in your eyes, or is it this [Dm] dancing juice
Who [F] cares baby, I think I wanna marry you [C]

[C] Well I know this little chapel on the boulevard we can [Dm] go
No one will [F] know, Oh come [C] on girl
[C] Who cares if we're trashed, Got a pocket full of cash
We can [Dm] blow, Shots of pat-[F]ron
And it's [C] on girl

[C] Don't say no no no no no just say
[Dm] Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
And we'll [F] go go go go go if you're [C] ready like I'm ready

Chorus

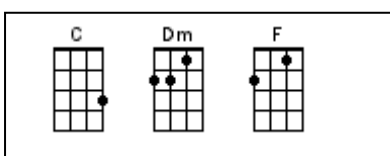
[C] I'll go get a ring let the choir bells sing like [Dm] ooh
So wotcha wanna [F] do let's just [C] run girl
If we wake up and you wanna break up that's [Dm] cool
No I won't blame [F] you it was [C] fun girl

[C] Don't say no no no no no just say
[Dm] Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
And we'll [F] go go go go go if you're [C] ready like I'm ready

Chorus

[C] Just say I doooo...[Dm]oo tell me right [F] now baby
Tell me right [C] now baby baby just say I doooo...[Dm]oo
Tell me right [F] now baby tell me right [C] now baby baby oh

Chorus (single strum on chords until end of third line)



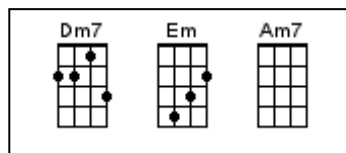
Meet Me On The Corner (in C)

(Lindisfarne, 1971)

Intro: First two lines of verse

[C]Hey Mister [G]Dreamseller [Am]where have you [G]been,
Tell me [F]have you [G]dreams I can [C]see? [G]
I [F]came a-[G]long just to [C]bring you this [Am]song,
Can you [D7]spare one [G]dream for [C]me?

[C]You won't have [G]met me and [Am]you'll soon for-[G]get,
So don't [F]mind me [G]tugging at your [C]sleeve[G]
I'm [F]asking [G]you if I can [C]fix a rendez-[Am]vous,
For your [D7]dreams are [G]all I be-[C]lieve.

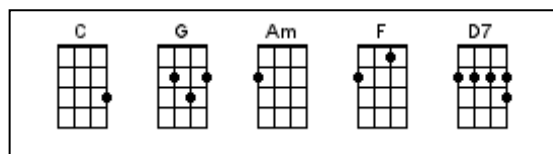


[Dm7]Meet me on the corner when the [Em]lights are coming on
And I'll be [C]there, I promise I'll be there[Am7]
[Dm7]Down the empty streets we'll disa-[Em]ppear into the dawn,
If you have [Dm7]dreams e-[F]nough to [G]share.....[G7]

[C]Lay down your [G]bundles of [Am]rags and remind-[G]ers
And [F]spread your [G]wares on the [C]ground [G]
Well [F]I've got [G]time if you're [C]dealing [Am]rhyme,
[D7]I'm just [G]hanging a-[C]round.

[Dm7]Meet me on the corner when the [Em]lights are coming on
And I'll be [C]there, I promise I'll be there[Am7]
[Dm7]Down the empty streets we'll disa-[Em]ppear into the dawn,
If you have [Dm7]dreams e-[F]nough to [G]share.....[G7]

[C]Hey Mister [G]Dreamseller [Am]where have you [G]been,
Tell me [F]have you [G]dreams I can [C]see? [G]
I [F]came a-[G]long just to [C]bring you this [Am]song,
Can you [D7]spare one [G]dream for [C]me? [G] F / G / C



Mr Tambourine Man

(Bob Dylan, 1965)

Chorus:

[F] Hey! Mr. [G7] Tambourine Man, [C] play a song for [F] me
I'm not [C] sleepy and there [F] is no [Dm] place I'm [G7] going to
[F] Hey! Mr. [G7] Tambourine Man, [C] play a song for [F] me
In the [C] jingle-jangle [F] morning I'll come [G7] followin' [C] you

Though I [F] know that evenin's [G7] empire [C] has returned into [F] sand
[C] Vanished from my [F] hand
Left me [C] blindly here to [Dm] stand but still not [G7] sleeping
My [F] weariness a-[G7]mazes me, I'm [C] branded on my [F] feet
I [C] have no one to [F] meet
And the [C] ancient empty [Dm] street's too dead for [G7] dreaming

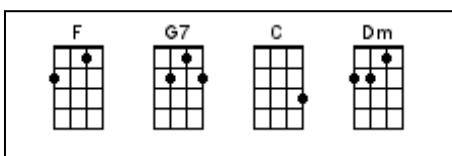
Chorus

[F] Take me on a [G7] trip upon your [C] magic swirlin' [F] ship
My [C] senses have been [F] stripped, My [C] hands can't feel to [F] grip
My [C] toes too numb to [F] step
Wait [C] only for my [Dm] boot heels to be [G7] wanderin'
I'm [F] ready to go [G7] anywhere, I'm [C] ready for to [F] fade
In-[C]to my own pa-[F]rade
Cast your [C] dancing spell my [F] way, I [Dm] promise to go [G7] under it

Chorus

Though you [F] might hear laughin' [G7] spinnin', swingin' [C] madly across the [F] sun
It's not [C] aimed at any[F]one
It's just es-[C]capin' on the [F] run
And but [C] for the sky there [Dm] are no fences [G7] facin'
And [F] if you hear vague [G7] traces of [C] skippin' reels of [F] rhyme
To your [C] tambourine in [F] time it's just a [C] ragged clown be-[F]hind
I wouldn't [C] pay it any [F] mind
It's just a [C] shadow you're [Dm] seein' that he's [G7] chasing

Chorus



New York Girls

(Traditional)

Intro: Chorus - **C F G7 C, C F G7 C**

repeat each chorus as instrumental

[C]And away, [F]Santy, [G7]my dear [C]Annie
[C]Oh you [F]New York girls, [G7]can't you dance the [C]polka? **C F G7 C, C F G7 C**

[C]As I walked down to [F]New York town, a [G7]fair maid I did [C]meet
She [C]asked me back to [F]see her place; [G7]she lived on Barrack [C]Street
[C]And when we got to [F]Barrack Street, we [G7]stopped at forty-[C]four
Her [C]mother and her [F]sister were [G7]waiting at the [C]door

[C]And away, [F]Santy, [G7]my dear [C]Annie
[C]Oh you [F]New York girls, [G7]can't you dance the [C]polka? **C F G7 C, C F G7 C**

[C]And when I got in-[F]side the house, the [G7]drinks were passed a-[C]round
The [C]liquor was so [F]awful strong, my [G7]head went round and [C]round
And [C]then we had a-[F]nother drink [G7]before we sat to [C]eat
The [C]liquor was so [F]awful strong, I [G7]quickly fell a-[C]sleep

[C]And away, [F]Santy, [G7]my dear [C]Annie
[C]Oh you [F]New York girls, [G7]can't you dance the [C]polka? **C F G7 C, C F G7 C**

[C]When I awoke next [F]morning, I [G7]had an aching [C]head
And [C]there was I Jack [F]all alone, stark [G7]naked in me [C]bed
[C]My gold watch and my [F]money and my [G7]lady friend were [C]gone
And [C]there was I Jack [F]all alone, stark [G7]naked in the [C]room

[C]And away, [F]Santy, [G7]my dear [C]Annie
[C]Oh you [F]New York girls, [G7]can't you dance the [C]polka? **C F G7 C, C F G7 C**

[C]Oh looking round that [F]little room, there's [G7]nothing I could [C]see
But a [C]woman's shift and [F]apron that [G7]were no use to [C]me
With a [C]barrel for a [F]suit of clothes, down [G7]Cherry Street for-[C]lorn
Where [C]Martin Churchill [F]took me in and he [G7]sent me round Cape [C]Horn
[C]So sailor lads, take [F]warning when you [G7]land on New York [C]shore
You'll [C]have to get up [F]early to be [G7]smarter than a [C]whore

[C]And away, [F]Santy, [G7]my dear [C]Annie
[C]Oh you [F]New York girls, [G7]can't you dance the [C]polka?
[C]And away, [F]Santy, [G7]my dear [C]Annie
[C]Oh you [F]New York girls, [G7]can't you dance the [C]polka? **C F G7 C, C F G7 C, G7 C**

Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'

(Rodgers & Hammerstein, 1943)

(sing G) (3/4 time 1 2 3/1...)

There's a [C]bright golden [G7]haze on the [C]meadow
[G7] There's a [C]bright golden [G7]haze on the [Am]meadow [Fm]1-2
The [C]corn is as [G7]high as an [C]elephant's [F]eye
an' it [C]looks like it's [G°]climbing right [F]up to the [G7]sky...

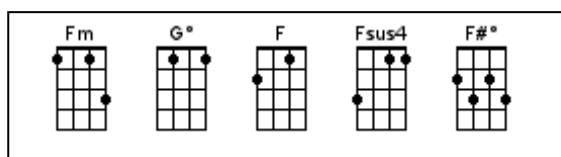
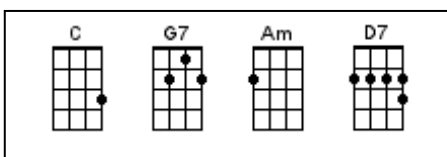
[C]Oh, what a beautiful [F_{sus4}]morn-[F]in
[C]Oh, what a beautiful [G7]day 2-3 1-2-3
[C]I got a beautiful [F]feel-[F#°]in
[C]Everything's [G7]goin' my [C]way

[G7]All the [C]cattle are [G7]standin' like [C]statues
[G7]All the [C]cattle are [G7]standin' like [Am]statues [Fm]1-2
They [C]don't turn their [G7]heads as they [C]see me ride [F]by
But a [C]little brown [G°]mavrick is [F]winkin' her [G7]eye...

[C]Oh, what a beautiful [F_{sus4}]morn-[F]in
[C]Oh, what a beautiful [G7]day 2-3 1-2-3
[C]I got a beautiful [F]feel-[F#°]in
[C]Everything's [G7]goin' my [C]way

[G7]All the [C]sounds of the [G7]earth are like [C]music
[G7]All the [C]sounds of the [G7]earth are like [Am]music [Fm]1-2
The [C]breeze is so [G7]busy it [C]don't miss a [F]tree
And an [C]ol' weepin [G°]will-er is [F]laughin at [G7]me

[C]Oh, what a beautiful [F_{sus4}]morn-[F]in
[C]Oh, what a beautiful [G7]day 2-3 1-2-3
[C]I got a beautiful [F]feel-[F#°]in
[C]Everything's [G7]goin' my [Am]way [D7]1-2-3
[C]Oh, what a [G7]beautiful [C]day



Old Bazaar in Cairo (The)

(Morris, Chester & Ford)

[Dm] Sand bags wind bags [Gm] camels with a [Dm] hump
[Dm] Fat girls thin girls [Gm] some a little [Dm] plump
[Dm] Slave girls sold here [Gm] fifty bob a lump
In the [A7] Old Bazaar in [Dm] Cairo

[Dm] Brandy shandy [Gm] beer without a [Dm] froth
[Dm] Braces laces a [Gm] candle for the [Dm] moth
[Dm] Bet you'd look a dolly in an [Gm] old loin cloth
In the [A7] Old Bazaar in [Dm] Cairo

[C] You can buy most [F] any any thing
[C] Thin bulls fat cows a [F] little bit of string
[D] You can purchase [Gm] anything you wish
A [A7] clock a dish and something for your Aunty Fannie

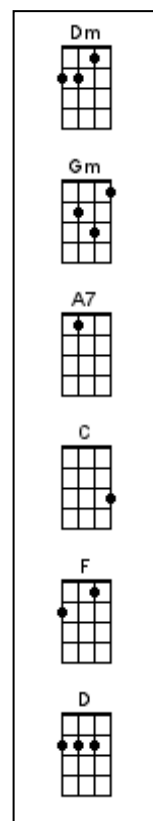
[Dm] Harem scarem [Gm] what d'ya think of [Dm] that
[Dm] Bare knees striptease [Gm] dancing on the [Dm] mat
[Dm] Oompa oompa [Gm] that's enough of that
In the [A7] Old Bazaar in [Dm] Cairo

[Dm] Rice pud very good [Gm] what's it all a [Dm] bout
[Dm] Made it in a kettle and they [Gm] couldn't get it [Dm] out
[Dm] Everybody took a turn to [Gm] suck it through the spout
In the [A7] Old Bazaar in [Dm] Cairo

[Dm] Mamadan Ramadan [Gm] everything in [Dm] style
[Dm] Genuine Bedouin [Gm] carpet with a [Dm] pile
[Dm] Funny little odds and ends [Gm] floating down the Nile
From the [A7] old bazaar in [Dm] Cairo

[C] You can buy most [F] any anything
[C] Sheep's eyes sand pies a [F] watch without a spring
[D] You can buy a [Gm] pomegranate too
A [A7] water bag....a little bit of hokey pokey

[Dm] Yashmaks pontefracts [Gm] what a strange a- [Dm]ffair
[Dm] Dark girls fair girls [Gm] some with ginger [Dm] hair
[Dm] The rest of it is funny but the [Gm] censor cut it there
In the [A7] Old Bazaar in [Dm] Cairo



Only The Lonely

(Roy Orbison and Joe Melson, 1960)

Intro: Single strum on C

[C]Dum-dum-dum-dummy doo-wah,
Ooh yay, yay, [Dm]yay, yeah
Oh, oh oh, [F]ooh-ah-ah,
[G7]Only the [F]lonely, [G7]only the [C]lonely

(Dum-dum... = backing vocal only
(pum pum... = instrumental punches)

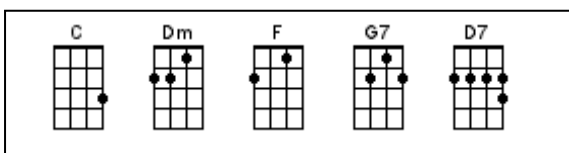
[Tacet]Only the [C]lonely (Dum-dum-dum-dummy doo-wah)
Know the way I feel to-[Dm]night (Ooh yay, yay, yay, yeah)
[G7]Only the lonely (Dum-dum-dum-dummy doo-wah)
Know this [F]feeling ain't [C]right (Dum-dum-dum-dummy doo-wah)

[C]There goes [Tacet]my baby, ([C]pum pum pum pum)
[Tacet]There goes my heart, ([C]pum pum pum pum)
[Tacet]They're gone forever, ([F]pum pum pum pum)
[Tacet]So far apart ([G7]pum pum pum pum)
[Tacet]But only the [F]lonely know wh-why-why, I [G7]cry,
Only the [C]lonely

[C]Dum-dum-dum-dummy doo-wah,
Ooh yay, yay, [Dm]yay, yeah
Oh, oh oh, [F]ooh-ah-ah,
[G7]Only the [F]lonely, [G7]only the [C]lonely

[Tacet]Only the [C]lonely (Dum-dum-dum-dummy doo-wah)
Know the heartaches I've been [Dm]through (Ooh yay, yay, yay, yeah)
[G7]Only the lonely (Dum-dum-dum-dummy doo-wah)
Know I [F]cry and cry for [C]you (Dum-dum-dum-dummy doo-wah)

[C]Maybe to-[Tacet]morrow, ([C]pum pum pum pum)
[Tacet] A new romance, ([C]pum pum pum pum)
[Tacet]No more sorrow, ([F]pum pum pum pum)
[Tacet]But that's the chance ([D7]pum pum pum pum)
[Tacet]You've gotta to [C]take, if your [F]lonely heart [G7]breaks
Only the [C]lonely (Dum-dum-dum-dummy doo-wah)



Over The hills and far away

(Traditional)

[G]Here's forty shillings [C]on the drum
[G]For those who volun-[D]teer to come,
[G]To 'list and fight the [C]foe today
[G]Over the Hills and [G_{sus2}]far away

Chorus:

[G]O'er the hills and [C]o'er the main
[G]Through Flanders, Portu-[D]gal and Spain
[G]King George commands and [C]we obey
[G]Over the hills and [D]far away

[G]When duty calls me [C]I must go
[G]To stand and face a-[D]nother foe
[G]But part of me will [C]always stray
[G]Over the Hills and [G_{sus2}]far away

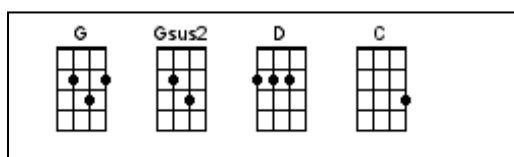
Chorus

[G]If I should fall to [C]rise no more
[G]As many comrades [D]did before
[G]Then ask the fifes and [C]drums to play
[G]Over the Hills and [G_{sus2}]far away

Chorus

[G]Then fall in lads be-[C]hind the drum
[G]With colours blazing [D]like the sun
[G]Along the road to [C]come what may
[G]Over the Hills and [G_{sus2}]far away

Chorus x 2



Play me a Ukulele Tune

(Will Ryan, 1995)

Intro: 1 2 3... I'm [F]miraculously [C]happy with a [G7]ukulele [C]tune

[C]Oh won't you play [Am]me a [F]ukulele [C]tune
The [F]kind that's easy [C]on the ears and [D7]makes you want to [G7]croon
Oh won't you [C]play [Am]me a [F]ukulele [C]tune
I'm [F]miraculously [C]happy with a [G7]ukulele [C]tune

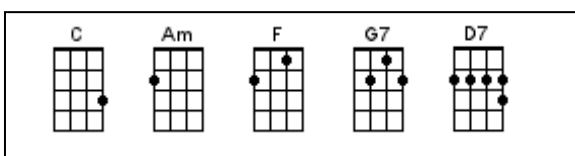
Bridge:

Not a [G7]sousaphone; a [C]slide trombone
A [G7]tuba or kazoo will never [C]do
Remotely what it [G7]does to me
And confi-[C]dential-[Am]ly I'm [D7]sure it does to you [G7]too

So won't you [C]play [Am]me a [F]ukulele [C]tune
The [F]kind that's right both [C]day and night, it's [D7]always oppor-[G7]tune
For you to [C]play [Am]me a [F]ukulele [C]tune
I'm in[F]credibly con-[C]tented with a [G7]ukulele tune [C]

~~Not a [G7]sousaphone; a [C]slide trombone
A [G7]tuba or kazoo will never [C]do
Remotely what it [G7]does to me
And confi-[C]dential-[Am]ly I'm [D7]sure it does to you [G7]too~~

So won't you [C]play [Am]me a [F]ukulele [C]tune
The [F]kind we want to [C]hear when we're be-[D7]neath the harvest [G7]moon
Oh won't you [C]play [Am]me a [F]ukulele [C]tune
I'm [F]miraculously [C]happy, [F]incredibly [C]contented, em-[F]phatically ec-[C]static
when I [Am]hear one,
So [D7]please play me a [G7]ukulele [C]tune [F][C][G7][C]



Price Tag

(Jessie J, 2011)

Intro: "You ready?" [G][G][D][D][Em][Em][C][C][G] (1 bar each strummed 1 2&3&4&)

[G]Seems like everybody's got a [D]price,
I Wonder how they sleep at [Em]night,
When the sale comes first
And the [C]truth comes second
Just stop for a minute and [G]...smile,
Why is everybody so [D]serious?
Acting so damn [Em]mysterious?
You got your shade on your eyes
And your [C]heels so high
That you can't even have a good [G]...time

Pre-chorus:

Everybody look to their [D]left (huh)
Everybody look to their [Em]right
Can you feel that (yeah)
[C] (*one strum*)We'll pay 'em with love tonight...

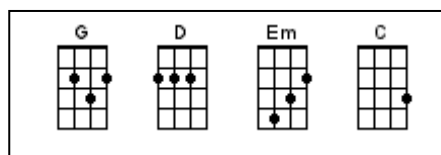
Chorus:

It's not about the [G]money, money, money
We don't need your [D]money, money, money
We just wanna make the [Em]...world ...dance
Forget about the [C]...price ...tag
Ain't about the [G]...ha - ch-ching ch-ching
Ain't about the [D]...yeah - ba-bling ba-bling
Wanna make the [Em]...worlddance
Forget about the [C]...price ...tag

[G]We need to take it back in [D]time
When music made us all [Em]unite
And it wasn't low blows and [C]video hoes
[Em]Am I the only one getting [G]...tired?
Why is everybody so [D]obsessed?
Money can't buy us happi-[Em]ness
Can we all slow down and [C]enjoy right now?
Guarantee we'll be feelin' [G]al...right

Pre-chorus, Chorus x 2

Outro: [G][D][Em][C][G]



Sentimental Journey

(Words Bud Green. Music: Brown & Homer, 1944)

[C]Gonna take a Sentimental Journey,
[C]Gonna set my heart [Cmaj7]at [G7]ease
[C]Gonna [C7]take a [F]Sentimental [Fm]Journey
[C]to renew old [G7]memo-[C]ries

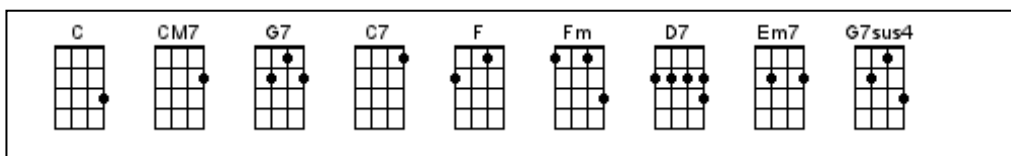
[C]Got my bag, I got my reservation
[C]Spent each dime I could [Cmaj7]af-[G7]ford
[C]Like a [C7]child in [F]wild antici-[Fm]pation
[C]long to hear that [G7]"all a-[C]board!"

Kazoo verse

Bridge:

[F]Seven, that's the time we leave at [C]seven
[C]I'll be waiting up for [D7]heaven
[D7]Counting every mile of [G7]railroad [F]track
That [Em7]takes me [G7sus4]back.

[C]Never thought my heart could be so yearny
[C]Why did I decide [Cmaj7]to [G7]roam?
[C]Gonna [C7]take a [F]Sentimental [Fm]Journey
[C]Sentimental [G7]Journey [C]home



Singing The Blues

(Melvin Endsley, 1956, performed by Guy Mitchell)

Intro: (whistling over)

Well I [D] never felt more like [G7] singin' the blues
'Cause [D] I never thought that [G] I'd [Ab] ever [A*] lose
Your [G] love dear [A] why'd you do me this [D] way [G7] [D]

Well I [D] never felt more like [G7] singin' the blues
'Cause [D] I never thought that [G] I'd [Ab] ever [A*] lose
Your [G] love dear [A] why'd you do me this [D] way [G7] [D]

Well I [D] never felt more like [G7] cryin' all night
Cause [D] everythin's wrong
And [G] nothin' [Ab] ain't [A*] right with[G]out you
[A] You got me singin' the [D] blues [G7] [D] [D7]

The [G7] moon and stars no [D] longer [D7]shine
The [G7] dream is gone I [D] thought was [D7]mine
There's [G7] nothin' left for [D] me to do
But [D] cry-y-y-y over [A] you (cry over [A7] you)

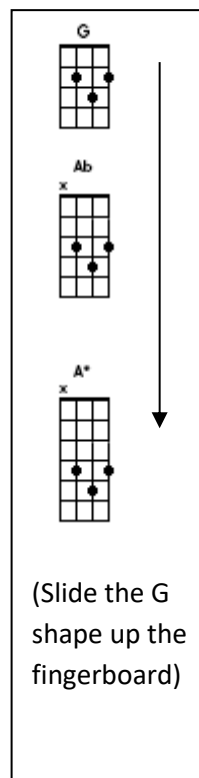
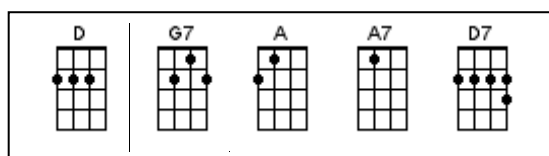
Well I [D] never felt more like [G7] runnin' away
But [D] why should I go 'cause [G] I [Ab] couldn't [A*] stay
With[G]out you [A] you got me singin' the [D] blues [G7] [D]

Repeat whistling intro

The [G7] moon and stars no [D] longer [D7]shine
The [G7] dream is gone I [D] thought was [D7]mine
There's [G7] nothin' left for [D] me to do
But [D] cry-y-y-y over [A] you (cry over [A7] you)

Well I [D] never felt more like [G7] runnin' away
But [D] why should I go 'cause [G] I [Ab] couldn't [A*] stay
With[G]out you
[A] You got me singin' the [D] blues [G7] [D] [D7]

Outro: Repeat whistling intro



Sloop John B

(Traditional, arranged by Brian Wilson 1965)

[D]We come on the sloop John B
My grandfather and me
Around Nassau town we did [A7]roam
Drinking all [D]night [D7]got into a [G]fight [Em]
Well I [D]feel so broke up [A7]I want to go [D] home

Chorus:

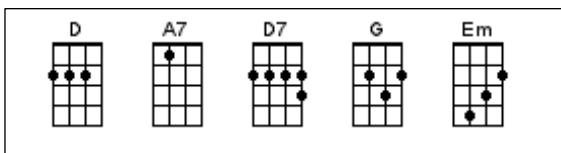
[D]So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the mainsail sets
Call for the captain ashore let me go [A7]home
Let me go [D]home [D7]
I wanna go [G]home yeah [Em]yeah
Well I [D]feel so broke up [A7]I wanna go [D]home

[D]The first mate he got drunk
And broke in the captain's trunk
The constable had to come and take him a-[A7]way
Sheriff John [D]Stone [D7]
Why don't you leave me a-[G]lone yeah [Em]yeah
Well I [D]feel so broke up [A7]I wanna go [D]home

Chorus

[D]The poor cook he caught the fits
And threw away all my grits
And then he took and he ate up all of my [A7]corn
Let me go [D]home [D7]
Why don't they let me go [G]home [Em]
This [D]is the worst trip [A7]I've ever been [D]on

Chorus x 2 and repeat last line to end



Song of the Ancient Britons

(Parody of "Men of Harlech", c1921)

Intro: Last line of 1st verse

[C]What's the [F]use of [C]wear-[G]ing [C]braces ?
[F]Vests and [Dm]pants and [G]boots with [G7]laces ?
[C]Spats and [F]hats you [C]buy [G]in [C]pla-[F]ces
[C]Down the [G]Brompton [C]Road ? [F][C]

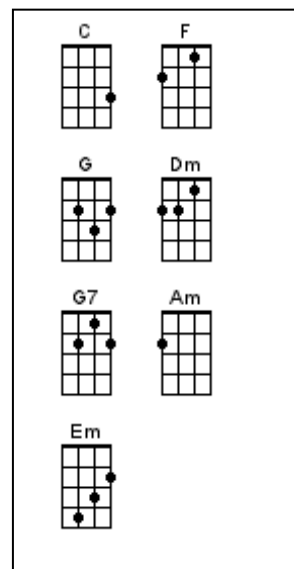
[C]What's the [F]use of [C]shirts [G]of [C]cotton ?
[F]Studs that [Dm]always [G]get for-[G7]gotten ?
[C]These af-[F]fairs are [C]sim-[G]ply [C]rot-[F]ten,
[C]Better [G]far is [C]woad. [F][C]

[G]Woad's the stuff to show men.
[C]Woad to [Am]scare your [C]foemen.
[C]Boil it [Am]to a [C]brilliant [Am]hue
And [C]rub it on your [Am]back and your [C]abdomen.
[F]Ancient [C]Briton [Dm]ne'er did [C]hit on
[G]Anything as [F]good as [G7]woad to [G]fit on
[C]Neck or [F]knees or [C]where you [Em]sit [F]on.
[C]Tailors [G]you be [C]blowed !! [F][C]

[C]Romans [F]came a-[C]cross [G]the [C]channel
[F]All dressed [Dm]up in [G]tin and [G7]flannel
[C]Half a [F]pint of [C]woad [G]per [C]man- [F]'ll
[C]Dress us [G]more than [C]these. [F][C]

[C]Saxons [F]you can [C]waste [G]your [C]stitches
[F]Building [Dm]beds for [G]bugs in [G7]britches
[C]We have [F]woad to [C]clothe [G]us [C]which [F]is
[C]Not a [G]nest for [C]fleas [F][C]

[G]Romans keep your armours.
[C]Saxons [Am]your [C]pyjamas.
[C]Hairy [Am]coats were [C]made for [Am]goats,
Gor-[C]illas, yaks, re-[Am]triever dogs and [C]llamas
[F]Climb up [C]Snowdon [Dm]with your [C]woad on,
[G]Never [F]mind if [G7]you get [G]rained or blowed on
[C]Never [F]want a [C]button [Em]sewed [F]on.
[C]Go it [G]Ancient [C]B's !! [F][C]



Streets of London

(Ralph McTell, 1969)

Intro: Last two lines of verse

[C]Have you seen the [G]old man in the [Am]closed down [Em]market
[F]Kicking up the [C]paper with his [D7]worn out [G7]shoes
[C]In his eyes you [G]see no pride and [Am]held loosely [Em]at his side,
[F]Yesterday's [C]paper telling [G7]yesterday's [C]news

Chorus:

So [F]how can you [Em]tell me you're [C]lo-ne-[Am]ly
[D7]And say for you that the sun don't [G]shine [G7]
[C]Let me take you [G]by the hand
And [Am]lead you through the [Em]streets of London
[F]I'll show you [C]something to [G7]make you change your [C]mind

[C]Have you seen the [G]old girl who [Am]walks the streets of [Em]London
[F]Dirt in her [C]hair and her [D7]clothes in [G7]rags
[C]She's no time for [G]talking, she [Am]just keeps right on [Em]walking
[F]Carrying her [C]home in two [G7]carrier [C]bags

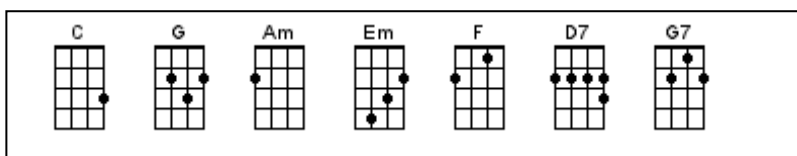
Chorus

[C]In the all night [G]café at a [Am]quarter past [Em]eleven
[F]Same old man [C]sitting [D7]there on his [G7]own
[C]Looking at the [G]world over the [Am]rim of his [Em]tea cup
[F]Each tea lasts an [C]hour and he [G7]wanders home [C]alone

Chorus

[C]And have you seen the [G]old man out-[Am]side the seaman's [Em]mission
[F]Memory fading [C]with the medal [D7]ribbons that he [G7]wears
And [C]in our winter [G]city, the rain [Am]cries a little [Em]pity
For one [F]more forgotten [C]hero and a [G7]world that doesn't [C]care

Chorus



Teddy Bears' Picnic

(Words: Jimmy Kennedy, 1932. Music: John Bratton, 1907)

Intro: First two lines

(sing E)

If [Am]you go [E7]out in the [Am]woods to-[E7]day,
You're[Am] sure of a [E7]big sur-[Am]prise
If [C]you go [G7]out in the [C]woods to-[G7]day,
You'd [C]better go [G7]in dis-[C]guise

For [G7]every bear that ever there was will [G6]gather there for [C6]certain because
To-[F]day's the [C]day the [F]teddy bears [C]have their [G7]pic-[C]nic [E7]

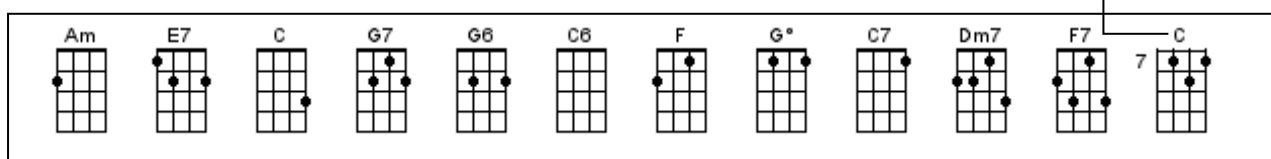
[Am]Every [E7]teddy bear [Am]who's been [E7]good
Is [Am]sure of a [E7]treat to-[Am]day
There's [C]lots of [G7]marvellous [C]things to [G7]eat
And [C]wonderful [G7]games to [C]play

Be-[G7]neath the trees, where nobody sees,
They'll [G6]hide and seek as [C6]long as they please
[F]That's the [C]way the [F]teddy bears [C]have their [G7]pic-[C]nic

[C]Picnic time for teddy bears,
The little teddy bears are having a [G°]lovely [G7]time today
[G7]Watch them, [G°]catch [G7]them unawares,
And see them picnic on their [C]holi-[G°]day [Dm7][G7]
[C]See them gaily gad about, they love to play and shout and [C7]never have any [F]cares
At six o'clock their mummies and [F7]daddies will [C]take them home to [Am]bed
Because they're [Dm7]tired little [G7]teddy [C]bears [E7]

If [Am]you go [E7]out in the [Am]woods to-[E7]day,
You'd [Am]better not [E7]be a-[Am]lone
It's [C]lovely [G7]out in the [C]woods to-[G7]day,
But [C]safer to [G7]stay at [C]home

For [G7]every bear that ever there was will [G6]gather there for [C6]certain because
To-[F]day's the [C]day the [F]teddy bears [C]have their [G7]pic-[C]nic [C]



Tennessee Waltz

(Words: Redd Stewart. Music: Pee Wee King, 1946)

$\frac{3}{4}$ time. Count in 123 12

(sing G)

I was [G]dancin' with my [Gmaj7]darlin' to the [G7]Tennessee [C]Waltz
When an [G]old friend I [Em7]happened to [A7]see [D7]
I intro-[G]duced him to my [Gmaj7]darlin' and [G7]while they were [C]dancin' my
[G]friend stole my [D7]sweetheart from [G]me[C][G]

Chorus 1:

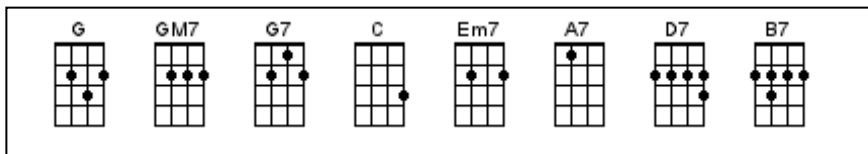
I re-[G]member the [B7]night and the [C]Tennessee [G]Waltz
Now I know just how [Em7]much I have [A7]lost [D7]
Yes, I [G]lost my little [Gmaj7]darlin' the [G7]night they were [C]playing that
[G]beautiful [D7]Tennessee [G]Waltz [C][G]

Now I [G]wonder how a [Gmaj7]dance like the [G7]Tennessee [C]Waltz could have
[G]broken my [Em7]heart so com-[A7]plete [D7]
Well I [G]couldn't blame my[Gmaj7] darlin', and [G7]who could help [C]fallin' in [G]love
with my [D7]darlin' so [G]sweet[C][G]

Chorus 2:

Well it [G]must be the [B7]fault of the [C]Tennessee [G]Waltz
Wish I'd known just how [Em7]much it would [A7]cost [D7]
But I [G]didn't see it [Gmaj7]comin', it's all [G7]over but the [C]cryin' blame it [G]all
on the [D7]Tennessee [G]Waltz[C][G]

Repeat Chorus 1



Waterloo Sunset

(Ray Davies, 1967)

Intro: [~~F~~] Dirty old [~~C~~] river, must you keep [~~G~~] rolling, rolling in [~~F~~] to the night

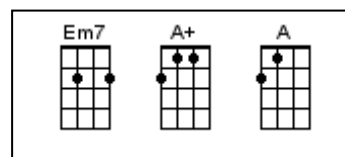
[F] Dirty old [C] river, must you keep [G] rolling,
Rolling in-~~[F]~~to the night.

People so [C] busy, make me feel [Em7] dizzy,
Taxi lights [F] shine so bright.

But I [Dm] don't.....[A+] need no [F] friends.....[G7]

As long as I [C] gaze on Waterloo [Em7] sunset, I am in [F] paradise.

[F] sha [Am] la [D] laaah



Every day I [D7] look at the world from my [G] window [C]

[F] sha [Am] la [D] laaah

Chilly, chilly is the [D7] evening time,

[G] Waterloo sunset's fine. *[G] Waterloo sunset's fine, [G7] ah aaah*

Terry meets [C] Julie, Waterloo [G] Station, every [F] Friday night,

But I am so [C] lazy, don't want to [Em7] wander,

I stay at [F] home at night.

But I [Dm] don't.....[A+] feel a-~~[F]~~fraid.....[G7]

As long as I [C] gaze on Waterloo [Em7] sunset, I am in [F] paradise.

[F] sha [Am] la [D] laaah

Every day I [D7] look at the world from my [G] window [C]

[F] sha [Am] la [D] laaah

Chilly, chilly is the [D7] evening time,

[G] Waterloo sunset's fine. *[G] Waterloo sunset's fine, [G7] ah aaah*

Millions of [C] people, swarming like [G] flies round

Waterloo [F] underground,

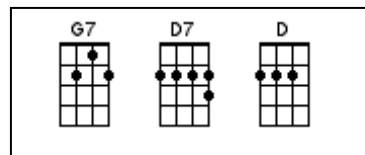
But Terry and [C] Julie, cross over the [Em7] river,

Where they feel [F] safe and sound,

And they [Dm] don't.....[A+] need no [F] friends...[G7]

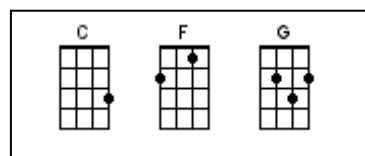
As long as they [C] gaze on, Waterloo [Em7] sunset,

They are in [F] paradise.



Outro: [~~F~~] Dirty old [C] river, must you keep [G] rolling, rolling in [~~F~~] to the night

[G] Waterloo sunset's fine, Waterloo sunset's fine, Waterloo sunset's fine. [G7] [C]



When You're Smiling

(Fischer, Shay, Goodwin, 1929)

Intro: ~~The [Am7]whole world [D7]smiles with [G]you!~~

(sing B)

When you're [G]smiling

When you're [GM7]smiling

The [E7]whole world smiles with [Am]you

When you're [Am]laughing

When you're [Am7]laughing

The [D7]sun comes shining [G]through

But when you're [G7]crying

You [C]bring on the rain

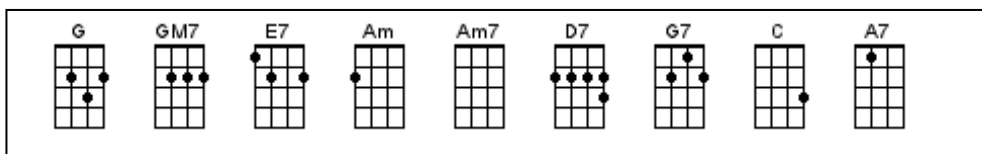
So stop your [A7]sighing

Be [D7]happy again

Keep on [G]smiling

'Cause when you're [E7]smiling

The [Am7]whole world [D7]smiles with [G]you!



Working Man

(Rita MacNeil, 1981?)

~~Intro: It's [G]a working man I am, and I've [C]been down under [G]ground
And I swear to God if I ever see the [D]sun~~

It's [G]a working man I am, and I've [C]been down under [G]ground
And I swear to God if I ever see the [D]sun
Or [G]for any length of time, I can [C]hold it in my [G]mind
I never again will [D]go down under [G]ground

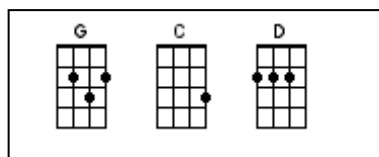
At [G]the age of sixteen years, I [C]quarrelled with my [G]peers
Who swore they'd never see another [D]one
In [G]the dark recess of the mines, where you [C]age before your [G]time
And the coal dust lies [D]heavy on your [G]lungs

It's [G]a working man I am, and I've [C]been down under [G]ground
And I swear to God if I ever see the [D]sun
Or [G]for any length of time, I can [C]hold it in my [G]mind
I never again will [D]go down under [G]ground

At [G]the age of sixty four, he'll [C]greet you at the [G]door
And gently lead you by the [D]arm
To [G]the dark recess of the mine, he'll [C]take you back in [G]time
And tell you of [D]the hardships that were [G]had

It's [G]a working man I am, and I've [C]been down under [G]ground
And I swear to God if I ever see the [D]sun
Or [G]for any length of time, I can [C]hold it in my [G]mind
I never again will [D]go down under [G]ground

It's [G]a working man I am, and I've [C]been down under [G]ground
And I swear to God if I ever see the [D]sun
Or [G]for any length of time, I can [C]hold it in my [G]mind
I never again will [D]go down under [G]ground
I never again will [D]go down under [G]ground



Vocals per
verse:
All
Men
All
Men
All
All a-capella
All

Y.M.C.A.

(Morali, Willis, 1978. Performed by the Village People)

[C] Young man there's no need to feel down
I said [Am] young man pick yourself off the ground
I said [F] young man cause you're in a new town
There's no [G7] need to be unhappy

[C] Young man there's a place you can go
I said [Am] young man when you're short on your dough
You can [F] stay there and I'm sure you will find
Many [G7] ways to have a good time (1,2,3,4,5..)

Chorus:

It's fun to stay at the [C] YMCA it's fun to stay at the [Am] YMCA
They have [F] everything for young men to enjoy
You can [G7] hang out with all the boys
It's fun to stay at the [C] YMCA it's fun to stay at the [Am] YMCA
You can [F] get yourself cleaned you can have a good meal
You can [G7] do whatever you feel

[C] Young man are you listening to me
I said [Am] young man what do you want to be
I said [F] young man you can make real your dreams
But you [G7] got to know this one thing

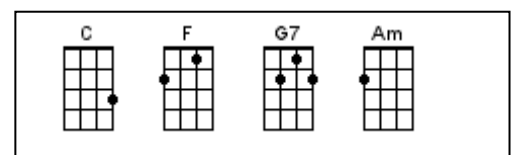
[C] No man does it all by himself
I said [Am] young man put your pride on the shelf
And just [F] go there to the YMCA
I'm [G7] sure they can help you today (1,2,3,4,5..)

Chorus

[C] Young man I was once in your shoes
I said [Am] I was down and out with the blues
I felt [F] no man cared if I were alive
I felt [G7] the whole world was so tight

That's when [C] someone came up to me
And said [Am] young man take a walk up the street
There's a [F] place there called the YMCA
They can [G7] start you back on your way (1,2,3,4,5..)

Chorus x 2



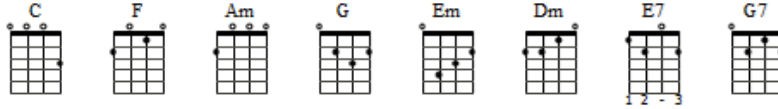
Appendix - Chorale (finger style ukulele with guitar & bass)

Chorale (with bass)

Uke melody, guitar accomp

Neil Lloyd

Music by Debbie Cracknell



♩ = 80

Uke

Guitar

E-Bass

The score is written in 4/4 time with a tempo of 80 beats per minute. It consists of two systems of three staves each. The first system covers measures 1-4, and the second system covers measures 5-8. The Uke part features a melody with fingerings 1, 2, 3, and 4. The Guitar part provides accompaniment with dynamics *mf* and *p*. The E-Bass part provides a simple bass line with dynamics *mf*. Chord changes are indicated above the Uke staff.

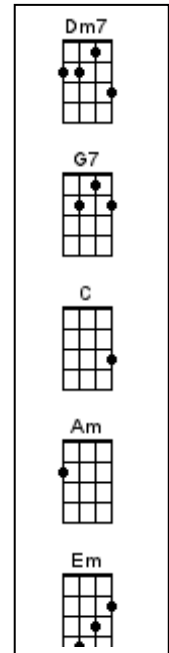
Chord changes for Uke:
 System 1: C (measures 1-2), F (measure 2), C (measures 3-4), Am (measure 4), F (measure 4), G (measure 4)
 System 2: C (measures 5-6), Am (measure 5), Em (measure 5), Dm (measures 6-7), E7 (measures 7-8), C (measures 8-9), G7 (measures 9-10), C (measures 10-11), F (measures 11-12), C (measures 12-13)

Appendix - I'm an Old Cow Hand/Buttons & Bows

Intro: [Dm7][G7][C][Am][Dm7][G7] (2 strums each) [C] (single strum)

I'm an Old Cow Hand

[Tacet] I'm an old cow-[Dm7]hand from the [G7]Rio [C]Grande,
 But my legs ain't [Dm7]bowed and my [G7]cheeks ain't [C]tan
 I'm a [Am]cowboy who never [Em]saw a cow,
 Never [Am]roped a steer, 'cause I [Em]don't know how
 [Am]Sure ain't a-fixin to [Em]start in now,
 [Dm7]yippie yi [G7]yo ka-[C]yay[Am]Hey, [Dm7]yippie yi [G7]yo ka-[C]yay

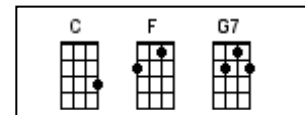


I'm an old cow-[Dm7]hand from the [G7]Rio [C]Grande,
 And I learned to [Dm7]ride 'fore I [G7]learned to [C]stand
 I'm a [Am]ridin' fool who is [Em]up to date,
 I know [Am]every trail in the [Em]Lone Star State
 'Cause I [Am]ride the range in a [Em]Ford V-8,
 [Dm7]yippie yi [G7]yo ka-[C]yay, [Am]Hey, [Dm7]yippie yi [G7]yo ka-[C]yay

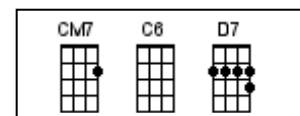
We're old cow-[Dm7]hands from the [G7]Rio [C]Grande,
 And we come to [Dm7]town just to [G7]hear the [C]band
 We know [Am]all the songs that the [Em]cowboys know,
 'bout the [Am]big corral where the [Em]dogies go
 We [Am]learned them all on the [Em]radio,
 [Dm7]yippie yi [G7]yo ka-[C]yay, [Am]Hey, [Dm7]yippie yi [G7]yo ka-[C]yay

Buttons & Bows

[C]East is [F]east and [C]west is [F]west, and the [C]wrong one [F]I have [C]chose
 [F]Let's go where you'll [C]keep on [Dm]wearin' those [C]frills and [F]flowers and [C]buttons and
 [F]bows
 [C]Rings and [F]things and [G7]buttons and [C]bows



Don't bury [F]me on the [C]lone prai-[F]rie, take me [C]where the ce-[F]ment [C]grows
 [F]Let's move down to [C]some big [Dm]town where they [C]love a [F]gal by the [C]cut of her
 [F]clothes
 And [C]you'll stand [F]out in [G7]buttons and [C]bows[C7]



[F]I'll love you in buckskins or skirts that you've home-[C]spun
 But I'll [C]love ya' [CM7]longer, [C6]stronger, [C]where your [D7]friends don't tote a [G7]gun

My [C]bones de-[F]nounce the [C]buckboard [F]bounce, and the [C]cactus [F]hurts my [C]toes
 [F]Let's vamoose where the [C]gals keep [Dm]usin' those [C]silks and [F]satins and [C]linen that
 [F]shows
 And [C]you're all [F]mine in [G7]buttons and [C]bows

Gimme [Dm7]Eastern [G7]trimmin' where [C]women are [Am]women, in [D7]high silk [G7]hose
 and [C]peek-a-boo [Am]clothes
 With [Dm7]French per-[G7]fume that [C]rocks the [Am]room, and [Dm7]you're all mine in
 [G7]buttons and [C]bows, [G7]Buttons and [C]bows, [G7]buttons and [C]bows..... (X 2, fade)

Appendix - Rock and Roll Medley (Starting with *Hound Dog*)

[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] You ain't nothin' but a [C] hound dog
Quit snooping round my door
You're just an old [F] hound dog
Been snooping round my [C] door
Well you can [G] wag your tail
But I [F] ain't gonna feed you no [C] more

[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

(Keep strumming on [C] and go on to Blue Suede Shoes...)

[C]Well, it's one for the money
[C]two for the show
[C]Three to get ready; now 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

[C]You can knock me down, step on my face
[C]Slander my name all over the place
[C]Do anything that you want to do
[C]But uh, uh, honey, lay [C7]off of my shoes
[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 blue, blue, blue suede shoes [C]Blue, blue, blue suede shoes, yeah
[F]Well, 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~~

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

[C]Well, it's blue, blue, blue suede shoes [C]Blue, blue, blue suede shoes, yeah
[F]Well, 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

(Straight on to Rock Around the Clock...Single Strums)

[C]One, two, three o'clock, four o'clock, rock,
[C]Five, six, seven o'clock, eight o'clock, rock,
[C]Nine, ten, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock, rock,
We're gonna rock [G7]around the clock tonight.

Put your [C]glad rags on and join me, hon,
We'll have some fun when the [C7]clock strikes one,
We're gonna [F]rock around the clock tonight,
We're gonna [C]rock, rock, rock, 'til broad daylight.
We're gonna [G7]rock, gonna rock, around the clock to-[C]night.

When the clock strikes two, three and four,
If the band slows down we'll [C7]yell for more,
We're gonna [F]rock around the clock tonight,
We're gonna [C]rock, rock, rock, 'til broad daylight.
We're gonna [G7]rock, gonna rock, around the clock to-[C]night.

When the chimes ring five, six and seven,
We'll be right in [C7]seventh heaven.
We're gonna [F]rock around the clock tonight,
We're gonna [C]rock, rock, rock, 'til broad daylight.
We're gonna [G7]rock, gonna rock, around the clock to-[C]night.

When it's eight, nine, ten, eleven too,
I'll be goin' strong and [C7]so will you.
We're gonna [F]rock around the clock tonight,
We're gonna [C]rock, rock, rock, 'til broad daylight.
We're gonna [G7]rock, gonna rock, around the clock to-[C]night.

When the clock strikes twelve, we'll cool off then,
Start a rockin' round the [C7]clock again.
We're gonna [F]rock around the clock tonight,
We're gonna [C]rock, rock, rock, 'til broad daylight.
We're gonna [G7]rock, gonna rock, around the clock [C]tonight.

Appendix - The Humours of Glendart (Campanella style ukulele)

The Humours of Glendart

Uke campanella style

Rob MacKillop

♩. = 60

Ukul.

Appendix - When You're Smiling/Bring Me Sunshine

Intro: ~~The [Am7]whole world [D7]smiles with [G]you!~~
(sing B)

When you're [G]smiling
When you're [GM7]smiling
The [E7]whole world smiles with [Am]you

When you're [Am]laughing
When you're [Am7]laughing
The [D7]sun comes shining [G]through

But when you're [G7]crying
You [C]bring on the rain
So stop your [A7]sighing
Be [D7]happy again

Keep on [G]smiling, 'Cause when you're [E7]smiling
The [Am7]whole world [D7]smiles with [G]you!

Bring me [G] Sunshine, in your [Am] smile
Bring me [D7] laughter, all the [G] while,
In this world where we [G7] live
There should [C] be more happiness,
So much [A7] joy you can give
To each [D7] [STOP] brand new bright tomorrow,

Make me [G] happy, through the [Am] years
Never [D7]bring me any [G] tears,
Let your arms be as [G7] warm as the [C] sun from up above,
Bring me [Am] fun, bring me [D7] sunshine, bring me [G] love.

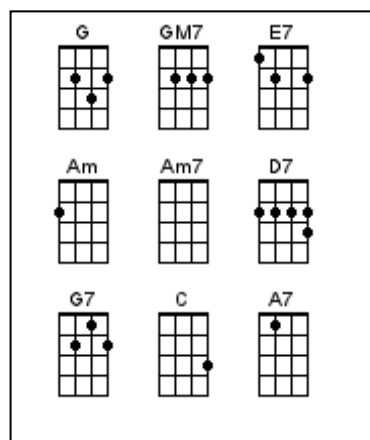
Repeat as Instrumental (with kazoo)

Bring me [G] Sunshine, in your [Am] eyes
Bring me [D7]rainbows, from the [G] skies,
Life's too short to be [G7] spent having [C] anything but fun,
We can [A7] be so content, if we [D7] [STOP] gather little sunbeams,

Be light [G] hearted, all day [Am] long
Keep me [D7]singing, happy [G] songs,
Let your arms be as [G7] warm as the [C] sun from up above,
Bring me [Am] fun, bring me [D7] sunshine, bring me [G] love

single strums: Bring me [Am] fun, bring me [D7] sunshine, bring me [G] love [Gb][G]

When You're Smiling



Bring Me Sunshine

