

Rickmansworth U3A Ukulele Group
and
Rickmansworth & District
Ukulele Club (RADUC)

“Highly Strung”

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*Book created for
Rickmansworth Ukulele
U3A Group and Club
from various outside
sources and for non-
commercial purposes.*

Morningtown Ride

The Seekers (1966)

INTRO: (Instrumental) Last line of first verse

C **C7** **F** **C** **C7**

Train Whistle blowing makes a sleepy noise

F **C** **Dm** **G7**

Underneath their blankets go all the girls and boys

C **F** **C**

Rocking, rolling, riding, out along the bay

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

All bound for Morningtown, many miles away

C **C7** **F** **C** **C7**

Driver at the engine, Fireman rings the bell

F **C** **Dm** **G** **G7**

Sandman swings the lantern to show that all is well

C **C7** **F** **C**

Rocking, rolling, riding, out along the bay

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

All bound for Morningtown, many miles away

C **F** **C**

Maybe it is raining where our train will ride

F **C** **Dm** **G7**

But all the little travellers are snug and warm inside

C **F** **C**

Somewhere there is sunshine, somewhere there is day

F **C** **G7** **C** **G7**

Somewhere there is Morningtown, many miles away

C **F** **C**

Rocking, rolling, riding, out along the bay

(Last line slower)

F **C** **G7** **C**

All bound for Morningtown, many miles away



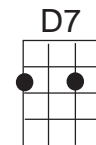
(17 December 2015)

Black Velvet Band Various Artists including The Dubliners (1967)

INTRO G /// Am D G (as last line of chorus)

INSTRUMENTAL

G /// / C D7 / G /// Am D7 G
 G /// / C D7 / G /// Am D7 G



1) In a neat little town they call Belfast, apprenticed to trade I was bound
 G G C D7 G
 And many an hour's sweet happiness have I spent in that neat little town.
 G Am D7 G
 Till a sad misfortune came over me, and caused me to stray from the land
 G C D7 G
 Far away from my friends and relations, betrayed by the black velvet band.

CHORUS

G	C	D7
Her eyes they shone like diamonds, I thought her the queen of the land,		
G	Am	D7 G
And her hair it hung over her shoulder, tied up in a black velvet band.		

2) I took a stroll down Broadway, meaning not long for to stay
 G G Am D7 G
 When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid. come a-traipsing along the highway.
 G C D7
 She was both fair and handsome, her neck was white like a swan's,
 G Am D7 G
 And her hair it hung over her shoulder, tied up in a black velvet band.

CHORUS :

3) I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid, and a gentleman passing us by
 G G Am D7 G
 Well, I knew she meant the doing of him, by the look in her roguish black eye.
 G C D7
 A gold watch she took from his pocket, and placed it right into my hand,
 G Am D7 G
 And the very first thing that I said was: "Bad luck to the black velvet band."

CHORUS :

4) Before the judge and the jury, next morning I had to appear
 G G Am D7 G
 The judge he says to me, "Young man, your case it is proven clear.
 G C D7
 I'll give seven years penal servitude, to be spent far away from the land,
 G Am D7 G
 Far away from your friends and relations, betrayed by the black velvet band

CHORUS :

5) So come all you jolly young fellows, a warning take from me
 G G Am D7 C
 When you are out on the town, me lads, beware of them pretty colleens
 G C D7
 They'll fill you full of strong drink O Yeah, until you're unable to stand
 G Am D7 G
 And the very next thing you'll know is, you've landed in Van Diemen's Land
 (Slowing on last line)

Dirty Old Town

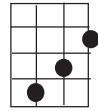
 Various including The Dubliners and The Pogues. (written 1949)

Intro

Em (pause)

(Pause at end of each verse, no chord at start of first line)

Em



1 I met my love, by the gas works wall
Dreamed a dream, by the old canal

I kissed my girl, by the factory wall
Dirty old town, dirty old town

2 Clouds are drifting across the moon
Cats are prowling on their beats
Springs a girl on the streets at night
dirty old town, dirty old town

Interlude: As Intro.

3 Heard a siren from the dock
saw a train cut the night on fire
smelled the breeze on the smokey wind
dirty old town, dirty old town

4 I'm going to make me a big sharp ax
Shining steel tempered in the fire
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree
dirty old town, dirty old town

Repeat Verse 1

End with:

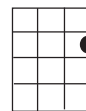
Em D7 Em D7 Em
dirty old town, dirty old town

(22 June2015)

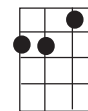
Harvest Moon

Neil Young (1992)

Cm7



Dm



C Am Cm7 Am (each x2) x 2

F C Am Cm7 Am (each x2) x2

Come a little bit closer, hear what I have to say

F C Am Cm7 Am (each x2) x2

Just like children sleepin', we could dream this night away.

F C Am Cm7 Am (each x2) x2

But there's a full moon rising, let's go dancin' in the light.

F C Am Cm7 Am (each x2) x2

We know where the music's playing let's go out and feel the night.

F G Dm

Because I'm still in love with you, I want to see you dance again,

F G C Am Cm7 Am (each x2) x2

Because I'm still in love with you, on this harvest moon.

F C Am Cm7 Am (each x2) x2

When we were strangers, I watched you from afar,

F C Am Cm7 Am (each x2) x2

When we were lovers, I loved you with all my heart.

F C Am Cm7 Am (each x2) x2

But now it's getting' late and the moon is climbing high,

F C Am Cm7 Am (each x2) x2

I want to celebrate, see it shinin' in your eye.

F G Dm

Because I'm still in love with you, I want to see you dance again,

F G C Am Cm7 Am (each x2) x2

Because I'm still in love with you, on this harvest moon.

C Am Cm7 Am (each x2) Repeat and fade.

(22 June 2015)

My Old Man's A Dustman Lonnie Donegan (1960)

Intro: One voice poken, slow with single chords. Chorus comes in after count of...2..3..4)

G B7 Em A D G B7 Em A A7 D
 Now here's a little story, to tell it is a must .. about an unsung hero that moves away yer dust
A D A D A D A A7 D
 Some people make a fortune, other's earn a mint. My old man don't earn much, In fact, he's flippin' ..skint

Chorus:	<i>D7 {pause}</i>	G	D7
Normal Speed	Oh..... My old man's a dustman he wears a dustman's hat.		
			G
	He wears cor-blimey trousers and he lives in a council flat		
	G	G7	C
	He looks a proper nana in his great big hob nailed boots		
	D7 {pause}	D7	G
	He's got such a job to pull em up, he calls them daisy roots		

G D7 G
 Some folks give tips at Christmas and some of 'em forget, so when he picks their bins up he spills some on the step.
G7 C
 Now one old man got nasty and to the council wrote
D7 {pause} D7 G
 Next time my old man went 'round there he punched him up the throat ...

Chorus (Followed by Male 1, response from Male 2. 'Les', or other)

(Strum G in the background) "I say I say, Les!I found a police dog in my dustbin"....
 "How do you know he's a police dog?" "He had a policeman with him"

G D7 G
 Though my old man's a dustman he's got a heart of gold. He got married recently though he's 86 years old.
G7 C
 We said "Ere! Hang on Dad, you're getting past your prime"
D7 {pause} D7 G
 He said "Well when you get to my age, it helps to pass the time".

Chorus (Followed by Male 1 and response from Male 2)

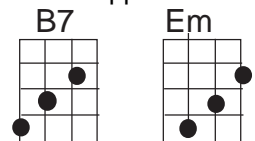
(Strum G) "I say I say I say! My dustbin's full of lilies" . "Well throw 'em away then" . "I can't, Lilly's wearing 'em!"

G D7 G
 Now one day while in a hurry he missed a lady's bin .. He hadn't gone but a few yards when she chased after him.
G7 C
(Female solo) "What game d'you think you're playing?", **(All)** she cried right from the heart
D7 D7 G
(Female solo) "You've missed me...am I too late?" **(All)** "No... jump up on the cart".

Chorus (Followed by Male 1 and response from Male 2)

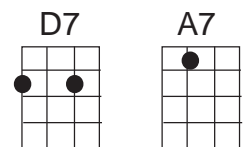
(Strum G) "I say I say I say!" "What you again!" "My dustbin's absolutely full with toadstools"
 "How do you know it's full?" "Cos there's not mush room inside!"

G D7 G
 He found a tiger's 'ead one day, nailed to a piece of wood. The tiger looked quite miserable but I suppose it should.
G7 C
 Just then from out a window, a voice began to wail
D7 (pause) D7 G
 He said, "Oi! Where's me tiger's 'ead?" "Four foot from it's tail!"



Chorus, then slower...

G C
 Next time you see a dustman, looking all pale and sad
D (slower) D D7 G G/// C/ G
 Don't kick him in the dustbin ... it might be my old daaad



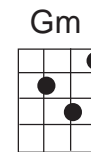
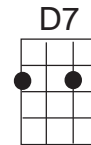
Tennessee Waltz

Redd Stuart & Pee Wee King (1946)

G **G7** **C** **G**
 I was dancin' with my darlin' to the Tennessee Waltz
 G **Am** **D7**
 When an old Friend I happened to see.
 G **G7** **C** **G**
 I introduced him to my darlin' and while they were dancin'
 G **C** **G** **D7** **G**
 my Friend stole my sweetheart From me.

Chorus

G **G7** **C** **G**
 I remember the night and the Tennessee Waltz
 Gm **C** **D7**
 'cause I know just how much I have lost
 G **G7** **C** **G**
 Yes I lost my little darlin' the night they were playin'
 C **G** **D7** **G**
 That beautiful Tennessee Waltz



Instrumental (same as a verse)

Chorus

G **G7** **C** **G**
 Now I wonder how a dance like the Tennessee Waltz
 G **Gm** **C** **D7**
 Could have broken my heart so complete
 G **G7** **C** **G**
 Well I couldn't blame my darlin', and who could help Fallin'
 G **C** **G** **D7** **G**
 In love with my darlin' so sweet

Chorus

G **G7** **C** **G**
 Well it must be the fault of the Tennessee Waltz
 Am **C** **D7**
 Wish I'd known just how much it would cost
 G **G7** **C** **G**
 But I didn't see it comin', it's all over but the cryin'
 G **C** **G** **D7** **G**
 Blame it all on the Tennessee Waltz

Chorus

G **G7** **C** **G**
 She goes dancin' with the darkness to the Tennessee Waltz
 G **Am** **C** **D7**
 and I Feel like I'm Falling apart
 G **G7** **C** **G**
 and it's stronger than drink and it's deeper than sorrow
 G **C** **G** **D7** **G**
 this darkness she left in my heart

Chorus

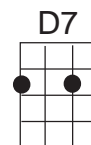
G **C** **G** **D7** **G**
 (Slowing) That beautiful Tennessee Waltz

The Wild Rover

The Dubliners (originally c. 6th c.)

Verse 1

G **C**
 I've been a wild rover for many a year
G **C** **D7** **G**
 I spent all me money on whiskey and beer
G **C**
 But now I'm returning with gold in great store
G **C** **D7** **G**
 And I never will play the wild rover no more



Chorus:

D **D7**
 And it's no nay never (*Four taps/beats*)
G **D7**
 no nay never no more
G **C** **D7** **G**
 Will I play the wild rover, no never, no more

Verse 2

G **C**
 I went into an alehouse I used to frequent
G **C** **D7** **G**
 And I told the landlady me money was spent
G **C**
 I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay!"
G **C** **D7** **G**
 "Such custom as yours I could have any day!"

Chorus

Verse 3

G **C**
 I took out of me pocket ten sovereigns bright
G **C** **D7** **G**
 And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
G **C**
 She said: "I have whiskeys and wines on the best!"
G **C** **D7** **G**
 And the words that I told you were only in jest!"

Chorus:

Verse 4

G **C**
 I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
G **C** **D7** **G**
 And ask them to pardon their prodigal son
G **C**
 And when they've caressed me as oftimes before
G **C** **D7** **G**
 I never will play the wild rover no more.

Chorus (x2)

End: **G D7 G**

(25 June 2015)

The Leaving Of Liverpool

The Dubliners (1965)

C **F** **G**
Farewell to Prince's Landing Stage,
 C **F** **G7**
River Mersey - fare thee well.
 C **F** **G**
I am bound for Cali - forn - ia
 C **G7** **C**
A place that I know right well.

Chorus

G7 **F** **C**
So fare thee well my own true love;
 C **F** **G7**
When I return united we shall be.
 C
It's not the leaving of Liverpool
 F **G7**
That's grieving me,
 C **G7** **C**
But darling when I think of thee.

C **F** **G**
I am bound for Calafornia
 C **F** **G7**
By way of stormy Cape Horn,
 C **F** **G**
And I'm bound to write you a letter love,
 C **G7** **C**
When I am homeward bound.

Chorus

C **F** **G**
I have signed on a yankee clipper ship,
 C **F** **G7**
Davy Crockett is her name,
 C **F** **G**
And Burgess he is the captain of her,
 C **G7** **C**
And they say she is a floating hell.

Chorus

C **F** **G**
I have shipped with Burgess once before
 C **F** **G7**
And I think I know him well:
 C **F** **G**
If a man's a sailor he can get along,
 C **G7** **C**
If not, then he's sure in hell.

Chorus

C **F** **G**
Farewell to Lower Frederick's Street,
 C **F** **G7**
Ensign Terrace and Park Lane;
 C **F** **G**
For I think it will be a long, long time
 C **G7** **C**
Before I see you again.

Chorus

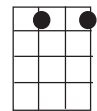
C **F** **G**
Oh the sun is on the harbour love
 C **F** **G7**
And I wish I could remain,
 C **F** **G**
For I know it will be a long, long time
 C **G7** **C**
Before I see you again.

Chorus

(25 June 2015)

Mama Don't Allow Traditional (1907?)

C# Dim



Intro **G** / / / **D7** / / / **G** / / / / / / /

G / / / / / / / / /
Mama don't allow no ukulele playin' round here (Oh...no she don't)

G / / / **D7** / / / / / /
Mama don't allow no ukulele playin' round here (Oh...no she don't)

G (*single chord*) **G7** (*single chord*) **C** (*single chord*) **C#dim** (*single chord*)
We don't care what mama don't allow, gonna play our ukuleles any old how

G **D7** **G** / / /
Mama don't allow no ukulele playin' round here

Uke chorus – no singing (Chorus - Repeat verse, instrumental only)

G / / / / / / / / /
Mama don't allow no washboard playin' round here (Oh...no she don't)

G / / / **D7** / / / / / /
Mama don't allow no washboard playin' round here (Oh...no she don't)

G (*single chord*) **G7** (*single chord*) **C** (*single chord*) **C#dim** (*single chord*)
We don't care what mama don't allow, gonna play that washboard any old how

G **D7** **G** / / /
Mama don't allow no washboard playin' round here

Washboard chorus (Chorus - Repeat verse, instrumental only)

G / / / / / / / / /
Mama don't allow no kazoo playin' round here (Oh...no she don't)

G / / / **D7** / / / / / /
Mama don't allow no kazoo playin' round here (Oh...no she don't)

G (*single chord*) **G7** (*single chord*) **C** (*single chord*) **C#dim** (*single chord*)
We don't care what mama don't allow, gonna play that kazoo any old how

G **D7** **G** / / /
Mama don't allow no kazoo playin' round here

Kazoo chorus (Chorus - Repeat verse, instrumental only)

G / / / / / / / / /
Mama don't allow no tambourine playin' round here (Oh...no she don't)

G / / / **D7** / / / / / /
Mama don't allow no tambourine playin' round here (Oh...no she don't)

G (*single chord*) **G7** (*single chord*) **C** (*single chord*) **C#dim** (*single chord*)
We don't care what mama don't allow, gonna play that tambourine any old how

G **D7** **G** / / /
Mama don't allow no tambourine' playin' round here

Tambourine chorus (Chorus - Repeat verse, instrumental only)

G / / / / / / / / /
Mama don't allow no playin' together round here (Oh...no she don't)

G / / / **D7** / / / / / /
Mama don't allow no playin'together round here (Oh...no she don't)

G (*single chord*) **G7** (*single chord*) **C** (*single chord*) **C#dim** (*single chord*)
We don't care what mama don't allow, gonna play together any old how

G **D7** **G** / / /
Mama don't allow no playin' round here (all shout) Oh Yes She Do !

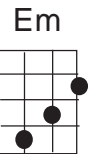
(Chorus - Repeat verse, all instruments only)

(May 2015)

Sailing – Gavin Sutherland (1972), Rod Stewart (1975)

Intro: G Em D D7

G Em C G / D /
 I am sailing, I am sailing ... home again across the sea.
 Am Em Am G / D /
 I am sailing, stormy waters, to be near you, to be free.



G Em C G / D /
 I am flying, I am flying like a bird across the sea.
 Am Em Am G / D /
 I am flying, passing high clouds, to be near you, to be free.

G Em C G
 Can you hear me, can you hear me, thru the dark night far away?
 Am Em Am G / D /
 I am dying, forever trying ... to be with you; who can say?

Solo - use verse 1 chords (or optional tab below)

G Em C G
 Can you hear me, can you hear me, thru the dark night far away?
 Am Em Am G / D /
 I am dying, forever trying ... to be with you; who can say?

G Em C G
 I am sailing, I am sailing, home again, across the sea.
 Am Em Am G
 I am sailing stormy waters, to be near you, to be free.

Am G
 Oh Lord, to be near you, to be free (x2)

Note : To play Em after playing G, you can just add your 4th finger to the G chord .. see Em (from G) in chords

Optional Solo Tab

These Are The Days

Van Morrison (1989)

(Optional Riff as an introduction)

2/0 (x4), 2/0, 2/3, 2/5, 2/3, 2/0, 3/2, 3/0, 3/2, 3/2, 3/2, 2/0, 3/2, 3/0, 3/2, 2/0)

2/0 (x4), 2/0, 2/3, 2/5, 2/3, 2/0, 3/2, 3/0, 3/2, 3/2, 3/2, 2/0, 3/2, 3/0, 3/2, 3/0)

G **C G**
These are the days of endless summer

D G
These are the days the time is now

C G
There is no past, there's no future

D G
There's only here, there's only now

G C G
Oh your smiling face, your gracious presence

D G
The fires of spring are kindling bright

C G
Oh the radiant heart and the song of glory

D G
Crying freedom in the night

CHORUS

C G
These are the days by the sparkling river

D G
His timely grace and our treasured find

C G
This is the love of the one magician

D G
turned the water into the wine

G C G
These are the days of the endless dancing

D G
Long walks on the summer nights

C G
These are the days of the true romancing

D G
When I'm holding you oh so tight

CHORUS

C G
These are the days now we must savour

D G
And must enjoy as we can

C G
These are the days that will last forever

D G
You've got to hold them in your heart

(Instrumental) CHORUS

Repeat Intro riff, but replace last 3/0

(30 June 2015)

London Girls

Chas and Dave (1983)

Intro: C C C C (4 times) Pause

C
Some people sing about Deutsche girls
G7
and girls from California

They might be alright for a night alright
C
But don't trust them I warn ya.

I've been to the east and I've been out west
G7
And I've been all the World around

But I aint seen none come anywhere near
C
The girls from London Town.

C
If you ever go down to London Town
G7
Your legs will turn to Jelly

'Cos the girls down there
C
I swear they're just like models off the telly

They don't need no make-up
G7
They look good as they are

And they've always got a pound

To buy their round
C
When it's their turn up the bar

CHORUS

C **G7**
Give me a London girl every tme

I've got to find one
C
I've made up my mind
G7
Give me a London girl every time
C
I want a London girl

CHORUS (Twice)

C
London girls are the best in the World
G7
There aint' no doubt about it

If ya can't find a girl from London town
C
You're better off doing without it

They don't create when you come home late
G7
And your crawling up the passage floor

And they won't muck about when you've gone out
C
With the geezer from the house next door

CHORUS

(13 August 2015)

Alexander's Ragtime Band Various including Louis Armstrong (1937)

(Single chords in italics)

Intro: CCGGC

C

Come on and Hear, come on and hear

G7 C C7

Alexander's Ragtime Band,

F

Come on and hear, come on and hear,

It's the best band in the land.

C C C C

They can play a bugle call like you never heard before

C C C C

So natural that you want to go to war;

G D7 G G7

That's just the bestest band what am, my honey lamb.

C

Come on along, come on along,

G7 C C7

Let me take you by the hand,

F

Up to the man, up to the man,

Who's the leader of the band,

C

And if you care to hear the

C7 F Adim7 (optional)

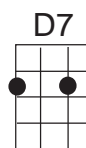
Swanee River played in ragtime,

C A7

Come on and hear, come on and hear,

D7 G7 C

Alexander's Ragtime Band.

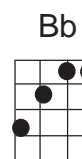
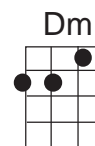


All My Loving

The Beatles (1963)

(Single chord, heavy) F

Dm G7
 Close your eyes and I'll kiss you
C Am
 Tomorrow I'll miss you
F Dm Bb G
 Re-member I'll al-ways be true
Dm G C Am
 And then while I'm a-way I'll write home every da-y
F G7 C
 And I'll send all my lovin' to you



Dm G7 C
 I'll pre-tend that I'm kissing The lips I am missing
F Dm Bb G
 And hope that my dreams will come true
Dm G C Am
 And then while I'm a-way I'll write home every da-y,
F G7 C
 And I'll send all my lovin' to you.



(Pause)

Am Caug
 All my loving . . . I will send to you
Am C
 All my loving . . . my darling I'll be true . . .

Dm G7
 Close your eyes and I'll kiss you
C Am
 Tomorrow I'll miss you
F Dm Bb G
 Re-member I'll al-ways be true
Dm G C Am
 And then while I'm a-way I'll write home every da-y
F G7 C
 And I'll send all my lovin' to you.

Dm G7 C Am
 I'll pre-tend that I'm kissing The lips I am missing
F Dm Bb G
 And hope that my dreams will come true
Dm G C Am
 And then while I'm a-way I'll write home every da-y,
F G7 C///
 And I'll send all my lovin' to you.

(January 2016)

Wildwood Flower The Carter Family (1928)

C **G7** **C**
Oh, I'll twine with my mingles and raven black hair

G7 **C**
With the roses so red and the lilies so fair

F **C**
And the myrtles so bright with the emerald hue

G7 **C**
The pale amanita and eyes look like blue.

C **G7** **C**
Oh, I'll dance, I will sing and my laugh shall be gay

G7 **C**
I will charm every heart in his crown I will sway

F **C**
When I woke from my dreaming, my idol was clay

G7 **C**
All portion of love then had all flown away.

C **G7** **C**
Oh, he taught me to love him and promised to love

G7 **C**
And to cherish me over all others above

F **C**
How my heart now is wond'ring no misery can tell

G7 **C**
He's left me no warning, no words of farewell.

C **G7** **C**
Oh, he taught me to love him and called me his flow'r

G7 **C**
That was blooming to cheer him through life's dreary hour

F **C**
Oh, I'm longing to see him and regret the dark hour

G7 **C**
He's gone and neglected his pale wildwood flow'r.

Singin' The Blues

Guy Mitchell and Tommy Steele (1956)

Introduction: (chords only, optional whistling) first three lines.

C F
Well I never felt more like singin' the blues
C G7 F
'Cos I never thought that I'd ever lose your love, dear
G7 C F C G7
Why do you do me that way

C F
I never felt more like cryin' all night
C G7 F
When everything's wrong and nothing ain't right without you
G7 C F C C7
You got me singin' the blues

CHORUS

F	C	F	C
The moon and stars no longer shine, the dream is gone I thought was mine			
F	C	C(Pause)	G7
There's nothing left for me to do, but cry-y-y over you			

C F
Well I never felt more like running away
C G7 F
But why should I go, 'cos I couldn't stay without you
G7 C F C G7
You got me singin' the blues

Repeat introduction - Instrumental and/or whistling and kazoo.

CHORUS

F	C	F	C
The moon and stars no longer shine, the dream is gone I thought was mine			
F	C	C(Pause)	G7
There's nothing left for me to do, but cry-y-y over you			

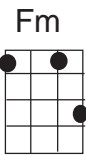
C F
Well I never felt more like running away
C G7 F
But why should I go, 'cos I couldn't stay without you
G7 C F G7 C F C
You got me singin' the blues, you got me singin' the blues

(May 2015)

Blueberry Hill

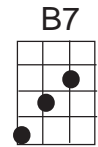
Fats Domino (1956)

F **C**
I found my thrill on blueberry hill



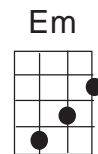
G7 **F C**
On blueberry hill when I found you

F **C**
The moon stood still on blueberry hill



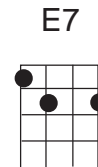
G7 **C Fm C**
And lingered until my dreams came true.

Fm **C** **G7**
The wind in the willow played



C
Love's sweet melody

B7 **Em** **B7** **Em**
But all of those vows we made



B7 **E7 G7**
Were never to be

F **C**
Though we're apart you're part of me still

G7 **C F C**
For you were my thrill on blueberry hill

Fm **C** **G7**
The wind in the willow played

C
Love's sweet melody

B7 **Em** **B7** **Em**
But all of those vows we made

B7 **E7 G7**
Were never to be

F **C**
Though we're apart you're part of me still

G7 **C Fm C**
For you were my thrill on blueberry hill.

Sloop John B Beach Boys (1996)

G

We come on the Sloop John B .. my grandfather and me.

Round Nassau town we did roam. - Drinking all night, - got into a fight,

Well I feel so broke up, - I want to go home.

Chorus 1

So hoist up the John B sails, See how the main sail sets

Send for the captain a - shore, let me go home

Let me go home, - I want to go ho - o - ome

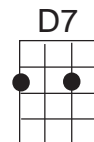
Well I feel so broke up, - I want to go home

The first mate, he got drunk, broke in the captain's trunk,

The constable had to come and take him a-way.

Sheriff John Stone, - why don't you leave me a-lone?

Well I feel so broke up, - I want to go home



Chorus 2

So hoist up the John B sails {hoist up the John B sails}

See how the main sail sets {see how the main sail sets}

Send for the captain a - shore, let me go home {let me go home}

I wanna go home {let me go home} I want to go ho - o - ome {hoist up the J B S}

Well I feel so broke up, - I want to go home {do-do-do-do, do-do-do-do .. }

The poor cook he caught the fits, threw away all my grits,

Then he took and ate up all of my corn.

Let me go home, - Why don't they let me go home?

This is the worst trip - I've ever been on.

Chorus 2 || then Chorus 2 (A Capella)

Chorus 2 .. then repeat last line (with No do-dos!)

Jambalaya Hank Williams (1952)

Intro: F C F /

F / C /

Good-bye Joe, me gotta go, me oh my-oh

/ / F /

Me gotta go, pole the pirogue down the bayou

F / C /

My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my-oh

/ / F /

Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou

Chorus

F / C /

Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and fillet gumbo

/ / F /

For tonight, I'm a gonna see my ma cher a-mio

F / C /

Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o

/ / F /

Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

F / C /

Thibodaux Fontaineaux the place is buzzin'

/ / F /

Kin-folk come to see Yvonne by the dozen

F / C /

Dress in style and go hog wild me oh my oh

/ / F /

Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

Chorus

F / C /

Settle down far from town get me a pirogue

/ / F /

And I'll catch all the fish in the bayou

F / C /

Swap my mon to buy Yvonne what she need oh

C / F /

Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

Chorus

C / F - /

Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou

C / F C-F (stop)

Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

Repeat last line twice more as follows

Michael Row The Boat Ashore Many artists from 1954 on.

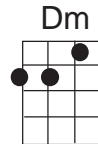
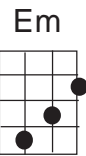
Chorus

C **F C**
 Michael row the boat ashore, allelu-ya

Em **Dm** **C G7 C**
 Michael row the boat ashore, allelu—ya

F C
 sister help to trim the sail, allelu-ya

Em **Dm** **C G7 C**
 sister help to trim the sail, allelu—ya



Verse 1

F C
 Michael's boat is a gospel boat, allelu-ya

Em **Dm** **C G7 C**
 Michael's boat is a gospel boat, allelu—ya

F C
 the river is deep and the river is wide, allelu-ya

Em **Dm** **C G7 C**
 green pastures on the other side, allelu—ya

Chorus

Verse 2

F C
 Jordan's river is chilly and cold, allelu-ya

Em **Dm** **C G7 C**
 chills the body but not the soul, allelu—ya

F C
 Jordan's river is deep and wide, allelu-ya

Em **Dm** **C G7 C**
 meet my mother on the other side, allelu—ya

Chorus

Floral Dance

Brighouse and Rastrick Brass Band (1977) and Terry Wogan (1978)

F/ C/ G7/ C/ F/ C/ D7/ G7 (Pause)

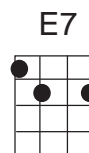
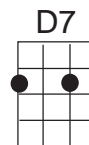
G7 C F C F
As I walked home on a Summer night
D D7 G
when stars in Heav'n were shining bright
E7 Am
Far away from the footlight's glare
G D7 G7 C
into the sweet and scented air
Am D7 G
of a quaint old Cornish town.

C B Bb A
Borne from afar on the gentle breeze
Bb A G
Joining the murmur of the summer seas,
F C G7 C
distant tones of an old world dance
F C G7 C
played by the village band perchance
D7 G7 C
on the calm air came floating down

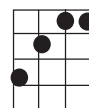
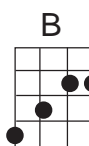
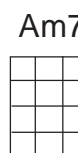
F/ C/ G7/ C/ F/ C/ G7 (Pause)

G7 C
I thought I could hear the curious tone
G C
Of the cornet, clarinet and big trombone,
F C
fiddle, 'cello, big bass drum,
G7 C
bassoon, flute and euphonium.
F C
Far away, as in a trance
G7 C F C
I heard the sound of the Floral Dance
F/ C/ G7/ C/ F/ C/ D7/ G7 (Pause)

G7 C F C F
And soon I heard such a bustling and prancing
D G
then I saw the whole village was dancing
E7 Am7 E7 Am
in and out of the houses they came,
G Am7 G7 C
old folk, young folk, all the same,
Am D7 G
in that quaint old Cornish town.



C B Bb A
Every boy took a girl 'round the waist,
Bb A G
and hurried her off in tremendous haste.
F C G7 C
Whether they knew one another I care not
F C G7 C
Whether they cared at all, I know not.
D7 G7 C
But they kissed as they danced along.



C/ F/ C/ G7/ C/ F/ C/ G7 (pause)

G7 C
And there was the band with that curious tone,
G C
of the cornet, clarinet and big trombone.
F C
Fiddle, 'cello, big bass drum,
G7 C
bassoon, flute and euphonium.
F C
Each one making the most of his chance,
G7 C
all together in the Floral Dance



(Repeat last two lines)

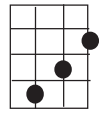
Wagon Wheel

Old Crow Medicine Show (2004), Darius Rucker (2013)

Intro: G D Em C G D C / (x 2)

G D Em
Headed down south to the land of the pines and thumbin' my way into
C G D C /
North Carolina, Starin' up the road and pray to God I see headlights.
G D Em C
I made it down the coast in 17 hours, pickin' me a bouquet of dogwood flowers
G D C /
and I'm a hopin' for Raleigh, I can see my baby tonight.

Em



G D Em C **Chorus**
So rock me, mama, like a wagon wheel; Rock me, mama, anyway you feel;
G D C / G D
He ... ey, mama, rock me! Rock me, mama, like the wind and the rain;
Em C G D C /
Rock me, mama, like a south-bound train. He ... ey, mama, rock me !

G D Em C G D C /

G D Em
Runnin' from the cold, up in New England, I was born to be a fiddler in an
C G D C /
old-time stringband, my baby plays the guitar, I pick a banjo now.
G D Em
Oh, north country winters keep a gettin' me down, lost my money playin' poker so I
C G D C /
had to leave town, but I ain't a turnin' back to livin' that old life no more.

Chorus

G D Em C G D C / (x2)

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

Chorus {a capella}

Chorus and end with an extra G{stop}

(28 July 2015)