

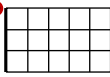


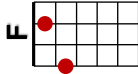
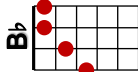
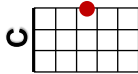
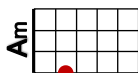
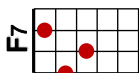
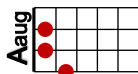
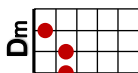
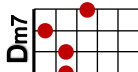
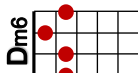
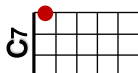
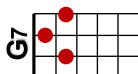
# GIG BOOK 2.0

2. Another Somebody Done Somebody...
3. Bad Moon Rising
4. Between The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea
5. Beyond The Sea
6. Blue Bayou
7. Bobby McGee
9. Build Me Up Buttercup
11. Calypso
12. Changes in Latitudes
13. Country Roads
14. Dirty Old Town
15. Down At The Twist And Shout
16. Dream A Little Dream
17. Flowers
18. Folsom Prison Blues
19. I Fall To Pieces
20. I Just Want To Dance With You
21. I Saw Her Standing There
23. I'll Follow The Sun
24. It's Not You It's Me
25. It's Still Rock And Roll To Me
26. Jambalaya
27. Jolene
28. Long Gone Lonesome Blues
30. Nowhere Man
31. On The Road Again
32. Wabash Cannonball
33. Rainbow Connection (C)
34. Rainbow Connection (G)
35. Ripple
37. Sea Of Love
38. She's Got You
39. Summertime
40. Supercalifragilistic ...
42. That's Amore
44. The Boxer
46. Three Little Birds
47. Today
48. Wabash Cannonball
49. The Worst Day Since Yesterday
50. You Are My Sunshine
51. Your Cheatin' Heart (C)
53. Your Cheatin' Heart (G)
54. You're Sixteen
55. Happy Trails

# Another Somebody Done Somebody Wrong Song

Larry Butler / Chips Moman (BJ Thomas), 1975  
 YouTube video tutorial: [https://youtu.be/9JJEQ7HPjC\\_Q](https://youtu.be/9JJEQ7HPjC_Q)

1st Note 

## INTRO:

**F[h]** **Bb[h]**

It's lonely out tonight

**C[h]**

And the feelin just got right for a brand new love song

**Bb[h]** **F[strum]**

Somebody done somebody wrong song

**F[h]**

## CHORUS:

**[Bouncy strum: d-Du duDu]**

**(F)** **Am**

(Hey) - won'tcha play - another

**F7** **Bb**

Somebody done somebody wrong song

**F**

And make me feel at home

**Bb** **C** **F**

While I miss my baby - while I miss my baby

## VERSE:

**(F)**

So please play for me - a sad melody

**Dm**

**Dm7**

So sad that it makes everybody cry-y-y-y

**C7**

**F**

A real hurtin song - about a love that's gone wrong

**G7**

**C7**

Cus I don't wanna cry all alone

## REPEAT CHORUS

## INTERLUDE:

**(F)** **Am** **F7** **-**

**Bb** **-** **F** **-**

## REPEAT VERSE

## REPEAT CHORUS

## REPEAT CHORUS *without the opening "Hey"*

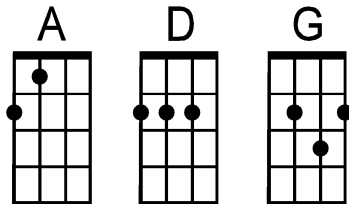
## REPEAT CHORUS

## OUTRO:

**Bb-F**

# Bad Moon Rising

(John Fogarty-Creedence Clearwater Revival)



**Intro:** D . A\ G\ | D . . . |

D . A\ G\ | D . . . | D . A\ G\ | D . . . |  
I see a bad moon rising I see trouble on the way

D . A\ G\ | D . . . | D . A\ G\ | D . . . |  
I see earth- quakes and lightnin' I see ba-ad times to-day

## Chorus:

G . . . . | D . . . . |  
Don't go 'round to-night— It's bound to take your life—

A . G . . . | D . . . |  
There's— a bad moon on the rise—

D . A\ G\ | D . . . | D . A\ G\ | D . . . |  
I hear hurri-canes a blowin' I know the end is comin' soon

D . A\ G\ | D . . . | D . A\ G\ | D . . . |  
I fear riv-ers o-ver- flowin' I hear the voice of rage and ruin

## Chorus:

G . . . . | D . . . . |  
Don't go 'round to-night— It's bound to take your life—

A . G . . . | D . . . |  
There's— a bad moon on the rise—

**Instrumental :** D . A\ G\ | D . . . | D . A\ G\ | D . . . |

D . A\ G\ | D . . . | D . A\ G\ | D . . . |

## Chorus:

G . . . . | D . . . . |  
Don't go 'round to-night— It's bound to take your life—

A . G . . . | D . . . |  
There's— a bad moon on the rise—

D . A\ G\ | D . . . | D . A\ G\ | D . . . |  
Hope you got your things to-gether Hope you are quite pre-pared to die

D . A\ G\ | D . . . | D . A\ G\ | D . . . |  
Looks like we're in for nas-ty weather One eye is tak-en for an eye

## Chorus:

G . . . . | D . . . . |  
Don't go 'round to-night— It's bound to take your life—

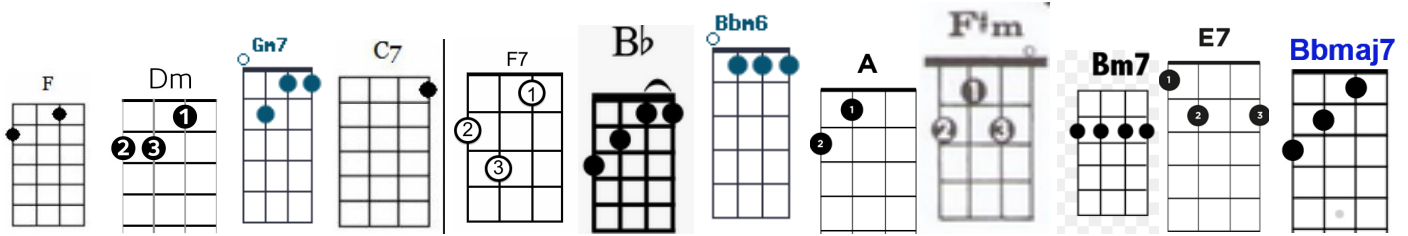
A . G . . . | D . . . |  
There's— a bad moon on the rise—

G . . . . | D . . . . |  
Don't go 'round to-night— It's bound to take your life—

A . G . . . | D . . . |  
There's— a bad moon on the rise—

**2 TIMES:** There's— a bad moon on the rise—

# BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA - GEORGE HARRISON



**INTRO:** F . Dm . Gm7 . C7 . F . Dm . Gm7 . C7 .

F . Dm . Gm7 . C7 . F . Dm . Gm7 . C7 .  
I don't want you But I hate to lose you

F . F7 . Bb . Bbm6 . F . C7 . F . C7 .  
You got me in be-tween the devil and the deep blue sea

**STRUM:**  
Down-up Down-up

F . Dm . Gm7 . C7 . F . Dm . Gm7 . C7 .  
I for-give you 'Cause I can't for-get you

F . F7 . Bb . Bbm6 . F . C7 . F . C7 .  
You got me in be-tween the devil and the deep blue sea

A . F#m . Bm7 . E7 . A . F#m . Bm7 . E7 .  
I want to cross you off my list But when you come knocking at my door

C . Am . Dm . G7 . Bbmaj7 . ' . G7 . C7 .  
Fate seems to give my heart a twist And I come running back for more

F . Dm . Gm7 . C7 . F . Dm . Gm7 . C7 .  
I should hate you But I guess I Love you

F . F7 . Bb . Bbm6 . F . C7 . F . C7 .  
You got me in be-tween the devil and the deep blue sea

**Instrumental** F . Dm . Gm7 . C7 . F . Dm . Gm7 . C7 .  
F . F7 . Bb . Bbm6 . F . C7 . F . C7 .

A . F#m . Bm7 . E7 . A . F#m . Bm7 . E7 .  
I want to cross you off my list But when you come knocking at my door

C . Am . Dm . G7 . Bbmaj7 . ' . G7 . C7 .  
Fate seems to give my heart a twist And I come running back for more

F . Dm . Gm7 . C7 . F . Dm . Gm7 . C7 .  
I should hate you But I guess I Love you

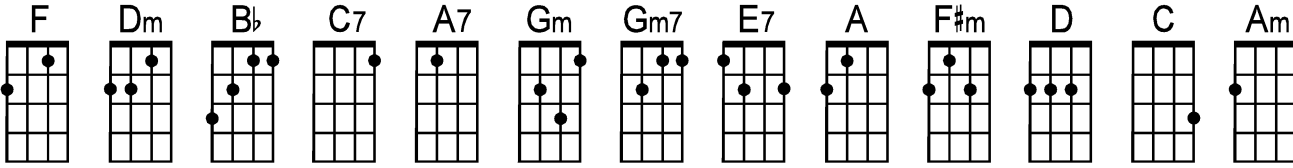
F . F7 . Bb . Bbm6 . F . C7 . F . C7 .  
You got me in be-tween the devil and the deep blue sea

F/ F7/ Bb/ Bbm6/ F . C7 . F . C7 . F/stop  
You got me in be-tween the devil and the deep blue sea



# Beyond the Sea

by Charles Trenet (English lyrics by Jack Lawrence) 1946  
as sung by Bobby Darin



**Intro:** F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7

. | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . A7 . | Dm .  
Some-where----- be-yond the sea----- Some-where waiting for me-----  
C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . D7 . | Gm . C7 . | Dm . . . | Gm7 . . . | C7 . . .  
My lo-ver stands on gold-en sa-a-a-ands and watches the ships that go sa-a-a-a-ai-ling.----

3 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . A7 . | Dm .  
Some-where----- be-yond the sea -----she's there watching for me-----  
4 C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . D7 . | Gm . C7 . | Dm . . . | Gm7 . . . | F . . . | E7 . . .  
If I could fly like birds on high----- then straight to her arms I'd go sa-a-a-a-ai-ling.-----

5 . | A . F#m . | D . E7 . | A . F#m . | D . E7 . | A . . . | . . . G7  
It's far----- be-yond the stars-----it's near beyond the mo-o-o-on. -----  
. | C . Am . | F . G7 . | C . Am . | Dm . G7 . | C . . . . | C7 . . .  
I know-----be-yond a doubt ----- my heart will lead me there so-o-on.

. | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . A7 . | Dm .  
We'll meet ----- be-yond the shore we'll kiss just as be-fore  
C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . D7 . | Gm . C7 . | Dm . . . . | Gm7 . . . . | C7 . . . . |  
Happy we'll be be-yond the se-e-e-e-ea and never a-gain, I'll go sa-a-a-a-ai-ling.----

**Instr:** (same as lines 3-5)

F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . A7 . | Dm . C7 . |

F . Dm . | Bb . D7 . | Gm . C7 . | Dm . . . | Gm7 . . . | F . . . | E7 . . .

A . F#m . | D . E7 . | A . F#m . | D . E7 . | A . . . | . . . G7

6 . | C . Am . | F . G7 . | C . Am . | Dm . G7 . | C . . . . | C7 . . .  
I know-----be-yond a doubt ----- my heart will lead me there so-o-on.

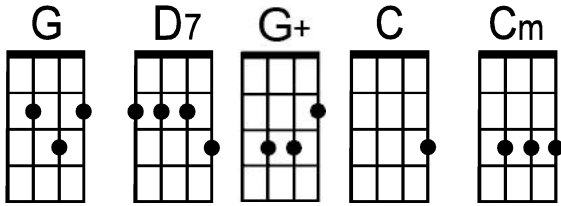
. | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . A7 . | Dm .  
We'll meet ----- be-yond the shore we'll kiss just as be-fore  
C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . D7 . | Gm . C7 . | Dm . . . . | Gm7 . C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb .  
Happy we'll be be-yond the se-e-e-e-ea and never a-gain, I'll go sa-a-a-a-a-ai-ling.----

C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . |  
No more sai-ling, so long sai-ling, bye bye sail-ling,

F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F \

# Blue Bayou (key of G)

by Roy Orbison and Joe Melson (1963)



(sing d)

G . . . | . . . | D7 . . . | . . . |  
 I feel so bad, I've got a worried mi-nd, I'm so lone-some all the time—  
 . . . | . . . | G . . . | . . . |  
 Since I left my baby be-hind on Blue Bay-ou—

G . . . | . . . | D7 . . . | . . . |  
 Saving nickels—, saving— dimes—, working 'til the— sun don't shine—  
 . . . | . . . | G . . . | . . . |  
 Looking forward to happi-er times— on Blue Bay-ou—

. | G . . . | . . . | D7 . . . | . . . |  
 I'm going back some— day—, come what— may to Blue Bay-ou—  
 . | . . . | . . . | . . . | G . . . | . . . |  
 Where you sleep all— day and the catfish— play on— Blue Bay-ou—  
 . | . . . | G+ . . . | C . . . | Cm . . . |  
 All those fishing— boats with their sails— a-float—, if I— could only— see—  
 . | G . . . | D7 . . . | G . . . | . . . |  
 That fa-miliar sun-rise—, thru sleepy— eyes, how happy I'd be—

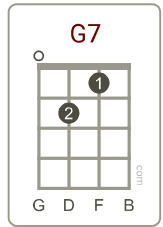
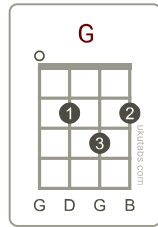
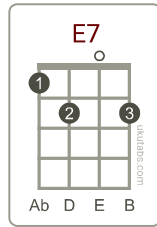
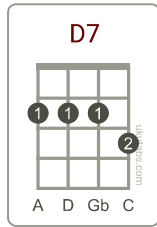
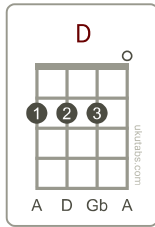
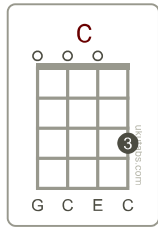
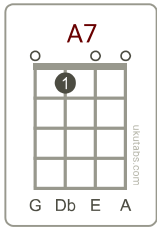
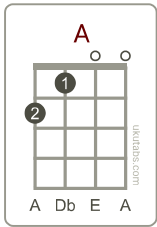
G . . . | . . . | D7 . . . | . . . |  
 Go to see my baby a-gain—, and to be with some of my friends—  
 . . . | . . . | G . . . | . . . |  
 Maybe I'd be happi-er then— on Blue Bay-ou—

. | G . . . | . . . | D7 . . . | . . . |  
 I'm going back some— day—, gonna— stay on— Blue Bay-ou—  
 . | . . . | . . . | G . . . | . . . |  
 Where the folks are— fine and the world— is mine on— Blue Bay-ou—  
 . | . . . | G+ . . . | C . . . | Cm . . . |  
 And that boy/girl of mine—, by— my side—, the sil-ver moon and the evening— tide—  
 | G . . . | D7 . . . | G . . . | . . . |  
 Oh, some sweet— day, I'm gonna take a—way this hurtin' in—side—

. | D7 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | G . . . | G\  
 I'll never be blue— my dreams come tru—ue— on Blue— Bay—yooooou.

# ME AND BOBBY MCGEE

JANIS JOPLIN



**Intro:** G - C G - C G - C G - C

G G G G  
Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waitin' for a train  
G G D7 D7  
When I's feelin' near as faded as my jeans  
D7 D7 D7 D7  
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained  
D7 D7 G - C G  
And rode us all the way into New Orleans

G G G G  
I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana  
G G7 C C  
I's playin' soft while Bobby sang the blues  
C C G G  
Windshield wipers slappin' time, I was holdin' Bobby's hand in mine  
D7 D7 D7 D7  
We sang every song that driver knew

C C G G  
Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose  
D7 D7 G G  
Nothin', it ain't nothin' honey, if it ain't free  
C C G G  
And feelin' good was easy, lord, oh, when he sang the blues  
D7 D7 D7 D7  
You know feelin' good was good enough for me  
D7 D7 G G A A  
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee

A A A A  
>From the Kentucky coal mines to the California sun  
A A E7 E7  
Yeah Bobby shared the secrets of my soul  
E7 E7 E7 E7  
Through all kinds of weather, through everything we done  
E7 E7 A A  
Yeah Bobby baby kept me from the cold



One day up near Salinas, lo-ord, I let him slip away  
 He's lookin' for that home and I hope he finds it  
 Well I'd trade all my tomorrows for one single yesterday  
 To be holdin' Bobby's body next to mine

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose  
 Nothin', and that's all that Bobby left me  
 Well, feelin' good was easy, lo-o-ord, when he sang the blues  
 And feelin' good was good enough for me  
 Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee yeah

La da da, la da daa, la da daa da daa da daa  
 La da da da daa dadada Bobby McGee-ah  
 Laa li daa da daa daa, la da daa da daa  
 Laa la laa la daada Bobby McGee-ah yeah

La di da, ladida LA dida LA di daa, ladida LA dida LA di daa  
 Hey now Bobby now now Bobby McGee yeah  
 Lo lo LO lolo LO lo laa, lololo LO lolo LO lolo LO lolo LO la laa  
 Hey now Bobby now now Bobby McGee yeah

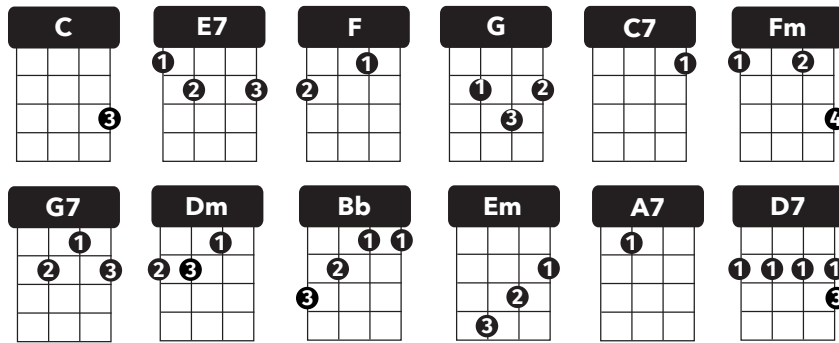
Lord, I called him my lover, I called him my man  
 I said I called him my lover, did the best I can  
 C'mon, hey now Bobby now, hey now Bobby McGee, yeah  
 Lo lo lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a lord oh  
 Hey, hey, hey, Bobby McGee, lord

Outro -x3-:

A A A A  
 A A E7 E7  
 E7 E7 E7 E7  
 E7 E7 A A

# BUILD ME UP, BUTTERCUP

by Mike d'Abo and Tony Macaulay (of The Foundations), 1968  
 Ukulele arrangement by Cynthia Lin, <http://cynthialin.com/ukulele>



chucking strum: [ du Xu ] x 2 per chord, X = chuck; / = one strum

INTRO      C      E7      F      G      |      C      E7      F      G      |      G/      (*Why do you*)  
dudududu

CHORUS

<p style="text-align: center;">C</p> <p>Why do you build me up (build me up)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">F</p> <p>Just to let me down (let me down)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">C</p> <p>And then worst of all (worst of all)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">F</p> <p>When you say you will (say you will)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">C</p> <p>I need you (I need you)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">F</p> <p>You know that I have from the start</p> <p style="text-align: center;">C</p> <p>So build me up</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">E7</p> <p>Buttercup, baby</p> <p style="text-align: center;">G</p> <p>and mess me around</p> <p style="text-align: center;">E7</p> <p>you never call, baby</p> <p style="text-align: center;">G</p> <p>but I love you still</p> <p style="text-align: center;">C7</p> <p>more than anyone, darlin'</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Fm</p> <p>[ F/    F/ C/ Dm/ ]    [ C/ - G7 ]*</p> <p>Buttercup, don't break my heart</p>
---	---

*udududu*

VERSE

<p style="text-align: center;">[ C - G ]</p> <p>"I'll be over at ten," you told me time and again</p> <p style="text-align: center;">[ C - G ]</p> <p>I went to the door, I can't take any more</p> <p style="text-align: center;">[ F - F/ F/ ]</p> <p>down again    (<i>Hey hey</i>)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">[ G7 - G7/ G7/ ]</p> <p>try to find    (<i>Hey hey</i>)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dm</p> <p>I'll be home,</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">[ Bb - F ]</p> <p>But you're late,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">C</p> <p>It's not you,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Em</p> <p>hey)    (<i>hey</i>)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">A7</p> <p>hey)    (<i>hey</i>)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">G</p> <p>A little time, and I'll make you mine</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dm                      D7</p> <p>I'll be beside the phone waiting for you</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">C                      F</p> <p>I wait around and then</p> <p style="text-align: center;">C</p> <p>you let me</p> <p style="text-align: center;">A7</p> <p>A little time, and I'll make you mine</p> <p style="text-align: center;">G                      G/    (no chord)</p> <p>Ooh    Ooh    (<i>Why do you</i>)</p>
--	---	---



## CHORUS

**C** **E7**  
 Why do you build me up (build me up) Buttercup, baby  
**F** **G**  
 Just to let me down (let me down) and mess me around  
**C** **E7**  
 And then worst of all (worst of all) you never call, baby  
**F** **G**  
 When you say you will (say you will) but I love you still  
**C** **C7**  
 I need you (I need you) more than anyone, darlin'  
**F (hits)** **Fm**  
 You know that I have from the start *udududu*  
**C** **G7** [ F / F/ C/ Dm/ ] [ C/ - G7 ]\*  
 So build me up Buttercup, don't break my heart

## VERSE

[ C - G ] [ Bb - F ] **C** **F**  
 To you I'm a toy but I could be the boy you adore, if you'd just let me know  
 [ C - G ] [ Bb - F ] **C**  
 Although you're untrue, I'm attracted to you all the more, Why do I  
 [ F - F/ F/ ] **Dm**  
 need you so (Hey hey hey) Baby, baby  
 [ G7 - G7/ G7/ ] **Em** **A7**  
 try to find (Hey hey hey) A little time, and I'll make you mine  
**Dm** **D7** **G** **G/ (no chord)**  
 I'll be home, I'll be beside the phone waiting for you Ooh Ooh (Why do you)

## CHORUS

**C** **E7**  
 Why do you build me up (build me up) Buttercup, baby  
**F** **G**  
 Just to let me down (let me down) and mess me around  
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 When you say you will (say you will) but I love you still  
**C** **C7**  
 I need you (I need you) more than anyone, darlin'  
**F/ F/ F/ F/ F/ F/ Fm**  
 You know that I have from the start  
**C** **G7** F / F/ C/ Dm/ **end C/**  
 So build me up Buttercup, don't break my heart

Calypso-JohnDenver key: C time: 3\4

*Intro:* F C G C *Note: Dm(2) G7(2) can be substituted by Dm(4)*

C Csus4 C Csus4 C Csus4  
 To sail on a dream of a crystal clear ocean, to ride on the crest of a  
 C Dm(2) G7(2) C Csus4 C Csus4 C  
 wild raging storm. To work in the service of life and the living in search  
 Csus4 C Dm(2) G7(2) C Csus4 C  
 of the answers to questions unknown To be part of the movement and part  
 Csus4 C Csus4 C Gm(2) C7(2)  
 of the growing part of beginning to under stand.

*[Chorus]*

F C Csus4/C F C G  
 Aye calypso the places you've been to the things you show us the stories you  
 C F C Csus4/C F C  
 tell. Aye calypso I sing to your spirit the men who have served you so  
 G C  
 long and so well.

G(2) F C G(2) F C G(2) F C G(2) F(4) C(4) *Yodeling*

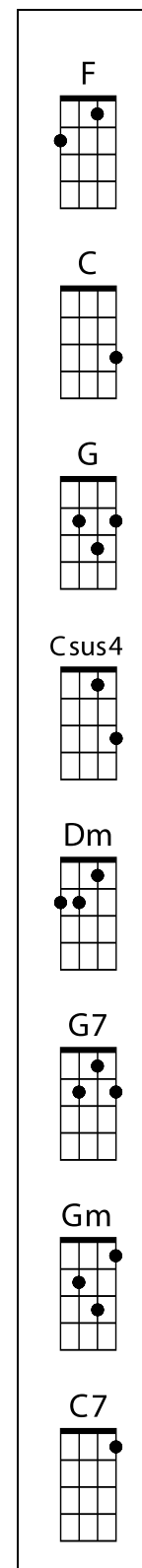
C Csus4 C Csus4 C  
 Like the dolphin who guides you, you bring us beside you to light up the  
 Csus4 C Dm(2) G7(2) C Csus4 C  
 darkness and show us the way. For though we are strangers in your silent  
 Csus4 C Csus4 C Dm7(2) G7(2) C  
 wo'rld to live on the land you must learn from the sea. To be true as the  
 Csus4 C Csus4 C Csus4 C Gm(2) C7(2)  
 tide and free as a wind-swell joyful and loving in letting it be.

*[Chorus 2] (x2)*

F C F C G  
 Aye calypso the places you've been to the things you show us the stories you  
 C F C F C  
 tell. Aye calypso I sing to your spirit the men who have served you so  
 G C  
 long and so well.

*after 2nd ->* G(2) F C G(2) F C G(2) F C G(2) F(4) C(4)

*Outro:* F C G C \





# 828 Changes in Latitudes, Changes in Attitudes

F /// / / / C /// / / / G7 /// / / / | C |

C F G7 C  
I took off for a weekend last month, just to try and recall the whole year,

F G7 C  
All of the faces and all of the places, wonderin' where they all disappeared.

Am Em F G7  
I didn't ponder the question too long, I was hungry and went out for a bite,

F C G7 C  
Ran into a chum with a bottle of rum and we wound up drinkin' all night.

F C G7 C  
It's those changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes, nothing remains quite the same,

F C G7 F C  
All of our running and all of our cunning, if we couldn't laugh, we would all go insane.

C F G7 C  
Reading departure signs in some big airport reminds me of the places I've been,

F G7 C  
Visions of good times that brought so much pleasure makes me want to go back again.

Am Em F G7  
If it suddenly ended tomorrow, I could somehow adjust to the fall,

F C \* G7 C  
Good times and riches and son-of-a-bitches, I've seen more than I can recall.

F C G7 C  
These changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes, nothing remains quite the same.

F C G7 F C  
Through all of the islands and all of the highlands, if we couldn't laugh we would all go insane.

C F G7 C  
I think about Paris when I'm high on red wine, I wish I could jump on a plane,

F G7 C  
So many nights I just dream of the ocean, God I wish I was sailin' again.

Am Em F G7  
Oh, yesterday's over my shoulder, so I can't look back for too long,

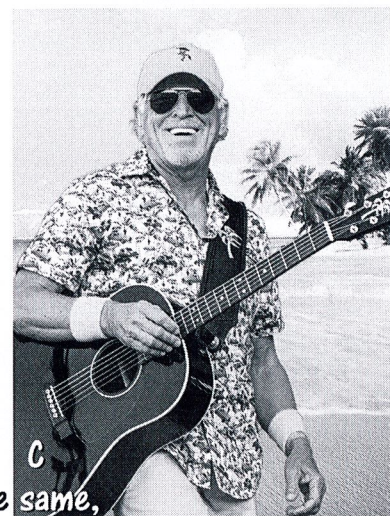
F C G7 C  
There's just too much to see waiting in front of me, and I know that I just can't go wrong.

F C G7 C  
With these changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes, nothing remains quite the same.

F C G7 F C  
With all of my running and all of my cunning, if I couldn't laugh, I just would go insane.

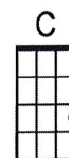
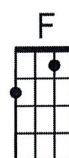
G7 F C  
If we couldn't laugh we just would go insane.

G7 F G7 F /// / / / C /// / / / G7 /// / / / C /  
If we weren't all crazy we would... oo... insane.



by Jimmy Buffett

\* For airplay on conservative radio stations, Jimmy had to change this phrase to "bruises and stitches."





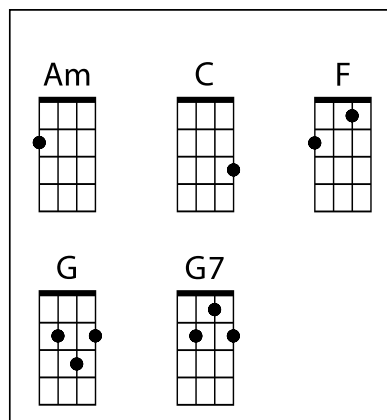
# Country Roads

John Denver, Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert, 1971

Intro :

C C Am Am G F C C

Almost heaven... West Virginia  
 Blue ridge mountains Shenandoah River  
 Life is old there older than the trees  
 Younger than the moun-tains... blowing like a breeze



## Chorus

Country roads... take me home  
 To the place... I belong  
 West Virginia... mountain mama  
 Take me home... country roads

All my memories... gathered round her  
 Miner's lady... stranger to blue water  
 Dark and dusty... painted on the sky  
 Misty taste of moonshine teardrops in my eye

## Chorus

I hear her voice in the mornin' hour she calls me  
 The radio reminds me of my home far away  
 And drivin' down the road I get a feelin' that I  
 should have been home yesterday... yesterday

## Chorus

## Chorus

Outro:

Take me home... country roads  
 Take me home... down country roads  
 Take me home... down country roads

# Dirty Old Town

*(Intro: Instrumental verse with strings on chorus)*

I. I found my love by the gas works croft. Dreamed a  
dream, by the old canal. I kissed my girl by the factory  
wall,

chorus: Dirty old town. Dirty old town.

II. I heard a siren from the docks. Saw a train set the  
night on fire. I smelled the spring on the Salford wind,

chorus

III. Clouds are drifting across the moon. Cats are  
prowling on their beats. Spring's a girl in the street at  
night, Chorus

IV. I'm going to make a good sharp axe. Shining steel  
tempered in the fire. I'll chop you down like an old  
dead tree, Chorus

*(Instrumental verse with strings on chorus)*

V. Repeat first verse.

Outro (slowly): Dirty old town. Dirty old town.

# Down At The Twist And Shout

Mary Chapin Carpenter

## Chorus:

C C  
Saturday night and the moon is out  
G G  
I wanna head on over to the Twist and Shout  
D D  
Find a two-step partner and a Cajun beat  
G G7  
When it lifts me up I'm gonna find my feet  
C C  
Out in the middle of a big dance floor  
G G  
When I hear that fiddle wanna beg for more  
D D G D G  
Wanna dance to a band from a Lou'sian' tonight

D D  
Well I never have wandered down to New Orleans  
G G  
Never have drifted down a bayou stream  
D D  
But I heard that music on the radio  
G G7  
And I swore someday I was gonna go  
Em Em  
Down Highway 10 past Lafayette  
A7 A7  
There's Baton Rouge and I won't forget  
D D  
To send you a card with my regrets  
D D G  
'Cause I'm never gonna come back home

## Chorus

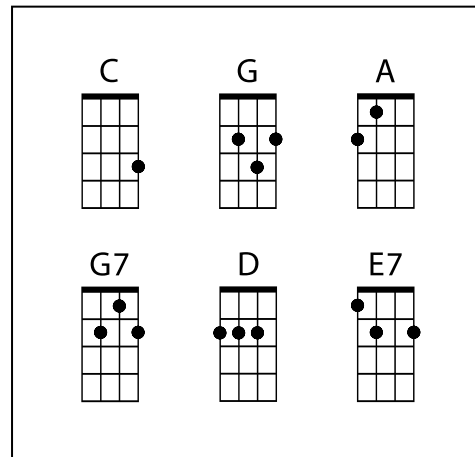
(G) D D  
They got an alligator stew and a crawfish pie  
G G  
A gulf storm blowing into town tonight  
D D  
Living on the delta's quite a show  
G G7  
They got hurricane parties every time it blows  
Em Em  
But here up north it's a cold cold rain  
A7 A7  
And there ain't no cure for my blues today  
D D  
Except when the paper says Beausoleil  
D G  
Is a coming into town baby let's go down

## Chorus

(G) D D  
Bring your mama bring your papa bring your sister too  
G G  
They got lots of music and lots of room  
D D  
When they play you a waltz from a 1910  
G G7  
You're gonna feel a little bit young again  
Em Em  
Well you learned to dance with your rock and roll  
A7 A7  
You learned to swing with a do si do  
D D  
But you learn to love at the fais do do  
D G  
When you hear a little Jolie Blon

## FINAL Chorus:

C C  
Saturday night and the moon is out  
G G  
I wanna head on over to the Twist and Shout  
D D  
Find a two-step partner and a Cajun beat  
G G7  
When it lifts me up I'm gonna find my feet  
C C  
Out in the middle of a big dance floor  
G G  
When I hear that fiddle wanna beg for more  
D D G  
Wanna dance to a band from a Lou'sian' tonight  
D D G  
Wanna dance to a band from a Lou'sian' tonight

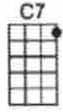




# DREAM A LITTLE DREAM

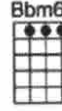
The Mamas & the Papas

4/4 1234



Stars shining bright a-bove you

Night breezes seem to whisper "I love you."



Birds singing in the sycamore tree

Dream a little dream of me.

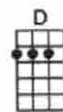


Say "Nightie-night" and kiss me

Just hold me tight and tell me you'll miss me

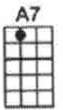
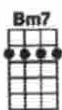


While I'm alone and blue as can be Dream a little dream of me.



Stars fading but I linger on, dear

Still craving your kiss



I'm longing to linger 'til dawn, dear

Just saying this...



Sweet dreams 'til sunbeams find you



Sweet dreams that leave all worries be-hind you



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



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

# FLOWERS

by Miley Cyrus, Gregory Aldae Hein, & Michael Pollack, 2023

Watch the [YouTube Play-Along](#) | Watch the [February 2023 Patreon Lesson](#)

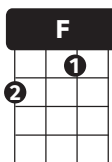
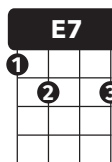
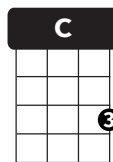
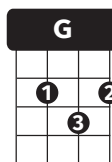
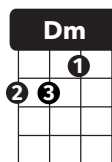
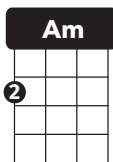
Ukulele arrangement by Cynthia Lin, <http://cynthialin.com/ukulele>

counts: 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 &

picking: [ 1-2-3-4 ] per chord

funky island strum: [ d - x U - U x u ]

funky mute strum: [ d x x u x x x x ]



picking

VERSE

Am

Dm

G

C

We were good, we were gold

Kind of dream that can't be sold

We were right 'til we weren't

Built a home and watched it burn

&4&

PRECHORUS Am/

Dm/

E7/

nc

E7///

Mmm, I didn't wanna leave you, I didn't wanna lie, Started to cry but then remembered, I

funky island strum

optional [ 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & ]

CHORUS nc/Am

Dm

G

C [ C\* G/B ]

I can buy myself flowers

Write my name in the sand

Talk to myself for hours

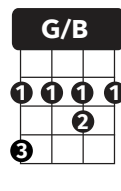
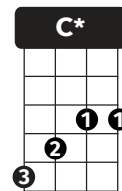
Say things you don't understand

I can take myself dancing

And I can hold my own hand

F

E7/



Yeah, I can love me better than you can

BREAK Am

Dm

G

C

love me better, I can love me better, baby can love me better, I can love me -

funky mute

VERSE

Am

Dm

G

C

Paint my nails, cherry red

Match the roses that you left

No remorse, no regret

I forget every word you said

PRECHORUS Am/

Dm/

E7/

E7///

Ooh, I didn't wanna leave you, I didn't wanna fight, Started to cry but then remembered, I

CHORUS nc/Am

Dm

G

C [ C\* G/B ]

I can buy myself flowers

Write my name in the sand

Talk to myself for hours

Say things you don't understand

I can take myself dancing

And I can hold my own hand

FINAL HOOK F

E7

F

E7/

E7///

Yeah, I can love me better than Yeah, I can love me better than you can

OUTRO Am

Dm

G

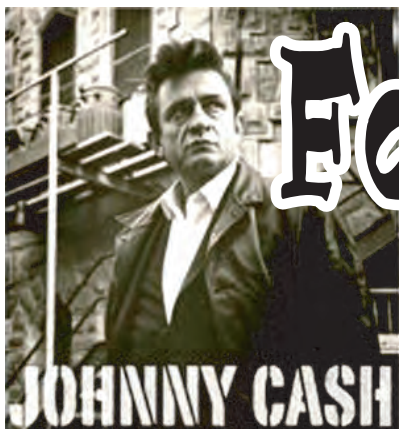
C

love me better, I can love me better, baby

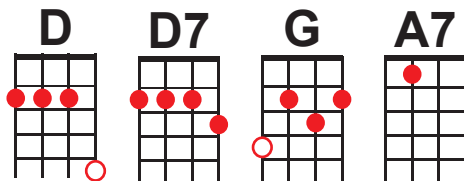
love me better, I can love me better, baby

love me better, I can love me better, baby

love me better, I can love me better, baby



# Folsom Prison Blues



**D**  
 I hear *the train a-comin'*; it's rollin' 'round the bend,  
**D7**  
 And I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when,  
**G** **D**  
 I'm stuck at Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on  
**A7** **D**  
 But that train keeps a-rollin' on down to San Antone

**D**  
 When I was just a baby, my momma told me, "Son,  
**D7**  
 Always be a good boy; don't ever play with guns"  
**G** **D**  
 But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die  
**A7** **D**  
 When I hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and cry

**D**  
 I bet there's rich folk eatin' in a fancy dining car  
**D7**  
 They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars,  
**G** **D**  
 But I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free,  
**A7** **D**  
 But those people keep a-movin', and that's what tortures me

**D**  
 Well if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine,  
**D7**  
 I bet I'd move it all a little farther down the line,  
**G** **D**  
 Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay,  
**A7** **D**  
 And I'd let that lonesome whistle... blow my blues away

**I Fall To Pieces**

recorded by Patsy Cline - Written by Harlan Howard and Hank Cochran

Intro: **G7 C D7 G**

**G C D7**

I Fall To Pieces

**C D7 G**

Each time I see you again

**G C D7**

I Fall To Pieces

**C D7 G G7**

How can I be just your friend

**G7 C**

You want me to act like we've never kissed

**D7**

You want me to forget

**G G7**

Pretend we've never met

**C D7**

And I've tried and I've tried

**G G7 C**

But I haven't yet you walk by

**D7 G**

And I fall to pieces

**G C D7**

I Fall To Pieces

**C D7 G**

Each time someone speaks your name

**G C D7**

I Fall To Pieces

**C D7 G G7**

Time only adds to the flame

**G7 C**

You tell me to find someone else to love

**D7**

Someone who'll love me too

**G G7**

The way you used to do

**G7 C D7**

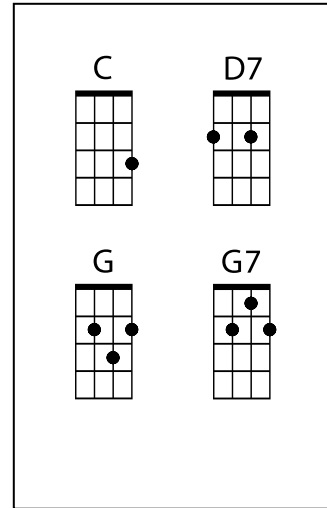
But each time I go out

**G G7**

With someone new

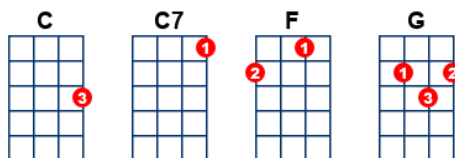
**G7 C D7 G**

You walk by and I fall to pieces



# I Just Wanna Dance With You

key:C, artist:George Strait writer:John Prine & Roger Cook --- Island Strum



C . . . . . C . . . .  
 I don't want to be the kind to hesitate,  
 C . . . . G . . . .  
 Be too shy, wait too late  
 G . . . . . G . . . .  
 I don't care what they say other lovers do  
 G . . . . . C . . . .  
 I just want to dance with you.

C . . . . . C  
 I got a feeling that you have a heart like mine  
 C . . . . G . . . .  
 So let it show, let it shine  
 G . . . . . G . . . .  
 If we have a chance to make one heart of two  
 G . . . . . C . . . C7 . . .  
 Then I just want to dance with you,

## Chorus

. . . F . . . . F . . . . . C . . . .  
 I want to dance with you.....twirl you all a- round the floor  
 C . . . . . G . . . .  
 That's what they invented dancing for,  
 G . . . . . C . . . C7 . . .  
 I just want to dance with you,  
 . . . F . . . . F . . . . . C . . . .  
 I want to dance with you..... hold you in my arms once more  
 C . . . . . G . . . .  
 That's what they invented dancing for  
 G . . . . . C . . . .  
 I just want to dance with you. ----- 2<sup>nd</sup> Time – repeat this line 2X

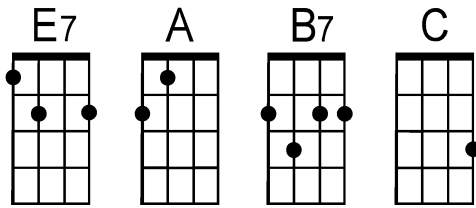
C . . . . . C . . . .  
 I caught you lookin' at me when I looked at you,  
 C . . . . G . . . .  
 Yes I did, ain't that true  
 G . . . . . G . . . .  
 You won't get embarrassed by the things I do,  
 G . . . . . C . . . .  
 I just want to dance with you.

C . . . . . C . . . .  
 Oh the boys are playing softly and the girls are too  
 C . . . . G . . . .  
 So am I, and so are you  
 G . . . . . G . . . .  
 If this was a movie we'd be right on cue  
 G . . . . . C . . . C7 . . .  
 I just want to dance with you ...Back to Chorus



# I Saw Her Standing There

by Paul McCartney and John Lennon



**Intro:** one, two, three, four! E7 . . . | . . . . | . . . . | .

. . . . | E7 . . . . | . . . . | A . . . . | E7 . . . .  
Well she was— just se-ven—tee-eeen you know what I mea-ean—  
. . . . | . . . . | . . . . | B7 . . . . | . . . . |  
and the way she looked was way be-yond com-par-are—  
E7 . . . . | . . . . | A . . . . | C . . . .  
How— could I— dance— with an—oth-er— Oh—  
. . . . | E7 . . . . | B7 . . . . | E7 . . . . | . . . .  
When I saw— her— sta—anding there?

. . . | E7 . . . . | . . . . | A . . . . | E7 . . . .  
Well, she— looked at— me-e and I— I could see-ee  
. . . | . . . . | . . . . | B7 . . . . | . . . . |  
that be-fore too long I'd fall in love with her—er—  
E7 . . . . | . . . . | A . . . . | C . . . .  
She— wouldn't dance— with an—oth-er— Oh—  
. . . | E7 . . . . | B7 . . . . | E7 . . . . | . . . .  
and I saw— her— sta—anding there

. . . | A . . . . | . . . . | . . . . | . . . . | . . . .  
**Bridge:** Well, my heart— went— boom, when I crossed that— room—  
. . . | A . . . . | . . . . | B7 . . . . | A . . . . | . . . .  
and I held— her— hand— in— mi-i—ine—

. . . | E7 . . . . | . . . . | A . . . . | E7 . . . .  
Whoa, we danced through the— ni—ight and we held each oth-er ti—ight  
. . . | . . . . | . . . . | B7 . . . . | . . . . |  
and be-fore too long I fell in love with her—er—  
. . . | E7 . . . . | . . . . | A . . . . | C . . . .  
Now, I'll— nev-er dance— with an—oth-er— Oh—  
. . . | E7 . . . . | B7 . . . . | E7 . . . . | . . . . |  
When I saw— her— sta—anding there

**Instrumental:** E7 . . . | . . . . | A . . . | E7 . . . |

E7 . . . | . . . . | B7 . . . | . . . . |

E7 . . . | . . . . | A . . . | C . . . | E7 . . . | B7 . . . | E7 . . . | . . .



**Bridge:** Well, my heart— went— boom, when I crossed that— room—  
 and I held— her— hand— in— mi-i————ine————

Whoa, we danced through the— ni—ight and we held each oth—er ti—ight  
 and be—fore too long I fell in love with her—er——

Now, I'll— nev—er dance— with an— oth—er—— Oh——

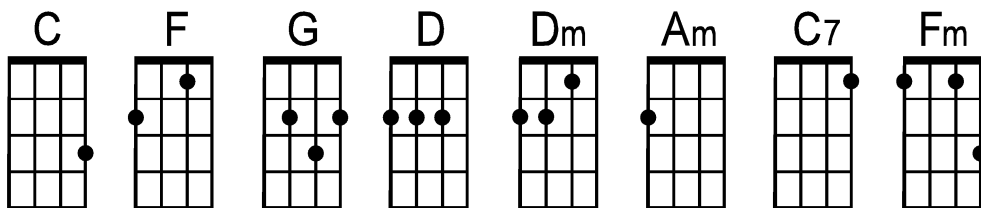
Since I saw— her— sta——anding there

Whoa, since I— saw— her— sta——anding there

Yeah, well since I— saw— her— sta——anding there—— **E7\**

# I'll Follow the Sun

by John Lennon and Paul McCartney (1964)



**Intro:** C . G . | F . C . |

G . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D . . .  
 One— day—, you'll— look—, to see I've gone—

. | C . Am . | D . G . | C . . . | F . C . |  
 For to-morrow may rain so, I'll fol— low the sun—

G . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D . . .  
 Some— day—, you'll— know—, I was the one—

. | C . Am . | D . G . | C . . . | C7  
 But to-morrow may rain so, I'll fol— low the sun—

**Bridge:** . . . | Dm . . . | Fm . . . | C . . . | C7  
 And now the time has come—, and so my love, I must go—

. . . | Dm . . . | Fm . . . | C . . . | Dm . . . |  
 And though I lose a friend—, in the end you will know—, Oh— oh-oh

G . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D . . .  
 One— day—, you'll— find—, that I have gone—

. | C . Am . | D . G . | C . . . | F . C . |  
 For to-morrow may rain so, I'll fol— low the sun—

**Instrumental:** G . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D . . .  
 A-----0-----3-2-5-----  
 E-----3-----3-----  
 C-2-----3-----  
 G-----

. | C . Am . | D . G . | C . . . | C7  
 Yes to-morrow may rain so, I'll fol— low the sun—

**Bridge:** . . . | Dm . . . | Fm . . . | C . . . | C7  
 And now the time has come—, and so my love, I must go—

. . . | Dm . . . | Fm . . . | C . . . | Dm . . . |  
 And though I lose a friend—, in the end you will know—, Oh— oh-oh

G . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D . . .  
 One— day—, you'll— find—, that I have gone—

. | C . Am . | D . G . | C . . . | F . C |  
 For to-morrow may rain so, I'll fol— low the sun—

# It's Not You, It's Me

by Richard Julian and Ashley Moore

4/4 time

Intro C | C | E7 | E7 | F | G | C | C(riff) |

| . C . . . | . . . . . | E7 . . . . . | . . . . . |

I just can't keep going a long, making be- lieve nothing is

F . . . . . | G . . . . . | C ... | .... (riff) |

Wrong. It's wrong and it's always gonna be

| . C . . . | . . . . . | E7 . . . . . | . . . . . |

Nothing you did in any way, nothing you said or didn't

F . . . . . | G . . . . . | C ... | .... (riff) |

Say. it's not you, baby, it's me.

## Chorus

| F ^ . . . . . | D7 . . . . . | F . . . . . | D7 . . . . . |

So keep on being long and tall, keep on talkin' with the same ol' drawl

F . . . . . | D7 . . . . . | G7 ... | G7-5 ... |

Keep on baby, don't you trip and fall over me

| C . ^ . . . | . . . . . | E7 . . . . . | . . . . . |

The petals of the daisy drop, you love me then, you love me

F . . . . . | G . . . . . | C ... | .... |

Not You love me not, it's plain to see

C . . . . . | . . . . . | E7 . . . . . | . . . . . |

Who keeps the fire burning bright, the one who's losing sleep at

F . . . . . | G . . . . . | C . . . . . | C . . . . . |

Night, It ain't you, baby, it's me

| F ^ . . . . . | D7 . . . . . | F . . . . . | D7 . . . . . |

So keep the rose you never brought, keep that ring that you never bought

F . . . . . | D7 . . . . . | G7 ... | G7-5 ... |

It's all my fault, it's all my fanta- sy

C . . . . . | . . . . . | E7 . . . . . | . . . . . |

Oh, but I can't give you no more of my- self, 'cuz I'm lookin out for somebody

F . . . . . | G . . . . . | C ... | (riff last time.)

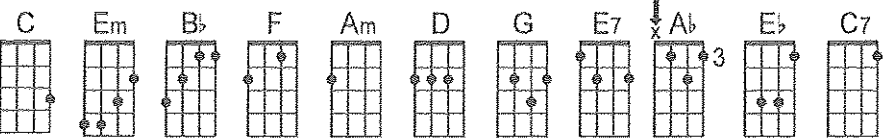
Else, It ain't you, baby, it's me. **Repeat last two lines for outro.**

**902** INTRO: |C |C |

C Em  
What's the matter with the clothes I'm wearing?  
Bb F  
(Can't ya tell that your tie's too wide?)  
C Em  
Maybe I should buy some old tab collars?  
Bb F  
(Welcome back to the age of jive)  
Em Am  
Where have you been hidin' out lately, honey?  
Em D G  
You can't dress trashy till you spend a lot of money  
C Em Bb F  
Everybody's talkin' 'bout the new sound, funny  
Am G C  
But it's still rock and roll to me  
C Em  
What's the matter with the car I'm driving?  
Bb F  
(Can't ya tell that it's out of style?)  
C Em  
Should I get a set of white wall tires?  
Bb F  
(Are you gonna cruise the miracle mile?)  
Em Am  
Nowadays you can't be too sentimental  
Em D G  
Your best bet's a true baby blue Continental  
C Em Bb F  
Hot funk, cool punk, even if it's old junk  
Am G C  
It's still rock and roll to me

C G F  
Oh... it doesn't matter what they say in the papers  
E7 Am  
It's always been the same old scene  
G F  
Well, there's a new band in town but you can't get the sound  
E7 Ab Eb F G/  
From a story in a magazine, aimed at your average teen.

C Em  
How about a pair of pink sidewinders  
Bb F  
And a bright orange pair of pants?  
C Em  
Well, you could really be a Beau Brummel baby  
Bb F  
If you just give it half a chance



Em Am  
Don't waste your money on a new set of speakers  
Em D G  
You get more mileage from a cheap pair of sneakers  
C Em Bb F  
Next phase, new wave, dance craze, anyways  
Am G |C |C |  
It's still rock and roll to me

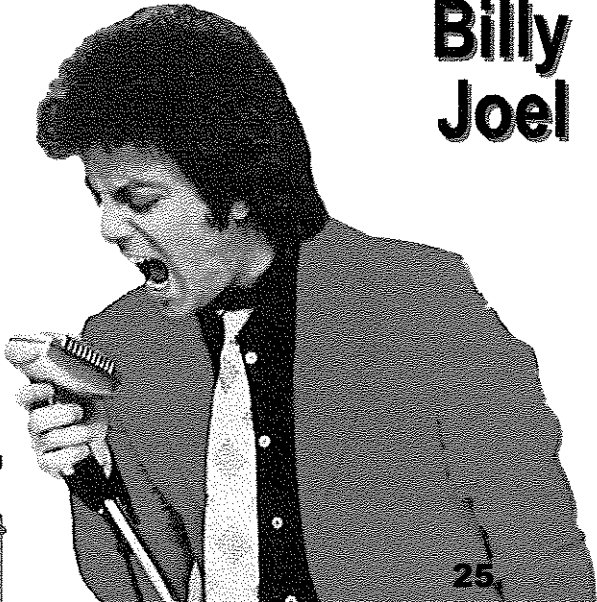
C Em  
What's the matter with the crowd I'm seeing?  
Bb F  
(Don't ya know that they're out of touch?)  
C Em  
Should I try to be a straight 'A' student?  
Bb F  
(If ya are, then you think too much)

Em Am  
Don't you know about the new fashion, honey?  
Em D G  
All you need are looks and a whole lotta money  
C Em Bb F  
It's the next phase, new wave, dance craze, anyways  
Am G C  
It's still rock and roll to me

C / Em / Bb / F /  
Everybody's talkin' 'bout the new sound, honey  
Am / G / C / C7  
But it's still rock and roll to me.

# It's Still Rock n' Roll to Me

**Billy Joel**

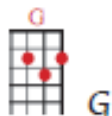
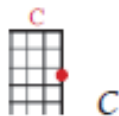


# Jambalaya

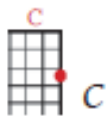
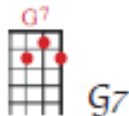
- a JUMBLE OF YELLOW RICE, SAUSAGE, SEAFOOD, VEGETABLES, AND SPICES

13

Words and Music by Hank Williams



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



Me gotta go pole the pirogue down the bayou.

My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh

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

C'MON UKERS SING!

Chorus

Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and file' gumbo

'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio

Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o

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

Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin'

Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen

Dress in style and go hog wild, me oh my oh

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

Chorus

Settle down far from town, get me a pirogue

And I'll catch all the fish in the bayou

Swap my mon to buy Yvonne what she need-o

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

Chorus

**Pirogue** (pee-roh) A small flat-bottomed boat invented by Cajuns for maneuvering through shallow water



HOW HE WENT

**Bayou** - from the Choctaw "bayuk," river or creek. A natural canal, having its rise in the overflow of a river, or draining of a marsh, lacking any current

*Yvonne*  
also known as  
*ma cher amio*



WHY HE WENT

**Gumbo** from "kingombo," African word for okra. This vegetable was brought to New Orleans by African slaves and is considered to have both spiritual and health-giving properties. It became a principal ingredient in many gumbos, along with rice and seafood (or sausage or chicken), and a powdercalled **file** (**fee-lay**), the inspiration of Choctaw Indians, made from ground up sassafras leaves

WHERE HE WENT



WHO ELSE WAS THERE



.....OH AND BY THE WAY mon = \$\$\$\$

# Jolene

Dolly Parton

Am C G Am Am  
 Jolene Jolene Jolene Jolene

G Em7 Am Am  
 I'm begging of you please don't take my man

Am C G Am Am  
 Jolene Jolene Jolene Jolene

G Em7 Am Am  
 Please don't take him just because you can

Am C  
 Your beauty is beyond compare

G Am  
 With flaming locks of auburn hair

G Em7 Am Am  
 With ivory skin and eyes of emerald green

Am C  
 Your smile is like a breath of spring

G Am  
 Your voice is soft like summer rain

G Em7 Am Am  
 And I cannot compete with Jolene

Am C  
 He talks about you in his sleep

G Am  
 And there's nothing I can do to keep

G Em7 Am Am  
 From crying when he calls your name Jolene

Am C  
 And I can easily understand

G Am  
 How you could easily take my man

G Em7 Am Am  
 But you don't know what he means to me Jolene

Am C G Am Am  
 Jolene Jolene Jolene Jolene

G Em7 Am Am  
 I'm begging of you please don't take my man

Am C G Am Am  
 Jolene Jolene Jolene Jolene

G Em7 Am Am  
 Please don't take him just because you can

Am C  
 You can have your choice of men

G Am  
 But I could never love again

G Em7 Am Am  
 He's the only one for me Jolene

Am C  
 I had to have this talk with you

G Am  
 My happiness depends on you

G Em7 Am Am  
 And whatever you decide to do Jolene

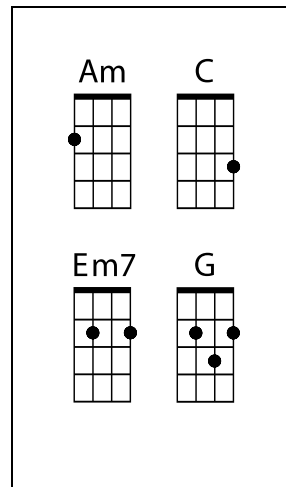
Am C G Am Am  
 Jolene Jolene Jolene Jolene

G Em7 Am Am  
 I'm begging of you please don't take my man

Am C G Am Am  
 Jolene Jolene Jolene Jolene

G Em7 Am Am  
 Please don't take him just because you can

Am C G Am Am/  
 Jolene Jolene Jolene Jolene

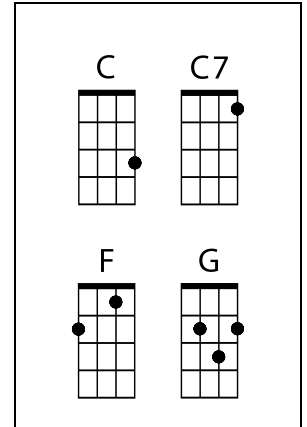


# Long Gone Lonesome Blues

Hank Williams

Key: C

Intro: C G C C



C C C C

I went down to the river to watch the fish swim by

F F C C

But I got to the river so lonesome I wanted to die, Oh Lord

G G C C

So then I jumped in the river, but the doggone river was dry

C F C G C C

**Chorus: She's long gone, and now I'm lonesome blue**

C C

I had me a woman who couldn't be true

C C7

She made me for my money and she made me blue

F F

A man needs a woman that he can lean on

G G C C

But my leanin' post is done left and gone

C F C G C C

**Chorus: She's long gone, and now I'm lonesome blue**

C C C C

I'm gonna find me a river, one that's cold as ice.

F F C C

And when I find me that river, Lord I'm gonna' pay the price, Oh Lord!

G G C C

I'm goin' down in it three times, but Lord I'm only comin' up twice.

C F C G C C

**Chorus: She's long gone, and now I'm lonesome blue**





**PAGE 2 Long Gone Lonesome Blues**

**C** **C**  
She told me on Sunday she was checkin' me out

**C** **C7**  
Long about Monday she was nowhere about

**F** **F**  
And here it is Tuesday, ain't had no news

**C** **G** **C** **C**  
I got them gone but not forgotten blues

**C** **F** **C** **G** **C** **C**  
**Chorus:** She's long gone, and now I'm lonesome blue

**C** **F** **C** **G** **C** **C\ C\ C\**  
**Chorus:** She's long gone, and now I'm lonesome blue

# NOWHERE MAN (LENNON/MCCARTNEY)

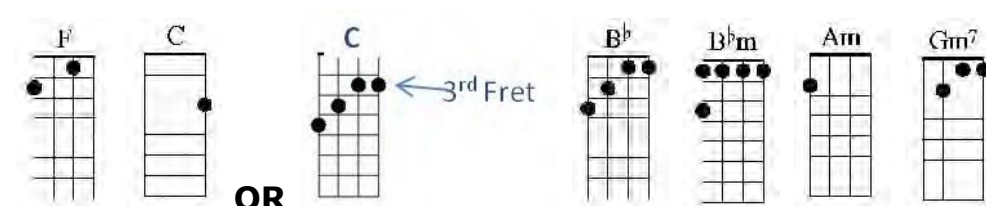
**Intro: Gm7 Bbm F F**

**F C Bb F**  
 He's a real nowhere man, sitting in his nowhere land  
**Bb Bbm F F**  
 Making all his nowhere plans for nobody  
**F C Bb F**  
 Doesn't have a point of view, knows not where he's going to  
**Gm7 Bbm F F**  
 Isn't he a bit like you and me  
**Am Bb Am Bb**  
 Nowhere man please listen - you don't know what you're missing  
**Am Gm7 C7 C7**  
 Nowhere man the world is at your command

**F C Bb F**  
 He's as blind as he can be - just sees what he wants to see  
**Gm7 Bbm F F**  
 Nowhere man can you see me at all  
**Am Bb Am Bb**  
 Nowhere man don't worry - take your time don't hurry  
**Am Am Gm7 C7**  
 Leave it all till somebody else lends you a hand

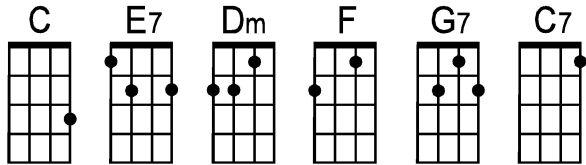
**F C Bb F**  
 Doesn't have a point of view - knows not where he's going to  
**Gm7 Bbm F F**  
 Isn't he a bit like you and me  
**Am Bb Am Bb**  
 Nowhere man please listen - you don't know what you're missing  
**Am Gm7 C7 C7**  
 Nowhere man the world is at your command

**F C Bb F**  
 He's a real nowhere man - sitting in his nowhere land  
**Gm7 Bbm F F**  
 Making all his nowhere plans for nobody  
**Gm7 Bbm F F**  
 Making all his nowhere plans for nobody  
**Gm7 Bbm F F\**  
 Making all his nowhere plans for nobody



# On the Road Again

By Willie Nelson (1979)



(to play in original key (E) capo 4th fret.)

Intro: F . G7 . | C . . . | F . G7 . | C . .

On the road a-gain. Just can't wait to get on the road a-gain

The life I love is making music with my friends

And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain.

On the road a-gain, goin' places that I've never been

Seeing things that I may never see a-gain

And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain.

**Chorus:** On the road a-gain, like a band of ~~gypsies~~ **travelers**, we go down the high-way

We're the best of friends, in-sisting that the world keep turning our way and our way

Is on the road a-gain. Just can't wait to get on the road again

The life I love is making music with my friends

And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain.

*Instr:* A-----  
 E-----0-0-0-----0-1-0-----0-0-0-----0-1-0-----0-----0-1-111-3-0-00-0-----  
 C-----3-----2-0-----3-----2-0-----2-2-1-2-----2-0-----  
 G-----0-0-----

**Chorus:** On the road a-gain, like a band of ~~gypsies~~ **travelers**, we go down the high-way

We're the best of friends, in-sisting that the world keep turning our way and our way

Is on the road a-gain. Just can't wait to get on the road again

The life I love is making music with my friends

And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain.

And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain

# Wabash Cannonball (Carter Family)

**Intro:** First verse

Out [C] from the wide Pacific to the broad Atlantic [F] shore  
She [G] climbs the flowing mountains, o'er [G7] hills and by the [C] shore  
Al-[C]though she's tall and handsome and she's [C7] known quite well by [F] all  
She's a [G] regular combination, the Wabash Cannon-[C]ball.

## **Chorus:**

*Oh, [C] listen to the jingle, the [C7] rumble and the [F] roar  
As she [G] glides along the woodland, o'er [G7] hills and by the [C] shore  
She [C] climbs the flowing mountains, hear the [C7] merry hobo [F] squall  
As she [G] glides along the woodland, the [G7] Wabash Cannon-[C]ball.*

Oh the [C] Eastern states are dandy, so the Western people [F] say  
From [G] New York to St. Louis, Chi-[G7]cago by the [C] way  
To the [C] lakes of Minnesota where the [C7] rippling waters [F] fall  
No [G] changes to be taken on the [G7] Wabash Cannon-[C]ball.

## **(Chorus)**

Oh, [C] here's old daddy Cleaton, let his name forever [F] be  
And [G] long be remembered in the [G7] courts of Tennes-[C]see  
For he's [C] a good old rounder 'til the [C7] curtains round him [F] fall  
He'll be [G] carried back to victory on the [G7] Wabash Cannon-[C]ball.

## **(Chorus)**

I have [C] rode the I.C. Limited and the Royal [F] Blue  
A-[G]cross the Eastern counties on [G7] Elkhorn Number [C] Two  
[C] I have rode those highball trains from [C7] coast to coast that's [F] all  
But [G] I have found no equal to the [G7] Wabash Cannon-[C]ball.

## **(Chorus)**

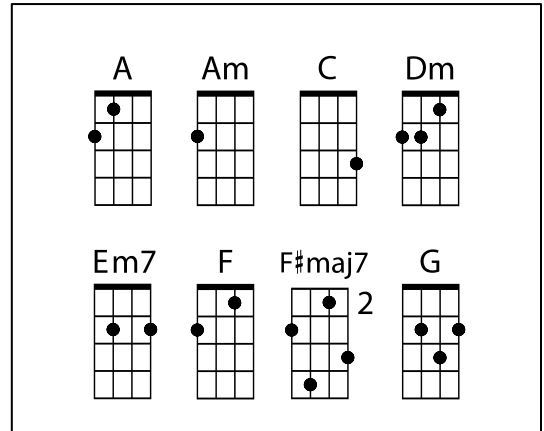
# Rainbow Connection

from *The Muppet Movie* (Key of C)

Strum Pattern: Swing Shuffle or DDUD (¾ time)

**Intro:** C F// C F//

C Am F G  
Why are there so many songs about rainbows?  
C Am F G  
And what's on the other side  
C Am F G  
Rainbows are visions, but only illusions  
C Am F F  
And rainbows have nothing to hide  
Fmaj7 Fmaj7 Fmaj7 Fmaj7  
So we've been told and some choose to believe it  
Em7 Em7 Em7 Em7  
I know they're wrong, wait and see



Dm G  
**Chorus:** Someday we'll find it,  
Em7 A  
The Rainbow Connection,  
Dm G C F// C F//  
The lovers, the dreamers and me..

C Am Dm G  
Who said that every wish would be heard and answered,  
C Am F G  
When wished on the morning star?  
C Am F G  
Somebody thought of that and someone believed it  
C Am F  
And look what its done so far  
Fmaj7 Fmaj7 Fmaj7 Fmaj7  
What's so amazing that keeps us star gazing  
Em7 Em7 Em7 Em7  
What do we think we might see

Dm G  
**Chorus:** Someday we'll find it,  
Em7 A  
The Rainbow Connection,  
Dm G C  
The lovers, the dreamers and me

G Am C  
**Bridge:** All of us under its spell  
F C G G  
We know that it's probably ma-gic.

C Am F G  
Have you been half asleep and have you heard voices  
C Am F G  
I've heard them calling my name  
C Am F G Am  
Is this the sweet sound, that calls the young sailors  
C Am F F  
The voice might be one and the same  
Fmaj7 Fmaj7 Fmaj7 Fmaj7  
I've heard it too many times to ignore it  
Em7 Em7 Em7 Em7  
It's something that I'm supposed to be

**Last Chorus:** Dm G  
Someday we'll find it,  
Em7 A  
The Rainbow Connection  
Dm G C  
The lovers the dreamers and me  
G Am C

**Tag:** La da da dee da da do

F G C/  
La da da da dee da da do...

## Rainbow Connection

*from The Muppet Movie (Key of G)*

Strum Pattern: Swing Shuffle or DDUD (¾ time)

**Intro:** G C// G C//

G Em Am D  
Why are there so many, songs about rainbows?  
G Em C C  
And what's on the other side?  
G Em Am D  
Rainbows are visions, but only illusions.  
G Em C C  
And rainbows have nothing to hide  
Cmaj7 Cmaj7 Cmaj7 Cmaj7  
So we've been told and some choose to believe it.  
F#m F#m F#m F#m  
I know they're wrong..wait and see.

**Chorus:** Am D  
Someday we'll find it,  
Bm E7  
The Rainbow Connection,  
Am D7 G C// G C//  
The lovers, the dreamers and me..

G Em Am D  
Who said that every wish, would be heard and answered,  
G Em C C  
When wished on the morning star?  
G Em Am D  
Somebody thought of that and someone believed it,  
G Em C C  
And look what its done so far.  
Cmaj7 Cmaj7 Cmaj7 Cmaj7  
What's so amazing that keeps us star gazing?  
F#m F#m F#m F#m  
What do we think..we might see?

**Chorus:** Am D  
Someday we'll find it,  
Bm E7  
The Rainbow Connection,  
Am D7 G  
The lovers, the dreamers and me.

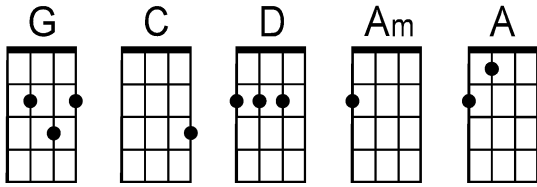
**Bridge:** D Em G  
All of us under its spell,  
C G D D7  
We know that it's probably ma-a-gic...

G Em Am D  
Have you been half asleep and have you heard voices?  
G Em C C  
I've heard them calling my name.  
G Em Am D  
Is this the sweet sound, that calls the young sailors?  
G Em C C  
The voice might be one and the same  
Cmaj7 Cmaj7 Cmaj7 Cmaj7  
I've heard it too many times to ignore it.  
F#m F#m F#m F#m  
It's something that.. I'm supposed to be.

**Last Chorus:** Am D  
Someday we'll find it,  
Bm E7  
The Rainbow Connection,  
Am D7 G  
The lovers, the dreamers and me.  
D Em G  
**Tag:** La da da dee da da do,  
C D7 G/  
La da da dee da da do...

# Ripple

By Robert Hunter & Jerry Garcia



Strum: V V ^ ^ V ^  
1 2 & - & 4 &

**Intro:**

G . . . | G . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | G

A ————— 0-2-0-2 ————— 0

E ————— 3 ————— 3 — 0 ————— 0-2-3 ————— 3-0 — 0-2-3 — 0

C — 0 2 ————— 2

G 4-2-4

G . . . | G . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . . | G . . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . |

A ————— 0-2-0-2 ————— 0 2 — 2-3 — 0 ————— 0 ————— 0

E ————— 3 ————— 3 — 0 ————— 3 ————— 0 3 — 3 — 3 —————

C — 0 2 ————— 2

G 4-2-4

G . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . . |

If my words did glow ————— with the go-oid of sun — shine —

and my tunes ————— were pla — yed on a harp — un — strung

Would you hear my voice ————— come thro-ugh the mu — sic — ?

Would you hold — i — it near ————— as it — were your own?

G . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . . |

It's a hand-me- down ————— The thou-ghts are bro — ken —

Per-haps they're better ————— left — un — sung —

I don't know —————, don't re-eally ca — re —

G . . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . | . . . |

Let — there be songs ————— to fill the- air —————

A — 3 — 0 —  
E ————— 2

**Chorus:** Am . . . | . . . | D . . . | . . . |

Ri — ip-ple in — still wa-a-ter —

Where there is no peb-ble tossed Nor wind — to — blow —

G . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . . |

Reach out your- hand ————— if your cu — up is emp — ty —

If your cup — is full — may it be — a — gain

Let it be — known ————— there i — is a foun — tain —

G . . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . |

that — was not made — by the hands of men



There is a— road— no si—imple high—way— **C**  
 Be—tween— the dawn— and the dark— of— night **G**  
 And if you— go— no o—one may fol—low— **C**  
 That— path is for— your steps a—lone— **G** **D** **C** **G**  
A—3—0—  
E—2

**Chorus: Am** Ri—ip—ple in— still wa—a—ter— **D**  
 Where there is no peb—ble tossed Nor wind— to— blow— **G** **C** **A** **D**

You who— choose— to le—ead must fol—low— **G** **C**  
 But if— you fall you fall— a—lone **G**  
 If you should stand— then who—o's to guide— you—? **C**  
 If I— kne—ew the way— I would— take you home **G** **D** **C** **G**

**Ending: G** Lada da da Daa— La da—ah da Da— Da— **C**  
 Lada Da— da dada— Lada Da— Da— Da **G**  
 Lada da da Daa— La da—ah da Da— Da— **C**  
 La— Da Da Da— La—da— Da Da Daa— **G** **D** **C** **G**

**San Jose Ukulele Club**

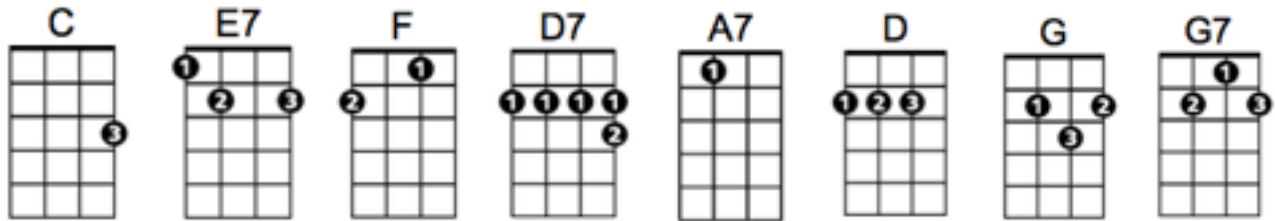
(v6- 5/13/16)



# SEA OF LOVE

by Phil Phillips and George Khoury

Ukulele arrangement by Cynthia Lin, <http://cynthialin.com/ukulele>



fingering pattern: [ 1 - 2 - (34) - 2 ] x 2 per chord  
 chucking strum: [ down - up | chuck - up ] x 2 per chord

INTRO (pick) C

VERSE (pick)

<b>C</b>	<b>E7</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>D7</b>	<b>A7</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>G7</b>
Come with me,	my love,	to the sea,	The sea of love				
[ C - A7 ]	[ D - G ]	C	G7 // (two hits - optional pick transition)				
*** I wanna tell you,	how much I love you						

**G7**

A-----2- |

E-1----- |

C---2---- |

G----- |

VERSE (strum)

<b>C</b>	<b>E7</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>D7</b>
Do you remember when we met?	That's the day I	knew you were my pet	
[ C - A7 ]	[ D - G ]	[ C - F ]	C
I wanna tell you,	how much I love you		

BRIDGE (strum)

<b>G</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>E7</b>	<b>G</b>
Come with me,	to the sea,	of	love!		

VERSE + END TAG (strum)

<b>C</b>	<b>E7</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>D7</b>
Do you remember when we met?	That's the day I	knew you were my pet	
[ C - A7 ]	[ D - G ]		
I wanna tell you,	just how much I		
[ C - A7 ]	[ D - G ]		
I wanna tell you,	just how much I		
[ C - A7 ]	[ D - G ]	<b>F</b>	<b>C /</b>
I wanna tell you,	just how much I love you		

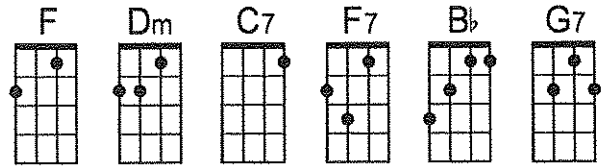
**1st Time**  
**Back to**  
**\*\*\***



# She's Got You

by Hank Cochran

(Play slowly & soulfully)



**INTRO:** F // Dm // F // Dm //

"She's Got You" is a country song first recorded by Patsy Cline in December 1961 and released in 1962 as a single. The song, which immediately went to No. 1 on the Hot C&W Sides country chart, was Cline's follow-up to her two previous big hits of the previous year: "I Fall to Pieces" and "Crazy." Writer Hank Cochran remembers calling Cline and telling her that he'd just written her next Number one hit. She told him to come over to her house with a bottle of liquor and play it on the guitar for her and friend Dottie West who was visiting that afternoon. Cline was emotionally moved by its lyrics and loved the song so much that she learned it that night, calling up her manager and producer to sing it to them over the phone. She recorded it at her very next session.

I've got your picture, that you gave to me,  
 Bb  
 And it's signed "with love," just like it used to be.  
 F Dm F Dm  
 The only thing different, the only thing new,  
 F C7 F // Dm // F // Dm //  
 I've got your picture, she's got you.

I've got the records, that we used to share,  
 F C7 F F7  
 Bb  
 And they still sound the same, as when you were here.  
 F Dm F Dm  
 The only thing different, the only thing new,  
 F C7 F F7  
 I've got the records, she's got you.

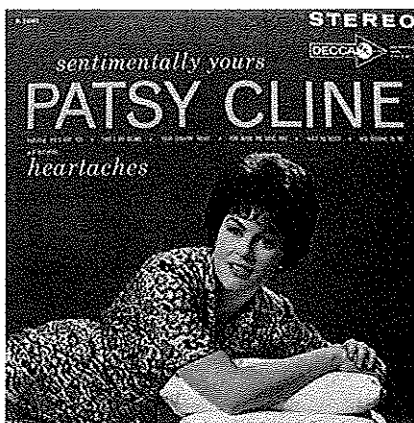
**CODA**

Bb  
 I've got your memory, or has it got me?  
 C7 C7  
 I really don't know, but I know, it won't let me be.

F C7 F F7  
 I've got your class ring, that proved you cared,  
 Bb  
 And it still looks the same, as when you gave it dear.  
 F Dm F Dm  
 The only thing different, the only thing new,  
 F C7 F F7  
 Yes I've got these little things, she's got you. ↑

(only play the 1st time)

Repeat from CODA, Tag last line



# Summertime

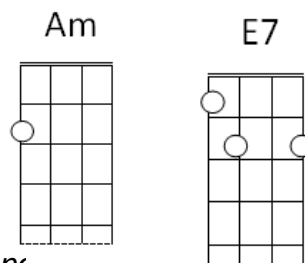
for ukulele Level 8

Heyward- Gershwin

Timing: 4/4 Key: Am

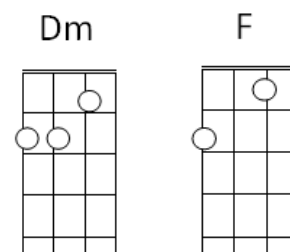


1. - Summer-time, **N/C** \* **Am**  
 - And the livin' is easy **E7** **Am**  
 - Fish are jumpin' **Dm**  
 - And the cotton is high **F** **E7**



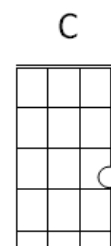
\*Starting *nc*

2. Oh, Your daddy's rich **N/C** **Am**  
 - And your mamma's good lookin' **E7** **Am**  
 So hush little baby **C**  
 - Don-'t you cry **Dm** **E7** **Am**



**End: Am x4**

3. - One of these mornings **N/C** **Am**  
 - You're going to rise up singing **E7** **Am**  
 - Then you'll spread your wings **Dm**  
 - And you'll take to the sky **F** **E7**



4. - But until that morning **N/C** **Am**  
 - There's a-nothing can harm you **E7** **Am**  
 With your daddy and mammy stand-ing by **C** **Dm -E7** **Am**

*Repeat 1 and 2*

# Supercalifragilistic Expialidocious

key:C, artist:Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke writer:Sherman Brothers

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uZNRzc3hWvE> in B

[F]

[D7][C] [Dm][G7][C]  
Super califragilistic expi alidocious!

[C] [Cmaj7][C] [A7][G7]  
It's supercali fragilistic expi alidocious!

[G7] [G7] [C]  
even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious.

[C] [Cmaj7] [C7] [F]  
If you say it loud enough, you'll always sound precocious,

[F] [D7][C] [Dm][G7][C]  
super califragilistic expi alidocious!

[C] [G7]  
Um diddle diddle diddle, um diddle ay. (x4)

[C] [Cmaj7] [C] [A7] [G7]  
Because I was a fraid to speak, when I was just a lad,

[G7] [G7] [C]  
me father gave me nose a tweak and told me I was bad.

[C] [Cmaj7] [C7] [F]  
But then one day I learned a word that saved me aching nose,

[D] [D7] [G7]  
the biggest word I ever heard, and this is how it goes :

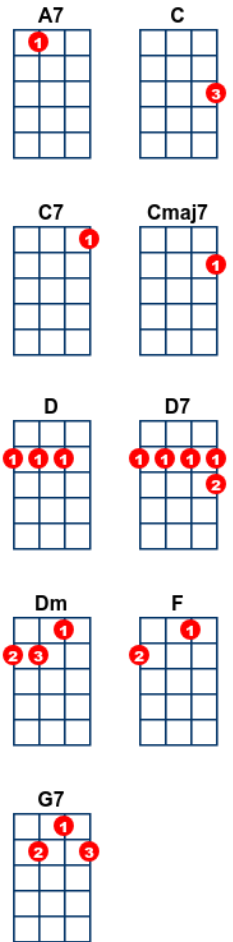
[C] [Cmaj7][C] [A7][G7]  
It's supercali fragilistic expi alidocious!

[G7] [G7] [C]  
even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious.

[C] [Cmaj7] [C7] [F]  
If you say it loud enough, you'll always sound precocious,

[F] [D7][C] [Dm][G7][C]  
super califragilistic expi alidocious!

[C] [G7]  
Um diddle diddle diddle, um diddle ay. (x4)



[C] [Cmaj7] [C] [A7] [G7]  
 He traveled all around the world and everywhere he went,  
 [G7] [G7] [C]  
 he'd use his word and all would say, "There goes a clever gent"  
 [C] [Cmaj7] [C7] [F]  
 When dukes and maharajas pass the time of day with me,  
 [D] [D7] [G7]  
 I say me special word and then they ask me out to tea.

[C] [Cmaj7][C] [A7][G7]  
 It's supercali fragilistic expi alidocious!  
 [G7] [G7] [C]  
 even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious.  
 [C] [Cmaj7] [C7] [F]  
 If you say it loud enough, you'll always sound precocious,  
 [F] [D7][C] [Dm][G7][C]  
 super califragilistic expi alidocious!

[C] [G7]  
 Um diddle diddle diddle, um diddle ay. (x4)

[C] [Cmaj7] [C] [A7] [G7]  
 So when the cat has got your tongue, there's no need for dismay,  
 [G7] [G7] [C]  
 just summon up this word, and then you've got a lot to say.  
 [C] [Cmaj7] [C7] [F]  
 But better use it carefully, or it could change your life,  
 [D] [D7] [G7]  
 one night I said it to me girl, and now me girl's my wife!

[C] [Cmaj7][C] [A7][G7]  
 She's supercali fragilistic expi alidocious!  
 [G7] [G7] [C]  
 even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious.  
 [C] [Cmaj7] [C7] [F]  
 If you say it loud enough, you'll always sound precocious,  
 [F] [D7][C] [Dm][G7][C]  
 super califragilistic expi alidocious!  
 [F] [D7][C] [Dm][G7][C]  
 super califragilistic expi alidocious!

# That's Amore

by Harry Warren and Jack Brooks (1952)

Cm Fm G7 C E7 C#dim7 F

3/4 time

*tremolo intro:*

Cm~~~~~Fm~~~~~Cm~~~~~G7\ (-hold-)  
 In Napoli— where love is king— when boy meets girl— here's what they sing—

(--tacet----) | C . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 When the moon hits your eye like a big piz-za pie  
 . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 that's— a—mor-e—

. . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 When the world seems to shine like you've had too much wine  
 . . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 that's— a—mor-e—

. . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 Bells will ring, tinga-linga-ling, tinga-linga-ling, and you'll sing  
 . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 "Vi—ta bel-la—"

. . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 Hearts will play tippy-tippy-tay, tippy-tippy-tay, like a gay  
 . . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | C\  
 tar— an—tel-la—

(--tacet----) | C . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 When the stars make you drool just like pas-ta fa—zool  
 . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 that's— a—mor-e—

. . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 When you dance down the street with a cloud at your feet  
 . . . | E7 . . . | . . . | C#dim . . . | .  
 you're in love—

. . . | F . . . | F . . . | F . . . | F . . .  
 When you walk— in a dream— but you know you're not dream-ing  
 . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 Sig—nor— e—

. . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 Scu-sa me, but you see, back in old Na-po-li  
 . . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | G7\  
 that's a—mor— e—!



*(With Drunken Gusto!)*

(--tacet---) | C . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 When— the— moon hits your eye like a big piz-za pie  
 . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 that's— a— mor-e—

. . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 When the world seems to shine like you've had too much wine  
 . . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 that's— a— mor-e—

. . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 Bells will ring, tinga-linga- ling, tinga-linga- ling, and you'll sing  
 . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 “Vi— ta— bel-la—”

. . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 Hearts will play tippy-tippy-tay, tippy-tippy-tay, like a gay  
 . . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | C\  
 tar— an— tel-la—

(--tacet-----) | C . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 When— the— stars make you drool just like pas-ta fa—zool  
 . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 that's— a— mor-e—

. . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 When you dance down the street with a cloud at your feet  
 . . . | E7 . . . | C#dim . . . | .  
 you're in love— ove—

. . . | F\ -- -- | F\ -- -- | F\ -- -- | F .  
 When you walk— in a dream— but you know you're not dream—ing—  
 . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 Sig-nor— e—

. . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .  
 Scu— sa me, but you see, back in old Na-po-li—  
 . . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | G7\ | C\  
 that's— a— mor— or— e—!

**San Jose Ukulele Club**

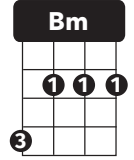
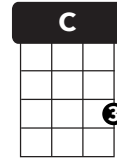
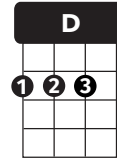
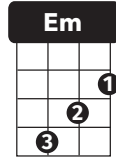
(v4b - 2/12/18)

# THE BOXER

by Simon & Garfunkel, 1969

Ukulele arrangement by Cynthia Lin, <http://cynthialin.com/ukulele>

counts: 1 & 2 &  
 beginner picking: 1 - (34) - 2 - (34)  
 counts: 1 & a 2 & a  
 intermediate picking: 1 - 3-4 - 2 - 3-4  
 rock strum on chorus: d d D d u



VERSE1

<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>Em</b>
I am just a	poor boy though my	story's seldom	told, I have
<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>
squandered my re-	sistance for a	pocket full of	mumbles such are
<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>Em</b>
promises		All lies and jests, still a	
<b>D</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>
man hears what he	wants to hear and	disregards the	rest
<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>Gx4</b>
hmm		hmmm	

VERSE2

<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>Em</b>
When I left my home and my family,	I was no more than a	boy, in the	
<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>
company of	strangers, in the	quiet of the	railway station
<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>Em</b>
running scared		Laying low, seeking	
<b>D</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>
out the poorer	quarters where the	ragged people	go, looking
<b>D</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>G/</b>
for the places	only they would	know	

CHORUS (strum)

<b>Em</b>	<b>Em</b>	<b>Bm</b>	<b>Bm</b>
Lie la lie,		lie la lie la	lie la lie
<b>Em</b>	<b>Em</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>D</b>
Lie la lie,		lie la lie la	lie la lie, la la lie la lie

**G x4 (pick)**

VERSE3

<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>Em</b>
Asking only workman's	wages I come	looking for a	job, but I get no
<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>
offers,		just a	whores on Seventh
<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>Em</b>
Avenue		I do de	-clare, there were
<b>D</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>
times when I was	so lonesome I	took some comfort	there
<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>Gx4</b>
ooh la la la			



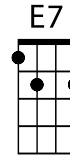
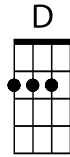
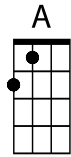




LESSON 1

# THREE LITTLE BIRDS

by Bob Marley



**SIMPLE STRUM:** <sup>1</sup> u | <sup>2</sup> u | <sup>3</sup> u | <sup>4</sup> u  
**TIMING:** 4 strums per chord

CHORUS

Don't worry	A	about a thing	A
Cause every little thing	D	is gonna be al-right	A
Singin' don't worry	A	about a thing	A
Cause every little thing	D	is gonna be al-right	A

VERSE

Rise up this morning,	D	smiled with the rising sun	E7
Three little birds	A	pitch by my doorstep	D
Singing sweet songs	A	of melodies pure and true	E 7
Sayin' "this is my	D	message to you"	A

Singin' don't worry	A	about a thing	A
Cause every little thing	D	is gonna be al-right	A

**TODAY** John Denver

3/4 time

Intro first two lines 2\* Pluck

#1 | C Am Dm G7  
Today while the blossoms still cling to the vine  
C Am Dm G7  
I'll taste your strawberries I'll drink your sweet wine  
C C7 F Fm  
A million tomorrows shall all pass away  
C Am Dm G7(2) C Am F G7  
Ere I forget all the joy that is mine today \*\*

C Am Dm G7  
I'll be a dandy and I'll be a rover  
C Am Dm G7  
You'll know who I am by the songs that I sing  
C Am Dm G7  
I'll feast at your table I'll sleep in your clover  
F G7 C G7  
Who cares what the morrow shall bring

**repeat #1**

C Am Dm G7  
I can't be contented with yesterday's glory  
C Am Dm G7  
I can't live on promises winter to spring  
C Am Dm G7  
Today is my moment now is my story  
F G7 C G7  
**I'll laugh I'll cry and I'll sing**

**repeat #1 x2**

End with: C Am C

# Wabash Cannonball (Carter Family)

**Intro:** First verse

Out [C] from the wide Pacific to the broad Atlantic [F] shore  
She [G] climbs the flowing mountains, o'er [G7] hills and by the [C] shore  
Al-[C]though she's tall and handsome and she's [C7] known quite well by [F] all  
She's a [G] regular combination, the Wabash Cannon-[C]ball.

**Chorus:**

*Oh, [C] listen to the jingle, the [C7] rumble and the [F] roar  
As she [G] glides along the woodland, o'er [G7] hills and by the [C] shore  
She [C] climbs the flowing mountains, hear the [C7] merry hobo [F] squall  
As she [G] glides along the woodland, the [G7] Wabash Cannon-[C]ball.*

Oh the [C] Eastern states are dandy, so the Western people [F] say  
From [G] New York to St. Louis, Chi-[G7]cago by the [C] way  
To the [C] lakes of Minnesota where the [C7] rippling waters [F] fall  
No [G] changes to be taken on the [G7] Wabash Cannon-[C]ball.

**(Chorus)**

Oh, [C] here's old daddy Cleaton, let his name forever [F] be  
And [G] long be remembered in the [G7] courts of Tennes-[C]see  
For he's [C] a good old rounder 'til the [C7] curtains round him [F] fall  
He'll be [G] carried back to victory on the [G7] Wabash Cannon-[C]ball.

**(Chorus)**

I have [C] rode the I.C. Limited and the Royal [F] Blue  
A-[G]cross the Eastern counties on [G7] Elkhorn Number [C] Two  
[C] I have rode those highball trains from [C7] coast to coast that's [F] all  
But [G] I have found no equal to the [G7] Wabash Cannon-[C]ball.

**(Chorus)**

# The Worst Day Since Yesterday

I. Well, I know I miss more than hit, with a face that was  
 launched to sink. And I seldom feel the bright relief...

→ *chorus...It's been the worst day since yesterday.*

II. If there's one thing I have said, it's that the dreams I once  
 had now lay in bed. As the four winds blow my wits through  
 the door...*chorus*

(*bridge I*) Falling down to you, sweet ground, where the  
 flowers they bloom; well, it's there I'll be found. Hurry back  
 to me, my wild colleen...*chorus* ↑

III. Though these wounds have seen no wars, except for the  
 scars I have ignored. And this endless crutch, well, it's never  
 enough...*chorus* ↑

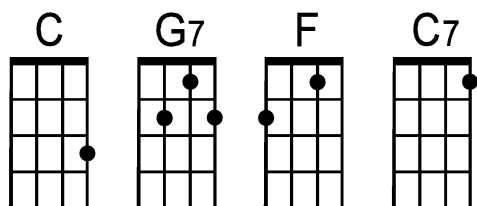
(*bridge II*) Hell says hello, well, it's time I should go, to  
 pastures green that I've yet to see. Hurry back to me, my  
 wild colleen...*chorus*

(*outro*) It's been the worst day since yesterday.

It's been the worst day since yesterday.

# You Are My Sunshine

by Oliver Hood (1933)



**Intro:** C . G7 . | C . .

(sing g)

The other night dear— as I lay sleep-ing— I dreamed I held you in my arms—  
But when I woke dear— I was mis-tak-en— then I hung— my head and I cried—

**Chorus:** You are my sun-shine— my only sun-shine—  
You make me hap-py— when skies are grey—  
You'll never know dear— how much I love you—  
Please don't take— my sun— shine a-way—

You told me once dear— that you loved me— that nothing else could come be-tween—  
But now you've left me— for a-no-ther— and you've shat-tered all of my dreams—

**Chorus:** You are my sun-shine— my only sun-shine—  
You make me hap-py— when skies are grey—  
You'll never know dear— how much I love you—  
Please don't take— my sun— shine a-way—

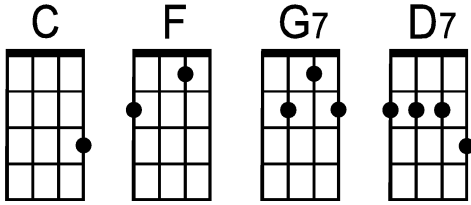
I'll al-ways love you— and make you hap-py— if you will on-ly say the same—  
But if you leave me— and love a-no-ther— You'll re-gret— it all— some-day—

**Chorus:** You are my sun-shine— my only sun-shine—  
You make me hap-py— when skies are grey—  
You'll never know dear— how much I love you—  
Please don't take— my sun— shine a-way—

Oh please don't take— my sun— shine a-way—

# Your Cheatin' Heart - in C

by Hank Williams



**Intro:** C . . . | F . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . |

(sing g)

C\ (--Tacet-----) | C . . . | . . . . . | F . . . . |  
 Your cheat-in' heart \_\_\_\_\_ will make you weep \_\_\_\_\_  
 . . . . . | G7 . . . . | . . . . . | C . . . . |  
 - You'll cry and cry \_\_\_\_\_ and try to sleep \_\_\_\_\_

C\ (--Tacet-----) | C . . . . | . . . . . | F . . . . . |  
 - But sleep won't come \_\_\_\_\_ the whole night through \_\_\_\_\_  
 . . . . . | G7 . . . . | . . . . . | C . . . . |  
 - Your cheat-in' heart \_\_\_\_\_ will tell on you \_\_\_\_\_

**Chorus:** C\ (--Tacet-----) | F . . . . | . . . . . | C . . . . |  
 - When tears come down \_\_\_\_\_ like fall-in' ra-ain \_\_\_\_\_  
 . . . . . | D7 . . . . | . . . . . | G7 . . . . |  
 - You'll toss a-round \_\_\_\_\_ and call my name \_\_\_\_\_  
 G7\ (--Tacet-----) | C . . . . | . . . . . | F . . . . |  
 - You'll walk the floor \_\_\_\_\_ the way I do \_\_\_\_\_  
 . . . . . | G7 . . . . | . . . . . | C . . . . |  
 - Your chea-tin' heart \_\_\_\_\_ will tell on you \_\_\_\_\_

**Inst:** C . . . | . . . . | . . . . | F . . . | . . . . | G7 . . . | . . . . | C . . . |

C\ (--Tacet-----) | C . . . . | . . . . . | F . . . . |  
 Your cheatin' heart \_\_\_\_\_ will pine some-day \_\_\_\_\_  
 . . . . . | G7 . . . . | . . . . . | C . . . . |  
 - and crave the love \_\_\_\_\_ you threw a-way \_\_\_\_\_

C\ (--Tacet-----) | C . . . . | . . . . . | F . . . . |  
 - The time will come \_\_\_\_\_ when you'll be blue \_\_\_\_\_  
 . . . . . | G7 . . . . | . . . . . | C . . . . |  
 - Your cheat-in' heart \_\_\_\_\_ will tell on you \_\_\_\_\_



**Chorus:** C\ (--*Tacet*-----) | F . . . | . . . . | C . . . |  
 — When tears come down————— like fall-in' ra-ain—  
 . . . . | D7 . . . | . . . . | G7 . . . |  
 — You'll toss a-round————— and call my name—  
 G7\ (--*Tacet*-----) | C . . . | . . . . | F . . . |  
 — You'll walk the floor————— the way I do—  
 . . . . | G7 . . . | . . . . | C . . . | . G7\ C\  
 — Your chea-tin' heart————— will tell on you—

**San Jose Ukulele Club**

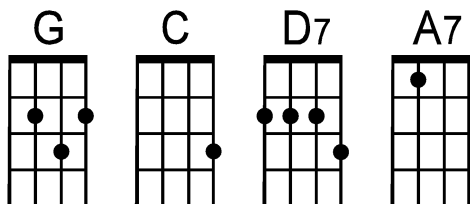
(v2-2/21/16)



# Your Cheatin' Heart - in G

by Hank Williams

(sing d)



**Intro:** G . . . | C . . . | D7 . . . | G . . . |

G\ (--Tacet-----) | G . . . | . . . . . | C . . . |  
 Your cheat-in' heart\_\_\_\_\_ will make you weep\_\_\_\_\_

. . . . . | D7 . . . | . . . . . | G . . . |  
 — You'll cry and cry\_\_\_\_\_ and try to sleep\_\_\_\_\_

G\ (--Tacet-----) | G . . . | . . . . . | C . . . |  
 — But sleep won't come\_\_\_\_\_ the whole night through\_\_\_\_\_

. . . . . | D7 . . . | . . . . . | G . . . |  
 — Your cheat-in' heart\_\_\_\_\_ will tell on you\_\_\_\_\_

**Chorus:** G\ (--Tacet-----) | C . . . | . . . . . | G . . . |  
 — When tears come down\_\_\_\_\_ like fall-in' ra—ain\_\_\_\_\_

. . . . . | A7 . . . | . . . . . | D7 . . . |  
 — You'll toss a—round\_\_\_\_\_ and call my name\_\_\_\_\_

D7\ (--Tacet-----) | G . . . | . . . . . | C . . . |  
 — You'll walk the floor\_\_\_\_\_ the way I do\_\_\_\_\_

. . . . . | D7 . . . | . . . . . | G . . . |  
 — Your chea-tin' heart\_\_\_\_\_ will tell on you\_\_\_\_\_

**Inst:** G . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . | C . . . | . . . . . | D7 . . . | . . . . . | G . . . |

G\ (--Tacet-----) | G . . . | . . . . . | C . . . |  
 Your cheatin' heart\_\_\_\_\_ will pine some—day\_\_\_\_\_

. . . . . | D7 . . . | . . . . . | G . . . |  
 — and crave the love\_\_\_\_\_ you threw a—way\_\_\_\_\_

G\ (--Tacet-----) | G . . . | . . . . . | C . . . |  
 — The time will come\_\_\_\_\_ when you'll be blue\_\_\_\_\_

. . . . . | D7 . . . | . . . . . | G . . . |  
 — Your cheat-in' heart\_\_\_\_\_ will tell on you\_\_\_\_\_

**Chorus:**

San Jose Ukulele Club

**End:** G\ D7\ G\

(v2-8/26/16)

**998** *INTRO: |G |G7 ///*

G7 C E7 F C  
 You come on like a dream, peaches and cream, lips like strawberry wine,  
 D7 G C G7

You're sixteen, you're beautiful and you're mine.

C E7 F C  
 You're all ribbons and curls, Ooo, what a girl, eyes that sparkle and shine,  
 D7 G C C

You're sixteen, you're beautiful and you're mine.

E7  
 You're my baby, you're my pet,

A7  
 We fell in love on the night we met,  
 D7

You touched my hand, my heart went pop,  
 G G7

And Ooo, when we kissed, I could not stop.

G7 C E7 F C  
 You walked out of my dreams, into my arms, now you're my angel divine,  
 D7 G C G7

You're sixteen, you're beautiful and you're mine.

*Kazoo Solo: |C |E7 |F |C |D7 |G |C |C |*

E7  
 You're my baby, you're my pet,

A7  
 We fell in love on the night we met,  
 D7

You touched my hand, my heart went pop,  
 G G7

Ooo, when we kissed, I could not stop!

G7 C E7 F C  
 You walked out of my dreams, and into my car, now you're my angel divine,  
 D7 G C C

You're sixteen, you're beautiful and you're mine,

D7 G C C  
 You're sixteen, you're beautiful and you're mine,  
 D7 G C C

You're sixteen, you're beautiful and you're mine,

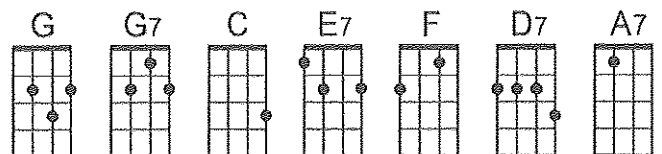
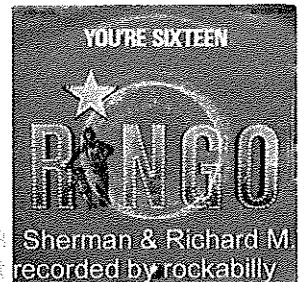
D7 G7 C C  
 All mine, all mine, all mine,  
 D7 G7 C C

All mine, all mine, all mine,  
 D7 G7 C G7-C

All mine, all mine, all mine!

# You're Sixteen

*by the Sherman Brothers*



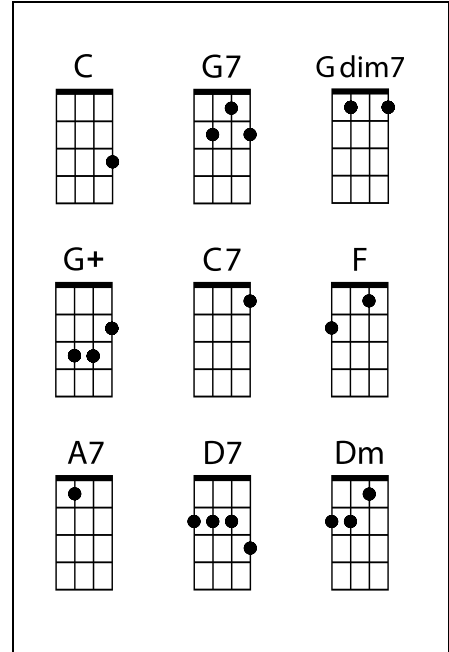
# Happy Trails / Aloha 'Oe Medley

*Bytown Ukulele*

**Intro:** C G7 C

**Chorus:**

C C (C - Gdim7) G  
 Happy trails to you, until we meet a-gain,  
 G G (G - G+) C  
 Happy trails to you, keep smilin' until then  
 (C - C7) F  
 Who cares about the clouds when we're to-gether,  
 A7 (D7 - G7)  
 Just sing a song and bring the sunny wea-ther  
 C A7 (Dm - G7) (C-G7)  
 Happy trails to you, until we meet a-gain




**Verse:**

C A7  
 Some trails are happy ones  
 Dm Dm  
 Others are blue  
 G7 G7  
 It's the way you ride the trail that counts  
 G7 C  
 Here's a happy one for you

**Chorus:**

C C (C - Gdim7) G  
 Happy trails to you, until we meet a-gain,  
 G G (G - G+) C  
 Happy trails to you, keep smilin' until then  
 (C - C7) F  
 Who cares about the clouds when we're to-gether,  
 A7 (D7 - G7)  
 Just sing a song and bring the sunny wea-ther  
 C A7 (Dm - G7) (C-G7)  
 Happy trails to you, until we meet a-gain

F F C C  
 A-loha Oe, fare-well to thee  
 G7 G7 C C7  
 Thou charming one who dwells among the bow-ers  
 F F C C  
 One fond embrace, be-fore I now depart  
 G7 G7 (C - F)C G7  
 Un-til we meet a-gain  
 C A7  
 And happy trails to you,  
 (Dm - G7)C   
 Till we meet a-gain