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The Banks of the Ohio

I. I asked my love to take a walk, to take a walk, just a
little walk. Down beside where the waters flow, down
by the banks of the Ohio.

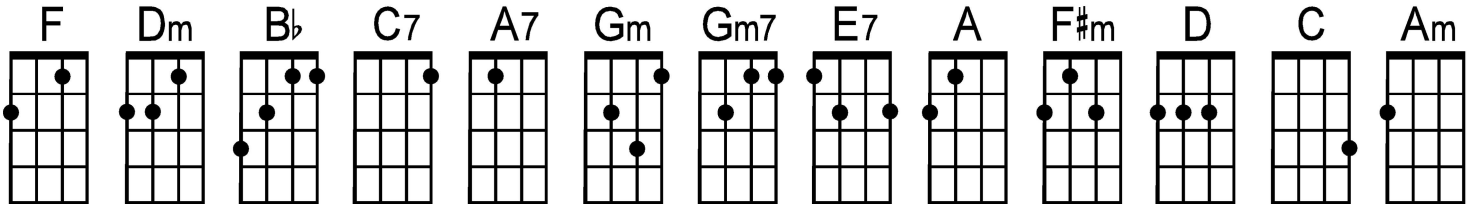
tacet D
Chorus: And only say (and only say) that you'll be
mine (that you'll be mine), in no other arms
entwine. Down beside where the waters flow,
down by banks of the Ohio.

II. I took her by her pretty white hand; I let her down
that bank of sand. I pushed her in where she would
drown. Lord, I saw her as she floated down. *Chorus*

III. Returning home 'tween twelve and one, thinking,
"Lord, what a deed I've done?" I killed the girl I love,
you see, because she would not marry me. *Chorus*

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 sands— and watches the ships— that go sail—ing—

. | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . A7 . | Dm .
Some-where— be-yond the sea— she's there— watching for me—

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 sail—ing—

. | A . F#m . | D . E7 . | A . F#m . | D . E7 . | A . . . | . . G7
It's far— be-yond the stars— it's near— be-yond the moon—

. | C . Am . | F . G7 . | C . Am . | Dm . G7 . | C . . . | C7 . .
I know— be-yond a doubt— my heart— will lead me there— soon—

. | 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 . . . | F . .
Happy we'll be be-yond the sea— and never a-gain— I'll go sail—ing—

Instr: . | 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

. | C . Am . | F . G7 . | C . Am . | Dm . G7 . | C . . . | C7 . .
I know— be-yond a doubt— my heart— will lead me there— soon—

. | 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 sea———— and never a-gain—— I'll go sail————ing——

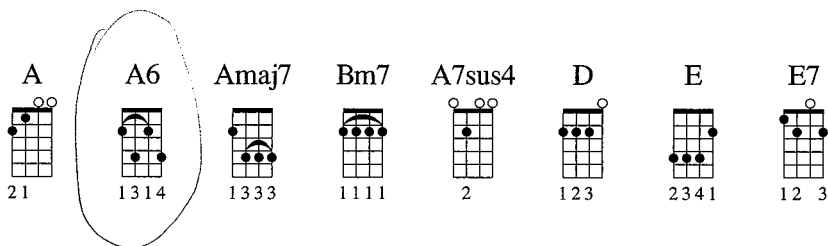
C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . |
No more— sail—ing, so long sail-ing, bye bye sail-ing,

F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v2b - 7/24/16)

Calypso

Words and Music by
John Denver



Verse 1

A | **A6**
To sail on a dream on a crystal clear ocean,
Amaj7 | **A** | **Bm7** |
To ride on the crest of the wild raging storm,
A | **A6**
To work in the service of life and the living,
Amaj7 | **A** | | **Bm7** |
In search of the answers to questions un-known.
A | **A6** |
To be part of the movement and part of the growing,
Amaj7 | **A** | | **A7sus4** | | ||
Part of be-ginning to under-stand.

Chorus

D
Aye, Calypso,
A
The places you've been to,
D | **A**
The things that you've shown us,
E | **A** |
The stories you tell.
D
Aye, Calypso,
A
I sing to your spirit,
D | **A**
The men who have served you
E7 | **A** | **E** | **D** | **A**
So long and so well.

Verse 2

||A |A6
Like the dolphin who guides you, you bring us beside you

|Amaj7 |A |Bm7 |
To light up the darkness and show us the way.

|A |A6
For though we are strangers in your silent world,

|Amaj7 A | |Bm7 |
To live on the land we must learn from the sea.

|A |A6 |
To be true as the tide and free as a wind-swell,

Amaj7 A | |A7sus4 | ||
Joyful and loving in letting it be.

Repeat Chorus

Calypso-JohnDenver key: C time: 3\4

Intro: F CG 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*

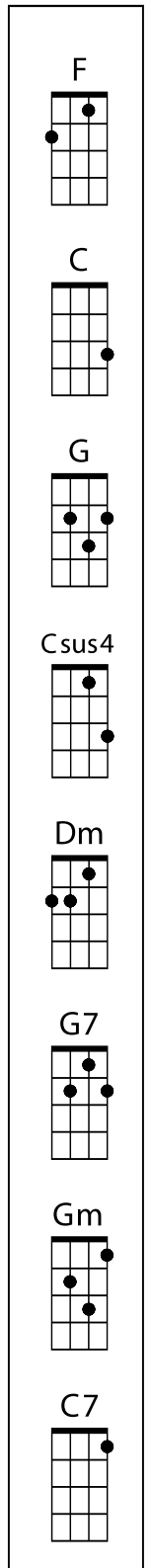
C Csus4 C Csus4 C
 Like the dolphin who guides you, you bring us beside you to light up the
 Csus4 C Dm(2) G7(2) C Csus4 C
 darkness and show us the way. For though we are strangers in your silent
 Csus4 C Csus4 C Dm7(2) G7(2) C
 wo'rld to live on the land you must learn from the sea. To be true as the
 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 \



Down by the Bay

I. Down by the bay, where the watermelons grow,
back to my home, I dare not go. For if I do, my
mother will say, "Did you ever see...
...a goat sailing a boat?" Down by the bay.

similarly

- II. ...a fly wearing a tie?" Down by the bay.
III. ...a bear combing his hair?" Down by the bay.
IV. ...a goose kissing a moose?" Down by the bay.
V. ...a whale with a polka dot tail?" Down by the bay.
VI. ...a llama wearing pajamas?" Down by the bay.

Any ideas from the audience?

VII. "Did you ever have a time when you couldn't
make a rhyme?" Down by the bay!

Down to the River to Pray

^D
chorus: As I went down in the river to pray,
^A ^D
studying about that good ol' way, and who
shall wear the starry crown? Good Lord,
^G ^D
show me the way! (*ritardando* on final)

^A ^D ^G
I. Oh, sisters, let's go down. Let's go down,
^D ^A ^D
come on down. Oh, brothers, let's go down,
^G ^D
down in the river to pray. *chorus*

^A ^D
II. Oh, mothers, let's go down. Let's go
^G ^D ^A ^D
down, come on down. Oh, fathers, let's go
^G ^D
down, down in the river to pray. *chorus*

^A ^D
III. Oh, sinners, let's go down. Let's go
^G ^D ^A ^D
down, come on down. Oh, angels, let's go
^G ^D
down, down in the river to pray. *chorus*

Jamaican Farewell

I. Down the way where the nights are gay,
And the sun shines daily on the mountain top,
I took a trip on a sailing ship,
And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop.

CHORUS:

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

II. Sounds of laughter everywhere,
And the dancing girls swaying to and fro.
I must declare that my heart is there,
Though I've been from Maine to Mexico. CHORUS

III. Down at the market you can hear,
Ladies cry out while on their head they bear,
"Akey rice and salt fish is nice,
And the rum is good any time of year." CHORUS

Kiss the Girl

Little Mermaid

C
There you see her sitting there across the way
F **C**
She don't got a lot to say, but there's something about her
G7 **F**
And you don't know why, but you're dying to try
C
You wanna kiss girl
C
Yes you want her look at her you know you do
F **C**
It's possible she wants you too there is one way ask her
G7 **F** **C**
it don't take a word not a single word go on kiss the girl

Sing with Me

C **F** **C** **G7**
sha-la-la-la-la-la My oh my look at the boy's too shy he ain't gonna kiss the girl
C **F** **G7** **C**
sha-la-la-la-la-la Ain't that sad ain't it shame too bad you gonna miss the girl

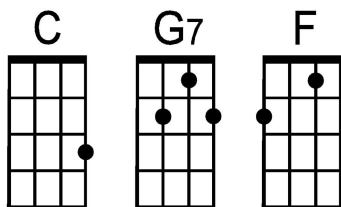
(Instrumental)

C
Now your moment floating in a blue lagoon
F **C**
Boy you better do it soon no time will be better
G7 **F** **C**
She don't say a word and she won't say a word until you kiss the girl

C **F** **C** **G7**
sha-la-la-la-la-la Don't be scared you got the mood prepared go on kiss the girl
C **F** **G7** **C**
sha-la-la-la-la-la don't stop now don't try to hide it how you wanna kiss the girl
C **F** **C** **G7**
sha-la-la-la-la-la float along listen to the song the song say kiss the girl
C **F** **G7** **C**
sha-la-la-la-la-la music play do what the music say You wanna kiss the girl
G7 **C**
you've got to kiss the girl
G7 **C**
why don't you kiss the girl
C Cmaj7 C
you gotta kiss the girl
C
Go kiss the girl

Lava (from the Pixar short movie *Lava*)

by James Ford Murphy (2014)



"uku and "Iele"

Strum: 1 2 & 3 & 4 &

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

C | |G7 | |
A long, long time a-go,----- there was a vol-ca-no,---

F | |C |G7 | |
----- living all a-lone in the middle of the se-e-e-ea -----

C | |G7 | |
He sat hi-igh a-bove his ba-ay, wa-tching all the couples pla-ay,

F | |C |G7 | |
----- and wish-ing tha-at he had some-one to--o--o--o -----

C | |G7 | |
---And from his la-va ca-ame this song of hope that he-e sang out

F | |C |G7 | |
Lo--o--o--oud ever-y da-ay for years and ye--e--e--ears -----

Chorus: F | |C | |
I have a dre--e--eam I ho-ope will come tru-u--ue,

|G7 | |C | |
that you're here with me--e--e and I-I'm here with yo-o--ou

|F | |C | |
I wi-ish that the ear-rth, sea, the sky-y up a--bo-ove-a

. |F . . . |G7 . . . |C . . . | |
will se-e-end me some-o-one to la---va.-----

(play softly and slowly): F | |G7 | |C | |

C | |G7 | |
Years of sing-ing all a---lo-one, turned his la-va into stone

. |F | |C |G7 | |
un-ti-i--il he was on the brink of ex-- tinc- tion -----

C | |G7 | |
But lit-tle did he know that liv-ing in the sea be-low

. |F | |C |G7 | |
a--noth-er vol-can-o was listen-ing to his so--o--o--ong -----

C | |G7 | |
Every day she heard his tu-une, her-r la--va grew and grew

. |F | |C |G7 | |
be-ca-a-a-ause she be---lieved his song was meant for her-r---r-r -----

C | |G7 | |
Now she was so rea-dy to me-eet hi-im a-bove the sea

. |F | |C |G7 | | |
as he sa-ang his song of hope fo-or the last ti---i-----ime ----- *(slow down tempo)* -----

(Slow) F | | C |
Chorus: I have a dre---e---eam I ho--ope will come tru--u---ue,
 |G7 | | C |
 that you'--re here with me---e---e and I--l'm here with yo--o---ou
 |F | | C |
 I wi--ish that the ear--rth, sea, the sky--y up a---bo--ove---a
 . |F |G7 |C |C\ **(Hold)** *(loud eruption noise)*
 will se--e--end me some--o--one to la-----va.-----

C | | C | |G7 | |
 ----- Ris-ing from the sea be--lo-ow stood a love-ly vol-can-o
 F | | C |G7 |
 Look-i---ing all a---round but she could not see hi---i---i---im -----

|C | |G7 |
 He tried to sing to let her know that she was not there a-lone
 . |F | |C |G7 |
 But with no lav--a, hi-is so-ong was all go--o--o--one -----

|C | |G7 |
 He filled the se--ea with his tears and watched his dre-eams disa-a-pear
 |F | |C |G7 | |
 as she ----- re-mem-ber-red what his so-ong meant to he---e---e---er -----

(sung by Lele) F | | C |
Chorus: I have a dre--e--eam I ho-ope will come tru-u--ue,
 . |G7 | | C |
 that you're here with me--e--e and I-l'm here with yo-o--ou
 . |F | | C |
 I wi-ish that the ear-rth, sea, the sky-y up a--bo-ove- a ,
 . |F |G7 |C |C\ **(Hold)** *(loud eruption noise)*
 will se-e-end me some-o-one to la---va.-----

faster, "happy" tempo

C | | C | |G7 | |
 Oh, they we--re so hap-py to final-ly meet a-bove the sea,
 F | | C |G7 |
 a-a-all to-ge-ther now their la-va grew and gre--e--e--ew

|C | |G7 | |
 No lon-ger are they all a--lone with A--lo----ha as their new home
 F | | C |G7 | |
 and when you vis-it them, this is what they si---i---i---ing.

(sung together) F | | C |
Chorus: I have a dre--e--eam I ho-ope will come tru-u--ue,
 . |G7 | | C |
 that you'll grow old with me-e--e and I'll grow old with yo-o-ou
 |F | | C | |
 We-e thank the Ea-arth, sea and the sky--y we thank, to--o--oo.
 |F |G7 |C | |
 l---i---i---i la-va--a--a--a yo-o-o-ou.
 |F |G7 |C | |
 l---i---i---i la-va--a--a--a yo-o-o-ou.
 |F |G7 |C | | C\
 l----i-----i-----i la-va--a--a--a yo---o---o---ou.

Michael, Row the Boat Ashore

^C
chorus: Michael, row the boat
ashore, ^{F C} hallelujah. Michael, ^{em} row the
^{(F) G C-G-C}
boat ashore, hallelujah.

^C
I. Sister, help to trim the sail, ^{F C} hallelujah.
^{em (F) G C-G-C}
Sister, help to trim the sail, hallelujah.

chorus

II. River Jordan is chilly and cold,
^{F C} hallelujah. Chills the ^{em (F)} body but not the
^{G C-G-C}
soul, hallelujah. *chorus*

III. Jordan's river is deep and is wide,
^{F C} hallelujah. I've got a ^{em (F)} home on the other
^{G C-G-C}
side, hallelujah. *chorus*

MoonRiver (in F).txt

Moon River (Henry Mancini, sung by Andy Williams)

Intro F F (3/4 time)

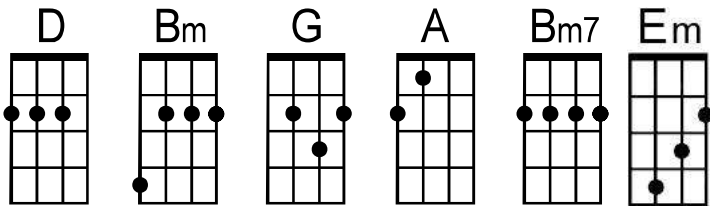
F Dm Bb F
Moon River, wider than a mile
Bb F Em7-5 A7
I'm crossing you in style some day
Dm F7
You dream maker
Bb Bbm
You heartbreaker
F G#dim (G7)
Wherever you're going
Am Gm7 C7
I'm going your way

F Dm Bb F
Two drifters off to see the world
Bb F Em7-5 A7
There's such a lot of world to see
F G#dim Bbm7 F
We're after the same rainbow's end
Bb F
Waitin' round the bend
Bb F
My Huckleberry friend
Dm Gm7 C7 F
Moon River and me

Repeat

Octopus' Garden (Key of D)

by Ringo Starr



*to play in original key (E), capo up 2 frets or
tune uke up a whole step to A D F# B)*

Intro: D . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . |

D . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . |
I'd like to be— un-der the sea— in an octo-pus's garden, in the shade—

D . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . |
He'd let us in— knows where we've been— in his octo-pus's garden, in the shade—

Bm . . . | . . . Bm7\ | G . . . | A\ \ \ - \ \ \ |
I'd ask my friends— to come and see-ee— an octo-pus-s gar-den with me—

D . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . |
I'd like to be— un-der the sea— in an octo-pus's garden, in the shade—

D . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . |
We would be warm be-low the storm in our little hide-a-way be-neath the waves
(oo—oo) (oo—oo) (ah—ah—ah—ah—ah—ah—)

D . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . |
Rest-ing our head on the sea bed in an octo-pus's garden, near a cave
Ah—) (oo—oo) (oo—oo) (ah—ah—ah—ah—ah—ah—)

Bm . . . | . . . Bm7\ | G . . . | A\ \ \ - \ \ \ |
We would sing-ing and da-ance a-rou-ound be-cause we know— we can't be found

D . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . |
I'd like to be— un-der the sea— in an octo-pus's garden, in the shade—

Instrumental: G . . . | Em . . . | C . . . | D . . . |
Ah— ah Ah— Ah— ah Ah—

G . . . | Em . . . | C . . . | D . . . | G . . . | A . . . |
Ah— ah Ah— A—ah A—ah A—ah Ah—ah—ah

D . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . |
We would shout and swim a-bout the coral that lies be-neath the waves—
(ah—ah) (oo—oo) (lies be-neath the ocean)

D . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . |
Oh, what joy— for every girl and boy— knowing— they're happy and they're safe—
waves—) (ah—ah—) (oo—oo—) (hap-py and they're)

Bm . . . | . . . Bm7\ | G . . . | A\ \ \ - \ \ \ |
We would be— so happy you and me— no-one there to tell us what to do—
safe—)

D . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . |
I'd like to be un-der the sea in an octo-pus's garden, with you—
(ah—ah) (ah—ah—ah—ah—) (oo—) (ah—)

| G . . . | A . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . | A\ D\
In an octo-pus's garden, with you— In an octo-pus's garden, with you—
—ah—ah—) (oo—) (ah—ah—ah—ah—)

Strum D

On Moonlight Bay

tacet

D - G - D

We were sailing along....

G

D - G - D

...on Moonlight Bay.

A

We could hear the voices ringing,

F#m

D - G - D/

They seemed to say,

tacet

D - G - D

"You have stolen her heart,

G

D - G - D

Now don't go 'way"

A

As we sang "Love's Old Sweet Song"

1st time → D - G - D

On Moonlight Bay. Repeat

2nd time → D/ ↘

A/

G#/

G/

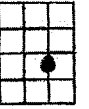
D tremolo

Outro (*ritardando*): on Moonlight Bay!

A Pirate Looks At Forty

P. 062

1* Note



G
Mother, mother ocean, I have heard you call

C
Wanted to sail upon your waters

Bm7 Am7 G

Since I was three feet tall

Am7 Bm7 Am7 G

You've seen it all, you've seen it all

G
Watch the men who rode you, switch from sails to steam

C
And in your belly you hold the treasures

Bm7 Am7 G Am7

That few have ever seen, most of them dreams

Bm7 Am7 G

Most of them dreams

G
Yes, I am a pirate, two hundred years too late

C
The cannons don't thunder there's nothin' to plunder

Bm7 Am7 G

I'm an over forty victim of fate

Am7 Bm7 Am7 G

Arriving too late, arriving too late

G
I've done a bit of smugglin', I've run my share of grass

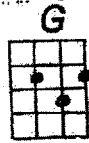
C
I made enough money to buy Miami

Bm7 Am7 G

But I pissed it away so fast

Am7 Bm7 Am7 G

Never meant to last, never meant to last



A Pirate Looks At Forty

Page 2
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G
I have been drunk now for over two weeks
G
I passed out and I rallied and I sprung a few leaks
C
But I've got to stop wishin'

Bm7 Am7 G
Got to go fishin', I'm down to rock bottom again
Am7 Bm7 Am7 G
Just a few friends, just a few friends

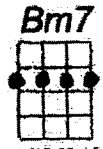
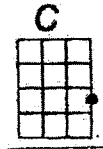
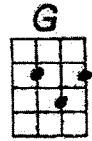
Instrumental Verse

G
I go for younger women, lived with several awhile
C
And though I ran them away, they'll come back one day
Bm7 Am7 G
And still could manage a smile
Am7 Bm7 Am7 G
It just take awhile, just takes awhile

G
Mother, mother ocean, after all these years I've found
C Bm7 Am7 G
My occupational hazard being my occupation's just not around
Am7
I feel like I've drowned
Bm7 Am7 G
Gonna head uptown

Am7
I feel like I've drowned
Bm7 Am7 G
Gonna head uptown

End on G



Proud Mary

^D
I. Left a good job in the city, workin' for the man ev'ry
night and day, and I never lost one minute of sleepin',
worryin' 'bout the way things might have been.

^A ^{Bm}
Chorus: Big wheel keep on turnin', Proud
^D
Mary keep on burnin'. Rollin', rollin', rollin'
on the river.

^D
II. Cleaned a lot of plates in Memphis, pumped a lot of
pain down in New Orleans, but I never saw the good
side of the city, 'til I hitched a ride on a river boat
queen. *Chorus*

start ---- ^D C - A - C - A - C - A, G, F - D

^D
III. If you come down to the river, bet you gonna find
some people who live. You don't have to worry 'cause
you have no money; people on the river are happy to
give. *Chorus*

Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river. (r & f) ✓

D / / / /

Sea Cruise

D

I. Old man rhythm is in my shoes. It's no use t'sittin' and a'singin' the blues.

^A
chorus: So be my guest, you got nothin' to lose.

^D
Won't ya let me take you on a/sea cruise? Oo-ee,

oo-ee, baby! ^A
Oo-ee, oo-ee, baby! Oo-ee, oo-ee,

^D
baby! Won't ya let me take you on a/sea cruise?

^G ^D ^G
bridge → Feel like jumpin', baby, won't ya join me? I don't like

^A ^{A7}
beggin' but I'm on bended knee.

^D
II. I got to get t'rockin get my hat off the rack. I got to boogie woogie like a knife in the back. *chorus + bridge*

^D
III. I got to get t'movin', baby, I ain't lyin'. My heart is

beatin' rhythm and it's right on time. *chorus: + end* →

^G ^D ^G
end: Feel like jumpin', baby, won't ya join me? I don't

^{A-A7} ^D
like beggin' but I'm on bended knee. Oo-ee, oo-ee,

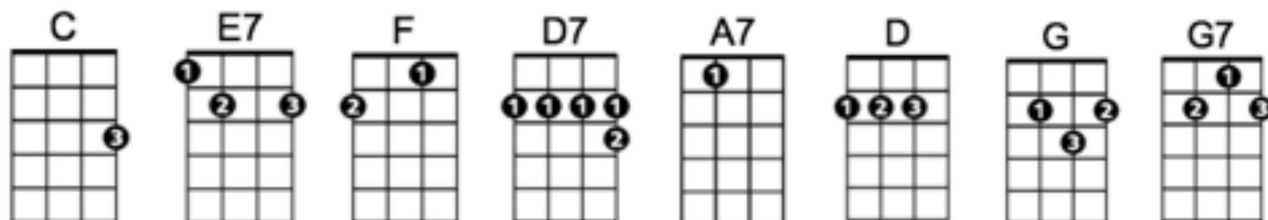
^A ^D
baby! Oo-ee, oo-ee, baby! Oo-ee, oo-ee, baby! Won't

^{D/} ^{D/}
ya let me take you on a/sea cruise?

SEA OF LOVE

by Phil Phillips and George Khoury

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



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

INTRO (pick) **C**

VERSE (pick)

| | | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|-------------|--|
| C | E7 | F | D7 |
| 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)

| | | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|----------------------|
| C | E7 | F | D7 |
| 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)

| | | | | | |
|-----------|----------|-------------|----------|-----------|----------|
| G | F | G | F | E7 | G |
| Come with | me, | to the sea, | of | love! | |

VERSE + END TAG (strum)

| | | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|------------------|----------------------|
| C | E7 | F | D7 |
| 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] | F | C / |
| I wanna tell you, | just how much I love | you | |

capo II for A

Shall We Gather at the River

G

D7

1. Shall we gather at the river, where bright angel feet
have trod, with its crystal tide forever flowing by the
throne of God?

Refrain: Yes, we'll gather at the river, the
beautiful, the beautiful river; gather with the
saints at the river that flows by the throne of God.

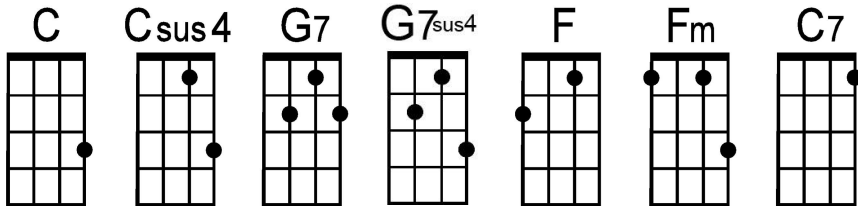
2. On the margin of the river, washing up its silver
spray, we will walk and worship ever, all the happy
golden day. (Refrain)

3. Ere we reach the shining river, lay we every burden
down; grace our spirits will deliver, and provide a robe
and crown. (Refrain)

4. Soon we'll reach the shining river, soon our
pilgrimage will cease; soon our happy hearts will
quiver with the melody of peace. (Refrain)

Sloop John B (Key of C)

by Richard Le Gallienne, (1917)



C . . . Csus4 | C . . . | . . . Csus4 | C . . . |
 We come on— de Sloop John B. My grand—father and me
 . . . | C/g . . . | G7 . . . G7sus4 | G7 .
 Round— Nas-sau town— we did roam—
 . . . | C . . . | C7 . . . | F . . . | Fm . . .
 Drinking all night— got in a fight—
 . . . | C . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . Csus4 | C . . .
 Well I feel so broke-up— I wanna go home—

Chorus: | C . . . Csus4 | C . . . |
 So hoist up— de John B sails—
 C . . . Csus4 | C . . . |
 See how— de main sail sets—
 . . . | C/g . . . | G7 . . . G7sus4 | G7 .
 Send for de Cap-tain Shore—! Let me go home—!
 . . . | C . . . | C7 . . . | F . . . | Fm . . .
 Let me go home— Let me go home—
 . . . | C . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . Csus4 | C . . .
 Well I feel so broke-up— I wanna go home—

| C . . . Csus4 | . . . | . . . Csus4 | C . . .
 De first-mate— he got— drunk— broke in— de Cap-tain's trunk—
 | . . . | C/g . . . | G7 . . . G7sus4 | G7 .
 De consta-ble had to come— and take him a—way—
 . . . | C . . . | C7 . . . | F . . . | Fm . . .
 Sheriff John Stone— why don't you leave me a—lone—?
 . . . | C . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . Csus4 | C . . .
 Well I feel so broke-up— I wanna go home—

Chorus: . . . | C . . . Csus4 | C . . . |
 So hoist up— de John B sails—
 C . . . Csus4 | C . . . |
 See how— de main sail sets—
 . . . | C/g . . . | G7 . . . G7sus4 | G7 .
 Send for de cap-tain Shore—! Let me go home—!

Let me go home— |C . . . |C7 . . . |F . . . |Fm . . .

I feel so broke-up— |C . . . |G7 . . . |C . . . Csus4 |C . . .
I wanna go home—

De poor cook— he got— fits |C . . . |Csus4 |C . . . |Csus4 |C . . . |
tro' way— all de grits

Den he— took an' eat-up— all o'my corn! |C/g . . . |G7 . . . G7sus4 |G7 . . .

Let me go home— |C . . . |C7 . . . |F . . . |Fm . . .
I wanna go home—!

Dis is de worst trip— |C . . . |G7 . . . |C . . . Csus4 |C . . .
since I-I been born—!

Chorus: So hoist up— de John B sails— |C . . . |Csus4 |C . . . |

See how— de main sail sets— |C . . . |Csus4 |C . . . |

Send for de cap-tain Shore—! Let me go home—! |C/g . . . |G7 . . . G7sus4 |G7 . . .

Let me go home— |C . . . |C7 . . . |F . . . |Fm . . .
Let me go home—

I feel so broke-up— |C . . . |G7 . . . |C . . . Csus4 |C . . .
I wanna go home—

I feel so broke-up— |C . . . |G7 . . . |C . . . G7\ |C\
I wanna go home—!

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v3b - 5/7/18)

Sloop John B

^D
I. We come on the sloop John B, my grandfather and
me, around Nassau town we did roam. Drinking all
night, got into a fight. Well, I feel so broke up, I want
to go home.

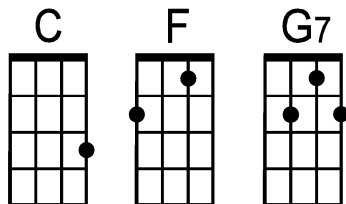
chorus: So hoist up the John B's sails, see how the
mainsail sets, call for the Captain ashore, I wanna
go home. Let me go home, I wanna go home, yeah
yeah. Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

^D
II. The first mate he got drunk, and broke in the
Cap'n's trunk. The constable had to come and take him
away. Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me
alone, yeah yeah. Well, I feel so broke up I wanna go
home. *chorus*

III. The poor cook he caught the fits, and threw away
all my grits, and then he took and he 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*

Surfin' USA (Key of C)

by Brian Wilson (and Chuck Berry)



Intro:

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---------------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| A | ----- | C\ | \ | \ | \ | | \ |
| E | 0-1-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3 | ----- | ----- | ----- | ----- | ----- | ----- |
| C | 0 | ----- | ----- | ----- | ----- | ----- | ----- |
| G | ----- | ----- | ----- | ----- | ----- | ----- | ----- |

(-----*tacet*-----) | G7 . . . | G7\ (-----*tacet*-----) | C . . . | C\
 If everybody had an o-----cean, a-cross the U-S--A-----
 (oooooooooooooooo) (oooooooooooo)

(-----*tacet*-----) | G7 . . . | G7\ (-----*tacet*-----) | C . . . | C\
 then everybody'd be sur---fin'--- like Califor-ni--a-----
 (oooooooooooooooo) (oooooooooooooooo)

(-----*tacet*-----) | F\ . . . | F\ (-----*tacet*-----) | C . . . | C\
 You'd see 'em wearin' their bag---gies--- Huarachi sandals, too-----
 (oooooooooooooooo), (oooooooooooooooo)

(-----*tacet*-----) | G7 . . . | G7\ (-----*tacet*-----) | C . . . |
 A bushy, bushy blond hair---do---, Surfin' U-S--A-----
 (oooooooooooooooo), (oooooooooooo)

C . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | C . . . |
 You'll catch 'em surfin' at Dell---Mar--- Ven-tura Count-y Line-----
 (in-side,out-side U--S-----A---) (in-side, out-side

. . . | G7 . . . | . . . | C . . . |
 Santa Cruz and Tres---tles--- Aus-tralia's Na--ra--bi-----ine
 U-S-----A-----) (in-side, out-side U--S-----A---) (in-side, out-side

. . . | F . . . | . . . | C . . . |
 All over Man-ha---tan--- and down Do-heny--- way-----
 U-S-----A-----) (in-side, out-side U--S-----A---) (in-side, out-side

. . . | G7 . . . | G7\ (-----*tacet*-----) | C . . . | C\
 Every-body's gone sur---fin'--- Surfin' U-S--A-----
 U-S-----A-----)

(-----*tacet*-----) | G7 . . . | G7\ (-----*tacet*-----) | C . . . | C\
 We'll all be plannin' out a ro-----oute we're gonna take real so-----oon
 (oooooooooooooooo), (oooooooooooooooo)

(-----*tacet*-----) | G7 . . . | G7\ (-----*tacet*-----) | C . . . | C\
 We're waxin' down our surf---boards--- we can't wait for Ju-----une.
 (oooooooooooooooo), (oooooooooooooooo)

(-----*tacet*-----) | F\ | F\ (-----*tacet*-----) | C | C\
 We'll all be gone for the su—mmmer. We're on safari to stay—
 (oooooooooooooooo), (ooooooooooooo)
 (-----*tacet*-----) | G7 | G7\ (-----*tacet*-----) | C |
 Tell the teacher we're sur—fin'—, Surfin' U-S—A—
 (oooooooooooooooo), (ooooooooooooo)

C | G7 | | C |
 At Haggarty's and Swa—mi's— Pa-cific Pal—i—sa—ades
 (in-side, out-side U-S—A—) (in-side, out-side

C | G7 | | C |
 San O-nofre and Sun—set Re-dondo Beach, L. A.—
 U-S—A—) (in-side, out-side U-S—A—) (in-side, out-side

. . . . | F | | C |
 All over La Joll—a— and Waia-me—a Bay—
 U-S—A—) (in-side, out-side U-S—A—) (in-side, out-side

. . . . | G7 | G7\ (-----*tacet*-----) | C |
 Every-body's gone sur—fin'— Surfin' U-S—A—
 U-S—A—)

Instrumental:

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

. . . . | G7 | G7\ (-----*tacet*-----) | C |
 Every-body's gone sur—fin'— Surfin' U-S—A—

. . . . | G7 | G7\ (-----*tacet*-----) | C |
 Every-body's gone sur—fin'— Surfin' U-S—A—

. . . . | G7 | G7\ (-----*tacet*-----) | C | C\ |||
 Every-body's gone sur—fin'— Surfin' U-S—A—

The Circle Game by Joni Mitchell 1968**TWO PAGES**

Recorded by Buffy St Marie 1970 in the movie The Strawberry statement

| C F | Em F | C F | Em F |

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

Yesterday a child came out to wonder Caught a dragon-fly inside a jar

C |F |Em | |F |G |C |C //

Fearful when the sky was full of thunder And tearful at the falling of a star

C |C |F C | |F C |

And the seasons they go round and round And the painted ponies go up and down

F |F |C | |

We're captive on the carousel of time

F | |Em |F //

We can't return we can only look Be-hind from where we came

/ / |Em F |G |C |C |

And go round and round and round In the circle game

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

Then the child moved ten times round the seasons Skated over ten clear frozen streams

C |F |Em | |F |G |C |C //

Words like when you're older must ap-peace him And promises of someday make his dreams

C |C |F C | |F C |

And the seasons they go round and round And the painted ponies go up and down

F |F |C | |

We're captive on the carousel of time

F | |Em |F //

We can't return we can only look Be-hind from where we came

/ / |Em F |G |C |C |

And go round and round and round In the circle game

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

Sixteen springs and sixteen summers gone now Cartwheels turn to car wheels thru the town

C |F |Em | |F |G |C |C //

And they tell him take your time it won't be long now Till you drag your feet to slow the circles down

C |C |F C | |F C |

And the seasons they go round and round And the painted ponies go up and down

F |F |C | |

We're captive on the carousel of time

(continues next page)

(The Circle Game- Page Two)

F | Em | F//
We can't return we can only look Be-hind from where we came
/ / | Em F | G | C | C |
And go round and round and round In the circle game

C | F | C | | C | F | G | G |
So the years spin by and now the boy is twenty Though his dreams have lost some grandeur coming true
C | F | Em | | F | G | C |
There'll be new dreams maybe better dreams and plenty Before the last re-volving year is through

C | C | F C | | F C |
And the seasons they go round and round And the painted ponies go up and down
F | F | C | |
We're captive on the carousel of time

F | Em | F//
We can't return we can only look Be-hind from where we came
/ / | Em F | G | C | C |
And go round and round and round In the circle game

(Up a) Lazy River

key:C, artist:Sidney Arodin and Hoagy Carmichael writer:Sidney Arodin and Hoagy Carmichael

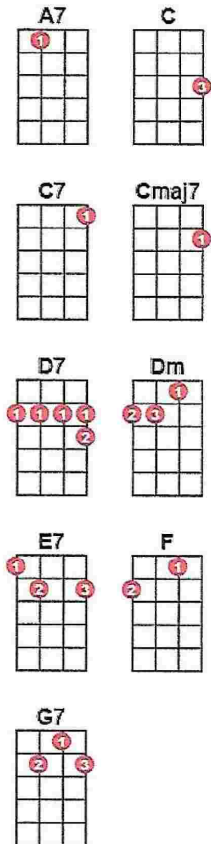
(Thanks to San Jose Ukulele Club)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zzQbUU9XihA>

Intro: **[C]** I like lazy wea-**[G7]**ther, **[C]** I like lazy **[G7]** days
[C] Can't be blamed for **[E7]** having lazy **[F]** ways **[A7]**
[Dm] Some old lazy **[A7]** river **[Dm]** sleeps beside my **[A7]**
 door
[Dm] Whisp'ring to the **[D7]** sunlit **[G7]** shore...

[A7] Up a lazy river by the old mill run
 That **[D7]** lazy, lazy river in the noon day sun
[G7] Linger in the shade of a kind old tree
[C] Throw away your **[C7]** troubles,
 dream a **[D7]** dream with **[G7]** me.

[A7] Up a lazy river where the ro-bin's song, *Roll*
 A-**[D7]**wakes a bright new morning, we can loaf along
[F] Blue skies up a-**[D7]**bove,
[C] every-**[Cmaj7]**one's **[C7]** in **[A7]** love,
[D7] Up a lazy **[G7]** river,
 how **[C]** happy **[Cmaj7]** you **[C7]** can **[A7]** be,
[D7] Up a lazy **[G7]** river, with **[C]** me. **[G7]** **[C]**



Repeat song, increasing tempo.

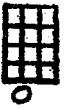
www.ozbcoz.com - Standard (**GCEA**) Ukulele - Helped by Scriptasaurus from UkeGeeks

White Sandy Beach

by Willie Dan

Intro F Bb Bbm F C7

First Note



F

I saw you in my dream, we were walking hand in hand

Bb Bbm F C7

On a white sandy beach of Hawai'i

F

We were playing in the sun, we were having so much fun

Bb Bbm F

On a white sandy beach of Hawai'i

C7

Bb

C7

The sound of the ocean soothes my restless soul

C7

Bb

C7

The sound of the ocean rocks me all night long

F

Those hot long summer days, lying there in the sun

Bb Bbm F

On a white sandy beach of Hawai'i

C7

Bb

C7

The sound of the ocean soothes my restless soul

C7

Bb

C7

The sound of the ocean rocks me all night long

F

Last night in my dream,

I saw your face again

Bb

Bbm

We were there... in the sun...

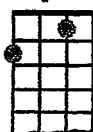
Bb

Bbm

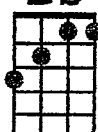
F

On a white... sandy beach... of... Hawai'i

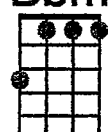
F



Bb



Bbm



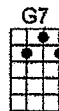
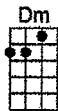
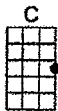
C7



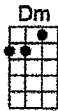


YELLOW SUBMARINE

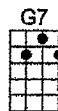
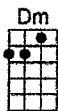
4/4 1...2...123



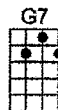
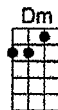
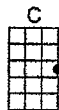
In the town where I was born lived a man who sailed to sea,



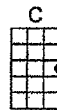
And he told us of his life in the land of subma-rines.



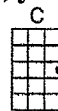
So we sailed up to the sun 'til we found the sea of green.



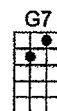
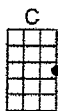
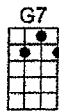
And we lived beneath the waves in our yellow subma-rine.



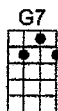
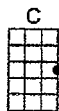
We all live in a yellow submarine, yellow submarine, yellow submarine.



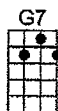
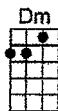
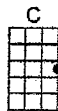
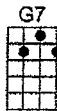
We all live in a yellow submarine, yellow submarine, yellow submarine.



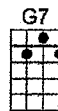
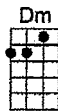
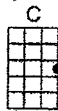
1. And our friends are all on board, many more of them live next door



And the band begins to play.....(WE ALL LIVE...)



2. As we live a life of ease, every one of us has all we need



Sky of blue and sea of green in our yellow subma-rine. (WE ALL LIVE...)

CHORUS