



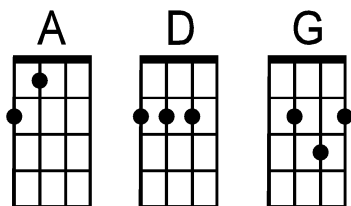
Gig Book 2.1



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

D . A\ G\ | D . . . | D . A\ G\ | D . . . |
 I hear hurri-can-es 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 | 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 | 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

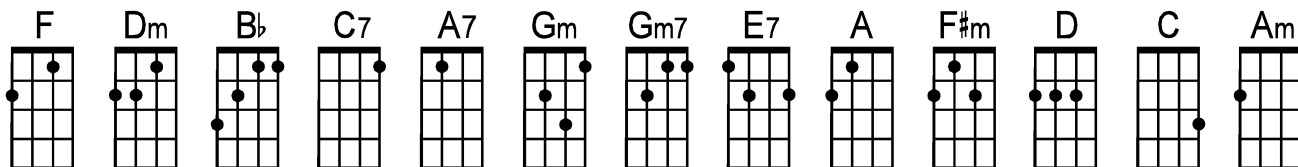
Chorus:

G | D |
 Don't go 'round to-night— It's bound to take your life—
 A | 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 | D |
 There's— a bad moon on the rise—

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

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-and and watches the ships that go sa-a-a-a-i-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-i-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-i-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-i-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-ing,

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

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

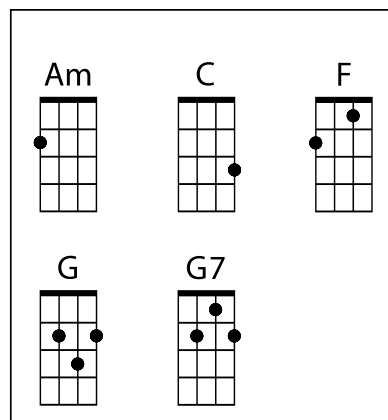
I hear her voice in the mornin' hour she calls me
 The radio reminds me of my home far away
 And drivin' down the road I get a feelin' that I
 should have been home yesterday... yesterday

Chorus

Chorus

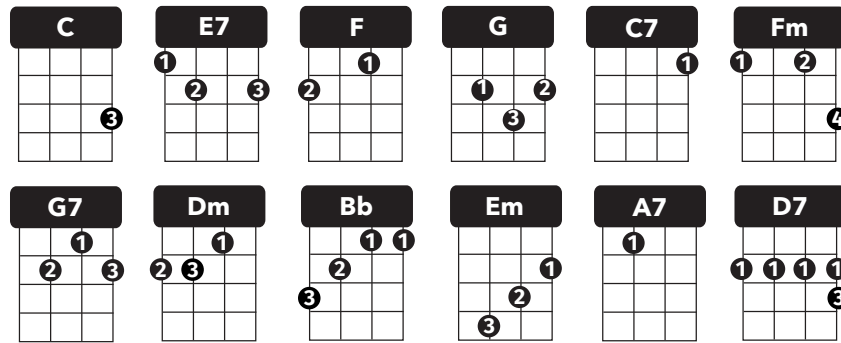
Outro:

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



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)

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	Fm
You know that I have from the start	
C	G7
So build me up	Buttercup, don't break my heart

VERSE

[C - G]	[Bb - F]	C	F
"I'll be over at ten," you told me time and again	But you're late,	I wait around and then	
[C - G]	[Bb - F]	C	
I went to the door, I can't take any more	It's not you,	you let me	
[F - F/ F/]	Dm		
down again (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
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	<i>udududu</i>
C	G7
	[F / F/ C/ Dm/]
So build me up	[C/ - G7]*
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
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/ F/ F/ F/ F/ F/	Fm
You know that I have from the start	
C	G7
	F / F/ C/ Dm/
So build me up	end C/
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.

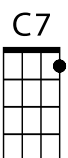
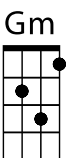
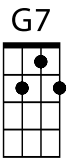
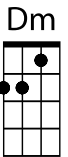
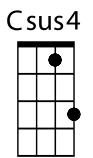
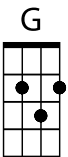
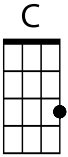
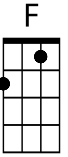
[Chorus 2]

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.

[Chorus 2]

after [Chorus 2] -> G(2) F C G(2) F C G(2) F C G(2) F(4) C(4)

Outro: F C G C \



Dirty Old Town [C]

key:C, artist:The Pogues writer:Ewan MacColl

Intro Harmonica:

[NC] I found my [C] love, by the [F] gas works [C] croft
Dreamed a [F] dream, by the old ca-[C]nal
[F] Kissed my [C] girl, by the [F] factory [C] wall

All:

[C] Dirty old [Dm] town, dirty old [Am] town

[NC] I found my [C] love, by the [F] gas works [C] croft
Dreamed a [F] dream, by the old ca-[C]nal
[F] Kissed my [C] girl, by the [F] factory [C] wall
Dirty old [Dm] town, dirty old [Am] town

I heard a [C] siren [F] from the [C] docks
Saw a [F] train set the night on [C] fire
I [F] smelled the [C] spring on the [F] Salford [C] wind
Dirty old [Dm] town, dirty old [Am] town

Clouds are [C] drifting a[F]cross the [C] moon
Cats are [F] prowling on their [C] beats
[F] Spring's a [C] girl in the [F] street at [C] night
Dirty old [Dm] town, dirty old [Am] town

I'm going to [C] make a [F] good sharp [C] axe
Shining [F] steel tempered in the [C] fire
I'll [F] chop you [C] down like an [F] old dead [C] tree
Dirty old [Dm] town, dirty old [Am] town

Harmonica:

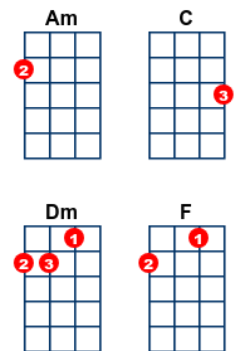
[NC] I found my [C] love, by the [F] gas works [C] croft
Dreamed a [F] dream, by the old ca-[C]nal
[F] Kissed my [C] girl, by the [F] factory [C] wall

All:

[C] Dirty old [Dm] town, dirty old [Am] town

[NC] I found my [C] love, by the [F] gas works [C] croft
Dreamed a [F] dream, by the old ca-[C]nal
[F] Kissed my [C] girl, by the [F] factory [C] wall
Dirty old [Dm] town, dirty old [Am] town

(Slower) Dirty old [Dm] town, dirty old [Am] town

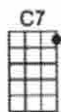
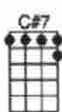




DREAM A LITTLE DREAM

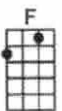
The Mamas & the Papas

4/4 1234



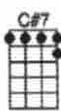
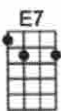
Stars shining bright a-bove you

Night breezes seem to whisper "I love you."



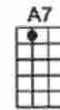
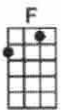
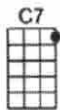
Birds singing in the sycamore tree

Dream a little dream of me.

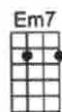


Say "Nightie-night" and kiss me

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

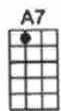


While I'm alone and blue as can be Dream a little dream of me.



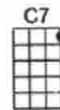
Stars fading but I linger on, dear

Still craving your kiss



I'm longing to linger 'til dawn, dear

Just saying this...



Sweet dreams 'til sunbeams find you



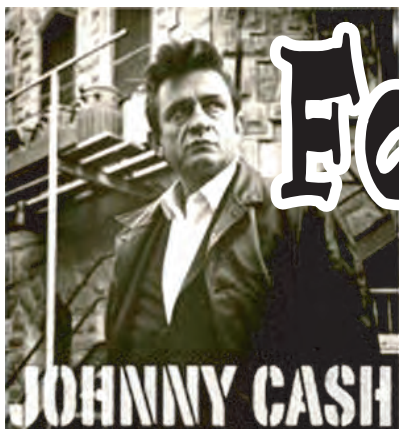
Sweet dreams that leave all worries be-hind you



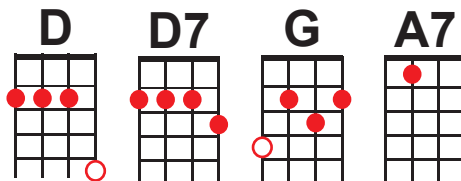
But in your dreams what-ever they be Dream a little dream of me.



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



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** **D**
 I'm stuck at Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on
A7 **D** **D**
 But that train keeps a-rollin' on down to San Antone

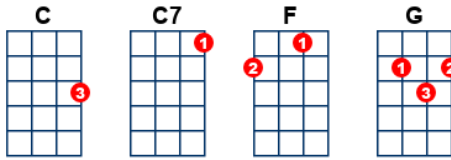
D
 When I was just a baby, my mamma told me, "Son,
D7
 Always be a good boy; don't ever play with guns"
G **D** **D**
 But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die
A7 **D** **D**
 When I hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and cry

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** **D**
 But I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free,
A7 **D** **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** **D**
 Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay,
A7 **D** **D**
 And I'd let that lonesome whistle... blow my blues away

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

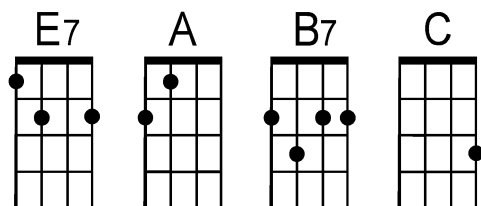
. F F C . . .
I want to dance with you.....twirl you all a- round the floor
C G . . .
That's what they invented dancing for,
G C . . . C7 ..
I just want to dance with you,
. F F C . . .
I want to dance with you..... hold you in my arms once more
C G . . .
That's what they invented dancing for
G C . . .
I just want to dance with you. ----- 2nd 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 . . . **13** .



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

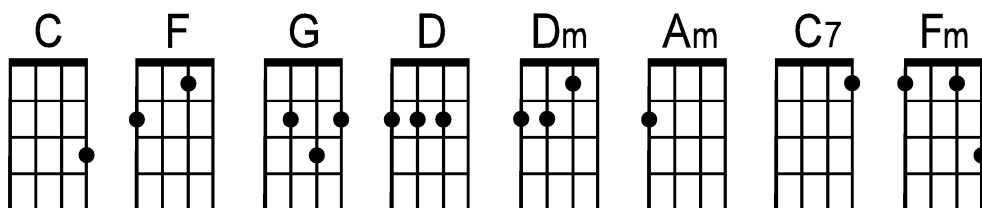
Yeah, well since I— saw— her— sta——anding there—— **E7**

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v2b- 1/23/18)

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—

Jambalaya

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

13

Words and Music by Hank Williams



C

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



G



G7



C

Me gotta go pole the pirogue down the bayou.

My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh

G7

C

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

C'MON UKERS SING!

Chorus

C

Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and file' gumbo

G7

C

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

G

Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o

G7

C

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

C

Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin'

G7

C

Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen

G

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

G7

C

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

Chorus

C

Settle down far from town, get me a pirogue

G7

C

And I'll catch all the fish in the bayou

G

Swap my mon to buy Yvonne what she need-o

G7

C

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

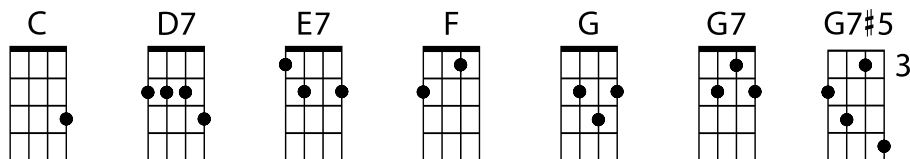
WHERE HE WENT



WHO ELSE WAS THERE



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



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) |

Else, It ain't you, baby, it's me.



Instrumental

| 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

Final chorus

| 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

Outro

. . | C | | E7 | |
 Oh, but I can't give you no more of my- self, 'cuz I'm lookin out for somebody
 F | G | C . . . | . .
 Else, It ain't you, baby, it's me.
 . . | C | | E7 | |
 Oh, but I can't give you no more of my- self, 'cuz I'm lookin out for somebody
 F | G | C | C (riff)|
 Else, It ain't you, baby, it's me.

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

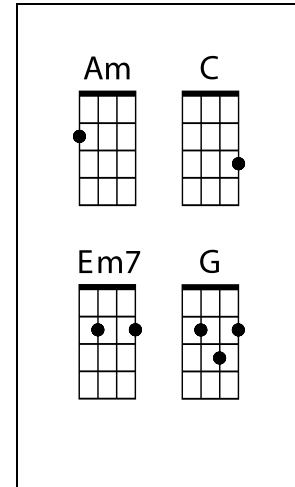
Am C G Am Am
Jolene Jolene Jolene Jolene

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

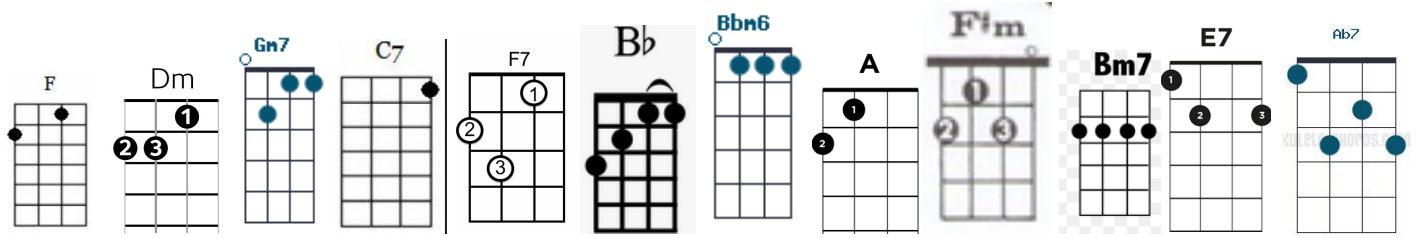
Am C G Am Am
Jolene Jolene Jolene Jolene

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

Am C G Am Am/
Jolene Jolene Jolene Jolene



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 . Ab7 . ' . 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 . Ab7 . . . 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/

You got me in be-tween the devil and the deep blue sea

Long Gone Lonesome Blues

Hank Williams

Key: C

Intro: C G C C

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

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

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

I had me a woman who couldn't be true

She made me for my money and she made me blue

A man needs a woman that he can lean on

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

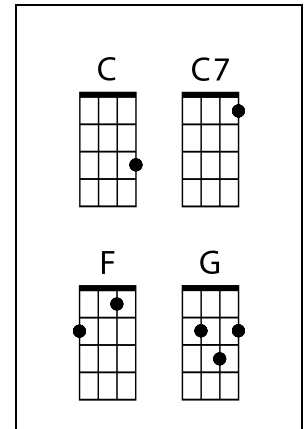
I'm gonna find me a river, one that's cold as ice.

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

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)

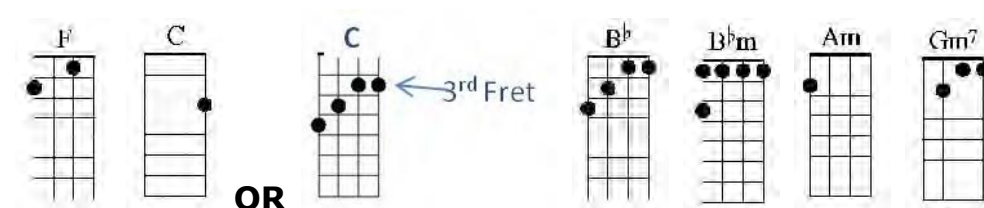
Intro: Gm7 Bbm F F

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

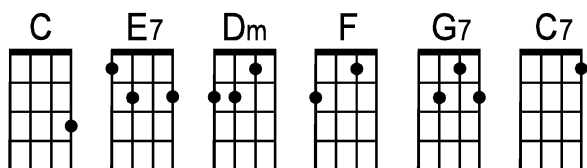
F C Bb F
Doesn't have a point of view - knows not where he's going to
Gm7 Bbm F F
Isn't he a bit like you and me
Am Bb Am Bb
Nowhere man please listen - you don't know what you're missing
Am Gm7 C7 C7
Nowhere man the world is at your command

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 . .

. | C | | E7 |
On the road a-gain. Just can't wait to get on the road a-gain

. . . . | Dm
The life I love is making music with my friends

| F | G7 | C
And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain.

. | C | | E7 |
On the road a-gain, goin' places that I've never been

. . . . | Dm
Seeing things that I may never see a-gain

| F | G7 | C
And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain.

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

. | F | | C | G7 | G7\
We're the best of friends, in-sisting that the world keep turning our way and our way

- | C | | E7 |
Is on the road a-gain. Just can't wait to get on the road again

. . . . | Dm
The life I love is making music with my friends

| F | G7 | C
And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain.

. | C | | E7 | | Dm | F | G7 | C
Instr: A-----
E-----0 0 0-----0 1 0-----0 0 0-----0 1 0-----0-----0 1 1 1 3 0 0 0 0-----
C-----3-----2 0-----3-----2 0-----2 2 1 2-----2 0-----
G-----0 0-----

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

. | F | | C | G7 | G7\
We're the best of friends, in-sisting that the world keep turning our way and our way

- | C | | E7 |
Is on the road a-gain. Just can't wait to get on the road again

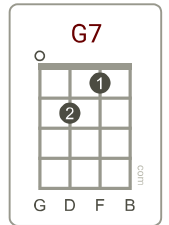
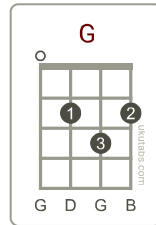
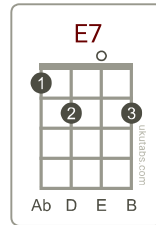
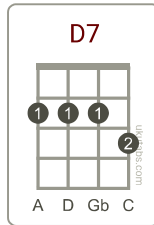
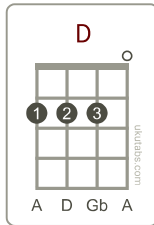
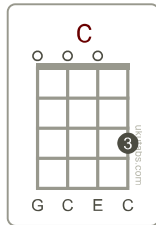
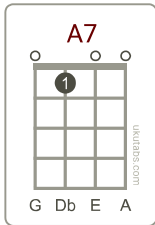
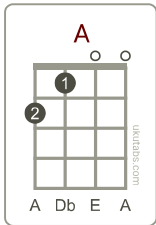
. . . . | Dm
The life I love is making music with my friends

| F | G7 | C
And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain.

| F | G7 | C | F | G7 / C /
And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain

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



A A A A
 One day up near Salinas, lo-ord, I let him slip away
 A A7 D D
 He's lookin' for that home and I hope he finds it
 D D A A
 Well I'd trade all my tomorrows for one single yesterday
 E7 E7 E7 E7
 To be holdin' Bobby's body next to mine

D D A A
 Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose
 E7 E7 A A
 Nothin', and that's all that Bobby left me
 D D A A
 Well, feelin' good was easy, lo-o-ord, when he sang the blues
 E7 E7 E7 E7
 And feelin' good was good enough for me
 E7 E7 A A
 Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee yeah

A A A A
 La da da, la da daa, la da daa da daa daa
 A A E7 E7
 La da da da daa dadada Bobby McGee-ah
 E7 E7 E7 E7
 Laa li daa da daa daa, la da daa da daa
 E7 E7 A A
 Laa la laa la daada Bobby McGee-ah yeah

A A A A
 La di da, ladida LA dida LA di daa, ladida LA dida LA di daa
 A A E7 E7
 Hey now Bobby now now Bobby McGee yeah
 E7 E7 E7 E7
 Lo lo LO lolo LO lo laa, lololo LO lolo LO lolo LO lolo LO la laa
 E7 E7 A A
 Hey now Bobby now now Bobby McGee yeah

A A
 Lord, I called him my lover, I called him my man
 A A
 I said I called him my lover, did the best I can
 A A E7 E7
 C'mon, hey now Bobby now, hey now Bobby McGee, yeah
 E7 E7 E7 E7
 Lo lo lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a lord oh
 E7 E7 A A
 Hey, hey, hey, Bobby McGee, lord

Outro -x3-:

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

Rainbow Connection

from *The Muppet Movie* (Key of C)

Strum Pattern: Swing Shuffle or DDUD (¾ time)

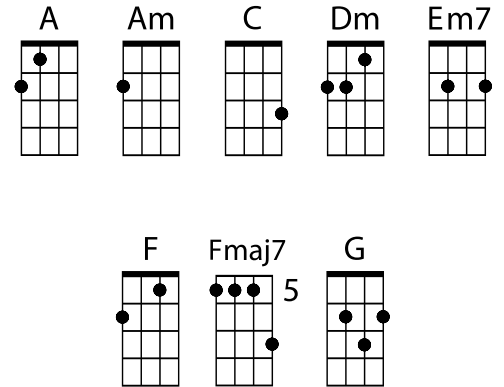
Intro: C F// C F//

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 Am
I've heard them calling my name
C Am F F
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

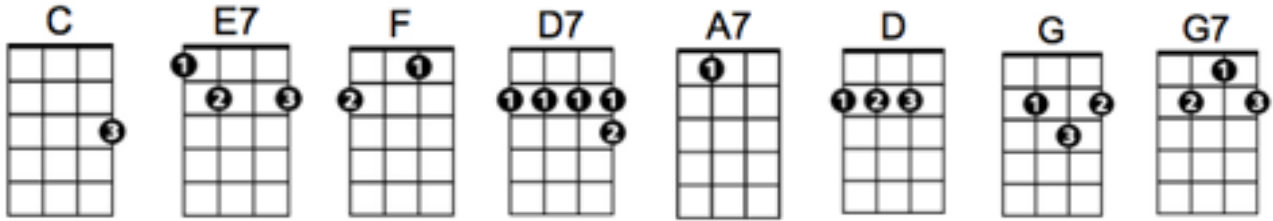


Last Chorus: Dm G
Someday we'll find it,
Em7 A
The Rainbow Connection
Dm G C
The lovers the dreamers and me
G Am C
Tag: La da da dee da da do
F G C/
La da da da dee da da do...

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

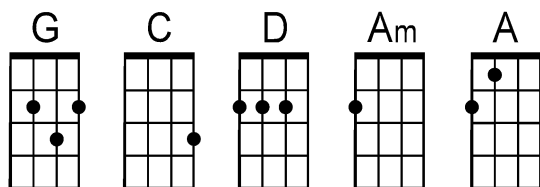
[C - A7] [D - G] F C /

I wanna tell you, just how much I love you

1st Time
Back to

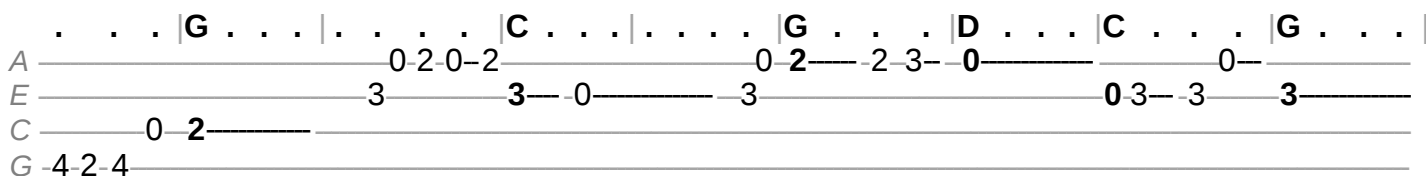
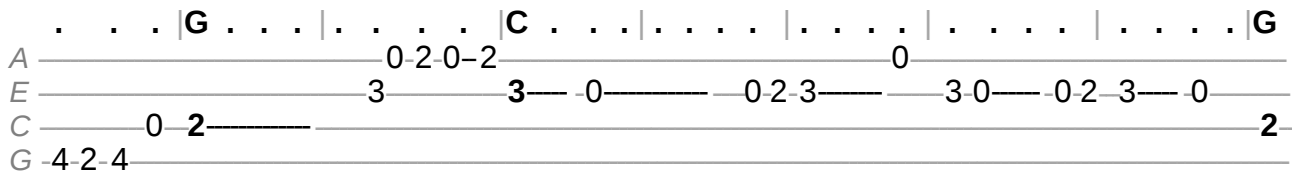
Ripple

By Robert Hunter & Jerry Garcia



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

Intro:



G If my words did glow with the go-old 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?

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 Let— there be songs— to fill the— air— A—3—0—
E—2—

Chorus: Am Ri—ip—ple in— still wa-a—ter—
Where there is no peb-ble tossed Nor wind— to— blow—

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 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**
G That— path is for— **D** your steps a—lone— **C** **G**
 A—3—0—
 E—2—

Chorus: Am Ri—ip—ple in— still wa—a—ter— **D**
G Where there is no peb—ble tossed **C** Nor wind— to— blow— **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**
G If I— kne—ew the way— **D** **C** I would— take you home **G**

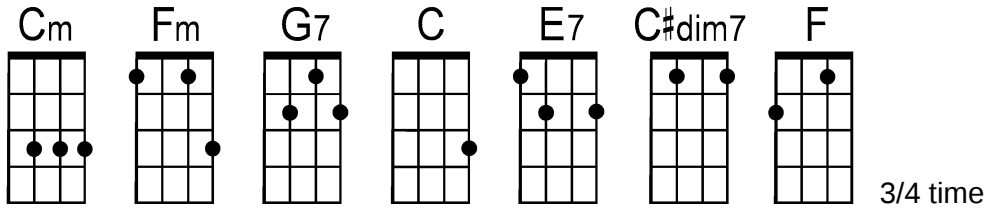
Ending: G Lada da da Daa— La da—ah da Da— Da— **C**
 Lada Da— da dada— Lada Da— Da— Da **G**
 Lada da da Daa— La da—ah da Da— Da— **C**
G La— Da Da Da— **D** **C** La-da— Da Da **G** Daa—

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v6- 5/13/16)

That's Amore

by Harry Warren and Jack Brooks (1952)



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

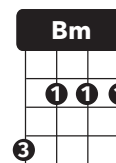
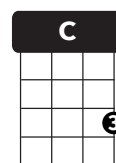
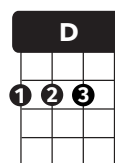
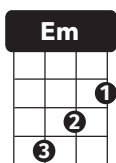
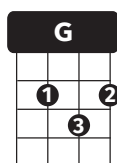
(v4b - 2/12/18)

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

VERSE2	G When I left my home and my family,	G I was no more than a	Em boy, in the
	D company of	D strangers, in the	D railway station
	G running scared	G	Em
	D out the poorer	C quarters where the	C ragged people
	D for the places	C only they would	G know
			G/

CHORUS (strum)	Em Lie la lie,	Em lie la lie	Bm lie la lie	Bm lie la lie
	Em Lie la lie,	Em lie la lie	C lie la lie	D lie la lie, la la lie la lie
				G x4 (pick)

VERSE3	G Asking only workman's	G wages I come	G looking for a	Em job, but I get no
	D offers,	D	D just a come-on from the	D whores on Seventh
	G Avenue	G	G	Em
	D times when I was	C so lonesome I	C took some comfort	G there
	D ooh la la la	D	D	Gx4



VERSE4	G	G	G	Em
Now the	years are rolling	by me,	they are rockin'	even -ly, I am
D	D	D	D	D
older than I	once was,	and	younger than I'll	be, that's not
G	G	G	G	Em
un-usual			No it isn't	strange, after
D	C	C	G	G
changes upon	changes, we are	more or less the	same, after	
D	C	G	G/	
changes we are	more or less the	same		

CHORUS (*strum*) **Em** **Em** **Bm** **Bm**
Lie la lie, lie la lie la lie la lie
 Em **Em** **C** **D** **G x4** (*pick*)
Lie la lie, lie la lie la lie la lie, la la lie la lie

VERSE5	G	G	G	Em
Then I'm laying out my		winter clothes and	wishing I was	gone, going
D	D		D	D
home		where the	New York City	winters aren't
G	G	Bm	Bm	Em Em
bleeding me			Leading me	to going
D	D		D	Gx4
home				

VERSE6	G	G	G	Em
In the clearing stands a	boxer and a	fighter by his	trade, and he	
D	D	D	D	
carries the	re -minders of	every glove that	laid him down, or	
G	G	G	Em	
cut him till he	cried out	in his anger and his	shame, "I am	
D	C	C	G	
leaving, I am	leaving"	but the fighter still	re -mains, yes he still	
D	C	G	G/	
re-mains				

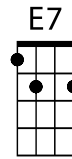
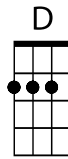
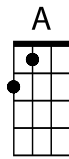
END CHORUS (*strum*)

	Em	Em	Bm	Bm
Lie la lie,			lie la lie la	lie la lie
	Em	Em	C	D
Lie la lie,			lie la lie la	lie la lie, la la
	Em	Em	Bm	Bm
Lie la lie,			lie la lie la	lie la lie
	Em	Em	C	D
Lie la lie,			lie la lie la	lie la lie, la la lie la
	G x3 (<i>pick</i>)		G/ D/ G/	
lie				

LESSON 1

THREE LITTLE BIRDS

by Bob Marley



SIMPLE STRUM: ¹ u | ² u | ³ u | ⁴ 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,	A	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

Summertime

Heyward- Gershwin

for ukulele

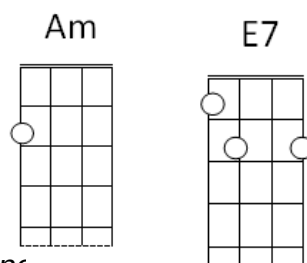
Level 8

Timing: 4/4

Key: Am

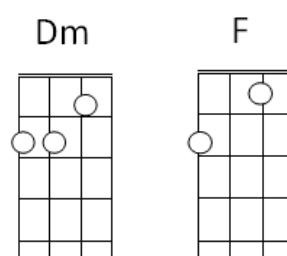


1. - Summer-time, **N/C** * **Am**
 - And the livin' is easy **E7** **Am**
 - Fish are jumpin' **Dm**
 - And the cotton is high **F** **E7**



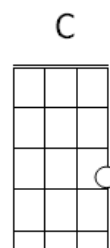
*Starting nc

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

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

Intro:

G D G G
G D G G
G D Em C
G D G G

Verse 1:

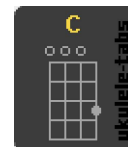
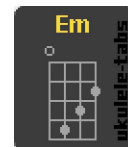
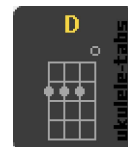
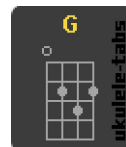
G D G G
Well I know I miss more than hit
G D G G
With a face that was launched to sink
G D Em C
And I seldom feel the bright release
G D G G
It's been the worst day since yesterday

Verse 2:

G D G G
If there's one thing I have said
G D G G
Is that the dreams I once had now lay in bed
G D Em C
As the four winds blow my wits through the door
G D G G
It's been the worst day since yesterday

Chorus 1:

C G
Fallin' down to you sweet ground
C
Where the flowers, they bloom
G
Well it's there I'll be found
G D G C
Hurry back to me, my wild colleen
G D G G
It's been the worst day since yesterday



Chords during solo:

D D C G
D D C D

Verse 3:

G D G G
Though these wounds have seen no wars
G D G G
Except for the scars I have ignored
G D Em C
And this endless crutch well it's never enough
G D G G
It's been the worst day since yesterday

Chorus 2:

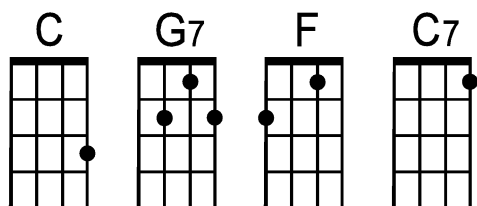
C G
Hell says hello well it's time I should go
C G
To pastures green that I've yet to see
G D G C
Hurry back to me my wild colleen
G D G G
It's been the worst day since yesterday

Outro:

G D G G
It's been the worst day since yesterday
G D G G
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—

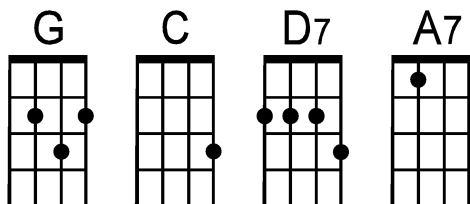
Please don't take— my sun— shine a-way—

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

Your Cheatin' Heart - in 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.

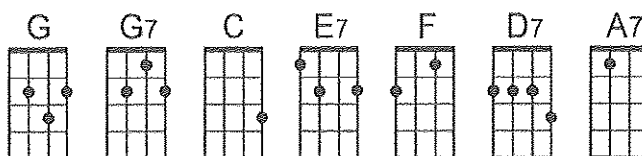
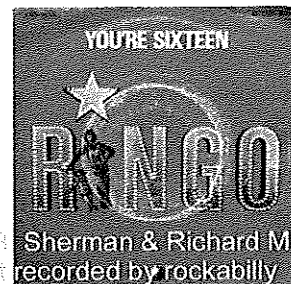
Kazoo Solo: |C |E7 |F |C |D7 |G |C |C |

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

