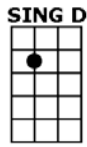




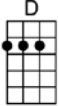
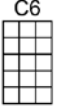
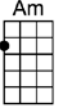


AA-Table of Contents Part 2 - 1950s and 1960's
Table Of Contents Part 2 -- 50's And 60's Songs

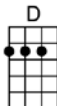
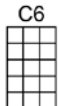
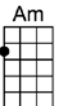
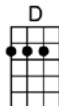
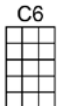
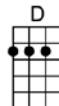
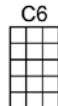
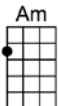
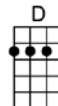
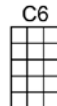
Page#	Title
1	Table of Contents
2	I Only Have Eyes For You
4	I'll Never Find Another You
6	I'm Henry The VIII, I Am
7	In The Still Of The Night
9	It's My Party
10	It's So Easy To Fall In Love
11	Johnny Angel
13	La Bamba
14	Louie Louie
15	Love Me Tender
16	Me And Bobbie McGee P1
17	Me And Bobbie McGee P2
18	Nadine
19	No Wedding Today (Johnny Ray)
20	Que Sera Sera
22	Save The Last Dance For Me
23	Sea Cruise
24	Sounds Of Silence
25	That's Amore
27	The Locomotion
28	This Magic Moment
30	Under The Boardwalk
32	Wake Up Little Susie
34	Wild Thing
35	Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow
36	Willie And The Hand Jive
37	You Send Me



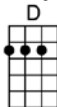
I ONLY HAVE EYES FOR YOU

4/4 1234 (slowly)

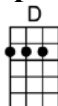
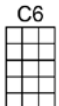
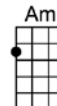
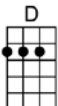

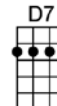
Intro: /    /   / **X2**

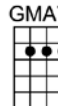
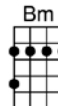
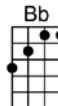
My love must be a kind of blind love I can't see any-one but you

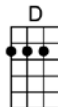
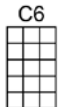
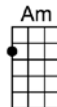
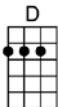

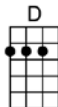

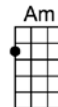
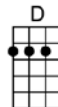
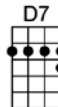
Shoo-bop-shoo-bop **X4**

Are the stars out to-night? I don't know if it's cloudy or bright

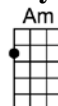
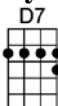
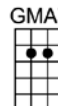
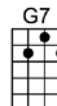
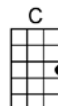
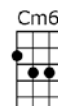
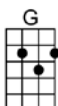
'Cause I only have eyes for you, dear

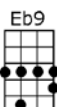
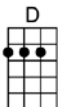

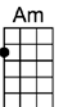
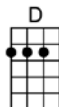

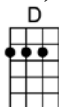

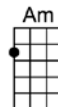
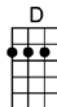
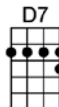
The moon may be high, but I can't see a thing in the sky


'Cause I only have eyes for you.

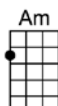
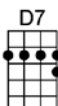
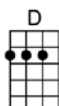
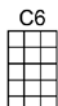
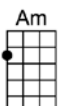
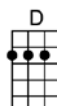
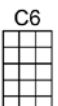
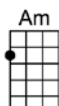
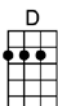
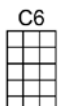
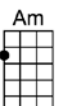
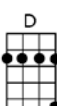
I don't know if we're in a garden, or on a crowded ave-nue

You are here, so am I, maybe millions of people go by

But they all disappear from view

And I only have eyes for you

I ONLY HAVE EYES FOR YOU

4/4 1234 (slowly)

Intro: / D C6 Am / D C6 / X2

D C6 Am D C6 D C6 Am D C6
My love must be a kind of blind love I can't see any-one but you

D C6 Am
Shoo-bop-shoo-bop X4

D C6 Am D C6 D C6 Am D D7
Are the stars out to-night? I don't know if it's cloudy or bright

GMA7 Bm Bb
'Cause I only have eyes for you, dear

D C6 Am D C6 D C6 Am D D7
The moon may be high, but I can't see a thing in the sky

GMA7 E7
'Cause I only have eyes for you.

Am D7 GMA7 G7 C Cm6 G
I don't know if we're in a garden, or on a crowded ave-nue

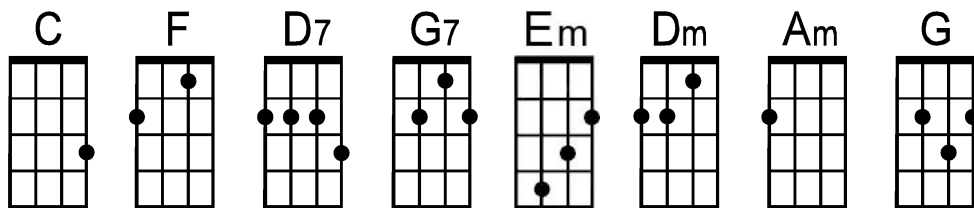
Eb9 D C6 Am D C6 D C6 Am D D7
You are here, so am I, maybe millions of people go by

GMA7 E7
But they all disappear from view

Am D7 D C6 Am D C6 Am D C6 Am D
And I only have eyes for you

I'll Never Find Another You (Key of C)

by Tom Springfield (1964)



Intro: C . F . | G7 . . . | C . F . | G7 .
A-----
E---0-3-1-0-----0-3-1-0-----
C-0-----2-0-----0-----2-0-----
low-G-----0-----0-0-2-4-----0-----

. . | C . . . | F . . . | D7 . . . | G7 .
There's a new— world— somewhere— they call— the promis-ed land—

. . | C . . . | Em . . . | Dm . . . | G7 .
And I'll be— there— someday— if you— will hold my— hand—

. . | Am . . . | F . . . | G . F . | Em .
I still need you there be-side me— no mat-ter what I— do—

F . | C . Am . | Dm . G7 . | C . F . | G7 .
For I know I'll ne— ver find— a-no-ther you—

A-----
E---0-3-1-0-----
C-0-----2-0-----
low-G-----0-----

. . | C . . . | F . . . | D7 . . . | G7 .
There is all— ways— someone— for each— of us they say—

. . | C . . . | Em . . . | Dm . . . | G7 .
And you'll be— my— someone— for— e— ver and a day—

. . | Am . . . | F . . . | G . F . | Em .
I could search— the whole world over— un-til my life is— through—

F . | C . Am . | Dm . G7 . | C . F . | C .
But I know I'll ne— ver find— a-no-ther you—

A-----
E---0-3-1-0-----
C-0-----2-0-----
G-----

Bridge: C . | Am . . . | F . . . | C . G7 . | C .
It's a long— long— jour-ney— so stay— by my— side—

. . | Am . . . | Em . F . | C . F . | G7 .
When I walk— thru the storm, you'll be my— guide— be my— gui-i-ide—

. . | C . . . | F . . . | D7 . . . | G7 .
If they gave— me a fortune— my plea-sure would be small—

. . | C . . . | Em . . . | F . . . | G7 .
I could lose— it all— to-morrow— and ne— ver mind at all—



. . | Am | F | G . . F . | Em .
 But if I— should lose your love, dear— I don't know what I'd— do—
 F . | C . Am . | Dm . G7 . | C . F . | C .
 For I know I'll ne—ver find— a-no-ther you—

A-----
 E-----0-3-1-0-----
 C-0-----2-0-----
 G-----

. . | C . . . | F . . . | D7 . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . | Em . . . | F . . . | G7 .
 A-----
 E-----0-0-3-1-0-----0-3-3-3-3-1-3-----
 C-0-2-----2-0-2-0-----0-2-----
 G-----4-----

. . | Am | F | G . . F . | Em .
 But if I— should lose— your love, dear— I don't know what I'd— do—
 F . | C . Am . | Dm . G7 . | C . F . | G7 .
 But I know— I'll ne—ver find— a-no-ther you— ou— ou—

. . | C . F . | G7 . . . | C . F . | C\
 A-no-ther you— ou- ou— ou— a-no-ther yo-o-ou—

San Jose Ukulele Club
 (v2c - 9/23/18)

I'm Henry the VIII, I Am

G

I'm Henry the eighth, I am.

C

G

Henry the eighth, I am, I am.

I got married to the widow next door;

A7

D

She's been married seven times before!

G

D

And every one was an Henry, Henry!

C

b

She wouldn't have a Willy or a Sam, no Sam!

G

D

C

Em

I'm her eighth old man, I'm Henry!

A7

D7

G

Henry the eighth I am!

- uke tap! 1 1,2 • 42

Second verse same as the first!

One instrumental of verse above.

Repeat verse (no uke tap)

G

G

Em

outro: H-E-N-R-Y! Henry, Henry! Henry, Henry!

G

D

G

Em

Henry the eighth, I am, I am!

A7

D7

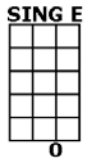
D7

G

~~02 02~~
3 3

G

Henry the eighth, I am..... yeah!



IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro:

In the still of the night I held you, held you tight

'Cause I love, love you so, promise I'll never let you go, in the still of the night

Chorus:

I re-mem-ber that night in May, the stars were bright above

I'll hope and I'll pray to keep your precious love

Well be-fore the light, hold me a-gain with all of your might, in the still of the night

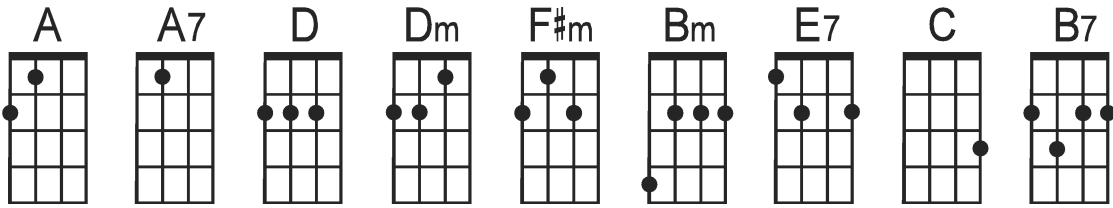
Instrumental verse

So be-fore the light hold me a-gain with all of your might, in the still of the night

In the still of the night

It's My Party

by John Gluck, Wally Gold and Herb Weiner (1962)



Chorus: A . . . | A7 . . . | D . . . | Dm . . . |
It's my party and I'll cry if I want to cry if I want to cry if I want to
A . F#m . | Bm . E7 . | A . D . | A\ E7\ \ \ \ \ |
You would cry too if it happened to you—

A . . . | C . . . | A . . . | D . . . |
Nobo-dy knows where my Johnny has gone but Ju—dy left the same time—
F . . . | A . . . | B7 . . . | E7 . . . |
Why was he holding her hand, when he's sup-posed to be mine—?

Chorus: A . . . | A7 . . . | D . . . | Dm . . . |
It's my party and I'll cry if I want to cry if I want to cry if I want to
A . F#m . | Bm . E7 . | A . D . | A\ E7\ \ \ \ \ |
You would cry too if it happened to you—

A . . . | C . . . | A . . . | D . . . |
Play all my records, keep dancing all night, but leave me a-lone for a while—
F . . . | A . . . | B7 . . . | E7 . . . |
'til John-ny's dancing with me I've got no reason to smile—

Chorus: A . . . | A7 . . . | D . . . | Dm . . . |
It's my party and I'll cry if I want to cry if I want to cry if I want to
A . F#m . | Bm . E7 . | A . D . | A\ E7\ \ \ \ \ |
You would cry too if it happened to you—

A . . . | C . . . | A . . . | D . . . |
Oh, Judy and Johnny just walked through the door like a queen with her king—
F . . . | A . . . | B7 . . . | E7 . . . |
Oh, what a birthday sur-prise Ju—dy's wearing his ring—

Chorus: A . . . | A7 . . . | D . . . | Dm . . . |
It's my party and I'll cry if I want to cry if I want to cry if I want to
A . F#m . | Bm . E7 . | A . D . | A\ E7\ \ \ \ \ |
You would cry too if it happened to you— Oh-oh Oh-oh

A . . . | A7 . . . | D . . . | Dm . . . |
It's my party and I'll cry if I want to cry if I want to cry if I want to
A . F#m . | Bm . E7 . | A . D . | A\ E7\ \ \ \ \ | A
You would cry too if it happened to you—

It's so Easy to Fall in Love

^{D A G A7 D G A7 D}
It's so easy to fall in love. It's so easy to fall in love.

^{D A G A7 D G A7}
People tell me love's for fools, so here I go breaking all of

^{D G}
the rules. It seems so easy (seems so easy, seems so

^D
easy). Umm-hmm, so doggone easy (doggone easy,

^G
doggone easy). Umm-hmm, it seems so easy (seems so

^{E7}
easy, seems so easy, seems so easy). Where you're

^{A7}
concerned, my heart has learned.

^{D A G A7 D G A7 D}
It's so easy to fall in love. It's so easy to fall in love.

^{D A G A7 D G A7}
Look into your heart and see, what your love book has set

^{D G}
apart for me. It seems so easy (seems so easy, seems so

^D
easy). Umm-hmm, so doggone easy (doggone easy,

^G
doggone easy). Umm-hmm, it seems so easy (seems so

^{E7}
easy, seems so easy, seems so easy). Where you're

^{A7}
concerned, my heart has learned. ~~chorus~~

^{D A G A7 D G A7 D}
It's so easy to fall in love. It's so easy to fall in love.

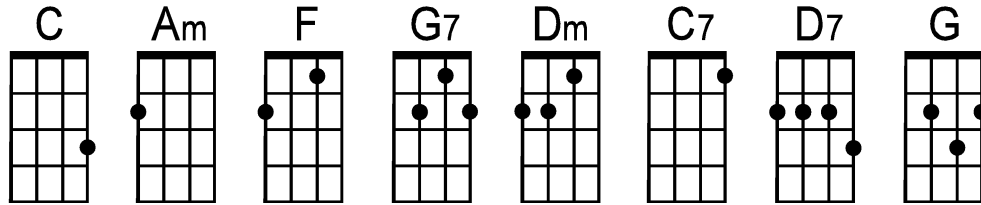
^{D A G A7 D G A7 D}
It's so easy to fall in love. It's so easy to fall in love.

^{D A G A7 D G A D}
It's so easy to fall in love. It's so easy to fall in love.

Ides:
Faves
Line

Johnny Angel (Key of C)

by Lynn Duddy and Lee Pockriss (1962) (as sung by Shelley Fabares)



Intro:

(sing d)

--- | C \ --- Am \ --- | F \ --- G7 \ --- | ---
 Johnny Angel, Johnny Angel, Johnny Angel, Johnny Angel
 - - - | C . Am . | C . Am
 you're an angel to me-----

. | C . Am . | C . Am
 Johnny Angel----- how I love him-----
 . | F . . . | Dm . .
 He's got something that I can't re-sist-----
 . | F . . . | Dm . G7
 But he doesn't even know that |-----|-----|
 . | C . Am . | C . Am\
 Ex-ist-----

--- | C . Am . | C . Am
 Johnny Angel----- how I want him-----
 . | F . . . | Dm . .
 How I tingle when he pass-es by-----
 . | F . . . | Dm . G7 . |
 Every-time he says "hel-lo" my heart be-gins to
 C . Am . | C . Am \ ---
 fly-----

Chorus: --- | Gm . . . | C . C7 .
 I'm in hea-ven---- I get carried a---way
 | F \ --- --- | F \ --- ---
 I dream of him and me and how it's gonna be
 --- | Am . . . | D . D7 .
 Other fellas----- call me up for a date
 | G \ --- --- | G7 \ --- ---
 but I just sit and wait I'd rather concen-trate on



--- |C . Am . |C . Am
Johnny Angel----- 'cause I love him-----

. |F . . . |Dm . .
and I pray that someday he'll love me-----

. |F . . . |Dm . G7 . |
And to-gether we will see how love---ly heaven will

C . Am . |C . Am\
be-----

Chorus: --- |Gm . . . |C . C7 .
I'm in hea---ven----- I get carried a---way

|F\
I dream of him and me and how it's gonna be

--- |Am . . . |D . D7 .
Other fellas----- call me up for a date

|G\
but I just sit and wait I'd rather concen-trate on

--- |C . Am . |C . Am
Johnny Angel----- 'cause I love him-----

. |F . . . |Dm . .
And I pray that someday he'll love me-----

. |F . . . |Dm . G7 . C\
And to-gether we will see how love---ly heaven will be

--- --- --- |Am\
Johnny Angel----- Johnny Angel----- Johnny Angel-----

G\
You're an angel to me

--- --- --- |Am\
Johnny Angel----- Johnny Angel----- Johnny Angel-----

G\
You're an angel to— me—

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v4 - 5/11/19)

Capo II for D

La Bamba

I. Para bailar La Bamba. Para bailar La Bamba. Se
 necesita una poca de gracia. Una poca de gracia, para
 mi, para ti, ay arriba, ay arriba. Ay, arriba arriba por ti
 sere, por ti sere, por ti sere.

II. Yo no soy marinero, yo no soy marinero, soy
 capitan, soy capitan, soy capitan. Bamba, bamba.
 Bamba, bamba. Bamba, bamba, bam.

III. Para bailar La Bamba. Para bailar La Bamba. Se
 necesita una poca de gracia. Una poca de gracia, para
 mi, para ti, ay arriba, ay arriba.

(instrumental)

IV. Repeat I

Bamba, bamba. Bamba, bamba. (repeat & fade)

D-G-A7-G x2

Louie Louie

^D ^G ^{A7} ^G ^D
chorus: Lou..ie Lou..ie, oh, no, we gotta
^G ^{A7} ^G ^D
 go...yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. I said, Lou..ie
^G ^{A7} ^G ^D ^{G-A7-G}
 Lou..ie, oh, baby, we gotta go.

^D ^G ^{A7} ^G ^D ^G ^{A7}
 I. A fine little girl waits for me. Catch a ship across
^G ^D ^G ^{A7} ^G ^D
 the sea. Me sail that ship about, all alone. Me never
^G ^{A7} ^G
 know if I make it home. *chorus*

^D ^G ^{A7} ^G ^D ^G
 II. Three nights and days I sail the sea. I think of girl,
^{A7} ^G ^D ^G ^{A7} ^G
 oh, constant..ly. On that ship, I dream she there. I
^D ^G ^{A7} ^G
 smell those roses in her hair. *chorus*

(spoken quickly) Okay, let's give it to 'em,

right now! (8 riffs)

^{D-G-A7-G} ^D ^G ^{A7} ^G
 III. Me see.... Me see Jamaica, the moon above. It
^D ^G ^{A7} ^G ^D ^G ^{A7}
 won't be long, me see me love. I take her in my arms
^G ^D ^G ^{A7} ^G
 again. I tell her I'll never leave her then. *chorus*

^D ^G ^{A7}
Outro: I said, we gotta go now. Let's take it
^G ^D
 on outta here. Let's go!

Capo II

Love Me Tender

I. Love me tender, love me sweet, never let me go.

You have made my life complete, and I love you so.

chorus: Love me tender, love me true,
am all my dreams fulfilled. For my darling,
I love you, and I always will.

II. Love me tender, love me long, take me to your
heart. For it's there that I belong, and we'll never

part. *chorus*

III. Love me tender, love me dear, tell me you are
mine. I'll be yours through all the years, till the end

of time. *chorus*

IV. When at last my dreams come true, darling this I
know, happiness will follow you everywhere you go.

chorus

Me and Bobbie McGee (Joplinish) p.1

^A
I. Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waitin' for a train, when I's
feelin' near as faded as my jeans. ^{E7} Bobby thumbed a diesel
down just before it rained, and rode us all the way into
New Orleans. ^A I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red
bandana. I's playin' soft while Bobby sang the blues. ^{A7} ^D
Windshield wipers slappin' time, I was holdin' Bobby's
hand in mine. ^{E7} We sang every song that driver knew. ^A

^D ^A
Chorus: Freedom's just another word for nothin' left
to lose. ^{E7} Nothin', it ain't nothin', honey, if it ain't free. ^A
And feelin' good was easy, lord, oh, when he ^A
sang the blues. ^{E7} You know feelin' good was good
enough for me. Good enough for me and my Bobby
^A McGee, yeah.

^A
II. From the Kentucky coal mines to the California sun,
yeah, Bobby shared the secrets of my soul. ^{E7} Through all
kinds of weather, through everything we done, yeah,
^A Bobby baby kept me from the cold.



Me and Bobbie McGee (Joplinish) p.2

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

Chorus

^A
Bridge: La da da, la da daa, la da daa da daa da daa, La
da da da daa dadada, Bobby McGee-ah. Laa li daa da daa
^{E7}
daa, la da daa da daa, Laa la laa la daada Bobby McGee-
^A
ah yeah. La di da, ladida LA dida LA di daa, ladida LA
dida LA di daa. Hey now, Bobby now, now Bobby
^{E7}
McGee, yeah. Lo lo LO lolo LO lo laa, lololo LO lolo
LO lolo LO lolo LO la laa. Hey now, Bobby now, now
^A
Bobby McGee, yeah. Lord, I called him my lover, I
called him my man. I said I called him my lover, did the
best I can. C'mon, hey now Bobby now, hey now Bobby
^{E7}
McGee, yeah. Lo lo lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a
lord, a lord, oh. Hey, hey, hey, Bobby McGee, lord!
^A ^{E7/A}

Nadine

^C
I..As I got on a city bus and found my vacant seat, I thought I saw my future bride walking up the street. I shouted to the driver, "Hey conductor, you must, slow down I think I see her; please, let me off the bus!"

^C
chorus: Nadine, honey is that you?

^C ^F ^C
Oh, Nadine, honey is that you?

^G
Seems like every time I see you, darling,

^F ^{C - G}
you got something else to do.

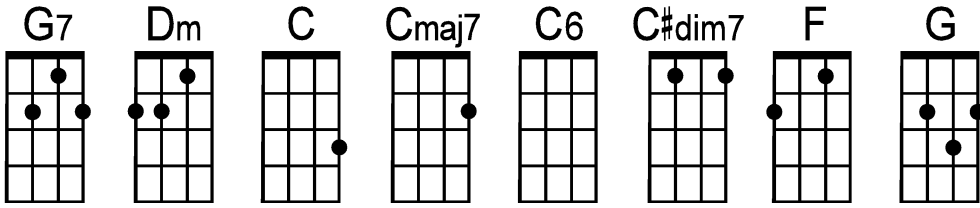
^C
II. I saw her from the corner when she turned and doubled back, and started walkin' toward a coffee colored Cadillac. I was pushin' through the crowd, trying to get to where she's at, and I was campaign shouting like a southern diplomat. *chorus*

^C
III. Downtown, searching for her, looking all around, saw her getting in a yellow cab, heading uptown. I caught a loaded taxi, paid up everybody's tab, flip the twenty dollar bill and told him catch that yellow cab! *chorus*

^C
IV. She moved a-round like a wayward summer breeze. Go, driver, go, go on, catch her for me please. Moving through the traffic like a mounted cavalier. Leaning out the taxi window trying to make her hear. *chorus*

Que Sera Sera (Key of C)

by Jay Livingston and Ray Evans (1955)



Waltz time

Intro: G7 . . | . . . | Dm . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . | C\ --- --- |

--- --- --- | C . . | Cmaj7 . . | C6 . . | C . . . | . . . | C#dim . . | Dm . . | . . . |
 When I was just—a li—ttle girl—I asked my mother— “What will I be——?”

G7 . . | . . . | . . . | Dm . . | G7 . . | C . . |
 “Will I be pre-tty—? Will I be rich?” Here’s what she said—to me——

Chorus: C\ --- --- | F . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . | . . . | . . . |
 Que se-ra— se-ra—— What-ev-er will be—will be——
 . | . . . | G . . | . . . | . . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . |
 The fu-ture’s not ours—to see—— Que se-ra— se-ra——
 G7\ --- --- | G7 . . | C . . | . . . | . . . |
 What will be— will be——

C . . | . . . | Cmaj7 . . | C6 . . | C . . . | . . . | C#dim . . | Dm . . | . . . |
 When I was just—a child—in school—I asked my tea-cher- “What should I try——?”

G7 . . | . . . | . . . | Dm . . | G7 . . | C . . |
 “Should I paint pic-tures? should I sing songs——?” this was her wise— re-ply——

Chorus: C\ --- --- | F . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . | . . . | . . . |
 Que se-ra— se-ra—— What-ev-er will be—will be——
 . | . . . | G . . | . . . | . . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . |
 The fu-ture’s not ours—to see—— Que se-ra— se-ra——
 G7\ --- --- | G7 . . | C . . | . . . | . . . |
 What will be— will be——

C . . | . . . | Cmaj7 . . | C6 . . | C . . . | . . . | C#dim . . | Dm . . | . . . |
 When I grew up— and fell—in love—I asked my sweet-heart- “What lies a-head——?”

G7 . . | . . . | . . . | Dm . . | G7 . . | C . . |
 “Will we have rain-bows— day af-ter day——?” Here’s what my sweet—heart said——

Chorus: C\ --- --- | F . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . | . . . | . . . |
 Que se-ra— se-ra—— What-ev-er will be—will be——
 . | . . . | G . . | . . . | . . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . |
 The fu-ture’s not ours—to see—— Que se-ra— se-ra——
 G7\ --- --- | G7 . . | C . . | . . . | . . . |
 What will be— will be——



C . . . | | Cmaj7 . . | C6 . . | C | | C#dim . . | Dm . . | |
 Now I have chil-dren of— my own— they ask their mo-ther— “What will I be——?”
 G7 | | | | Dm . . | G7 . . | C . . |
 “Will I be pret-ty——? will I be rich——?” I tell them ten——der-ly——

Ending Chorus:

C\ --- --- | F | | | C |
 Que se-ra— se-ra—— What-ev-er will be— will be——
 | G | | G7 . . | C |
 The fu-ture’s not ours— to see—— Que se-ra— se-ra——
 G7\ --- --- | G7 . . | C | G7\ --- --- | G7 . . | C | C\
 What will be— will be—— Que se—ra—— se—ra——

San Jose Ukulele Club
 (v2b – 2/22/19)

No Wedding Today.txt

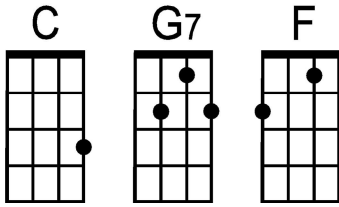
NO WEDDING TODAY (1956)

Intro: G Bm C D

G Bm C G C G A7 D7
Call up the preacher, save him the ride, there'll be no wedding today.
Em D G E7 A7 D7
Here stands the bridegroom, without any bride, to Love, Honour and Obey.
G Bm C G C G A7 D7
Call up the baker, cancel the cake, there'll be no wedding today.
Em D G E7 A7 D7 G G7
Tell all the people, there's been a mistake, you'll think of something to say.
C D G G7 C D G G7
I had a funny feeling, this morning, it woke me at the crack of dawn,
C D G
And then came her note without warning,
A7 D7
Saying, "Baby when you read this I'll be gone."
G Bm C G C G A7 D7
Call up the florist, give him the news. Tell him, "Forget the bouquets."
Em D G E7 A7 D7 G
Somehow the flowers, don't go with the blues, there'll be no wedding today.
A C#m D A D A B7 E7
Call all our friends up, and say that we're through, Tell them "I'm sorry to say,
F#m E A F#7 B7 E7
Every-thing's over, it's sad but it's true, there'll be no wedding
E7 A
no wedding today."

Save The Last Dance For Me

by Doc Pomus and Mort Shuman



C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | G7 . . . | . . .
 You can dance ev'ry dance with the guy who gives you the eye. Let him hold you tight
 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . .
 You can smile ev'ry smile for the man who held your hand 'neath the pale moon-light

G7 \ C7 \ F . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . .
Chorus: But don't for-get who's taking you home and in whose arms you're gon-na be—
 . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . .
 So darling—, save the last— dance for me— Ummmmm

C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . .
 Oh I know that the music is fine like sparkl-ing wine. Go and have your fun
 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . .
 Laugh and sing but while we're a—part. Don't give your heart— to any—one

G7 \ C7 \ F . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . .
Chorus: But don't for-get who's taking you home and in whose arms you're gon-na be—
 . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . .
 So darling—, save the last— dance for me—

C . . . | . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . .
Bridge: Um Baby don't you know I love you so— Can't you feel it when we touch?
 . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . .
 I will never never let you go—, 'cause I love you oh so much

C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . .
 You can dance, go and carr-y on, till the night is gone and it's time to go—
 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . .
 If he asks if you're all a—lone can he take you home, you must tell him no—

G7 \ C7 \ F . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . .
Chorus: 'Cause don't for-get who's taking you home and in whose arms you're gon-na be—
 . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . .
 So darling—, save the last— dance for me— Ummmmm

Outro: G7 . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . .
 Save— the last— dance for me— Ummmm-mmmm
G7 . . . | . . . | C . . . G7 \ C \
 Save— the last— dance for me—

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

beggin' but I'm on bended ^A ^{A7} 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 *end:* Feel like jumpin', baby, won't ya join me? I don't

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

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

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

Sounds of Silence

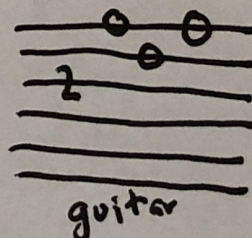
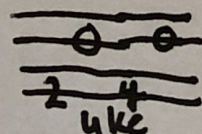
I. Hello darkness, my old friend, I've come to talk with you again,
 because a vision softly creeping left its seeds while I was sleeping.
 And the vision that was planted in my brain still remains within the
 sound of silence.

II. In restless dreams I walked alone, the narrow streets of
 cobblestone. 'Neath the halo of a streetlamp, I turned my collar to
 the cold and damp; when my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a
 neon light that split the night and touched the sound of silence.

III. And in the naked light I saw, ten thousand people, maybe more.
 People talking without speaking. People hearing without listening.
 People writing songs that voices never share, and no one dared
 disturb the sound of silence.

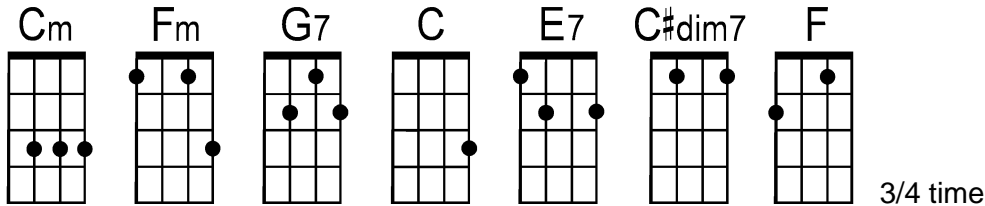
IV. "Fools" said I, "You do not know. Silence like a cancer grows.
 Hear my words that I might teach you. Take my arms that I might
 reach you." But my words like silent raindrops fell and echoed in
 the wells of silence.

V. And the people bowed and prayed to the neon god they made.
 And the sign flashed out its warning, in the words that it was
 forming. And the sign said, "The words of the prophets are written
 on the subway walls, and tenement halls and whispered in the
 sounds of silence."



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—

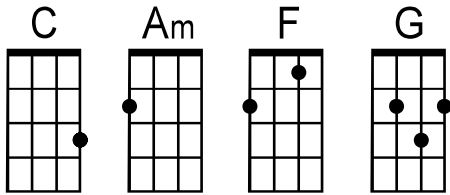
| G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | .
Scu— sa me, but you see, back in old Na-po-li—
| C . . . | . . . | . . . | G7\ | C\
that's— a— mor— or— e—!

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v4b - 2/12/18)

This Magic Moment

by Doc Pomus and Mort Shuman



Intro: C . . . | | Am . . . | | F . . . | | G . . . | G\

(sing e)

(--- Tacet ---) | C | | Am |
This ma-gic moment— so different and so new—

. . . | F | | G | G\
Was like any other— un-til I kissed you—

(--- Tacet ---) | C | | Am |
And then it happ-ened— it took me by— sur-prise—

. . . | F | | G | G\ ---
I knew— that you felt it too— by the look in your eyes—

(--- Tacet ---) | Am | | F |
Sweeter than wi—ine— softer than a summer— night—
(swee—ter than wi—ine) (so—fter than a summer

. . . | C | | G | G\
Every-thing I want I have— when-ever I hold— you tight—
night—) (every-thing— every— thing—)

(--- Tacet ---) | C | | Am |
This ma-a-gic mo-m-ent— while your lips— are close to mine—
(this ma-gic mo—ment—)

. . . | F | | G | |
Will last— for-e-e-ver— for-e-ver 'til the e—end o—of
(for—e—e—ver—)

C | | Am |
ti—me— Whoa—o—o— Oh—oh—
(this ma—gic mo—ment—)

. . . | F | | G | G\ --- --- --- |
Whoa—o—o— Oh—oh— Whoa—o—o— Oh—oh—
(this ma-gic mo-ment)

(“trumpet”) Solo:

C\ | Am\ | F\ | G\ | G\ ---
A:---3-----0-2-3-5-7-----7-5-3-5-7-----2-3-5-7-8-----
E:---3-0-3-----

(--- Tacet ---) | Am | | F |
Sweeter than wi—ine— softer than a summer— night—
(swee—ter than wi—ine) (so—fter than a summer

. . . | C | | G | G\
Every-thing I want I have— when-ever I hold— you tight—
night—) (every-thing— every— thing—)



(--- *Tacet* ---) | C | | Am |
 This ma-a-gic mo-ment———— while your lips— are close to mine—
 (this ma-gic mo— ment————)

. . . | F | | G | |
 Will last— for-e—e—ver———— for-e—ver 'til the e—end o—of
 (this ma-gic mo— ment)

C | | Am |
 ti—ime———— Whoa-o-o-Oh—oh—
 (Ma—gic————) (Ma—gic————)

. . . | F | | G |
 Whoa-o-o-Oh—oh— Whoa-o-o-Oh—oh—
 (Ma—gic————) (Ma—gic————)

. . . | C | | Am |
 Whoa-o-o-Oh—oh— Whoa-o-o-Oh—oh—
 (Ma—gic————) (mo— ment————)

. . . | F | | G | | C\
 Whoa-o-o-Oh—oh— Oh—
 (mo— ment————)

San Jose Ukulele Club
 (v4b - 6/11/18)

The Locomotion

I. Everybody's doin' a brand new dance now!

(*Come on, baby, do the Loco-Motion.)

I know you'll get to like it if you give it a chance now! * My little baby sister can do it with ease. It's easier than learnin' your ABC's.

So, come on, come on, and do the Loco-Motion with me.

bridge: You've got to swing your hips now, oooh. Come on.

Jump up, (jump up), jump back, (jump back). Oh, well, I think

you've got the knack. Woah, woah,

II. Now that you can do it, well, let's make a chain now, *. A

chuga-chuga motion like a railroad train, now, *. Do it nice and easy now, and don't lose control. A little bit of rhythm and a lot of soul. So, come on, come on, and do the Loco-Motion with me.

Instrumental bridge (or bridge): Woah, woah,

III. Move around the floor in a loco-motion, *. Do it holdin' hands

if'n you get the notion, *. There's never been a dance that's so easy to do. It even makes you happy when you're feelin' blue.

So, come on, come on, and do the Loco-Motion with me, *

So, come on, come on, and do the Loco-Motion with me, *

So, come on, come on, and do the Loco-Motion with me, *

Come on, baby, do the Loco-Motion, (repeat and fade)

D-G-A-G

Wild Thing

D G-A-G D G-A-G
Wild thing, you make my heart sing. You

D G-A-G D G-A-G
make everything groovy, wild thing.

D/ C-D-C-D Tacet
Wild thing, I think I love you. But I wanna know for
C-D-C-D Tacet C-D-C-D Tacet
sure. So come on and hold me tight. I love you!

D-G-A-G D G-A-G D G-A-G
Wild thing, you make my heart sing. You

D G-A-G D G-A-G
make everything groovy, wild thing.

instrumental 4 riffs w/ long A on final

D G-A-G D G-A-G
Wild thing, you make my heart sing. You

D G-A-G D G-A-G
make everything groovy, wild thing.

D/ C-D-C-D Tacet
Wild thing, I think you move me. But I wanna know

C-D-G-D Tacet C-D-C-D Tacet
for sure. So come on and hold me tight. You move
me!

D-G-A-G D G-A-G D G-A-G
Wild thing, you make my heart sing. You

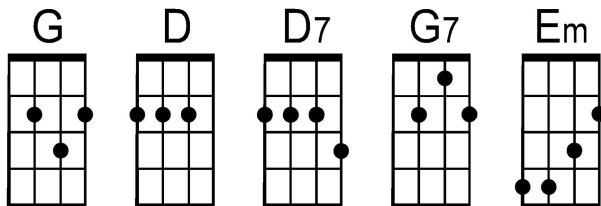
D G-A-G D G-A-G
make everything groovy, wild thing. Oh, come on,

D G-A-G D G-A-G D
come on, wild thing! Check it, check it, wild thing!

Under the Boardwalk

by Kenny Young and Arthur Resnick (1964)

as sung by The Drifters



Intro: G . . . | . . .

. |G | | D . . . | . . .
 Oh the sun beats down and melts the tar up-on the roof
 . | D7 | | G . . . |
 And your shoes get so hot you wish your tir-ed feet were fire- proooof,
 G7 . . . | C | | G . . . | . . .
 Un-der the bo-oard - walk, down by the sea--e--e- e—e, yeah
 . | | D | G . . . | . . .
 On a blanket with my ba-by is where I'll be

. |Em |
Chorus: Un-der the board-walk, out of the sun
 . | D |
 Un-der the board-walk, we'll be having some fun
 . |Em |
 Un-der the board-walk, people walking a-bove
 . | D |
 Un-der the board-walk, we'll be falling in love,
 . | Em\ Em\ . Em\ |Em\ . .
 Un-der the board-walk, board-walk.

. |G | | D . . . | . . .
 In the park you hear the happy sound of a car-ou-sel
 . | D7 | | G . . . |
 You can al-most taste the hot-dogs and french fries they sell,
 G7 . . . | C | | G . . . | . . .
 Un-der the bo-oard - walk, down by the sea--e--e- e—e, yeah
 . | | D | G . . . | . . .
 On a blanket with my ba-by is where I'll be

. |Em |
Chorus: Un-der the board-walk, out of the sun
 . | D |
 Un-der the board-walk, we'll be having some fun

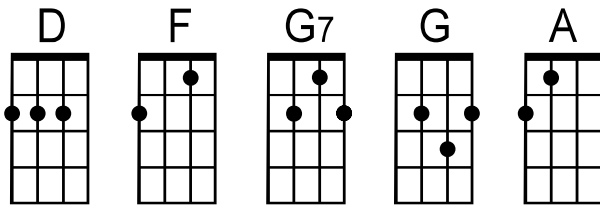


. |Em . . . |. . .
Un-der the board-walk, people walking a-bove
. |D . . . |. . .
Un-der the board-walk, we'll be falling in love,
. |Em\ Em\ . Em\ |Em\
Un-der the board-walk, board-walk.

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v2-6/12/16)

Wake Up Little Susie (Key of D)

by Felice & Boudleaux Bryant (1957)



Intro: (sing #)

D . . . | F . G7 F\ | D . . . | F . G7 F\ |
 Wake up— little Su—u—sie— wake up—
 D . . . | F . G7 F\ | D . . . | F . G7 F\ |
 Wake up— little Su—u—sie— wake up—

. | G . D . | G . . . | . . D . | G . . .
 We both fell sound a—sleep, wake up little Susie and weep

. | G . D . | G . D . | G . D . | G .
 The mo-vie's over, it's four o'—clock and we're in troub-le deep

. . . | A . . . | G . . . | A . . . |
 Wake up— litt-le Su—sie— wake up— lit-tle Su—sie—

Chorus: A . . . | . . G . | A . . . |
 Well— what are we gonna tell your ma-am-ma?

. . . | G . | A . . . |
 What are we gonna tell your pa?

A . . . | G . | A . . . | A\ --- --- --- | ---
 What are we gonna tell our friends when they say "ooh— la la"?

--- --- --- | D . . . | A . . . | D . . . |
 Wake up litt-le Su—sie— wake up— litt-le Su—sie—

D . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
 Well—I told your momma that you'd be in by ten—

. . . | G . . . | . . . | . . . |
 Well— Su-sie baby— looks like we goofed a—ga—ain—

. . . | A . . . | G . . . | A . . . |
 Wake up— litt-le Su—sie— wake up— lit-tle Su—sie—

A\ --- --- --- | D . . . | F . G7 F\ | D . . . | F . G7 F\ |
 We gotta go home—

D . . . | . . . | . . . | F . | G7 F\ | D . . |
 Wake up— little Su—u—sie— wake up—

D . . . | . . . | . . . | F . | G7 F\ | D . . |
 Wake up— little Su—u—sie— wake up—

. | G . D . | G . . . | . . D . | G . . .
 The mo-vie wasn't so hot, it didn't have much of a plot

. | G . D . | G . D . | G . D . | G .
 We fell a—sleep, our goose is cooked, our rep—u—tation is shot

. . . | A . . . | G . . . | A . . . |
 Wake up— litt-le Su—sie— wake up— lit-tle Su—sie—



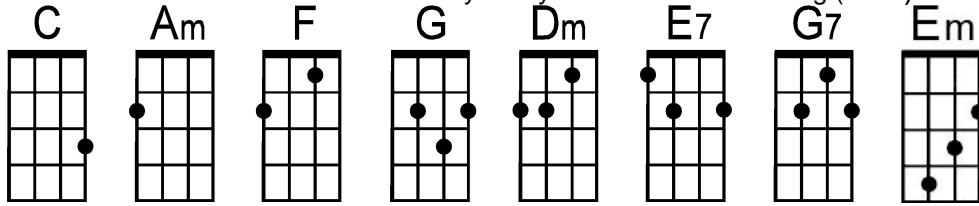
Chorus: A . . . | . G . | A . . . |
 Well—— what are we gonna tell your ma-am-ma?
 . G . | A . . . |
 What are we gonna tell your pa?
 A . G . | A . . . | A\ --- --- --- | ---
 What are we gonna tell our friends when they say "ooh—— la la"?
 --- --- --- | D . . . | A . . . | D . . . |
 Wake up litt-le Su——sie— wake up— litt-le Su—u——sie—
 A . . . | D . . . | F . G7 F\ |
 Wake up— litt-le Su—u——sie—

 D . . . | F . G7 F\ | D . . . | F . G7 F\ | D\

San Jose Ukulele Club
 (v4c - 12/30/19)

Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow?

By Gerry Goffin and Carole King (1960)



C . . . | Am . . . | F . . . | G . . . |
 To— night, you're mine— complete—ly—

C . . . | Am . . . | Dm . . . | G7 . . . |
 You give your love— so sweet—ly—

. | E7 . . . | . . . | Am . . . | . . . |
 To— night— the light— of love is in your ey—eyes—

F . . . | G . . . | C . . . | . . . |
 But will you love me— to—mor—row—?

C . . . | Am . . . | F . . . | G . . . |
 Is this a last—ing trea—sure—?

C . . . | Am . . . | Dm . . . | G7 . . . |
 Or just a mo—ment's ple—sure—?

. | E7 . . . | . . . | Am . . . | . . . |
 Can I— be—lieve— the ma—gic of your sighs—ighs—?

F . . . | G . . . | C . . . | . . . |
 Will you still love me— to—mor—row—?

Bridge: F . . . | . . . | Em . . . | . . . |
 To— night with words— un—spo—ken—

F . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . . |
 You say that I'm the on—ly one—

F . . . | . . . | Em . . . | . . . |
 But will my heart— be bro—ken—

. | F . . . | Dm . . . | F . . . | G . . . |
 When the night— meets the mor—ning sun—un—?

C . . . | Am . . . | F . . . | G . . . |
 I'd like to know— that your— love—

C . . . | Am . . . | Dm . . . | G7 . . . |
 Is love, I can— be sure— of—

. | E7 . . . | . . . | Am . . . | . . . |
 So tell— me— now— and I won't ask a—ga—in—

F . . . | G . . . | C . . . | . . . |
 Will you still love me— to—mor—row—?

F . . . | G . . . | C . . . | . . . |
 Will you still love me— to—mor—row—?

F . . . | G . . . | C . . . | C\ |
 Will you still love me— to—mor—row—?

..... hammer on

Willie and the Hand Jive (w/ Instrumental)

A G A A G A D C D
 1, 2, 3, 4....., 1, 2, 3, 4..... 1, 2, 3, 4.....
 A G A E⁷ D⁷ E⁷ A G A
 1, 2, 3, 4....., 1, 2, 3, 4..... 1, 2, 3, 4.....

I. I know a cat named Way Out Willie.....He's got a groovy little
 chick named Rockin' Millie..... He can walk and stroll and Susie Q,
and do that crazy hand jive, too.....

II. Papa told Willie, "You'll ruin my home.....You and that hand jive
 have got to go.".....Willie said, "Papa, don't put me down.....
 They're doin' that hand jive all over town!"

chorus: Hand jive.....hand jive..... hand jive.....doin'
that crazy hand jive!.....(follow with instrumental)

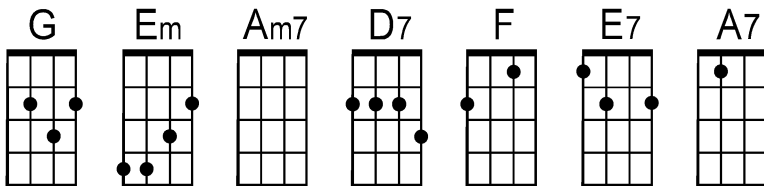
III. Mama, Mama look at Uncle Joe.....He's doin' that hand jive
 with sister Flo.....Grandma gave baby sister a dime.....said, "Do
 that hand jive one more time.".....

IV. The doctor and the lawyer and the Indian chief,..... they all dig
 that crazy beat.....Way Out Willie gave 'em all a treat..... when he
 did that hand jive with his feet!**chorus+instrumental**

V. Willie and Millie got married last fall.....They had a little Willie
 Junior, and a-that ain't all.....You know, the baby got famous in his
 crib, you see.....Doin' that hand jive on TV!**chorus+instr**

slash chord /
to end

You Send Me by Sam Cooke (1957)



G Em Am7 D7 G Em Am7 D7
 Darling, you-oo-oo-oo send me I know, you-oo-oo-oo send me
 (oooo oooo oooo oooo) (oooo oooo oooo oooo)

G Em Am7 D7 G Am7 G D7
 Darling, you-oo-oo-oo send me, Honest you do, honest you do, honest you do, Whoa-oh-oh-oh
 oooooo oooo oooo oooo) (oooooo oooooo oooo oooooooo)

G Em Am7 D7 G Em Am7 D7
 You-oo-oo-oo thrill me... know you-oo-oo-oo thrill me
 (oooo oooo oooo oooo (oooo oooo oooo oooo)

G Em Am7 D7 G Am7 G
 Darling you-oo-oo-oo thrill me,... Honest you do.(you-oo-oo-oo-oo, you-oo-oo-oo)
 (oooo oooo oooo oooo)

Bridge : Am7 / / / G / / / Am7 / / / G / / /
 At first, I thought it was in-fat-u-a-tion, but, ooo, it lasted so long
 Am7 / / / G / / / E7 / A7 / (←-----tacit----→) Am7 / D7
 Now I find myself want-ing to marry you, and take you home . whoah-oh-oh-oh

G Em Am7 D7 G Em Am7 D7
 You-you-you-you send me I know, you-oo-oo-oo send me
 (oooo oooo oooo oooo) (oooo oooo oooo oooo)


G Em Am7 D7 G Am7 G D7
I know you-oo-oo-oo send me,..... Honest you dooooo,
 (ooooooo oooo oooo oooooooo) (oooooooo ooooo oooo oooo)

G Em Am7 D7 G Em Am7 D7
 (**You-oo-oo-oo send me**) (**You-oo-oo-oo send me**)
 Whoa-when-ever I'm with you I know, I know, I know when I'm near you

G Em Am7 D7 G Am7 D7
 (**You-oo-oo-oo send me**) Honest you do, honest you do Whoah-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh

G Em Am7 D7 G Em Am7 D7
 (**You-oo-oo-oo thrill me**) (**You-oo-oo-oo thrill me**)
 I know, I know, I know when you hold me Whoa -oh whenever you kiss me

G Em Am7 D7 G Am7 G . . D7
 (**You-oo-oo-oo thrill me**) Mmm-mm-mm mm Honest you do, honest you do Whoah-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh

Bridge : Am7 / / / G / / / Am7 / / / G / / / 
 At first, I thought it was in-fat-u-a-tion, but, ooo, it lasted so long
 Am7 / / / G / / / E7 / A7 / (←-----tacit----→) Am7 / D7
 Now I find myself want-ing ... to marry you, and take you home . I know, I know. I know

G Em Am7 D7 G Em Am7 D7
 You-oo-oo-oo send me I know, you-oo-oo-oo send me Whoa-oh-oh-oh
 (oooo oooo oooo oooo) (oooo oooo oooo oooo)

G Em Am7 D7 G
 You-oo-oo-oo send me, Honest you do Am7 G Am7/ G/
 (oooo oooo oooo oooo) (ooo-ooo-ooo-oo oo-oo oo-oo-oo---oo- oo

San Jose Ukulele Club -9/2/13