



## AA-Table Of Contents Part 1 -- 1950s and 1960s

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# Ain't That a Shame

\*\* = G/G|

I. You made \*\* me cry \*\* when you said \*\*  
goodbye.

*chorus:* <sup>G7</sup> Ain't that a shame. <sup>C</sup> My tears fell like  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
rain. Ain't that a shame. You're the one to blame.

II. You broke \*\* my heart \*\* when you said \*\*  
we'll part. *chorus*

III. Oh, well \*\* goodbye \*\* although \*\* I'll cry.  
*chorus*

*Instrumental verse and chorus*

IV. *Repeat verse I and chorus*

V. *Repeat verse III*

*chorus:* <sup>G7</sup> Ain't that a shame. <sup>C</sup> My tears fell like  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
rain. Ain't that a shame. You're the one to blame.



Capo II for A

# All I Have to do is Dream

<sup>G</sup> <sup>em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D7</sup>  
Drea-ea-ea-ea-eam, dream, dream, dream.

<sup>G</sup> <sup>em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Drea-ea-ea-ea-eam, dream, dream, dream.

<sup>G</sup> <sup>em-am</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>em-am</sup>  
When I want you in my arms, when I want you and all

<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D7</sup>  
your charms, whenever I want you, all I have to do is

<sup>G</sup> <sup>em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
drea-ea-ea-ea-eam, dream, dream dream. When I feel

<sup>em-am</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>em-am</sup> <sup>D7</sup>  
blue in the night, and I need you to hold me tight,

<sup>G</sup> <sup>em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G-G7</sup>  
whenever I want you all I have to do is drea-ea-ea-eam.

<sup>C</sup> <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>am</sup>  
I can make you mine, taste your lips of wine, anytime,

<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>A7</sup>  
night or day. Only trouble is, gee whiz, I'm dreaming

<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>em-am</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
my life away. I need you so that I could die. I love

<sup>em-am</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>em</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
you so, and that is why, whenever I want you, all I

<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D7</sup>  
have to do is drea-ea-ea-ea-eam, dream, dream, dream.

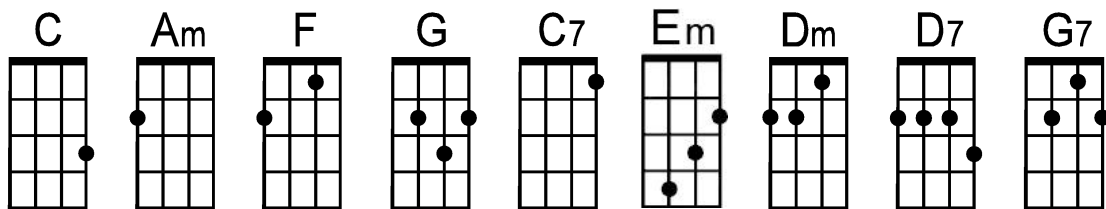
<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G-G7</sup>  
(first time) Drea-ea-ea-eam. (back to I can...)

<sup>G</sup> <sup>em</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
(second time) Drea-ea-ea-ea-eam, dream, dream,

<sup>D7</sup>  
dream. (r & f)

# All I Have To Do Is Dream (Key of C)

by Felice and Boudleaux Bryant (1958)



(sing e)

C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G .  
 Dre-e-e-e-*eam*, dream, dream, dream— Dre-e-e-e-*eam*, dream, dream, dream—  
 | C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G .  
 When I want you——, in my ar-arms, when I want you——, and all your char-arms  
 | C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G .  
 When-ever I want you, all I have to do—, is dre-e-e-e-*eam*—, dream, dream, dream—

| C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G .  
 When I feel blue—, in the ni-ight, and I need you—, to hold me ti- ight  
 | C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G . |  
 When-ever I want you, all I have to do—, is dre-e-e-e-*eam*—, dream, dream, dre-*eam*

C . F . | C . C7 . |  
 Dre-e-e-e-e—e-e-*eam*——

**Chorus:** F . . . | Em . . . | Dm . G . | C . C7 . |  
 I can make you mine—, taste your lips of wine—, any- time, night or day——  
 F . . . | Em . . . | D7 . . . | G\ F\ Em\ G7\ |  
 Only trouble is——, gee whiz—, I'm dreaming- my li— ife a-wa— a— ay. I

C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G .  
 need you so——, that I could di— ie, I love you so——, and that is why— y  
 | C . Am . | F . G . | C . F . | C . C7 . |  
 When-ever I want you all I have to do— is dre-e-e-e-e—e-e-*eam*——

**Chorus:** F . . . | Em . . . | Dm . G . | C . C7 . |  
 I can make you mine—, taste your lips of wine—, any- time, night or day——  
 F . . . | Em . . . | D7 . . . | G\ F\ Em\ G7\ |  
 Only trouble is——, gee whiz—, I'm dreaming- my li— ife a-wa— a— ay. I

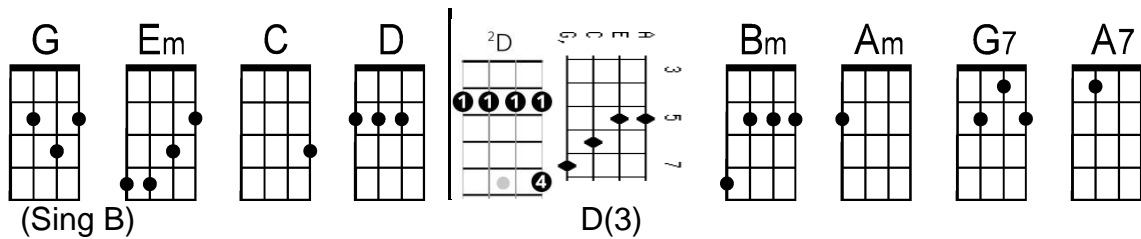
C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G .  
 need you so——, that I could di— ie, I love you so——, and that is why— y  
 | C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G . |  
 When-ever I want you, all I have to do—, is dre-e-e-e-*eam*—, dream, dream, dre-*eam*.

C . F . | C . C\ |  
 Dre-e-e-e-e— e—e-*eam*——  
 (---slow-----)



# All I Have To Do Is Dream (Key of G)

by Felice and Boudleaux Bryant (1958)



G . Em . | C . D(2) . | G . Em . | C . D(2) .  
 Dre-e-e-e-am, dream, dream, dream. Dre-e-e-e-am, dream, dream, dream  
 | G . Em . | C . D(2) . | G . Em . | C . D(2) .  
 When I want you, ----- in my ar-arms, when I want you, ----- and all your char-arms  
 | G . Em . | C . D(2) . | G . Em . | C . D(2) .  
 When-ever I want you, all I have to do, is dre-e-e-e-am, dream, dream, dre-e-am.

| G Em . | C . D(2) . | G . Em . | C . | D(2) .  
 When I feel blu-ue, in the ni-ight, and I need yo-ou, to hold me ti-ight  
 | G . Em . | C . D(2) . | G . C . | G . G7 . |  
 When-ever I want you all I have to do is dre-e-e-e-e---e-e-am -----

**Chorus:** C . . . | Bm . . . | Am . D(2) . | G . G7 . |  
 I can make you mine, taste your lips of wine, any-time, night or day -----  
 C . . . | Bm . . . | A7 . . . | D3\ C2\ Bm\  
 Only trouble is, ----- gee whiz, I'm dream-ing my li-ife a-wa--a---ay.

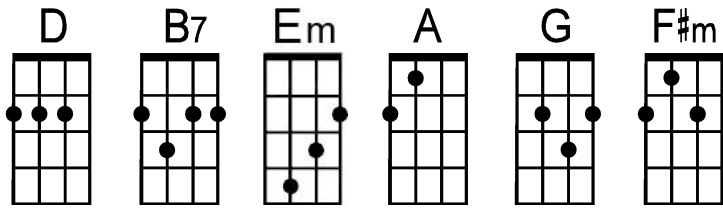
D\ | G . Em . | C . D(2) . | G . Em . | C . D(2) .  
 I need you so, ----- that I could di-ie, I love you so, ----- and that is why-y  
 | G . Em . | C . D(2) . | G . C . | G . G7 . |  
 When-ever I want you all I have to do is dre-e-e-e-e---e-e-am

**Chorus:** C . . . | Bm . . . | Am . D(2) . | G . G7 . |  
 I can make you mine, taste your lips of wine, any-time, night or day -----  
 C . . . | Bm . . . | A7 . . . | D3\ C2\ Bm\  
 Only trouble is, ----- gee whiz, I'm dream-ing my li-ife a-wa--a---ay.

D\ | G . Em . | C . D(2) . | G . Em . | C . D(2) .  
 I need you so, ----- that I could di-ie, I love you so, ----- and that is why-y  
 | G . Em . | C . D(2) . | G . Em . | C . D(2) . |  
 When-ever I want you, all I have to do, is dre-e-e-e-am, dream, dream, dre-e-am.  
 G . C . | G . . .  
 Dre-e-e-e-e---e-e-eeeeeam  
 (---slow-----)

# Baby, I'm Yours (key of D)

by Van McCoy (1965)



(sing a)

**Intro:** D . . . | B7 . . . | Em . . . | A . . . | D . . . | B7 . . . | Em . . . | A\

(Oo— o-o-o— Oo— oo—Oo— Oo— oo—Oo—)

(sing f# a)

--- --- --- | D . . . | B7 . . . | Em . . .  
 Ba-by, I'm yours— (baby, I'm yours—) and I'll be yours—  
 . . . | A . . . | D . . . | B7 . . . |  
 (Yours) un-til the stars fall from the— sky—y—y—y—y—  
 Em . . . | A . . . | G . . .  
 Yours— (yours) un-til the ri—vers all run dry—y—  
 | F#m . . . | Em . . . | A\

--- --- --- | D . . . | B7 . . . | Em . . .  
 Ba—by, I'm yours— (baby, I'm yours—) and I'll be yours—  
 . . . | A . . . | D . . . | B7 . . . |  
 (Yours) un-til the sun no long-er shi—i—i—i—ines—  
 Em . . . | A . . . | G . . .  
 Yours— (yours) un-til the poets run out of— rhy-yms—  
 | F#m . . . | Em . . . | A\ --- ---  
 In oth—er words un-til the end of time—

**Bridge:** --- | Em . . . | . . . | . . . |  
 I'm gonna stay right— here— by your— side—  
 F#m . . . | . . . | . . . |  
 Do my best to keep you— satis—fied—  
 G . . . | . . . | . . . |  
 Nothin' in the world can drive me a—way—  
 A . . . | . . . | . . . | A\  
 Ever-y day you'll— hear me say—

--- --- --- | D . . . | B7 . . . | Em . . .  
 Ba—by, I'm yours— (baby, I'm yours—) and I'll be yours—  
 . . . | A . . . | D . . . | B7 . . . |  
 (Yours) un-til two and two is— three-ee—ee-ee-ee—  
 Em . . . | A . . . | G . . .  
 Yours— un-til the mountain crumbles to the— sea—ea—  
 | F#m . . . | Em . . . | A\  
 In oth—er words un-til e-ter—ni—ty—



--- --- |D . . . |B7 . . . |Em . . . |A .  
Ba—by I'm yours— Till the **stars—** **fall—** **from** **the sky—**  
(Oo— oo—oo—oo— Oo— oo—Oo—)

. |D . . . |B7 . . . |Em . . . |A .  
Baby I'm yours— Till the riv—ers **all—** **run—** **dry—**  
(Oo— oo—oo—oo— Oo— oo—Oo—)

. |D . . . |B7 . . . |Em . . . |A .  
Baby I'm yours— Till the **sun no long—** **er—** **shines—**  
(Oo— oo—oo—oo— Oo— oo—Oo—)

. |D . . . |B7 . . . |Em . . . |A .  
Baby I'm yours— Till the **poets run out—** **of—** **rhymes—**  
(Oo— oo—oo—oo— Oo— oo—Oo—)

. |D . . . |B7 . . . |Em . . . |A .  
Baby I'm yours—  
(Oo— oo—oo—oo— Oo— oo—Oo—)

. |D . . . |B7 . . . |Em . . . |A . |D\  
(Oo— oo—oo—oo— Oo— oo—Oo— )

**San Jose Ukulele Club**  
(v3d - 1/5/20)

# Be My Baby

artist:The Ronettes , writer:Jeff Barry, Ellie Greenwich, Phil Spector

Jeff Barry, Ellie Greenwich, Phil Spector

The Ronettes : <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jrVbawRPO7I> (But in E)

Intro: [G] [Am] [D7] (1st line)

[G] The night we [Em] met I knew I [Am] needed you [D7] so  
 [G] And if I [Em] had the chance I'd [Am] never let you [D7] go  
 [B7] So won't you say you love me [E7] I'll make you so proud of me  
 [A7] We'll make them turn their heads [D] every place we [D7] go

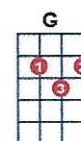
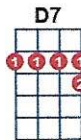
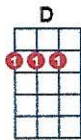
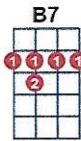
So won't you [G] please (Be my, be my baby)  
 Be my little [Em] baby (My one and only baby)  
 Say you'll be my [C] darlin' (Be my, be my baby)  
 Be my baby [D] now [D7] Oh oh oh oh

[G] I'll make you [Em] happy baby [Am] just wait and [D7] see  
 [G] For every [Em] kiss you give me, [Am] I'll give you [D7] three  
 [B7] Oh since the day I saw you [E7] I have been waiting for you  
 [A7] You know I will adore you [D] till eterni[D7]ty

So won't you [G] please (Be my, be my baby)  
 Be my little [Em] baby (My one and only baby)  
 Say you'll be my [C] darlin' (Be my, be my baby)  
 Be my baby [D] now [D7] Oh oh oh oh

*Tap on ukes and/or clap for 2 bars*

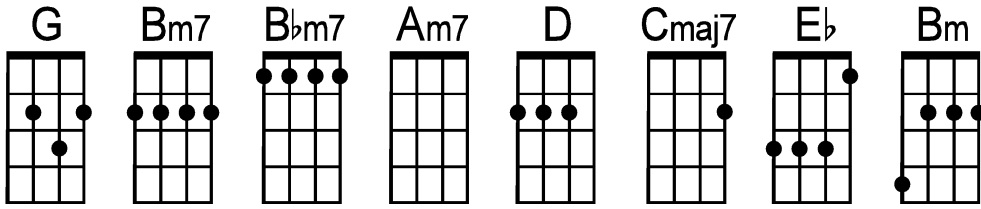
[G] So come on and please, (Be my, be my baby)  
 Be my little [Em] baby (My one and only baby)  
 Say you'll be my [C] darlin' (Be my, be my baby)  
 Be my baby [D] now [D7] Oh oh oh oh [G]





# Blue Velvet (Key of G)

by Bernie Wayne and Lee Morris (1950)



**Intro:** G . . . | Bm7 . . Bbm7\ | Am7 . . . | D .

*Sing d*

. . . | G . . . | Bm . . Bbm7\ | Am7 . . . D . . . | G . .  
 She wore blue— vel- vet. (whoa whoa) Bluer than velvet was the night.

Bm7\ Bbm7\ | Am7 . . . . . | D . . . . . | G . . . . | Am7 . .  
 (whoa whoa whoa) Softer than satin was the light— from the stars—

D . . | G . . . . | Bm . . Bbm7\ | Am7 . . . . D . . . | G . .  
 She wore blue— vel- vet. (whoa whoa) Bluer than velvet were her eyes.

Bm7\ Bbm7\ | Am7 . . . . . | D . . . . | Dm . . . . | G . . . . |  
 (whoa whoa whoa) Warmer than May her tender sighs, love was ours—

**Bridge:** CMaj7 . . . . | Eb . . . . | D . . . . | Bm . . . . |  
 Ours— a love I held tight-ly— feel-ing the rap- ture grow—

CMaj7 . . . . | Eb . . . . | Bm7  
 Like— a flame burning bright-ly—

. . . A7 . . | Am7 . . . . D . . |  
 But when she left, gone was the glow of

G . . . . | Bm . . Bbm7\ | Am7 . . . . D . . . . | G . .  
 Blue— vel- vet, (whoa whoa) but in my heart there'll always be—

Bm7\ Bbm7\ | Am7 . . . . . | D . . . . | Dm . . . . | G . .  
 (whoa whoa whoa) Precious and warm a memor-y— thru the years—

. . . | CMaj7 . . . . | Eb . . . . | G . . . . | A7 . .  
 And i still can see blue vel- vet thru my tears—

(slower) . . . | CMaj7 . . . . | Eb . . . . | G . . . . | G\  
 And i still can see blue vel- vet through my tears—

**San Jose Ukulele Club**

## Bye, Bye, Love

<sup>D G</sup> <sup>D G</sup>  
*chorus:* Bye, bye, love! Bye, bye,  
<sup>D G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 happiness! Hello, loneliness. I think  
<sup>A D</sup> <sup>D-G</sup> <sup>D G</sup>  
 I'm gonna cr-y. Bye, bye, love! Bye,  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 bye, sweet caress. Hello, emptiness. I  
<sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 feel like I could d-ie. Bye, bye, my  
<sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 love, goodbye-y.

<sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 I. There goes my baby with someone new.  
<sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 She sure looks happy; I sure am blue. She  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>A7</sup>  
 was my baby till he stepped in. Goodbye to  
<sup>D</sup>  
 romance that might have been. *chorus*

<sup>A</sup>  
 II. I'm through with romance, I'm through  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
 with love. I'm through with counting the stars  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>A7</sup>  
 above. And here's the reason that I'm so free,  
<sup>D</sup>  
 my loving baby is through with me. *chorus*



Capo F or D

# Can't Help Falling In Love

C em am F C G F G  
 Wise men say only fools rush in. But I can't  
 am F C G C  
 help falling in love with you.

C em am F C G F G am  
 Shall I stay? Would it be a sin if I can't help  
 F C G C  
 falling in love with you?

em B7 em B7 em  
 Like a river flows surely to the sea. Darling,  
 B7 em A7 Dm-G  
 so it goes, some things are meant to be.

C em am F C G  
 Take my hand, take my whole life, too. For  
 F G am F C G C  
 I can't help falling in love with you.

em B7 em B7 em  
 Like a river flows surely to the sea. Darling,  
 B7 em A7 Dm-G  
 so it goes, some things are meant to be.

C em am F C G  
 Take my hand, take my whole life, too. For  
 F G am F C G C  
 I can't help falling in love with you.

F G am F C G C  
 For I can't help falling in love with you





# Can't Help Falling In Love With You

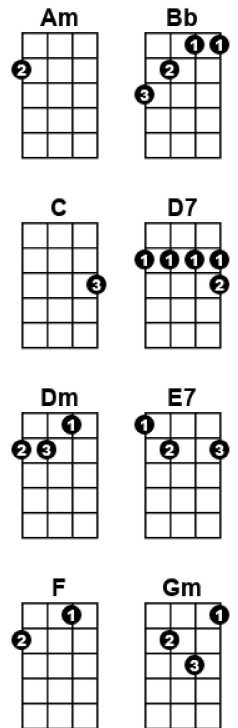
key:F, artist:Elvis Presley writer:Hugo Peretti, Luigi Creatore and George David Weiss

F Am Dm Bb F C  
Wise men say only fools rush in  
Bb C Dm Bb F C F  
But I can't help falling in love with you  
F Am Dm Bb F C  
Shall I stay, would it be a sin?  
Bb C Dm Bb F C F  
If I can't help falling in love with you  
Am E7 Am E7  
Like a river flows surely to the sea  
Am E7  
Darling so it goes  
Am D7 Gm C  
Some things are meant to be

F Am Dm Bb F C  
Take my hand, take my whole life too  
Bb C Dm Bb F C F  
For I can't help falling in love with you

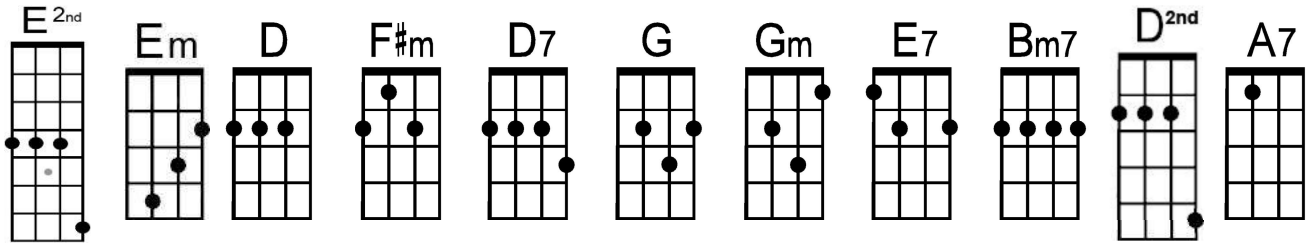
Am E7 Am E7  
Like a river flows surely to the sea  
Am E7  
Darling so it goes  
Am D7 Gm C  
Some things are meant to be

F Am Dm Bb F C  
Take my hand, take my whole life too  
Bb C Dm Bb F C F  
For I can't help falling in love with you  
Bb C Dm Bb F C F  
For I can't help falling in love with you



# Can't Take My Eyes off You (Key of D w/no key change)

by Bob Gaudio and Frankie Vallie (1967)



**Intro:** E<sup>2</sup>. . . | Em . . . | D . . . | . . . | E<sup>2</sup>. . . | Em . . . | D . . . | D\

(sing a)  
 (---- -tacet- ---) | D . . . . . | . . . . . | F#m . . . . . | . . . . .  
 You're just too good to be true— can't take my eyes off of you—  
 . . . . . | D7 . . . . . | . . . . . | G . . . . . | . . . . .  
 You'd be like hea-ven to touch— I want to hold you so much  
 . . . . . | Gm . . . . . | . . . . . | D . . . . . | . . . . .  
 At long last love has ar-rived— and I thank God I'm a-live—  
 . . . . . | E7 . . . . . | Em . . . . . | D . . . . . | . . . . .  
 You're just too good to be true— can't take my eyes off of you—  
 . . . . . | D . . . . . | . . . . . | F#m . . . . . | . . . . .  
 Pardon the way that I stare— There's no—thing else to com-pare—  
 . . . . . | D7 . . . . . | . . . . . | G . . . . . | . . . . .  
 The sight of you leaves me weak— There are no words left to speak—  
 . . . . . | Gm . . . . . | . . . . . | D . . . . . | . . . . .  
 But, if you feel like I feel— please let me know that it's real—  
 . . . . . | E7 . . . . . | Em . . . . . | D . . . . . | . . . . .  
 You're just too good to be true— can't take my eyes off of you—

**Bridge:** Em . . . . . | . . . . . | Bm7 . . . . . | . . . . . |  
 Da da da da da da da da-da Da da da da da da da da-da  
 Em . . . . . | . . . . . | Bm7 . . . . . | D<sup>2nd\*</sup> . . . . . | . . . . .  
 Da da da da da da da da-da Da da da da DA—————

**Chorus:** . . . . . | Em . . . . . | A7 . . . . .  
 I love you, ba-a-by and if it's quite al-right  
 . . . . . | F#m . . . . . | Bm7 . . . . .  
 I need you ba-a-by to warm the lone-ly nights  
 . . . . . | Em . . . . . | A7 . . . . . | D . . . . . | Bm7  
 I love you ba-a-by trust in me when I say————  
 . . . . . | Em . . . . . | A7 . . . . .  
 Oh, pret-ty ba-a-by, don't bring me down, I pray,  
 . . . . . | F#m . . . . . | Bm7 . . . . .  
 Oh, pretty ba-a-by, now that I've found you, stay  
 . . . . . | Em . . . . . | A7 . . . . . | A7\ --- | ---  
 And let me love— you, ba—by let me love— you—



(---- -tacet- ---) |D . . . . | . . . . |F#m . . . . | .  
 You're just too good to be true— can't take my eyes off of you—  
 . |D7 . . . . | . . . . |G . . . . | .  
 You'd be like hea-ven to touch— I want to hold you so much  
 . |Gm . . . . | . . . . |D . . . . | .  
 At long last love has ar-rived— and I thank God I'm a-live—  
 . |E7 . . . . |Em . . . . |D . . . . | .  
 You're just too good to be true— can't take my eyes off of you—

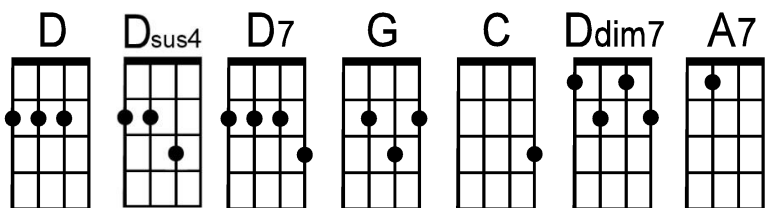
**Chorus:** . . . . |Em . . . . |A7 . . . .  
 I love you, ba-a-by and if it's quite al-right  
 . |F#m . . . . |Bm7 . . . .  
 I need you ba-a-by to warm the lone-ly nights  
 . |Em . . . . |A7 . . . . |D . . . . |Bm7  
 I love you ba-a-by trust in me when I say——  
 . . . . |Em . . . . |A7 . . . .  
 Oh, pret-ty ba-a-by, don't bring me down, I pray,  
 . |F#m . . . . |Bm7 . . . .  
 Oh, pretty ba-a-by, now that I've found you, stay  
 . |Em . . . . |A7 . . . . |D . . . . |Bm7  
 Oh, pretty, ba-a-by, trust in me when I say——  
 . . . . |Em . . . . |A7 . . . .  
 I need you ba-a-by, oh when you come my way,  
 . |F#m . . . . |Bm7 . . . .  
 Oh, pretty ba-a-by, now that I've found you, stay  
 . |Em . . . . | . . . . |A7\  
 And let me love— you, ba-by let me love— you—

**San Jose Ukulele Club**  
 (v2- 7/7/17)



# Catch a Falling Star (Key of D)

by Paul Vance and Lee Pockriss (1957)



(sing f#)

**Refrain:** D . . . D<sub>sus</sub> | D . . . D<sub>sus</sub> | D . . . D<sub>sus</sub> | D . . . |  
 Catch a falling star and put it in your pock-et, never let it fade a - way—  
 D . . . D<sub>sus</sub> | D . . . D<sub>sus</sub> | D . . . D<sub>sus</sub> | D . . . |  
 Catch a falling star and put it in your pock-et. Save it for a rain—y day—

. | G . . . . | . . . C G | D . Ddim . | D . D7  
 For love may come and tap you on the should-der, some star-less night.  
 . | G . . . . | . . . C G | A7\ ----- ---- - | -tacet- ----- ---- - |  
 And just in case you feel you want to hold her, you'll have a pocket full of star-light.

**Refrain:** D . . . D<sub>sus</sub> | D . . . D<sub>sus</sub> | D . . . D<sub>sus</sub> | D . . . |  
 Catch a falling star and put it in your pock-et, never let it fade a - way—  
 D . . . D<sub>sus</sub> | D . . . D<sub>sus</sub> | D . . . D<sub>sus</sub> | D . . . |  
 Catch a falling star and put it in your pock-et. Save it for a rain—y day—

. | G . . . . | . . . C G | D . Ddim . | D . D7  
 For when your troubles start a-multi-ply--in' and they just might  
 . | G . . . . | . . . C G | A7\ ----- ---- - | -tacet- ----- ---- - |  
 It's eas-y to for - get them without try--in' with just a pocket full of star-light.

**Ending:** D . . . D<sub>sus</sub> | D . . . D<sub>sus</sub> |  
 Catch a falling star and put it in your pock-et  
 (Catch a falling star and)

D . . . D<sub>sus</sub> | D . . . D<sub>sus</sub> |  
 never let it fade a - way—  
 (put it in your pock-et never let it fade a -

D . . . D<sub>sus</sub> | D . . . D<sub>sus</sub> |  
 Catch a falling star and put it in your pock-et  
 way—) (Catch a falling star and

D . . . D<sub>sus</sub> | D . . . D<sub>sus</sub> |  
 Save it for a rain—y day—  
 (put it in your pock-et Save it for a rain—y

D . . . A7 | D\  
 Save it for a rain—y day—  
 day—)

G D G D G D G

D G D G D G D G

Don't want your love any more

D G D G D G D G

Don't want your kisses that's for sure

D Em C D

I die each time I hear this sound

G D G D G D G

Here he comes that's Cathy's clown

G C G

I've gotta stand tall

G C G C G

You know a man can't crawl

C

For when he knows you tell lies and he hears  
'em passin' by

D G C G

He's not a man at all

D G D G D G D G

Don't want your love any more

D G D G D G D G

Don't want your kisses that's for sure

D Em C D

I die each time I hear this sound

G D G D G D G

Here he comes that's Cathy's clown

D G D G D G D G

Don't want your love any more

D G D G D G D G

Don't want your kisses that's for sure

D Em C D

I die each time I hear this sound

G D G D G D G

Here he comes that's Cathy's clown

G C G C

G C G

When you see me shed a tear, and you know that  
it's sincere

C G C

G

Dontcha think it's kinda sad that you're  
treatin' me so bad

D G C G

Or don't you even care

D G D G D G D G

Don't want your love any more

D G D G D G D G

Don't want your kisses that's for sure

D Em C D

I die each time I hear this sound

G D G D G D G

Here he comes that's Cathy's clown

D G D G

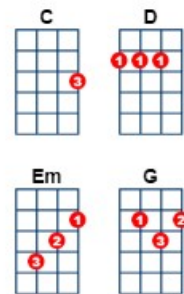
That's Cathy's clown 3x

G

# Cathy's Clown

key:G, artist:Everly Brothers writer:Everly Brothers

Recorded by the Everly Brothers, written by Don Everly  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z3-E9JebDtU>



**G D G D G D G**

Don't want your loooooo-ove any more

Don't want your kiii- iii-isses that's for sure

I die each time I hear this sound

Here he coo-o-oomes that's Cathy's clown

I've gotta stand tall

You know a man can't crawl

For when he knows you tell lies and he hears 'em passin' by

He's not a man at all

Don't want your loooooo-ove any more

Don't want your kiii-iiis-ses that's for sure

I die each time I hear this sound

Here he coo-o-oomes that's Cathy's clown

When you see me shed a tear

And you know that it's sin-cere

Dontcha think it's kinda sad that you're treatin' me so bad

Or don't you even care

Don't want your loooooo-ove any more

Don't want your kiii- iii-isses that's for sure

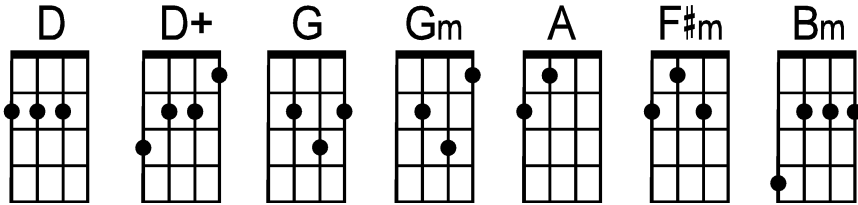
I die each time I hear this sound

Here he coo-o-oomes that's Cathy's clown



# Crying

by Roy Orbison and Joe Melson (1961)



**Intro:** D . . . | . . .

I was al-right— for a while— I could smile— for— a while—

But I saw you last night, you held my hand so tight

As you stopped to say “Hel-lo—”

Oh, you wished me— well— you could-n’t tell— that I’ve been

Cry-y-y-y-ing— over— you— Cry-y-y-y-ing— over— you—

Then you— said, “So long—” left me standing— all a-lone— a-lone and

Crying— crying— crying— cry—ing

It’s hard to un—der-stand— but the touch— of your hand—

Can start me crying—

I thought that I— was over you— but it’s true—ue— so true—

I love you even— more— than I did— be-fore—

But, darling— what can I do?—

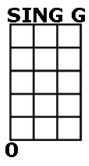
For you don’t— love me— and I’ll al—ways be—

Cry-y-y-y-ing— over— you— Cry-y-y-y-ing— over— you—

Yes— now you’re gone— and from— this moment on— I’ll be

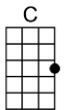
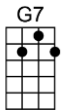
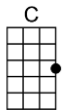
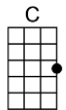
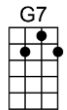
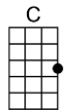
Crying— crying— crying— cry—ing I’m

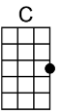
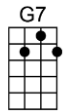
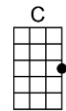
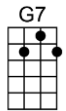
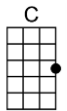
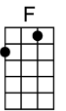
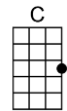
Cry—ing— Cry—ing— o—ver— you—



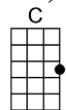
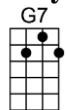
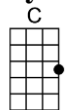
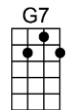
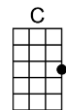
# DOES YOUR CHEWING GUM LOSE ITS FLAVOR ON THE BEDPOST OVERNIGHT

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro) -Lonnie Donegan

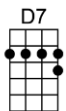
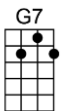
**Intro:** |  |  |  |  |  |  |

 |  |  |  |  |  |  |

Oh me, oh my, oh you, whatever shall I do? Halle-lujah, the question is peculiar

 |  |  |  |  |

I'd give a lot of dough, if only I could know

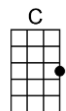
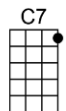
 |  |

The answer to my question: Is it yes or is it no?

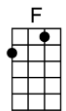
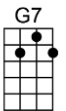
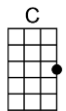
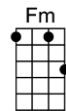
**CHORUS:**

 |  |

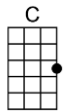
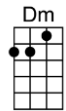
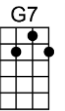
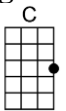
Does your chewing gum lose its flavor on the bedpost overnight?

 |  |

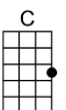
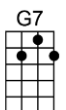
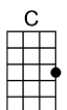
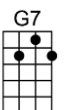
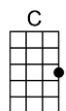
If your mother says don't chew it, do you swallow it in spite?

 |  |  |  |

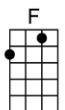
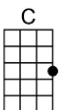
Can you catch it on your tonsils, can you heave it left and right?

 |  |  |  |

Does your chewing gum lose its flavor on the bedpost over-night?

 |  |  |  |  |

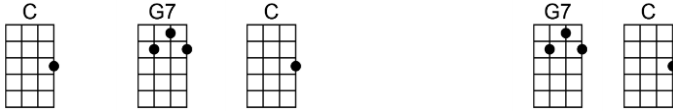
Here comes the blushing bride, the groom is by her side

 |  |

Up to the altar, just as steady as Gibraltar



**p.2. Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor On the Bedpost Overnight**



**The groom has got the ring, and it's such a pretty thing**



**But as he slips it on her finger, the choir begins to sing:**

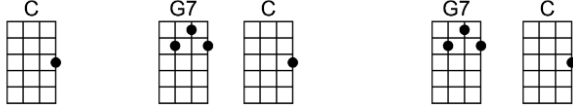
**CHORUS**



**Now the nation rise as one, to send their honored son**



**Up to the White House, yes, the nation's only White House**



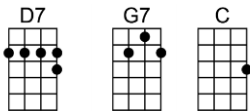
**To voice their discon-tent unto the Pres-I-dent**



**Up-on the burning question what has swept this conti-nent?**

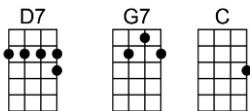
**QUESTION: What sound do you hear when you drop a ukulele from the 20<sup>th</sup> floor to the concrete below? ANSWER: Applause!**

**CHORUS**



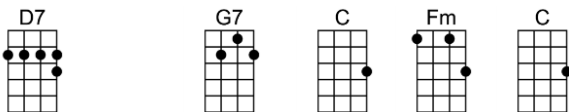
**On the bedpost over -night**

**(Hello there, I love you, and I wanna hold you tight-  
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Sat'day night!)**



**On the bedpost over -night**

**(A dollar is a dollar and a dime is a dime!-)  
He'd sing another chorus but he hasn't got the time!)**



**On the bed.....post.....over.....night**



# DOES YOUR CHEWING GUM LOSE ITS FLAVOR

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro) -Lonnie Donegan

Intro: | C G7 | C | C G7 | C |

C G7 C G7 C F C

Oh me, oh my, oh you, whatever shall I do? Halle-lujah, the question is peculiar

C G7 C G7 C

I'd give a lot of dough, if only I could know

D7 G7

The answer to my question: Is it yes or is it no?

CHORUS:

C G7

Does your chewing gum lose its flavor on the bedpost overnight?

C C7

If your mother says don't chew it, do you swallow it in spite?

F G7 C Fm

Can you catch it on your tonsils, can you heave it left and right?

C Dm G7 C

Does your chewing gum lose its flavor on the bedpost over-night?

C G7 C G7 C

Here comes the blushing bride, the groom is by her side

F C

Up to the altar, just as steady as Gibraltar

C G7 C G7 C

The groom has got the ring, and it's such a pretty thing

D7 G7

But as he slips it on her finger, the choir begins to sing:

CHORUS

C G7 C G7 C

Now the nation rise as one, to send their honored son

F C

Up to the White House, yes, the nation's only White House

C G7 C G7 C

To voice their discon-tent unto the Pres-I-dent

D7 G7

Up-on the burning question what has swept this conti-ment?

QUESTION: What sound do you hear when you drop a ukulele from the 20<sup>th</sup> floor to the concrete below? ANSWER: Applause!

CHORUS

D7 G7 C

On the bedpost over-night

(Hello there, I love you, and I wanna hold you tight-

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Sat'day night!)

D7 G7 C

On the bedpost over-night

(A dollar is a dollar and a dime is a dime!-)

He'd sing another chorus but he hasn't got the time!)

D7 G7 C

On the bedpost over-night

Intro:

F Bb C F Bb C  
Oh Donna oh Donna oh Donna oh Donna

Verse 1:

F Bb C  
I had girl Donna was her name  
F Bb C  
Since she left me I've never been the same  
F Bb C F  
Cause I love my girl Donna where can you be  
Bb C  
Where can you be

Verse 2:

F Bb C  
Now that your gone I'm left all alone  
F Bb C  
All by myself to wonder and groan  
F Bb C F  
Cause I love my girl Donna where can you be  
Bb F  
Where can you be

Bridge:

Bb F  
Well darling now that your gone I don't know what I'll do  
Bb C  
Oh time had all my love for you

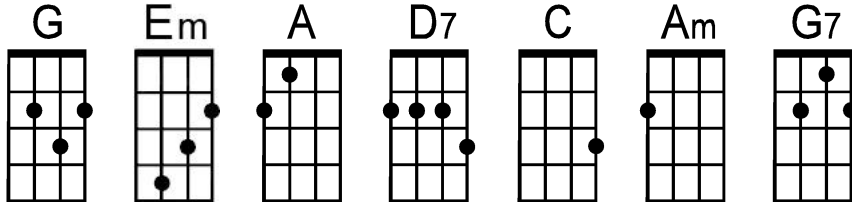
Verse 3:

F Bb C  
I had girl Donna was her name  
F Bb C  
Since she left me I've never been the same  
F Bb C F  
Cause I love my girl Donna where can you be  
Bb C  
Where can you be  
F Bb C F Bb C  
Oh Donna oh Donna oh Donna oh Donna

(Fade Out)

# Dream Lover (Key of G)

by Bobby Darin (1959)



**Intro:** G . . . | Em . . . | G . . . | Em . . . |

G . . . | . . . | Em  
Every night, I hope and pra-a-a-a-ay

. . . | . . . |  
A dream lover will come my— way—

G . . . | . . . | Em  
A girl to hold— in my— a-a-a-a-arms

. . . | . . . |  
And know the mag-ic of her— charms

**Chorus:** Em\ | --- G\ \ --- \ | --- D7\ \ --- \  
Be-cause I want— (yeah-yeah yeah) a girl— (yeah-yeah yeah)

| --- G\ \ --- \ | --- C\ \  
to call— (yeah-yeah yeah) my own— (yeah-yeah)

\ | G . Em . | Am .  
I want a dream lover— so I won't have to

D7 . | G . . . | D7 . . . |  
Dream a—lone—

G . . . | . . . | Em  
Dream lover— where are— yo-o-o-o-ou?

. . . | . . . |  
With a love— oh, so— true—?

G . . . | . . . | Em  
And a hand— that I can— ho-o-o-o-old

. . . | . . . |  
to feel her near— when I grow— old

**Chorus:** Em\ | --- G\ \ --- \ | --- D7\ \ --- \  
Be-cause I want— (yeah-yeah yeah) a girl— (yeah-yeah yeah)

| --- G\ \ --- \ | --- C\ \  
to call— (yeah-yeah yeah) my own— (yeah-yeah)

\ | G . Em . | Am .  
I want a dream lover— so I won't have to

D7 . | G . . . | D7 . . . |  
Dream a—lone—





**Bridge:** C . . . | . . . . . |  
 Some day— I don't know— ho-o-ow |  
 G . . . | . . . . . |  
 I hope— she'll hear my— plea—  
 A7 . . . | . . . . . |  
 Some way— I don't know— ho-o-ow  
 D7\ (---- -*Tacit*- ---- | ---- --- --- ) D7 |  
 She'll bring her love to me—

G . . . | . . . . . |Em  
 Dream lover— un—til— the-e-e-e—en  
 . . . | . . . . . |  
 I'll go to sleep- and dream a—gain—  
 G . . . | . . . . . |Em  
 That's the on—ly thing to— do-o-o-o—o  
 . . . | . . . . . |  
 Un-til my lover's— dreams come true

**Chorus:** Em\ | --- G\ \ --- \ | --- D7\ \ --- \  
 Be-cause I want— a girl—  
 (yeah-yeah yeah) (yeah-yeah yeah)  
 | --- G\ \ --- \ | --- C\ \  
 to call— my own—  
 (yeah-yeah yeah) (yeah-yeah)  
 \ |G . Em . |Am .  
 I want a dream lover— so I won't have to  
 D7 . |G . . . |Em . .  
 Dream a—lone—  
 . |G . Em . |Am .  
 I want a dream lover— so I won't have to  
 D7 . |G . . . |G\ --- \\\  
 Dream a—lone—

**San Jose Ukulele Club**

(v4 - 3/11/19)

# DREAM LOVER



BOBBY DARIN

Born Walden Robert Cassotto on May 14th, 1936, Bobby Darin rose from poor beginnings in New York City, fighting rheumatic fever as a child which damaged his heart. Darin's entry to the music business occurred during the mid-50s and he was hired as a demo-writer then as a demo-singer at the legendary Brill Building in New York. He found chart success in 1959 with "Dream Lover", which went to number two in the US. Darin told American Bandstand's Dick Clark of his plans to record a song from the musical, The Threepenny Opera, called "Mack The Knife". Clark did his best to discourage Darin from the dramatic change of direction from rock 'n roll to the jazz like tempo of "Mack". Darin's choice proved to be a good one as "Mack The Knife" went on to be a million-seller and effectively raised Darin to new status as a "serious singer", comparing favorably with Frank Sinatra. The tune would go on to become Bobby's signature song and won the 1959 Grammy for "Record Of The Year" and "Best New Artist". "Mack The Knife" was number one on the Billboard charts for nine weeks in 1959 and is one of the biggest selling records in history. Darin's life was cut short on December 20th, 1973, when he died following his second open heart surgery at the age of 37. Bobby Darin was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1990.

G Em  
 Every night I hope and pray, a dream lover will come my way,  
 G Em  
 A girl to hold in my arms and know the magic of her charms,  
 G // D7 // G // C  
 Because I want a girl to call my own,  
 G Em Am7 D7 G D7  
 I want a dream lover so I won't have to dream alone  
 G Em  
 Dream lover, where are you with a love oh so true,  
 G Em  
 And a hand that I can hold, to feel you near when I grow old?  
 G // D7 // G // C  
 Because I want a girl to call my own  
 G Em Am7 D7 G >> G7  
 I want a dream lover so I won't have to dream alone

• **First time through play - Bridge 1**

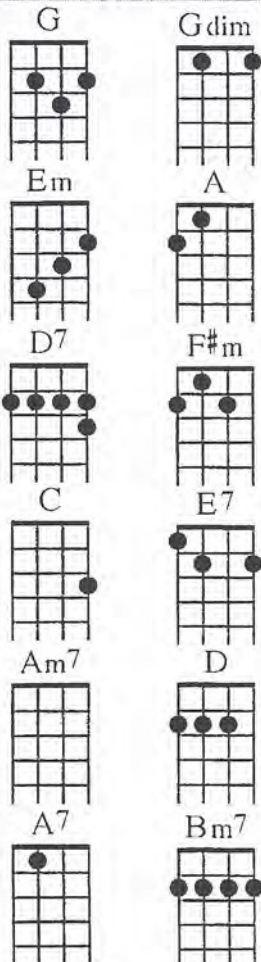
C G  
 Someday, I don't know how, I hope you'll hear my plea;  
 A7 D7  
 Someway, I don't know how, she'll bring her love to me  
 G Em  
 Dream lover, until then, I'll go to sleep and dream again;  
 G Em  
 That's the only thing to do, until my lover's dreams come true,  
 G // D7 // G // C  
 Because I want a girl to call my own,  
 G Em Am7 D7 G D7  
 I want a dream lover so I won't have to dream alone

• **Repeat from start then go here - Bridge 2**

C G  
 Someday, I don't know how, I hope you'll hear my plea;  
 A7 D7 Gdim  
 Someway, I don't know how, she'll bring her love to me

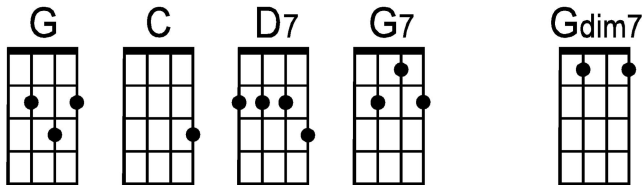
• **and now we do a Key Change up from G to A**

A F#m  
 Dream lover, until then, I'll go to sleep and dream again;  
 A F#m  
 That's the only thing to do, until my lover's dreams come true,  
 A // E7 // A // D  
 Because I want a girl to call my own,  
 A F#m Bm7 E7 A F#m  
 I want a dream lover so I won't have to dream alone  
 A F#m Bm7 E7 A  
 I want a dream lover so I won't have to dream alone



# Folsom Prison Blues

by Johnny Cash (1956)



\*optional ending chord

**G** . . . . | . . . . .  
 I hear the train a-comin', it's rollin' 'round the bend,  
 | . . . . . **G7** . . . . .  
 and I ain't seen the sunshine since, I don't know when.  
 | **C** . . . . . | . . . . . | **G** . . . . | . . . .  
 I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, and time keeps dra---ggin' on.  
 | **D7** . . . . . | . . . . . | **G** . . . . .  
 But that train keeps rollin' on down to San An-tone.

**G** . . . . . | . . . . . |  
 When I was just a baby, my mama told me, "Son,  
 . . . . . **G7** . . . . .  
 Always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns".  
 | **C** . . . . . | . . . . . | **G** . . . . | . . . .  
 But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die.  
 | **D7** . . . . . | . . . . . | **G** . . . . | . . . .  
 When I hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and cry.

*Instr. with kazoos:* **G** . . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . | **G7** . . . .  
**C** . . . . | . . . . . | **G** . . . . | . . . . .  
**D7** . . . . | . . . . . | **G** . . . . | . . . . .

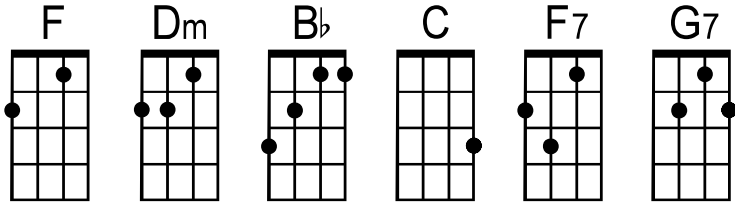
| **G** . . . . . | . . . . .  
 Well, I bet there's rich folks eatin', in a fancy dining car.  
 | . . . . . | **G7** . . . . .  
 They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin' big ci-gars.  
 | **C** . . . . . | . . . . . | **G** . . . . | . . . .  
 But I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free.  
 | **D7** . . . . . | . . . . . | **G** . . . .  
 But those people keep a-movin', and that's what tor-tures me.

| **G** . . . . . | . . . . . |  
 Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine.  
 | . . . . . | **G7** . . . . . |  
 I bet I'd move on over a little farther down the line.  
**C** . . . . . | . . . . . | **G** . . . . | . . . .  
 Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay,  
 | **D7** . . . . . | . . . . . | **G** . . . . | . . . . \***Gdim** \ **G** \  
 and I'd let that lonesome whistle, blow my blues a-way.



# Earth Angel (Key of F)

by Curtis Williams, Jesse Belvin and Gaynel Hodge (1954)  
 (as sung by "Marvin Berry and the Starlighters"- Back to the Future)



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

| F . . . . . Dm . . . . . | Bb . . . . . C . . . . . |  
 Earth Angel— Earth Angel— will you be mi-ine—

F . . . . . Dm . . . . . | Bb . . . . . C . . . . . |  
 My darling dear— love you— all the ti-ime—

F . . . . . Dm . . . . . | Bb . . . . . C . . . . . | F . Dm . | Bb . C .  
 I'm just a foo-oo-ool— a fool— in love— with you— o-u—

| F . . . . . Dm . . . . . | Bb . . . . . C . . . . . |  
 Earth Angel— Earth Angel— the one I a-dore-ore

F . . . . . Dm . . . . . | Bb . . . . . C . . . . . |  
 Love you fore-ev— er and ever— mor-ore

F . . . . . Dm . . . . . | Bb . . . . . C . . . . . | F . Bb . | F . F7 .  
 I'm just a foo-oo-ool— a fool— in love— with you— o-u—

## Bridge:

| Bb . . . . . | F . . . . .  
 I fell— for you— and I knew—

| Bb . . . . . | F . F7 .  
 the vision— of your love's loveli-ne— ess—

| Bb . . . . . C . . . . . | F . . . . .  
 I hope— and I pra-a-ay that some da-ay

. . . . . | G7 . . . . . | C7 . . . . .  
 I'll be the vision— of your hap- happi-ne— ess— ohh-ohh

| F . . . . . Dm . . . . . | Bb . . . . . C . . . . . |  
 Earth Angel— Earth Angel— please be mi-ine—

F . . . . . Dm . . . . . | Bb . . . . . C . . . . . |  
 My darling dear— love you— all the ti-ime—

F . . . . . Dm . . . . . | Bb . . . . . C . . . . . | F . Bb . | F . F7 .  
 I'm just a foo-oo-ool— a fool— in love— with you— o-u—



**Bridge:**

|Bb . . . . |F . . . .  
I fell— for you— and I knew—  
|Bb . . . . |F . . F7 .  
the vision— of your love's loveli-ness—  
|Bb . . C . |F . . . .  
I hope— and I pra-a-ay that some da-ay  
|G7 . . . . |C7 . . . .  
I'll be the vision— of your hap- happi-ness— ohh-ohh

|F . . . . Dm . . |Bb . . C . . |  
Earth Angel— Earth Angel— please be mi-ine—  
F . . . . Dm . . |Bb . . C . . |  
My darling dear— love you— for all ti-ime—  
F . . . . Dm . . |Bb . . C . . |F . . . . |F\  
I'm just a foo-oo-ool— a fool— in love— with you— o-u—

**San Jose Ukulele Club**  
(v1c - 7/2/18)

# Great Balls of Fire!

<sup>D/</sup> <sup>Tacit</sup>  
I. You shake my nerves and you rattle my brain. <sup>G7/</sup> Too  
much love drives a man insane. <sup>A7/</sup> You broke my will, but <sup>G7/</sup>  
what a thrill. <sup>D/</sup> Goodness, gracious, great balls of fire!  
II. <sup>D</sup> I laughed at love 'cause I thought it was funny. <sup>G7</sup> You  
came along and moved me, honey. <sup>A7</sup> I've changed my  
mind, <sup>G7</sup> this love is fine. <sup>D/</sup> Goodness, gracious, great balls of  
fire.

<sup>G7</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
*bridge:* Kiss me, baby. Hooo, feels good. Hold me  
baby. <sup>A7/</sup> Well, I want to love you like a lover should!  
<sup>A7/</sup> <sup>A7/</sup> <sup>A7/</sup>  
You're fine, so kind, I want to tell this world that  
you're mine mine mine mine!

<sup>D</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
III. I chew my nails and I twiddle my thumbs. I'm real  
nervous, but it sure is fun. <sup>A7</sup> <sup>G7</sup> Come on baby, drive me crazy.  
<sup>D</sup>  
Goodness, gracious, great balls of fire!

*(Instrumental verses I and II, then begin singing at "Kiss me, baby" and finish song.)*



# I am a Rock

I. A winter's day, in a deep and dark December, I am  
 alone. Gazing from my window, to the streets below, on a  
 freshly fallen, silent shroud of snow.

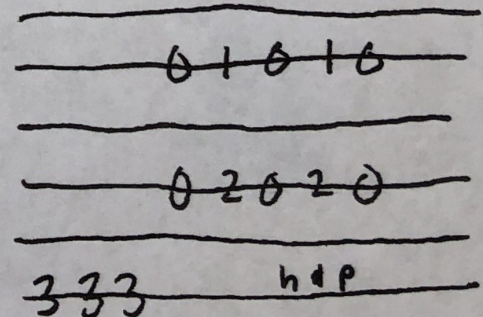
chorus: I am a rock. I am an island

II. I've built walls, a fortress, steep and mighty, that none  
 may penetrate. I have no need of friendship, friendship  
 causes pain. It's laughter and it's loving I disdain. chorus

III. Don't talk of love. Well, I've heard the words  
 before. It's sleeping in my memory, and I won't  
 disturb the slumber of feelings that have died. If I  
 never loved, I never would have cried. chorus

IV. I have my books and my poetry to protect me. I am  
 shielded in my armor. Hiding in my room, safe within my  
 womb, I touch no one and no one touches me. chorus

Outro: And a rock feels no pain,  
 and an island never cries.





riff: C-F-G, C-G-C → 3strum  
**I Fought the Law**

I. I'm breakin' rocks in the hot sun. I fought the law  
 and the law won. I fought the law and the law won!  
 C-F-G, C-G-C I needed money 'cause I had  
 none. I fought the law and the law won. I fought  
 the law and the law won.

chorus: I left my baby and I feel so sad. I guess  
 my race is run. But she's the best girl I've ever  
 had. I fought the law and the law won. I fought  
 the law and the law won. *slow on final*

*(Instrumental chorus, WITHOUT added riff)*

II. Robbin' people with a six-gun. I fought the law  
 and the law won. I fought the law and the law won.  
 C-F-G, C-G-C I miss my baby and the good fun. I  
 fought the law and the law won. I fought the law  
 and the law won. *(chorus)*