

Ukulele -Joe “Folk” Songs Collection 1

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A personal collection of songs that have been popular in folk clubs
and songs in a similar style.

Fret diagrams for GCEA tuned Ukuleles are provided for all songs.
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Streets of London

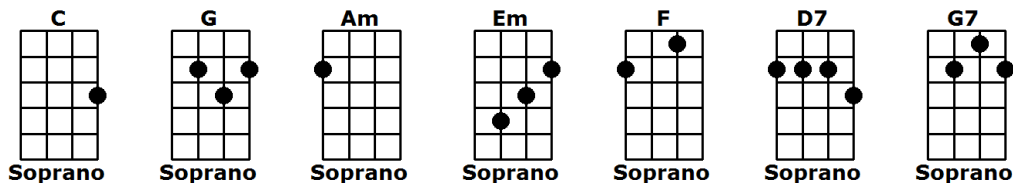
[C] Have you seen the [G] old man, in the [Am] closed-down [Em] market?
 [F] picking up [C] the papers, with his [D7] worn-out [G7] shoes?
 [C] In his eyes you [G] see no pride, [Am] hand held loosely [Em] by his side,
 [F] yesterday's [C] papers, telling [G7] yesterday's [C] news. →→→→→→→→→CHORUS

Chorus [C] So [F] how can you [Em] tell me, you're [C] lone- [Am] -ly
 [D7] and say for you that the sun don't [G] shine? [G7]
 [C] Let me take you [G] by the hand,
 and [Am] lead you through the [Em] streets of London,
 [F] I'll show you [C] something, to [G7] make you change your [C] mind

[C] Have you seen the [G] old gal, who [Am] walks the streets of [Em] London,
 [F] Dirt in her [C] hair, and her [D7] clothes in [G7] rags?
 [C] She's no time for [G] talking, she just [Am] keeps right on [Em] walking
 [F] Carrying her [C] home, in [G7] two car-ri-er [C] bags. →→→→→→→→→CHORUS

[C] In the all-night [G] cafe, at a [Am] quarter past [Em] eleven
 [F] some old[C] man sitting there [D7] all on his [G7] own.
 [C] Looking at the [G] world, over the [Am] rim of his [Em] teacup.
 [F] Each one lasts an [C] hour, and he [G7] wanders home [C] alone. →→→→→CHORUS

[C] And have you seen the [G] old man [Am] outside the seaman's [Em] mission?
 [F] His memory [C] fading with the medal [D7] ribbons that he [G7] wears?
 [C] And in our winter [G] city the [Am] rain cries a little [Em] pity
 [F] For one more forgotten [C] hero, and a [G7] world that doesn't [C] care. →→CHORUS



Bread and Fishes

As [C] I was a [F] walking one [G7] morning in [C] spring,
 I met with some [Dm] travelers in an old [G7] country [C] lane,
 One was an [F] old man, the [G7] second a [C] maid,
 The third was a [Dm] young boy who [G7] smiled when he [C] said →→→→→Chorus

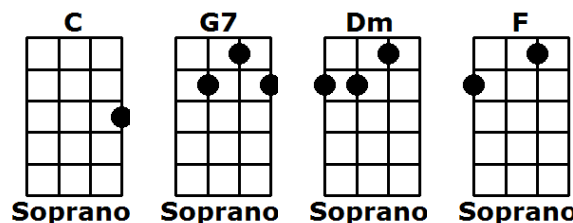
*Chorus With [F] the wind in the [C] willows, And the [F] birds in the [C] sky,
 There's a [F] bright sun to [C] warm us, where [Dm] ever we [G7] lie.
 We [C] have bread and [F] fishes and a [G7] jug of red [C] wine,
 To share on our [Dm] journey with [G7] all of man [C] kind.*

I sat [C] down be [F] side them, the [G7] gay flowers a [C] round,
 And we ate from a [Dm] mantle spread [G7] out on the [C] ground,
 They told me of [F] peoples and [G7] prophets and [C] Kings,
 And all of the [Dm] One God who [G7] knew every [C] thing. →→→→→→→→→Chorus

I asked them to [F] tell me their [G7] name and [C] race,
 That I could re-[Dm]-member their [G7] kindness and [C] grace,
 My name it is [F] Joseph, this is [G7] Mary my [C] wife,
 And this is our [Dm] young son who [G7] is our dear [C] life. →→→→→→→→→Chorus

We are travelling to [F] Glaston through [G7] England's green [C] lanes,
 To hear of men's [Dm] troubles, to [G7] hear of men's [C] pains.
 We travel the [F] wide world, o'er the [G7] lands and the [C] seas,
 To tell all the [Dm] people how [G7] they can be [C] free. →→→→→→→→→Chorus

So sadly I [F] left them in that [G7] old country [C] lane,
 I know that I [Dm] never will [G7] see them [C] again.
 One was an [F] old man, the [G7] second a [C] maid,
 The third was a [Dm] young boy who [G7] smiled as he [C] said. →→→→→→→→→Chorus



The Calico Printers Clerk

In [C] Manchester, that city of [F] cotton [C] twist and [G7] twills,
 There [F] lived the subject [C] of my song, the [Dm] cause of all my [G7] ills.
 She was [F] handsome, young and [C] twenty, her [G7] eyes were azure blue,
 Ad-[C]-mirers she had [F] plenty: and her [G7] name was Dorothy [C] Drew . ----- Chorus

Chorus She was [F] very fond of [C] dancing, but [Dm] allow me to [G7] remark,
 That, [C] one fine day she [F] danced away with the [G7] calico printer's [C] clerk.

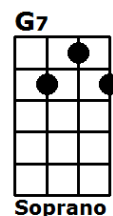
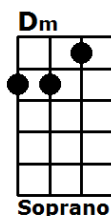
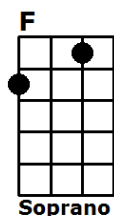
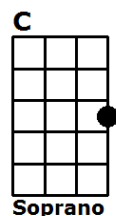
At a [C] private ball I met her in [F] eighteen [C] sixty-[G7]-three;
 I [F] never will [C] forget her, though she [Dm] was unkind to [G7] me.
 I was [F] dressed in the pink of [C] fashion, my [G7] lavender gloves were new
 And we [C] danced the Valse Ci-[F]-cassian, me and [G7] charming Dorothy [C] Drew. ----Chorus

we [C] schottisch'd and we polka'd to the [F] strains [C] the band did [G7] play;
 We [F] waltzed and we [C] Mazurka'd till she [Dm] waltzed my heart a-[G7]-way.
 I [F] whispered in this [C] manner, as [G7] around the room we flew,
 And [C] doing the Varso-[F]-vianna, that: [G7] "I love you Dorothy [C] Drew."----- Chorus

For [C] months and months, attention u-[F] nto her [C] I did [G7] pay,
 Till, [F] with her condes-[C]-cension, she [Dm] led me quite a-[G7]-stray.
 The [F] money I ex-[C]-pended, I'm a-[G7] -hamed to tell to you,
 I'll in-[C]-form you how it [F] ended with my-[G7]-self and Dorothy [C] Drew.----- Chorus

I [C] received an intimation she a [F] visit [C] meant to [G7] pay,
 Un-[F]-to some dear [C] relations who [Dm] lived some miles a-[G7]-way.
 In a [F] month she'd be re-[C]-turning, I must [G7] bid a short adieu,
 But her [C] love for me was [F] burning, Oh [G7] deceitful Dorothy [C] Drew. ----- Chorus

At [C] nine o'clock next morning to my [F] breakfast [C] I sat [G7] down,
 The [F] smile my face a-[C]-dorning it [Dm] soon changed to a [G7] frown.
 For [F] in the morning [C] papers, [G7] a paragraph met my view.
 That [C] Jones, the calico [F] printer's clerk, had [G7] married Dorothy [C] Drew -----Chorus



Fisherman's Friend

$\frac{3}{4}$ time - Start with the Chorus

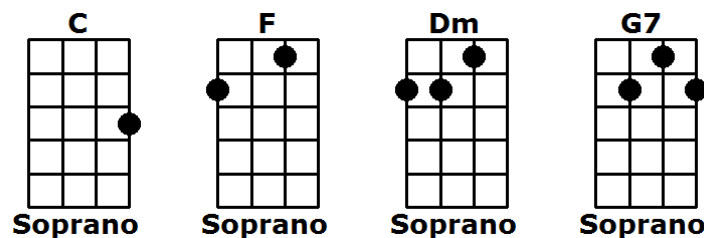
Chorus [C] Go and have a suck on a [F] Fisherman's [Dm] friend,
 [G7] Don't you dare stop 'till you get to the [C] end,
 Take heed of this tip from the [F] sons of the sea,
 If [G7] it's alright with sailors, then it's alright with [C] me.

A [Dm] Fisherman's [G7] Friend is a [C] lozenge so rare,
 De-[Dm]-veloped for [G7] sailors to [C] beat the salt air,
 But the [F] market has spread [C] as you know well,
 To [G7] include novel uses some of which I'll tell. -----Chorus

They [Dm] give you a [G7] tingle from your [C] head to your toes,
 They're [Dm] safer than [G7] cocaine and [C] won't rot your nose,
 They can [F] cut a clear road through the [C] densest of fog,
 And [G7] heal all the spots on a Dalmatian dog. -----Chorus

If [Dm] they'd been [G7] around back in [C] Beethoven's time,
 He'd [Dm] have written more [G7] symphonies and not [C] stopped at nine,
 And [F] what was behind all those [C] wins by Red Rum,
 Why, [G7] the Fisherman's Friends that were stuck up his bum, -----Chorus

If [Dm] you're into [G7] do-it-your- [C] -self they're a must,
 They'll [Dm] get rid of [G7] fungus and [C] cobwebs and rust,
 As a [F] laxative, they are the [C] best things for miles,
 If [G7] you suck three at once they could melt down your piles-----Chorus



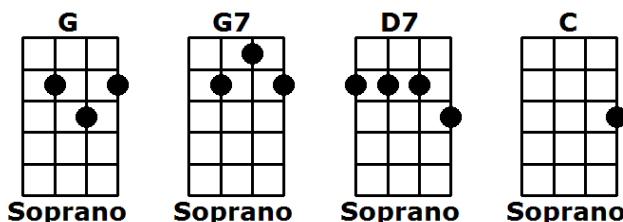
The Hound Pup

[G] I was a [G7] young boy my [C] master gave me,
 A [D7] little hound pup and [G] its pedigree.
 We'd [G] always been [G7] pals since the [C] day of its birth
 And he'd [D7] follow me right to the [G] end of the earth.
 And [D7] when I went courting with [G] my sweetheart Sal,
 She'd [D7] bring her mother and [G] I'd take me pal,
 We'd sit holding [G7] hands in the [C] park, don't you see,
 My [D7] sweetheart, her mother, the [G] hound pup and me.

We [G] went and got [G7] married one [C] day for a change,
 And [D7] all my friends came from the [G] Labour Exchange,
 We [G] played hide and [G7] seek and had drinks by the score,
 There were [D7] ten of them lying dead [G] drunk on the floor.
 And [D7] when it was time and they [G] bid us adieu
 I [D7] tell you I felt in a [G] terrible stew,
 There was only one [G7] bed in the [C] house don't you see
 So she [D7] slept with her Mother, the [G] hound pup and me.

Now [G] just twelve months [G7] later the [C] old Dr. Spragg,
 Came [D7] round to our house with his [G] little black bag.
 The [G] wife was up- [G7] stairs with her [C] mother you see,
 While [D7] playing below was the [G] hound pup and me.
 The [D7] nurse she came in and she [G] shouted with glee,
 The [D7] lady upstairs has had [G] triplets three,
 Any [G] what is the [G7] cause of [C] this mystery,
 I said, [D7] the Missus, her mother, the [G] hound pup and me.

Now [G] since those kids [G7] came they have [C] caused up much pain,
 And [D7] things in our house they are [G] not quite the same.
 Before they ar- [G7] rived it was [C] all harmony,
 For the [D7] missus, her mother, the [G] hound pup and me.
 But [D7] now things are different I'm [G] sorry to say,
 They're [D7] squealing by night and [G] fighting by day.
 So I'm [G] taking the [G7] hound pup and [C] its pedigree
 To where the [D7] Mountains of Mourne sweep [G] down to the sea.



The Mechanical Blackbird.

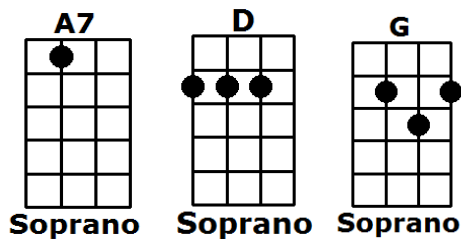
As I [C] walked out across pica-[G7]-dilly,
 One evening before it was [C] spring.
 As the lay-a-bout slept on the [F] benches,
 A sweet [C] blackbird [G7] to [C] sing. -----Chorus

Chorus To my tweedle-ay-eedle-ay-eedle ay-[G7]-aye,
 My tweedle-ay-eedle-ay-[C]-ee,
 I heard the sweet voice of a [F] blackbird.
 From a [C] Microphone [G7] up in a [C] tree.

If I [C] were a Mechanical [G7] Blackbird,
 I wouldn't build my nest out a [C] sea.
 With a microphone heart in my [F] bosom,
 And my [C] feet welded [G7] firmly to a [C] tree. -----Chorus

Now the [C] Starlings fly out every [G7] morning,
 The Pigeons find food where they [C] please.
 Me and my Mechanical Blackbird,
 We are [C] stuck in our [G7] own little [C] trees. -----Chorus

Now [C] both of us work in the [G7] city,
 We can't even rest after [C] five.
 The sounds that we make may be pretty,
 It [C] isn't like [G7] being [C] alive. -----Chorus



Oh, A Sewer Man Am I

Oh, a [C] sewer man am I and my [F] trade I deftly [C] ply,
 As [F] underneath the [C] city streets I [G7] go.
 And my [C] hope for paradise, is to [F] wade up [Dm] to my [G7] thighs,
 Oh, I'm [F] glad I'm [G7] working down [C] below. ----- CHORUS

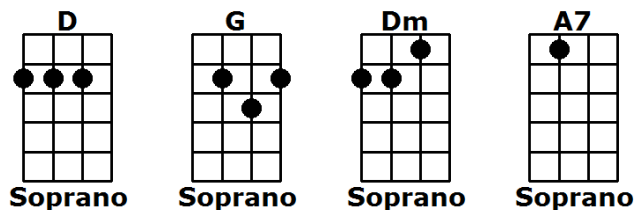
*CHORUS: [F] Down below, down [C] below,
 Oh, it's dark but it's home to me, you [G7] know,
 It's the [C] only place, I find, I can [F] get some [Dm] peace of [G7] mind
 Yes I'm [F] glad I'm [G7] working down be [C] low.*

There are [C] rules to the trade that [F] have to be o-[C]-beyed,
 And [F] every movement [C] must be made just [G7] so.
 You must [C] watch how you stand, and [F] where you [Dm] put your [G7] hand,
 Still I'm [F] glad I'm [G7] working down be-[C]-low. ----- CHORUS

There was [C] cause for alarm at a [F] local sewage [C] farm,
 A [F] man fell down a [C] pit some years [G7] ago.
 Since the [C] accident occurred he's been [F] lying [Dm] there in- [G7] -terred,
 Oh, I'm [F] glad I'm [G7] working down be-[C]-low. -----CHORUS

Oh, in [C] Paris I have found they take [F] tourists under- [C] -ground,
 And [F] even charge a [C] small fee for the [G7] show.
 While in [C] Venice I've heard tell they float [F] boats on [Dm] them as [G7] well,
 Oh, I'm [F] glad I'm [G7] working down be-[C]-low. ----- CHORUS

It's a [C] wonderful life, you can [F] hide here from your [C] wife,
 And [F] leave behind your every [C] care and [G7] woe.
 I may [C] be a sewer rat but I'm [F] not to [Dm] be sniffed [G7] at.
 Oh, I'm [F] glad I'm [G7] working down be-[C]-low. ----- CHORUS



Our Bill & The Concrete Mixer

Our [G] Bill had a concrete [D7] mixer,
 He was coming home last [G] night,
 When he come down't [G7] street and he [C] sees his house
 With [D7] a sports car parked out-[G]-side.

He [G] thought "Here's me going [D7] out to work
 And me wife's at home on [G] t' job"
 So he swore he'd [G7] get her [C] lover boy,
 And [D7] smack him up his [G] gob.

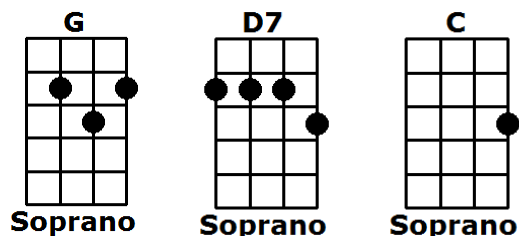
Then he [G] thought, "Now look here [D7] Billy Lad,
 Use what's under your [G] crop"
 So he ups with his [G7] concrete [C] mixer,
 Fills the [D7] car right up to [G] t' top.

Then he gets back in his [D7] cab and sits,
 As quiet as a [G] mouse,
 And he sees the [G7] bloke come [C] to his car,
 But he [D7] comes from next doors [G] house.

Well, Bill starts up his [D7] engine,
 He's never felt such a [G] Prat,
 He went down that road [G7] and a [C] mile away,
 In [D7] twenty seconds [G] flat.

If Bill had stayed a bit [D7] longer
 He's have seen his wife so [G] sweet,
 Giving a kiss [G7] to her [C] lover boy
 As he [D7] pedaled down the [G] street.

And now his wife she [D7] gets her oats,
 And Bill, he feels a [G] berk,
 For thinking his [G7] wife was [C] having it off,
 While [D7] he was out at [G] work.



Plastic Pies

[G] Standing on the station at a quarter past eleven,
Haven't had a bite to eat since I got up at [D] seven.
Then [Am] I espies a tray of [G] tatie pies,
So I [Am] went up to the [D7] bloke and ordered [G] four.

I shot back to the table 'cause me stomach was quite sore
But as I did I slipped and dropped the first pie on the [D] floor,
It hit [Am] the deck, and caught me [G] on the neck,
Then it [Am] bounced to the [D7] plate just like [G] before. -----Chorus

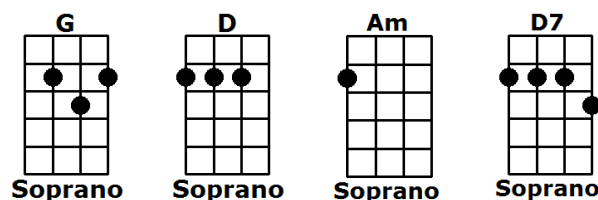
*Chorus [G] Plastic Pies are all I see they're all I ever get,
Plastic Pies and rubber cakes will polish me off [D] yet,
Well [Am] damn your eyes, and take your [G] Plastic Pies
And you can[Am] shove 'em where the [D] monkey shoves his [G] nuts.*

I [G] went back to the bloke and said "This pies as hard as hell;"
He looked the pie all over and said "This one's not been [D] well"
He took [Am] off the crust and blew away the [G] dust,
Then he said "I'll [Am] change the oil and the [D7] points and plugs as [G] well"

I [G] rushed back to the table where the first pie should have been,
There were only crumbs upon the plate and then I turned quite [D] green,
It had [Am] crossed the floor, and walked out [G] through the door,
And [Am] caught the half past [D7] twelve to Colwyn [G] Bay. ----Chorus

An [G] old man selling Tortoises outside the pet shop door,
A drunk came up and bought one then he went back to the [D] door,
He said [Am] "Hey up Jack" and slapped him [G] on the back
And said [Am] "I've never had pies as [D7] good as this [G] before"

Now [G] prices have been rising fast and no one ever learns,
Very soon we'll all see signs like "Pies on Easy [D] Terms".
Ninety [Am] Pence a day would seem a [P] lot to pay,
When it's [Am] only the de- [D7] -posit on the [G] tray. -----Chorus



Salvation Band

CHORUS Sal-[C]-vation band with a big trombone and the music fair goes [G7] through you,
With their [F] Onward Christian [C] Soldiers and their [G7] Glory Halle-[C]-lujah.

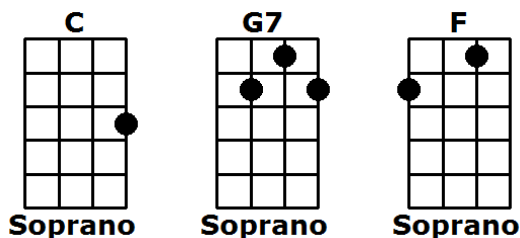
When [C] I was just a little kid on a Sunday morning [G7] early,
Sal- [F] -vation band come [C] down our street to [G7] make their hurly-[C]-burly.
They [F] all stood around in a [C] great big ring and [G7] started blowing [C] cornets,
And [F] all the kids from [C] miles around come [G7] swarming round like [C] hornets.
CHORUS

There were [C] scores and scores and scores of kids, perhaps there were even [G7] thirty,
And [F] goodness knows who [C] owned them all but they [G7] all looked filthy [C] dirty.
There were [F] Jackson's kid from [C] across the street - he [G7] were a right young [C] villain,
When t' [F] collection box come [C] round to him he made [G7] off with fifteen [C] shillings.
CHORUS

Now t' [C] man, as stood and waved the stick looked tall as half the [G7] houses,
He'd [F] got a grand new [C] uniform with [G7] gold braid down his [C] trousers.
Be-[F]-hind him ran little [C] Tommy Jones with his [G7] young grey pup called [C] Dusty,
And [F] Pup must have thought man [C] was a tree 'cause [G7] t'gold braid's gone all [C] rusty.
CHORUS

Now[C] t'rest thought t'band weren't up to much, but me, I didn't [G7] mind 'em,
So [F] when they marched off [C] down the street, I [G7] marched off right b-[C]-ehind 'em.
They [F] marched t' t'other [C] side of town, to [G7] streets I'd never [C] been in,
And [F] ended in t' back of a [C] public house, that me [G7] dad said I shouldn't be [C] seen in.
CHORUS

When [C] t'policemen fetched me home that night they'd had their dinner with-[G7]-out me,
When me [F] dad found out [C] where I'd been I [G7] knew for a fact he'd [C] clout me.
Well I got [F] t' buckle end o' my [C] dad's pit-strap and [G7] that were plenty [C] for me,
I've [F] never followed that [C] band again, and [G7] that's the end of me [C] story.
CHORUS



Seth Davy

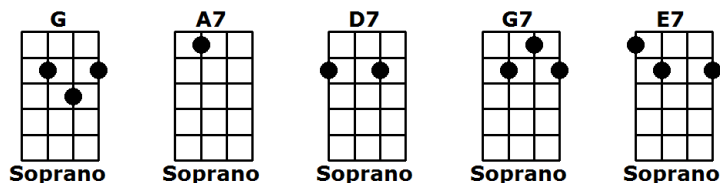
He **[G]** sat on the corner of **[A7]** Bevington Bush,
[D7] 'stride an old packing **[G]** case.
 And the dolls on the end of the **[A7]** plank went dancing,
 As he **[D7]** crooned with a smile on his **[G]** face. (Hum) *M-m-[G7] m-* -CHORUS

Chorus **[E7]** Come day **[A7]** go day,
[D7] Wish in me heart for **[G]** Sunday. (Hum) *M-m-[G7] m-*
[E7] Drinking buttermilk **[A7]** all the week,
[D7] Whiskey on a **[G]** Sunday.

His tired old hands beat the **[A7]** wooden plank,
 And the dolls **[D7]** they danced the **[G]** gear,
 A far better show than **[A7]** ever you'll see,
 At the **[D7]** Pivvy or New Brighton **[G]** Pier. (Hum) *M-m-[G7] m* -----CHORUS

IN 1902 old Seth **[A7]** Davy died,
 And his **[D7]** song it was heard no **[G]** more.
 The three dancing dolls in a **[A7]** jowler bin ended,
 And the **[D7]** plank went to mend a back **[G]** door. (Hum) *M-m-[G7] m*-CHORUS

On some stormy nights, Down **[A7]** Scotty road way,
 As the wind **[D7]** blows up from the **[G]** sea,
 You can still hear the voice of **[A7]** old Seth Davy
 As he **[D7]** croons to his dancing dolls **[G]** three. (Hum) *Mum-[G7] m* ----CHORUS



Streets of London

[C] Have you seen the [G] old man, in the [Am] closed-down [Em] market?
 [F] picking up [C] the papers, with his [D7] worn-out [G7] shoes?
 [C] In his eyes you [G] see no pride, [Am] hand held loosely [Em] by his side,
 [F] yesterday's [C] papers, telling [G7] yesterday's [C] news. -----

CHORUS

Chorus [C] So [F] how can you [Em] tell me, you're [C] lone- [Am] -ly
 [D7] and say for you that the sun don't [G] shine? [G7]
 [C] Let me take you [G] by the hand,
 and [Am] lead you through the [Em] streets of London,
 [F] I'll show you [C] something, to [G7] make you change your [C] mind

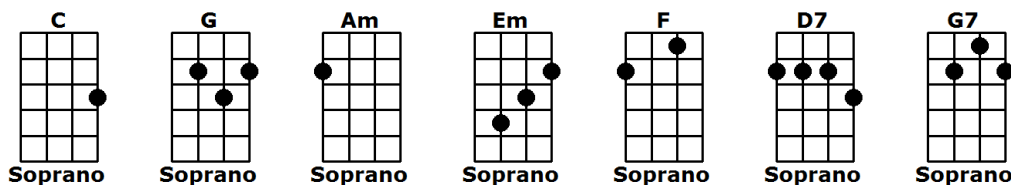
[C] Have you seen the [G] old gal, who [Am] walks the streets of [Em] London,
 [F] Dirt in her [C] hair, and her [D7] clothes in [G7] rags?
 [C] She's no time for [G] talking, she just [Am] keeps right on [Em] walking
 [F] Carrying her [C] home, in [G7] two car-ri-er [C] bags. -----

CHORUS

[C] In the all-night [G] cafe, at a [Am] quarter past [Em] eleven
 [F] some old[C] man sitting there [D7] all on his [G7] own.
 [C] Looking at the [G] world, over the [Am] rim of his [Em] teacup.
 [F] Each one lasts an [C] hour, and he [G7] wanders home [C] alone. -----

CHORUS

[C] And have you seen the [G] old man [Am] outside the seaman's [Em] mission?
 [F] His memory [C] fading with the medal [D7] ribbons that he [G7] wears?
 [C] And in our winter [G] city the [Am] rain cries a little [Em] pity
 [F] For one more forgotten [C] hero, and a [G7] world that doesn't [C] care. CHORUS



The Three-Foot Rule

Based on a poem by William John Macquorn Rankine Tune - Lish Young Buy-A-Broom

When [D] I was bound apprentice, and I [A7] learned to use my hands
Folk never talked of measures that [D] came from other lands:
Now I'm a British [D7] Workman, and too [G] old to go to school;
So [D] whether the chisel or file I hold, I'll [A7] stick to my three-foot rule. ----- Chorus

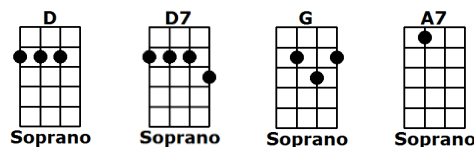
*Chorus For it was [D] right for me Dad,
And it's [A7] good enough for me,
So [D] why the hell should we change our ways,
To please the [A7] E-E-[D] C.*

[D] Some talk of millimetres, and [A7] some of kilograms
And some of decilitres, to [D] measure beer and drams;
But I'm a British [D7] Workman, too [G] old to go to school,
By [D] pounds I'll eat, by quarts I'll drink, and I'll [A7] stick to my three-foot rule. --Chorus

[D] A party of astronomers went [A7] measuring the earth,
And forty million metres they [D] took to be its girth;
Five hundred million [D7] inches, though, go [G] through from pole to pole;
So let's [D] stick to inches, feet and yards, and the [A7] good old three-foot rule. -- Chorus

[D] The Great Egyptian Pyramid's a [A7] thousand yards about,
And when the masons finished it they [D] raised a mighty shout,
The man who built that [D7] building well I'm [G] bound he was no fool,
For [D] now it is proved beyond a doubt he [A7] used a three-foot rule. ----- Chorus

[D] Here's health to every learned man who [A7] goes by common sense,
And would not plague the workman on [D] any vain pretense,
But as for those phil [D7] anthropists who'd [G] send us back to school,
Well [D] damn their eyes if they ever tries to put [A7] down the three-foot rule. --- Chorus



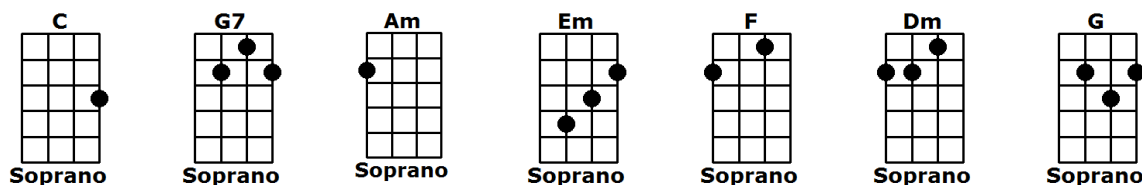
When Granny Sang Me Songs

There's a [C] shoebox in the [G7] attic full of [Am] fading photo- [Em] -graphs
 Which we [F] take out when the [C] rain clouds fill the [Dm] sky. [G7]
 Then we [C] spread the pictures [G7] on the rug, an [Am] hour or two we [Em] pass,
 And we [F] see the way things [C] were in [G7] years gone [C] by.
 For [F] fashions change and people change but [C] mem'ries stay the same
 And they [Dm] stay with you what [G7] ever comes a- [C] -long.
 And the [D7] photographs remind me of the [G] good old-fashioned days,
 When [D7] I was young and granny sang me [G] songs. [G7] -----Chorus

Now [C] granny used to [G7] tell me of the [Am] days when she was [Em] small
 When [F] times were hard but [C] people always [Dm] smiled. [G7]
 And how, [C] when times got [G7] better, [Am] no-one smiled at [Em] all
 And I [F] listened with the [G7] wonder of a [C] child.
 And [F] when I think about her I re [C] member happy times,
 When [Dm] granny smiled and [G7] stroked my sleepy [C] head,
 And [D7] how she'd sing me special songs and [G] funny little rhymes,
 And, [D7] contented, I would toddle off to [G] bed. [G7] -----Chorus

Well, [C] kids today tread [G7] different ways and [Am] sing a different [Em] song
 They've [F] other things to [C] keep them occu- [Dm] -pied, [G7]
 And [C] no-one seems to [G7] listen, the [Am] world goes crashing [Em] on
 And [F] no-one looks for [G7] pictures in the [C] fire
 So [F] talk to one another, and re [C] member granny's ways,
 For [Dm] she can show you [G7] where your heart be- [C] -longs.
 And [D7] though she's gone, the pictures keep a- [G] -live those distant days,
 When [D7] I was young and granny sang me [G] songs. [G7] -----Chorus.

*CHORUS: Now the [C] kids have tele- [G7] -vision,
 And they've [Am] pockets ull of [Em] brass
 They [F] don't go short of [C] anything but [Dm] love. [G7]
 And [C] though I'm just old-[G7] fashioned
 ,I don't [Am] know the rights or [Em] wrongs,
 But I'd [F] rather be back [C] in the days when [Dm] granny [G7] sang me [C] songs.*



Whiskey in the Jar.

As [C] he was going over [Am] Kilgarry Mountain,
 He [F] met with Captain Farrell and his [C] money he was [Am] countin',
 [C] First he drew his pistol, and [Am] then he drew his rapier,
 Saying [F] 'Stand and deliver for I [C] am the bold dec-[Am]-eiver'.

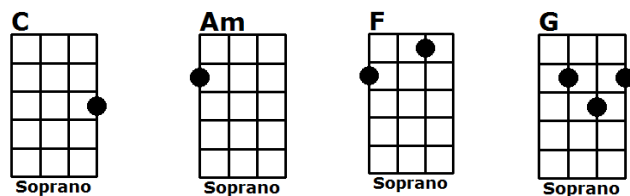
Chorus Mush-a-[G] ring-um do run-da,
 [C] Whack fol de dad-di-oh,
 [F] Whack fol de dad-di-oh,
 There's [C] whiskey [G] in the [C] jar.

He [C] counted out his money, and it [Am] made a pretty penny,
 He [F] took it his home for to [C] give his handsome [Am] Jenny,
 [C] She sobbed and she sighed that she [Am] never would deceive him,
 But the [F] Devil take the women for they [C] never can be [Am] easy. -----Chorus

He [C] went up to his chamber, [Am] for to take a slumber,
 [F] Dreamed of gold and jewels, and [C] sure it was no [Am] wonder,
 But [C] Jenny took his pistols and [Am] filled them up with water,
 [F] Sent for Captain Farrell, to be [C] handy for the [Am] slaughter. -----Chorus

'Twas [C] early the next morning, when he [Am] rose to make his travels,
 He [F] saw a band of soldiers that was [C] led by Captain [Am] Farrell,
 He [C] tried to fire his pistols for she'd [Am] taken away the rapier,
 But he [F] couldn't shoot the water, so a [C] prisoner he was [Am] taken. -Chorus

If [C] anyone can aid me, it's my [Am] brother in the army,
 If [F] I could learn his station, be it [C] Cork or in Kil-[Am]-arney,
 [C] He would come and join me, we'd go roving in [Am] Kilkenny,
 I [F] know he'd treat me fairer than my own [C] mistreating [Am] Jenny. -Chorus



You Know That Christmas Is Here

[D] When the street lamps glow in a [G] frosty [D] haze,
 And you dream about Santa and [G] Snow and [A7] Sleighs,
 And you [D] eat the same [D7] turkey for [G] days and [Bb7] days,
 You [D] know that [A7] Christmas is [D] Here. -----Chorus.

Chorus – [D] Merry [G] Christ-[D]-mas, You know that [A7] Christmas is [D] here.

Christmas morning, [G] about first [D] light,
 You've just got into bed and look a [G] terrible [A7] sight.
 [D] All you need is [D7] Sally Armies [G] Silent Blooming [Bb7] Night,
 You [D] know that [A7] Christmas is [D] Here. -----Chorus.

When the streets are full of wise men [G] following [D] stars,
 And the round-a-bouts are covered with [G] overturned [A7] cars,
 And the [D] pubs are full of [D7] wallies you [G] can't get near the [Bb7] bars,
 You [D] know that [A7] Christmas is [D] Here. -----Chorus.

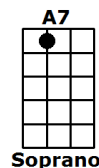
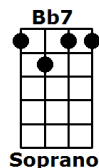
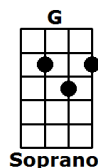
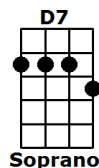
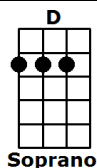
Your face muscles ache from the [G] permanent [D] grin,
 There's tickets for raffles you [G] know you won't [A7] win,
 When the [D] kids come carol [D7] singing you [G] pretend that you're not [Bb7] in,
 You [D] know that [A7] Christmas is [D] Here. -----Chorus.

When the cousin you fancy [G] arrives from [D] Brum,
 And you kiss under the mistletoe [G] until your lips go [A7] numb,
 And you [D] dance to James [D7] Last with your [G] hand upon her [Bb7] bum,
 You [D] know that [A7] Christmas is [D] Here. -----Chorus.

Coloured decorations [G] hang upon the [D] trees,
 Christmas time just as [G] it's meant to [A7] be,
 And the [D] wife puts [D7] stacks of foreign [G] brochures on your [Bb7] knee,
 You [D] know that [A7] Christmas is [D] Here. -----Chorus.

When the snowflakes glisten on the [G] chimney [D] tops,
 And the cards start dropping through the [G] letter [A7] box,
 When the [D] Easter eggs [D7] start ap- [G] -pearing in the [Bb7] shops.
 You [D] know that [A7] Christmas is [D] Here. -----Chorus.

Repeat Chorus



My Ramblin' Boy

Tom Paxton 1964/5

[C] He was a [G] man and a [G7] friend [C] always,
He stuck with [G] me through the hard old [C] days.
He never cared if I [F] had no [C] dough,
We rambled [G] round in the [G7] rain and [C] snow.

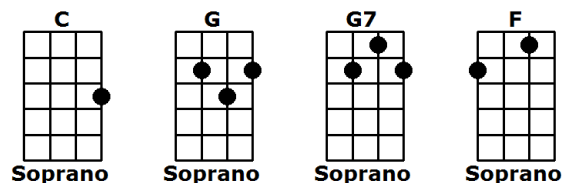
Chorus And [G] here's to [C] you, my [F] ramblin' [C] boy,
May all your [G] ramblin' [G7] bring you [C] joy.
And [G] here's to [C] you, my [F] ramblin' [C] boy,
May all your [G] ramblin' [G7] bring you [C] joy.

In Tulsa [G] town, we [G7] chanced to [C] stray,
we thought we'd [G] try to work one [C] day.
The boss said he had [F] room for [C] one,
says my old [G] pal, "we'd [G7] rather [C] bum." -----Chorus

Late one [G] night in a [G7] jungle [C] camp,
the weather [G] it was cold and [C] damp.
He got the chills and he [F] got 'em [C] bad,
They took the [G] only [G7] friend [C] I had. -----Chorus

He left me [G] here, to ramble [C] on,
My old [G] pal is dead and [C] gone.
If when we die, we [F] go some-[C]-where,
I bet you a [G] dollar, he's [G7] ramblin' [C] there. -----Chorus

May all your [G] ramblin' [G7] bring you [C] joy. [G]/[C]



The Last Thing on My Mind.

Tom Paxton

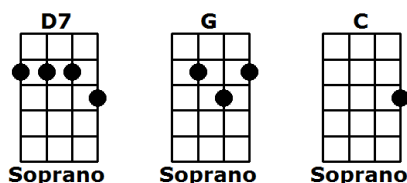
Chorus *Are you [D7] going away with no [C] word of [G] farewell.
Will there [C] be not a [G] trace left [D7] behind,
Well [G] I could have loved you [C] better,
I didn't [G] mean to be unkind,
You [D7] know that was the last thing on my [G] mind.*

It's a [G] lesson too [C] late for the [G] learning,
[C] Made of [G] sand, [D7] made of [G] sand.
In the wink of an [C] eye my soul is [G] turning,
[C] In your [G] hand, [D7] in your [G] hand. -----Chorus

As [G] I walk alone my [C] thoughts are [G] tumbling,
[C] Round and [G] round, [D7] round and [G] round.
Underneath our feet a [C] subway's [G] rumbling,
[C] Under [G] ground, [D7] under [G] ground. -----Chorus

You've got [G] reasons a [C] plenty for [G] going,
[C] This I [G] know, [D7] this I [G] know.
For the weeds have been [C] steadily [G] growing,
[C] Please don't [G] go, [D7] please don't [G] go. -----Chorus

As I [G] lie in my [C] bed in the [G] morning,
[C] Without [G] you, [D7] without [G] you.
Each song in my breast [C] dies a-[G] bornin',
[C] Without [G] you, [D7] without [G] you. -----Chorus



Reinstalling Windows

Les Barker (Based on "When I'm Cleaning Windows").

Now [G] I've bought a computer it [A7] cost a thousand pound.
[D7] Every time I switch it on it keeps on breaking [G] down.

Verse 1

[G] I used to think it [G7] was my friend, [C] now it drives me [Eb7] round the bend.
You'd [G] be surprised the [G7]! time [G6]! I [G]! spend, [Eb7] reinstalling [G]
Windows.

Verse 2

[G] I switch it on [G7] What is this? [C] Something wrong with [Eb7] config.sys.
This [G] isn't my i-[G7]-dea [G6] of [G] bliss [Eb7] reinstalling [G] Windows.

*I [B7] want to share my printers and I [E7] want to share my files.
I [D7] want to share my anger 'cos it [G7] drives me bloomin' wild*

Verse 3

My [G] songs, they say can [G7] be sublime, I've [C] conquered cadence [Eb7]
mastered rhyme.
[G] But Nowadays I [G7] spend [G6] my [G] time [Eb7] reinstalling [G] Windows.

Verse 4

[G] Reinstall [G7] Oh what fun, it says [C] it helps [Eb7] you get things done.
[G] Every day now [G7] eve-[G6]-ry [G]one's [Eb7] reinstalling [G] Windows

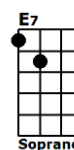
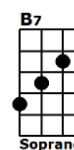
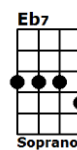
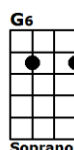
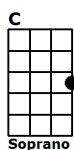
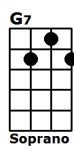
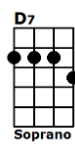
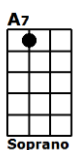
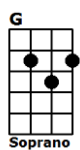
Verse 5

[G] Watch the screen [G7] watch it say, [C] all you do is [Eb7] plug and play,
So [G] how come I spend [G7] eve-[G6]-ry [G] day? [Eb7] reinstalling [G] Windows.

*[B7] It can't find my printer and, [E7] it can't find my mouse.
[D7] The other day it told me they were [G7] in some other house.*

Verse 4

[G] Still unplugged, [G7] still un-played, [C] emailed God [Eb7] in search of aid.
He's [G] far too busy [G7] I'm [G6] af-[G]-raid, [Eb7] reinstalling [G] Windows.



Manchester Rambler

2/4 time Intro: [C] / / [C] / /

Chorus: [C] I'm a rambler, I'm a rambler from [G] Manchester way,
I get all me pleasure the [C] hard moorland way.
I may be a wage-slave on [G7] Monday.
But I am a free man on [C] Sunday.

[C] I've been over Snowdon, I've camped upon Crowdon,
And slept by the Wain Stones as [G] well.
I've sunbathed on Kinder, been burned to a cinder,
And many more things I can [C] tell.

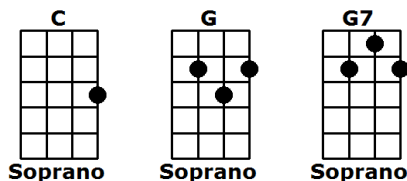
[C] My rucksack has oft been me [G] pillow, the heather has oft been me [C] bed.
Sooner than part from the [G7] mountains, I think I would rather be [C] dead. ----- Chorus

The [C] day was just ending as I was descending,
Down Grinesbrook just by Upper [G] Tor.
When a voice cried "Hey you" in the way keepers do,
He'd the worst face that I ever [C] saw.
The things that he said were [G] unpleasant, In the teeth of his fury I [C] said,
"Sooner than part from the [G7] mountains, I think I would rather be [C] dead"----- Chorus

He [C] called me a louse and said "Think of the grouse",
Well I thought, but I still couldn't [G] see,
Why all Kinder Scout and the moors round-a-bout,
Couldn't take both the poor grouse and [C] me.
He said "All this land is my [G] master's", At that I stood shaking my [C] head.
No man has the right to own [G7] mountains, Any more than the deep ocean [C] bed. ----- Chorus

So I'll [C] go where I will over valley and hill,
And I'll lie where the bracken is [G] deep.
I belong to the mountains, the clear running fountains,
Where rocks lie rugged and [C] steep.
I've seen the white hare in the [G] heather, And the curlew fly high over-[C]-head,
And sooner than part from the [G7] mountains, I think I would rather be [C] dead. ----- Chorus

I once loved a maid, a spot welder by trade,
She was fair as the Rowan in [G] bloom.
And the blue of her eyes matched the blue Moorland skies.
And I wooed her from April 'till [C] June.
On the day that we should have been [G] married, I went for a ramble in-[C]-stead,
For sooner than part from the [G7] mountains, I think I would rather be [C] dead. -----Chorus



The Five Wells

Andrew Train. 1970 approx

[C] Up you lads and [F] bring your [C] lasses, [F] listen to the [C] beckoning [G7] bells.
 [C] Holy Whitsun [F] is upon [C] us, [F] let us [C] dress the [G7] Tissington [C] Wells.
 [G7] First the- -

CHORUS *Hall Well [C] under the canopy,
 [G7] Cup and Saucer [C] otherwise [G] known, [G7] Hands and Town Well,
 [C] Yew Tree and Coffin Wells,
 [G7] Springing from the [C] Derbyshire [G7] stone.*

[C] Up you lads and [F] gather the [C] flowers, [F] Garden [C] leaves and mosses a-[G7]-round,
 [C] See them in the [F] hedges and [C] pastures, [F] Lying [C] on the [G7] Tissington [C] ground.

[C] Up you lads and [F] bring your [C] lasses, [F] let us [C] celebrate a-[G7]-loud,
 [C] For in the plague and [F] terrible [C] drought, the [F] village [C] folk to [G7] live were al-[C]-
 lowed.

[G7] Thanks to →→→→→→→→→→→→→→→→**CHORUS**

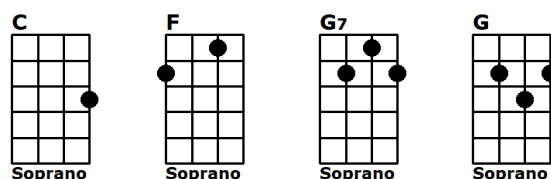
[C] Let us make the [F] flowery [C] pictures, [F] Of the [C] man whom everyone [G7] served.
 [C] And of the folk in [F] all the [C] stories, [F] as in the [C] school that [G7] we once [C] heard.

[C] Up you lads and [F] bring your [C] lasses, [F] Let us [C] to the church [G7] repair,
 [C] See the Parson [F] coming to [C] bless them, [F] listen [C] to his [G7] words so [C] rare
 [G7] Bless the →→→→→→→→→→→→→→→→**CHORUS**

[C] There he goes and [F] there he [C] pauses, [F] At the [C] wells in Tissing-[G7] -ton,
 [C] Says a prayer, [F] gives a [C] blessing, [F] praises [C] all the [G7] work we've [C] done.

[C] On this day we [F] call as-[C]-cension, [F] People [C] come from far a-[G7]-way,
 [C] Our village [F] for to [C] visit, [F] let us [C] welcome [G7] them and [C] say
 [G7] See the →→→→→→→→→→→→→→→→**CHORUS**

[C] Up you lads and [F] bring your [C] lasses [F] with our [C] custom let's be [G7] seen,
 [C] Let us dance and [F] let us [C] sing [F] merrily [C] on the [G7] village [C] green.
 [G7] Near the - -Hall Well [C] under the canopy,
 [G7] Cup and Saucer [C] otherwise [G] known,
 [G7] Hands and Town Well,
 [C] Yew Tree and Coffin Wells,
 [G7] Springing from the [G7] Derbyshire [C]! stone.



The Bricklayers Song.

Dear [C] Sir I write this [G] note to you to [C] tell you [G7] of my [C] plight,
For [F] at the time of [C] writing it I'm [D7] not a pretty [G7] sight.
My [F] body is all [C] black and blue, my [Dm] face a deathly [G7] grey,
And I [C] write this note to [G] say why I am [C] not at [G7] work to-[C]-day.

While [C] working on the [G] fourteenth floor some [C] bricks I [G7] had to [C] clear,
But [F] tossing them down from [C] such a height was [D7] not a good [G7] idea.
The [F] foreman wasn't [C] very pleased he is an [Dm] awkward [G7] sod,
And he [C] said I had to [G] cart them down the [C] ladders [G7] in me [C] hod.

Well [C] clearing all these [G] bricks by hand it [C] was so [G7] very [C] slow,
So I [F] hoisted up a [C] barrel and se-[D7]-cured a rope be-[G7]-low.
But [F] in me haste to [C] do the job, I [Dm] was to blind to [G7] see,
That a [C] barrel full of [G] building bricks was [C] heavi-[G7]-er than [C] me.

And [C] so when I un-[G]-tied the rope the [C] barrel [G7] fell like [C] lead,
And [F] clinging tightly [C] to the rope I [D7] started up in-[G7]-stead.
I [F] shot up like a [C] rocket, and to [Dm] my dismay I [G7] found,
That [C] halfway up I [G] met the bloody [C] barrel [G7] coming [C] down.

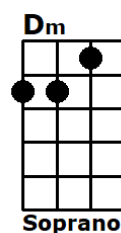
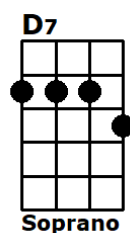
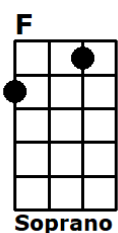
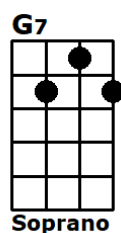
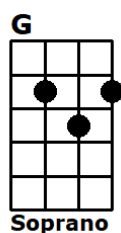
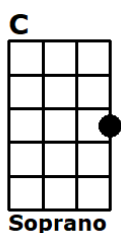
Well the [C] barrel broke me [G] shoulder as [C] to the [G7] ground it [C] sped.
And [F] when I reached the [C] top I banged the [D7] pulley with me [G7] head.
But I [F] clung on tightly [C] numb with shock from [Dm] this almighty [G7] blow,
While the [C] barrel spilled out [G] half its bricks some [C] fourteen [G7] floors [C] below.

Now [C] when the bricks had [G] fallen from the [C] barrel [G7] to the [C] floor,
I [F] then outweighed the [C] barrel and so [D7] started down once [G7] more.
But I [F] clung on tightly [C] to the rope me [Dm] body racked with [G7] pain,
And [C] halfway down I [G] met the bloody [C] barrel [G7] once a-[C]-gain.

Now the [C] force of this [G] collision halfway [C] down the [G7] office [C] block,
Caused [F] multiple [C] abrasions and a [D7] nasty case of [G7] shock.
But I [F] clung on tightly [C] to the rope as I [Dm] fell towards the [G7] ground,
And I [C] landed on the [G] broken bricks the [C] barrel had [G7] scattered [C] round.

Now as [C] I lay there [G] on the ground I [C] thought I'd [G7] passed the [C] worst,
But the [F] barrel hit the [C] pulley wheel and then the [D7] bottom [G7] burst.
A [F] shower of bricks rained [C] down on me I [Dm] didn't have a [G7] hope,
As I [C] lay there bleeding [G] on the ground I let [C] go of the [G7] bloody [C] rope.

The [C] barrel now being [G] heavier it [C] started [G7] down once [C] more,
It [F] landed right [C] across me as I [D7] lay there on the [G7] floor.
It [F] broke three ribs and [C] my left arm and [Dm] I can only [G7] say,
I [C] hope you'll under-[G]-stand why I am [C] not at [G7] work to-[C]-day.



The Leaving of Liverpool

Traditional

Fare-[C]-well the Princes' [F] landing [C] stage,
 River Mersey fare thee [G7] well.
 I am [C] bound for Cal-i-[F]-forn-i-[C]-a,
 It's a place that you [G7] know right [C] well. ----- **Chorus**

Chorus So [G7] fare thee well my [F] own true [C] love,
 When I return united we will [G7] be.
 It's not the [C] leaving of Liverpool that [F] grieves [C] me,
 But me darling when I [G7] think of [C] thee.

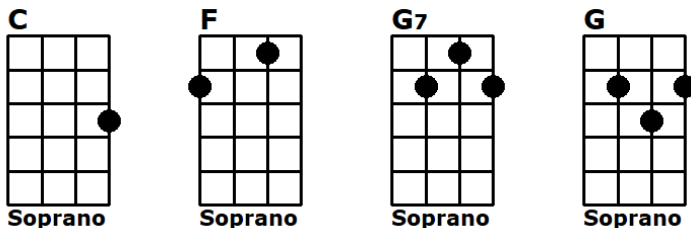
Yes, I am [C] bound for Cal-i-[F]-forn-i-[C]-a,
 By way of the stormy Cape [G7] Horn.
 But I [C] know that I'll write to you a [F] letter me [C] love,
 When I am [G7] homeward [C] bound. ----- **Chorus**

I have signed on a Yankee [F] clipper [C] ship,
 Davy Crockett is her [G7] name.
 And the [C] captain's name it is [F] Burg-[C]-ess,
 And they say she's a [G7] floating [C] shame. ----- **Chorus**

It's me second time with Burgess in the [F] Cro-[C]-ckett,
 And I reckon I know him [G7] well.
 If a [C] man is a sailor he'll [F] get a-[C]-long,
 If he's not, well he's [G7] sure in [C] hell. ----- **Chorus**

Fare thee well to Lower [F] Frederick [C] Street,
 Anson Terrace and auld Parky [G7] Lane.
 For I [C] know that it's going to be a [F] long, long, [C] time
 Before I [G7] see you [C] again. ----- **Chorus**

But me [G] darling when I [G7] think of [C] thee. [G7]! [C]!



Fiddlers Green

John Connelly

As I [F] roved by the [Bb] dockside one [F] evening so [Dm] rare,
To [F] view the still [Bb] waters and [F] take the salt [C7] air.
I [Bb] heard an old fisherman [F] singing this song,
"O take me [Bb] away boys my [F] time is not [C7] long".

Chorus. "Dress me [F] up in me [C7] oilskins and [F] jumpers,
No [Bb] more on the [F] docks I'll be [C7] seen.
Just [Bb] tell me old shipmates, I'm [F] taking a trip, mates,
and [C7] I'll see you some day in Fiddler's [F] Green."

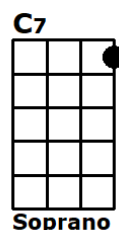
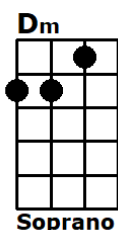
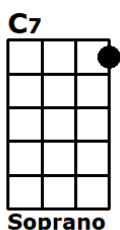
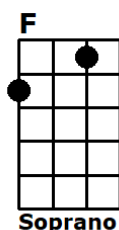
Now [F] Fiddler's [Bb] Green is a [F] place I've heard [Dm] tell,
Where [F] fishermen [Bb] go if they [F] don't go to [C7] hell.
Where [Bb] the skies are all clear and the [F] dolphins do play,
And the cold coast of [Bb] Greenland is [F] far, far a-[C7]-way. -----Chorus

Now the [F] sky's always [Bb] clear and there's [F] never a [Dm] gale,
And the [F] fish jump on [Bb] board with a [F] flip of their [C7] tail.
Where you [Bb] lie at your leisure, there's [F] no work to do,
And the skipper's be-[Bb]-low making tea [F] for the [C7] crew. -----Chorus

When [F] you 're in [Bb] dock and the [F] long trip is [Dm] through,
There's [F] pubs and there's [Bm] clubs and there's [F] lassies there [C7] too.
Where the [Bb] girls are all pretty and the [F] beer it is free,
And there's bottles of [Bb] rum growing [F] on every [C7] tree. -----Chorus

Well I [F] don't want a [Bb] harp nor a [F] halo, not [Dm] me,
Just [F] give me a [Bb] breeze on a [F] good rolling [C7] sea.
I'll [Bb] play me old squeezebox [F] as we sail along,
With the wind in the [Bb] rigging to [F] sing me this [C7] song. -----Chorus

**"Just [Bb] tell me old shipmates, I'm [F] taking a trip, mates,
and [C7] I'll see you some day in Fiddler's [F] Gre-[Bb]-en.[C7]!"**



Shortness of Sight

Chorus Oh [G] pity, oh pity, oh[A7] pity my plight,
And [D] all those who suffer from [D7] shortness of [G] sight.

On a [G] stage in a hall I [A7] never feel frightened,
No [D] matter how much the [D7] audience is [G] lightened,
I stand there so brave going [A7] to the attack,
I can [D] never see more than [D7] seven rows [G] back. ----- CHORUS

Well the [G] ring road round town with its [A7] sodium lights,
When [D] approached from a distance is a [D7] wonderful [G] sight,
Lots of tall lamp posts in [A7] neat little rows,
They [D] look like chrysanthemums [D7] growing on [G] poles. ----- CHORUS

Well [G] last week I noticed it [A7] more than most,
I'd [D] Written a letter and I [D7] wanted the [G] post,
When I got to the box and I [A7] looked at it close,
It was a [D] little fat woman in a [D7] straight cut red [G] coat ----- CHORUS

At [G] sport I'm no good and I [A7] never will be,
I [D] couldn't play football so they [D7] made me refer- [G] -ee,
I saw all the fouls and the [A7] sly offside passes.
'Til a [D] big centre forward come and [D7] smashed in me [G] glasses. ----- CHORUS

Oh [G] whistling at the girls I [A7] did at my leisure,
But [D] now I must seek alter- [D7] -native [G] pleasure,
I whistled a girl she had [A7] hair long and yellor,
It [D] cost me a thumping for [D7] she was a [G] feller. ----- CHORUS----- CHORUS
CHORUS

