

Ukulele-Joe Song Collection

Novelty Songs

The list contains songs that were major hits in their days and a few folk songs.

Fret diagrams for GCEA tuned Ukuleles are provided for all songs.

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Index

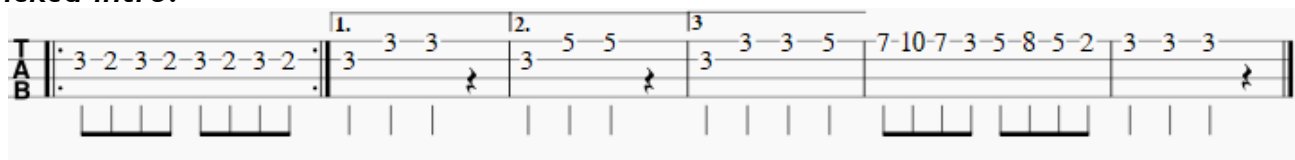
Does your chewing gum lose its flavour?	1
Around the Corner	2
Big Jim	3
Donald Where's Your Troosers.	4
Ee-Ba-Gum But I'm Cowd	5
Gilly Gilly Ossenfeffer	6
Grandpa's Grave	7
How Much Is That Doggie in The Window	8
I Wan'na Be Like You	9
Leopold Alcocks	10
Living A Ukulele Life	11
My Old Man's a Dustman	12
Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da	13
Salvation Band	14
Shame and Scandal in the Family	15
Shortness of Sight	16
Splish Splash.	17
Sugarbush	18
The Mechanical Blackbird.	19
When You Come To The End Of A Lollipop	20
Where Will It Be?	21
Bubbles	22
Tell Me A Story	23
Nowt so Queer as Folk	24

Does your chewing gum lose its flavour?

"

Rose, Breur, & Marty (1924)

Lonnie Donegan UK No 3 Feb 1959

Picked intro:

[C] Oh me, oh my, oh you, whatever shall I do?
 [F] Hallelu-[C]-jah, the [G] question is pe-[C]-culiar.
 I'd [G] give a lot of [C] dough, if [G] only I could [C] know,
 The [D7] answer to my question, is it yes or is it [G7] no. -----**Chorus**

Chorus Does your [C] chewing gum lose its flavour, on the [G7] bedpost overnight?
 If your mother says, don't [G] chew it do you [C] swallow it in [C7] spite
 Can you [F] catch it on your tonsils? can you [C] heave it left and right
 Does your chewing gum lose its flavour, on the [G7] bedpost over-[C]-night?

[C] Here comes the blushing bride, the groom is by her side,
 [F] Up to the [C] altar, just as [G] steady as Gib-[C] raltar.
 [G] Why, the groom has got the [C] ring, and it's [G] such a pretty [C] thing,
 But [D7] as he slips it on her finger, the choir begins to [G7] sing. -----**Chorus**

[C] Now the nation rise as one, to send their only son,
 [F] Up to the [C] White House, yes, the [G] nation's only White-[C]-House,
 To [G] voice their discon-[C]-tent, un-[G]-to the Pres-i-[C]-dent,
 U-[D7]-pon the burning question what has swept this cont-i-[G7]-nent?

Tacet If tin whistles are made of tin, what do they make foghorns out of? -----**Chorus**

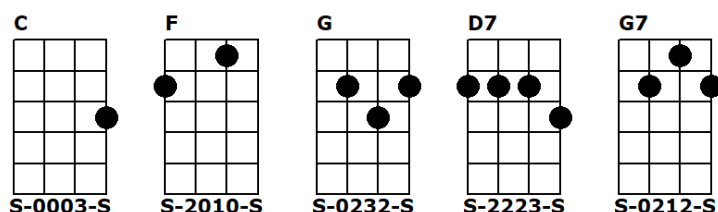
OUTRO: - On the [D7] bedpostt[G7] over-

Tacet I told you that I love you and I want to hold you tight,
 Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday night.

Sing On the [D7] bedpost [G7] over-

Tacet A dollar is a dollar and a dime is a dime,
 I'd sing another chorus, but I haven't got the time.

Sing On the [D7] bedpost [G7] over-[C]-night. [G7]! [C]!



Original song "Does the Spearmint Lose Its Flavor on the Bedpost Overnight?" (1824)
 "For Legal Reasons, (BBC rules),
 "Chewing Gum" replaced "Spearmint"
 which is a trade name.

Around the Corner ("A" Round the Corner)

Josef Marias.

Jo Stafford hit 1952

4 / 4 Time Intro: **[G]¹²³⁴ [D]¹² [D7]¹² [G]¹²³⁴ Start with the Chorus**

Chorus **[G]** "A"-round the corner, **[C]**!Yoo **[G]**!Hoo,
[G] Beneath the berry **[D]** Tree,
[G] "A"-round the footpath, **[C]** behind the
bush, **[D7]** Looking for Henry **[G]** Lee.

[G] Tonight, all the folks will cut the corn, (Cut the corn),
[D] Tonight I'll be glad that I was **[G]** born, (I was born) For my **[C]**
Henry Lee I'll see, He'll be **[G]** cutting corn with me, And we'll
meet beneath the **[D]** bitter **[D7]** berry **[G]** tree. -----Chorus

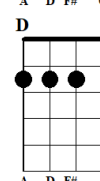
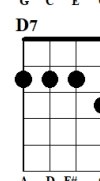
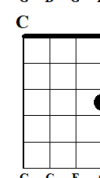
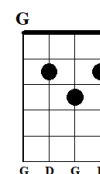
[G] Tonight, all the stars are shining bright, (Shining bright)
[D] Tonight all the cornfields are a **[G]** sight, (Are a sight)
I have **[C]** reached the meeting spot, but my **[G]** Henry Lee has not,
I wonder can it be **[D]** that **[D7]** he for-**[G]**-got. -----Chorus

[G] Tonight, as the moon begins to sink, (begins to sink)
[D] Tonight, there are footsteps which I **[G]** think, (which I think)
Will at **[C]** last bring him to me, my **[G]** beloved Henry Lee,
But I don't see why so late **[D]** he has **[D7]** to **[G]** be. -----Chorus

[G] I've told Henry Lee to go away, (Far away)
[D] But now I am sad he didn't **[G]** stay, (Didn't stay)
And to-**[C]** morrow night if he, comes a **[G]** looking 'round for me,
I'll be sitting 'neath the **[D]** bitter **[D7]** berry **[G]** tree.

Outro:

Yes! I'll be **[G]** there by the **[D]** bitter **[D7]** berry **[G]** tree **[C]**! **[C]**! **[G]**!



Big Jim

J. Meeks, C. Radcliffe, E. Crotty

Fivepenny Piece LP 1973

Intro: [C]/ [G7]/ [C]/ [G7]/[C]/ [G7]

A [C] famous Scottish Angling Club arranged to hold a [G] match
 And five [G7] pounds offered as the prize to him with the best [C] catch.
 Jock Thompson said, for catching fish, good [C7] bait is what you [F] need
 And [G] So he got to work at once big [G7] worms to try to [C] breed.

Well he fed his pets on powdered milk, on baby food and [G] whiskey,
 And when the con-[G7]-test day grew near, they were quite fat and [C] frisky.
 His favourite worm he called Big Jim, it really [C7] was a [F] picture,
 You would have [G] thought he'd crossed a [G7] Conger Eel with a ruddy Boa-Con-[C]-stricator.

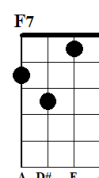
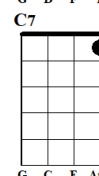
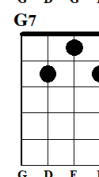
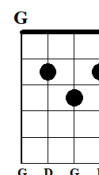
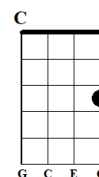
Chorus: *Big [C] Jim were a worm, were a great big worm,
 Were a great big, beautiful, [G7] bloody red worm,
 Large and fat, and just like a picture,
 Crossed with an Eel and a [C] Boa constrictor
 Fed him on whiskey, which made him feel frisky,
 On pies and a [C7] pint or [F] two
 Big [G7] Jim were a worm, were a great big worm,
 Were a great big, beautiful, bloody red [C] worm.*

Well [C] the day arrived, the places drawn, and soon the fishing [G] started
 It was a sin to puncture Jim and J[G7] ock was broken [C] hearted.
 And yet those five pounds must be won, he'd [C7] promised one to his [F] daughter,
 And [G] so the dirty deed was done and [G7] Jim thrown in the [C] water.

Now [C] some caught roach, and some caught bream and some caught rainbow [G] trout.
 Some caught eels, one caught seals, but [G7] most of them caught [C] nowt.
 But Jock he waited patiently to Jim [C7] give chance to [F] work
 And [G] when at last the float did sink he [G7] gave the rod a [C] jerk.

Well the fight went on for hours and hours, Jock couldn't quench his [G] thirst,
 But Big Jim being the [G7] worm he were, the fish surrendered [C] first..
 And then the judge came running up and with him [C7] brought his [F] scales,
 But [G] When he saw the fish, he said, "Chuck it back We're not ac-[G7]-cepting [C] whales!"

*Big [C] Jim were a worm, were a great big worm,
 Were a great big, beautiful, [G7] bloody red worm,
 Large and fat, and just like a picture,
 Crossed with an Eel and a [C] Boa constrictor
 Fed him on whiskey, which made him feel frisky,
 On pies and a [C7] pint or [F] two
 Big [G7] Jim were a worm, were a great big worm,
 Big [G7] Jim were a worm, were a great big worm,
 Big [G7] Jim were a worm, were a great big worm,
 Were a great big, beautiful, bloody red [C] worm.*



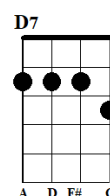
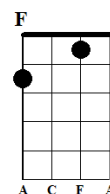
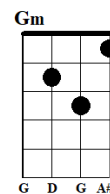
Donald Where's Your Troosers.

Neil Grant & Andy Stewart (1960)

Andy Stewart Hits 1960 (No. 37) 1989 (No. 4)

4 / 4 Time Intro [Gm] [Gm] [Gm]

I've [Gm] just come down from the isle of Skye,
 I'm no [F] very big an' I'm awful shy,
 And the [Gm] lassies shout when I go by,
 "[D7] Donald where's your [Gm] troosers?"



Chorus *Let the [Gm] wind blow high,
 Let the wind blow low,
 [F] Through the streets in ma kilt I'll go,
 [Gm] All the ladies say "Hello.
 [D7] Donald where's your [Gm] troosers?"*

[Gm] A lassie took me to a ball,
 And [F] it was slippery in the hall,
 And [Gm] I was feared that I might fall,
 For I [D7] hadnae on ma [Gm] troosers-----**Chorus**

[Gm] I went down to London town,
 And I [F] had some fun on the underground,
 The [Gm] ladies turned their heads around saying
 "[D7] Donald where are your [Gm] trousers?" ---**Chorus**

To [Gm] wear the kilt is my delight,
 It [F] is nae wrong, I know it's right,
 The [Gm] Islanders would get a fright,
 If they [D7] saw me in ma [Gm] troosers. -----**Chorus**

They'd [Gm] like to wed me every wan,
 Just [F] let them catch me if they can.
 You [Gm] cannae take the breeks off a Hielan' man,
 And I [D7] don't wear the [Gm] troosers. -----**Chorus**

Ee-Ba-Gum But I'm Cowd

J. Meeks, C Radcliffe, Eddie Crotty

Fivepenny Piece 1972

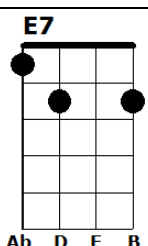
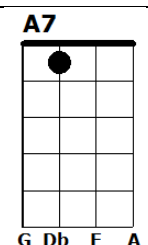
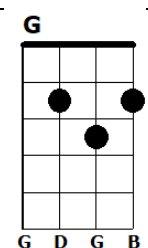
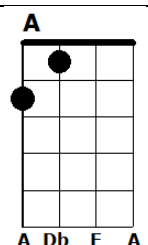
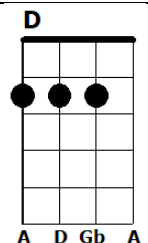
[D] [A] [D] [A] [D] [A]**Verse 1 and Chorus**

[D] Ee by **[A]** gum but **[D]** I'm cowd, **[G]** Ee by **[D]** gum but I'm **[A]** cowd,
 Me **[G]** hands are like **[A]** stone, me **[G]** feet are like **[A]** lead
 I **[E7]** anna bin warm sin' I **[A7]** left me bed.
 I **[D]** skip right **[A]** up t'-**[D]**-fire, As **[G]** near as **[D]** I'm al-**[A]**-lowed
 Then I **[G]** might get gradely **[A]** warm at **[A7]** last,
[G] Ee by **[A]** gum but I'm **[D]** cowd.

Now **[D]** Johnathan **[A]** Pratt were a **[D]** gradely **[A]** chap,
 And he **[G]** liked a pint of **[A]** ale
 That's **[G]** why 'is nose was **[A]** all-us red
 And 'is **[G]** cheeks were all-us **[A]** pale.
 And **[D]** if thou **[A]** stopped 'im **[D]** on the **[A]** street,
 For t' **[G]** pass the time o' **[A]** day.
 In **[G]** drunken tones as 'e **[A]** raised his 'at,
[G] this is what 'e'd **[A]** say. -**[A7]**-ay. -----Chorus

Oh a **[D]** glass at **[A]** night were 'is **[D]** great de-**[A]**-light
 For it **[G]** waarmed him up y' **[A]** know,
 But **[G]** often over t' **[A]** danger line t' owd **[G]** beggar used to **[A]** go.
 The **[D]** parson **[A]** said "My **[D]** man!
 you're **[G]** on your downwards **[A]** way"
 But **[G]** Johnathan said "A' **[A]** dunna much care,
 It's **[G]** waarm down theer they **[A]** say-**[A7]**-ay" -----Chorus

Now **[D]** Jonathan **[A]** fin-al-ly **[D]** met his **[A]** match
 With a **[G]** yard of ale they **[A]** say,
 So, we **[G]** laid 'im **[A]** out wi' a jug of stout,
 fo' t' **[G]** waarm him on 'is **[A]** way.
 T' old **[D]** Devil **[A]** welcomed **[D]** 'im,
 and **[G]** showed 'im all 'is **[A]** charms.
 But **[G]** Jonathan said-
 "If **[A]** this is 'ell, then it's **[G]** none so bloody **[A]** wa-**[A7]**-arm. ----
Chorus Slowing to single strum on D - [G] Ee by [A] gum but I'm [D] ↓cowd.

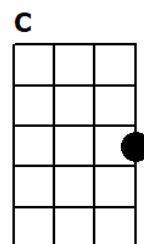


Gilly Gilly Ossenfeffer

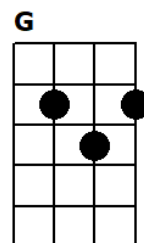
Al Hoffman & Dick Manning 1954

Max Bygraves Uk No.7 1954

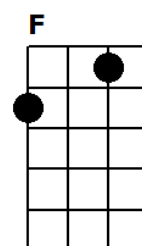
[NC] There's a tiny [C] house, ----- *There's a tiny house*
 [NC] By a tiny [G] stream, ----- *By a tiny stream*
 [NC] Where a lovely[G] lass, ----- *Where a lovely lass*
 [NC] Had a lovely [C] dream. ----- *Had a lovely dream*
 [C7] And her dream came [D] true, [G7] quite [C] un-ex-pect-ed-ly,
 [D]! In [G7] Gilly Gilly Ossenfeffer
 [G] Katzenellen Bogen by the [C]! Se-[F]! [C]! [G7]! [C]!-a.



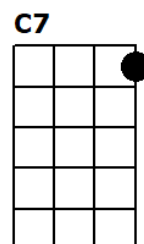
[NC] She was out one [C] day, ----- *She was out one day*
 [NC] Where the tulips [G] grow, ----- *Where the tulips grow*
 [NC] When a handsome [G] lad, ----- *When a handsome lad*
 [NC] Stopped to say [C] hello. ----- *Stopped to say hello*
 [C7] And before she [D] knew, [G7] He'd [C] kissed her tend-er-ly,
 [D]! In [G7] Gilly Gilly Ossenfeffer
 [G] Katzenellen Bogen by the [C]! Se-[F]! [C]! [G7]! [C]!-a.



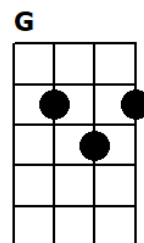
The [D] happy pair were [C] married one [G7] Sunday after-[C]-noon
 They [D] left the church and [C] ran away to [G] spend their honey-[G7]-moon
 -



[NC] In a tiny [C] house, ----- *In a tiny house*
 [NC] By a tiny [G] stream, ----- *By a tiny stream*
 [NC] Where the lovely [G] lass, ----- *Where the lovely lass*
 [NC] Had a lovely [C] dream. ----- *Had a lovely dream*
 [C7] And the last I [D] heard, [G7] they [C] still live happ-i-ly,
 [D]! In [G7] Gilly Gilly Ossenfeffer
 [G] Katzenellen Bogen by the [C]! Se-[F]! [C]! [G7]! [C]!-a.



So [D] now you've heard the [C] story of [G7] how it all be-[C]-gun
 I [D] think I'd like to [C] go there - *That's a [D7] good idea, [G] Son![G7]*

*Sing Quietly*

[NC] Sing it very [C] soft, ----- *Sing it very soft*
 [NC] Pi-ani-ssi-[G]-mo, ----- *Pi-ani-ssi-mo*
 [NC] Like a little [G] bird, ----- *Like a little bird*
 [NC] Walking in the [C] snow. ----- *Walking in the snow*
 [C7] That was very [D] nice, [G7] now [C] sing it merrily,

Sing Normally

[D]! In [G7] Gilly Gilly Ossenfeffer
 [G] Katzenellen Bogen by the [C]! Se-[F]! [C]! [G7]! [C]!-a.

Grandpa's Grave

de Paul, Cavanaugh & Gibson. Peter Sellers Version 1960

Intro [Dm]///[G7]///[C]///

[C] They're removing Grandpa's grave to build a sewer.
They're removing it regardless of Ex-[G]-pense.
They're shifting his re-[G7]-mains, to lay [C] down sewage [Am] drains,
To [Dm] satisfy the [G7] local resi-[C]-dents.

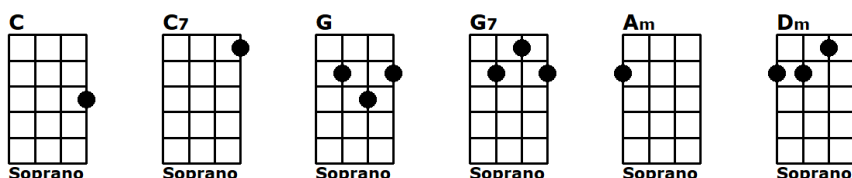
[C] Now what's the use of having a religion,
If when you die your troubles never [G] cease.
'cos some society [G7] gink, wants a [C] pipeline for her [Am] sink
They [Dm] won't let dear old [G7] Grandpa rest in [C] peace. Oh, [C7]/Oh, [C7]Oh,

[F] Oh mate, [C] don't excavate,
[Dm] Don't desecrate poor [C] Grandpa's [C7] dug out,
[F] Oh Fred, [C] although he's dead,
[D7] He needs a place to [G7] rest his head.

Now [C] Grandpa in his life was not a quitter,
And even in his grave he'll never [G] quit,
He'll dress up in his [G7] sheets, and [C] haunt they're country [Am] seats,
And [Dm] only let them [G7] out when he thinks [C] fit.

Now [C] won't there be some blinking consternation,
Huh, and won't them rotten stinkers curse and [G] rave,
Yes they'll get what they de-[G7]-serve 'cos they [C] had the blinking [Am] nerve,
To [Dm] muck about with [G7] poor old Grandpa's [C] grave. Oh, [C7]/Oh, [C7]Oh,

[F] Oh mate, [C] don't excavate,
[Dm] Don't desecrate poor [C] Grandpa's [C7] dug out
[F] Oh Fred, [C] although he's dead,
[D7] Let him rumi-[G7] -nate in [C]/ Pe-[F]/-a-[C]/-ce.



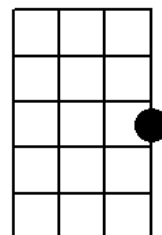
How Much Is That Doggie in The Window

Bob Merrill 1952

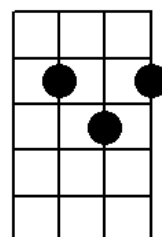
Patti Page hit 1953

[3/4 time]

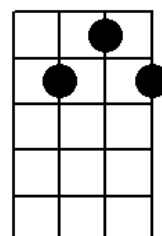
*Chorus How [C] much is that doggie in the [G] window,
 The [G7] one with the wag-er-ly [C] tail.
 How [C] much is that doggie in the [G] window,
 I [G] do hope that [G7] doggie's for [C] sale.*

C

I [C] must take a trip to Cal-i-[G] fornia,
 And [G7] leave my poor sweetheart a [C] lone.
 If [C] he has a dog he won't be [G] lonesome,
 And the [G7] doggie will have a good [C] home. ----- Chorus

G

I [C] read in the paper there are [G] robbers,
 With [G7] flashlights that shine in the [C] dark.
 My [C] love needs a doggie to pro-[G]-tect him,
 And [G7] scare them away with one [C] bark. -----Chorus

G7

I [C] don't want a bunny or a [G] kitty,
 I [G7] don't want a parrot that [C] talks.
 I [C] don't want a bowl of little [G] fishies,
 He [G7] can't take a goldfish for [C] walks. -----Chorus
 Outro -

Yes I - [G] do hope that [G7] Doggie's for [C]! sale. [G7]! [C]!

I Wan'na Be Like You

Robert Sherman & Richard Sherman 1966

4/4 time Intro: [Am] [E7] [Am]

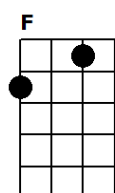
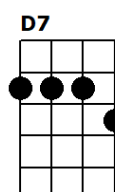
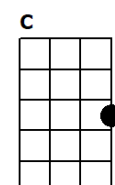
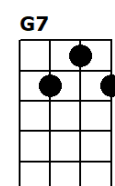
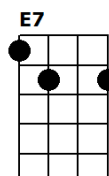
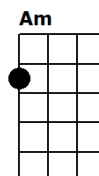
Now [Am] I'm the king of the swingers,
 I'm the jungle V.I.[E7] P,
 [E7] I've reached the top, and had to stop,
 And that's what's botherin' [Am] me.
 [Am] I wan'na be a man, man-cub,
 and stroll right into [E7] town,
 And be just like the other men,
 I'm tired of monkeyin' a-[Am]! round! [G7]/ Oh!

Chorus- [C] Oo-bee-doo!, I wan'na be like [A7] you,
 I wan'na [D7] walk like you, [G7] talk like you [C] too-oo-oo.
 You'll [G7] see it's [C] true-oo oo! An ape like [A7] me-ee-ee,
 Can [D7] learn to be [G7] hu-oo-oo-man [C] too.

Now [Am] don't try to kid me, man-cub,
 I made a deal with [E7] you;
 [E7] What I desire is man's red fire,
 To make my dreams come [Am] true.
 [Am] Give me the secret, man-cub
 Clue me what to [E7] do,
 Give me the power of man's red flower,
 And make my dreams come [Am]/ true. [G7]/ Oh! ---Chorus

I'll [Am] ape your man-ner-isms,
 We'll be a set of [E7] twins,
 No one will know where man-cub ends,
 and orang-u-tang be-[Am]-gins.
 And when I eat bananas,
 I won't peel them with my [E7] feet,
 'Cause I'll become a man, man cub,
 And learn some et-e-[Am]/ keet! [G7] Oh!

[C] Oo-bee-doo!, I wan'na be like [A7] you,
 I wan'na [D7] walk like you, [G7] talk like you [C] too-oo-oo!
 You'll [G7] see it's [C] true-oo oo! An ape like [A7] me-ee-ee,
 Can [F] learn to be [G7] hu-oo-oo-man [C] too. [G7]! [C]!



Leopold Alcocks

Jake Thackeray (1973)

3 / 4 Time Intro [G] [D] [G] [D] [G] [D]

[G] Le-o-pold [] Al-cocks, my [E7] distant re-[Am]-la-tion,
 [D] Came to my [] flat, for a [] brief vi-si-[G]-tation,
 He's [] been here since [] Feb-ru-a-[E7]-ry, damn and blast [Am] him,
 My [D] nerves, and my [] furn-i-ture, [] may not out-[G]-last him!

[C] Le-o-pold [Bm7] Al-cocks is [Am7] ac-ci-dent [Bm7] prone,
 [E7] He's lost my [Am] bathplug, he's [D] ruptured my [G] telephone,
 [C] My an-ti-[Bm7]-rrhi-nums, my [Am7] motor-bikes, my [Bm7] so-fa,
 [E7] There is-n't [Am] an-y-thing [D] he can't trip [G] o - ver!

As he [G] roams through my [] rooms, all my [E7] pus-sy-cats [Am] scat-ter,
 My [D] stat-u-ettes [] trem-ble, then [] plummet, then [G] shatter,
 My [] ta-ble-lamps [] tum-ble with [E7] grim re-gu-[Am]-larity,
 My [D]-cut-glass has [] crum-bled, and [] so has my [G] char-i-ty!

[C] Le-o-pold [Bm7] Al-cocks, an [Am7] un-can-ny [Bm7] crea-ture,
 [E7] He can't take [Am] tea with-out [D] some mis-ad-[G]-venture,
 He looks [C] up from his [Bm7] tea-cup, with a [Am7] smirk on his [Bm7] feat-ures,
 And a [E7] slice of my [Am] porc-el-ain [D] be-tween his [G] dent-ures!

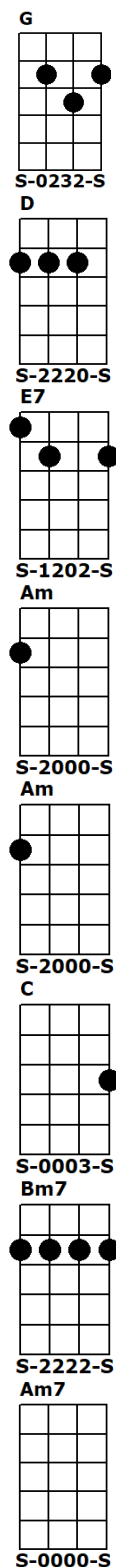
He's [G] up-set my [] gold-fish, he's [E7] jinxed my wis-[Am]-teria,
 My [D] budgie's gone [] broody, my [] tortoise has hys-[G]-teria,
 [G] He cleans my [] tea-pots, my [E7] sauce-pans, with [Am] 'Brasso',
 And [D] leaves choc-olate [] fin-ger-prints [] on my Pi-[G]-cas-so!

[C] Le-o-pold [Bm7] Al-cocks, [Am7] never known to [Bm7] fail,
 [E7] Working his [Am] way through my [D] fake 'Chip pen [G]-dales',
 One [C] blow from his [Bm7] thighs, which are [Am7] fear-somely [Bm7] strong,
 Would [E7] eas-i-ly [Am] frac-ture the [D] wing of a [G] swan!

I [G] brought home my [] bird for some [E7] Turk-ish mouss -[Am]- aka,
 [D] Up looms old [] Leo-pold, I [] know when I'm [G] kna-cker-ed,
 [G] He spills the [] vi-no, the [E7] great ea-ger [Am] beaver,
 [D] Drench-ing her [] jump-suit, and [] my 'joie de [G] vivre'!

[C] Le-o-pold [Bm7] Al-cocks, [Am7] stir-ring my [Bm7] spleen,
 [E7] You are the [Am] grit in my [D] life's 'Vas-el-[G] -ine',
 A [C] pox on you, [Bm7] Al-cocks, you've [Am7] been here since [Bm7] Feb'ry,
 [E7] Go home, and [Am] leave me a- [D] lone with my [G] debris!

So [G] Le-o-pold [] Al-cocks, my [E7] distant re-[Am]-lation,
 Has [D] gone a-way [] home, after [] his vis-i-[G]-ta-tion,
 [G] I glimpsed him [] waving bye-[E7]-bye this last [Am] min-ute,
 [D] Wav-ing his [] hand, with my [] door knob still [G]! in [G]! it!



Living A Ukulele Life

Music -Roberts & Jefferson (1900)

Lyrics Joe Douglas 2018)

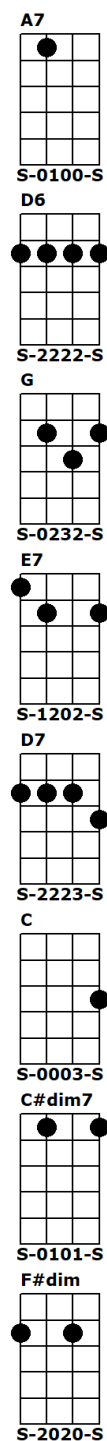
Intro: 4 / 4 Time [A7] [D6] [G] [G]///

I got a [E7] Ukulele dog and a [A7] Ukulele cat,
 And [F#dim] Ukuleles hanging in my [G] Ukulele flat.
 I wear [G] Ukulele [C#dim] cloths from [D6] hat to [D7] shoes,
 I read a paper called the [G] Ukulele News.
 I got [E7] Ukulele Habits and I [A7] talk that way,
 I [F#dim] dream of Ukuleles and I [G] strum all day.
 I got [C] Ukulele [C#dim] troubles with my [G] Uk-e-hate-in' [E7] wife,
 I'm [A7] trying to live a [D6] Ukulele [G] life.

I got a [E7] Ukulele bike that I [A7] pedal around,
 With a [F#dim] Ukulele bell that makes a [G] Ukelele sound.
 When I pedal down the [C#dim] street people [D6] stop and [D7] say
 "There goes Joe having a [G] Ukulele day,"
 I [E7] go out in the countryside and [A7] over the moors,
 My [F#dim] Ukulele bell, well it [G] opens many doors.
 Where I [C] get out my Uku-[C#dim]-lele and I [G] sing some [E7] songs,
 After [A7] several free ales then I [D6] pedal back [G] home.

To my [E7] Ukulele dog and my [A7] Ukulele cat,
 And [F#dim] all my Ukuleles in my [G] little Uke-e- flat.
 I live all [C#dim] alone 'cos the [D6] wife has [D7] gone,
 She just couldn't stand my [G] ukulele songs,
 I got [E7] Ukulele habits and I [A7] talk that way,
 I [F#dim] dream of Ukuleles and I [G] strum all day.
 So [C] if you want to [C#dim] live a [G] Ukulele [E7] life,
 Be [A7] certain to wed a Uku-[D7]-lele lovin' [G] wife.

Be [A7] certain to wed a -
 Uku-[D7]!-le-[D7]!-le-[D7]!-lovin' [G] wife. [D7]! [D7]! [G]!



My Old Man's a Dustman

L. Donegan, P. Buchanan, B Thorn. (a.k.a. Leslie Bricusse),

Lonnie Donegan UK No. 1 1960

INTRO - sung with gravitas.

Now [F] here's a [Am] little [D] story, [G] to tell it [G7] is a [C] must,
 [F] About an [Am] un-sung hero [D] that moves [G7] away your [C] dust.
 Some people [G] make a fortune, [C] others [F] earn a mint,
 [C] My [G] old man don't earn [C] much, in [G] fact he's [G7] flippin' skint. [C] [C7][C]

Chorus - sing as first verse

*Oh [F] my old man's a dustman, he wears a dustman's [C] hat,
 He wears gor blimey trousers, and lives [C7] in a council [F] flat.
 He looks a proper naana, in his [F7] great big hobnailed [Bb] boots,
 He's [C] got such a job to pull them up, he calls them [C7] daisy [F] roots.*

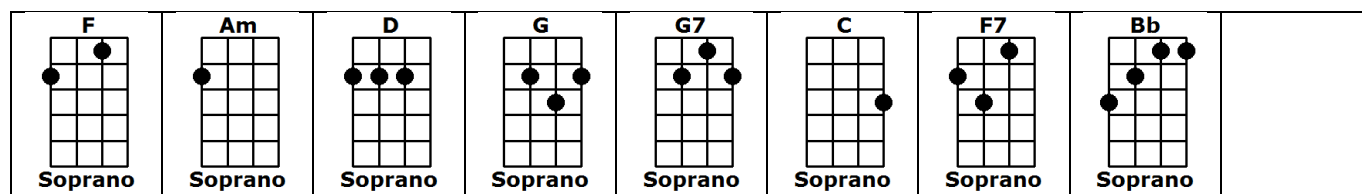
Some [F] folks give tips at Christmas, and some of them [C] forget,
 So when he picks their bins up, he [C7] spills some on the [F] step.
 Now one old man got nasty, and [F7] to the council [Bb] wrote.
 Next [C] time my old man went round there, he [C7] punched him up the [F] throat. ---chorus

[F] My old Man's a dustman, he's got a heart of [C] gold,
 He got married recently, though he's [C7] eighty-six years [F] old.
 We said "'ere hang on Dad, you're [F7] getting past your [Bb] prime"
 He said [C] "When you get to my age, it [C7] helps to pass the [F] time". -----chorus

One [F] day while in a hurry he missed a lady's [C] bin.
 He hadn't gone but a few yards, when [C7] she chased after [F] him.
 "What game do you think you're playing", she [F7] cried right from the [Bb] heart,
 "You've [C] missed me. And I too late?", "Na-a, [C7] jump upon the [F] cart". -----chorus

He [F] found a Tiger's head one day, nailed to a piece of [C] wood,
 The Tiger looked quite miserable, as [C7] I suppose he [F] should.
 Just then from out a window, a [F7] voice began to [Bb] wail,
 [C] "Hey where's me Tiger's head", [C7] "Four foot from his [F] tail".

[F] My old man's a dustman, he wears a dustman's [C] hat,
 He wears got blimey trousers, and [C7] lives in a council [F] flat.
 Next time you see a dustman [F7] looking all pale and [Bb] sad,
 Don't [C] kick him in the dustbin, it [C7] might be my old [F] Dad.



Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da

Lennon & McCartney. 1968

The Beatles "White Album". UK No.1 for Marmalade 1968/9

4 / 4 Time. Reggae like

Suggested Basic Strum 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 +
 (Up Strums Louder) ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑

Intro: [D], [A], [D]

[D] Desmond has a barrow in the [A] marketplace,
 Molly is the singer in a [D] band.
 Desmond says to Molly "Girl I [G] like your face",
 and Molly [D] says this as she [A] takes him by the [D] hand.

"Ob-la-di, Ob-la-da, life goes on, [G] bra-a!
 [D] La-la, how the [A] life goes [D] on. "

[D] Desmond takes a trolley to the [A] jeweller's store,
 Buys a 20-carat golden [D] ring.
 Takes it back to Molly waiting [G] at the door,
 And as he [D] gives it to her [A] she begins to [D] sing.

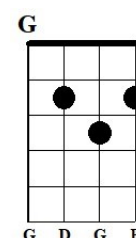
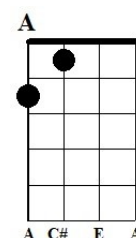
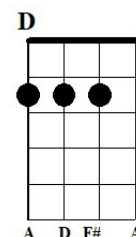
"Ob-la-di, Ob-la-da, life goes on, [G] bra-a!
 [D] La-la, how the [A] life goes [D] on. "

In a couple of [G] years they have built a home sweet [D] home, [D],
 [G] With a couple of kids running in the yard,
 Of [D] Desmond and Molly [A] Jones.

[D] Happy ever after in the [A] marketplace,
 Desmond lets the children lend a [D] hand.
 Molly stays at home and does her [G] pretty face,
 And in the [D] evening she still [A] sings it with the [D] band.

"Ob-la-di, Ob-la-da, life goes on, [G] bra-a!
 [D] La-la, how the [A] life goes [D] on."

"Ob-la-di, Ob-la-da, life goes on, [G] bra-a!
 [D] La-la, how the [A] life goes [D] on." [A] [D]! [A]! [D]!



Salvation Band

Original by Roger Watson. This version is from my memory (40+years later)

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 up like [C] hornets.

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.
 The' was [F] Jackson's lad from [C] across the street – he [G7] were a right young [C] villain,
 When t' col-[F]-lection box come [C] round to him he made [G7] off with fifteen [C] shillings.

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

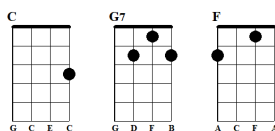
Now t' [C] man, as stood and waved the stick looked tall as half the [G7] houses,
 He'd [F] got a grand new [C] uniform with [G7] gold braid down his [C] trousers.
 Be-[F]-hind him stood little [C] Tommy Jones with his [G7] young grey pup called [C] Dusty,
 And [F] Pup must have thought man [C] was a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

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

Now[C] t'rest thought t'band weren't up to much, but me, I didn't [G7] mind 'em,
 So [F] when they upped and [C] marched away, I [G7] marched away be-[C]-hind 'em.
 They [F] marched t' t'other [C] side of town, t [G7] streets I'd never [C] been in,
 And [F] finished in t' yard of a [C] public house, that me [G7] Dad said I shouldn't be [C] seen in.

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

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



Shame and Scandal in the Family

Original tune by Lancelot Pinard (Sir Lancelot) 1942

Based on the Lyrics from the Lance Percival Hit 1965

4 / 4 Time Steady Calypso Rhythm

*Eh! [A] Woe, is [D] me, [A] shame and scandal in the [D] fam-i-ly.
Eh! [A] Woe, is [D] me, [A] shame and scandal in the [D] fam-i-ly.*

In [D] Trinidad there was a [A] fam-i-ly,
With [A] much confusion as [D] you will see.
There was a [D] mama and a papa, and a [G] boy who was grown,
Who [A] wanted to marry with a wife of his own.

So he [D] found a young girl, that [A] suited him nice,
He [A] went to his papa to [D] ask his advice.
His [D] papa said son, [G] I have to say no.
That [A] girl is your sister but your mama don't [D] know.

*Eh! [A] Woe, is [D] me, [A] shame and scandal in the [D] fam-i-ly.
Eh! [A] Woe, is [D] me, [A] shame and scandal in the [D] fam-i-ly.*

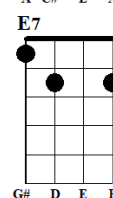
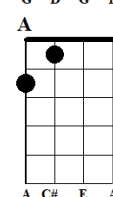
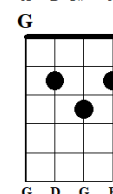
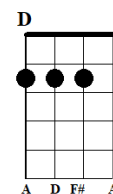
The [D] weeks went by and the [A] summer came round,
And [A] soon the best cook in the [D] island he found.
Her [D] Akie Rice and [G] fish was great,
So he [A] went to his papa to name the date.

But his [D] papa just stood and [A] shook his head,
And [A] once again to his [D] son he said,
You can't [D] marry that girl, I [G] have to say no,
That [A] girl is your Auntie, but your Granny don't [D] know.

*Eh! [A] Woe, is [D] me, [A] shame and scandal in the [D] fam-i-ly.
Eh! [A] Woe, is [D] me, [A] shame and scandal in the [D] fam-i-ly.*

Now He [D] went to his mama and [A] covered his head,
And [A] told his mama what his [D] papa had said.
His [D] mama she laughed, she said [G]! go, [G]! man, [G]! go,
Your [A] daddy ain't your daddy, but your daddy don't [D] know.

*Eh! [A] Woe, is [D] me, [A] shame and scandal in the [D] fam-i-ly.
Eh! [A] Woe, is [D] me, [A] shame and scandal in the [D] fam-i-ly. [A] [D]! [D]! [D]!*



Shortness of Sight

Composer - anon.

Recorded by The Spinners folk group.

3 / 4 Time

Chorus Oh [D] pity, Oh pity, Oh [E7] pity my plight,
And [A] all those who suffer from [A7] shortness of [D] sight.

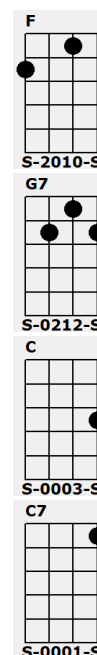
On a [D] stage in a hall I [E7] never feel frightened,
No [A] matter how much the audience [A7] is [D] lightened,
I stand there so brave going [E7] to the attack,
I can [A] never see more than seven [A7] rows [D] back. -----CHORUS

Well the [D] ring road round town with its [E7] sodium lights,
When [A] approached from a distance is a wonder-[A7]-ful [D] sight,
Lots of tall lamp posts in [E7] neat little rows,
They [A] look like chrysanthemums growing[A7] on [D] poles. -----CHORUS

Well [D] last week I'd noticed it [E7] more than most,
I'd [A] Written a letter and I wanted [A7] the [D] post,
When I got to the box and I [E7] looked at it close,
It was a [A] little fat woman in a straight cut [A7] red [D] coat, -----CHORUS

At [D] sport I'm no good and I [E7] never will be,
I [A] couldn't play football so they made me [A7] refer-[D]-ee,
I saw all the fouls and the [E7] sly offside passes.
'til a [A] big centre forward come and smashed in [A7] me [D] glasses. --CHORUS

Oh [D] whistling at the girls I [E7] did at my leisure,
But [A] now I must seek alterna-[A7]-tive [D] pleasure,
I whistled a girl she had [E7] hair long and yeller,
It [A] cost me a thumping for she was [A7] a [D] feller. -----CHORUS



Splish Splash.

Bobby Darin & Jean Murray 1958
Hit 1958

Bobby Darin Hit 1958 and Charlie Drake

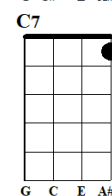
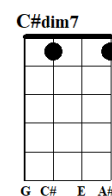
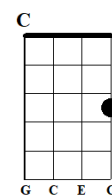
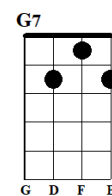
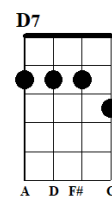
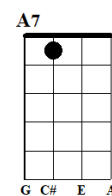
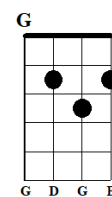
4 / 4 Time. Intro: **[G]!** First note **E3**

[G] Splish, Splash, I was taking a bath,
'long about a Saturday night.
A rub dub, relaxing in the tub,
[A7] Thinking everything was all **[D7]** right.
Well I **[G]** stepped out of the tub,
Put my **[G7]** feet on the floor,
I **[C]** wrapped the towel a-round me
and I **[C#dim7]** opened up the door.
And then a **[G]** splish splash,
I **[D7]** jumped back in the bath,
Well **[G]** how was I to know
there was a party going on.

*They were **[G]** splishin' and a splashin' Rollin' and a strollin'
[G] reelin' with the feelin; **[C]** Yeah! **[C]** Oh **[G]** Yeah! **[G]**
[D7] Rockin' and a rollin', **[C]** Movin' and a strollin'. **[G]** Yeah!*

[G] Bing bang I saw the whole gang,
Dancing on my living room rug.
Flip flop they were doing the hop,
All the **[A7]** teens had the dancing **[D7]** bug.
There was **[G]** Lollipop and **[G7]** Peggy Sue,
Good **[C]** Golly Miss Molly was **[C#dim7]** even there too.
A well a **[G]** splish, splash, I for-**[D7]**-got about the bath,
i **[G]** went and put my dancing shoes on.

*I was a **[G]** splishin' and a splashin' Rollin' and a strollin'
[G] reelin' with the feelin; **[C]** Yeah! **[C]** Oh **[G]** Yeah! **[G]**
[D7] Rockin' and a rollin', **[C]** Movin' and a strollin'. **[G]** Yeah! **[G]**
[D7] Rockin' and a rollin' **[C]** Movin' and a strollin'.*



Last Bar

Beat	1	2	3	4
	[G]↓ Yeah!	[G]↓ Yeah!	[G]↓ Yeah!	[G]↑ Yeah!
	[G]↓ Yeah!			

Sugarbush

Fred Michel (1930)

Doris Day & Frankie Laine Duet (1952)

4 / 4 Time. Intro:	Beat	3	4	1	2	3	4
	Tap on Uke	tap	TAP	tap	TAP	TAP	Oh

[G] Sugar-[Gmaj7]¹²-bush I [G7]¹² love you [C]¹² so, [Tap Intro]
 [C] I will [D7] never let you [G]¹² go. [Tap Intro]
 So, [G] don't you [C] let your [G] mother [D7]¹² know, [Tap Intro]
 Sugarbush I love you [G] so.

*Chorus - Oh, we're [G] never not gonna go home,
 We [C] won't [G] go, we [C] won't [G] go,
 Oh, we're [A7] never not gonna go home,
 'Cos [D] mother [A] isn't [D7] home.*

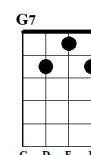
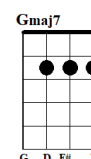
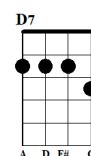
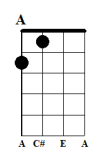
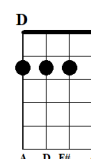
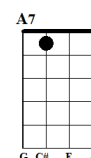
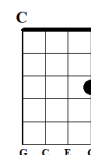
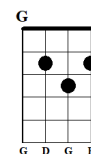
[G] Sugar-[Gmaj7]¹²-bush what [G7]¹² can I [C]¹² do, [Tap Intro]
 [C] Mother's [D7] not so pleased with [G]¹² you, [Tap Intro]
 Promise me you will be [D7]¹² true, [Tap Intro]
 And, I'll come along with [G] you. ----- Chorus

Oh, [G] Sugar-[Gmaj7]¹²-bush come [G7]¹² dance with [C]¹² me, [Tap Intro]
 And [C] Let the [D7] other fellows [G]¹² be. [Tap Intro]
 Just dance the Polka merr-i-[D7]¹²-ly, [Tap Intro]
 Sugarbush come dance with [G] me. ----- Chorus

[G] Choc-o-[Gmaj7]¹²-late you [G7]¹² are so [C]¹² sweet, [Tap Intro]
 [C] You, yes [D7] you I'd like to [G]¹² eat, [Tap Intro]
 If I do oh what a [D7]¹² treat, [Tap Intro]
 Choc-o-late you are so [G] sweet. ----- Chorus

Outro:

[G] Sugar-[Gmaj7]¹²-bush I [G7]¹² love you [C]¹² so, [Tap Intro]
 [C] I will [D7] never let you [G]¹² go. [Tap Intro]
 So, [G] don't you [C] let your [G] mother [D7]¹² know, [Tap Intro]
 Sugarbush I love you [G]¹² so. [Tap Intro] [G]! [G]!



The Mechanical Blackbird.

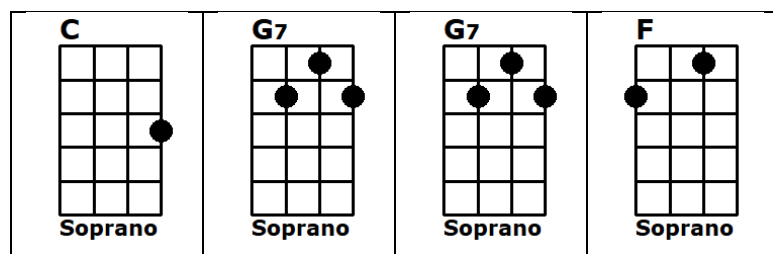
As I [C] walked out across pica-[G7]-dilly,
 One evening before it was [C] spring.
 As the lay-a-bout slept on [C7] the [F] benches,
 A sweet [C] blackbird [G7] to [C] sing. -----Chorus

Chorus *To my [C] tweedle-ay-eedle-ay-eedle ay-[G7]-aye,
 My tweedle-ay-eedle-ay-[C]-ee,
 I heard the sweet voice of [C7] 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 at [C] sea.
 With a microphone heart in [C7] 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 Mecha-[C7]-nical [F] 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 [C7] may be [F] pretty,
 It [C] isn't like [G7] being [C] alive. -----Chorus



When You Come To The End Of A Lollipop

Al Hoffman / Dick Manning

Max Bygraves - 1960

Slow 3 / 4 Time. Intro: [F] [G7] [C]

[C] When you come to the **[F]** end of a **[C]** Lollipop,
To the end, to the end of a **[G]** Lollipop,
When you come to the end of a **[C]** Lollipop,
[F] Plop! **[G7]** Goes your **[C]** heart. **[C]**

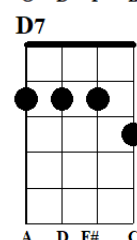
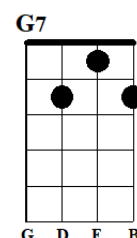
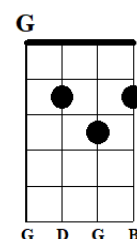
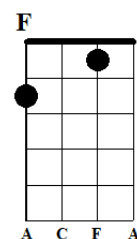
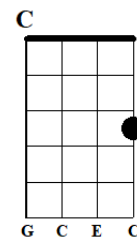
[D7] Gilly oh Golly how I **[G]** love my Lolly,
Right **[C]** down to the very last **[G]** lick.
[D7] But when you're **[D7]** through with it, **[G]** What can you do with it?
[D7] All you have **[D7]** left is the **[G]** stick. **[G7]**

[C] When you come to the **[F]** end of a **[C]** Lollipop,
To the end, to the end of a **[G]** Lollipop,
When you come to the end of a **[C]** Lollipop,
[F] Plop! **[G7]** Goes your **[C]** heart. **[C]**

[D7] Gilly oh Golly how I **[G]** love my Lolly,
Through **[C]** Winter and Summer and **[G]** Spring.
[D7] But when you're **[D7]** done it's a-**[G]**-bout as much fun,
As a **[D7]** Yo-Yo without any **[G]** string. **[G7]**

[C] When you come to the **[F]** end of a **[C]** Lollipop,
To the end, to the end of a **[G]** Lollipop,
When you come to the end of a **[C]** Lollipop,
[F] Plop! **[G7]** Goes your **[C]** heart. **[C]**

Outro: [F] Pop! [G7] Goes your [C] heart. [C]!
Suggested tune (A0-plop, A2-goes. A2-your, a3-Heart)



Where Will It Be?

Bob Merrill & M Hoffman (1955)

Rosemary Clooney UK No. 6 in 1955

4 / 4 Time Intro: [C] [G7] [C]¹²³

Every [C] night we stay at [C7] home, My [F] love and me a-[C]-lone,
[G7] Making [C] wishes over dishes in the [G7] sink.
Will our [C] bundle full of joy [C7] be a [F] darling girl or [C] boy,
Will the [C] booties be a [G7] baby blue or [C] pink.

*On the [C] baby's knuckle or the baby's knee,
[F] Where will the baby's [C] dimple be?
[C] Baby's cheek or [F] baby's, [C] chin, seems to me It'll [F] be a [C] sin.
If it's [C] always [G] covered by a [G7] safety [C] pin,
[C] Where will the [G7] dimple [C] be? - [Tacet] Where [C] will it [G7] be?*

Now I [C] wake up ev'ry [C7] night, with [F] such an appet-[C]-ite,
[G7] Eat a [C] chocolate pie topped off with sour-[G7]-kraut.
The I [C] put some records on. [C7] munch on [F] crackers until [C] dawn,
And just [C] sit all night and [G7] try to work it [C] out.

*On the [C] baby's knuckle or the baby's knee,
[F] Where will the baby's [C] dimple be?
[C] Baby's cheek or [F] baby's, [C] chin, seems to me It'll [F] be a [C] sin.
If it's [C] always [G] covered by a [G7] safety [C] pin,
[C] Where will the [G7] dimple [C] be? - [Tacet] Where [C] will it [G7] be?*

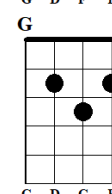
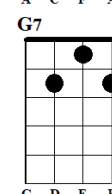
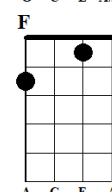
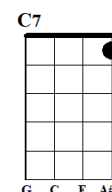
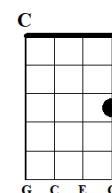
While I [C] play the clinging [C7] vine, I [F] watch that love of [C] mine,
Buildin' [C] cradles while I'm pecking at his [G7] cheek.
Not just [C] one but two or [C7] three twins run [F] in my fam-[C]-ily,
And my [C] cousin jane had [G7] triplets just last [C] week,

*On the [C] baby's knuckles or the baby's knees,
[F] Where will the baby's [C] dimples be?
[C] Baby's cheeks or [F] baby's, [C] chins, seems to me It'll [F] be a [C] sin.*

Slowing

If they're [C] always [G] covered by the [C]! safe-[C]!-ty [C]! pins, Pause 2 beats

Normal Speed: [C] Where will the [G7] dimples [C] be? [C]! [C]!



Bubbles

Bob Merrill 1955

Frankie Laine Hit 1955

4 / 4 Time [C] [D] [G] [C]

[C] Bubbles, *Boo-d-ly-oob-ly*, [D] bubbles, *Boo-d-ly-oob-ly*,
 [G] Why are my love affairs just [C] bubbles. *Boo-d-ly-oob-ly*
 When-[C]-ever I fall if I [F#dim7] give her a call there's a [G] busy line,
 With my [G] kinda luck I not [F#dim7] only get stuck but I [C] lose my dime.

[C] There only troubles, *Boo-d-ly-oob-ly*, [D] troubles *Boo-d-ly-oob-ly*,
 [G] And when I care the most they [C] double, *Boo-d-ly-oob-ly*
 [C] I get a hug and I [C] know I should stop.
 [D] Then comes a kiss [D] and I float to the top.
 [G7] Right to the stars in the sky
 Then it's pop [G7]! [G7]!

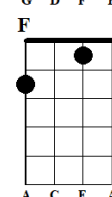
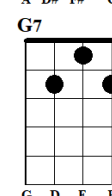
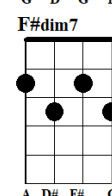
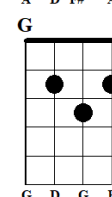
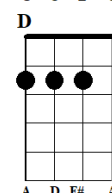
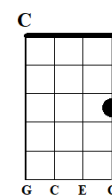
[C] Tumblin', tumblin', tumblin', tumblin', [F] Down [G7] I [C] go,
 It was a [D7] bubble *Boo-d-ly-oob-ly*,
 [G] Bubbles *Boo-d-ly-oob-ly*,
 [C] bubbles, bubbles, bubbles,
 Every [G7] *Boo-d-ly-oob-ly*, [C] time.

[C] I get a hug and I [C] know I should stop.
 [D] Then comes a kiss [D] and I float to the top.
 [G7] Right to the stars in the sky
 Then it's pop [G7]! [G7]!

[C] Tumblin', tumblin', tumblin', tumblin', [F] Down [G7] I [C] go,
 It was a [D] bubble *Boo-d-ly-oob-ly*,
 [G] Bubbles *Boo-d-ly-oob-ly*,
 [C] bubbles, bubbles, bubbles,
 Every [G7] *Boo-d-ly-oob-ly*, [C] time.

Outro:

[G7] *Boo-d-ly-oob-ly*, [G7] *Boo-d-ly-oob-ly*, [G7] *Boo-d-ly-oob-ly*, [C] Time. [C]!



Tell Me A Story

Terry Gilkyson 1953

Frankie Laine with Jimmy Boyd UK No. 5 hit 1953

4 / 4 Time. 100 bpm Intro: [C]! [C]! Start Note E0

Note: Outro: added by Joe Douglas (Ukulele-Joe)

[C] Oh worry worry, [G] weary [G7] ends my [C] day,
 [F] Comes the time to [C] go home, with [D] out my raise in [G] pay.
 [F*] Home by the [G7] fire where a [F] man can just re-[C]- lax.
 [F] Slippers there, [C] by the chair, [F] Not a worry, not a [C] care
 [F*] Along comes [C] jun-[A]- ior [D] swinging his [G] little [C] axe.

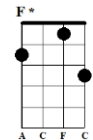
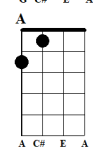
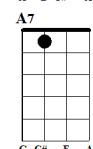
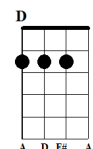
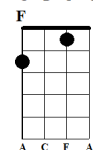
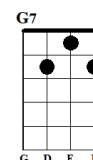
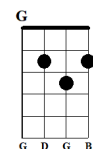
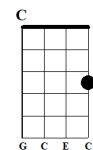
*[C] Tell me a story, [F] tell me a [C] story,
 Tell me a story re-[D]-member what you [G7] said,
 [C] Tell me about the birds and bees, [F] How do you make a chicken sneeze,
 [C] Tell me a [A7] story, [D] then I'll [G7] go to [C] bed.*

[C] Came home so late one [G] evening [G7] last [C] July,
 [F] Played a little [C] poker, the [D] time had passed me [G] by,
 [F*] Shoes in my [G7] hand and my [F] darling wife in [C] bed,
 [F] Up the stairs, [C] saying a prayer, [F] then a voice comes [C] through the air,
 [F*] Hi Ya there [C] dad-[A]-dy, [D] remember[G7] what you [C] said.

*[C] Tell me a story, [F] tell me a [C] story,
 Tell me a story re-[D]-member what you [G7] said,
 [C] Tell me how your eye got black, [F] because the doorway hit you back,
 [C] Tell me a [A7] story, [D] then I'll [G7] go to [C] bed.*

[C] Once upon a time I re-[G]-member [G7] long [G] ago,
 [F] I won't go back in [C] history, my [D] mem'ry's kind of [G] slow.
 So [F*] stop your noisy [G7] talking 'and I'll [F] finish with my [C] tale.
 [F] Just remember [C] what I said, [F] get yourself back [C] into bed,
 [F*] I'll tell about the [C] fish I [A] caught that's [D] bigger [G7] than a [C] whale.

Outro: *[C] Thanks for the story, [F] thanks for the [C] story,
 Thanks for the story-[D]-a-buzzing in my [G7] head,
 [C] I'll snuggle down and go to sleep, [F] and try to be good all next week.,
 [C] Thanks for the [A7] story, now[D]¹² you can [G7]¹² go to [C]! bed. [C]!*



Nowt so Queer as Folk

Fivepenny Piece (1980)

Apologies to Fivepenny Piece for the added last verse. Joe Douglas (Ukulele-Joe)

4 / 4 Time. Intro: [C]¹² [G7]¹² [C] Sing Chorus to Start

Chorus: *There's* [C] Nowt so queer as folk you know, [D] Nowt so queer as folk,
[G] Strong in t' arm and weak in t' [G7] head, [G] Slow to learn and easy [G7] led.
[C] Fat or thin or wick or dim, [D] Rich or nearly broke,
[G] One thing's very clear to me, *There's* nowt so [G7] queer as folk. [C]

[F] Strong in t' arm and [C] weak in t' head, [G7] That's the tale of [C] uncle Fred,
Who [F] built a hen cote [C] on the hill.
With [D7] greatest speed but [G] not much skill.
He [F] built it wide and [C] not very tall,
He [G7] nailed the roof on [C] last of all.
He's [F] still inside lying [C] on the floor,
the [D7] silly old fool for-[G]-got the [G7] door. *There's* -----Chorus

[F] The day me father's [C] bike broke down, He [G7] went to see old [C] parson Brown
He'd [F] lend his grid iron [C] is that all,
or per-[D7]-haps he'll hell as [G] like an' all
He's [F] awful mean me [C] father thought,
and [G7] every mile more [C] anger brought
So he [F] knocked on t' [C] vicar's door with dread,
You can [D7] stuff your ruddy [G] bike" he [G7] said. *There's* -----Chorus

Me [F] granddad's pushing [C] 93, Not as [G7] fit as thee or [C] me,
[F] Granny said t' other [C] night in bed,
[D7] "Bite me, like you [G] used to Fred"
She [F] nagged him nearly [C] off his head,
'till [G7] finally me [C] Granddad said,
[F] "Stretch me memory, [C] blast her health,
Fetch me [D7] teeth off t' [G] bathroom [G7] shelf" *There's* -----Chorus

[F] I bought a Uke the [C] other day, [G7] just to see if I could [C] play,
I [F] plugged in my amp to [C] swell the sound,
[D7] and all the neighbours [G7] swarmed around.
They [F] didn't like the singing [C] or the songs,
I [G7] didn't like the hammers they'd [C] brought along.
[F] They smashed me amp, me [C] Uke as well,

And [D7] then told me to [G] go to[G7] - W-e-l-l *There's*
[C] Nowt so queer as folk you know, [D] Nowt so queer as folk,
[G] Strong in t' arm and weak in t' head, Slow to learn and [C] easy led.
[C] Fat or thin or wick or dim, [D] Rich or nearly broke,
[G] One thing's very clear to me,
There's [G]! nowt [G]! so [G7]! queer [G]! as [C]! folk. [C]! [C]! [C]!

