

Ukulele-Joe Song Collection

Volume 1

A Personal collection of 30 songs that I enjoy singing.

Fret diagrams for GCEA tuned Ukuleles are provided for all songs

joe@ukulele-joe.co.uk

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This is my own interpretation of this song and is to be used for educational purposes only

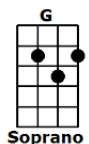
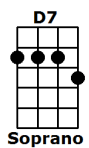
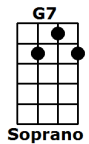
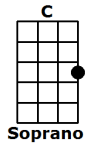
joe@ukulele-joe.co.uk

Amazing Grace**3/4 Time**

A-[G]-mazing [G7] grace, how [C] sweet the [G] sound,
 That [G] saved a wretch like [D7] me;
 I [G] Once was [G7] lost, but [C] now am [G] found,
 Was [G] blind, but [D7] now I [G] see.

'twas [G] grace that [G7] taught my [C] heart to [G] fear,
 and [G] grace my fears re-[D7]-lieved;
 how [G] Precious [G7] did that [C] grace app-[G] -ear,
 The [G] hour I [D7] first be-[G]-lieved!

Through [G] many [G7] dangers, [C] toils and [G] snares,
 [G] I have already [D7] come;
 'tis [G] Grace that [G7] brought me [C] safe thus [G] far,
 nd [G] grace will [D7] lead me [G] home!



A Christmas Carol

Tom Lehrer 1954

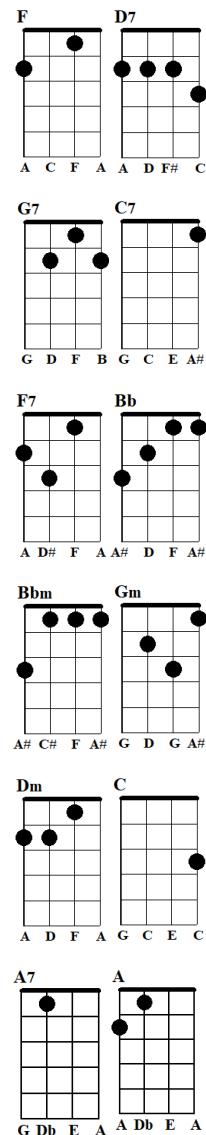
[F] Christmas time is here by [D7] golly,
 [G7] Dis-approval [C7] would be folly,
 [F] Deck the [F7] halls with [Bb] hunks of [Bbm] holly,
 [F] Fill the cups and [G7] don't say [C7] when.
 [F] Kill the Turkeys ducks and [D7] chickens, `
 [G7] Mix punch the drag [C7] out the Dickens,
 [F] Even [F7] though the [Bb] prospect [Bbm] sickens,
 [F] Brother [Gm] here we [C7] go a-[F]-gain.

On Christmas [F7] Day you [Bb] can't get sore,
 Your [Bbm] fellow man you [F] must adore,
 There's [Dm] time to rob him [F] all the [G7] more,
 The [C7] other three [G7] hundred and [C7] sixty four.

Re-[F]-lations sparing no ex-[D7]-pence 'll
 [G7] sent some useless [C7] old utensil,
 [F] Or a [F7] matching [Bb] pen and [Bbm] pencil,
 [F] Just the thing I [G7] need, - How [C7] Nice!
 It [F] doesn't matter how sin-[D7]-cere it [G7] is,
 nor how heart-[C7]-felt the spirit,
 [F] Sen-ti-[F7]-ment will [Bb] not en-[Bbm]-dear it,
 [F] what's im-por-[Gm]-tant [C7] is the [F] price.

Hark the He-[C] rald [F] Tribune [C] sings,
 [F] Ad-vert-[Gm]-ising [F] won-[C]-drous [F] things,
 God [Dm] Rest Ye [A7] Merry [Dm] Mer-chants
 [A7] May you [Bb] make the [Dm] Yule-[Gm]-tide [A] pay,
 [F] Angels we have [C7] heard on [F] high,
 [F] Tell us to go [C7] out and [F] buy!

[C7] So! [F] Let the raucous sleigh bells [D7] jingle,
 [G7] Hail our dear old [C7] friend Kris Kringle,
 [F] Driving his [C7] reindeer a [D7] cross the [Gm] sky.
 [D7] Don't [Gm] stand underneath when [F] they [C7] fly [F] by. [C7]// [F]!



A White Sports Coat.

Marty Robbins 1957

A [C] white sports coat and a [Dm] pink car [G7] nation,
 [F] I'm all dressed [G7] up for the [C] dance, [G7]
 A [C] white sports coat and a [Dm] pink car [G7] nation,
 [F] I'm all a [G7] lone in ro-[C] -mance. [F] [C]

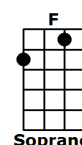
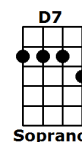
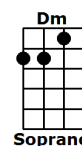
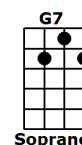
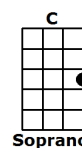
[G7] Once you told me long ago,
 [C] To the church with me you'd go,
 [D7] Now you've changed your mind it seems,
 [G7] Someone else will hold my dreams

A [C] white sports coat and a [Dm] pink car [G7] nation,
 [F] I'm in a [G7] blue, blue, [C] mood. [G7] [C]

A [C] white sports coat and a [Dm] pink car [G7] nation,
 [F] I'm all dressed [G7] up for the [C] dance, [G7]
 A [C] white sports coat and a [Dm] pink car [G7] nation,
 [F] I'm all a [G7] lone in ro-[C] -mance. [F] [C]

[G7] Once you told me long ago,
 [C] To the church with me you'd go,
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A [C] white sports coat and a [Dm] pink car [G7] nation,
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Be Prepared

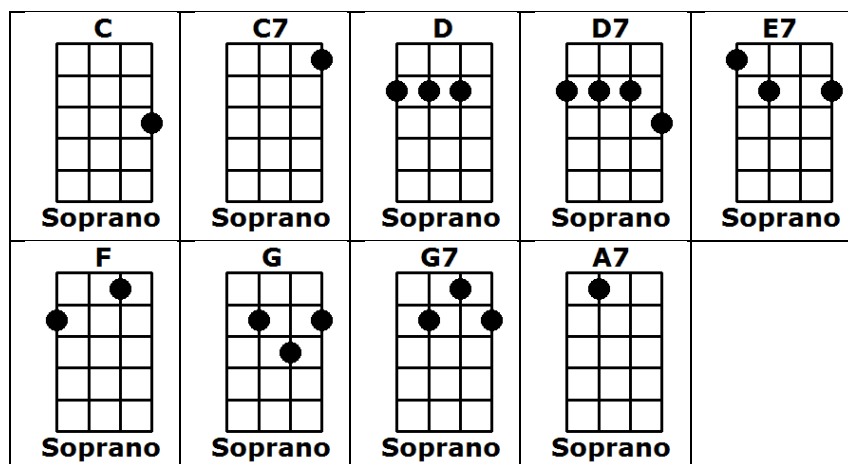
Tom Lehrer 1953

Be [C] Prepared, that's the boy scout's marching song,
 Be [G7] Prepared, as through life you march along,
 Be Pre-[C]-pared to hold your [E7] liquor pretty [A7] well,
 Don't write [D7] naughty words on walls if you can't [G] spell. [G7]

Be [C] prepared to hide that pack of cigarettes,
 Don't make [G7] book, if you cannot cover bets.
 Keep those [C] reefers hidden [C7] where you're sure that [F] they will not be found
 And be [D] careful not to [D7] smoke them when the [G] scout masters a round.
 For he [C] only will in-[F]-sist that they be [D7] shared, [G7]
 Be Pre [C] pared.

Be [C] Prepared, that's the boy scout's solemn creed.
 Be [G7] Prepared, and be clean in word and deed,
 Don't sol-[C]-icit for your [E7] sister, that's not [A7] nice,
 Unless you [D7] get a good percentage of her [G] price. [G7]

Be [C] prepared, and be careful not to do,
 Your good [G7] deeds, when there's no one watching you.
 If you're [C] looking for ad-[C7]-venture of a [F] new and different kind,
 And you [D] come across a [D7] Girl Scout who is [G] similarly inclined,
 Don't be [C] nervous, don't be [F] flustered, don't be [D7] scared. [G7]
 Be [C] Prepared.



Bread and Fishes

Alan J Bell

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

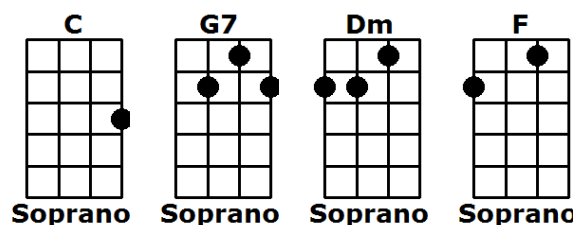
*Chorus With [F] the wind in the [C] willows, And the [F] birds in the [C] sky,
There's a [F] bright sun to [C] warm us, where [Dm] ever we [G7] lie.
We [C] have bread and [F] fishes and a [G7] jug of red [C] wine,
To share on our [Dm] journey with [G7] all of man [C] kind.*

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.

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.

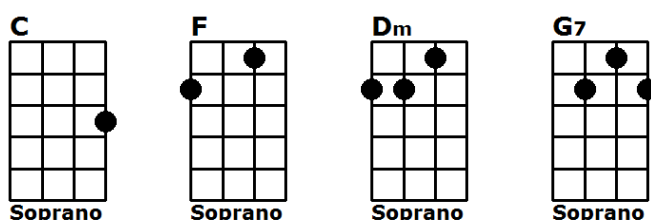
At a [C] private ball I met her in [F] eighteen [C] sixty-[G7]-three;
 I [F] never will [C] forget her, though she [Dm] was unkind to [G7] me.
 I was [F] dressed in the pink of [C] fashion, my [G7] lavender gloves were new
 And we [C] danced the Valse Ci-[F]-cassian, me and [G7] charming Dorothy [C]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



China Doll

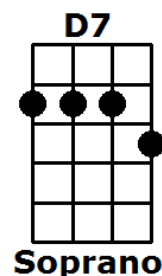
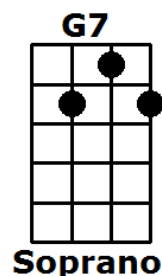
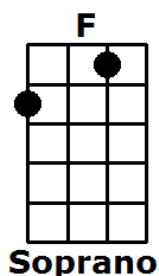
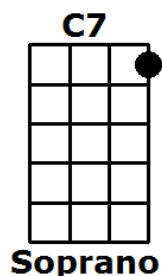
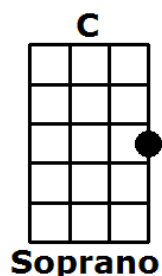
Slim Whitman UK 15th 1955 (Flip side of Rose Marie)

[C] I'm tired of crying, [C7] and all your [F] lying,
That's why I'm [C] buying, a China [G7] doll.
Her eyes are [C] bluer, her [C7] faults are [F] fewer.
Her lips are [C] truer, my [G7] China [C] doll. -----Chorus

Chorus

*I'd [G7] rather have a doll of clay that [C] I could call my own,
Than [D7] someone else just like you, [G7] With a heart of stone.
She'll [G7] never [C] leave me, [C7] She'll not de-[F]-ceive me,
And never [C] grieve me my, [G7] China [C] doll.*

[C] No tears or sorrow [C7] No sad to [F] morrow,
No one can [C] borrow My China [G7] doll
Her eyes are [C] bluer, her [C7] faults are [F] fewer.
Her lips are [C] truer. my [G7] China [C] doll. -----Chorus



The City Of New Orleans

Steve Goodman (1970)

Main hits by Arlo Guthrie (1972) Willie Nelson (1984)

4 / 4 Time. Intro: [Am]¹² [F]¹²³⁴ [G7]¹²³⁴ [C]¹²³⁴

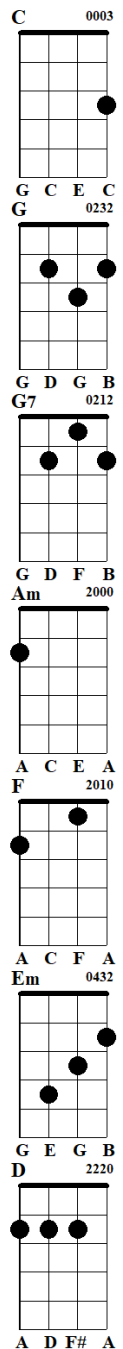
[C] Riding on the [G] City of [G7] New [C] Orleans,
 [Am] Illinois Central, [F] Monday morning [G7] mail,
 [C] Fifteen cars and [G] fifteen [G7] restless [C] riders,
 [Am] Three conductors, [G] twenty-five sacks of [C] mail,
 [Am] All aboard the southbound odyssey, the [Em] train pulls out of Kankakee,
 [G] Rolls along past houses, farms and [D] fields,
 [Am] Passing towns that have no name, [Em] freight yards full of old grey men,
 And the [G] graveyards of [G7] rusted automo-[C]-biles. ----- Chorus

CHORUS: Good [F] morning A-[G7]-merica, how [C] are you?
 Say, [Am] Don't you know me? [F] I'm your native [G] son! [G7]
 I'm the [C] train they call the [G] City of New [Am] Orleans,
 I'll be [F] gone five hundred [G] miles when the day is [C] done

[C] Dealing cards with the [G] old men [G7] in the [C] club car,
 [Am] Penny a point, ain't no [F] one keeping [G7] score,
 [C] Pass the paper [G] bag that [G7] holds the [C] bottle,
 And [Am] feel the wheels a-[G]-grumbling 'neath the [C] floor,
 And the [Am] sons of Pullman porters, and the [Em] sons of engineers,
 [G] Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of [D] steel,
 [Am] Mothers with their babes asleep, [Em] rocking to the gentle beat,
 And the [G] rhythm of the [G7] rails is all they [C] feel.

[C] Night-time on the [G] City [G7] of New [C] Orleans,
 [Am] Changing cars in [F] Memphis, Tennes-[G7]-see.
 [C] Halfway home and [G] we'll be [G7] there by[C] morning,
 Thru the [Am] Mississippi darkness [G] rolling to the [C] sea.
 But [Am] all the towns and people seem to [Em] fade into a bad dream,
 And the [G] steel rail still ain't heard the [D] news.
 The [Am] conductor sings his song again "The [Em] passengers will please refrain
 This [G] train has got the disap-[G7]-pearing Railroad [C] blues."

Outro: Good [F] night A-[G7]-merica, how [C] are you?
 Say, [Am] Don't you know me? [F] I'm your native [G] son! [G7]
 I'm the [C] train they call the [G] City of New [Am] Orleans,
 I'll be [F] gone five hundred [G] miles when the day is [C] done.
 Yes! I'll be [F] gone five hundred [G] miles when the day is [C] done.[G7]! [C]!



Cool Water

Bob Nolan (1936)

All [C] day I've faced the [G7] barren waste
 With-[C]-out the taste of [G7] water, cool [C] water.
 Ole [F] Dan and I with [G7] throats burned dry
 and [C] souls that [F] cry, for [C] water, [G7] cool, clear, [C] water. ---- ----Chorus

Chorus

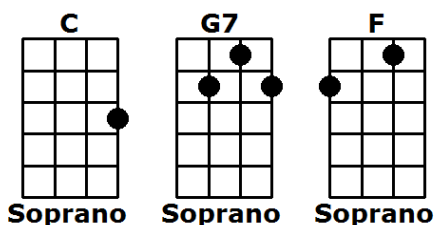
*[C] Keep a movin' Dan don't you [G7] listen to him Dan
 He's the [C] devil, not a man he [G7] spreads the burnin' sand with [C] water.
 Say [F] Dan can't you see that big [C] green tree
 where [F] he water's runnin' free, it's [G7] waiting there for you and [C] me.*

The [C] nights are cool and [G7] I'm a fool
 Each [C] star's a pool of [G7] water.... cool, clear, [C] water.
 And [F] with the dawn [G7] I'll wake and yawn
 and [C] carry [F] on to [C] water, [G7] cool, clear, [C] water. ----- ---Chorus

The [C] shadows sway and [G7] seem to say
 To-[C]-night we pray for [G7] water, cool, clear [C] water.
 And [F] way up there He'll [G7] hear our prayer
 and [C] show us [F] where there's [C] water, [G7] cool, clear [C] water. -----Chorus

Dan's [C] feet are sore he's [G7] yearnin' for
 Just [C] one thing more than [G7] water, cool, clear [C] water.
 Like [F] me I guess he'd [G7] like to rest
 Where [C] there's no [F] quest for [C] water, [G7] cool, clear [C] water.

[G7] cool, clear, [C] water. [G7] cool, clear, [C] water. [G7]![C]!.



Donald Where's Your Troosers

Chorus *Let the [Dm] wind blow high, let the wind blow low,
 [C] Through the streets in ma kilt I'll go,
 [Dm] All the ladies say "Hello.
 [A7] Donald where's your [Dm] troosers?"*

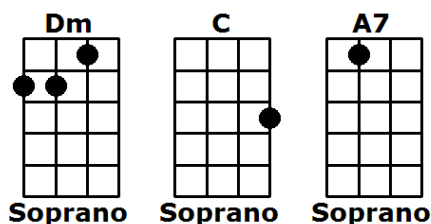
I've [Dm] just come down from the isle of Skye,
 I'm no [C] very big an' I'm awful shy,
 And the [Dm] lassies shout when I go by,
 "[A7] Donald where's your [Dm] troosers?" -----Chorus

[Dm] A lassie took me to a ball,
 And [C] it was slippery in the hall,
 And [Dm] I was feared that I might fall,
 For I [A7] hadnae on ma [Dm] troosers-----Chorus

[Dm] I went down to London town,
 And I [C] had some fun on the underground,
 The [Dm] ladies turned their heads around,
 Saying, "[A7] Donald where are your [Dm] trousers?" -----Chorus

To [Dm] wear the kilt is my delight,
 It [C] is nae wrong, I know it's right,
 The [Dm] Islanders would get a fright,
 If they [A7] saw me in ma [Dm] troosers. -----Chorus

They'd [Dm] like to wed me every wan,
 Just [C] let them catch me if they can.
 You [Dm] cannae take the breeks off a Hielan' man,
 And I [A7] don't wear the [Dm] troosers. -----Chorus



Don't Be Cruel

Otis Blackwell/Elvis Presley (1956) Flip side of "Hound Dog" and No 1 on it's OWN.

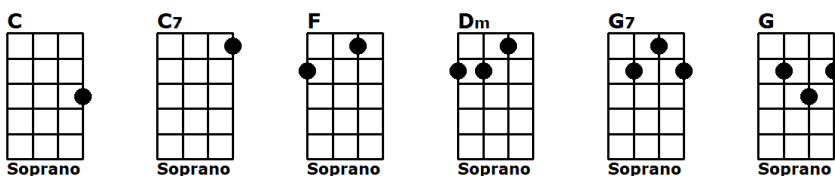
You [C] know I can be found, sittin' here all alone, [C7]
 If [F] you can't come around, then [C] please, please, telephone.
 Don't be [Dm] cruel, [G7]
 To a heart that's [C] true.

[C] Baby if I made you mad, was it something I might have said, [C7]
 [F] Please let's forget the past, the [C] future looks bright ahead.
 Don't be [Dm] cruel, [G7] to a heart that's [C] true,
 I Don't [F] want no other [G7] love,
 [F] Baby it's just [G7] you I'm thinkin' [C] of.

[C] Don't stop thinking of me, don't make me feel this [C7] way,
 [F] Come on over here and love me, you [C] know what I want you to say,
 Don't be [Dm] cruel, [G7] to a heart that's [C] true,
 Why [F] should we be a [G7] part,
 I [F] really love you [G7] baby, Cross my [C] heart.

[C] Let's walk up to the preacher, and let us say I [C7] do,
 [F] Then you'll know you have me, and I'll [C] know that I'll have you,
 Don't be [Dm] cruel, [G7] to a heart that's [C] true.
 [F] I don't want no other [G7] love,
 [F] Baby it's just [G7] you I'm thinkin' [C] of.

Don't be [Dm] cruel, [G7] to a heart that's [C] true,
 Don't be [Dm] cruel, [G7] to a heart that's [C] true,
 [F] I don't want no other [G7] love,
 [F] Baby it's just [G7] you I'm thinkin' [C] of. [G]! [G]! [C]



Fisherman's Friend

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

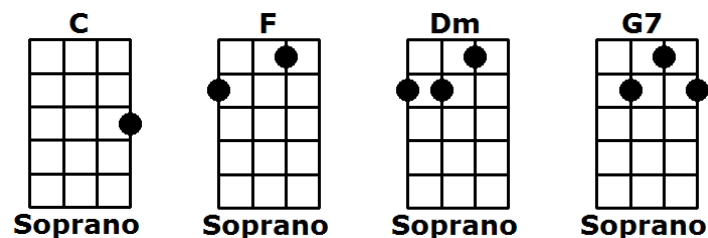
Chorus [C] *Go and have a suck on a* [F] *Fisherman's* [Dm] *friend,*
 [G7] *Don't you dare stop 'till you get to the* [C] *end,*
Take heed of this tip from the [F] *sons of the sea,*
If [G7] *it's alright with sailors, then it's alright with* [C] *me.*

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



Freight Train

Elizabeth Cotton. (Pre-1950) UK No. 5 in 1956 for Chas McDevitt and Nancy Whiskey.

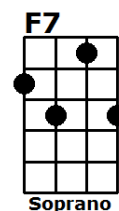
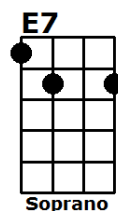
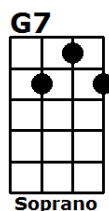
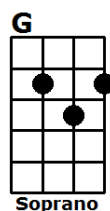
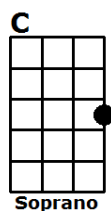
[C] Freight train, Freight train, [G] goin' so [G7] fast,
 Freight train, Freight train, [C] goin' so fast,
 [E7] Please don't tell what [F] train I'm on,
 So they [C] won't know [G] where I'm [C] gone.

[C] Freight train, Freight train, goin' [G] round the [G7] bend,
 Freight train, Freight train, comin' [C] back again,
 [E7] One of these days turn that [F] train around
 And go[C] back to my [G] home [C] town.

[C] One more place I'd [G] like to [G7] be,
 One more place I'd [C] like to see,
 [E7] To watch them old Blue Ridge [F] Mountains climb,
 When I [C] ride old [G] number [C] nine.

[C] When I die Lord, [G] Bury me [G7] deep,
 Down at the end of old [C] Chestnut street,
 [E7] Where I can hear old [F] number nine
 As [C] she comes [G] down the [C] line.

[C] Freight train, Freight train, [G] goin' so [G7] fast,
 Freight train, Freight train, [C] goin' so fast,
 [E7] Please don't tell what [F] train I'm on
 So they [C] won't know [G] where I'm [C] gone.



Ghost Riders In The Sky

Stan Jones (1949)

An [Dm] old cowpoke went riding out one [F] hot and windy day,
 U-[Dm]-pon a ridge he rested as he [F] went along his [A7] way,
 When [Dm] all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw,
 A-[Gm] plowin' through the ragged skies, and [Dm] up the cloudy draw.

Chorus: [Dm] Yip-i-[F]-a, Yip-i-[Dm] o,
 [Bb] ghost riders in the [Dm] sky.

Their [Dm] brands were still on fire and their [F] hoofs were made of steel.
 Their [Dm] horns were black and shiny and their [F] hot breath he could [A7] feel.
 A [Dm] bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky.
 For [Gm] as he saw the riders comin' hard, he could [Dm] hear their mournful cry.

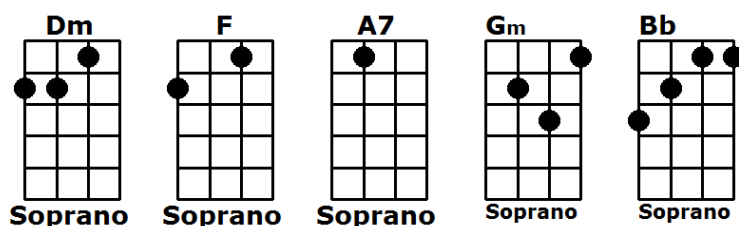
Chorus

Their [Dm] face was gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their [F] shirts all soaked with sweat,
 They're [Dm] riding hard to catch that herd, but [F] they ain't caught it [A7] yet.
 They've [Dm] got to ride forevermore on the range up in the sky,
 On [Gm] horses snorting fire and as they [Dm] ride, I hear them cry.

Chorus

And [Dm] as the riders loped on by he [F] heard one call his name,
 If [Dm] you want to save your soul from hell a [F] ridin' on the [A7] range,
 Then [Dm] cowboy better change your ways or with us you will ride,
 Try-[Gm]-ing to catch the devil's herd a-[Dm]-cross the endless skies.

Chorus



I Guess Things Happen That Way

You ask me [C7] if I'll [F] forget my baby, [C] I guess I will [F] someday,

[C] I don't like it but I [G7] guess things happen that [C] way.

[G7] You [C] ask me [C7] if I'll [F] get along, [C] I guess I will [F] some way,

[C] I don't like it but I [G7] guess things happen that [C] way. [C7]

CHORUS

[F] God gave me that [C] girl to lean on,

[G7] he put me [C] on my own,

[F] Heaven help me [C] be a man,

And [G7] have the strength to [C] stand alone.

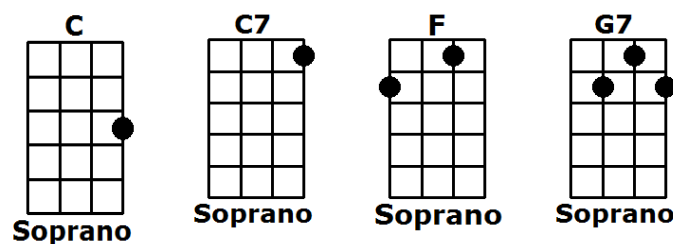
[C] Then I don't like it but I [G7] guess things happen that [C] way.

You [C] ask me [C7] if I'll [F] miss her kisses, [C] I guess I will [F] every day,

[C] I don't like it but I'll [G7] bet things happen that [C] way,

You [C] ask me [C7] if I'll [F] find another, [C] I don't know, [F] I can't say,

[C] I don't like it but I [G7] guess things happen that [C] way. [C7] ----Chorus



A Handful Of Songs

Bart, Pratt & Steele (1957)

Tommy Steele UK No. 5 (1957)

4 / 4 Time. Intro: [C] [G7] [C] [G7]

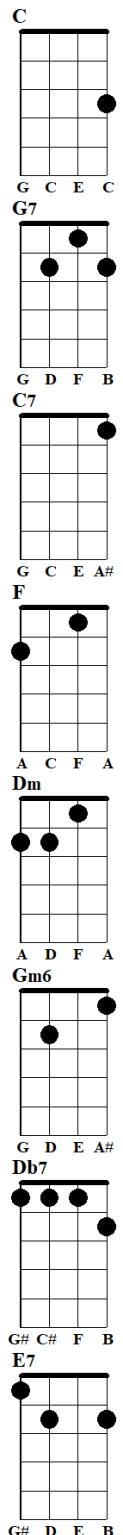
[C] I've got a [G7] handful of [C] songs to [G7] sing you,
 [C] Can't stop my [G7] voice when it [C] longs to [C7] sing you,
 [F] New songs and [C7] blue songs,
 [F] And songs to [G7] bring you [C] happi-[Dm]-ness,
 No more, no [G7] less.

[C] Moreover, [G7] wherever [C] we may [G7] roam to,
 [C] Or any [G7] shore where we [C] may be [C7] blown to,
 [F] We know that [C7] we're gonna [F] feel at [G7] home to
 [C] La bel-[Dm]-la, [F] music-[G7]-a [Gm6] Jazz, and cha cha cha,
 [C7] Calypsos and street vendor cries
 [F] Strains of [[Db7]] old refrains,
 [F] sleepy time [Dm] baby lulla-[G7]-bies

[C] I've got a [G7] handful of [C] songs to [G7] sing you,
 [C] I've got a [G7] heart full of [C] love to [C7] bring you,
 [F] True love for [C7] you love, and [F] love's a [G7] thing you [E7] Keep,
 So here's a [Dm] handful of [F] songs, [G7] going [C] cheap,

Outro: Slowing and fading

[Gm6] Just a handful of [C] songs,
 [Gm6] Just a handful of [C] songs,
 [Gm6] Only a handful of [C]↓ songs!

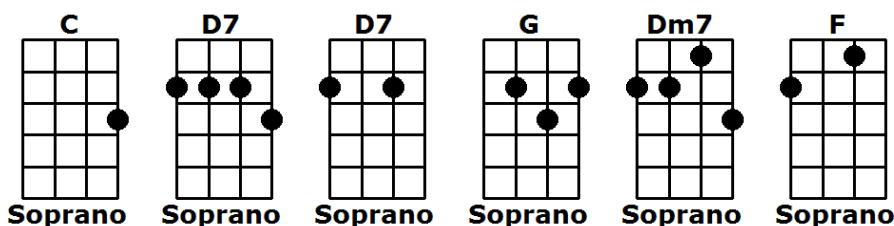


Hey Good Lookin'

Hank Williams (1951)

[C] Hey good-lookin', What you got cookin,
 [D7] How's about cookin' [G7] something [Dm7] up [G7] with [C] me?
 [C] Hey sweet baby, don't you mean maybe,
 [D7] We could find us a brand, [G7] new reci-[C]-pe?
 I got a [F] hot rod Ford and a [C] two-dollar bill,
 And [F] I know a spot right [C] over the hill,
 [F] There's soda pop and the [C] dancin's free,
 So if you [D7] wanna have fun with come a-[G7]-long with me.
 [C] Hey good-lookin', What you got cookin',
 [D7] How's about cookin' [G7] something [Dm7] up [G7] with [C] me?

[C] I'm free and ready so we can go steady,
 [D7] How's about savin' [G7] all your [Dm7] time [G7] for [C] me?
 [C] No more lookin' I know |I've been token,
 [D7] How's about keeping [G7] steady com-[C]-pany?
 I'm gonna [F] throw my date book [C] over the fence,
 And [F] find me one for [C] five or ten cents,
 [F] I'll keep it 'til it's [C] covered with age.
 'cause I'm [D7] writin' your name down on [G7] every page,
 [C] Hey good-lookin', What you got cookin,
 [D7] How's about cookin' [G7] something [Dm7] up [G7] with [C] me?



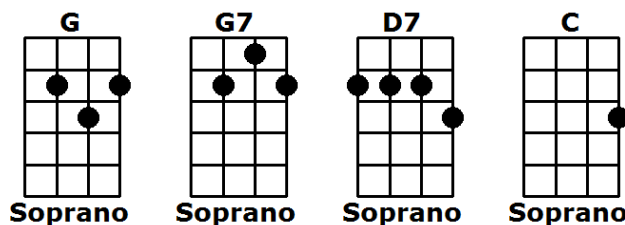
The Hound Pup

[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 Hunting Song

Tom Lehrer (Original in the 1952 Tom Lehrer Song Book")

I [F] always will remember, 'twas a [C7] year ago November,
I went [F] out to hunt some [D7] deer, on a [G7] morning bright and [C] clear.
I [F] went and shop the [F7] maximum the [Bb] game laws would [Bbm] allow,
Two game [F] wardens, seven [C7] hunters and a [F] cow,

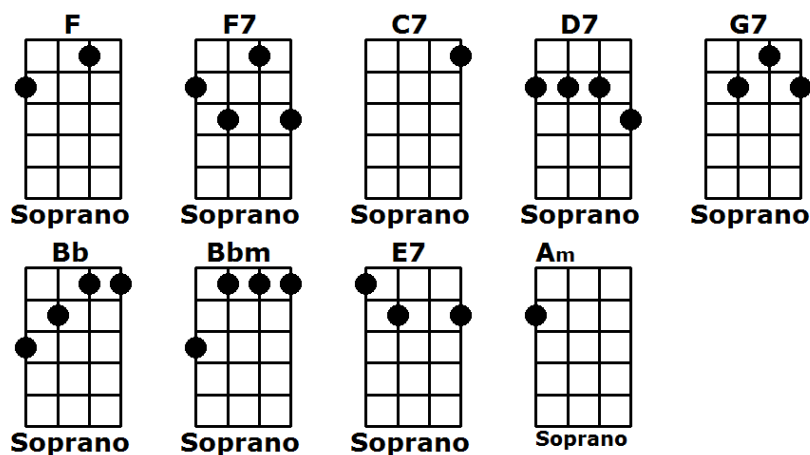
I [F] was in no mood to trifle, I took [C7] down my trusty rifle,
And went [F] out to stalk my [D7] prey, what a [G7] haul I made that [C] day,
I [F] tied them to my [F7] fender and I [Bb] drove them home some [Bbm] how,
Two game [F] wardens, seven [C7] hunters and a [F] cow,

Bridge

[E7] The [Am] law was very firm, it, [E7] took away my permit,
The [Am] worst punish-[G]-ment I [F] ever en-[E7]-dured,
It turned [Am] out they had a reason, [E7] Cows were out of season
And [Am] one of the hunters wasn't [C7] insured.

People [F] ask me how I do it, and I [C7] say there's nothing to it,
You just [F] stand there looking [D7] cute and when [G7] something moves, you [C7] shoot,
So there's [F] ten stuffed [F7] heads in my [Bb] trophy room right [Bbm] now,
Two game [F] wardens, seven [C7] hunters and a

[F] Pure [F7] bred [Bbm] Guern-[Bbm]-sey [F] cow.



I Can't Stop Loving You

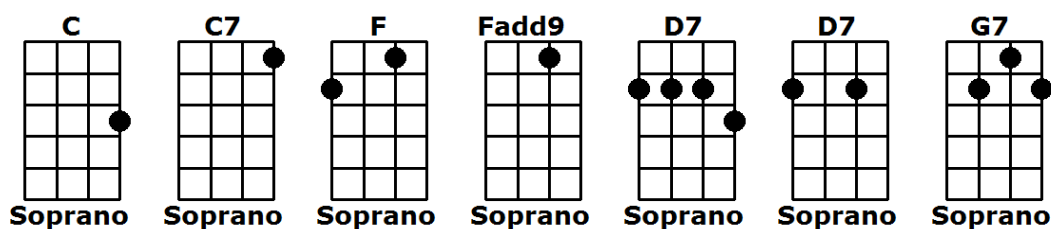
Don Williams (1958)

[G7] Those happy **[C]** hours, **[C7]** that we once **[F]** knew,
[F] Though long **[C]** ago still make me **[D7]** blue,
[G7] They say that **[C]** time **[C7]** heals a broken **[F]** heart,
 But time has stood **[C]** still **[G7]** since we've been a-**[C]**-pa-**[F]**-**[F_{ADD9}]**-rt-**[C]**.

[C7] I can't stop **[F]** loving you, so I've made up my **[C]** mind,
[C] To live in **[G7]** memory, of old lonesome **[C]** times,
[C7] I can't stop **[F]** wanting you, it's useless to **[C]** say,
[C] So I'll just **[G7]** live my life in dreams of yester-**[C]** d-**[F_{ADD9}]**- **[C]**-ay.

[G7] Those happy **[C]** hours, **[C7]** that we once **[F]** knew,
[F] Though long **[C]** ago still make me **[D7]** blue,
[G7] They say that **[C]** time **[C7]** heals a broken **[F]** heart,
 But time has stood **[C]** still **[G7]** since we've been a-**[C]**-pa-**[F_{ADD9}]**-rt **[C]**.

[C7] I can't stop **[F]** loving you, there's no use to **[C]** try,
[C] Pretend there's **[G7]** someone new, I can't live a **[C]** lie,
[C7] I can't stop **[F]** wanting you, the way that I **[C]** do,
[C] There's only **[G7]** been one love for me, that one love is **[C]**-y-**[F]**-o-**[C]**-u.

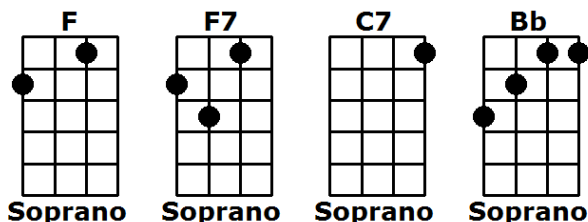


I Fall To Pieces

Hank Cochran & Harlan Howard (1960)

[F] I [Bb] fall to [C7] pieces, [Bb] each time I [C7] see you a-[F]-gain,
 [F] I [Bb] fall to [C7] pieces, [Bb] how can I [C7] be just your[F] friend?
 You [F7] want me to act like we've [Bb] never kissed,
 You [C7] want me to forget, pretend we've [F] never met,
 And [F7] I've [Bb] tried, and I've [C7] tried, but I [F] haven't yet,
 You walk [Bb] by and [C7] I fall to [F] pieces.

[F] I [Bb] fall to [C7] pieces, [Bb] each time some-[C7] one speaks your [F] name,
 [F] I [Bb] fall to [C7] Pieces, [Bb] each time only [C7] adds to the [F] flame,
 You [F7] tell me to find someone [Bb] else to love,
 Some-[C7]-one who'd love me the way you [F] used to do,
 But [F7] each [Bb] time I go [C7] out with [F] someone new,
 You walk [Bb] by and [C7] I fall to [F] pieces.



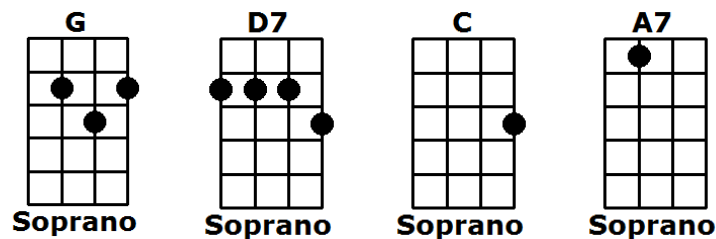
I need Your Love Tonight

Oh [G] Ho! I [D7] love you so.
 Uh, Uh, can't [G] let you go,
 Ooh, Ooh, [G7] don't [C] tell me no,
 I [G] need your [D7] love to- [G] -night.

Oh [G] Gee, the [D7] way you kiss,
 Swee-dee too [G] good to miss,
 Wow-Wee, [G7] want [C] more of this,
 I [G] need your [D7] love to- [G] -night.

[C] I've been waitin' just [G] for tonight,
 To [D7] do some lovin' and [G] hold you tight,
 Don't [C] tell me baby, you [G] gotta go,
 I got the [A7] hi-fi high and the [D7] lights down low,

Hey. [G] Now, hear [D7] what I say,
 Ooh-wow, you [G] better stay,
 Pow, pow, [G7] don't [C] run away,
 I [G] need your [D7] love to- [G] -night.



The Irish Ballad

6/8 Time

[Am] About a maid I'll sing a song, sing rickety- [Dm] tickety-[Am] tin,
A [Dm] bout a maid I'll [Am] sing a song, who didn't [G] have her [Am] family long,
Not only [Dm] did she [Am] do them [Dm] wrong,
She [Am] did every [G] one of them [Am] in, them[G] in - She [Am] did every[G] one of them [Am] in.

[Am] One morning in a fit of pique, sing rickety- [Dm] tickety-[Am] tin,
One [Dm] morning in a [Am] fit of pique, she drowned her [G] father [Am] in the creek,
The water [Dm] tasted [Am] bad for a [Dm] week,
So we [Am] had to make[G] do with [Am] gin, with [G] gin, We [Am] had to make [G] do with [Am] gin.

[Am] Her mother she could never stand, sing rickety- [Dm] tickety-[Am] tin,
Her [Dm] mother she could [Am] never stand, and so a [G] cyanide [Am] soup she planned,
Her mother [Dm] died with the [Am] spoon in her [Dm] hand,
And her [Am] face in a [G] hideous [Am] grin, a [G] grin, her [Am] face in a [G] hideous [Am] grin,

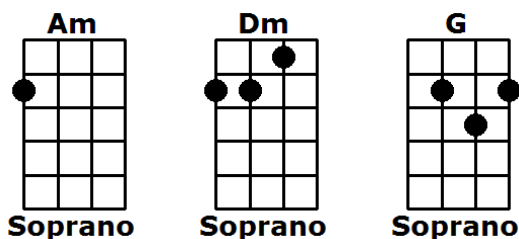
[Am] She set her sister's hair on fire, sing rickety- [Dm] tickety-[Am] tin,
She [Dm] set her sister's [Am] hair on fire, and as the[G] smoke and [Dm] flame rose higher,
She [Am] danced [G] around the[Am] funeral [Dm] pyre,
[Am] Playing a [G] vio- [Am] -lin, [G] -olin, [Am] Playing a [G] vio- [Am] -lin.`

[Am] She weighted her brother down with stones, sing rickety- [Dm] tickety-[Am] tin,
She [Dm] weighted her brother [Am] down with stones, and [G] sent him off to [Em] Davy Jones,
All they [G] ever [Am] found were some[Dm] bones,
And [Am] occasional [G] pieces of [Am] skin, of [G] skin, Oc- [Am] -casional [G] pieces of [Am] skin.

[Am] One day when she had nothing to do, sing rickety- [Dm] tickety-[Am] tin,
One [Dm] day when she had [Am] nothing to do, She cut her [G] baby [Dm] brother in two,
Then [Am] served him [G] up as an [Am] Irish[Dm] stew.
And [Am] invited the [G] neighbours [Am] in, -bours [G] in, In [Am] vited the[G] neighbours [Am] in.

[Am] And when at last the police came by, sing rickety- [Dm] tickety-[Am] -tin,
And [Dm] when at last the [Am] police came by, her little [G] pranks she did [Am] not deny,
To [Am] do so [G] she would have [Am] had to [Dm] lie,
And [Am] lying she [G] knew was a sin [Am] - a [G] sin,
And [Am] lying she [G] knew was a [Am] sin.

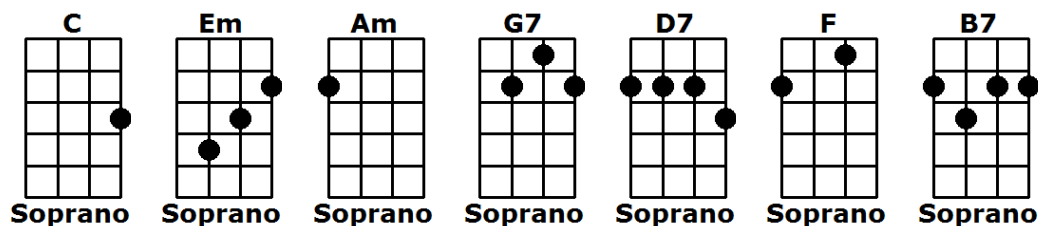
[Am] My tragic tale I will not prolong, sing rickety- [Dm] tickety-[Am] tin,
My [Dm] tragic tale I [Am] won't prolong, but [G] if you do not [Am] enjoy my song,
You've yourselves to [G] blame if [Am] it's too [Dm] long,
You should [Am] never have [G] let me be- [Am] -gin, be- [G] -gin. You should [Am] never have [G] let me be- [Am] - gin.



I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus

[C] I saw [Em] Mommy kissing [Am] Santa [C] Claus,
 Underneath the mistletoe last [G7] night.
 She didn't see me creep,
 Down the [C] stairs to have a peep,
 She [D7] thought that I was tucked up
 In my [G] bedroom fast a-[G7]-sleep.
 Then, [C] I saw [Em] Mommy tickle [Am] Santa [C] Claus,
 underneath his [C7] beard so snowy [F] white.
 Oh, what a laugh it would have [B7] been,
 If [Em] Daddy had only [Dm] seen,
 Mommy [C] kissing [F] Santa Claus [G7] last [C] night.

[C] I saw [Em] Mommy kissing [Am] Santa [C] Claus,
 Underneath the mistletoe last [G7] night.
 She didn't see me creep,
 Down the [C] stairs to have a peep,
 She [D7] thought that I was tucked up
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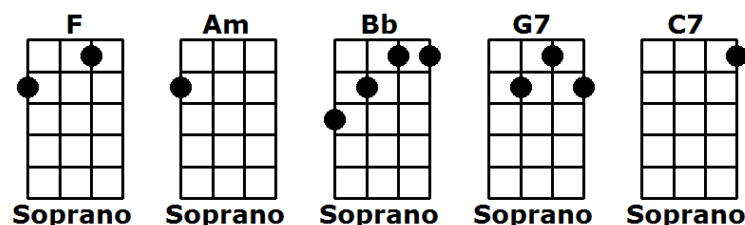
It's Almost Tomorrow

My [F] dearest my [Am] darling, to-[Bb]-morrow is [F] near,
 The [Bb] sun will bring [F] showers of [G7] sadness I [C7] fear
 Your [F] lips won't be [Am] smiling, your [Bb] eyes will not [F] shine
 For [Bb] I know to-[F]-morrow that your [G7] love won't [C7] be [F] mine.

It's [F] almost to-[Am]-morrow, but [Bb] what can I [F] do?
 Your [Bb] kisses all [F] tell me that your [G7] love is un-[C7]-true.
 I'll [F] love you for-[Am]-ever, 'til [Bb] stars cease to [F] shine,
 And [Bb] hope someday [F] darling, that you'll [G7] always [C7] be [F] mine.

Your [F] heart was so [Am] warm dear, it [Bb] now has turned [F] cold.
 You [Bb] no longer [F] love me. for your [G7] memories grow [C7] old.
 It's [F] almost to-[Am]-morrow, for [Bb] here comes the [F] sun,
 But [Bb] still I am [F] hoping that to-[G7]-morrow [C7] won't [F] come.

It's [F] almost to-[Am]-morrow, but [Bb] what can I [F] do?
 Your [Bb] kisses all [F] tell me that your [G7] love is un-[C7]-true.
 I'll [F] love you for-[Am]-ever, 'til [Bb] stars cease to [F] shine,
 And [Bb] hope someday [F] darling, that you'll [G7] al-ways [C7] be [F] mine.



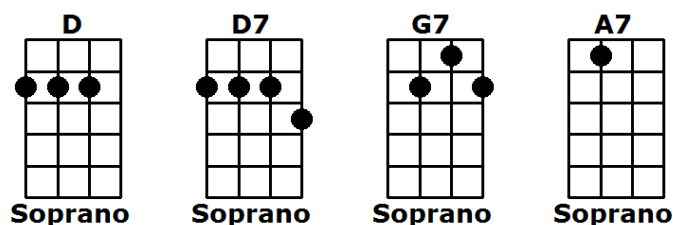
Johnny B. Goode

Deep [D] down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans,
 'Way back in the woods among the [D7] evergreens,
 There [G7] stood an old cabin made of earth and wood,
 Where [D] lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode,
 Who'd [A7] never ever learned to read and write so well,
 But he could [D] play a guitar like ringing a bell. -----Chorus

CHORUS [D] ///[D] ///
 Go----! Go! Johnny Go!
 [D] ///[D] ///
 Go----! Go! Johnny Go!
 [G7] ///[G7]///
 Go----! Go! Johnny Go!
 [D] ///[D] ///
 Go----! Go! Johnny Go!
 [A7] /// [A7] ///
] Go! -----! Johnny B. [D] Goode. [D]

He [D] used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack,
 Go sit beneath the trees by the [D7] railroad track,
 Train [G7] engineers see him sitting' in the shade,
 [D] Strumming with the rhythm that the drivers made,
 The [A7] people passing by, they would stop and say,
 Oh my, [D] but that little country boy could play. -----Chorus

His [D] mother told him "Someday you will be a man
 And you will be the leader of a [D7] big old band;
 Many [G7] people come from miles around,
 To [D] hear you play your music till the sun goes down.
 Maybe [A7] someday your name will be in lights,
 A-saying [D] Johnny B. Goode tonight". ----- ---Chorus



Lawdy Miss Clawdy.

Well [D] Lawdy, Lawdy. Lawdy Miss [D7] Clawdy,
 Girl you [G] sure look good to [G7] me,
 Well [D] Please don't excite me baby,
 [A7] Though it can't be [D] me, [A7]

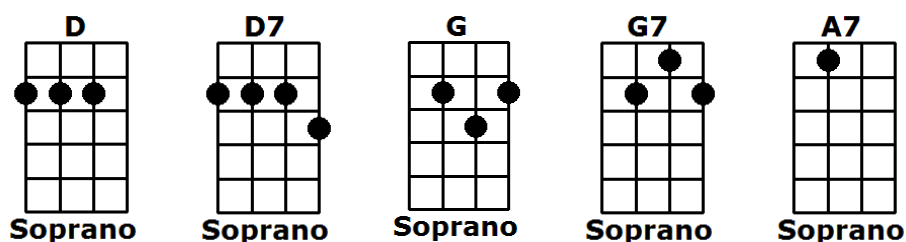
Because [D] I give you all my [D7] money,
 Girl you [G] just won't treat me [G7] right,
 You like to [D] ball every morning,
 Don't come [A7] home 'til late at [D] night. [A7]

I'm [D] gonna tell. Tell my [D7] Mama,
 Gonna [G] tell her what you're doing to [G7] me,
 I'm gonna [D] tell everybody that I'm
 [A7] lying down in miser-[D]-y. [A7]

Well, [D] Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawdy Miss [D7] Clawdy,
 Girl you [G] sure look good to [G7] me,
 You're just [D] a reeling rocking baby,
 [A7] just as fine you can [D] be. [A7]

So [D] bye, bye, bye [D7] baby,
 Girl I [G] won't be coming no [G7] more,
 Good [D] bye little darling,
 [A7] As down the road I [D] go. [A7]

So [D] bye, bye, bye [D7] baby,
 Girl I [G] won't be coming no [G7] more,
 Good [D] bye little darling,
 [A7] As down the road I [D] go. [A7] [D]



Leaving on a Jet-plane

(John Denver, 1966)

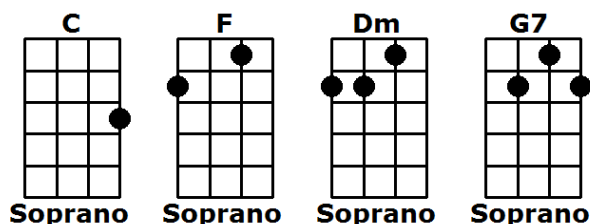
All my [C] bags are packed I'm [F] ready to go,
 I'm [C] standing here out-[F]-side your door,
 I [C] hate to wake you [Dm] up to say good-[G7] bye;
 But the [C] dawn is breaking it's [F] early morn,
 The [C] taxi's waiting, he's [F] blowing his horn,
 Al-[C] ready I'm so [Dm] lonesome I could [G7] cry ...

CHORUS: So [C] kiss me and [F] smile for me,
 [C] Tell me that you'll [F] wait for me,
 [C] Hold me like you'll [Dm] never let me [G7] go!
 I'm [C] leaving [F] on a jet-plane,
 [C] Don't know when [F] I'll be back again;
 [C] --"Oh [Dm] Babe, I hate to [G7] go.

There's so [C] many times I've [F] let you down,
 SO [C] many times I've [F] played around,
 I [C] tell you now that [Dm] they don't mean a [G7] thing;
 Every [C] place I go I'll [F] think of you,
 Every [C] song I sing I'll [F] sing for you,
 When [C] I come back I'll [Dm] wear your wedding [G7] ring! -----CHORUS

Now the [C] time has come to [F] leave you,
 [C] One more time let me [F] kiss you!
 [C] Close your eyes and [Dm]. I'll be on my [G7] way;
 [C] Dream about the [F] days to come,
 When [C] I won't have to [F] leave alone,
 A-[C] bout the times [Dm] I won't have to [G7] say ...

I'm [C] leaving [F] on a jet-plane,
 [C] Don't know when [F] I'll be back again;
 [C] --Oh [D] Babe, I hate to [G7] go ...
 I hate to [C] go! (slow sweep on last chord to close)



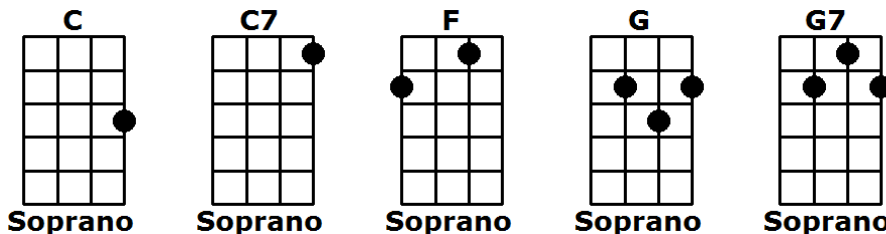
Mambo Rock

Chorus **[C]** Hey mambo, mambo rock,
 [C7] Hey mambo, mambo rock,
 [F] Hey mambo, mambo rock,
 [C] Everybody's doing it, mam-**[G7]** -bo **[C]** rock.

[C] There's an island in the Caribbean Sea,
 Where the **[G]** natives dance and rock with glee,
 They mambo dance in a different way,
 They do the crazy mam-**[G7]**-bo **[C]** rock all day. -----Chorus

[C] Where the waves roll up on the golden sand,
[G] Grab your chick right by the hand,
 You can clap and stamp your feet,
 To that crazy rock-**[G7]**-in' **[C]** mambo beat. -----Chorus

[C] Through the red-hot day and the cool-cool night,
[G] When the mambo moon is shining bright,
 They love to dance around the clock,
 To that crazy rock-**[G7]** in' **[C]** mambo beat. -----Chorus



The Masochism Tango

Tom Lehrer 1958

I [Dm] ache for the touch of your [Gm] lips, dear,
But much [C7] more for the touch of your [F] whips, dear,
[A7] You can raise welts like [Dm] nobody else,
As we [A7] dance to the masochism [Dm] tango.

Let our [Dm] love be a flame, not an [Gm] ember,
Say it's [C7] me that you want to dis-[F]-member,
[A7] Blacken my eye, set [Dm] fire to my [Gm] tie,
As we [A7] dance to the masochism [Dm] tango.

At your com-[Gm]-mand be- [C7]-fore you here I [F] stand,
My [Dm] heart is in my [Gm] hand, - YUK!! - It's here that I must [D] be. [D7]
My heart [Gm] entreats, just [C7] hear those savage [F] beats,
And [Dm] go put on your [Gm] cleats and [C7] come and trample [F] me. [A7]

Your [Dm] heart is hard as stone or ma-[Gm]-hogany,
That's why [C7] I'm in such exquisite [F] agony.
My [A7] soul is on fire, it's a-[Dm]-flame with de-[Gm]-sire,
Which is [A7] why I perspire when we [Dm] tango.

[Dm] You caught my [Bb] nose [Bb7], In your left casta-[Eb]-net, love,
I can feel the pain [A7] yet love, ev'ry time I hear [Dm] drums.
And I envy the [Bb] rose, [Bb7] That you held in your [Eb] teeth, love,
With the thorns under-[A7]-neath love, sticking into your [Dm] gums. [A7]

Your [Dm] eyes cast a spell that be-[Gm]-witches,
The [C7] last time I needed twenty [F] stitches.
To [A7] sew up the gash you [Dm] made with your [Gm] lash,
As we [A7] danced to the Masochism [Dm] Tango.

Bash in my [Gm] brain and [A7] make me scream with [F] pain,
Then [Dm] kick me once a-[Gm]-gain and say we'll never [D] part. [D7]
I know too [Gm] well I'm un-[C7]-derneath your [F] spell,
So, [Dm] darling, if you [Gm] smell something [C7] burning, it's my [F] heart. Hic, Excuse Me!! [A7]

Take [Dm] your cigarette from its [Gm] holder,
And [C7] burn your initials in my [F] shoulder'
[A7] Fracture my spine, and [Dm] swear that you're [Gm] mine,
As we [A7] danced to the Masochism [Dm] Tango.

