

Ukulele-Joe Song Collection

Volume 11

A Personal collection of 30 songs that I enjoy singing.

Fret diagrams for GCEA tuned Ukuleles are provided for all songs

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Chicka-Boom

Bob Merrill (1953)

Guy Mitchell UK No. 4 Nov. 1953

4 / 4 Time. **[F] [G7] [C]** Start with chorus. (Start note E3)

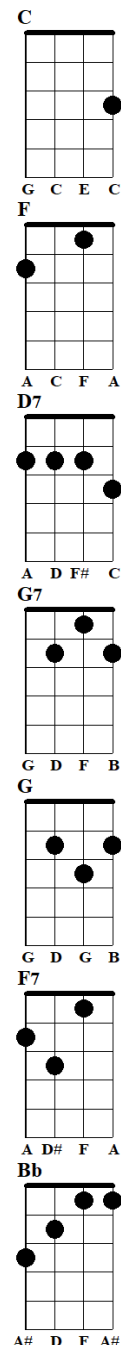
Chorus -Chicka-**[C]**-boom, chicka-rack, Chicka-boom, chicka-rack,
 Chicka-**[F]**-boom, chick-rack, she's **[C]** singin',
 Her **[F]** shoes paddy-wack in the **[C]** front and the back,
 And her **[D7]** yellow curls go **[G7]** swingin'.
[C] Bells just **[F]** rang.
 My **[C]** eyes lit up and my **[F]** heart went bang,
 Her **[C]** shoes paddy-wack in the front and the back,
 Chicka-**[G]**-boom, chicka-**[G7]**-rack-key-**[C]**-boom.

It **[C7]** was **[F]** way up in Alaska,
 And **[F7]** the **[Bb]** moment that I passed her,
 In my **[C]** heart a little bugle blew at-**[F]**-tack.
 Though I knew I should resist her,
 I walked **[G7]** up to her and kissed her,
 And she **[C]** didn't slap my face, she **[C7]** kissed me **[F]** ba-**[G7]**-ack. -----Chorus

Told **[C7]** me **[F]** she was from Seattle,
 Where **[F7]** her **[Bb]** Daddy raises cattle,
 But she's **[C]** far away from home and so for-**[F]**-lorn.
 Said the Yukon had her freezin',
 And it **[G7]** would be mighty pleasin',
 If I'd **[C]** hug her once or twice to **[C7]** keep her **[F]** wa-**[G7]**-arm. -----Chorus

Oh, **[C7]** for her **[F]** love I'd swim to China,
 But **[F7]** I'm **[Bb]** not a rich goldminer,
 I can't **[C]** give her things like rings an' fancy **[F]** furs.
 But I'm still not gonna pack-up,
 Gonna **[G7]** paint my little shack up,
 I'll tell **[C]** her if she wants it, **[C7]** well it's **[F]** he-**[G7]**-ers. -----Chorus

Outro: Chicka-**[G]**-boom, chicka-**[G7]**-rack-key-**[C]**-boom-**[C]!** **[C]!**



My Ding-a-Ling

Dave Bartholomew. 1952

Chuck Berry version - UK No. 1 in 1972

4 / 4 Time. Intro: [G]¹²³Pause [C]¹²³Pause [D7]¹²³⁴ [G]¹²³Pause

[G] When I was a [C] little bitty boy,
 My [D7] Grandmother gave me a [G] cute little toy.
 Silver bells hanging [C] on a string,
 She [D7] told me it was my [G] ding-a-ling-a-ling.

Chorus: [G] My ding-a-ling, [C] my ding-a-ling
 I [D7] want you play with [G] my ding-a-ling
 My ding-a-ling, [C] my ding-a-ling
 I [D7] want you to play with [G] my ding-a-ling.

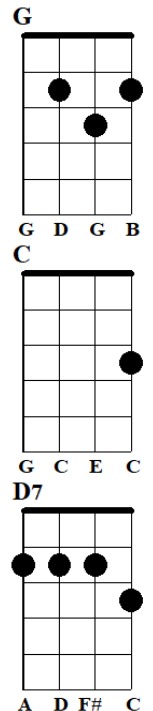
[G] Mama took me to [C] grammar school,
 But [D7] I stopped off in the [G] vestibule,
 Every time that [C] bell would ring,
 They'd [D7] catch me playing with my [G] ding-a-ling-a-ling. -----Chorus

[G] Once I was climbing the [C] garden wall,
 I [D7] slipped and had me a [G] terrible fall.
 I fell so hard I [C] heard bells ring,
 But [D7] I held on to my [G] ding-a-ling-a-ling -----Chorus

As [G] I was swimmin' 'cross [C] turtle creek,
 Man, [D7] them snappers all [G] around my feet.
 Sure was hard swimming [C] 'cross that thing,
 With [D7] both hands holding my [G] ding-a-ling-a-ling -----Chorus

Now [G] this here song it [C] ain't so sad,
 The [D7] cutest little song that [G] you ever had.
 Those of you who [C] will not sing,
 You [D7] must be playing with your [G] own ding-a-ling. -----Chorus

Outro: I [D7] want you to play with [G]! my [C]! ding-[C]! a-[G]! ling.



There's Always Room at Our House

Bob Merrill (1951)

Guy Mitchell UK. No. 19 1951

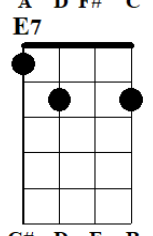
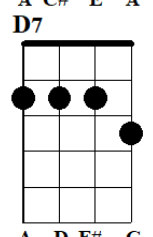
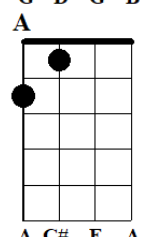
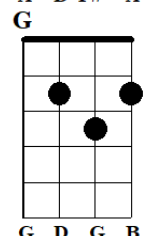
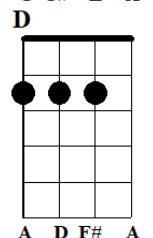
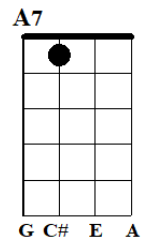
4 / 4 Time. Into: **[A7] [A7]**

[A7] Dear friends, the **[D]** next time you **[G]** find yourself in **[D]** our locality,
[A] Try a sample of our **[D]** hospitality.
 There's **[G]** always room at our house,
 To **[D]** share a smile or two,
 There's **[A]** always room enough, dear friends, for **[D]** you.

[A7] We'll have some **[D]** coffee and cake,
 And maybe sing a tune or so,
[A] Introduce you to some **[D]** folks you'd like to know.
 There's **[G]** always room at our house,
 A **[D]** good time always starts,
 When **[A]** every room is full of happy **[D]** hearts.**[D7]**

You really **[G]** don't have to phone,
 Because we're **[D]** mostly at home,
[E7] Shining up the welcome on the **[A]** door.

[A7] Dear friends, the **[D]** next time you **[G]** wanna be,
 With **[D]** folks who think you're grand,
[A] Like to see your face,
 And **[D]** shake you by the hand.
 There's **[G]** always room at our house,
 To **[D]** share a smile or two,
 There's **[A]** always room enough, dear friends, for **[D]** you.

Outro:**Oh Yes! There's [A] always room enough, dear friends, for [D] you.**

Hallelujah

Leonard Cohen 1984

Intro; [F] [Dm][F][Dm][F] A Suggested Strum	Bar	[Dm]						1/[F]						2/[Dm]					
	Beat	1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4	5	6
6/8 time:	Strum	↓		↑	↓		↑	↓		↑	↓		↑	↓		↑	↓		↑
	Lyrics						I've	heard			There	was		a	Sec-		ret	Cho-	rd. That

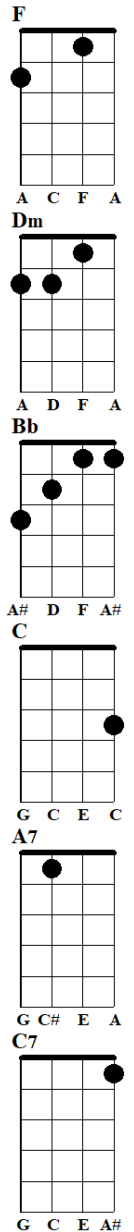
I've [F] heard there was a [Dm] secret chord,
 That [F] David played and it [Dm] pleased the Lord,
 But [Bb] you don't really [C] care for music, [F] do you? [C]
 It [F] goes like this, the [Bb] fourth, the [C] fifth,
 The [Dm] minor fall and the [Bb] major lift,
 The [C] baffled king com-[A7]-posing Hal-le-[Dm]-lu-jah.

Chorus: Hal-le-[Bb]-lu-jah, Hal-le-[Dm]-lu-jah,
 Hal-le-[Bb]-lu-jah, Hal-le-[F]-lu-[C7]-[F]-jah

Your [F] faith was strong but you [Dm] needed proof,
 You [F] saw her bathing [Dm] on the roof,
 Her [Bb] beauty and the [C] moonlight over- [F] threw you [C]
 She [F] tied you to her [Bb] kitchen [C] chair,
 She [Dm] broke your throne and she [Bb] cut your hair,
 And [C] from your lips she [A7] drew the Hal-le-[Dm]-lu-jah. -----Chorus

[F] Baby, I've been [Dm] here before,
 I've [F] known this room and I've [Dm] walked this floor,
 I [Bb] used to live a-[C] lone before I [F] knew you [C]
 I've [F] seen your flag on the [Bb] marble [C] arch,
 But [Dm] love is not a [Bb] victory march,
 It's a [C] cold and it's a [A7] lonely Hal-le-[Dm]-lu-jah. -----Chorus

May-[F]-be there is a [Dm] God above,
 But [F] all I ever [Dm] learned from love
 Was [Bb] how to shoot some-[C] body who out-[F] drew you [C]
 And it's [F] not a cry you [Bb] hear at [C] night,
 It's [Dm] not somebody who's [Bb] seen the light,
 It's a [C] cold and it's a [A7] broken Hal-le-[Dm] lu-jah. -----Chorus



Much Binding In The Marsh

Music - Sidney Torch, **Lyrics** - Richard Murdock, Kenneth Horne 1946.

Some closing verses from the BBC Radio Show of the same name – 1944 to 1954

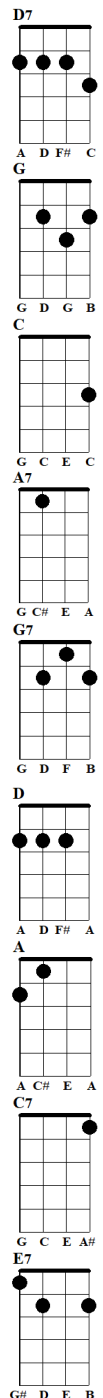
4 / 4 Time

[D7] At [G] Much [C] Binding in the [G] Marsh.
 We've [A7] had some races of all sorts and [D] sizes,
 [D7] At [G] Much [C] Binding in the [G] Marsh.
 We're [A] giving several [A7] WAAF's away as [D] prizes.
 The [G] quarter mile was [G7] not a race on [C] which I will enlarge:
 The [A7] station Warrant Officer was [D7] beaten by the Sarge,
 And [C] now, of course, as [C7] you can guess, the [G] Sarge is on a [E7] charge.
 At [A7] Much [D] Binding in the [G] Marsh.

[D7] At [G] Much [C] Binding in the [G] Marsh.
 The [A7] crimewave's come we must do something [D] drastic.
 [D7] At [G] Much [C] Binding in the [G] Marsh.
 From our [A] one plane they've [A7] stolen the elas-[D]-tic,
 We [G] twisted it and [G7] let it go, through [C] space we used to swish,
 We're [A7] stuck without it now, but [D7] have a shrewd "susu-pish",
 That [C] Nurse's using [C7] it to keep her [G] "is-sues" in [E7] "pos-ish"
 In [A7] Much [D] Binding in the [G] Marsh.

[D7] At [G] Much [C] Binding in the [G] Marsh.
 The [A7] hanger has been made a trifle [D] wider.
 [D7] At [G] Much [C] Binding in the [G] Marsh
 We [A] did it to accommo-[A7]-date our [D] glider. [D7]
 Our [G] pilot said he'd [G7] like to try it [C] out as it was new,
 We [A7] took him up ten thousand feet and [D7] then we waved adieu,
 He [C] came down six months [C7] later to the [G] north of Kat-man-[E7] do,
 From [A7] Much [D] Binding in the [G] Marsh.

[D7] At [G] Much [C] Binding in the [G] Marsh.
 Our [A7] aerodromes defence is quite in-[D]-spiring.
 [D7] At [G] Much [C] Binding in the [G] Marsh.
 We [A] feel safe as [A7] houses when they're [D] firing. [D7]
 Our [G] A. A. Bofors [G7] gunner is a [C] man who never cowers,
 Last [A7] Tuesday week he got a chance to [D7] demonstrate his powers.
 He [C] shot one Jerry [C7] aircraft down and [G] eighty-two of [E7] ours,
 At [A7] Much [D] Binding in the [G] Marsh. (See you la-[E7]-ter)
 At [A7] Much [D7] Binding in the [G]! Marsh. [C]! [G]!



D.I.V.O.R.C.E. (Billy Connolly)

Original by B Braddock, C Putman & S. Wooley. These Lyrics by Billy Connolly

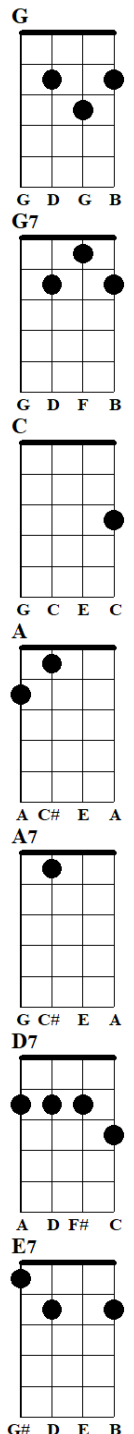
4 / 4 Time.

[D] Our little dog is [D7] six years old,
And he's [G] smart as any damn [D] kid.
But when you mention the V. E. T.
He [E7] damn near flips his [A] lid.
[D] Words like S. H. O. T. shot,
Or [G] W.O. R. M. [D] worm,
[G] These are words which [D] make him
S. Q. [A] U. I. R. M. [D] squirm.

His [D] Q. U. A. R. A. N. T. I. N. [G] E starts to-[D]-day,
Because he bit the V.E.T. and [E7] then he ran a-[A]-way.
He caused [D] me and my wife to have a big fight, and then,
[G] both of them bit [D] me.
And [G] that's why I am [D] gonna get
a D.I.V.O.[A]. R. C. [D] E.

She [D] shouted "get him Rover," and [D7] he jumped over,
and [G] bit my L. E. [D] G.
She sank her teeth in my B. U. M.
And [E7] said she *wished I'd drowned at [A] sea*, (Original words "called me an effin C".)
Well I'm [D] telling you, that [D7] was my cue,
To [G] get O. F. F.- [D] ski,
And [G] I'm going down to the [D] town tonight
to get a [D] new B. [A] I. R. [D] D.

Oh yes His [D] Q. U. A. R. A. N. T. I. N. [G] E. starts to-[D]-day,
Both my wife and my wee scabby dog
will [E7] soon be hauled a-[A]-way.
That's [D] why I spell out all these [D7] words,
[G] so as my dog can't [D] hear.
Oh I [G] must admit that [D] dog is acting [A] Q. U. [A7] E. R. [D] queer.
Yes, I [G] must admit that [D] dog is acting [A] Q. U. [A7] E. R. [D] queer.



Any Time

Herbert Happy Lawson 1921

Hits for Eddy Arnold 1947 No.1 & Eddy Fisher 1951 No.2

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

Verse start Suggestion

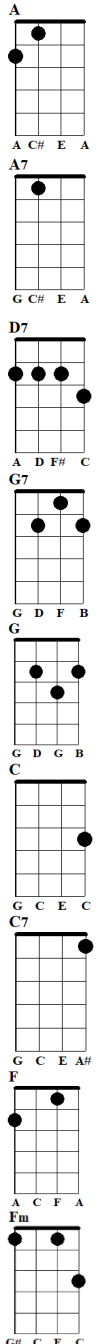
Standard Tuning - Sing "Any" with Single picks on E string as {E3}-An-{E4}-y

Any [A] time you're feeling [D7] lonely,
 Any [G7] time you're feeling [C] blue, [C7]
 Any [F] time [Fm] you feel down-[C]-hearted, [A7]
 That will [D7] prove your love for me is [G] true. [G7]

Any [A] time you're thinking [D7] 'bout me,
 That's the [G] time [G7] I'll think of [E7] you.
 So any [A] time you [A7] say you [D7] want me back again,
 That's the [G] time I'll [G7] come back home to [C] you.

Any [A] time your world is lone-[D7]-ly,
 And you'll [G7] find true friends are [C] few, [C7]
 Any [F] time [Fm] you see a [C] rainbow, [A7]
 That will [D7] be a sign the storm is [G] through. [G7]

Any [A] time will be the [D7] right time,
 Any [G] time [G7] at all will [E7] do.
 Any [A] time [A7] you're sure you [D7] want only my love,
 That's the [G] time I'll [G7] come back home to [C] you. -Yes -
 That's the [G] time I'll [G7] come back home to [C] you. [G]! [G]! [C]!



Four Strong Winds

Ian Tyson 1964

4 / 4 Time – Played wistfully. Intro: [Am]¹²³⁴ [C]¹²³⁴ [D]¹²³⁴ [D7]¹².

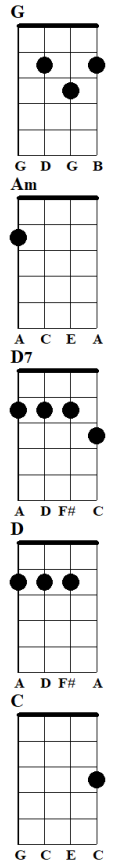
Verse 1 Four strong [G] winds that blow [Am] lonely,
 Seven [D7] seas that run [G] high,
 All those [G] things that don't [Am] change
 Come what [D] may; [D7]
 But our [G] good times are all [Am] gone,
 And I'm [D7] bound for moving [G] on,
 I'll look [Am] for you if I'm [C] ever back this [D] way, [D7]

Think I'll [G] go out to Alber-[Am]-ta,
 Weather's [D] good there in the [G] fall,
 Got some [G] friends I can [Am] go working [D] for. [D7]
 Still I [G] wish you'd change your [Am] mind,
 If I [D] ask you one more [G] time,
 But we've [Am] been through that,
 A [C] hundred times or [D] more. [D7] -----Verse 1

If I [G] get there be-[Am]-fore the snow flies,
 And if [D] things are going [G] good,
 You could [G] meet me if I [Am] sent you down the [D] fare. [D7]
 But by [G] then it would be [Am] winter,
 Ain't too [D] much for you to [G] do,
 And those [Am] winds sure can [C] blow cold way out [D] there. [D7] –Verse 1

Outro: Don't sing superscript word - play chords only. (Hum the melody?)

Four strong [G] winds that blow [Am] lonely, [D7] seas that run [G] high,
 All those [G] things that don't [Am] change, Come what [D] may; [D7]
 But our [G] good times are all [Am] gone,
 And I'm [D7] bound for moving [G] on,
 I'll look [Am] for you if I'm [D7] ever back this [G]¹² wa-[C]¹²-ay [G] ↓



All Shook Up

Otis Blackwell 1957

Elvis Presley UK No 1 for 7 weeks 1957

Intro: [C] [C] [D7] [G]

A-well-a [G] bless my soul, what's wrong with me?
 I'm [G] itchin' like a man on a fuzzy tree.
 My [G] friends say I'm actin' wild as a bug,
 I'm in [G]¹ love, [G]¹ [Tacet] I'm all shook up.
 Mm-mm [C] mm, mm-[D7] mm, yeah-[G]-yeah.

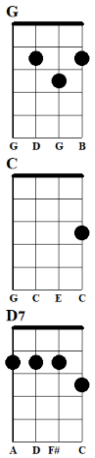
My [G] hands are shaky and my knees are weak,
 I [G] can't seem to stand on my own two feet.
 [G] Who do you thank when you have such luck,
 I'm in [G]¹ love, [G]¹ [Tacet] I'm all shook up
 Mm-mm [C] mm, mm-[D7] mm, yeah-[G]-yeah.

*Well [C] please don't ask me what's on my mind
 I'm a [G] little mixed up but I feel fine
 When [C] I'm near that girl, that I love best
 My [D7] heart beats so it scares me to death*

When she [G] touched my hand, what a chill I got,
 Her [G] lips are like a volcano that's hot.
 [G] I'm proud to say that she's my, buttercup
 I'm in [G]¹ love, [G]¹ [Tacet] I'm all shook up.
 Mm-mm [C] mm, mm-[D7] mm, yeah-[G]-yeah.

*My [C] tongue gets tied when I try to speak,
 My [G] insides shake like a leaf on a tree.
 There's [C] only one cure for this body of mine,.
 That's to [D7] have that girl that I love so fine*

When she [G] touched my hand, what a chill I got.
 Her [G] lips are like a volcano that's hot..
 [G] I'm proud to say that she's my, buttercup.
 I'm in [G]¹ love, [G]¹ [Tacet] I'm all shook up.
 Mm-mm [C] mm, mm-[D7] mm, yeah-[G]-yeah, yeah
 Mm-mm [C] mm, mm-[D7] mm, yeah-[G]-yeah
 I'm [G]! all [G]! shook [G]! up!



Rock-a-beatin' Boogie

Bill Haley 1952

Bill Haley UK No. 4. 1956

4 / 4 Time.

INTRO: **[G]!** Rock, **[G]!** rock, **[G]** rock everybody,
[G]! Roll, **[G]!** roll, **[G]** roll everybody,
[C]! Rock, **[C]!** rock, **[C]** rock everybody,
[G] Roll, **[G]!** roll, **[G]** roll everybody,
[D]! Rock, **[D]!** rock, **[D]** rock everybody,
[D7] Rock-a-beating boogie **[G]** beat.

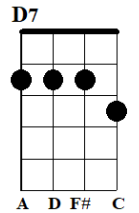
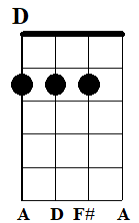
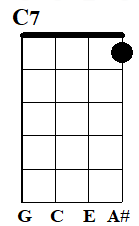
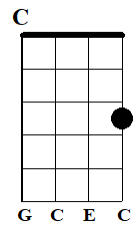
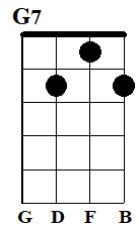
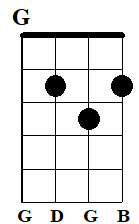
[Tacet] You take a rock! **[G]!** **[G]!** **[Tacet]** You take a beat! **[G]!** **[G]!**
[Tacet] You take a boogie! **[G]!** **[G]!** **[Tacet]** you make it **[G7]** sweet!
You get a **[C]** rock-a-beatin' boogie, **[C7]** Rock-a-beating boogie **[G]** beat.
Well, a **[D]** rock-a-beating boogie, **[D7]** B-O-O-G-I-**[G]** E.

Well you're **[G]** rockin' to the rhythm of the Rock-a-beatin' boogie,
[G] Dancing to the rhythm, Of the rock-a-beating **[G7]** boogie,
[C] Shakin' to the rhythm, Of the rock-a-beating **[C7]** boogie,
[G] Jumping to the rhythm, of the rock-a-beating boogie,
[D] Romping to the rhythm, of the rock-a-beating boogie,
[D7] B-O-O-G-I-**[G]** E.

[Tacet] You gotta jump! **[G]!** **[G]!** **[Tacet]** You gotta jive! **[G]!** **[G]!**
[Tacet] You gotta dance **[G]!** **[G]!** **[Tacet]** To be a-**[G7]!**-live!
To do the **[C]** rock-a-beating boogie,
[C] Rock-a-beating boogie **[G]** beat,
Oh the, **[D]** rock-a-beating boogie, **[D7]** B-O-O-G-I-**[G]** E

Well you're **[G]** rockin' to the rhythm of the Rock-a-beatin' boogie,
[G] Dancing to the rhythm, Of the rock-a-beating **[G7]** boogie,
[C] Shakin' to the rhythm, Of the rock-a-beating **[C7]** boogie,
[G] Jumping to the rhythm, of the rock-a-beating boogie,
[D] Romping to the rhythm, of the rock-a-beating boogie,
[D7] B-O-O-G-I-**[G]** E.

[G]! Rock, **[G]!** rock, **[G]** rock everybody, **[G]!** Roll, **[G]!** roll, **[G]** roll everybody,
[C]! Rock, **[C]!** rock, **[C]** rock everybody, **[G]!** Roll, **[G]!** roll, **[G]** roll everybody,
[D]! Rock, **[D]!** rock, **[D]** rock everybody,
[D7] Rock-a-beating boogie **[G]** beat. **[G]!** **[G]!**



Silver Dollar

Jack Palmer & Clarke Van Ness(1907)

Recorded by Eve Young, Petula Clarke, 1950

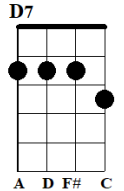
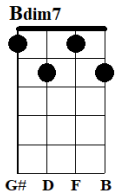
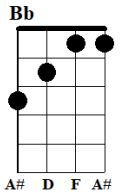
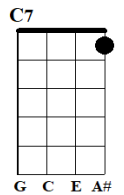
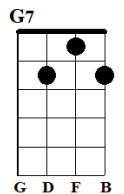
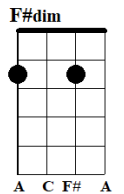
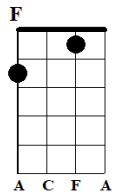
4 / 4 Time. Intro: [C] [C7]¹²³

You can [F] throw a silver dollar [F#dim] down on the ground
 And It will [G7] ro-o-oll because it's [G7] r-ou-ou-nd.
 A [C7] woman never knows what a good man she's got,
 Un-[F]-til she turns him [C7] down down, down.
 So [F] listen my honey, [F#dim] listen to me,
 I [G7] want you to understand,
 That [Bb] as a silver [Bdim] dollar goes from [F] hand to [D7] hand,
 Then a [G7] woman goes from [C7] man to [F] man.

A [F] man without a [C7] woman
 Is like a ship without a [F] sail
 [F7] Or A [Bb] boat without a [F] rudder
 Or a [G7] fish without a [C] tail.

A [F] man without a [C7] woman,
 Is like a wreck upon the [F] sand
 [F7] There's only [Bb] one thing worse in the [F] uni-verse
 And that's a [G7] woman with-[C7]-out a [F] man. [C7]

You can [F] throw a silver dollar [F#dim] down on the ground
 And It will [G7] ro-o-oll because it's [G7] r-ou-ou-nd.
 A [C7] woman never knows what a good man she's got,
 Un-[F]-til she turns him [C7] down, down, down.
 So [F] listen my honey, [F#dim] listen to me,
 I [G7] want you to understand,
 That [Bb] as a silver [Bdim] dollar goes from [F] hand to [D7] hand,
 Then a [G7] woman goes from [C7] man to [F]¹² ma-[F#dim]¹²- an,
 Yes a [G7] woman goes from [C7] man to [F]¹² man. [Bb]! [Bb]! [F]!



Hang Down Your Head Tom Dooley

Traditional: Based on a Murder by Tom Dulla in 1886 (USA)

Lonnie Donegan UK No. 5 1958

Intro: [Am]¹² [D7]¹² [G]¹²³⁴ Lively Skiffle tempo.

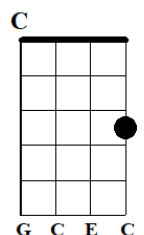
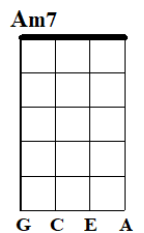
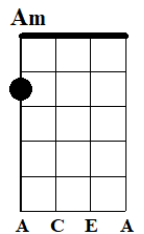
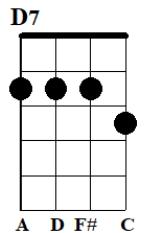
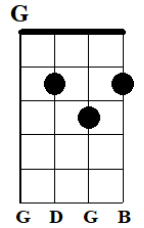
Chorus: **[G]** Hang down your head Tom Dooley,
 Hang down Your head and **[D7]** cry.
 Hang down your **[Am7]** head Tom **[D7]** Dooley,
 Poor **[Am]** boy you're **[D7]** bound to **[G]** die.

[G] I met her on the mountain,
 And there I took her **[D7]** life.
 I met her **[Am]** on the **[D7]** mountain,
 And **[Am]** stabbed her **[D7]** with my **[G]** knife. -----Chorus

[G] This time tomorrow,
 Reckon where I'll **[D7]** be?
 If it hadn't **[Am]** been for **[D7]** Grayson,
 I'd - a **[Am]** been in **[D7]** Ten-nes-**[G]**-see. -----Chorus

[G] This time tomorrow,
 Reckon where I'll **[D7]** be?
 In Some **[Am]** lone-some **[D7]** valley,
 A **[Am]** hanging on a **[D7]** White Oak **[G]** Tree.

[G] Hang down your head Tom Dooley,
 Hang down Your head and **[D7]** cry.
 Hang down your **[Am7]** head Tom **[D7]** Dooley,
 Poor **[Am]** boy you're **[D7]** bound to **[G]**¹² di-**[C]**¹**[C]**¹-e. **[G]**!



Ma - He's Making Eyes at Me

Clare and Conrad

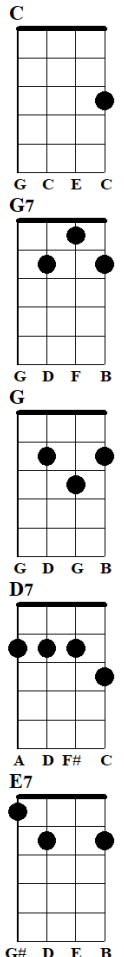
Johnny Otis and his Orchestra. UK No. 2 1957
Vocals – Marie Adams & The Three Tons of Joy4 / 4 Time: Intro: [D7]¹²³⁴[G7]¹²³⁴ [C]¹²³⁴ [G7]¹²³⁴

[C] Little Lilly was [G7] oh! So silly and [C] shy
 And all the [G7] fellows knew,
 She wouldn't [C] bill and coo:
 Every single night [G7] some smart fellow would [C] try
 To cuddle [D7] up to her, but she would [G] cry: [G7]

[C] Ma, he's making [D7] eyes at me.
 [G7] Ma, he's awful [C] nice to me.
 [C] Ma, he's almost [G7] breaking my heart
 [G7] I'm beside him.
 [C] Mercy let his [G7] conscience guide him
 [C] Ma, he wants to [D7] marry me,
 [G] be my [G7] honey [E7] bee
 [C] Every minute [G7] he gets bolder,
 [C] Now he's leaning [G7] on my shoulder.
 [D7] Ma, he's [G7] kissing [C] me.

[C] Lilly was so good, [G7] ev 'ry-body could [C] tell.
 You'd never [G] see her roam, [G7]
 She'd always [C] stay at home;
 All the neighbours knew [G7] little Lilly too [C] well.
 For when the [D7] boys would call, they'd hear her [G] yell: [G7]

[C] Ma, he's making [D7] eyes at me.
 [G7] Ma, he's awful [C] nice to me.
 [C] Ma, he's almost [G7] breaking my heart
 [G7] If you peek in,
 [C] Can't you see [G7] I'm gonna weaken?
 [C] Ma, he wants to [D7] marry me,
 [G7] Be my honey [E7] bee.
 [C] Ma I'm meeting [G7] with resistance.
 [C] I shall holler [G7] for assistance,
 [D7] Ma, he's [G7] kissing [C] me. [G7]! [C]!



What Do You Want To Make Those Eyes At Me For?

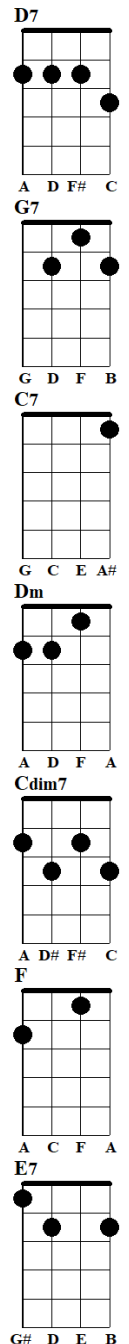
McCarthy, Johnson, Monaco

Emile Ford 1979 UK No. 1 1959

4 / 4 Time Intro: [D7] [G7] [C] [C]¹²

What do you [G7] wanna make those eyes at [Dm] me[G7] for?
 If they [C] don't mean [Cdim7] what they [C] say,
 They [G7] make me glad, they make me [G7] sad,
 They [D7] make me want a lot of things That [G7] I never had.
 Well you're [G7] fooling around with [Dm] me now, [G7]
 Well you [F] lead me on and then you run a-[E7]-way.
 Well [F] that's alright, I'll get you alone tonight,
 And baby [C] you'll find you're messing with dy-na-mite.
 What do you [G7] wanna make those eyes at me for?
 If they [D7] don't mean [G7] what they [C] say,

What do you [G7] wanna make those eyes at [Dm] me[G7] for?
 If they [C] don't mean [Ddim7] what they [C] say,
 They [G7] make me glad, they make me [G7] sad,
 They [D7] make me want a lot of things That [G7] I never had.
 Well you're [G7] fooling around with [Dm] me now, [G7]
 Well you [F] lead me on and then you run a-[E7]-way.
 Well [F] that's alright, I'll get you alone tonight,
 And baby [C] you'll find you're messing with dy-na-mite.
 What do you [G7] wanna make those eyes at me for?
 If they [D7] don't mean [G7] what they [C] say, - If They
 I[D7]! don't [D7] ! mean [G7]! what [G7]! they [C]! say. [G7]! [C]!



A Christmas Alphabet.

Buddy Kaye and Jules Loman,

Dickie Valentine 1955 UK No 1 (The first Christmas themed No 1)

Suggested Strum [G]¹² "C" is for the [Em]³⁴ candy trim [G]¹² Around the Christmas [Em]³⁴ tree.

4 / 4 Time, Intro: [D] [G] [D7] [G]

[G] "C" is for the [Em] candy trim A-[G]-round the Christmas [Em] tree.

[G] "H" is for the [Em] happiness in [D] all the fam-i-[D7]-ly

[Am] "R" is for the [D7] reindeer prancing [Am] by the window [D7] pane

[Am] "I" is for the [D] icing on the [G] cake as sweet as [G7] sugarcane.

[G] "S" is for the [G7] stockings [C] on the chimney [C] walls

[A] "T" is for the [A7] toys be-[D]-neath the tree so [D7] tall.

[G] "M" is for the [Em] mistletoe where [G] everyone is [E7] kissed

[C] "A" is for the [B7] Angels who make [Em] up the [B7] Christmas [G7] list

[C] "S" is for old [Cm] Santa who makes [G] every-one his [E7] pet,

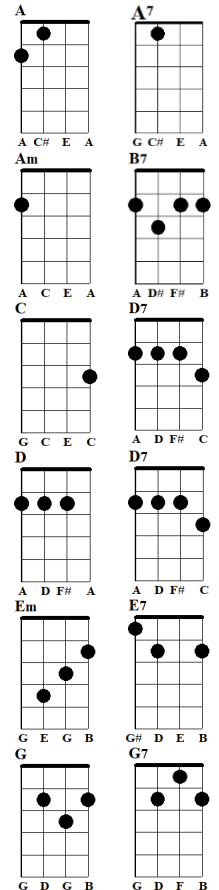
Be [Am] good and he'll [E7] bring you [Am] every-thing

[D] In your, [G] Christmas [D7] Alph-a-[G]-bet.

Repeat

Outro: So be [Am] good and he'll [E7] bring you [Am] every-thing

[D] In your, [G] Christmas [D7] Alph-a-[G]-bet. [Dm]! [G]!

Alternative Intro.
(Optional)*Take a [G] "C", an [Em] "H", An [G] "R", an [Em] "I",
"S, T", [G] and [Em] "M, A" [G] "S"**[Am] Put them to-[D7]-gether and [Am] what do you [D7] get?
A [G] CHRISTMAS [D7] ALPHA-[G]-BET.*

Rockin' Robin

Jimmie Thomas (1958)

Bobby Day UK No. 29 1958

4 / 4 Time (Lively) **Intro: [G] [A7] [D]**

He **[D7]** rocks in the treetops all day long,
 Hoppin' and a-boppin' and singing his song.
 All the little birds on Jaybird Street,
 Love to hear the Robin go tweet-tweet-tweet.

*Chorus Rockin' **[G]** Robin, tweet, tweet-tweet,
 Rockin' **[D]** Robin' tweet, tweet-tweet,
[G7] Go Rockin' Robin
 'cause we're **[A7]** really gonna rock to-**[D]**-night.*

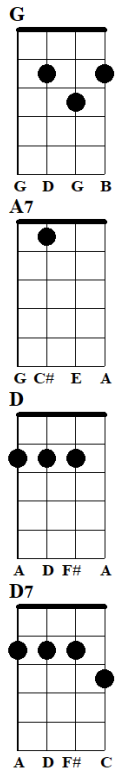
[D7] Every little swallow, every chick-a-dee
 Every little bird in the tall oak tree
 The wise old owl, the big black crow
 Flappin' their wings singin' go bird, go" -----Chorus

Well, the **[D7]** pretty little raven at the bird bandstand,
 Taught him how to do the bop and it was grand.
 They started going steady and bless my soul,
 He out-bopped the buzzard and the oriole. -----Chorus

He **[D7]** rocks in the treetops all day long,
 Hoppin' and a-boppin' and singing his song.
 All the little birds on Jaybird Street.
 Love to hear the Robin go tweet-tweet-tweet -----Chorus

He rocks in the treetops all day long,
 Hoppin' and a-boppin' and singing his song.,
 All the little birds on Jaybird Street
 Love to hear the Robin go tweet tweet tweet.

*Rockin' **[G]** Robin, tweet, tweet-tweet,
 Rockin' **[D]** Robin' tweet, tweet-tweet,
[G7] Go Rockin' Robin
 'cause we're **[A7]** really gonna rock to-**[D]**-night.- **[D]! Tweet [D]! Tweet***



Return to Sender

Blackwell & Scott (1962)

Elvis Presley UK No. 1 1962

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

[C] I gave a letter to the [Am] postman,
 [Dm] He put it his [G] sack.
 [C] Bright and early next [Am] morning,
 [Dm] He brought my [G7] letter [C] back.
 [Tacet] She wrote upon it;

*[F] Return to [G7] sender, [F] address un-[G7]-known,
 [F] No such [G7] number, [F] no such [G7] zone.*

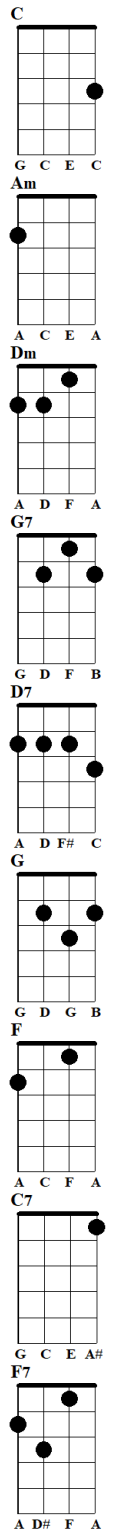
[F] We had a [G7] quarrel, [F] a lover's [G7] spat
 [D7] I write I'm sorry, but my letter keeps coming [G7] back.

[C] So then I dropped it in the [Am] mailbox,
 [Dm] And sent it special [G] D.
 [C] Bright and early next [Am] morning,
 It [Dm] came right [G7] back to [C] me.
 [Tacet] She wrote upon it;

*[F] Return to [G7] sender, [F] address un-[G7]-known,
 [F] No such [G7] number, [F] no such [C] zone. [C7]*

[F] This time I'm gonna take it myself
 And put it right in her [C] hand,
 And [D7] if it comes back the very next day,
 [G7] Then I'll understand the writing on it.

*[F] Return to [G7] sender, [F] address un-[G7]-known
 [C] No such [C] number, [C] no such [C]¹² zo-[F7]↓↑ [F7]↓↑[C]↓. ne.*



Bury My Body

Traditional

Lonnie Donegan Skiffle Group EP 1954

4 / 4 Time – Slow Intro: [F]¹² [G]¹² [C]¹² [F]¹² [C]¹

[C]²³⁴ Praise God, I [C] don't care where they [C] Bury my body,
 Lord, I [F] don't care where they [C] Bury my body,
 Lord, I [C] don't care where they [C] Bury my body
 'Cause my [F] soul is gonna [G] live, With [C] God,
 [F] Live with [C] God.

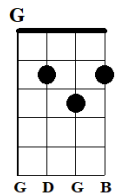
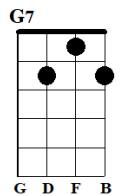
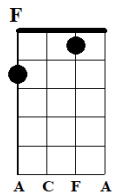
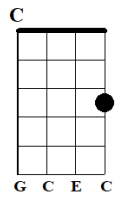
[F] Lead me [G7] Jesus, [C] lead me.
 Ah won't you [F] lead me in the [G7] middle of the [C] air.
 And [F] if these [G7] wings should fail [C] me,
 Lord Won't you [C] meet me with a-[G7]-nother [C] pair.

[C] Praise God, I [C] don't care where they [C] Bury my body,
 Lord, I [F] don't care where they [C] Bury my body,
 Lord, I [C] don't care where they [C] Bury my body,
 Cause my [F] soul is gonna [G] live, With [C] God,
 [F] Live with [C] God.

[F] When I'm [G7] dead and [C] buried,
 Some-[F]-body's gonna [G7] say I [C] know.
 Just carry on down to the river side,
 And ask the [G7] ferry man here I [C] go.

Outro: Last line slowing to end with a single down-strum on the [C].

[C] Praise God, I [C] don't care where they [C] Bury my body.
 Lord, I [F] don't care where they [C] Bury my body.
 Lord, I [C] don't care where they [C] Bury my body.
 Cause my [F] soul is gonna [G] live, With [C] God, [F] Live with [C] ↓ God.



Nobody loves like an Irishman

Lonnie Donegan 1958

Lonnie Donegan 'B; side of "Grand Coulee Dam" (UK No 8 1958)

Intro:	[F]-Dum-dum-a-[C]-dimmy, [C7] dum-a-[F]-dum.	Chord	F			C		C7		G
	[F]-Dum-dum-a-[C]-dimmy, [C7]dum-a-[F]-dum.	Strum	↓	↓	↑	↓	↑	↓	↑	↓
4/4 Time.			Dum	Dum-a		Dim-my		Dum-a-Dum		Dum.

Hey! A [F] turbaned Turk who [Bb] scorns the world,
 May [C] strut about with his [F] whiskers curled.
 Keep a [F] hundred wives under [Bb] lock and key
 For [C] nobody else but him-[F]-self to see.

Yet [Gm] long must he pray, when-ever he can,

Be-[C]-fore he can love like an [C7] Irish-[F]-man. ----- Repeat last two lines

[F] Dum-dum-a-[C]-dimmy, [C7]dum-a-[F]-dum.

The [F] gay monsieur, a [Bb] slave no more,
 The [C] solemn Don and the [F] shocked Senor.
 The [F] Dutch Mynheer, so [Bb] full of pride,
 The [C] Russian, Prussian, [F] Swede beside.

They [Gm] all may do whatever they can,

But [C] they'll never, never love like an [C7] Irish-[F]-man. - Repeat last two lines

[F] Dum-dum-a-[C]-dimmy, [C7]dum-a-[F]-dum.

Now the [F] London folks them-[Bb]-selves beguile,
 And [C] think they please in a [F] capital style.
 But [F] let them ask as they [Bb] cross the street,
 Of [C] any young girl that they [F] happen to meet,

And I [Gm] know she'll say from behind her fan,

[C] "Nobody loves like an [C7] Irish-[F]-man". ----- Repeat last two lines

[F] Dum-dum-a-[C]-dimmy, [C7]dum-a-[F]-dum.

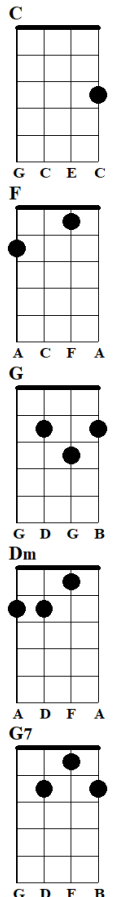
So I [F] want you to know just how [Bb] much I care,
 And the [C] rest of my life with [F] you I'd share.,
 I [F] love your face, your [Bb] hair, your smile.
 It's [C] just as sure as I come from the [F] Emerald Isle,

It [Gm] must be clear to your lovely eye,

[C] No boy will love you [C7] better than [F] I. ----- Repeat last two lines

[F] Dum-dum-a-[C]-dimmy, [C7]dum-a-[F]-dum..

[F] Dum-dum-a-[C]-dimmy, [C7]dum-a-[F]-dum. [C]! [F]!



I'll Be Home

Washington & Lewis (1955)

Pat Boone UK No1 1956 (1956 UK best seller)

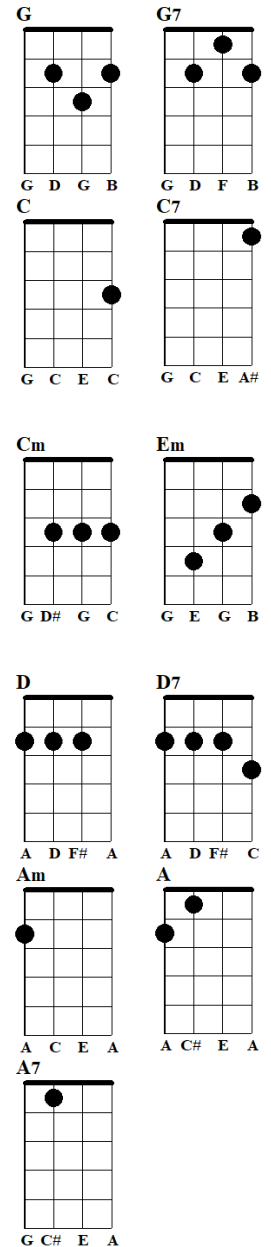
4 / 4 Time Slow. Intro: [C] [D7] [G] [G]¹²

I'll be [G] home, my [G7] darling
 Please [C] wait for [G] me [G7]
 We'll [C] stroll along [Cm] to-[G]-ge-e-[Em]-ther
 [A] Once more our love will be [D] free [D7]

At the [G] corner [G7] drugstore
 Each [C] Saturday we would [G] meet [G7]
 I'd [C] walk you [Cm] home in the [G] moo-oon-[Em]-light
 [Am] All of these [D] things we'll [G] repeat [G7]

So [C] darling, as I write this [G] letter[G7]
 Here's [C] hoping you're [D] thinking of [G] me [G7]
 My [C] minds made [D] up, so [G] long un-[Em]-til
 I'll be [A] home to [A7] start serving [D] you [D7]

I'll be [G] home, my [G7] darling
 Please [C] wait for [G] me [G7]
 We'll [C] stroll along [Cm] to-[G]-ge-e-[Em]-ther
 [C] Once more our [D] love will be [G] free. [C]! [C]! [G]!



There Is A Tavern In The Town

Traditional

4 / 4 Time – Lively. INTRO: [G]¹²

There [G] is a tavern in the town, - in the town,
And [G] there, my true love sits him [D7] down, - sits him down,
And [G] drinks his [G7] wine 'mid [C] laughter free,
And [D7] never, never thinks of [G] me.

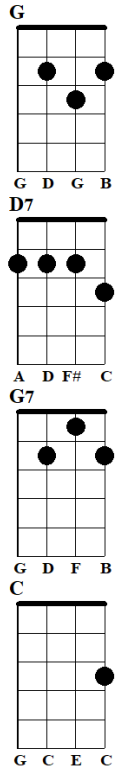
CHORUS: Fare thee [D7] well, for I must leave thee
Do not [G] let the parting grieve thee
And re-[D7]-member that the best of friends
must [G]! part, [C]! must [G]! part.
A-[G]-dieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, kind friends adieu,
I [G] can no longer stay with [D7] you, stay with you
I'll [G] hang my [G7] harp on a [C] weeping willow tree,
And [D7] may the world go well with [G] thee.

He [G] left me for a damsel dark - damsel dark.
Each [G] Friday night they used to [D7] spark - used to spark.
And [G] now my [G7] love once [C] true to me,
Takes [D7] that dark damsel on his [G] knee. -----Chorus

And [G] now I see him nevermore – nevermore,
He [G] never knocks upon my [D7] door - on my door.
Oh [G] woe is [G7] me he [C] penned a little note,
And [D7] these were all the words he [G] wrote. [G] -----Chorus

Oh [G] dig my grave both wide and deep - wide and deep.
Put [G] tombstones at my head and [D7] feet - head and feet.
And then [G] on my [G7] breast carve a [C] little turtle dove,
To [D7] sig-ni-fy I died of [G] love-----Chorus

Outro: And [D7] may the world go well with [G]¹² thee-[C]¹²[G]!



Yellow River

Jeff Christie (1969)

Christie UK No 1 1970

4 / 4 Time. Intro: [F] [F]

[F] So long boys you can [Am] take my place,
 [Dm] Got my papers and I've [Am] got my pay,
 So [Dm] pack my bags and I'll be [Am] on my way,
 To [C] Yellow Ri-[C7]-ver.

[F] Put my guns down the [Am] war is won,
 [Dm] Fill my glass high the [Am] time has come.
 [Dm] I'm going back to the [Am] place that I love,
 [C] Yellow Ri-[C7]-ver.

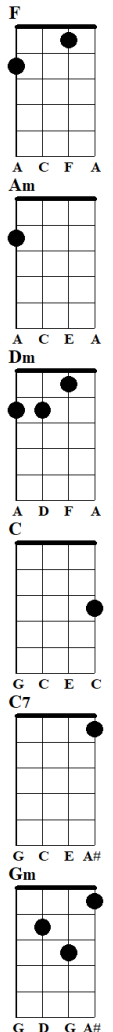
*Chorus - [F] Yellow River, [F] Yellow River,
 is in [Am] my mind and [C] in my [C7] eyes.
 [F] Yellow River, [F] Yellow River,
 Is in [Am] my blood, it's the [C] place I [C7] love.
 [Dm] Got no time for explanations, [Am] got no time to lose
 To-[Gm]-morrow night you'll find me Sleeping
 [C] underneath the [C7] moon at [F] Yellow River. [Gm]¹² [C]¹²*

[F] Cannon fire lingers [Am] in my mind,
 [Dm] I'm so glad that I'm [Am] still alive,
 And [Dm] I've been gone for [Am] such a long time,
 From [C] Yellow Ri-[C7]-ver.

[F] I re-mem-ber the [Am] nights were cool.
 [Dm] I can still see the [Am] water pool.
 And [Dm] I re-mem-ber the [Am] girl that I knew,
 from [C] Yellow Ri-[C7]-ver. ----- Chorus

OUTRO:

*[Dm] Got no time for explanations, [Am] got no time to lose,
 To-[Gm]-morrow night you'll find me Sleeping
 [C] underneath the [C7] moon At [F] Yellow River. [C]! [C]! [F]!*



Fifty Shades of Grey - A Husband's View

I have "Tweaked" the Original poem by John Summers (2012?) slightly to fit the tune of the Phil Harris 1950 hit - "The Thing".

2 /4 Time: Intro: [F] [C] [G7] [C]

The **[C]** missus bought a Paperback, down **[F]** Shepton, Satur-**[C]**-day,
I had a look inside her bag; 'twas **[D7]** "Fifty Shades of **[G7]** Grey".
Well **[C]** I just left her to it, and at **[F]** ten I went to **[G7]** bed.
An **[F]** hour later **[C]** she appeared; the **[G7]** sight filled me with **[C]** dread.

In **[C]** her left hand she held a rope; and **[F]** in her right a **[C]** whip!
She threw them down upon the floor, and **[D7]** then began to **[G7]** strip.
Well **[C]** fifty years or so ago; I **[F]** might have had a **[G7]** peek;
But **[F]** Mabel hasn't **[C]** weathered well; she's **[G7]** eighty-four next **[C]** week.

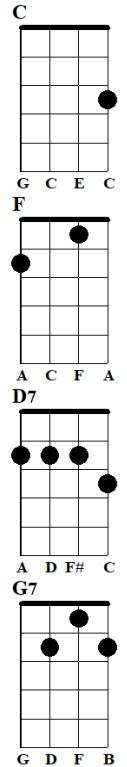
[C] Watching Mabel bump and grind; could **[F]** not have been much **[C]** grimmer.
Things then went from bad to worse; she **[D7]** toppled off her **[G7]** Zimmer!
She **[C]** struggled back upon her feet; and in a **[F]** couple of **[G7]** ticks,
She **[F]** put her teeth back **[C]** in and yelled **[G7]** "I am a do-min-a-**[C]**-trix.!!

Now **[C]** if you knew our Mabel, you'd **[F]** see just why I **[C]** spluttered,
I'd spent two months in traction for the **[D7]** last complaint I'd **[G7]** uttered.
She **[C]** stood there nude, naked like; bent **[F]** forward very **[G7]** lewd,
I **[F]** went to hold her **[C]** sensual like, and **[G7]** stood on her left **[C]** boob!

Mabel screamed; her teeth shot out; my **[F]** god what had I **[C]** done!?
She moaned and groaned then shouted out: "**[D7]** Jump on the other **[G7]** one!"
Well **[C]** readers, I can't tell no more; about **[F]** what occurred that **[G7]** day.
[F] Suffice to say **[C]** my jet black hair, Turned **[G7]** Fifty Shades of **[C]** Grey.

Outro: Slowing down to a single slow strum on the final C

Yes - **[F]** Suffice to say **[C]** my jet black hair, Turned **[G7]** Fifty Shades of **[C]** ↓ Grey.



When You and I were Young, Maggie.

G.W Thompson & J.A Butterfield (1866)

Foster & Allen

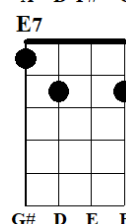
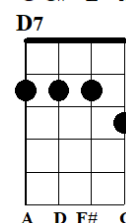
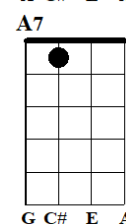
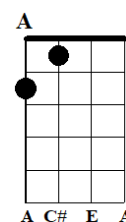
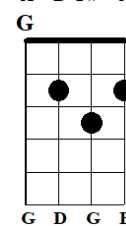
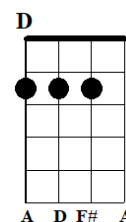
4 / 4 Time. Intro: [D]¹²³⁴ [A]¹² [A7]¹² [D]¹²³

I [D] wandered, today, to the [G] hill. Maggie,
 To [D] watch the scene bel-[A]-low [A7]
 The [D] creek and the creaking old mid [G] mill, Maggie,
 As [D] we used to, [A] long [A7] a-[D]-go.
 The [G] green grove has gone from the [D] hill, Maggie,
 Where [A] first the [E7] daisies [A] spru-[A7]-ung:
 The [D] creaking old [D7] mill is [G] still, Maggie,
 Since [D] you and [A] I [A7] were [D] young.

*Chorus And [G] now we are aged and [D] grey, Maggie,
 And the [A] trials of [E7] life nearly [A] do-[A7]-ne:
 Let me [D] sing of the [D7] days that are [G] gone, Maggie,
 When [D] you and [A] I [A7] were [D] young.*

A [D] city so silent and [G] lone, Maggie,
 Where the [D] young and the gay and the [A] best, [A7]
 In [D] polished white mansions of [G] stone, Maggie,
 Have [D] each found a [A] place [A7] of [D] rest
 Is [G] built where the birds used to [D] play. Maggie,
 And [A] join in the [E7] songs that were [A] su-[A7]-ung---
 For, we [D] sang as [D7] gay as [G] they, Maggie,
 When [D] you and [A] I [A7] were [D] young. -----Chorus

They [D] say that I'm feeble with [G] age, Maggie,
 My [D] steps are less sprightly that [A] then, [A7]
 My [D] face is a well written [G] page, Maggie,
 But [D] time [A] alone [A7] was the pen!
 They [G] say we are aged and [D] grey, Maggie,
 As [A] sprays by the [E7] white breakers [A] flu-[A7]-ung:
 But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie.
 When [D] you and [A] I [A7] were [D] young. -----Chorus



Early One Evening

Joe Douglas 2020 Developed from "Early One Morning" in "The English Folk Singer" by Sam Richards and Tish Stubbs (1979)

4 / 4 Time: Intro [G] [D] [A] [D]

Tune: Early One Morning, Just as the sun was rising.

[D] Early one ev-en-ing, just [G] as the sun was [A] setting, [A7]
 [D] A hiker came from the fells on an, [G] ancient [A] mountain [D] track,
 He'd [A] seen the pub sign [D] from a-far, [A] walked into the cosy [D] bar,
 [D] "Landlord please pull [G] me a pint and [D] then I'll [A] order [D] food.

I [D] fancy some home baked bread round [G] slices of good [A] English [A7] beef,
 [D] Fresh butter from the churn and [G] pickled [A] onions [D] too.
 [A] Taken with fine ale [D] from the wood, the [A] best bitter [D] would good,
 [D] Then I'll be con-[G]-tent to sit and [D] sip a [A] pint or [D] two.

[D] I'll sit by your fine log fire and [G] ponder on the [A] in-fi-[A7]-nite.
 [D] The quiet of your country pub will [G] seep in-[A]-to my [D] heart.
 [A] And if a [D] local lad's [A] conversation [D] makes me glad,
 [D] Then perhaps we'll [G] pass the time with a [D] couple [A] of games of [D] darts.

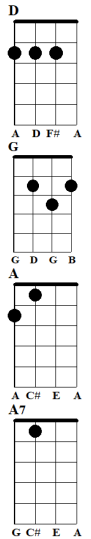
[D] Welcome, said the landlord, I've got [G] pre-packed fish-paste [A] sandwiches, [A7]
 [D] Tasty instant sausages, I [G] buy them [A] by the [D] ton.
 [A] If they are what you [D] crave, I'll [A] slap them in the [D] microwave,
 [D] And serve them up with [G] ketchup in some [D] super-[A]-market [D] buns.

[D] I'll serve you a plastic pint of [G] classic English [A] Reddi-[A7]-brew,
 [D] As advertised on telly by a [G] famous [A] rugby [D] scrum.
 [A] No dirty [D] barrels here, we [A] only serve hy-[D]-gienic beer,
 [D] Sanitized and [G] paralysed in-[D]-side it's [A] alloy [D] drum.

[D] Sit down by the fireside, I'll [G] switch the logs on [A] present-[A7]-ly.
 [D] How about a challenging game of pool or [G] else the [A] fruit mach-[D]-ine'?'
 [A] Three cherries [D] in a row, [A] they'll set your [D] heart a-glow,
 [D] How about some [G] heavy rock to [D] really [A] set the [D] scene?

[D] The hiker sat down beside the [G] moulded plastic [A] ingle-[A7]-nook.
 [D] The matching beams were jumping to an [G] elec-[A]-tronic [D] roar.
 He [A] started to [D] bite and chew, [A] took a sip of [D] Reddibrew,
 [D] Gave a ghastly [G] gurgle and fell [D] dead up-[A]-on the [D] floor.

[D] "Oh dear!" sighed the landlord as he [G] switched his colour [A] tele [A7] on,
 [D] "Another fatal accident, the [G] third this [A] week I [D] fear.
 [A] "If they can't [D] hold their own [A] why don't they [D] stay at home?
 [D] I must say "We [G] get some very [D] funny [A] folk in [D] here."



The Old Dope Pedlar.

Tom Lehrer 1953

When the [C] shades of [C7] night are [A] falling,
 Comes a [Dm] fellow [G7] everyone [C] knows,
 It's the [C] old [C7] dope [Dm] pedlar,
 Spreading [C] joy where-[G7]-ever he [C] goes.

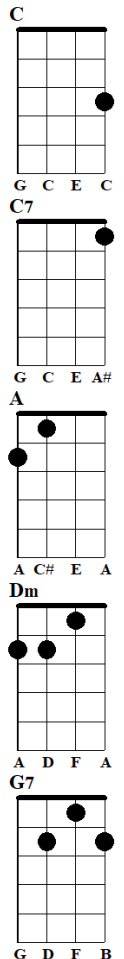
Every [C] evening [C7] you will [A] find him,
 A-[Dm]-round our [G7] neighbour-[C]-hood,
 It's the [C] old [C7] dope [Dm] pedlar
 doing [C] well by [G7] doing [C] good.

He [F] gives the kids free [Em] samples,
 be-[Dm]-cause he knows full [C] well,
 That to [Dm]-day's young [G7] innocent [C] faces
 will be to-[D7] morrows clien-[G7]-tele.

Here's an [C] end to [C7] all your [A] troubles,
 Here's an [Dm] end to [G7] all dis-[C]-tress,
 It's the [C] old [C7] dope [Dm] pedlar,
 With his [C] powdered [G7] happi-[C]-ness.

Outro: Slowing

YES It's the [C] old [C7] dope [Dm] pedlar,
 With his [C] powdered [G7] happi-[C]ness. [G7]! [G7]! [C]!



Keep Fit Club

Tune: Oh Dear, What can the Matter be?

Recorded by Gary and Vera Aspey on their "Nightshift Army" LP

3 / 4 Time (Brisk) Intro: [Dm] [G7] [C]

Suggested strum 1↓2↑3↓1↓2↑3↓1↓2↑3↓

[C] Oh! [C] Dear! [C] what can the [C] matter be,
 [G] What has [G] athletic [G] Jane Fonda [G] done to me?
 [C] Aches and [C] pains through-[C]-out my an-[C]-atomy,
 [Dm] Better I [G7] never will [C] be. [C]

She [C] promised a [C] figure so [C] lithesome and [C] slender.
 Ab-[G]-stention from [G] French fries and [G] fat burger [G] benders,
 I've [C] looked in the [C] mirror no [C] diff'rence how-[C]-ever,
 I'm [Dm] having some [G7] pudding for [C] tea.

Chorus: We [C] huff and we [C] puff, we [C] bend to and [C] fro,
 We [G] stretch and we [G] strain, we [G] pant and we [G] blow.
 We [C] tell ourselves [C] our fat will soon [C] go
 [Dm] Maybe it [G7] will? I don't [C] know.

In [C] leotards and [C] leggings we [C] think we look [C] natty
 [G] Just like our [G] teacher? more [G] like Nora Bat-[G]-ty
 With [C] hairbands to [C] match and [C] stretch nylon, [C] lycra,
 Our [Dm] fellers had [G7] better watch [C] out.

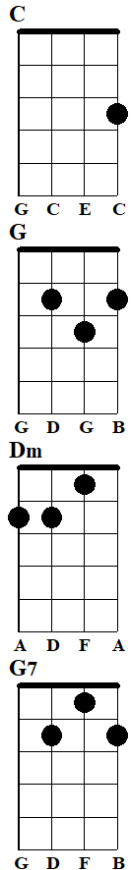
The [C] class starts at [C] seven, the [C] music's a [C] gas,
 I'm [G] knackered al-[G]-ready it's [G] only ten [G] past.
 By [C] half past the [C] hour I [C] know I won't [C] last,
 And [Dm] what's more I [G7] now need the [C] loo. -----Chorus

From [C] head turns and [C] neck twists, and [C] arm rolls and [C] wrist flicks.
 Through [G] waist turns and [G] bum bumps and [G] eye level high [G] kicks,
 [C] Ankle ro-[C]-tations pha-[C]-langeal -[C]-flection.
 Next [Dm] term I'm en-[G7]-rolling for [C] woodwork.

Well [C] fitness is [C] one thing but [C] as I grow [C] older
 Good [G] health's more im-[G]-portant than a [G] bony old [G] shoulder
 [C] Beauty should [C] stay in the [C] eye of be-[C]-holders,
 I'm [Dm] throwing this [G7] tape in the [C] bin. -----Chorus

Well I've [C] done without [C] pastry [C] potatoes and [C] pasta,
 Fresh green apples she's really a bastion
 Of fitness how can she for ever abstain
 from [Dm] all that's so [G7] temptingly [C] sweet.

Outro: We [C] huff and we [C] puff, we [C] bend to and [C] fro,
 We [G] stretch and we [G] strain, we [G] pant and we [G] blow.
 We [C] tell ourselves [C] our fat will soon [C] go
 [Dm] Maybe it [G7] will? Let's hope [C]! so.



He'll Have To Go

Joe & Audrey Nelson (1958)

Jim Reeves UK No.12 in 1960

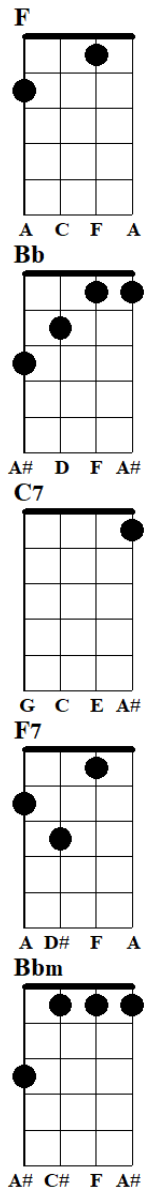
3 / 4 Time. **[F] [C7] [C]**

Put your **[F]** sweet lips a little **[Bb]** closer to the **[F]** phone,
 Let's pre-**[F]**-tend that we're **[F]** together all a-**[C7]**-lone,
 I'll tell the **[F]** man to turn the **[F7]** jukebox way down **[Bb]** low,
 And **[Bbm]** you can **[F]** tell your friend there **[C7]** with you,
 He'll have to **[F]** go

Whisper **[F]** to me, tell me **[Bb]** do you love me **[F]** true,
 or is **[F]** he holding **[F]** you the way I **[C7]** do?
 Though love is **[F]** blind, make up your **[F7]** mind, I've got to **[Bb]**
 know,
 Should I **[F]** hang up, or will you **[C7]** tell him,
 He'll have to **[F]** go

*You can't **[Bb]** say the words I want to hear,
 While you're **[F]** with another man,
 Do you **[Bb]** want me, answer yes or no,
 Darling **[F]** I will under-**[C7]**-stand*

Put your **[F]** sweet lips a little **[Bb]** closer to the **[F]** phone,
 Let's pre-**[F]**-tend that we're **[F]** together all a-**[C7]**-lone,
 I'll tell the **[F]** man to turn the **[F7]** jukebox way down **[Bb]** low,
 And **[Bbm]** you can **[F]** tell your friend there **[C7]** with you,
 He'll have to **[F]** go.



Poisoning Pigeons in the Park.

Tom Lehrer (1953)

uhgl

3 / 4 time: Lightly. Intro: [C] [A7] [D7] [G]

[C] Spring is [A7] here, [D7] spring is [G] here.
 [C] Life is [A7] skittles and [D7] life is [G7] beer.
 [Dm] I think the [G7] loveliest [C] time of the [G7] year is the [C] spring.
 I [A7] do, don't [D7] you? 'Course you [G7] do.
 But there's [Dm] one thing that [G7] makes spring [C] complete for me,
 And [D7] makes every Sunday a [G] treat for [G7] me.

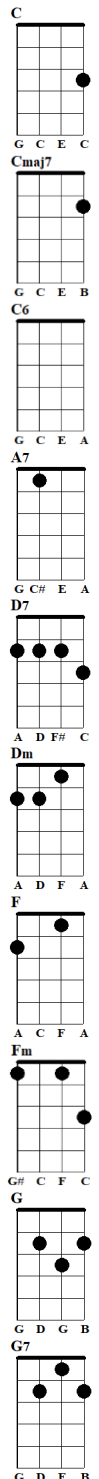
All the [C] world seems in [Cmaj7] tune on a [C6] spring after-[C]-noon,
 When we're poisoning pigeons in the [G7] park.
 Every [Dm] Sunday you'll [Faug] see My [F] sweetheart and [Dm] me,
 As we [G7] poison the pigeons in the [C] park.

*When [Fm] they see us coming, the [C] birdies all try an' hide,
 But they [D7] still go for peanuts when [G7] coated with cyanide.
 The [C] sun's shining [Cmaj7] bright, Every-[C6]-thing seems all [C] right,
 When we're [D7] poisoning [G7] pigeons in the [C] park.*

We've [G7] gained notoriety, and [C] caused much anxiety,
 In the [G7] Audubon Society With our [C] games.
 They [A7] call it impiety, and [D] lack of propriety,
 And [A7] quite a variety Of unpleasant [D] names.
 But it's [D7] not against any re-[G]-ligion,
 To [D7] want to dispose of a [G7] pigeon.

So if [C] Sunday you're [Cmaj7] free, Why don't [C6] you come with [C] me,
 And we'll poison the pigeons in the park. [G7]
 And [Dm] maybe we'll do In a [F] squirrel or [Dm] two,
 While we're [G7] poisoning pigeons in the [C] park.
 We'll [Fm] murder them all amid [C] laughter and merriment.
 Ex-[D7]-cept for the few we take [G] home to ex-[G7]-periment.

My [C] pulse will be [Cmaj7] quickening with [C6] each drop of [C] strychnine
 We [D7] feed to a [G7] pigeon, It [D7] just takes a [G7] smidgen!
 To [D7] poison a [G7] pigeon in the [C] park.



We Will All Go Together When We Go.

Tom Lehrer 1958

On The 'An Evening 'Wasted' with Tom Lehrer' Album.

Intro: [Fm] ↓ One slow strum down.

When [Fm] you attend a funeral, It is [C7] sad to think that sooner o' later,
[Fm] Those you love will [Db7] do the same for [C7]¹ you. [Db7]¹ [C7]¹²
And you [Fm] may have thought it tragic, not to [C7] mention other adjectives,
To [Fm] think of all the [G7] weeping they will [C7] do. Pause - But don't you worry.
No more [Fm] ashes no more sackcloth, and an [Gm] arm band made of black cloth,
will [Fm] someday never more adorn a [F] sleeve, for if the bomb that drops on [F7] you,

Gets your [Bb] friends and neighbours [G7] too,
T here'll be [C7] nobody left behind to [F] grieve.
And we will [F] All go together when [F7] we [Bb] go,
What a comforting [Gm] fact that is to [C] know.
Uni-[F]-ver-sal be-[F7]-reavement, An in-[Bb]-spiring a-[Gm]-chievement,
We [C7] all will go together when we [F] go. [D7]

We will [G] all go together when [G7] we [C] go,
All suffused with an [Am] incandescent [D7] glow.
No one will [G] have the en-[G7]-dur-ance, To col-[C]-lect on his in-[Am]-surance,
Lloyds of [D7] London will be loaded when they [G] go. [C7]

We will [F] all fry together when [F7] we [Bb] fry,
we'll be French fried pot-[Gm]-atoes by and [C] by.
There will [F] be no more mis-[F7]-ery when the [Bb] world is our ro-[G]-tisserie,
Yes we [C7] all will fry together when we [F] fry. [D7]

And we will [G] All bake together when [G7] we [C] bake,
There'll be nobody [Am] present at the [D7] wake,
With [G] complete partici-[G7]-pation, in that [C] grand inciner-[Am]-ation,
Nearly [D7] three billion hunks of well-done [G] steak. [C7]

We will [F] all char together when [F7] we [Bb] char,
And let there be no [Gm] moaning at the [C7] bar.
Just [F] sing out a Te-de-[F7]-um when you [Bb] see that I.C.B.-[Gm]-M,
And the [C7] party will be come as you [F] are. [D7]

We will [G] all burn together when [G7] we [C] burn,
there'll be no need to stand [Am] and wait your [D7] turn,
When it's [G] time for the [G7] fall out and St. [C] Peter calls us [Am] all out.
We just [D7] drop our agendas and ad-[G]-journ. [G7]

[Am] ↓ -You will all go directly to your respective Val-[D] ↓ -halla's
[Gm] Go directly, do not pass "GO" do not collect 200 [C] dollars" [C7]

And we [F] will all go together when [F7] we [Bb] go,
every Hottentot and [Gm] every [C] Eskimo.
When the [F] air becomes u-ran-[F7]-ous, we will [Bb] all go si-mul-[Gm]-tan-eous,
Yes we [C7] all will go together when we [D7] all go together,
Yes we [Gm] all will go to-[C7]-gether when we [F] go.----[Bb] ↓ [Bb] ↓ [F] ↓

Note: This is a much simpler arrangement than the original which used 6 different keys.

