

Ukulele-Joe Song Collection

Volume 7

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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Best Of All Possible Worlds

By Kris Kristofferson 1967

4 / 4 Time [A7] [A7] [A7]

I was [A7] runnin' thru' the summer rain, try'n' to catch the evenin' train,
 And [F#dim] kill the old familiar pain weavin' thru' my tangled brain,
 But [G7] when I tipped my bottle back I smacked into a cop [G7+5] I didn't [C] see.
 That [A7] po-lice-man said, "mister Cool, If you ain't drunk, then you're a fool."
 I [F#dim] said, "If that's against the law, then tell me why I never saw
 A [G7] man locked in that jail of yours, who wasn't just as low [G7+5] down poor as [C] me?"

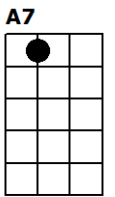
Tacit; Well, that was when someone Turned out the lights,
 [G7] And I wound up in jail to spend the [C] night,
 And dream of all the wine and lonely [F] girls [Dm] In this [G7] best of all possible [C] worlds.

Well, [A7] I woke up next mornin' feelin' like my head was gone,
 And [F#dim] like my thick old tongue was lickin' something sick and wrong,
 And [G7] told that man I'd sell my soul for something wet and cold [G7+5] as that old [C] cell.
 That [A7] kindly jailer grinned at me, all eaten up with sympathy,
 Then [F#dim] poured himself another beer and came and whispered in my ear,
 "If [G7] booze was just a dime a bottle boy, you couldn't ev-[G7+5]-en buy the [C] smell."

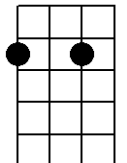
Tacit; I said I knew there was something I liked about this town.
 [G7] But it takes more than that to bring me down, down, [C] down, down, down,
 'Cause there's still a lot of wine and lonely [F] girls [Dm] In this [G7] best of all possible [C] worlds.

Well, they [A7] finally came and told me they was gonna set me free,
 And that [F#dim] I'd be leavin' town if I knew what was good for me.
 I [G7] said, "It's nice to learn that ev'rybody's so concerned [G7+5] about my [C] health."
 I [A7] said, "I won't be leavin' no more quicker than I can,
 'Cause [F#dim] I've enjoyed about as much of this as I can stand,
 And [G7] I don't need this town of yours more than I never need-[G7+5]-ed nothin' [C] else."

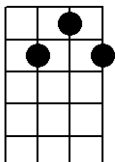
Tacit; 'Cause there's still a lot of drinks that I ain't drunk.
 And [G7] lots of pretty thoughts that I ain't [C] thunk.
 Lord, there's still a lot of lonely [F] girls, [Dm] In this, [G7] best of all possible, -
 [G7] best of all possible, - [G7] best of all possible [C] worlds. [G]! [C]!



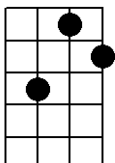
S-0100-S
F#dim



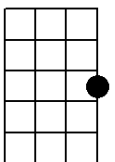
S-2020-S
G7



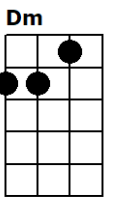
S-0212-S
G7+5



S-0312-S
C



S-0003-S



S-2210-S

Eight Days a Week

Lennon & McCartney, 1967

Intro	F				G7				Bb				F											
Strum	↓		↑	↓	↓		↑	↓	↓	↓		↑	↓	↓	↓		↑	↓	↓					
4 / 4 time	1	-	2	-	3	-	4	-	1	-	2	-	3	-	4	-	1	-	2	-	3	-	4	-

[F] Ooh I need your [G7] love, babe, [Bb] guess you know it's [F] true,
[F] Hope you need my [G7] love, babe, [Bb] just like I need [F] you.
[Dm] Hold me, [Bb] love me, [Dm] hold me, [G7] love me-;
[F] Ain't got nothing but [G7] love, babe, [Bb] - eight days a [F] week.
[F] Love you every [G7] day, girl, [Bb] always on my [F] mind,
[F] One thing I can [G7] say, girl, [Bb] love you all the [F] time.
[Dm] Hold me, [Bb] love me, [Dm] hold me, [G7] love me;
[F] Ain't got nothing but [G7] love, babe, [Bb] - eight days a [F] week.

[C] Eight days a week, I [Dm] lo-o-o-o-ove you;
[G7] Eight days a week is [Bb] not enough to [C7] show I care,

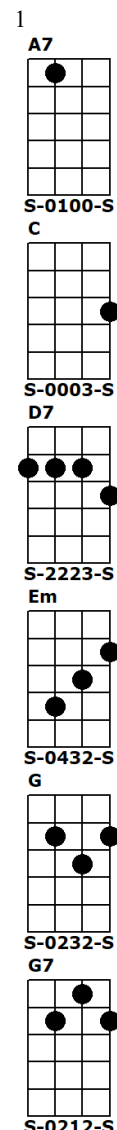
[F] Ooh I need your [G7] love, babe, [Bb] guess you know it's [F] true,
[F] Hope you need my [G7] love, babe, [Bb] just like I need [F] you.
[Dm] Hold me, [Bb] love me, [Dm] hold me, [G7] love me;
[F] Ain't got nothing but [G7] love, babe, [Bb] - eight days a [F] week.

[C] Eight days a week I [Dm] l-o-o-o-ove you;
[G7] Eight days a week is [Bb] not enough to [C7] show I care,

[F] Love you every [G7] day, girl, [Bb] always on my [F] mind,
[F] One thing I can [G7] say, girl, [Bb] love you all the [F] time.
[Dm] Hold me, [Bb] love me, [Dm] hold me, [G7] love me;
[F] Ain't got nothing but [G7] love, babe, [Bb] - eight days a [F] week.

[Bb] - Eight Days a [F] week ... [Bb] - eight days a [F] week.

Outro	F					G7					Bb					F	
Strum	↓		↑	↓	↓	↓		↑	↓	↓	↓		↑	↓	↓	↓	
4 / 4 time	1	–	2	–	3	–	4	–	1	–	2	–	3	–	4	–	1



Norwegian Wood

Lennon & McCartney 1965

3 /4 Time Intro - [D] [] [Am7]// [G]/ [D] Wood? [A7]

Chorus - [D] I [] once had a [] girl,

[D] Or should I [] say, [Am7]//she once [G]/ had [D] me; []

[D] She [] showed me her [] room,

[D]Isn't it [] good, [Am7]// Nor-we-[G]/-gian [D] Wood? []//

She [Dm] asked me to [] stay and she [] told me to [] sit any-[G]-where, [][][]//

So [Dm] I looked a-[]-round and I [] noticed there [] wasn't a [G] chair. [] [A7][]

[D] I [] sat on a [] rug,

[D] Biding my [] time, [Am7]// drink-[G]/-ing her [D] wine. []

[D] We [] talked until [] two,

[D] and then she [] said, [Am7] //Its time [G]/ for [D] bed. [] -----Chorus

She [Dm] told me she [] worked in the [] morning and [] started to [G] laugh, [][][]//

I [Dm] told her I [] didn't and [] crawled off to [] sleep in the [G] bath. [] [A7] []

[D] And [] when I a-[]-woke,

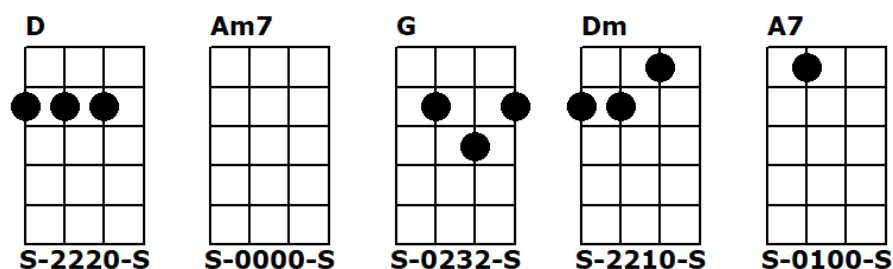
[] I was a-[]-lone, [Am7]// This bird [G]/ had [D] flown. [][]

[D] So [] I lit a [] fire

[D] isn't it [] good, [Am7]// Nor-we-[G]/-gian [D] Wood. [][]

Quietly -[Am7]// Nor-we-[G]/-gian [D] Wood. [][]

Very Quiet - [Am7] //Nor-we-[G]/-gian [D] Wood. Fade out - [][][]



Sunday Morning Coming Down

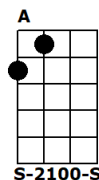
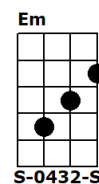
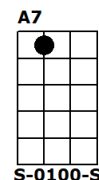
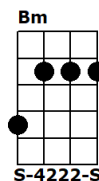
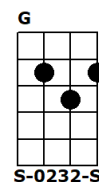
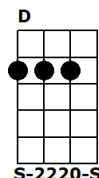
Kris Krisofferson 1969

[D] Well, I woke up Sunday mornin' with
 no **[G]** way to hold my head that didn't **[D]** hurt;
 And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't **[Bm]** bad,
 So I had one more for des-**[A]**-sert;
 Then I **[D]** fumbled through my closet for my **[G]** clothes
 and found my cleanest dirty **[D]** shirt; **[Bm]**
 And I **[G]** shaved my face, and combed my hair,
 and **[Em]** stumbled down the stair to meet the **[A]** day; **[A7]**

Well, I'd **[D]** smoked my brain the night before
 with **[G]** cigarettes and songs that I'd been a-**[D]**-pickin';
 But I lit my first and watched a small kid
[Bm] cussin' at a can that he was **[A]** kickin'; **[A7]**
 Then I **[D]** crossed the empty street and caught the
[G] Sunday smell of someone fryin' **[D]** chicken; **[Bm]**
 And it **[G]** took me back to **[Em]** somethin' that I'd **[G]** lost Somehow,
 Some-**[A7]**-where along the **[D]** way;

*Chorus: On the Sunday mornin' **[G]** sidewalk,
 Wishin', Lord, that I was **[D]** stoned,
 'cause there's something in a **[A]** Sunday,
[Em] makes a **[A7]** body feel **[D]** alone;
 And there's nothin' short of **[G]** dyin'
 Half as lonesome as a **[D]** sound,
 On the sleeping city **[A]** sidewalk;
 Sunday mornin' comin' **[D]** down.*

In the **[D]** park I saw a daddy
 With a **[G]** laughing little girl that he was **[D]** swingin';
 And I stopped beside a Sunday school
 And **[Bm]** listened to the song that they were **[A]** singin'; **[A7]**
 Then I **[D]** headed back for home,
 And somewhere **[G]** far away a lonely bell was **[D]** ringin';
 And it **[G]** echoed thru the **[A]** canyon
 Like the **[G]** dis-a-**[Em]**-ppearing **[A]** dreams of yester-**[D]**-day; ----- Chorus

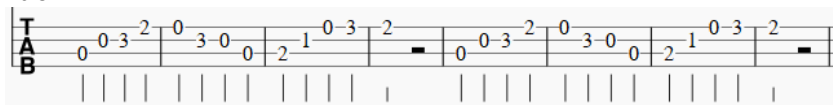


Mr. Sandman

Pat Ballard 1954

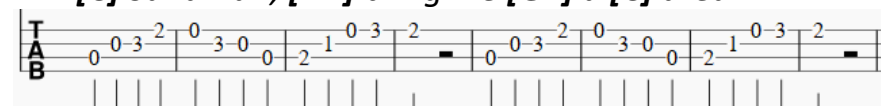
Based on the Chordettes Hit 1954

Intro



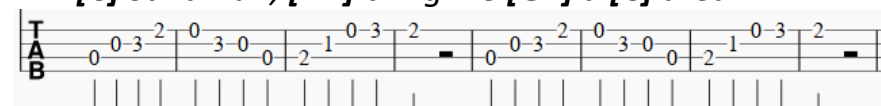
Mr [CMaj7] Sand-[C6]-man, [B7] bring me a dream,
 [E7] Make her the cutest girl that [A7+5] I've ever [A7] seen.
 [D6] Give her two lips like [G7] roses in clover,
 [C] Then tell her that her lonesome [G#7] nights are [G7] over.

[CMaj7] Sand-[C6]-man, [B7] I'm so alone,
 [E7] Don't have nobody to [A7+5] call my [A7] own.
 [Dm] Please turn on your magic [Fm] beam,
 Mr. [C] Sandman, [D7] bring me [G7] a [C] dream.



Mr [CMaj7] Sand-[C6]-man, [B7] bring me a dream,
 [E7] Make her the cutest girl that [A7+5] I've ever [A7] seen.
 [D6] Give her the word that [G7] I'm not a rover,
 [C] And tell her that her lonesome [G#7] nights are [G7] over.

[CMaj7] Sand[C6] man, [B7] I'm so alone,
 [E7] Don't have nobody to [A7+5] call my [A7] own.
 [Dm] Please turn on your magic [Fm] beam,
 Mr. [C] Sandman, [D7] bring me [G7] a [C] dream.

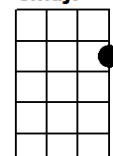


[CMaj7] Sand-[C6]-man, [B7] bring me a dream,
 [E7] Give her blue eyes with a [A7+5] come-hither [A7] gleam.
 [Dm] Give her a figure like [Fm] Venus de Milo,
 [C] And the kind of smile that [G#7] makes the [G7] world glow.

Mr. [CMaj7] Sand-[C6]-man, [B7] someone to hold,
 [E7] Would be so peachy be-[A7+5]-fore I'm too [A7] old,
 So [Dm] please turn on your magic [Fm] beam,
 Mr. [C] Sandman, [D7] bring me [G7] a [C]↓ dream.

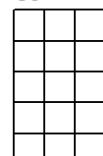
Slowing down in last line to a single slow strum while singing
 'dream'

Cmaj7



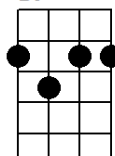
S-0002-S

C6



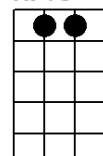
S-0000-S

B7



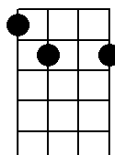
S-2322-S

A7+5



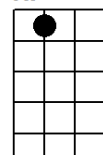
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E7



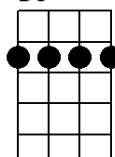
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A7



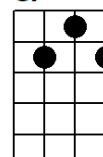
S-0100-S

D6



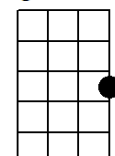
S-2222-S

G7



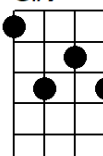
S-0212-S

C



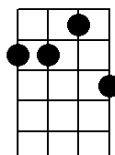
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G#7



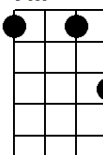
S-1323-S

Dm7



S-2213-S

Fm



S-1013-S

My Daddy Is a Left Wing Intellectual

Alex Glasgow 1971

Intro **[G]** **[D7]** **[G]** **[G]**//

Oh my **[G]** daddy is a **[D]** left wing intel-**[G]** lect-ual,
 You can see it from the funny clothes he **[D7]** wears.
 In that **[G]** greasy leather **[G7]** jacket and that **[C]** suit of corduroy,
 And the **[G]** woollen shirt that's **[D7]** full of stains and **[G]** tears.

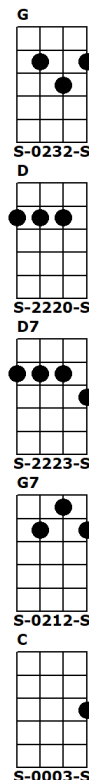
Oh my **[G]** daddy is a **[D]** left wing intel-**[G]** lect-ual,
 He used to be a Stalinist they **[D7]** say,
 For a **[G]** while he was a **[G7]** Trotskyist, un-**[C]**-til he saw what he had risked,
 And **[G]** now he's just a **[D7]** pragmatist, au **[G]** fait.

Oh my **[G]** daddy is a **[D]** left wing intel-**[G]** lect-ual,
 He really thinks the Beatles are a **[D7]** gas,
 Mind he **[G]** doesn't like the **[G7]** music, the **[C]** haircuts and the rest,
 He **[G]** likes the 'cause they're **[D7]** from the working **[G]** class.

Oh my **[G]** daddy is a **[D]** left wing intel-**[G]** lect-ual,
 He supports the Co-op movement do or **[D7]** die,
 "We must **[G]** nationalise" he **[G7]** cries "Down with **[C]** private enterprise"
 But his **[G]** divi' comes from **[D7]** shares in . **[G]** I.C.I.

Oh my **[G]** daddy is a **[D]** left wing intel-**[G]**-lect-ual,
 He believes in full equality for **[D7]** men,
 But you **[G]** should have heard the **[G7]** fuss, when I **[C]** failed the eleven plus,
 He **[G]** packed me off to **[D7]** Eton there and **[G]** then.

And that **[G]** Eton edu-**[D7]**-cation proved ef-**[G]**-fectual,
 And my daddy is so very proud of **[D7]** me,
 I've at **[G]** last achieved some **[G7]** fame, I've be-**[C]**-come a household name,
 As a **[G]** right wing homo-**[D7]**-sexual on **[G]** T.V.



Macnamara's Band

John J Sanford & Shamus O'Connor 1917

Intro 4 / 4 time Tra la la [D] la, Tra la la [Em] la la, Tra la [A7] la la la la la la la [D] la,
Tra la la [D] la, Tra la la [Em] la la, Tra la [A7] la la la la la la la
[D]! la, [A7]! Tra-la-la [D]! la.

6/8 Time

Oh my [D] name is Macnamara, I'm the leader of the band,
And [G] though we're small in [D] numbers, We're the [E7] best in all the [A7] land.
Oh! [D] I am the conductor and we often have to play
With [A7] all the best mus-[D]-icianers you [A7] hear about to-[D]-day.

Chorus

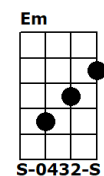
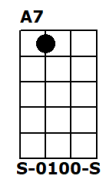
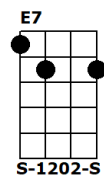
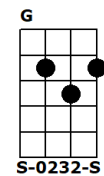
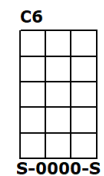
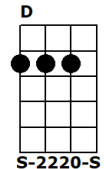
Oh the [D] drums go bang, the cymbals clang, the horns they blaze away,
Mac-[G]-arthy puffs the [D] old bassoon, and [E7] Doyle the pipes do [A7] play.
[D] Hennessy Tennessy tootles the flute, my word it's something grand,
And a [G] credit to old [D] Ireland boys, is [A7] Macnamara's [D] Band.

4 / 4 time Tra la la [D] la, Tra la la [Em] la la, Tra la [A7] la la la la la la la [D] la,
Tra la la [D] la, Tra la la [Em] la la, Tra la [A7] la la la la la la la
[D]! la, [A7]! Tra-la-la [D]! la.

When-[D]-ever an elections on we play on [A7] either [D] side,
The [G] way we play the [D] fine old airs fills [E7] every heart with [A7] pride.
If [D] Tommy Moore was living now he'd make them [A7] under-[D]-stand
That [G] none can do him [D] justice like old [A7] Macnamara's [D] Band. -----Chorus

We [D] play for fairs or weddings and for ev-ery [A7] County [D] Ball,
And at [G] any great man's [D] fun-e-ral we [E7] play "Dead March" from [A7] Saul.
When [D] General Grant to Ireland -came He shook me by the hand,
And [G] said he'd never [D] heard the like of [A7] Macnamara's [D] Band. -----Chorus

Just [D] now we are a-practicing for a very grand affair,
It's an [G] annual cele-[D]-bration, all the [E7] gentry will be [A7] there.
The [D] girls and boys will all turn out with flags colours grand,
And [G] leading the proc-[D]-ession will be [A7] Macnamara's [D] Band. -----Chorus



Walk Tall

Don Wayne 1964

Val Doonigan UK No 3 1964

Verse 1 & Chorus

Walk [C] tall, walk [] straight and look the [G] world right in the [C] eye,
 That's [F] what my momma [] told me when [C] I was about knee [] high.
 She [F] said "Son be a [] proud man and [C] hold your head up [] high,
 Walk [C] tall, walk [] straight and look the [G] world right in the [C] eye".

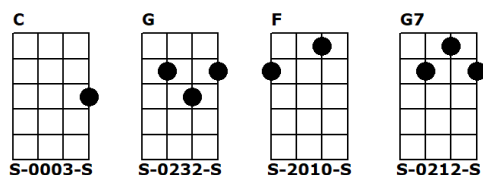
All [C] through the years as [] I grew up mom [G7] taught these things to [C] me,
 But [F] I was young and [] foolish then and [C] much too blind to [] see.
 [F] I ignored the [] things she said as [C] If I'd never heard,
 [C] Now I see and [] understand the [G7] wisdom of her [] words. -----Chorus

I [C] started goin' [] places where the [G7] youngsters shouldn't [C] go,
 I [F] got to know the [] kind of girls it's [C] better not to [] know.
 I [F] fell in with a [] bad crowd and [C] laughed and drank with [] them,
 [C] through the laughter [] Momma's words would [G7] echo now and [C] then. -Chorus

I [C] got in trouble [] with the law and [G7] I'm in prison [C] now,
 But [F] through these prison [] bars I see things [C] so much different [] now.
 [F] I've got one year [] left to serve but [C] when my time is [] done,
 [C] I'll walk tall and [] straight and make mom [G7] proud to call me [C] son. -----Chorus

[C] Walk tall walk straight and look the [G] world right in the [C] eye,
 That's [F] what my momma [] told me when [C] I was about knee high.
 She [F] said "Son be a [] proud man and [C] hold your head up [] high,
 Walk [C] tall, walk [] straight and look the [G7] world [C] right in the eye".

"Walk [C] tall, walk [] straight and look the [G7] world [C] right in the eye". [G7]/ [C]!



I Almost Lost My Mind.

Ivory Joe Hunter 1949

Pat Boone Hit 1956

[C] When I lost my [] baby,
 [] I almost lost my [C]/ mi[C7]/-nd.
 [F] When I lost my [] baby,
 [] I almost [G7] lost my [C]/// mind.
 My [G7] head is in a spin
 [F] since she [G7] left me be-[C]-hind.

#2.

I [C] went to see the gypsy,
 and had my fortune [C]/ re-[C7]/-ad.
 I [F] went to see the gypsy,
 and had my [G7] fortune [C] read.
 I [G] hung my head in sorrow
 [F] when she [G7] said what she [C] said.

#3.

Well, [C] I can tell you, people,
 the news was not so [C] good.
 Well, [F] I can tell you, people,
 the news was [G7] not so [C] good.
 She [G7] said, 'Your baby's left you,
 [F] This time she's [G7] gone for [C] good.

Outro-

Piano

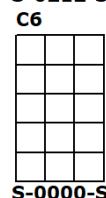
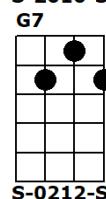
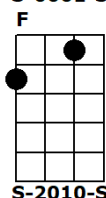
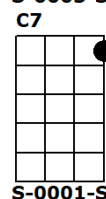
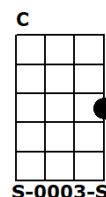
Rea - lly gone for good.

Ukulele

3 0 0 3 0 1 0 0

C6

C6(Strum)



Bernardine

Johnny Mercer 1957

Pat Boone 1957 B side of "Love Letters in the Sand"

Intro- [C] [G] [C]

[C] Oh, **[Dm]** Bernar-**[C]**-dine **[C7]****[F]** Oh, oh, oh, Bernar-**[C]**-dine. **[C7]**

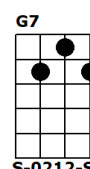
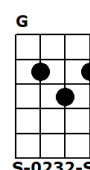
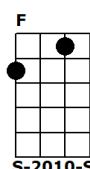
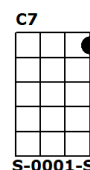
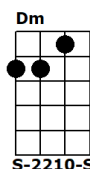
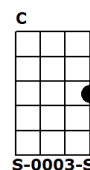
I can **[C]** tell by the dimple on your **[C7]** chin,
 you're in **[F]** beautiful shape for the shape you're in,
 And **[C]** I'm in **[G]** shape for Bernar-**[C]**-dine.

[C] Oh, **[Dm]** Bernar-**[C]**-dine **[C7]****[F]** Oh, oh, oh, Bernar-**[C]**-dine. **[C7]**

When you **[C]** wander into my dreams at **[C7]** night,
 Your **[F]** remarkable form is a pure delight.
 And I **[C]** go, go, **[G]** go for Bernar-**[C]**-dine.

*Bernar-**[C]**-dine, Oh, Bernar-**[F]**-dine.**You're a little **[C]** bit like every girl I've ever **[Dm]** seen. **[G7]****Oh, your **[C]** separate parts are not un-**[C7]**-known,**But the **[F]** way that you assemble them is all your own.**All **[C]** yours and **[G]** mine, now Bernar-**[C]**-dine.***[C]** Oh, **[Dm]** Bernar-**[C]**-dine **[C7]****[F]** Oh, oh, oh, Bernar-**[C]**-dine. **[C7]**

Say you'll **[C]** wait for me out by the rocket**[C7]** base,
 and we'll **[F]** both blast off into outer space.
 And **[C]** oh, oh, **[G]** oh-oh, Bernar **[C]**-dine.

*Bernar-**[C]**-dine, Oh Bernar-**[F]**-dine.**Come **[C]** away with me now in the rocket-propelled ma **[Dm]** chine. **[G7]****Oh **[C]** we'll come home by a drive-in **[C7]** spa,**just a **[F]** little this side of Shangri-**[Dm]** La.**And **[C]** there I'll **[G]** stay with Bernar-**[C]**-dine.***Outro:** And **[C]** there I'll **[G]** stay with Bernar-**[C]**-dine .**[G]!** **[C]!**

The most chivalrous fish of the ocean

Published as "The Rhyme Of The Chivalrous Shark" by Wallace Irwin in 1904 Sung by Steve Benbow and many others

The most [F] chivalrous fish of the [C7] ocean,
To the ladies forbearing and [F] mild,
Though his record be [F7] dark, the [Bb] man-eating shark,
He will [C7] eat neither woman nor [F] child.

He [F] dines upon seamen and [C7] skippers,
And tourists his hunger as-[F]-suage,
And a fresh cabin [F7] boy will [Bb] inspire him with joy
If he's [C7] past the maturity [F] age.

A [F] doctor, a lawyer, a [C7] preacher,
Why he'll gobble one any fine [F] day,
But the ladies, God [F7] bless 'em he'll only [Bb] address 'em
Po-[C7]-lightly and go on his [F] way.

I can [F] readily cite you an [C7] instance
Where a lovely young lady of [F] Breem,
Who was tender and [F7] sweet and [Bb] delicious to eat,
Fell [C7] into the bay with a [F] scream.

She [F] struggled and flounced in the [C7] water,
And signalled in vain for her [F] barque,
And she'd surely been [F7] drowned if she [Bb] hadn't been found
By a [C7] chivalrous man-eating [F] shark.

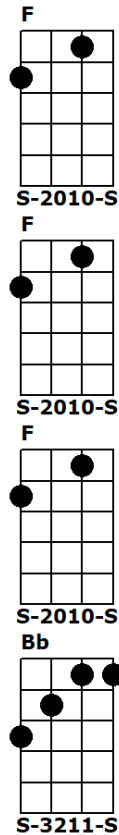
Who [F] bowed in a manner most [C7] polished,
Thus soothing her impulses [F] wild.
"Don't be frightened," he [F7] said, "I've been [Bb] properly bred,
And will eat [C7] neither woman nor [F] child."

Then her [F] proffered his fin and she [C7] took it
Such gallantry none can dis-[F]-pute.
While the passengers [F7] cheered as the [Bb] vessel they neared,
And a [C7] broadside was fired in sa-[F]-lute.

And they [F] soon stood alongside the [C7] vessel,
When a life-saving dinghy was [F] lowered
With the pick of the [F7] crew, And her [Bb] relatives too
And the [C7] mate and the skipper a-[F]-board.

Oh they [F] drew her aboard in a [C7] jiffy,
And the shark stood attention the [F] while,
Then he raised on his [F7] flipper and [Bb] gobbled the skipper
And [C7] went on his way with a [F] smile.

Speak "Thus proving that" – Repeat Verse 1 and end with a flourish.



It's Only Make Believe

Jack Nance & Conway Twitty 1957/8

Conway Twitty UK No. 1 1958

Intro:[C] [Bb] [F] [C7].

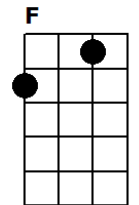
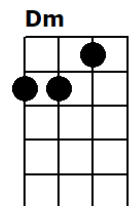
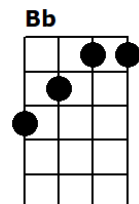
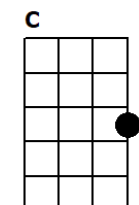
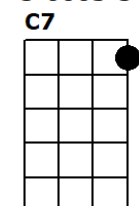
[F] People see us everywhere,
 [Dm] They think you really care,
 [Bb] But myself I can't deceive,
 I [C] know it's only make be-[F]-lee-[C7]-eve.

[F] My one and only prayer,
 [Dm] Is that someday you'll care,
 [Bb] My hopes my dreams come true,
 [C7] My one and only you,
 [Bb] No one will ever know,
 [C7] How much I love you so,
 [F] My only prayer will be,
 [Bb] Someday you'll care for me,
 But it's [C] only [Bb] make be-[F]-lee-[C7]-eve.

[F] My hopes my dreams come true,
 [Dm] My life I'd give for you,
 [Bb] My heart, a wedding ring,
 [C7] My all, my everything,
 [Bb] My heart I can't control,
 [C7] You rule my very soul,
 [F] My only prayer will be,
 [Bb] Someday you'll care for me,
 But it's [C] only [Bb] make be-[F]-lee-[C7]-eve.

[F] My one and only prayer,
 [Dm] Is that someday you'll care,
 [Bb] My hopes, my dreams, come true,
 [C7] My one and only you,
 [Bb] No one will ever know,
 [C7] How much I love you so,
 [F] My prayers, my hopes, and my schemes,
 [Bb] You are my every dream,
 But it's [C] only [Bb] make be-[F]-lee-[C7]-eve.

Outro: Yes, it's [C] only [Bb] make be-[F]-lee-[F]-eve.

**S-2010-S****S-2210-S****S-3211-S****S-0003-S****S-0001-S**

Jack Was Every Inch A Sailor

Traditional Newfoundland Published. 1933

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

Chorus: [G7]↓ Oh [C] Jack was every inch a [G] sailor
 Five and [G7] twenty years a [C] whaler
 [C] Jack was every inch a [G] sailor
 He was [G7] born upon the bright blue [G] sea.

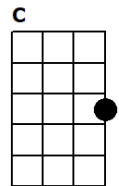
'twas [C] twenty-five or thirty years
 since Jack first saw the [G] light
 He came into this world of woe
 one [G7] dark and stormy [C] night
 He was [C] born on board his father's ship
 as [C7] she was laying [F] to
 'Bout [G7] twenty-five or thirty miles
 south-east of Bacc-a-[C]-lieu. ----- Chorus

When [C] Jack grew up to be a man,
 he went to Labra-[G]-dor
 He fished in Indian Harbour
 where his [G7] father fished be-[C]-fore
 On [C] his returning in the fog,
 he [C7] met a heavy [F] gale
 And [G7] Jack was swept into the sea
 and swallowed by a [C] whale. ----- Chorus

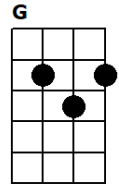
The [C] whale went straight for Baffin's Bay
 'bout ninety knots an [G] hour
 And ev'ry time he'd blow a spray,
 he'd [G7] send it in a [C] shower
 "Oh [C] now" says Jack unto himself
 "I must see what [C7] he's a-[F] bout!"
 He [G7] caught the whale all by the tail
 and turned him inside [C] out! . ----- Chorus

Outro:

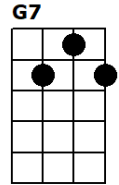
[C]↓ Yes He was [G7] born upon the bright blue [C] sea. [G]! [G]! [C]↓



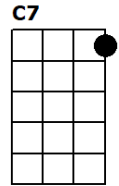
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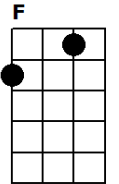
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S-2010-S

Living A Ukulele Life

Joe Douglas (2018) based on "Living a Ragtime Life" by Roberts & Jefferson (1900)

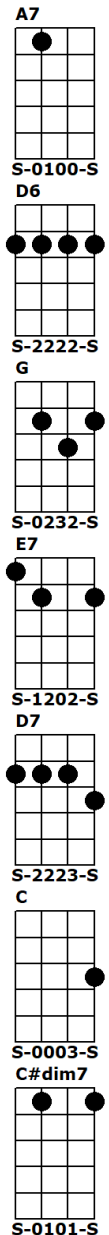
Intro: 4 / 4 Time [A7] [D6] [G] [G]///

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

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

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

Outro: Yes be [A7] certain to wed a
Uku-[D7]!-le-[D7]!-le. [D7]! Lov-[D7]!-in' [G] wife. [G]! [G]!



Big Jim Were a Worm

Traditional

Fivepenny Piece Lancashire Folk Group

Intro: [D]/ [A7]/ [D]/ [A7]/[D]/ [A7]

A [D] famous Scottish Angling Club arranged to hold a [A7] match
 And five pounds offered as the prize to him with the best [D] catch.
 Jock Thompson said, for catching fish, good [D7] bait is what you [G] need
 And [A7] So he got to work at once big worms to try to [D] breed.

Well he fed his pets on powdered milk, on baby food and [A7] whiskey,
 And when the contest day grew near, they were quite fat and [D] frisky.
 His favourite worm he called Big Jim, it really [D7] was a [G] picture,
 You would have [A7] thought he'd crossed a Conger Eel with a ruddy Boa-Con-[D]-stricator.

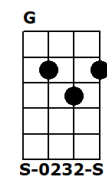
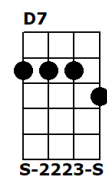
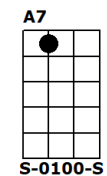
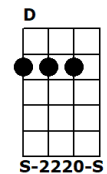
Chorus: Big [D] Jim were a worm, were a great big worm,
 Were a great big, beautiful, [A7] bloody red worm,
 Large and fat, and just like a picture,
 Crossed with an Eel and a [D] Boa constrictor
 Fed him on whiskey, which made him feel frisky,
 On pies and a [D7] pint or [G] two
 Big [A7] Jim were a worm, were a great big worm,
 Were a great big, beautiful, bloody red [D] worm.

Well [D] the day arrived, the places drawn, and soon the fishing [A7] started
 It was a sin to puncture Jim and Jock was broken [D] hearted.
 And yet those five pounds must be won, he'd [D7] promised one to his [G] daughter
 And [A7] so the dirty deed was done and Jim thrown in the [D] water. -----Chorus

Now [D] some caught roach, and some caught bream and some caught rainbow [A7] trout.
 Some caught eels, one caught seals, but most of them caught [D] nowt.
 But Jock he waited patiently to [D7] give Jim chance to [G] work
 And [A7] in a while his float did sink and gave the rod a [D] jerk.

Well the fight went on for hours and hours, Jock couldn't quench his [A7] thirst,
 But Big Jim being the worm he were, the fish surrendered [D] first.
 And then the judge came running up and [D7] with him brought his [G] scales,
 But [A7] When he saw the fish, he said, "Chuck it back We're not accepting [D] whales!"

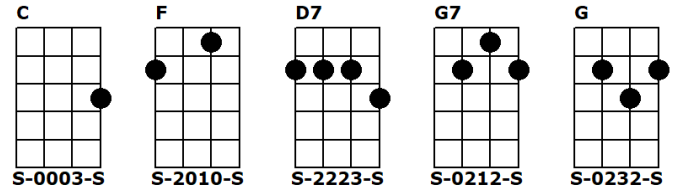
*Big [D] Jim were a worm, were a great big worm,
 Were a great big, beautiful, [A7] bloody red worm,
 Large and fat, and just like a picture,
 Crossed with an Eel and a [D] Boa constrictor
 Fed him on whiskey, which made him feel frisky,
 On pies and a [D7] pint or [G] two
 Big [A7] Jim were a worm, were a great big worm,
 Big [A7] Jim were a worm, were a great big worm,
 Big [A7] Jim were a worm, were a great big worm,
 Were a great big, beautiful, bloody red [D] worm.*



The Night Shift Army

Gary & Vera Aspey

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



They [C] give medals to fast runners and to [F] blokes who jump great heights,
 But [C] not a flaming sausage to the [D7] chap who works on [G7] nights.
 In the [C] pubs the cards are shuffled and the [F] darts are gaily tossed,
 As [C] creeping into the factory goes the [G] legion [G7] of the [C] lost.

CHORUS

For we [C] are the night shift army, [F] working the [C] night a-[G7]-way,
 [F] Pale and [C] drawn we a-[F]-wait the [C] dawn to [D7] sleep all through the [G7] day.
 To the [C] sound of the clattering dustbins and our [F] friendly Ice cream man,
 I would [C] love to stick his ding-dong chimes right [F] up his [G7] Ice cream [C] van.

Your [C] card is clocked, the hooter's gone, and your [F] mate's note has been read,
 And [C] while you're backing Britain well your [D7] foreman's back in [G7] bed.
 You [C] start to sweat your guts out, all [F] chance of rest has gone,
 For they've [C] got so many charge-hands you're out-[G]-numbered [G7] two to [C] one.

CHORUS

The [C] witching hour of midnight comes and [F] Securi-Care arrives,
 With his [C] large Siberian Wolfhound with [D7] teeth like Ghurkha's [G7] knives.
 By [C] One A-M he's still around with his [F] wild bowlegged pet,
 He's had [C] four of us for supper and the [G] beggars [G7] hungry [C] yet. -----CHORUS

At [C] eight A-M you stagger home all [F] tired and wracked with pain,
 And all [C] your kids start shouting "Mam that [D7] strange man's here [G7] again".
 On [C] hands and knees you climb the stairs and [F] tumble into bed,
 To [C] sleep until once more you join the [G] ranks of the [G7] walking [C] dead. --CHORUS

Outro: [C]! Ding [G]! Dong, [C]! Ding [G]! Dong, [C]! Ding-Dong-[F]! Ding-Dong [C]! Ding.

Blame It on The Ukulele - Parody 1

Tune- Barry Mann & Cynthia Weil (1962)

Anon.

Intro: [C] [C] [C]

[NC] I was on my [C] own, [C] feeling sad and [G] blue,
 [G] When I met a [G] girl, [G] who knew just what to [C] do-oo-oo..
 [C] On her little [C] uke, [C7] she began to [F] pla-a-ay,
 And then [C] I knew I'd buy a [G7] ukulele that [C] day.

[NC] Blame it on the uku-[G7]-lele, [G7] with its magic [C] spell.
 [C] Blame it on the uku-[G7]-lele, [G7] that she played so [C] well.
 [C7] Oh it all began with [F] just one little chord,
 But [F] soon it was a [C] sound we all adored.
 [C] Blame it on the uku-[G7]-lele, [G7] the sound of [C] love.

(Gents): Is it a guit-[G7]-ar?

(Ladies): No no a ukulele.

(Gents): Or a mando-[C]-lin?

(Ladies): No no a ukulele.

(Gents): So was it the [G7] sound?

(Ladies): Yeah yeah the ukulele.

(All): [C] The [F] sound of [C] love [C].

[NC] Now I'm glad to [C] say, [C] I have a fami-[G]-ly,
 [G] From Soprano to [G] bass, [G] ev'ry uku-[C]-le-ee-ee.
 [C] All my friends play [C] uke [C7], and I'm never [F] blu-u-ue,
 So [C] join our band and [G7] you can play one [C] too.

[NC] Come and play the uku-[G7]-lele, [G7] with its magic [C] spell.
 Come and play the uku-[G7]-lele, makes you feel so [C] well.
 [C7] Oh it all began with [F] just one little chord,
 But soon it was a [C] sound we all adored.
 Blame it on the uku-[G7]-lele, ----the sound of [C] love.

(Gents): Is it a guit-[G7]-ar?

(Ladies): No no a ukulele.

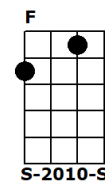
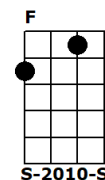
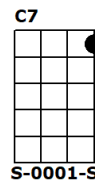
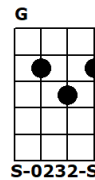
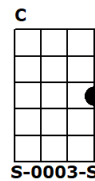
(Gents): Or a mando-[C]-lin?

(Ladies): No no a ukulele.

(Gents): So was it the [G7] sound?

(Ladies): Yeah yeah the ukulele.

(All): [C] The [F] sound of [C] love [C]! [C]! [C]! .



Blame It On The Ukulele - Parody 2

Tune- Barry Mann & Cynthia Weil (1962)

Lyrics -Sandor Nagyszalanczy (Sawn-door Not-sa-lon-see)

Intro- [C] [C] [C]

[NC] I was at a [C] fling, [C] when it caught my [G] ear,
 [G] That little four stringed [G] thing [G] that you strum with [C] chee-e-eer
 [C] But all those sour [C] notes [C7] just made me [F] swoo-o-on,
 And I [C] wondered if you [G7] ever played in [C] tune.

[NC] Blame it on the uku-[G7]-lele, [G7] and its island [C] spell,
 [C] Blame it on the Uku-[G7]-lele, [G7] that toy guitar from [C] hell,
 [C7] Oh it all began with [F] just one charming strum
 But [F] soon it added [C] up to sounding dumb
 [C] Blame it on the uku-[G7]-lele, [G7] that crazy sound of [C] love.

(Gents): [C] is that a child's gui-[G7]-tar?

(Ladies): No no a ukulele.

(Gents): Or a dying [C] dove

(Ladies): No no a ukulele.

(Gents): Can you hear it from a-[G7] far?

(Ladies): Yeah yeah the ukulele.

(All): [C] The [F] sound you [C] love [C].

[NC] Now I've calmed my [C] fears, [C] your strumming's lost its [G] snap
 [G] I'll unplug my [G] ears, [G] take a quiet [C] na-a-ap.
 [C] If our friends should [C] ask, [C7] why your uke won't [F] pla a-ay?
 It's 'cos I [C] went and cut the [G7] strings off yester-[C]-day.

[NC] Blame it on the uku-[G7]-lele, [G7] and all its wacky [C] charm,
 [C] Blame it on the uku-[G7]-lele, [G7] its sound may cause [C] alarm
 [C7] It all started when you [F] played a lovely tune
 But [F] soon I heard you [C] howling at the moon,
 [C] Blame it on the uku-[G7]-lele, [G7] that crazy sound you [C] love.

(Gents): Is that a mando-[G7]-lin?-

(Ladies): No no a ukulele.

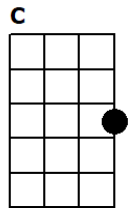
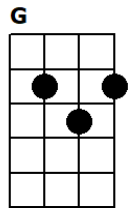
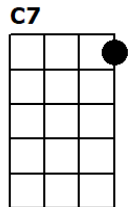
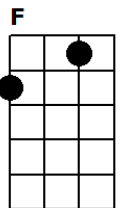
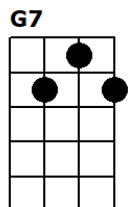
(Gents): Or God moaning a-[C]-bove?

(Ladies): No no a ukulele.

(Gents): It gets under your [G7] skin,

(Ladies): Yeah yeah the ukulele.

(All): [C] That [F] crazy sound of [C] love [C].

Outro: (All): [C] That [F] crazy [G7] sound of [C] love [C]!Cha [C]!Cha [C]!Cha**S-0003-S****S-0232-S****S-0001-S****S-2010-S****S-0212-S**

Windmills

Alan A Bell ~1970

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

In [G] Days gone [D] by, when the [C] world was much [G] younger,
 Men [G] harnessed the [D] wind to [C] work for man-[G]-kind.
 Seamen built [D] ships to [C] sail on the [G] oceans,
 Lands men built [D7] windmills the [C] corn for to [G] grind.

CHORUS

*It's a-[G]-round and a-[D]-round and a-[C]-round went the [G] big sails,
 Turning the [D] shafts and the [C] great wooden [G] wheels.
 Creaking and [D] groaning those [C] mill stones kept [G] turning,
 Grinding to [D] flour the good [C] corn from the [G] fields.*

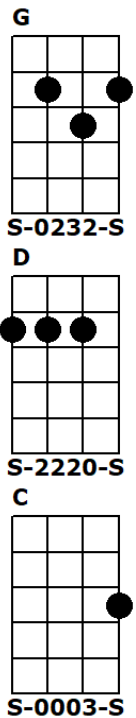
Through [G] Flanders and [D] Spain and the [C] Lowlands of [G] Holland,
 Through the [G] Kingdoms of [D] England and [C] Scotland and [G] Wales,
 Windmills grew up [D] all a-[C]-long the wild [G] coastlines.
 Ships of the [D] land with their [C] high canvas [G] sails. -----CHORUS

The [G] Lancashire [D] lads worked [C] hard with the [G] good earth,
 [G] Ploughing and [D] sowing as the [C] seasons [G] declare,
 Waiting to [D] reap the [C] rich golden [G] harvest,
 While the [G] miller he [D] idles, his [C] mill to re-[G]-pair. -----CHORUS

Windmills so [D] old of [C] wood blacked by [G] weather,
 Windmills of [D] stone glaring [C] white in the [G] sun,
 Windmills like [D] giants [C] ready for [G] tilting,
 Windmills that [D] died in the [C] gales and are [G] gone. -----CHORUS

Outro: [G] Grinding to [D7] flour the good [C] corn from the [G] fields.

Repeat and slowing



With A Little Help From My Friends.

Lennon & McCartney 1967

From the "Sgt. Peppers Lonely hearts Club Band" album

[C] What would you [G] think if I sang [Dm] out of tune,
 Would you stand up and [G7] walk out on [C] me?
 Lend me your [G] ears and I'll [Dm] sing you a song,
 And I'll try not to [G7] sing out of [C] key.

Chorus 1 Oh, I get [Bb] by with a little [F] help from my [C] friends,
 Mm, I get [Bb] high with a little [F] help from my [C] friends
 Mm, I'm gonna [F] try with a little help from my [C] friends

[C] What do I [G] do when my [Dm] love is away,
 Does it worry you to [G7] be a-[C]-lone?
 How do I [G] feel at the end [Dm] of the day,
 Are you sad because you're [G7] on your [C] own?

Chorus 1

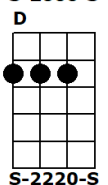
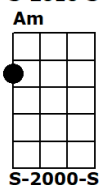
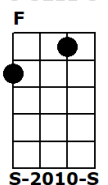
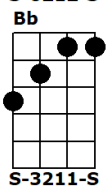
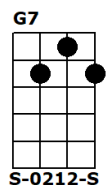
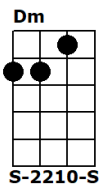
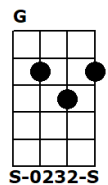
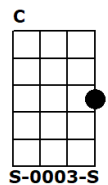
Chorus 2 Do you [Am] need any-bo-[D]-dy?
 I [C] need some-[C]-body to [C] love.
 Could it [C] be any-bod-[C]-y?
 I [C] want some-[C]-body to [C] love.

[C]-Would you be-[G]-lieve in a [Dm]-love at first sight?
 Yes, I'm [G] certain that it [G7]-happens all the [C]-time.
 What do you see [G]-when you turn [Dm]-out the light?
 I can't [G]-tell you, but I [G7]-know it's [C] mine.

Chorus 1 - Chorus 2 - Chorus 1

Outro

Yes I get [Bb] by with a little [F] help from my [C] friends,
 With a little help from my [Bb] fri-[C]-end-[F]-s,



When I'm Cleaning Morals

Recorded by Gary & Vera Aspey ~ 1970 Tune – “When I’m Cleaning Windows”

4 / 4 Time. Intro: [Eb7] [D7] [G]

Now [G] I go window peeking, it's an [A7] interesting job,
My [D7] mission is to elevate true reprobates and [G] yobs.

[G] It's a job that won't [G7] win you friends, [C] people say I'm [Eb7] round the bend.
[G] Makes my hair [E7] stand on end. [Eb7] When I'm cleaning [G] morals.
[G] Take for instance [G7] yesterday, [C] I went to see a dis-[C7]-gusting play
It [G] made me ill but I [E7] had to stay, [Eb7] that's how I clean [G] morals.

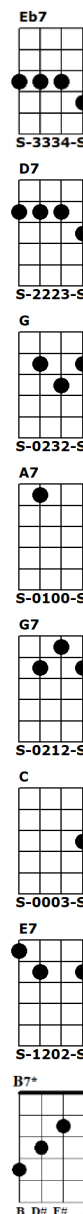
In [B7] my opinion I work hard, [E7] and I am the tops.
I [A7] force myself to enter Soho [D7] clubs and [Eb7] porno [D7] shops.
[G] Even though it [G7] cause me pain I [C] peer through fingers at these [Eb7] acts of shame,
[G] sat through it again and [E7] again. [Eb7] That's how I clean [G] morals.

The [G] cinema is just ob-[G7]-scene, there's [C] so much lust upon the [Eb7] screen
I must [G] censor films I've [E7] never seen, [Eb7] when I'm cleaning [G] morals
Now I [G] must listen to what goes on, the [C] filthy things that [Eb7] folk have done,
They [G] may be even [E7] having fun, [Eb7] that's why I clean [G] morals.

In [B7] my opinion I work hard, [E7] and I am the tops.
I'm [A7] never scared to issue writs or [D7] summon [Eb7] vice squad [D7] cops,
Di-[G]-rectors say things [G7] can't be cut, they [C] say it's art, I [Eb7] say it's smut.
It's [G] everywhere if you look [E7] hard enough, [Eb7] when you're cleaning [G] morals.

In [B7] my opinion I work hard, [E7] and I am the tops
I [A7] never will be satisfied so [D7] please don't [Eb7] make it [D7] stop.
[G] Nudists try the [G7] old soft soap they [C] want to hide, they've [Eb7] got no hope.
I [G] see them through my [E7] telescope, [Eb7] when I'm cleaning [G] morals.

Outro: [Eb7] when I'm cleaning [G] morals [Eb7] when I'm cleaning [G] morals
[Eb7]! Ma-[Eb7]-ry, D7]! I'm [D7]! with [G]! you. [C]! [G]!



The High Part of The Town

From Gary & Vera Apsey – The Night Shift Army LP

Intro [G] [D] [A7] [D]

Every [D] Sunday we'd go walking through the high part of the town,
 Ever [A7] since me father went up there and he [D] found [G] half a [D] crown.
 He said [D] 'This is Easy money, the conditions can't be beat',
 We've [A7] never found a penny more, but it [D] keeps us [G] off the [D] streets.

Chorus: [D7] *Keep your [G] hands down in your [D] pockets,*
And your [G] eyes down on the [D] ground.
For the [G] streets are lined with [D] silver,
In the [A7] high part of the [D] town.

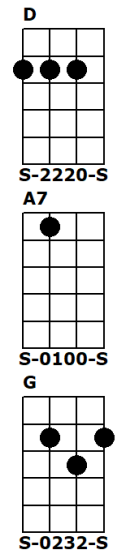
Our [D] house is not so crowded since me mother ran away,
 She's [A7] rather live from hand to mouth than [D] live from [G] day to [D] day.
 Now me [D] fathers often lonely but it's a blessing in disguise,
 For it's [A7] cured me mothers' headaches and its [D] cured me [G] dad's black [D] eyes.

Well the man [D] came from the council for to get me to go to school.
 He [A7] asked me lots of questions and he [D] told me [G] lots of [D] rules
 Then he [D] tried to teach geography but I found it very hard,
 When he [A7] asked me 'Where did coal come from?' I [D] answered [G] 'Next Doors [D] Yard.'

Now last [D] Sunday night me father had a bit too much to sup,
 He [A7] swapped his Sunday overcoat for a [D] seven [G] week old [D] pup,
 They [D] said it was a bulldog, he believed them I suppose,
 But we [A7] found it was a poodle with a [D] badly [G] broken [D] nose,

Well me [D] father said one day we'd live in the high part of the town,
 But [A7] every time he gets a job they [D] close the [G] coll'ry [D] down.
 But it's [D] not when pits are closing that me father's troubles start,
 It's [A7] when they close the pubs as well it [D] nearly [G] breaks his [D] heart.

Chorus – Chorus.+ [G]! [G]! [D]



Jamaica Farewell

Lord Burgess (Irving Burgie)

Harry Belafonte 'Calypso' Album 1965

4/4 Time – Slow Calypso [G7] [G7] [C] [C]

[C] Down the way where the [F] nights are gay,
 And the [G7] sun shines daily on the [C] mountain top.
 I took a trip on a [F] sailing ship,
 And when I [G7] reached Jamaica I [C] made a stop.

Chorus: But I'm [C] sad to say' I'm [Dm] on my way'
 [G7] Won't be back for [C] many a day.
 My heart is down, my head is [Dm] turning around.
 I had to [G7] leave a little girl in [C] Kingston town.

[C] Sounds of laughter [F] everywhere,
 And the [G7] dancing girls sway [C] to and fro.
 I must declare my [F] heart is there,
 Though I've [G7] been from Maine [C] to Mexico. -----Chorus

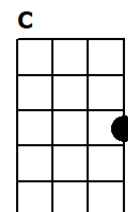
[C] Down the mark-et [F] you can hear
 Ladies [G7] cry out while on their [C] heads they bear
 'Akie' rice, salt-[F]-fish are nice,
 And the [G7] rum is fine any [C] time of year. -----Chorus

[C] Down the way where the [F] nights are gay
 And the [G7] sun shines daily on the [C] mountain top
 I took a trip on a [F] sailing ship
 And when I [G7] reached Jamaica I [C] made a stop.

But I'm [C] sad to say' I'm [Dm] on my way'
 [G7] Won't be back for [C] many a day.
 My heart is down, my head is [Dm] turning around.
 I had to [G7] leave a little [G] girl in [C] Kingston town.

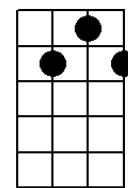
Outro: Slowing to single strum on last [C]

I had to [G7] leave a little girl in [C] Kingston [C] town.



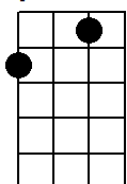
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G7



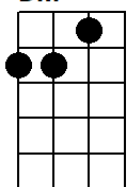
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Hey Porter

Johnny Cash

Recorded by Johnny Cash 1954

4 / 4 Time Brisk. Intro: [G] G][G][G] Start Fret E3

Hey [G] Porter, Hey Porter, would you tell me the time?
 How much longer will it be 'till we cross that [A7] Mason Dixon [D7] line?
 At [G] daylight would you tell that engineer to [G7] slow it [C] down,
 Or [G] better still, just stop the train 'cause [D7] I want to look a-[G]-round.

Hey [G] Porter, Hey Porter, what time did you say?
 How much longer will it be till I can [A7] see the light of [D7] day?
 When [G] we hit Dixie will you tell that engineer to [G7] ring his [C] bell,
 And [G] ask everybody that ain't asleep to [D7] stand right up and [G] yell.

Hey [G] Porter, Hey Porter, it's getting light outside,
 This ole train is puffing smoke and I [A7] have to strain my [D7] eyes.
 But [G] ask that engineer if he will blow his [G7] whistle [C] please?
 'Cause [G] I smell frost on cotton leaves and I [D7] feel that southern [G] breeze.

Hey [G] Porter, Hey Porter, please get my bags for me,
 I need nobody to tell me now that [A7] we're in Tennes-[D7]-see.
 Go [G] tell that engineer to make that lonesome [G7] whistle [C] scream,
 We're [G] not so far from home so take it [D7] easy on the [G] steam.

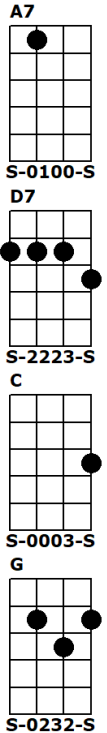
Hey [G] Porter, Hey Porter, please open up the door,
 When they stop the train I want to get off first 'cause [A7] I can't wait no [D7]
 more.

Tell that [G] engineer I said "thanks a lot and I didn't [G7] mind the [C] fare,

OUTRO

I'm gonna [G] set my feet on southern soil

and [D7] breathe [D7] that south-[D7]-ern [G] air [G]! [D7] [G]!

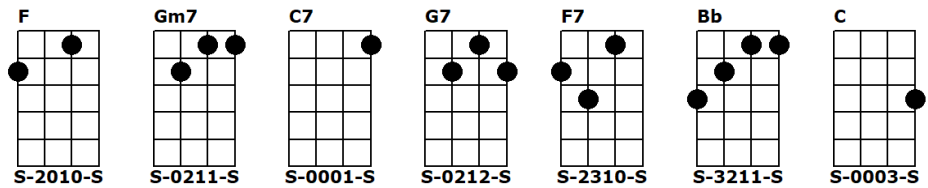


Drink Up The Cider

Traditional

4/4 time Intro: [F],[F],[F]

Start Fret C0



[F] Drink up the cider George, [Gm7] pass a-[C7]-round the [F] jug!
 Drink up your cider George, yer [G7] garden's well-nigh [C7] dug.
 There's [F] dung all over yer [F7] taters and [Bb] half way up yer [Gm7] gaiters,
 And there's [C] still more [C7] cider in the [F] jug!

Chorus: [F] Drink up the cider, drink up the [Bb] cider,
 [F] For to-night we'll merry [C] be, [C7]
 We'll [F] knock the milk maids [F7] over, and [Bb] roll them in the [Gm7] clover,
 The [C] corn's half [C7] cut, and so are [F] we.

[F] Drink up the cider George, [Gm7] you've been [C7] going [F] far.
 Drink Up yer cider George yer [G7] getting quite a [C7] start,
 Your [F] cheeks been gettin' [F7] redder, from [Bb] Charterhouse to [Gm7] Cheddar,
 And there's [C] still more [C7] cider in the [F] jar! -----CHORUS

[F] Drink up your cider Georrthge [Gm7] and get up [C7] off the [F] mat.
 Drink up your cider George, put [G7] on yer Sunday [C7] hat.
 'Cos we're [F] off to Barrow Gur-[F7]-ney for to [Bb] see my brother [Gm7] Ernie,
 And there's [C] still more [C7] cider in the [F] vat! -----CHORUS

[F] Drink up yer cider George, [Gm7] get up [C7] off me [F] chest,
 Drink up your cider George, it's [G7] time you had a [C7] rest.
 There ain't [F] nothin' like more [F7] cider, to [Bb] make your smile grow [Gm7] wider,
 And there's [C] still more [C7] cider way down [F] West! -----CHORUS

Outro: [F] Drink up the cider, drink up the [Bb] cider,
 [F] For to-night we'll merry [C] be, [C7]
 We'll [F] knock the milk maids [F7] over, and [Bb] roll them in the [Gm7] clover,
 The [C] corn's half [C7] cut, and so are [F] we.
 Oh Yes, The [C] corn's half [C7] cut, and so are [F] we. [C7]! [C7]! [F]!

Surfin' USA

Tune - Chuck Berry (1957) Lyrics - Brian Wilson (1963)

Beach Boys hit 1963.

4/4 Time Intro: [C7] [G7] [C] Start Note A1

[C7] If everybody had an [G7] ocean,
 Across the [C] USA,
 [C7] Then everybody'd be [G7] surfin'
 Like Califor-ni-[C]-a.
 [C] You'd see 'em wearin' their [F] baggies,
 Huar-a-chi sandals, [C] too
 [C7] A bushy, bushy blond [G7] hair-do, Surfin' [C] U S A.

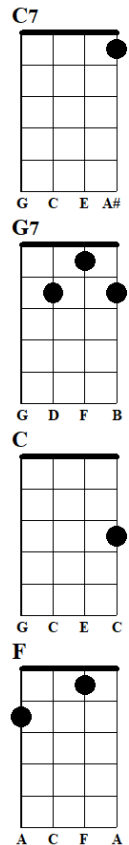
[C7] You'll catch 'em surfin' at [G7] Del Mar,
 Ventura County [C] Line,
 [C7] Santa Cruz and [G7] Trestles,
 Australia's Na-ra-[C] bine,
 [C7] All over Man-[F] hat-tan,
 And down Doheny [C] Way.
 [C] Everybody's gone [G7] surf-in', Surfin' [C] U S A.

[C7] We'll all be plannin' out a [G7] route,
 We're gonna take real [C] soon,
 [C7] We're waxin' down our [G7] surfboards,
 We can't wait for [C] June.
 [C] We'll all be gone for the [F] sum-mer.
 We're on safari to [C] stay.
 [C] Tell the teacher we're [G7] surf-in', Surfin' [C] U S A.

[C7] At Haggarty's and [G7] Swa-mi's,
 Pacific Pal-i-[C]-sades.
 [C7] San Onofre and [G7] Sun-set,
 Redondo Beach, L [C] A.
 [C7] All over La [F] Jolla,
 And Wai-a-mea [C] Bay.
 [C] Everybody's gone [G7] surf-in', Surfin' [C] U S A,

Outro:

[C] Everybody's gone [G7] surf-in', Surfin' [C] U S A [C]↓



Sweet Little Sixteen

Chuck Berry 1957

Chuck Berry UK No 18 in 1958

Intro: [C7] [G7] [C] - Start Fret A1

[C7] They're really rockin' in [G7] Boston, In Pittsburgh, P. [C] A.
 [C7] Deep in the heart of [G7] Texas, and round the Frisco [C] bay,
 [C7] All over St. [F] Louis, way down in [F7] New Or-[C]-leans,
 [C] All the cats wanna [G] dance with, [G7] sweet little six-[C]-teen.

Sweet little six-[G7]-teen, she's just got to [C] have,
 [C7] About half a [G7] million, framed auto-[C]-graphs,
 [C7] Her wall is filled with [F] pictures, she gets 'em [F7] one by [C] one,
 Becomes so ex-[G7]-cited, watch and look at her [C] run.

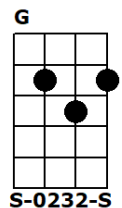
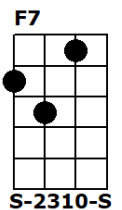
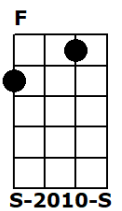
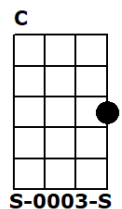
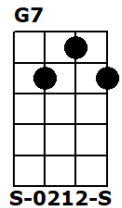
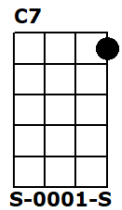
[C7] Oh mommy, [F] mommy, please [F7] may I [C] go,
 It's such a [G] sight to see, somebody [G7] steal the [C] show.
 [C7] Oh daddy [F] daddy, I [F7] beg of [C] you,
 Whisper to [G7] mommy, It's all right with [C] you.

[C7] 'Cause they'll be rockin' on [G7] bandstand, in Philadelphia P. [C] A.
 [C7] Deep in the heart of [G7] Texas, and round the Frisco [C] bay,
 [C7] All over St. [F] Louis, way down in [F7] New Or-[C]-leans,
 All the cats wanna [G7] dance with, sweet little six-[C]-teen.

[C7] Sweet little six-[G7]-teen, she's got the grown up [C] blues,
 [C7] Tight dresses and [G7] lipstick, she's sportin' high heel [C] shoes,
 [C7] But tomorrow [F] morning, she'll have to [F7] change her [C] trend,
 And be sweet six-[G7]-teen, and back in class [C] again.

[C7] 'Cause they'll be rockin' in [G7] Boston, Pittsburgh P. [C] A.,
 [C7] Deep in the heart of [G7] Texas, and round the Frisco [C] Bay.
 [C7] Way out in St. [F] Louis, way down in [F7] New Or-[C] -leans,
 All the cats wanna [G] dance with [G7] Sweet little six-[C]-teen.

Outro: All the cats wanna [G7] dance with Sweet little six-[C]-teen. [G]! [G]! [C]!



By The Light Of The Silvery Moon

G Edwards, E Madden 1909

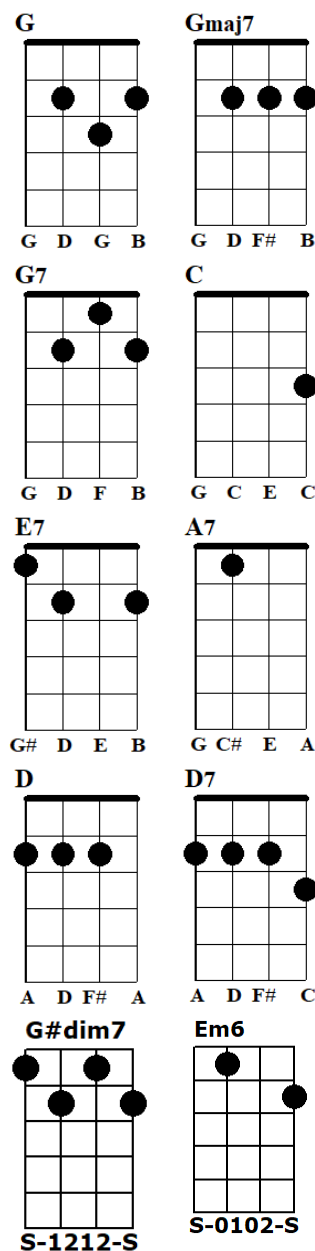
Doris Day (1953) (From the Film of the same name.)

4/4 Time. intro: [G] [D] [G]

By the [G] light [Gmaj7] [G7]
 Of the Silvery [C] Moon [E7] [A7]
 I want to [D] spoon. [D7].
 To my honey I'll [G] croon [G#dim] love's [D7] tune.
 Honey [G] moon, [Gmaj7] [G7]
 keep a shining in [C] Ju-[E7]-u-[Am]-une.
 Your silvery [G] beams will [D] bring love [G] dreams.
 We'll be [Em6] cuddling [E7] soon [A7]
 By the [D7] silvery [G] moon.

By the [G] light, (Not the [Gmaj7] dark, but the [G7] light),
 Of the Silvery [C] Moon, (Not the [E7] sun, but the [A7] moon)
 I want to [D] spoon. (Not knife, but spoon).
 To my honey I'll [G] croon [G#dim] love's [D7] tune.
 Honey [G] moon, (Not the [Gmaj7] sun, but the [G7] moon)
 Keep a-shining in [C] Ju-[E7]-u-[Am]-une.
 Your silvery [G] beams will [D] bring love [G] dreams.
 We'll be [Em6] cuddling [E7] soon [A7]
 By the [D7] silvery [G] moon.

Outro: [G] By the [C] sil-ve-ry [G]! Moon.



Who do you think you are kidding Mr. Hitler?

Jimmy Perry & Derek Taverner (1968)

Dad's Army Theme – Bud Flannigan

Intro: [F] [F]

Start Fret A1

This is my own interpretation of this song and is to be used for educational purposes only
 joe@ukulele-joe.co.uk

Start & Chorus

[F] Who do you think you are [G] kidding Mr. Hit-[G7]-ler?

[C7] If you think we're on the [F] run. [C7]-

[F] We are the boys who will [C] stop your little game,

[G7] We are the boys who will [C] make you think a-[C7]-gain.

'cause [F] who do you think you are [G] kidding Mr. Hit-[G7]-ler?

[C] if you think old [C7] England's [F] done.

[F] Mr. Brown goes off to town on the Eight-Twenty-One.

But [G7] he comes home each evening,

And he is ready with his [C] gun. [C7]

So [F7] watch out Mr. Hitler you have met your match in [Bb] us,

If [G7] you think you can Crush us.

[Slow down] We're a-[Gm7]-fraid you missed the [C] bus. -----Chorus

[F] Sergeant Jones went on patrol on the six-forty-five,

And [G7] he came back that evening,

With an evil Nazi [C] spy. [C7]

So [F7] watch out Mr. Hitler you have met your match in [Bb] us,

If [G7] you think you can Crush us.

[Slow down] We're a-[Gm7]-fraid you missed the [C] bus. -----Chorus

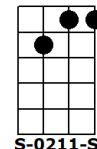
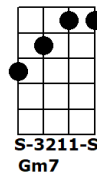
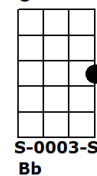
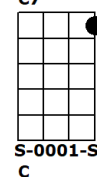
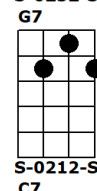
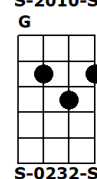
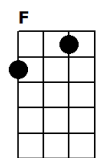
OUTRO: ONE STRUM PER CHORD. Sing as Last Night at the Proms.

[F]! Rule [F]! Brit-[Bb]!-an-[Bb]!-nia,

[F]! Brit-[Bb]! an-[F]!-nia [C]! rules [F]! the [C7]! waves.

[F]! Bri-[C7]! tons [F]! never, [C7]! never, [Bb]! ne-[C7]!-ver,

[F]! shall [C7]! be [F]! slaves.



Peace In The Valley EP Medley

The four tracks on the 1957 'Peace In The Valley' EP by Elvis Presley.

Peace in The Valley 3/4 time

Oh well, I'm [C] tired and so weary [C7] But I [F] must go a-[C]-lone,
'Till the lord comes and [D] calls, calls me [G] away, oh [G7] yes,
Well the [C] morning's so bright, [C7] And the [F] lamp is a-[C]-light,
And the night, night is as [D7] black as the [C] sea, [F] oh! [C] yes!

[C7] There will be [F] peace in the valley for [C] me, [F] some [C] day.
There will be [C] peace in the [D] valley for [G] me, oh Lord I [G7] pray.
There'll be no [C] sadness, no [C7] sorrow, No [F] trouble, trouble I [D] see.
There will be [C] peace in the [D7] valley [G] for [C] me, [F] for[C] me.

Precious Lord Take My Hand 3/4 time

Precious [F] Lord, take my [F7] hand, lead me [Bb] on, let me stand,
I'm [F] tired, I'm weak, I'm [C7] worn. Through the [F] storm, through the [F7] night,
Lead me [Bb] on to the light,
Take my [F] hand precious [C7] Lord, lead me [F] ho-[Bb]-me. [F]

When my way grows drear precious [Bb] Lord linger near.
When my [F] light is almost [C] gone. [C7] Hear my [F] cry, hear my [F7] call
Hold my [Bb] hand lest I fall.
Take my [F] hand precious [C7] Lord, lead me [F] ho-[Bb]-me. [F] [G7] key Ch. to C

I Believe 4/4 time

[C] I believe for [Am] every drop of [F] rain that falls, [G7] A flower [C] grows.
I believe that [Am] somewhere in the [F] darkest night, [G7] A candle [C] glows.
I believe for everyone who [F] goes astray,
Someone will [E7] come to show the [Am] way. [F] I believe, [G7] I believe. [C]

[C] I believe a-[Am]-bove a storm the [F] smallest [G7] prayer Can still be [C] heard.
I believe that [Am] someone in the [F] great somewhere [G7] hears every [C] word.
Every-time I hear a new born [F] baby cry,
Or touch a [E7] leaf or see the [Am] sky, Then I know [Dm] why, [G7] I be-[C] lieve.

It Is No Secret What God Can Do. 4/4 time

The [C] chimes of [C7] time Ring [F] out the news A-[C]-nother day is through,
[G] someone slipped and [G7] fell [C] was that someone you?
[C] You may have [C7] longed for [F] added strength your [C] courage to renew,
[G] Do not be disheartened, for [D7] I have news for [G] you.

It is [G7] no [F] secret what [G7] God can [C] do.
What he's done for[G7] others he'll do for [C] you.
[C7] With arms wide [F] open he'll pardon [C] you.
It is no [G] secret [G7] what God can [C] do-[F]-[C]-o.

