

Ukulele-Joe Song Collection

Volume 8

A Personal collection of 30 songs that I enjoy singing.

Fret diagrams for GCEA tuned Ukuleles are provided for all songs

joe@ukulele-joe.co.uk

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April Showers Sing-along Medley

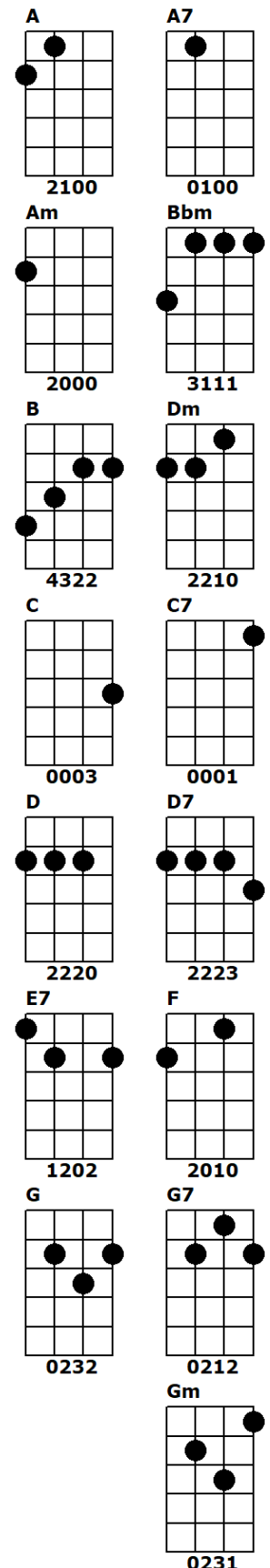
April Showers/Heart of My Heart/In the Shade of the old Apple Tree/I See the Moon Medley

Though April **[C7]** showers may come your **[F]** way,
 They bring the **[C7]** flowers, that bloom in **[F]** May,
 So if it's **[D7]** raining, have no re-**[Gm]**-grets
 Because it **[Dm]** isn't raining rain you know. It's **[C]** raining violets.
 And when you **[C7]** see clouds upon the **[F]** hills,
 You soon will **[D7]** see crowds of Daffo-**[Gm]**-dills,
 So keep on **[Gm]** looking for the **[Bbm]** Bluebirds
 And **[F]** listening **[Dm]** for their **[D]** song,
 When-**[Gm]**-ever April **[C7]** showers come **[F]** along. **[G7] Key Ch.**

In the **[C]** shade of the old apple tree,
 When the love in **[C]** your **[G7]** eyes I can **[C]** see,
 When the **[G]** voice that I heard, like the **[C]** song of the bird,
 Seemed to **[D]** whisper sweet **[D7]** music to **[G7]** me.
 I could **[C]** hear the dull buzz of a bee,
 in the **[C]** blossoms as **[G7]** you said to **[C]** me
 "With a **[G]** heart that is **[G7]** true, I'll be **[C]** waiting for **[F]** you,
 In the **[C]** shade of the **[G7]** old apple **[C]** tree" . **[D7] Key Ch.**

[G] Heart of my heart I **[D]** love that mel-o-dy,
[D] Heart of my heart brings **[G]** back a mem-o-ry.
[E7] When we were kids in the **[A7]** corner of the street,
[A] We were rough and ready guys,
 But **[D]** Oh! how we could harm-o-**[D7]**-nise.
[G] Heart of my heart meant **[D7]** friends were dearer then,
[D] Too bad we had to **[B]** part.
 I **[E7]** know a tear would glisten, If **[A]** once more I could listen,
[A] Too the gang that **[D7]** sang heart of my **[G]** heart. **[C7] Key Ch.**

[F] I see the moon, the **[C7]** moon sees me,
[C7] Down through the leaves of the **[F]** old oak tree.
[F] Please let the **[F7]** light that **[Bb]** shines on me,
[C7] Shine on the one I **[F]** love.
[F] Over the mountain, **[C7]** over the sea,
 Back where my heart is **[F]** longing to be.
[F] Please let the **[F7]** light that **[Bb]** shines on me,
[C7] Shine on the one I lo-**[F]**! **[F]**!-**[Bb]**! **[Bb]**! **[F]**!-ve.



Bad Moon Rising

John Fogerty (1969)

Creedence Clearwater Revival UK No. 1 1969

Intro: **[F] [F] [F]. Start note A0**

[F] I see a **[C]** bad **[Bb]** moon a-**[F]**-rising. **[F]**
 I see **[C]** trouble **[Bb]** on the **[F]** way. **[F]**
 I see **[C]** earth-**[Bb]**-quakes and **[F]** lightning. **[F]**
 I see **[C]** bad **[Bb]** times to-**[F]**-day.

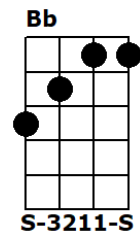
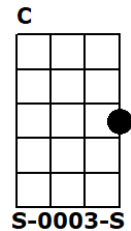
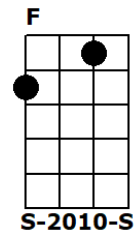
Pick E1, E1, E3, A0, [Bb] Don't go 'round tonight.
It's [F] bound to take your life.
[C] There's a [Bb] bad moon on the [F] rise. [F]

[F] I hear **[C]** hur-ri-**[Bb]**-anes a-**[F]**-blowing. **[F]**
 I know the **[C]** end is **[Bb]** coming **[F]** soon. **[F]**
 I hear **[C]** rivers **[Bb]** over **[F]** flowing. **[F]**
 I hear the **[C]** voice of **[Bb]** rage and **[F]** ruin. **[F]**

Pick E1, E1, E3, A0, [Bb] Don't go 'round tonight.
It's [F] bound to take your life.
[C] There's a [Bb] bad moon on the [F] rise.

[F] Hope you have **[C]** got your **[Bb]** things to-**[F]**-gether. **[F]**
 Hope you are **[C]** quite pre-**[Bb]**-pared to **[F]** die. **[F]**
 Looks like we're **[C]** in for **[Bb]** nasty **[F]** weather. **[F]**
 One eye is **[C]** taken **[Bb]** for an **[F]** eye.

Pick E1, E1, E3, A0, [Bb] Don't go 'round tonight.
It's [F] bound to take your life.
[C] There's a [Bb] bad moon on the [F] rise. [F]! [F]!



Bicycle Made for Two Medley

Daisy, Daisy / After the Ball / Down at the old Bull and Bush

3 / 4 Time. [F] [C7 [F] [F] Start Note C0

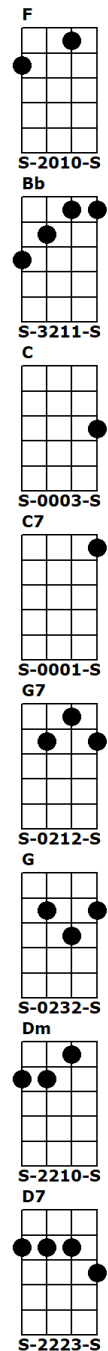
[F] Daisy, Daisy, [Bb] give me your answer [F] do.
 [C7] I'm half [Dm] crazy, [G7] all for the love of [C7] you.
 It [C7] won't be a stylish [F] marriage,
 I [F] can't af-[Bb]-ford a [F] carriage.
 But you'll look [C7] sweet, [F] upon the [C7] seat,
 Of a [F] bicycle [C] built for [F] two.

[F] Harry, Harry, [Bb] here is your answer [F] true.
 [C7] I'd be [Dm] crazy to [G7] marry a jerk like [C7] you.
 There'll [C7] never be any [F] marriage,
 If you [F] can't af-[Bb]-ford a [F] carriage.
 And I'll be [C7] switched, if [F] I'd get [C7] hitched,
 On a [F] bicycle [C] built for [F] two.
 (Note: "Switch" — Hit with a switch (cane))

[F] After the ball is over, After the break of [C7] morn,
 After the dancers leaving, After the stars have [F] gone,
 [F] Many a [Bb] heart is [F] aching,
 [D7] If you could read them [G] all,
 [C] Many the hope that has [F] va-[D7]- nished,
 [Gm] Af-[C]-ter the [F] Ball. [G7]

Key Change to C. Start note A3

[C] Come, come, come and make eyes at me,
 [G] Down at the old Bull and [G]! Bush, C2, E0, E1, E0, C2
 [G] Come, come, drink some port wine with me,
 [C] Down at the old Bull and Bush.
 [C] Hear the little [F] German Band, E3---A0-E3-E2-E0—C0—C0—
 [C] Just let me [F] hold your hand, [C] de-[C]-ar,
 [C] Do, [C] do, [C] come and have a drink or two,
 [Dm] Down at the [G7] Old Bull and [C]! Bush, [G7]! Bush, [C]! Bush.



Be-Bop-a-Lula

Gene Vincent & Sheriff Tex Davis (1956) Recorded by Gene Vincent 1956

4 / 4 Steady Rock [C] [C] Start Note A3

[C] Be-Bop a [C7]! Lu-[C]!-la, [C] She's My [C7]! Ba-[C]!-by,
 [C] Be-Bop-a-[C7]! Lu-[C]!-la, [C] I don't mean [C7]! may-[C]!-be,
 [F7] Be-Bop a [F]! Lu-[Dm]! la, [F7] She's my [F] ba-by,
 [C] Be-Bop-a-[C7]! Lu-[C]!-La,[C] I Don't mean [C7] may-[C]-be.
 [G7] Be-Bop-a-Lu-La, She-e-e's my [G7+5] ba-by [C] love,
 My baby love, my baby love, my baby love.

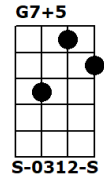
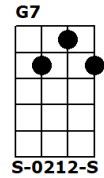
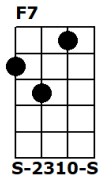
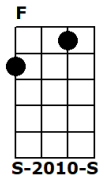
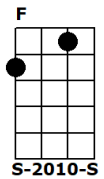
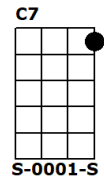
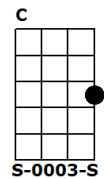
[C] She's the [C7] girl in the [C] red blue [C7] jeans,
 [C] She's the [C7] queen of [C] all the [C7] teens.
 [C] She's the [C7] one, [C] that I know,
 [C] She's the one that loves me so. -----CHORUS

Chorus:

[F7] Be-Bop a [F]! Lu-[Dm!] la, [F7] She's my [F] ba-by,
 [C] Be-Bop-a-[C7]! Lu-[C]!-La, I [C] don't mean [C7]! may-[C]-be,
 [G7] Be-Bop-a-Lu-La, She-e-e's my [G7+5] baby [C] love,
 [C] My baby love, my baby love, my baby love.

[C] She's the [C7] one that's [C] got that [C7] beat,
 [C] She's the [C7] one with the [C] flying [C7] feet,
 [C] She's the [C7] one that walks a-[C]-round the [C7] store
 [C] She's the one that gets more and more. -----CHORUS

Outro: [F7] Yes, My Ba-by [C] Love[G7]! [G7]! [C]!



Sway - Dean Martin

Demetro & Gimbrel

Dean Martin UK No. 6 hit 1953

Suggested	Beat	1	+	2	+	3	+	4	+	1	+	2	+	3	+	4	+
Strum	Strum	D		D	U		U	D	U	D		D	U		U	D	U

Note: Round Bracket Chords - (A#dim7) is beats 1 & 2 of the bar and (A7) is beats 3 & 4.

Intro: [Dm] [Dm]! Stop.

Start Note - A0

[Tacet] When marimba rhythms (A#dim7) start to (A7) play,

(A#dim7) Dance with (A7) me, [Dm] make me sway.

[Dm] Like a lazy ocean (A#dim7) hugs the (A7) shore,

(A#dim7) Hold me (A7) close, [Dm] sway me more. [Dm]! Stop.

[Tacet] Like a flower bending (A#dim7) in the (A7) breeze,

(A#dim7) Bend with (A7) me, [Dm] sway with ease.

[Dm] When we dance you have a (A#dim7) way with (A7) me,

(A#dim7) stay with (A7) me, [Dm] sway with [Dm] me. [Dm]! Stop.

[Tacet] Other dancers may [C] be on the floor,

[C7] dear but my eyes will [F] see only you.

Only you have that [A7] magic technique,

When we sway I go [Bb] weak. [A7]! Stop.

[Tacet] I can hear the sounds of (A#dim7) vio-(A7)-lins,

(A#dim7) Long be-(A7)-fore [Dm] it begins.

[Dm] Make me thrill as only (A#dim7) you know (A7) how,

(A#dim7) Sway me (A7) smooth [Dm] sway me now.

Ukulele

Repeat Italic Section

[Tacet] I can hear the sounds of (A#dim7) vio-(A7)-lins ,

(A#dim7) Long be-(A7)-fore [Dm] it begins.

[Dm] Make me thrill as only (A#dim7) you know (A7) how,

(A#dim7) Sway me (A7) smooth [Dm] sway me now.

Outro:-

(A#dim7) You know (A7) how, (A#dim7) sway me (A7) smooth. [Dm] sway me now.

Dm

S-2210-S

A#dim7

S-0101-S

A7

S-0100-S

C

S-0003-S

F

S-2010-S

Bb

S-3211-S

Dedicated Follower of Fashion.

Ray Davies 1966

Recorded by The Kinks 1966

Intro [C] [Csus4] [C] [C sus4] [C]

[NC] They seek him here, [G7] they seek him [C] there.
 His cloths are [G7] loud but never [C] square. [C7]
 [F] It will make or break him, so he's [C] got to [Gm7] buy the [A7] best,
 'Cause he's a [Dm] dedicated [G7] follower of [C] fashion.

[NC] And when he [G7] does, his little [C] rounds.
 'Round the bou-[G7]-tiques of London [C] Town. [C7]
 [F] Eagerly pursing all the [C] latest [Gm7] fads and [A7] trends,
 'Cause he's a [Dm] dedicated [G7] follower of [C] fashion.

Oh yes he [G7] is, (Oh yes he is), Oh yes he [C] is, (Oh yes he is)
 He [F] thinks he is a flower to be [C] looked at. [C7]
 And [F] when he pulls his frilly nylon [C] panties [Gm7] right up [A7] tight
 He feels a [Dm] dedicated [G7] follower of [C] fashion.

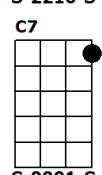
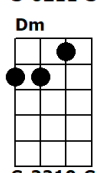
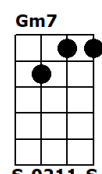
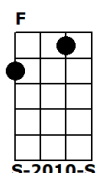
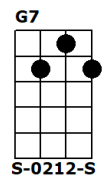
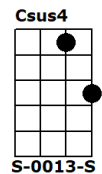
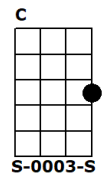
Oh yes he [G7] is, (Oh yes he is), Oh yes he [C] is, (Oh yes he is)
 There's [F] one thing that he loves and that is [C] flattery. [C7]
 [F] One week he's in polka-dots the [C] next week [Gm7] he's in [A7] stripes,
 'Cause he's a [Dm] dedicated [G7] follower of [C] fashion.

They seek him [G7] here, they seek him [C] there.
 In Regent [G7] street, and Leicester [C] Square, [C7]
 [F] Everywhere the Carnabetian [C] army [Gm7] marches [A7] on,
 Each one a [Dm] dedicated [G7] follower of [C] fashion.

Oh yes he [G7] is, (Oh yes he is), Oh yes he [C] is, (Oh yes he is)
 His world [F] is built 'round discotheques and [C] parties. [C7]
 This [F] pleasure seeking individual [C] always [Gm7] looks his [A7] best,
 'Cause he's a [Dm] dedicated [G7] follower of [C] fashion.

Oh yes he [G7] is, (Oh yes he is), Oh yes he [C] is, (Oh yes he is)
 He [F] flits from shop to shop just like a [C] butterfly. [C7]
 In [F] matters of the cloth he is as [C] fickle [Gm7] as can [A7] be,
 'Cause he's a [Dm] dedicated [G7] follower of [C] fashion.

Outro: Yes he's a [Dm] dedicated [G7] follower of [C] fashion. [G7]![C]!

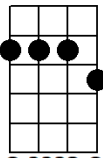
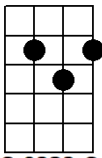
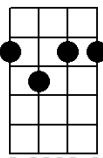
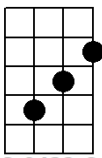
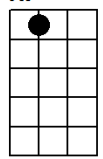
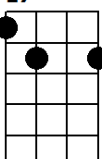
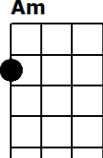
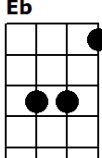
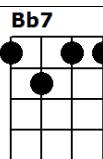


I Hold Your Hand In Mine.

Tom Lehrer (1953)

Recorded by Tom Lehrer.

3 / 4 Time Intro [A7] [D7] [G] [G] // Start Note C2

I [D7] hold your hand in [G] mine, [G] dear,	D7  S-2223-S	G  S-0232-S
I [D7] press it to my [G] lips. [G]		
I [B7] take a healthy [Em] bite,	B7  S-2322-S	Em  S-0432-S
[Em] From your [A7] dainty finger [D7] tips. [D7]		
My [D7] joy would be com-[G]-plete [G] dear,		
If [D7] you were only [G] he-[E7]-re.		
But [Am] still I keep your [G] hand,	A7  S-0100-S	E7  S-1202-S
[E7] As a [Am] precious [D7] souve-[G]-nir.[G]		
The [Eb] night you died I [Bb7] cut it off,	Am  S-2000-S	Eb  S-0331-S
I [F7] really don't know [Bb] why.[Bb7]		
For [Eb] now each time I [Bb] kiss it,[Bb]		
I get [A7] blood-stains on my [D7] tie. [D7]	Bb7  S-1211-S	
I'm [D7] sorry now I [G] killed [G] you,		
For our [D7] love was something [G] fine, [G7]		
And [C] 'till they come to [G] get me,		
[E7]I shall [A7] hold your [D7] hand in [G] mine. [C] [G]↓		

The Weiner Schnitzel Waltz

Tom Lehrer (1953)

Recorded by Tom Lehrer 1953

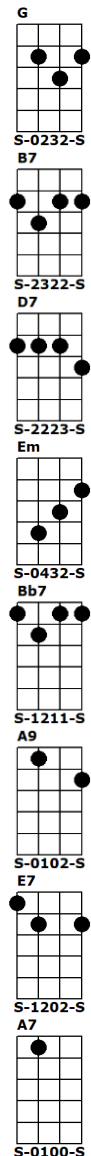
Inter: [E7] [D] [G] [G]/

Do you re-[G] member the night I held you so tight,
 As we danced to the [A7] Weiner Schnitzel [D7] Waltz.
 The [G] music was gay, and the [D7] setting was Viennese,
 Your [Em] hair wore some roses (or per-[B7]-haps they were Peonies).
 I was [Em] blind to your obvious [A9] faults,
 As we [G] danced 'cross the scene,
 To the [D7] strains of the Weiner Schnitzel [G] Waltz. [G] [D7]/

Interlude

*Oh, I [G] drank some champagne from your [D7] shoe, (Tra-la-la),
 I was drunk by the time I got [G] through. (Tra-la-la),
 For [D7] I didn't know as I [G] raised up that [E7] cup,
 It had [A7] taken two bottles to [D7] fill the thing up.
 It was [G] I who trod on your [D7] dress, (Tra-la-la),
 The skirts all came off I con-[G]-fess. (Tra-la-la),
 Re-[D7]-vealing for all of the [G] others to [E7] see,
 [A7] Just what it was that en-[D7]-deared you to me,*

Oh, I re-[G]-member the night I held you so tight,
 As we danced to the [A7] Weiner Schnitzel [D7] Waltz.
 Your [G] lips were like wine (if you'll [D7] pardon the simile),
 The [Em] music was lovely and [B7] quite Rudolph Frimly.
 I drank [Em] wine, you drank chocolate [A7] malts,
 And we [G] both turned quite green,
 To the [D7] strains of the Weiner Schnitzel [G] Waltz. [C] [G]↓



Can't Get Used To Losing You

Doc Pomus & Mort Schuman 1962

UK No 2 hit for Andy Williams 1963

4/4 Time Intro: [C] [F]// [D7]// [G7] [C]! Start Note C0

[Tacet] Guess there's no [F] use in [D7] hangin' [G] 'round,
 [C] Guess I'll get [F] dressed and [D7] do the [G] town,
 [Em] I'll find some [F] crowded [A7] a-ve-[Dm]-nue,
 [D7] Though it will be empty without [G7] you.

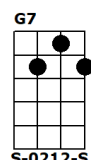
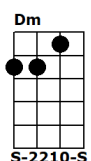
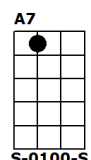
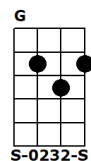
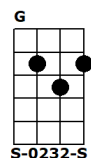
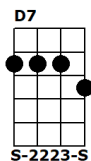
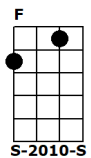
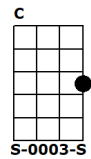
*[F] Can't get used to losing you no [Em] matter what I try to do,
 [Dm] Gonna live my whole life through. [G7]././.loving you.*

[C] Called up some [F] girl I [D7] used to [G] know,
 [C] After I [F] heard her [D7] say "Hel-[G]-lo,"
 [Em] Couldn't think of [F] any-[A7]-thing to [Dm] say,
 [D7] Since you're gone it happens every [G7] day.

*[F] Can't get used to losing you no [Em] matter what I try to do,
 [Dm] Gonna live my whole life through. [G7]././.loving you.*

[C] I'll find some-[F]-body, [D7] wait and [G] see,
 [C] Who am I [C] kidding, [D7] only [G] me,
 [Em] 'cause no one [F] else could [A7] take your [Dm] place,
 [Em] Guess that I am just a hopeless [G7] case.

*[F] Can't get used to losing you no [Em] matter what I try to do,
 [Dm] Gonna live my whole life through. [G7]././.loving [C]! you.*



The Blackpool Belle

Howard Broadbent & Jimmy Smith (1975)

2 / 4 Time. Intro: [C][Am*][C][Am*][C][Am*][C][Am*]

Oh The [C] Blackpool [Am*] Belle was a [C] get-away [Am*] train,
 that [C] went from [Am*] Northern [G7] Stations,
 [G7] What a [G7] beautiful [G7sus2] sight on a [G7] Saturday [G7sus2] night,
 [G7] bound for the [G7sus2] 'lumi-[C]-nations.
 No [C] mothers and [Am*] dads, just [C] girls and [Am*] lads,
 [C] Young and [C7] fancy-[F] free,
 [F] Out for the laughs on the [C] Golden Mile,
 At [G] Blackpool [G7] by the [C] Sea.

Chorus [C] I re-[F]-member, [F] [F] very [C] well,

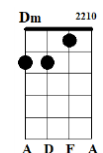
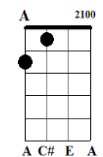
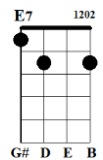
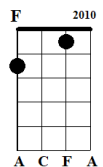
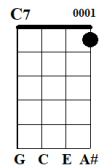
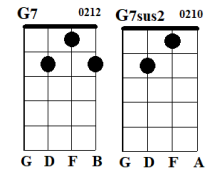
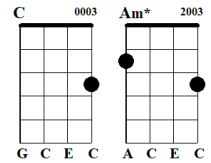
All the [F] happy gang a-[A]-board the Blackpool [Dm] Belle.[G7]
 I [C] remember them pals of mine, When I [E7] ride the Blackpool [Am] Line,
 And the [Dm] songs we sang [G] together on the [G7] Blackpool [C] Belle.

[C] Little Piggy [Am*] Greenfield [C] he was [Am*] there.
 [C] He thought he was [Am*] mighty [G7] slick.
 He [G7] bought a [G7sus2] hat on the [G7] Golden [G7sus2] Mile.
 The [G] hat said [G7sus2] "Kiss me [C] quick".
 [C] Piggy was [Am*] a lad for [C] all the [Am*] girls,
 [C] but he drank [C7] too much [F] beer.
 He [F] made a pass at a [C] Liverpool [A] lass
 And she [G] pushed him [G7] off the [C] pier. -----CHORUS

[C] Ice-cream [Am*] Sally could [C] never settle [Am*] down.
 She [C] lived for her [Am*] Knickerbocker [G7] Glories,
 'Till she [G7] clicked with a [G7sus2] bloke who [G7] said he was [G7sus2] broke,
 But [G7] she loved [G7sus2] his ice-cream [C] stories.
 Sally [C] took it all [Am*] in with a [C] smile and a [Am*] grin.
 And she [C] fell for [C7] Sailor [F] Jack.
 They [F] went for a trip to the [C] Isle of [A] Man
 And [G] never [G7] did come [C] back. -----CHORUS

[C] Some of us [Am*] went up the [C] Blackpool [Am*] Tower,
 [C] Others in the [Am*] Tunnel of [G7] Love.
 A [G7] few made [G7sus2] off for the [G7] Blackpool [G7sus2] Sands,
 [G7] Under the [G7sus2] pier a-[C]-bove.
 There was [C] always a [Am*] rush at the [C] midnight [Am*] hour,
 But we [C] made it [C7] just the [F] same,
 And [F] I made off with a [C] Liverpool [A] lass
 But I [G] never could re-[G7]-member her [C] name. -----CHORUS

Now the [C] Blackpool [Am*] Belle has a [C] thousand [Am*] tales,
 If [C] they could [Am*] all be [G7] told.
 [G7] Many of [G7sus2] these I [G7] will re-[G7sus2]-call,
 As [G7] I am [G7sus2] growing [C] old.
 They were [C] happy days [Am*] and I [C] miss the [Am*] times,
 We [C] pulled the [C7] curtains [F] down,
 And the [F] passion wagon would [C] steam back [A] home,
 And [G] we would [G7] go to [C] town. -----CHORUS



The Critic

Pete Betts

Recorded by Gary & Vera Aspey

4 / 4 Time. Intro:[Dm] [G7] [Bb] [C] [F]

He couldn't **[F]** Sing, He couldn't **[C]** clown,
 No, his **[Bb]** art it lay in putting people **[F]** down.
 He couldn't **[Dm]** play, but he could **[G7]** write,
 And with his **[Bb]** pen he went and **[C]** broke her heart last **[F]** night.

He sits **[F]** alone, with blinkered **[C]** view,
 He doesn't **[Bb]** know the hours of practice people **[F]** do.
 To sing the **[Dm]** song, to get it **[G7]** right
 Instead he **[Bb]** took his pen and **[C]** broke her heart last **[F]** night.

*Now it's a **[C]** mystery to me, how the **[F]** Critics form your memo-**[F7]**-ry?
 Are you **[Bb]** telling **[F]** me that your **[Bb]** eyes and your **[F]** ears de-**[C7]**-ceive you?*

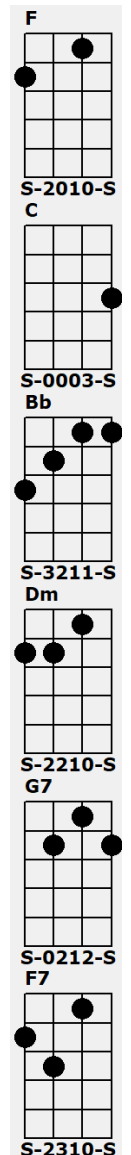
He never **[F]** heard, the crowd's ap-**[C]**-plause,
 And as they **[Bb]** made their exit through the theatre **[F]** doors,
 He never **[Dm]** shared their warm de-**[G7]**-light,
 Instead he **[Bb]** took his pen and **[C]** broke her heart last **[F]** night.

To read his **[F]** words, they made no **[C]** sense,
 They never **[Bb]** matched our recollection of e-**[F]**-vents
 Only fools be-**[Dm]**-lieve, what bigger fools **[G7]** write,
 Take care the **[Bb]** critics breaking **[C]** hearts again to-**[F]**-night,

*Now it's a **[C]** mystery to me, how the **[F]** Critics form your memo-**[F7]**-ry?
 Are you **[Bb]** telling **[F]** me that your **[Bb]** eyes and your **[F]** ears de-**[C7]**-ceive you?*

He couldn't **[F]** Sing, He couldn't **[C]** clown,
 No, his **[Bb]** art it lay in putting people **[F]** down.
 He couldn't **[Dm]** play, but he could **[G7]** write,
 And with his **[Bb]** pen he went and **[C]** broke her heart last **[F]** night.

Only fools **[Dm]** believe, what bigger fools **[G7]** write,
 Take care the **[Bb]** critics changing **[C]** minds again to-**[F]**-night. **[F]↓**



Only You - The Flying Pickets

Vince Clarke 1982

Flying Pickets Christmas 1983 UK No1

Intro:

Piano

Ukulele

Ba da da da - mm Ba-m da-da - mm Ba da da da - mm ba da da da - mm.

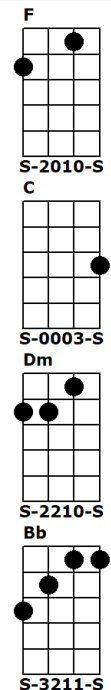
[F] looking from a [C] window [Dm] above is like a [C] story of [Bb] love,
 Can you [F] hear [C] me?
 [F] Came back only [C] yester-[Dm]-day,
 We're moving [C] farther a-[Bb]-way,
 Want you [F] near [C] me.

Chorus: [Bb] All I needed was the [C] love you gave.
 [F] All I needed for [Dm] another day.
 And [Bb] all I ever [C] knew -
 Only [F] you.

[F] Sometimes when I [C] think of your [Dm] name,
 When it's [C] only a [Bb] game,
 And [F] I need [C] you.
 [F] Listen to the [C] words that you [Dm] say,
 It's getting [C] harder to [Bb] stay,
 When [F] I see [C] you. ----- Chorus

[F] This is going to [C] take a long [Dm] time
 And I [C] wonder what's [Bb] mine,
 Can't [F] take no [C] more.
 [F] wonder if you'll [C] under-[Dm]-stand,
 It's just the [C] touch of your [Bb] hand,
 Behind a [F] closed [C] door. ----- Chorus

Repeat Intro and Fade



Evermore

Gerry Levine, Paddy Roberts

Ruby Murray UK No. 3 (1955)

4 / 4 Time. Intro: [D] [A7] [A] [D]

As the [D] river, constant-[A7]-ly,
 Flows for [A] ever to the [D] sea,
 As the [D] waves beat on the [A7] shore,
 I shall [A] love you [D] ever-more.

As the [D] sun will surely [A7] rise,
 Every [A] day to light the [D] skies,
 There is [D] one thing just as [A7] sure,
 I shall [A] love you [D] ever-more.

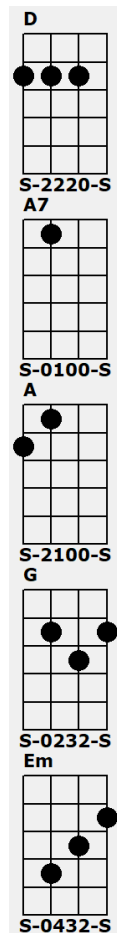
*Though you [A7] say you can't pre-[D]-tend,
 That you are [A7] more than just a [D] friend,
 I shall [G] always hope and [D] pray
 That you'll [Em] love me in the [A] end; [A7]*

And my [D] darling, if you [A7] find,
 That your [A] heart has changed your [D] mind,
 There will [D] be an open [A7] door,
 [A] Waiting for you ever-[D]-more.

Play chords and Hum first 2 lines

~~Though you [A7] say you can't pre-[D]-tend
 That you are [A7] more than just a [D] friend,
 I shall [G] always hope and [D] pray
 That you'll [Em] love me in the [A] end; [A7]~~

And my [D] darling, if you [A7] find,
 That your [A] heart has changed your [D] mind,
 There will [D] be an open [A7] door,
 [A] Waiting for you ever-[D]-more. [D]↓



I'll Come When You Call

David & Josephine Caryll (1955)

Ruby Murray UK No.6 (1955)

3 / 4 Time: Intro **[C] [Am] Dm] [G7]**

I'll **[C]** come when you **[G7]** call,
 When you **[C]** give me **[C7]** the **[F]** word;
 With the **[C]** speed of a **[Am]** bird
 I will **[Dm]** fly to your **[G7]** side.

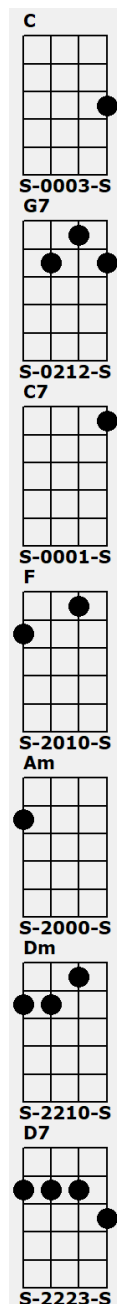
I'll **[C]** come when you **[G7]** call,
 When I **[C]** know you **[C7]** are **[F]** near,
 And as **[C]** soon as I **[Am]** hear
 I will **[F]** run to **[Dm]** your **[C]** side.

You'll **[C7]** hold me and **[F]** kiss me, and **[C7]** then, hand in **[F]** hand,
 We'll **[Em]** wander to-**[Dm]**-gether in **[D]** love's wonder-**[G7]**-land.

I'll **[C]** come when you **[G7]** call,
 Be it **[C]** stormy **[C7]** or **[F]** fair,
 For **[C]** what will I **[Am]** care
 If I'm **[F]** close by **[Dm]** your **[C]** side!

You'll **[C7]** hold me and **[F]** kiss me, and **[C7]** then, hand in **[F]** hand,
 We'll **[Em]** wander to-**[Dm]**-gether in **[D]** love's wonder-**[G7]**-land.

I'll **[C]** come when you **[G7]** call,
 Be it **[C]** stormy **[C7]** or **[F]** fair,
 For **[C]** what will I **[Am]** care,
 If I'm **[F]** close by **[G7]** your **[C]** side! **[C]↓**



The Woad Song

Anon

To the tune of "Men Of Harlech"

2 / 4 TIME

[F] What's the [Bb] use of [F] wearing [Dm] braces,
 [Bb] Hats and [Gm] spats and [C] boots with [] laces.
 [F] All the [Bb] things you [F] buy in [Dm] places
 [F] Down on [C] Brompton [F] Road.

[F] What's the [Bb] use of [F] shirts of [Dm] cotton,
 [Bb] Studs that [Gm] always [C] get forgotten.
 [F] These [Bb] affairs are [F] simply [Dm] cotton,
 [F] Better [C] far is [F] Woad!

[C] Woad's the [] stuff to [C]! show [C]! men!
 [F] Woad to [] scare your [F]! foe [F]! men!
 [F] Boil it [] to a [] brilliant [] blue,
 [F] rub it [] on your [F] back and [] your ab-[F]-do-men.
 [Bb] Ancient [F] Britons [Gm] never [F] hit on,
 [Gm] Anything as [] good as [C] Woad to [] fit on.
 [F] Knees or [Bb] neck or [F] where you [Dm] sit on.
 [F] Tailors [C] you be [F] blowed!

[F] Romans [Bb] came a-[F]-cross the [Dm] channel.
 [Bb] All dressed [Gm] up in [C] tin and [] flannel.
 [F] Half a [Bb] pint of [F] Woad per [Dm] man 'll,
 [F] Dress us [C] more than [F] these.

[F] Saxons [Bb] you can [F] waste your [Dm] stitches,
 [Bb] Building [Gm] beds for [C] bugs in [] britches.
 [F] We have [Bb] Woad to [F] clothe us [Dm] which is,
 [F] Not a [C] nest for [F] fleas!

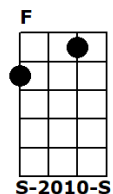
[C] Romans [] keep your [C]! arm-[C]!-ours.
 [F] Saxons [] your [F]! py-[F]!-jamas.
 [F] Hairy coats [] were made [] for goats,
 [F] Gor-ill-[]-as, yaks, [] re-triever [] dogs and llamas.
 [Bb] Tramp up [F] Snowdon [Gm] with your [F] Woad on,
 [Gm] Nevermind if [] we get [C] rained or [] snowed on.
 [F] Never [Bb] want a [F] button [Dm] sewed on,
 [F] Go it, [C] Ancient [F] Brits. [F]! [F]!

Tab Note

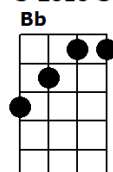
The original march tune in 4/4 time has many chord changes half way though the bar.

To simplify the Tab and hopefully help with singing I have set it in 2/4 time.

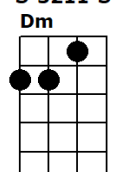
There are two places where the phrasing of the words is not obvious, and I have tried to mark every bar either with a chord name or '[]' to indicate a repeat of the previous chord.



S-2010-S

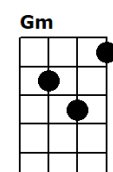


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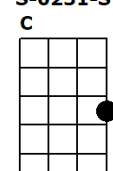


S-2210-S

k



S-0231-S



S-0003-S

I'll Never Get Home

Music-Trad. Lyrics – J. Lowe

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

3 / 4 Time. Intro **[Bb]** **[F]** **[C7]** **[F]**

Ukulele

	F	C	Dm	F
T	1	0	3	0
B	3	1	3	1
	0	2	0	0

As I was a - walk - ing one eve - ning a - lone, I

As **[F]** I was a-**[C]**-walking one **[Dm]** evening a-**[F]**-lone,
 I **[Bb]** met a young **[F]** fellow **[F]** making his **[C]** moan. **[C]**
 Well The **[F]** sky may be **[C]** clear and the **[Dm]** stars may be **[F]** bright,
 But I'll **[Bb]** never get **[F]** home to me **[C7]** darling to-**[F]**-night.

*There was **[Bb]** fine ale at **[F]** Acomb, and **[C]** fine ale at **[F]** Wall,
[Bb] fine ale at **[F]** Fal-low-field, **[F]** best of them **[C]** all.
 I **[F]** drank with the **[C]** company so **[Dm]** warm and so **[F]** tight,
 But I'll **[Bb]** never get **[F]** home to me **[C7]** darling to-**[F]**-night.*

Oh **[F]** I promised her **[C]** presents, I **[Dm]** promised her **[F]** spice.
 She **[Bb]** said that a **[F]** shawl for the **[F]** babe would be **[C]** nice.
 But the **[F]** coin in me **[C]** hand well it **[Dm]** soon left me **[F]** sight,
 And I'll **[Bb]** never get **[F]** home to me **[C7]** darling to-**[F]**-night.

*Me **[Bb]** friends called me **[F]** back e'er I **[C]** made for the **[F]** door,
[Bb] So many **[F]** friends that I'd **[F]** ne'er seen be-**[C]**-fore,
 But I **[F]** can't see them **[C]** now though **[Dm]** I try as I **[F]** might,
 I'll **[Bb]** never get **[F]** home to me **[C7]** darling to-**[F]**-night.*

There's no **[F]** boat on **[C]** the river so **[Dm]** I cannot **[F]** row,
 And **[Bb]** the water's too **[F]** wide for to **[F]** wade in I **[C]** know,
 And the **[F]** road is too **[C]** long with no **[Dm]** horse for to **[F]** ride,
 And I'll **[Bb]** never get **[F]** home to me **[C7]** darling to-**[F]**-night.

So **[Bb]** all you young **[F]** fellows now **[C]** hear what I **[F]** say,
[Bb] Head straight for **[F]** home when you **[F]** pocket your **[C]** pay,
 For the **[F]** fire in the **[C]** ale-house is **[Dm]** warm and it's **[F]** bright,
 You'll **[Bb]** never get **[F]** home, to your **[C7]** darling at **[F]** night.

*There was **[Bb]** fine ale at **[F]** Acomb, and **[C]** fine ale at **[F]** Wall,
[Bb] fine ale at **[F]** Fal-low-field, **[F]** best of them **[C]** all.
 I **[F]** drank with the **[C]** company so **[Dm]** warm and so **[F]** tight,
 But I'll **[Bb]** never get **[F]** home to me **[C7]** darling to-**[F]**-night.
 No, I'll **[Bb]** never get **[F]** home to me **[C7]** darling to-**[F]**-night.*

F

S-2010-S

C

S-0003-S

Dm

S-2210-S

Bb

S-3211-S

C7

S-0001-S

The Old Rosemary

Peter Dobbs

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

3 / 4 time. Intro: [Dm][Dm][C][Dm]

'twas [Dm] way up in Brummagem so [C] I do hear [Dm] say,
That a [Bb] boat by the [F] name of the [Gm7] Rosemary [A] lay.
She was [Bb] dressed up and [F] painted tra-[Gm7]-dit-ion-al [A] style,
But [Dm] she hadn't carried for [C] a very long [Dm] while.

A-[Dm]-long came a [Dm] boat-man, the [C] old boat to [Dm] see,
Says he [Bb] 'Here is a [F] craft that is [Gm7] useful to [A] me.
I'll [Bb] load her with [F] coal and for [Gm7] London I'll [A] steer',
Said the [Dm] boatman to the owner, 'If I [C] take her from [Dm] here'.

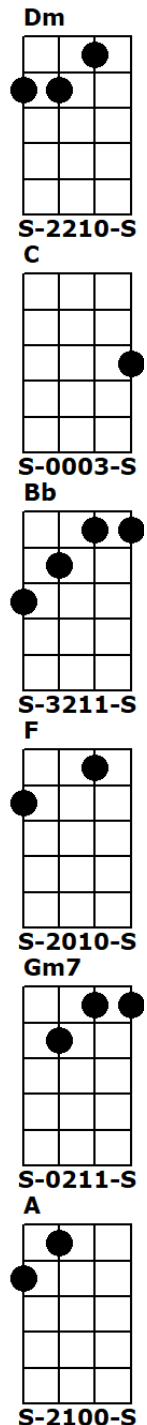
The [Dm] owner said 'Yes' and the [C] boatman 'O-[Dm]-kay'
And [Bb] into the [F] cabin he [Gm7] went straight-a-[A]-away.
He [Bb] lit up the [F] stove, cleared [Gm7] cobwebs and [A] mould,
And [Dm] polished the brass 'til it [C] shone like fine [Dm] gold.

He [Dm] sang as he laboured far [C] into the [Dm] night,
Got [Bb] up in the [F] morning be-[Gm7]-fore it was [A] light.
(He) put the [Bb] rusty blow-[F]-lamp on the [Gm7] cyl-in-der [A] head,
'tis a [Dm] fine day for boating', the [C] old boat-man [Bm] said.

He [Dm] primed up the engine, a [C] prayer in his [Dm] heart,
And [Bb] kicked on the [F] flywheel to [Gm7] see if she'd [A] start;
With a [Bb] bang like the [F] sound of a [Gm7] ten-pounder [A] gun
The [Dm] ag-ed old Bol-in-der [C] start-ed to [Dm] run.

He [Dm] cast off the fore-end at the [C] counter he [Dm] stood,
As [Bb] the Rosemary [F] shook herself [Gm7] free of the [A] mud.
With [Bb] tears in his [F] eyes says the [Gm7] boatman 'We [A] may
Get [Dm] right down to Coventry for the [C] end of the [Dm] day.'

On [Dm] dark stormy nights round the [C] fall of the [Dm] year,
If the [Bb] beat of a [F] Bol-in-der [Gm7] distant you [A] hear,
It's [Bb] not Clayton's [F] Stour, [Gm7] Youmea or Tay [A]
It's the [Dm] ghost of the boatman and [C] the old Rose-[Dm]-mary.



Free and Easy

Bernard Wrigley

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

Intro: **F** **[F]** **[F]** Start note – **A0**

[F] I'm the man that's free and easy,
[C] Where-so-ever I **[F]** chance to be.
[F] And I'll do the best to please you,
[C] If you will but **[F]** list'n to me.

*Chorus -So **[Bb]** let the world go **[F]** as it will,
[C] I'll be free and easy **[F]** still.*

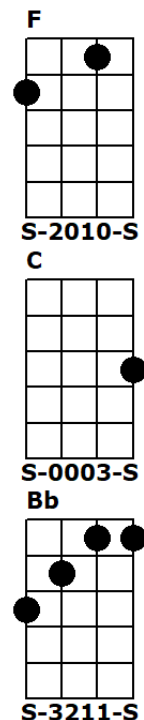
[F] Some there are who meet their troubles,
[C] And others drown their **[F]** cares in drink.
[F] All the trials they are but bubbles,
[C] And worrying is the **[F]** common link. -----Chorus

[F] The rich have cares I little know of,
[C] All the glitters **[F]** is not gold.
[F] Merit's seldom makes a show of,
[C] True worth is **[F]** rarely told. -----Chorus.

[F] Then why waste your time in fretting,
[C] The longest road must **[F]** have an end.
[F] Industry strives hard in getting,
[C] Wages for to **[F]** save and spend. -----Chorus.

[F] I care for all yet care for no man,
[C] Those who mean well **[F]** shouldn't fear.
[F] I like a man and love a woman,
[C] What else makes this **[F]** world so dear. -----Chorus.

Outro: Slowing down to a single, slow, strum on last **[F]**
*So **[Bb]** let the world go **[F]** as it will, **[C]** I'll be free and easy **[F]** still.*



Leopold Alcocks

Jake Thackeray (1973)

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

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

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

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

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

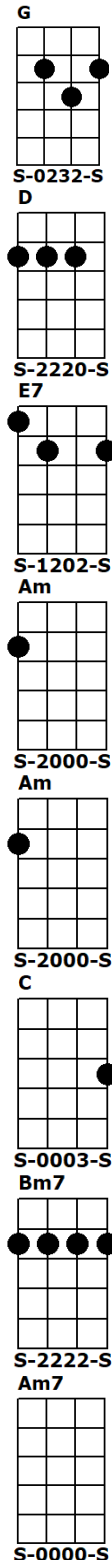
He's [G] up-set my [] gold-fish, he's [E7] jinxed my wis-[Am]-teria,
 My [D] budgie's gone [] broody, my [] tortoise has hys-[G]-teria,
 [G] He cleans my [] tea-pots, my [E7] sauce-pans, with [Am] 'Brasso',
 And [D] leaves choc-olate [] fin-ger-prints [] on my Pi-[G]-cas-so!

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

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

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

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



Pay Me My Money Down

Stevedore song. Collected by Lydia Parrish 1942.

'The Weavers' and 'The Vipers' versions (1950's) Combined

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

Chorus -Oh [C] Pay me, Oh pay me,
 Pay me my [G] money down.
 Pay me or go to jail,
 [G7] Pay me my money [C] down.

I [C] though I heard the captain say,
 Pay me my [G] money down.
 Tomorrow is our sailing day,
 [G7] Pay me my money [C] down. -----Chorus

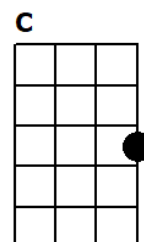
Now [C] as soon as that boat was clear of the bar,
 Pay me my [G] money down.
 Well, he knocked me down with the end of a spar,
 [G7] Pay me my money [C] down. -----Chorus

I [C] wish I was Mr. Howard's son
 Pay me my [G] money down.
 Sit in the house and drink good rum
 [G7] Pay me my money [C] down. -----Chorus

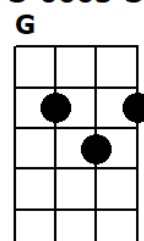
Well, [C] I wish I was Mr. Steven's son,
 Pay me my [G] money down.
 Sit on the bank and watch the work done
 [G7] Pay me my money [C] down. -----Chorus

I [C] wish I was a millionaire
 Pay me my [G] money down.
 Spend my money and never care,
 [G7] Pay me my money [C] down. -----Chorus

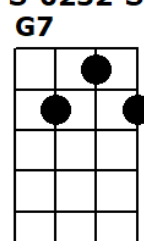
I [C] thought I heard John Bucker whine,
 Pay me my [G] money down.
 He wants women all the time,
 [G7] Pay me my money [C] down. -----Chorus



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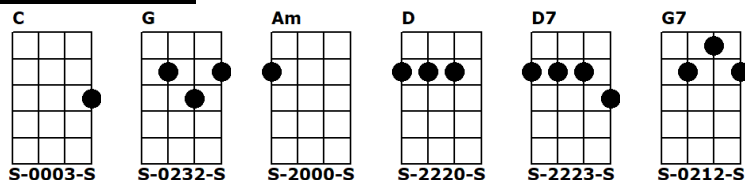


S-0212-S

Old Dogs, Children and Watermelon Wine

Tom T. Hall (1972)

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



At the 1972 Democratic National Convention, Tom T. Hall met with an old porter at a Miami Beach hotel. The porter talked about his life and concluded that the only worthwhile things are those in the song's title.

I [G] was sitting in Mi-ami [G7] pouring [C] blended whisky [Am] down,
 When this [D7] old grey black gentleman, was [C] cleaning [Am] up the lounge. [G]
 [G] "How old do you [G7] think I am?" I said "[C] well I didn't [Am] know".
 He said "[C] You know I turned [G] 65 about [Am] eleven [D] months [G] ago"

Well [G] There wasn't any-[G7]-one around 'cept [C] this old man and [Am] me,
 The [D7] guy who ran bar was watching [Am] Ironsides [D7] on T-[G]-V.
 And [G] uninvited [G7] he sat down and he [C] opened up his [Am] mind,
 On [C] old dogs and [G] children, and [Am] water-[D]-melon [G] wine.

[G]" Have you ever had a [G7] drink of water-[C]-melon wine?" he [Am] asked.
 He [D7] told me all about it though I [C] didn't [D7] answer [G] back.
 He said [G] "There ain't but three things [G7] in this world [C] worth a solitary [Am] dime,
 Just [C] old dogs and [G] children and [Am] water-[D]-melon [G]wine".

He said "[G] Women think a-[G7]-bout themselves while their [C] men-folk aren't a-[Am]-round.
 And [D7] friends are hard to find when they dis-[C]-cover that [D7] you're [G] down."
 He said "[G] Son I tried it [G7] all when I was [C] young and in my natural [Am] prime,
 But now it's [C] old dogs and [G] children and [Am] water-[D]-melon [G] wine."

He said "[G] You know old dogs they [G7] care about you [C] even when you make mis-[Am]-takes.
 And [D7] God bless little children when they're [C] still too [D7] young to [G] hate",
 And then he [G] moved away I [G7] found my pen and I [C] copied down that [Am] line,
 'bout [C] old dogs and [G] children and [Am] water-[D]-melon [G] wine.

I [G] had to catch a [G7] plane up to At-[C]-lanta that next [Am] day,
 And as [D7] I left for my room I saw him [C] picking up [D7] my [G] change.
 That [G] night I dreamed in peaceful [G7] sleep of [C] shady summer [Am] times,
 Of [C] old dogs and [G] children and [Am] water-[D]-melon [G] wine

Outro: Slowing through "Water melon Wine" to a single, slow, [G] strum on "wine"

Yes of [C] old dogs and [G] children and [Am] water-[D7]-melon [G]↓ wine

The Lavender Cowboy

Paddy Roberts. 1959

3 /4 Time. Intro [C7] [C7] [F] [F]/

He was [F] just a Lav-en-der [Bb] Cowboy,
With [C7] only three hairs on his [F] chest.
And he rode on a filly, called [Bb] Daffi-down-dilly,
The [C] prettiest horse in the [F] West,

Chorus Yip-pee-[Bb]-yi, Yip-pee-[F]-yo,
Yip-pee-[C7]-yi, Yip-pee, yo, Yip-pee-[F]-yay.
Which [Bb] sounds rather silly, but [F] every hill-billy,
Spends [C7] half his life singing that [F] way.

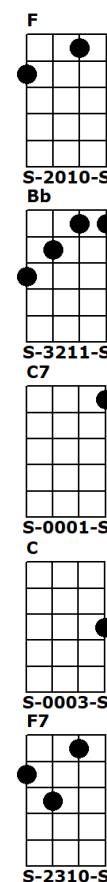
Every [F] morning they went out to-[Bb]-gether,
While the [C7] others looked on in dis-[F]-may.
'cause he'd round up the cattle, a-[Bb]-riding side saddle,
He [C] said he preferred it that [F] way. -----Chorus

He was [F] just a Lav-en-der [Bb] Cowboy,
who [C7] committed a terrible [F] sin,
He went on a bender and [Bb] slugged the bar tender,
And [C] stole all the Strawberry [F] Gin. -----Chorus

So, the [F] posse was sent out to [Bb] find him,
And [C7] bring him back dead or a-[F]-live,
They knew as they went, they were [Bb] hot on the scent,
By the [C] smell of Chanel Number [F] Five, -----Chorus

And they [F] found him a lying un-cons-[Bb]-cious,
With [C7] blood running all down his [F] chin.
'til they looked a bit closer, and [Bb] what do you know sir!
They [C] found it was Strawberry [F] Gin. -----Chorus

So, they [F] shot the Lav-en-der [Bb] Cowboy,
And [C7] said as they laid him to [F] rest.
You'll be happier now boy, you [Bb] can't be a cowboy,
With [C] only three hairs on your [F] chest. -----Chorus



I've Got the Blues

Paddy Roberts 1959

4 / 4 Time. Intro: **[D] [D] [D] [D]***Play Italic Section in Slow 'Blues' time*

Oh I **[D]** wish I was a bushman, for a **[G]** bushman's brains are **[D]** small.
 Or perhaps a politician, with **[Em]** scarcely brains at **[A7]** all.
 And I **[D]** sometimes sit and wonder, just **[G]** what I'd like to **[D]** be,
 'Cos I'm quite sure by thunder, I'd be **[A7]** anyone but **[D]** me.

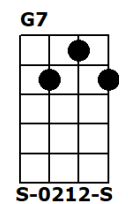
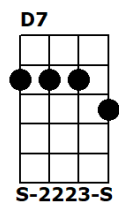
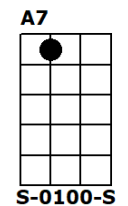
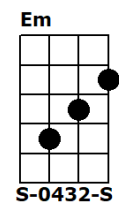
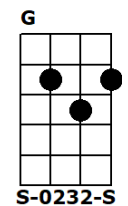
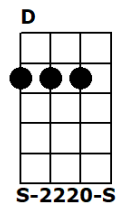
*'Cos I've got the **[D7]** blues, got the blues,
 My **[G7]** Pa's in jail and **[G7]** Ma-ma's on the **[D]** booze,
 My **[A7]** sister's just a **[A7]** riddle, And my **[A7]** brother's on the **[A7]** fiddle,
 I've got the **[D7]** blues, **[G7]** blues, **[D]** blues.*

I **[D]** wish I had a guitar, and **[G]** though it sounds ab-**[D]**-surd,
 I'd dye my head and sing my songs so **[Em]** no one understood a **[A7]** word.
 I'd **[D]** wiggle and I'd waggle and **[G]** all the kids would **[D]** shriek,
 And very soon I'd earn myself a **[A7]** thousand quid a **[D]** week.

*But I've got the **[D7]** blues, got the blues,
 'Cos **[G7]** no one will ac-**[G7]**-cept my I-O-**[D]**-U's
 My **[A7]** creditors are **[A7]** many, daren't **[A7]** even spend a **[A7]** penny,
 I've got the **[D7]** blues, **[G7]** blues, **[D]** blues.*

I **[D]** wish I was a film star, **[G]** I'd tell you what I'd **[D]** do.
 My bosom would be forty, or **[Em]** maybe forty-**[A7]**-two,
 I'd **[D]** have a sugar daddy, to **[G]** keep me com-pa-**[D]** ny
 As sure as my name's Paddy, that's **[A7]** just the life for **[D]** me.

*'Cos I've got the **[D7]** blues, got the blues,
 The **[G7]** kind of blues that **[G7]** I can never **[D]** lose,
 And I **[A7]** sometimes sit and **[A7]** wonder if it's **[A7]** better six feet **[A7]** under,
 I've got the **[D7]** blues, **[G7]** blues, **[D7]** blues. **[A7]! [D7]!***



The Ballad of Bethnal Green

Paddy Roberts 1959

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

I [G] tell the tale of a [Am] jealous [D] male,
and a [C] maid of [D7] sweet six-[G]-teen.
She was [G] blonde and dumb and [Am] lives with her [D] mum.
On the [C] fringe of [D7] Bethnal [G] Green.
She [A7] worked all [D] week for a [A7] rich old [D] Greek
'cos her [G] dad was [A] on the [D] dole.
But her [G] one delight was a [Am] Friday [D] night,
When she [C] had a bit of [D7] rock and [G] roll.

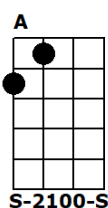
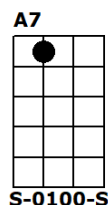
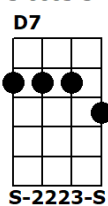
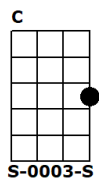
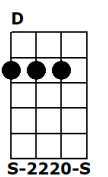
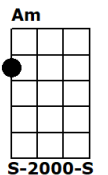
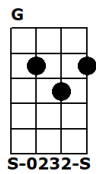
*Chorus-To my [G] rit-fal-lal to my [Am] titty-fal-[D] lal,
To my [C] itty-bitty [D7] fal-dal-[G] day.*

Then [G] one fine day in the [Am] month of [D] May,
She [C] met her [D7] big ro-[G]-mance,
He was [G] dark and sleek with a [Am] scar on his [D] cheek
And a [C] pair of [D7] drainpipe [G] pants.
She [A7] thought "with [D] you I could [A7] be so [D] true,
Through [G] all the [A] years to [D] come."
For she [G] loved the gay a-[Am]-bandoned [D] way
He [C] chewed his [D7] chewing [G] gum. -----Chorus

It [G] started well be-[Am]-cause he [D] fell
For [C] all her [D7] girlish [G] charms,
But [G] he had some doubts when he [Am] caught her [D] out,
In [C] someone [D7] else's [G] arms.
He [A7] said "look [D] here you [A7] know my [D] dear,
This is [G] going a [A] bit too [D] far."
The he [G] went quite white and he [Am] sloshed [D] right
in the [C] middle of the [D7] cha-cha-[G]-cha. -----Chorus

He [G] went before the [Am] man of the [D] law,
Who [C] said "this [D7] will not [G] do,
I've [G] had enough of the [Am] kind of [C] stuff
That I [C] get from the [D7] likes of [G] you."
And [A7] was she [D] peeved when [A7] he re-[D]-ceived
A [G] longish [A] term in [D] clink.
In a [G] fit of pique, she [Am] married the [D] Greek
And [C] now she's [D7] dressed in [G] mink.

*To my [G] rit-fal-lal to my [Am] titty-fal-[D] lal,
To my [C] itty-bitty [D7] fal-dal-[G]// da [C]// aa [G]! ay.*



Poor Little Country Girl

Paddy Roberts (1959)

4 / 4 Time Intro: [A7]/ [A7]/ [D7] [G]

She was [G] once a pretty little milkmaid, [C] The sweetest ever [G] seen.

At a [D7] tender age, she was [G] all the rage, with the [A] boys on the village [D7] green.

And [G] just like the cattle in the cowshed, she [C] lived in sweet con-[G]-tent.

'til [D7] one fine day there [G] passed her way, A [D7] handsome city [G] gent.

He [C] took her up to [G] London, to [D7] London, to [G] London,

And [C] there that maid was [G] un-done, in [A7] no time at [D7] all.

[G] First he bought her pretty flowers and [C] gave her a diamond [G] pin.

Then he [D7] took her down to a [G] joint in town and [A] filled her up with [D7] gin.

Then he [G] put his arms around her and [C] gave his moustache[B] a twirl.

[Am]/ Poor, [Am]/ poor, [D7] poor little country [G] girl.

She was [G] once a pretty little milkmaid, [C] all pink and plump and [G] choice,

Now [D7] sad to tell, [G] she looks like hell, in the [A] back of a large Rolls-[D7] Royce.

She's [G] drenched in most expensive perfume a [C] smell she can't en-[G]-dure

And she [D7] said "I long for the [G] wholesome pong, of a [D7] really rich ma-[G] nure.

They're [C] feeding her with [G] oysters, and [D7] oysters, and [G] oysters,

'til her [C] sad blue eyes are [G] moist as the [A7] oysters them-[D7]-selves.

[G] See her sitting at the op'ra, or [C] dining at the [G] Ritz.

She [D7] pines all day for the [G] new mown hay, and the [A] cows with their
twiddly [D7] bits,

But [G] now she never sees a cowshed, she's [C] lost in a social [B] whirl.

[Am]/ Poor, [Am]/ poor, [D7] poor little country [G] girl.

They've [C] dressed her up in [G] satin, and [D7] girdled her [G] fat in,

But she'd [C] rather have her [G] fat in some [A7] brown cor-du-[D7]-roy.

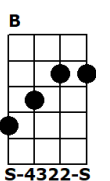
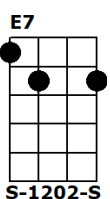
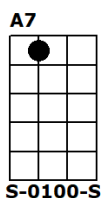
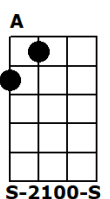
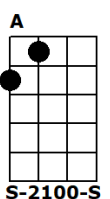
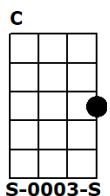
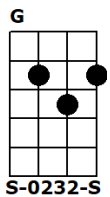
When they [G] tell he she is lucky, her [C] cup of woe is [G] full.

'cos she [D7] knows quite well that the [G] tales they tell are [A] only a lot of [D7] bull.

[G] She'd far rather be a milkmaid, than [C] marry a belted [B] earl

[Am]/ Poor, [Am]/ poor, [D7] poor, little country [G] girl.

Oh! [Am]/ Poor, [Am/] poor, [D7] poor little country [G] girl. [C]! [C]! [G]↓



The Big Dee Jay

Paddy Roberts (1959)

3 / 4 Time. Intro: [G7]/ [C]// [G]// [C]/

I'm a [C] Disc [Am] Jockey re-[Dm]-mark-ably [G7] cocky,
 With [C] ev'ry good [Dm] reason to [G7] be.
 And I'll [C] say it though maybe [C7] I [F] oughtn't,
 I'm [D] really most [Am6] frightfully im-[G]-portant. [G7]

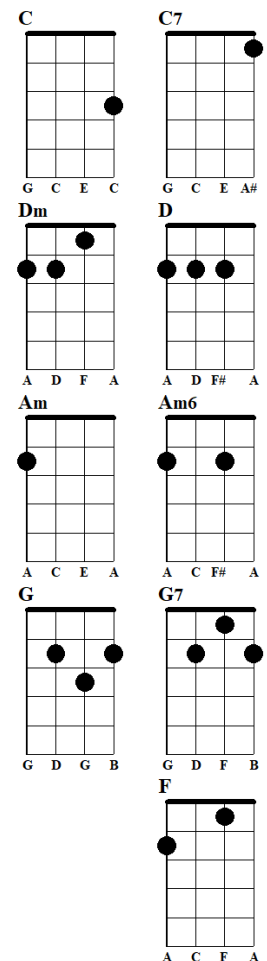
All the [C] teen-[Am] a-gers tho' [Dm] simply out-[G7]-rageous,
 Be-[C]-lieve every [Dm] word that I [G7] say.
 I [C] get the new [C7] records as [F] soon as they're in,
 And [D] pick out the [Am6] ones that cre-[G]-ate the most [G7] din.
 The [C] fools go and [G] buy every [C] thing that I [F] spin,
 I'm the [C] Big [G] Dee [C] Jay, [F]/ The [C] Big [G] Dee [C] Jay.

I'm a [C] Disc [Am] Jockey, and [Dm] aren't people [G7] lucky,
 To [C] have such a [Dm] fellow as [G7] me,
 I could [C] sell them the [C7] simplest ar-[F]-peg-gio,
 By [D] plugging it [Am6] over the [G] ra-di-o. [G7]

Though the [C] fans [Am] bore me. They [Dm] simply a-[G7]-dore me.
 And [C] hang on to [Dm] each word I [G7] say,
 They [C] sit there en-[C7]-raptured when [F] I'm on the air,
 Then [D] write in and [Am6] ask for a [G] lock of my [G7] hair,
 But it's [C] part of the [G] cross I'm com-[C]-mitted to [F] bear,
 I'm the [C] Big [G] Dee [C] Jay, [F]/ The [C] Big [G] Dee [C] Jay.

Outro: Slowly with Importance.

The [C] publishers [C7] greet me with [F] counter feit glee,
 They [D] fawn at my [Am6] feet for a [G] favour from me.
 That's [C] why all my [G] wining and [C] dining is [F] free
 I'm the [C] Big [G] Dee [C] Jay, [F]/ The [C] Big [G] Dee [C] Jay.



Paddy McGinty's Goat.

4 / 4 Time Intro: **Dm**// **[G7]**!//**[C]**/ **[G]**/ **[C]**! Can be used between verses

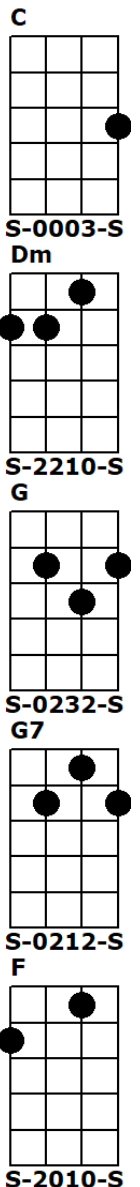
Now **[C]** Patrick McGinty, an Irishman of note,
 Fell **[Dm]** in for a fortune, and he bought himself a goat.
 Say's **[C]** he, "sure, of goat's milk I'm going to have me fill"
 But **[Dm]** when he brought the **[G7]** nanny home, he **[C]** found it **[G]** was a **[C]** bill.
***[C]** All the young ladies who live in Killaloe,
 They're **[G]** all wearing bustles like their mothers used to do,
 They **[F]** each wear a **[C]** bolster be-**[G]**-neath the petti-**[C]**-coat
 And **[Dm]** leave the rest to **[G7]** providence and **[C]** Paddy Mc-**[G]**-Ginty's **[C]** goat*

Mrs **[C]** Burke to her daughter said, "listen, Mary Jane,
[Dm] Who was the lad you were cuddling in the lane?
 He'd **[C]** long wiry whiskers a' hanging from his chin"
 " 't was **[Dm]** only Pat Mc-**[G7]**-Ginty's goat," she **[C]** answered **[G]** with a **[C]** grin.
*Then **[C]** she went away from the village in disgrace,
 She **[G]** came back with powder and paint upon her face
 She'd **[F]** rings on her **[C]** fingers, and she **[G]** wore a sable **[C]** coat.
 And I'll **[Dm]** bet your life she **[G7]** didn't get those from **[C]** Paddy Mc-**[G]**-Ginty's **[C]** goat*

Now **[C]** Norah McCarthy the knot was going to tie,
 She **[Dm]** washed out her trousseau and hung it out to dry.
 And along **[C]** came the goat and he saw the bits of white,
 And **[Dm]** chewed up all her **[G7]** falderals, and **[C]** on her **[G]** wedding **[C]** night.
*"Oh **[C]** turn out the light quick!" she shouted out to Pat,
 For **[G]** though I'm your bride, sure I'm not worth looking at.
 I **[F]** had two of **[C]** everything, I **[G]** told you when I **[C]** wrote,
 But **[Dm]** now I'm wearing **[G7]** nothin' thanks to **[C]** Paddy Mc-**[G]**-Ginty's **[C]** goat"*

Mickey **[C]** Riley he went to the races t'other day,
 He **[Dm]** won twenty dollars and he shouted, "hip hooray"
 He **[C]** held up the note, shouting "look at what I've got"
 The **[Dm]** goat came up and **[G7]** grabbed at it and **[C]** swallowed **[G]** all the **[C]** lot.
*"He's **[C]** eaten me banknote," said Mickey, with the hump,
 They **[G]** went for the doctor and they got a stomach pump,
 They **[F]** pumped and they **[C]** pumped for that **[G]** twenty dollar **[C]** note
 But **[Dm]** all they got was **[G7]** ninepence out of **[C]** Paddy Mc-**[G]**-Ginty's **[C]** goat.*

Now **[C]** old Paddy's goat had a wonderous appetite,
 And **[Dm]** one day for breakfast he ate some dynamite.
 A **[C]** big box of matches he swallowed all serene,
 And **[Dm]** out he went and **[G7]** swallowed up a **[C]** quart o' **[G]** par-af-**[C]**- fin.
*He **[C]** sat by the fireside, he didn't give a hang,
 He **[G]** swallowed a spark and exploded with a bang.
 So **[F]** if you go to **[C]** heaven you can **[G]** bet a dollar **[C]** note
 That the **[Dm]** angel with the **[G7]** whiskers on is **[C]** Paddy Mc-**[G]**-Ginty's **[C]** goat.
Sure the **[Dm] angel with the **[G7]** whiskers on is **[C]** Paddy Mc-**[G]**-Ginty's **[C]** goat.***



Black Velvet Band

Page 1 of 2

Irish traditional

3/4 time; Intro: [F]/// [C]/// [F]/// [F]//

Rhythm Marking – [F]/// indicated 3 beats holding the chord of F. [F]// is two beats with the third beat used for the start words on the next line. [] means repeat the previous chord for 1 bar.

In a [F] neat little [] town they call [] Belfast, []//
 Ap-[]-prenticed to [Bb] trade I was [C] bound[]//
 And [F] many's the [] hour of sweet [Dm] ha-ppi-[]//-ness
 I [Bb] spent in that [C] neat little [F] town; []//

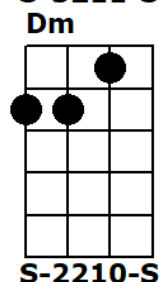
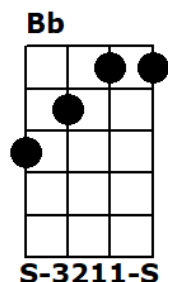
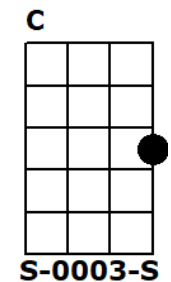
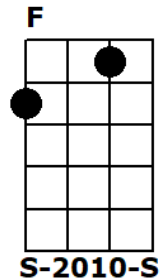
'Till [F] sad mis-[]-fortune came [Bb] over []// me,
 And [] caused me to [Bb] stray from this [C] land []//
 Far a-[F] way from me [] friends and re-[Dm] la-[]//-tions,
 Be-[Bb] trayed by the [C] black velvet [F] band! []//

Chorus *Her [F] eyes they [] shone like [] diamonds, []//*
I [] thought her the [Bb] queen of the [C] land []//
Her [F] hair it hung [] over her [Dm] shoul-[]//-der,
Tied [Bb] up with a [C] black velvet [F] band. []//

I [F] took a [] stroll with this [Bb] pretty fair [F]//maid
 And a [] gen-tle-man [Bb] passing us [C] by. []//
 I [F] knew she [] meant the un-[Dm] doing of []// him.
 By the [Bb] look in her [C] roguish black [F] eye!

A [] gold watch she [] took from his [] pocket, []//
 And [] placed it right [Bb] into me [C] hand. []//
 And the [F] very next [] thing that I [Dm] thought []// was.
 To [Bb] hell with the [C] black velvet [F] band! [] // -----Chorus

Now [F] up to a [] judge and a [] jury, []//
 Next [] morning I [Bb] had to ap-[C]-pear, []//
 Oh the [F] judge he [] said to me [Dm] "Young []// man
 Your [Bb] case it is [C] proven quite [F] clear.



Black Velvet Band Page 2 of 2

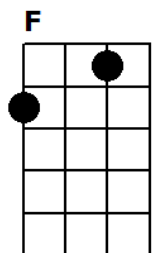
We'll [F] give you seven [] years' pe-nal [Bb] serv-i-[F]// tude,
 To be [] spent far a-[Bb] way from this [C] land, []//
 Far a-[F] way from your [] friends and re-[Dm] la-[]// -tions
 Be-[Bb] trayed by the [C] black velvet [F] band." []// -----Chorus

So come [F] all ye [] jolly young [] fellows, []//
 And a [] warning you [Bb] should take from [C] me,//
 For [F] when you are [] out on the [Dm] town me [] lads
 Be-[Bb] ware of them [C] pretty coll-[F] eens! []//

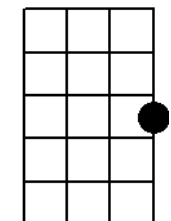
For they'll [F] feed you with [] strong ale and [] porter []//
 Un-[]-til you're un-[Bb] able to [C] stand, []//
 And the [F] very next [] thing that you [Dm] know me []// lads...
 You've [Bb] landed in [C] Van Diemen's [F] land! [] //-----Chorus

Outro: Repeat Chorus with Gusto!

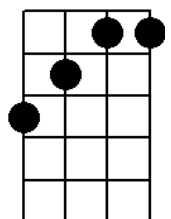
*Her [F] eyes they [] shone like [] diamonds,I
 [] thought her the [Bb] queen of the [C] land []//
 Her [F] hair it hung [] over her [Dm] shoul-[]-der,
 Tied [Bb] up with a [C] black velvet [F] band.*



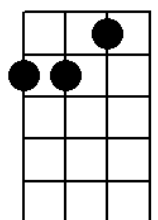
S-2010-S
C



S-0003-S
Bb



S-3211-S
Dm



S-2210-S

A Sample Of Ireland - Medley

Joe Douglas

Joe Douglas

4 / 4 Time Romantic speed. Galway Bay

[F] If you ever go across the sea to [C7] Ireland,
Then maybe at the closing of your [F] day.
You will sit inside Pat Reil-[F7]-ly's supping [Bb] Guinness,
And [C7] join in all the songs the band there [F] play-[G7]-ays.

Key Change to C – 4 / 4 Time Brisker I'll Tell Me Ma

Chorus [C] I'll tell me ma when [F] I get [C] home,
The [G7] boys won't leave the [C] girls alone;
They [C] Pulled me hair, they [F] stole me [C] comb,
But [G7] that's alright till [C] I get home.
She is handsome [F] she is pretty,
[C] She is the belle of [G7] Belfast City;
[C] She is a'courtin' [F]! One [F]! two [F]! three.
[C]! Pray can you [G7]! tell me [C]! who [C]! is [C]! she?

[C] Albert Mooney [F] says he [C] loves her, [G7] All the boys are [C] fighting for her;
Knock at the door and [F] ring at the [C] bell, [G7] "Oh, me true love, [C] are you well?"
Out she comes as [F] white as snow, [C] Rings on her fingers [G7] bells on her toes
[C] Old Johnny Morrissey [F] says she'll die,
If she [C] doesn't get the [G7] fella with the [C] roving eye! ----Chorus 1 + [C7]

Key Change to F 3 / 4 Time Black Velvet Band

In a [F] neat little [] town they call [] Belfast, []//
Ap-[]-prenticed to [Bb] trade I was [C] bound[]//
And [F] many's the [] hour of sweet [Dm] ha-ppi-[]//--ness
I [Bb] spent in that [C] neat little [F] town; []//

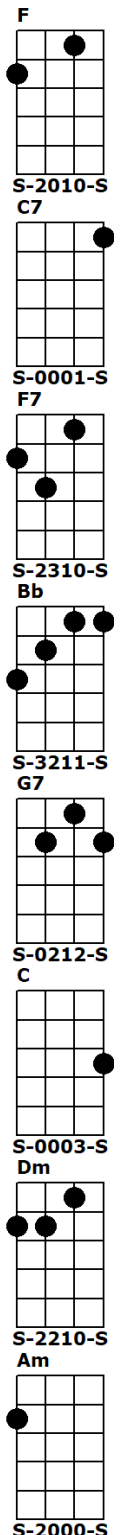
Chorus 2 Her [F] eyes they [] shone like [] diamonds, []//
I [] thought her the [Bb] queen of the [C] land []//
Her [F] hair it hung [] over her [Dm] shoul-[]//--der,
Tied [Bb] up with a [C] black velvet [F] band. []// ----Repeat Chorus +[G7]

Key Change to C 4 / 4 Time Whisky In The Jar.

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

Chorus 3 Mush-a-[G] ring-um do run-[G7] da, [C] Whack fol de dad-di-oh,
[F] Whack fol de dad-di-oh, There's [C] whiskey [G7] in the [C] jar.
Mush-a-[G] ring-um do run-[G7] da, [C] Whack fol de dad-di-oh,
[F] Whack fol de dad-di-oh, There's [C] whiskey [G7] in the [C] jar.

Outro: Repeat Chorus 3 + [F]!Whis-[F]!-key [G7]! In [G7]" the [C]!-Jar [G7]! [C]!



Delaney's Donkey Page 1 of 2

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

William Hargreaves (1921)

Val Doonican hit 1964hjk

[G7] Now, De-[C]-laney had a donkey that [F] every-one ad-[C]-mired
 Temporarily lazy and permanently [G7] tired
 A [C] leg at every corner [F] balancing his [C] head
 And a [C] tail to let you [F] know which end he [G7] wanted to be [C] fed.

[Am] Riley, slyly said [E7] "we've under-[Am]-rated it
 [Am] Why not train it?" [E7] then they took a [Am] rag
 They [C] rubbed it, scrubbed it, [F] oiled and embro-[C]-cated it
 [F] Got it to the post and when the [C] starter dropped the [G7] flag:

There was [C] Riley pushing it, [F] shoving it, [C] shushing it
 [C] Hogan, Logan and [G] everyone in [G7] town
 [C] Lined up attacking it, [F] shoving it and smacking it
 They [Am*] might as well have [F] tried to push the [G] Town Hall [G7] down.

The [C] donkey was eyeing them, [F] openly defying them
 [C] Winking, blinking and twisting out of [G7] place,
 C] Riley re [C7] versing it, [F] everybody cursing it
 The [C] day Delaney's donkey ran the [F] half [G7] mile [C] race.

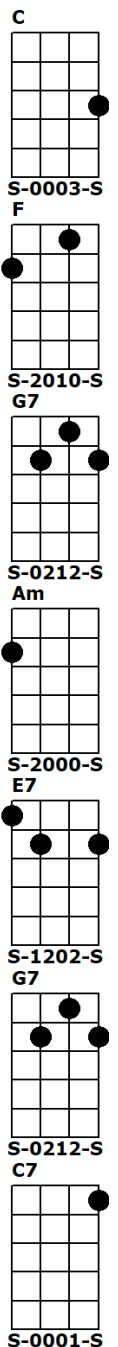
Verse 2

The [C] muscles of the mighty [F] never [G7] known to [C] flinch
 They couldn't move the [F] donkey a [G] quarter of an [G7] inch
 De-[C]-laney lay exhausted [F] hanging round his [C] throat
 With a [C] grip just like a [F] Scotsman on a [G7] five pound [] note.

[Am] Starter Carter, he [E7] lined it with the [Am] rest of 'em
 [Am] When it saw them [E7] it was willing [Am] then
 It [C] raced up, [F] braced up, [G] ready for the [C] best of 'em
 They [F] started off to cheer it but it [C] changed it's mind a-[G7] -ain!

And there was [C] Riley pushing it, [F] shoving it, [C] shushing it
 [C] Hogan, Logan and [G7] Mary-Ann [G] McGrath
 [C] She started poking it [F] grabbing it and choking it
 It [Am] kicked her in the [F] bustle and it [G] laughed hee-[G7]-haw!

The [C] Whigs and Conservatives, the [F] Radical [C] Superlatives
 [C] Liberals and Tories they hurried to the [G7] place
 [C] Stood there in [C7] unity, helping the [F] community
 The [C] day Delaney's [F] donkey ran the [G7] half mile [C] race



Delaney's Donkey Page 2 of 2**Verse 3**

The [C] crowd began to cheer it and [F] Raf-fer-[G7]-ty the [C] judge
[C] He came up to assist 'em but still it wouldn't [G7] budge
And the [C] jockey who was riding it, [F] little John Mc-[C]-Gee
Was so [C] thoroughly dis-[F]-gusted that he [G7] went and had his [C] tea!

[Am] Hagan, Fagan were [E7] students of [Am] psychology
[Am] Swore they'd shift him [E7] with some dyna-[Am]-mite
They [C] bought it, [F] brought it, [G] and without apol-[C]-ogy
The [Am] donkey gave a [F] sneeze and blew the [G7] whole lot outa-[G]-sight.

And there was [C] Riley pushing it, [F] shoving it, [C] shushing it,
[C] Hogan, Logan and [C] all the bally [G7] crew
[C] Police and Auxiliary, the [F] Garrison Artillery
The [Am] Second Ennis-[F]-killen's and the [G] Life Guards [G7] too.

They [C] seized it n'harried it, [F] picked it up and carried it
[C] Cheered it, steered it to the winning [G7] place -
Then the [C] bookmakers drew aside, they all [F] committed suicide
The [C] day Delaney's [F] donkey won the [G] half [G7] mile [C] race!