Ukulele-Joe Song Collection Volume 9

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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Contents

The Old Rugged Cross

Written by George Bernard (1912)   Recorded by Pat Boone 1957

Suggested Phrasing: [] show the start of a new bar with the previous chord. / shows 1 beat
                                    []/ At the end of a line shows 1 beat with the remaining 2 beats starting the next line.

3 / 4 Time. Intro: [A] [A] [A] Start Note: C1

On a **[A]** hill far a-**[]**-way, stood an **[D]** old rugged **[]** cross,

The **[E7]** emblem of **[]** suffering and **[A]** shame. **[]/**

And I **[]** love that old **[A7]** cross, where the **[D]** dearest and **[]** best, **[]/**

For a **[E7]** world of lost **[]** sinners was **[A]** slain. **[]/**

*So I'll **[E7]** cherish the **[]** old rugged **[A]** cross, **[]/***

*'till my **[D]** trophies at **[]** last I lay **[A]** down. **[]/***

*I will **[A]** cling to the **[A7]** old rugged **[D]** cross, **[]/***

*And ex-**[A]**-change it some-**[E7]**-day for a **[A]** crown.*

To the **[A]** old rugged cross, I will **[D]** ever be **[D]** true,

Its **[E7]** shame and reproach gladly **[A]** bear,

Then He'll **[A]** call me some-**[A7]**-day, to my **[D]** home far a-**[D]**-way,

His **[E7]** glory forever I'll **[A]** share.

*So I'll **[E7]** cherish the **[]** old rugged **[A]** cross, **[]/***

*'till my **[D]** trophies at **[]** last I lay **[A]** down. **[]/***

*I will **[A]** cling to the **[A7]** old rugged **[D]** cross, **[]/***

*And ex-**[A]**-change it some-**[D]**-day for a **[A]** crown. (Last time **[A]**↓)*

A

S-2100-S

D

S-2220-S

A7

S-0100-S

E7

S-1202-S
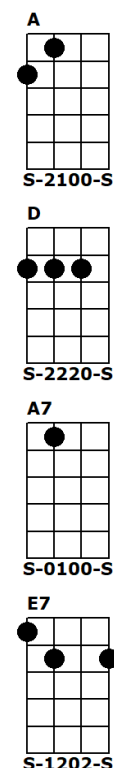
It Is No Secret (What God Can Do)

Stuart Hamblen 1950   Recorded by Pat Boone 1957

Suggested Phrasing: [] show the start of a new bar with the previous chord. / shows 1 beat
[]/ At the end of a line shows 1 beat with the remaining 2 beats starting the next line.

4 / 4 Time   Intro: **[C]**/ **[G7]**/ **[C7]**/ **[F]**// **[C] [G]**// **[C]**↓ **Start Note E0**

 [C]/ It **[G7]**/ is **[C7]**/no **[F]** secret **[F]**/ 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 **[G7]** secret, **[]** what God can **[C]** do.**[F] [C]**

 [G7] The **[C]** chimes of time **[C7]** ring **[F]** out the news,

A-**[C]**-nother day is **[]** through.

 [G7] Someone slipped and **[]** fell,

 [C] Was that someone **[]** you?

 You **[C]** may have longed, for **[F]** added strength

 Your **[C]** courage to renew.**[]**

 [D7] Do not be dis-**[]**-heartened,

 For **[]** I bring hope for **[G7]** you,

 [C]/It **[G7]**/is **[C7]**/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 **[G7]** secret, what God can **[C]** do,

 Outro: Slowing - **[G7]** What God can **[C]** do-**[F]**-**[C]**↓-oo.

C
S-0003-S

D7
S-2223-S

G7
S-0212-S

C
S-0003-S

F
S-2010-S

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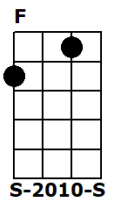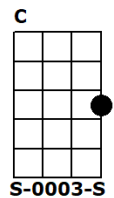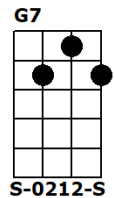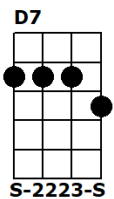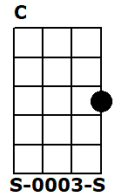
Whispering Hope

Suggested Phrasing: [] show the start of a new bar with the previous chord. / shows 1 beat

[]/ At the end of a line shows 1 beat with the remaining 2 beats starting the next line.

Septimus Winner (pseudonym, Alice Hawthorne) 1868.   Recorded by Pat Boone 1957
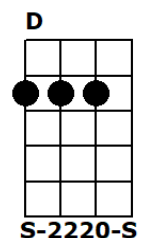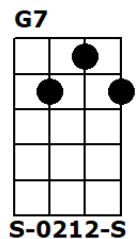
3 / 4 Time   Intro [C] [G7] [C] Start Note E3

[C] Soft as the [F] voice of an [C] an-[]-gel,

[G] Breathing a [G7] lesson un-[C]-heard.[]

[C] Hope with a []// gentle [C7]/ per-[F]-sua-[]-sion,

[G7] Whispers her [] comforting [C] word. []

[C] Wait till the [G] darkness is [C] o-[]-ver,

[G] Wait till the [D] tempest is [G] do-[G7]-ne.

[C]Hope for the [F] sunshine to-[C]-mor-[]-row,

[C] After the [G7] shower is [C] gone.[]
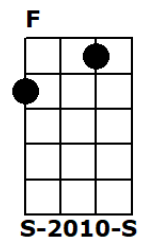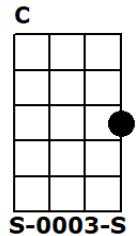
Chorus: *[G7] Whi-[]-spering [C] hope,*

[C] Oh how [G7] wel-[]-come Thy [C] vo-[]-oice,

[F]Ma-[]-king my [C] hear-[C]/-t,

In its [G7] sor-[]-row re-[C]-joice.
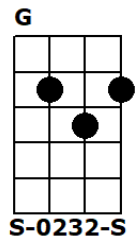
[C] If in the [F] dusk of the [C] twilight,

[G] Dim be the [G7] region [C] afar

[C] Will not the [C7] deepening [F] darkness,

[G7] Brighten the [] glimmering [C] star?

[C] Then when the [G] night is u-[C]-pon us,

[G] Why should the heart [D] sink a-[G7] -way|?

 [C] When the dark [F] midnight is [C] over,

[C] Watch for the [G7] breaking of [C] day. ----------------Chorus

Outro: – Slowing   *[C] in its [G7] sorrow re-[C]-joice. [G] [C]*

C

S-0003-S

F

S-2010-S

G

S-0232-S

G7

S-0212-S

D

S-2220-S

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

Sweet Hour of Prayer

William B. Bradbury and William Walford   Recorded by Pat Boone 1957

Suggested Phrasing: [] show the start of a new bar with the previous chord. / shows 1 beat
[]/ At the end of a line shows 1 beat with the remaining 2 beats starting the next line.

3 / 4 Time. Intro: **[C][C][G7][C]//** Start note C0

Sweet **[C]** hour of **[]** prayer, sweet **[F]** hour of **[]** prayer,

That **[C]** calls me **[]** from a **[G]** world of **[G7]** care,

And **[C]** bids me **[]** at my **[F]** Father's **[]** throne,

Make **[C]** all my **[]** wants and **[G7]** wishes **[C]** known. **[]**

In **[F]** seasons **[]** of dis-**[C]**-tress and **[]** grief.

My **[F]** soul has **[]** often **[C]** found re-**[G7]**-lief. **[]//**

And **[C]** oft es-**[]**-caped the **[F]** tempter's **[]** snare.

By **[C]** thy re-**[]**-turn sweet **[G7]** hour of **[C]** prayer. **[C]//**

Sweet **[C]** hour of prayer, sweet **[F]** hour of prayer,

Thy **[F]** wings shall my **[G]** petition bear,

To **[C]** him whose truth and **[F]** faithfulness,

En-**[C]**-gage the waiting **[G7]** soul to **[C]** bless.

And **[F]** since he bids me **[C]** seek his face,

Be-**[F]**-lieve his word and **[C]** trust his **[G7]** grace, **[]//**

I'll **[C]** cast on him my **[F]** every care,

And **[C]** wait for thee sweet **[G7]** hour of **[C]** prayer.

Outro: Slowing

And **[C]** wait for thee sweet **[G7]** hour of **[C]** pra-**[F]**-yer.**[C]**

C

S-0003-S

F

S-2010-S

G

S-0232-S

G7

S-0212-S
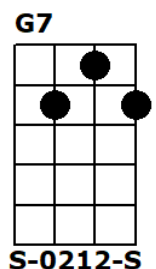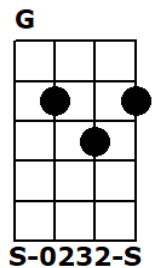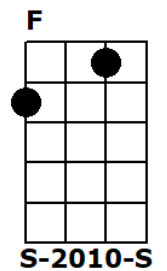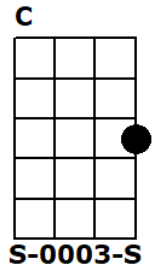
My God Is Real

Kenneth Morris (1944)   Recorded by Pat Boone 1957

Intro: [G] [D7] [G] [G]/   Start Note C2

There are some **[G]** things, **[G7]** I may not **[C]** know.
There are some **[G]** places **[D7]** I can't **[G]** go
But I am **[G]** sure of this one **[C]** thing
That God is **[G]** real for I can **[D7]** feel him deep with-**[G]**-in-

My God is **[C]** real, **[C]** real in my **[G]** soul.
My God is real for he has washed, and made me **[D7]** whole.
His love for **[G]** me, **[G7]** is like pure **[C]** gold.
My God is **[G]** real for I can **[D7]** feel him deep in my **[G]** soul.

I cannot **[G]** tell, **[G7]** just how you **[C]** felt,
When Jesus **[G]** took your **[D7]** sins a-**[G]**-way.
But since that **[G]** day, yes since that **[C]** hour,
God has been **[G]** real for I can **[D7]** feel his holy **[G]** power

My God is **[C]** real, **[C]** real in my **[G]** soul.
My God is real for he has washed and made me **[D]** whole.
His love for **[G]** me **[G7]** is like pure **[C]** gold
My God is **[G]** real for I can **[D7]** feel him deep in my **[G]** soul. **[C]!** **[G]!**

G
S-0232-S

G7
S-0212-S

D7
S-2223-S

C
S-0003-S
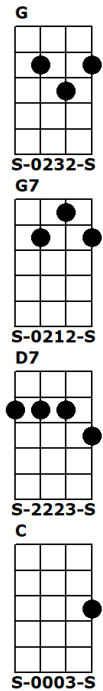
Beyond the Sunset

Virgil and Blanche Brock   Recorded by Pat Boone 1957

Suggested Phrasing: [] show the start of a new bar with the previous chord. / shows 1 beat

**4 /4 Time   Intro**: **[G] [C] [G7] [C]   Start Note 1 octave lower than G0**

[C] Beyond the **[F]//** sun-**[C]//**-set **[]** Oh blissful **[G7]** morning,

[] When with our **[]** Saviour, **[]** Heaven's just **[C]** begun.

[] Earth's toiling **[F]//** end-**[C]//**-ed **[]** Oh glorious **[F]** dawning,

[] Beyond the **[C]** sun-set **[G7]** when day is **[C]** done.

[C] Beyond the **[F]** sun-**[C]**-set no clouds will **[G7]** gather,

No storms will threaten no fears **[C]** annoy.

O day of **[F]** glad-**[C]**-ness Oh day **[F]** un-ending,

Beyond the **[C]** sun-set **[G7]** eternal **[C]** joy.

[C] Beyond the **[F]** sun-**[C]**-set Oh glad **[G7]** reunion,

 With our dear loved ones who've gone **[C]** before.

In that fair **[F]** home-**[C]**-land we'll know no **[F]** parting,

Beyond the **[C]** sun-set **[G7]** forever **[C]** more.

Outro:

[F] Beyond the **[C]** sun-set **[G7]** forever **[C]** more. **[F] [C]**↓

F

S-2010-S

C

S-0003-S

G7

S-0212-S
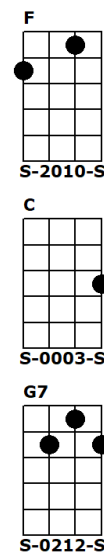
In the Garden

Charles Austin Miles (1913)   Recorded by Pat Boone 1957

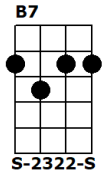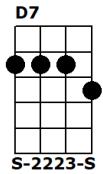**3 / 4 Time. Suggested Phrasing** - **[]** show the start of a new bar with the previous chord.
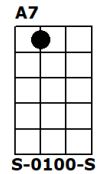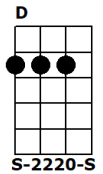
I **[G]** come to the **[]** garden a-**[]**-lo-**[G7]**-ne,
While the **[C]** dew is **[]** still on the **[G]** ros-**[]**-es,
And the **[D]** voice I **[]** hear falling **[G]** on my **[]** ear,
The **[A7]** son of **[]** God dis-**[D]**-closes. **[]**

And He **[G]** walks with **[]** me,
And He **[D]** talks with **[]**me,
And He **[D7]** tells me **[]** I am His **[G]** own. **[]**
And the **[]** joy we **[B7]** share, as we **[G7]** tarry **[C]** there,
None **[G]** other has **[D7]** ever **[G]** known.

He **[G]** speaks and the **[]** sound of His **[G7]** voice,
Is so **[C]** sweet the birds **[]** hush their **[G]** sing-**[]**-ing.
And the **[D]** mel-o-**[]**-dy that He **[G]** gave to **[]** meM
With-**[A7]**-in my **[]** heart is **[D]** ring-**[]**-ing,

And He **[G]** walks with **[]** me,
And He **[D]** talks with **[]**me,
And He **[D7]** tells me **[]** I am His **[G]** own. **[]**
And the **[]** joy we **[B7]** share, as we **[G7]** tarry **[C]** there,
None **[G]** other has **[D7]** ever **[G]** known. **[G]**

Outro: Slowing - None **[G]** other has **[D7]** ever **[G]** known. **[G]**↓

G
S-0232-S
G7
S-0212-S
C
S-0003-S
D
S-2220-S
A7
S-0100-S
D7
S-2223-S
B7
S-2322-S

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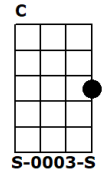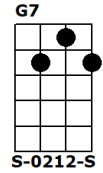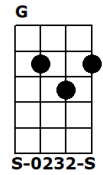
Softly and Tenderly

Will L. Thompson (1880)   Recorded by Pat Boone 1957 and many others

3 / 4 Time. Suggested Phrasing - **[]** show the start of a new bar with the previous chord.

 Intro: **[Bb] [F] [C7] [F]   Start Note – A0**

[F] Softly and **[]** tenderly **[Bb]** Jesus is **[F]** calling.

[Dm] Calling for **[G7]** you and for **[C]** me. **[C7]**

[F] See on the **[]** portal He's **[Bb]** watching and **[F]** waiting,

[Bb] Waiting for **[F]** you and **[C7]** for **[F]** me. **[Bb] [F]**

**Chorus:** Come **[C7]** ho-**[]**-me, come **[F]** ho-**[Dm]**-me,

_   **[G7]** Ye who are **[]** weary come **[C]** h-**[Cmaj7]**-o-**[C7]**-me._

_   **[F]** Earnestly **[]** tenderly **[Bb]** Jesus is **[F]** calling,_

_   **[Bb]** Calling, Oh! **[F]//** sinner **[C7]/** come **[F]** home. **[Bb] [F]**_

[F] Why should we linger when **[Bb]** Jesus is **[F]** pleading?

[Dm] Pleading for **[G7]** you and for **[C]** me. **[C7]**

[F] Why should we wait then and **[Bb]** heed not His **[F]** mercies,

[Bb] Mercies for **[F]** you and **[C7]** for **[F]** me. **[Bb] [F]** ----------**Chorus**

[F] Oh for the wonderful **[Bb]** love He has **[F]** promised

[Dm] Promised for **[G7]** you and for **[C]** me. **[C7]**

[F] Though we have sinned He has **[Bb]** mercy and **[F]** pardon

[Bb] Pardon for **[F]** you and **[C7]** for **[F]** me. **[Bb] [F]** ----------------**Chorus**

Outro: _**[Dm]** Calling **[Bb]** Oh **[F]** sinner **[C7]** come **[F]** home. **[Bb] [F]**↓_

F
S-2010-S

Bb
S-3211-S

Bb
S-3211-S

G
S-0232-S

G7
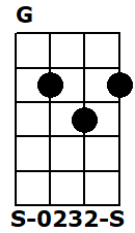S-0212-S

C7
S-0001-S

Cmaj7
S-0002-S
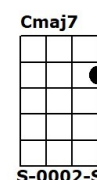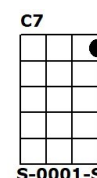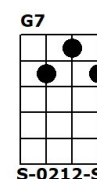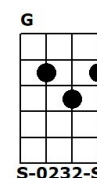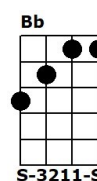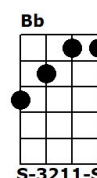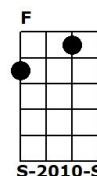
Will the Circle be Unbroken

Suggested Phrasing: [] show the start of a new bar with the previous chord. / shows 1 beat
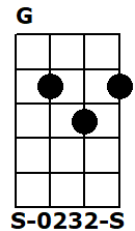
(L) Ada R. Habershon (M) Charles H Gabriel 1907   Recorded by Pat Boone 1957

[G] There are loved ones in the [G7] glory,

Whose dear [C] forms you often [G] miss,

When you close your earthly story,

Will you [D] join them in their [G] bliss.

Will the [G] circle be un-[G7]-broken,

By and [C] by-y, by and [G] by.

In a better home awaiting,

In the [D] sky, In the [G] sky.

[G] You can picture happy [G7] gatherings,

Round the [C] fireside long a-[G]-go.

And you think of tearful partings,

When they [D] left you here be-[G]-low.
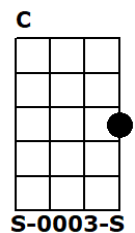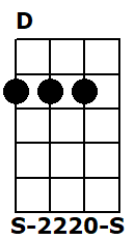

Will the [G] circle be un-[G7]-broken,

By and [C] by-y, by and [G] by.

In a better home awaiting,

In the [D] sky, In the [G] sky.

G

S-0232-S

G

S-0232-S

C

S-0003-S

D

S-2220-S

Yield Not to Temptation

Horatio R. Palmer 1868   Recorded by Pat Boone 1957

Suggested Phrasing - [] show the start of a new bar with the previous chord. **/** indicates 1 beat.

3 / 4 Time **Intro: [F] [C] [F] [F] Start Note A0**

[F] Yield [] not to temp-[C]-tat-[]-ion,

 [Dm] For [] yielding is [A7] sin. []

[Bb] Each [] vict'ry will [F] help [] you,

[C] Some [] other to [F] win. []

[F] Fight [] manfully [C] on-[]-ward,

[Dm] Dark [] passions sub-[A7]-due. []

[Bb] Look [] ever to [F] Jes-[]-us,

[] He will [C] carry you [F] through. []

[F] Ask the [] Saviour to [] help you,

[C] Comfort, [] strengthen, and [F] keep [] you.

[Bb] He is [] willing to [F] aid [] you,

[] He will [C] carry you [F] through. []

[F] Be [] thoughtful and [C] earnest,

[Dm] Kind [] hearted and [A7] true. []

[Bb] Look [] ever to [F] Jes-[]-us,

[] He will [C] carry you [F] through. []

[F] Ask the [] Saviour to [] help you,

[C] comfort, [] strengthen, and [F] keep [] you.

[Bb] He is [] willing to [F] aid [] you,

[] He will [C] carry you [F] through. [F]↓

F

S-2010-S

C

S-0003-S

Dm

S-2210-S

A7

S-0100-S

Bb

S-3211-S
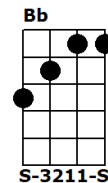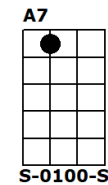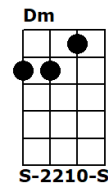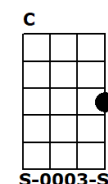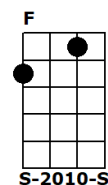
Have Thine Own Way Lord

George Stebbins & Adelaide Pollard (1907)   Recorded by Pat Boone 1957

Suggested Phrasing - [] show the start of a new bar with a repeat of the previous chord.
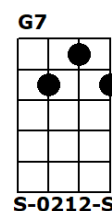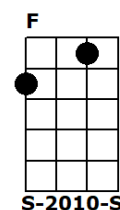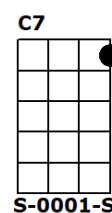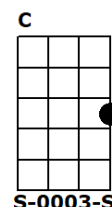   / indicates 1 beat.

3 / 4 Time. Intro: [F] [C] [C] [G7] [C] Start Note E0

[C] Have Thine own [F] way, [C] Lord! []

Have Thine own [G7] way! []

[G7] Thou art the [] pot-[] -ter, [] I am the [C] clay. []

[C] Mold me and [F] make [C] me []// after [C7]/ Thy [F] will,

[F] While I am [C] wait-[]-ing, [G7] yielded and [C] still.

[C] Have Thine own [F] way, [C] Lord!

Have Thine own [G7] way!

[G7] Search me and try me Master to-[C]-day.

[C] Whiter than [F] snow [C] Lord wash me [C7] just [F] now.

[F] As in Thy [C] presence [G7] humbly I [C] bow.

 [C] Have Thine own [F] way, [C] Lord!

Have Thine own [G7] way!

[G7] Hold over my being absolute [C] sway.

[C] Filled with Thy [F] spi-[C]-rit, 'till all can [F] see.

[F] Christ only [C] always [G7] living in [C] me.

[C] Have Thine own [F] way [C] Lord

Have Thine own [G7] way.

[G7] Wounded and weary, help me, I [C] pray!

[C] Power, all [F] po-[C]-wer, surely [C7] is [F] Thine!

[F] Touch me and [C] heal me, [G7] Saviour di-[C]-vi-[F]-ne. [C]↓

C

S-0003-S

C7

S-0001-S

F

S-2010-S

G7

S-0212-S

This is my own interpretation of this song and is to be used for educational purposes only
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Now the Day Is Over

(L) Sabine Baring-Gould, (1865), (T) Joseph Barnby, (1868)   Recorded by Pat Boone 1957

Suggested Phrasing - **[]** -the start of a new bar with the previous chord. **/** indicates 1 beat.

4 / 4 Time Slow. Intro: [G] [G] [G] Start Note C2

 [G] Now the day is **[]** over,
[Em]// Night is **[B7]//** draw-ing **[Em]** nigh,
[C] Sha-dows of the **[G]** eve-ning.
[D] Steal across the **[G]** sky.

[G] Jesus, give the **[]** weary
[Em]// Calm and **[B7]//** sweet **[Em]** repose;
[C] With Thy tend'rest **[G]** bless-ing
[D] May mine eye-lids **[G]** close.

Hum one verse

[G] When the morning **[]** wakens,
[Em]// Then may **[B7]//** we a-**[Em]**-rise
[C] Pure, and fresh, and **[G]** sinless
[D] In Thy holy **[G]** eyes.

Outro: **[C]** Pure, and fresh, and **[G]** sinless
Slowing   **[D]↓** In **[D]↓** Thy **[D]↓** holy **[G]↓** eyes.

G

S-0232-S

G

S-0232-S

B7

S-2322-S

C

S-0003-S

D

S-2220-S
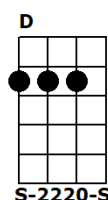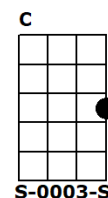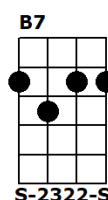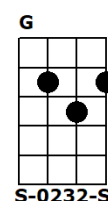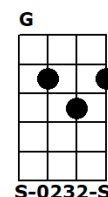
Those Were The Days

Boris Fornin (Russian Melody) Gene Raskin (English Lyrics) (1962)   Mary Hopkin No. 1 Hit 1968

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

[Gm] Once upon a time there was a [Gm7] tavern,
[G] Where we used to [G7] raise a glass or [Cm] two.
Re-[Cm] -member how we laughed away the [Gm7] hours,
And [A] dreamed of all the [A7] great things we would [D7] do.

Chorus: *Those were the [Gm] days my friend,*
          We thought they'd [Cm] never end,
          We'd sing and [F] dance for[F7] ever and a [Bb] day;
          We'd live the [Cm] life we choose,
          We'd fight and [Gm] never lose,
          For we were [D7] young and sure to have our [Gm] way
          La la la [G] laa la la.la la la [Cm] laa la la
          Those were [D7] the days oh yes those were the [Gm] days.

[Gm] Then the busy years went rushing [Gm7] by us,
We [G] lost our starry [G7] notions on the [Cm] way.
[Cm] If by chance I'd see you in the [Gm7] tavern,
We'd [A] smile at one an-[A7]-other and we'd [D7] say ------------ Chorus

[Gm] Just tonight I stood before the [Gm7] tavern,
[G] Nothing seemed the [G7] way it used to [Cm] be.
[Cm] In the glass I saw a strange re-[Gm7]-flection,
 [A] Was that lonely [A7] figure really [D7] me? --------------------- Chorus

[Gm] Through the door there came familiar [Gm7] laughter,
I [G] saw your face and [G7] heard you call my [Cm] name.
[Cm] Oh my friend we're older but no [Gm7] wiser,
For [A] in our hearts the [A7] dreams are still the [D7] same ------ Chorus

   Outro -
   La la la [G] la la la [Cm] la la la
   Those were [D7] the days, Oh yes, those were the [Gm] days. [Gm]//↓

Gm
G D G Bb

Gm7
G D F Bb

G
G D G B

G7
G D F B

Cm
G Eb G C

Cm6
A Eb G C

A
A Db E A

D7
A D Gb C

F
A C F A

F7
A Eb F A

Bb
Bb D F Bb

This is my own interpretation of this song and is to be used for educational purposes only
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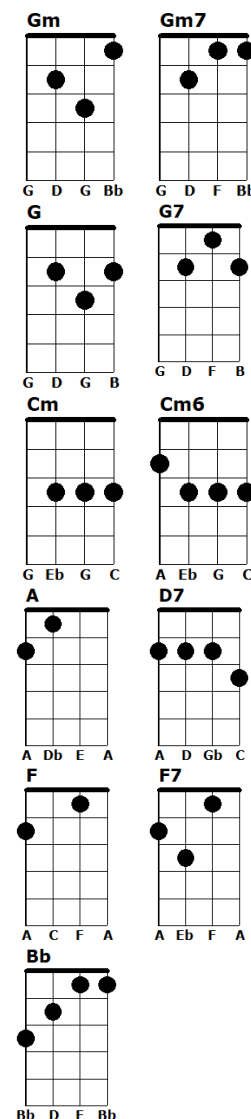
I Wish They'd Do It Now.

A traditional 19th century Song with many variants.   This is my version.

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

I was **[C]** born of **[G]** Northern **[C]** parents one day when I was young
That's **[F]** how a Northern **[C]** dialect be-**[F]**-came me **[Dm]** native **[G7]** tongue.
I was the **[C]** image of me father, me mother she did vow.
And the **[F]** lasses ran to **[C]** kiss me then;
Well I **[G]** wish they'd **[G7]** do it **[C]** now.

Chorus - *Well I* **[C]** *wish they'd do it now, w*ell *I wish they'd do it* **[G7]** *now!*
            I've got **[C]** *itches in me britches, and I wish they'd* **[G7]** *do it* **[C]** *now!*

When **[C]** I was only **[G]** six months **[C]** old, the girls would handle me.
They'd **[F]** hug me to their **[C]** bosoms and they'd **[F]** dangle me **[Dm]** on their **[G7]** knees.
They'd **[C]** rock me in me cradle And if I made a row,
They'd **[F]** tickle me, they'd **[C]** cuddle me;
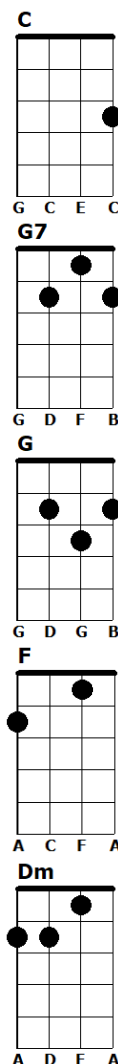Well I **[G]** wish they'd **[G7]** do it **[C]** now! ------------------------------------Chorus

At **[C]** sixteen years a **[G]** finer **[C]** lad never could be seen.
The **[F]** lasses used to **[C]** call for me to **[F]** play out **[Dm]** on the **[G7]** green.
They'd **[C]** make the finest **[G]** daisy **[C]** chains to wrap around me brow,
Then they'd **[F]** roll me in the **[C]** clover;
Well I **[G]** wish they'd **[G7]** do it **[C]** now! ------------------------------------Chorus

Some-**[C]**-times the lasses would **[G]** call for **[C]** me to swim when it was mild,
And **[F]** down to the river **[C]** we would go to **[F]** splash a-**[Dm]**-bout a **[G7]** while.
They'd **[C]** throw the water **[G]** over**[C]** me, and duck me like a yow,   {*ewe*},
Then they'd **[F]** rub me dry all **[C]** over,
Well I **[G]** wish they'd **[G7]** do it **[G]** now! ------------------------------------Chorus

It's **[C]** awful lonely **[G]** for a **[C]** lad to lead a single life.
So I **[F]** think I'll go to the **[C]** dance tonight and I'll **[F]** try and **[Dm]** find a **[G7]** wife.
Oh me **[C]** fortune is six **[G]** thriving **[C]** pigs, likewise a big, fat sow.
So here's **[F]** plenty of love and **[C]** bacon
For the **[G]** lass who'll **[G7]** have me **[G]** now!

For the **[C]** *lass who'll have me now, for lass girl who'll have me* **[G7]** *now.*
There's **[C]** *plenty of love and bacon for the* **[G]** *lass who'll* **[G7]** *have me* **[C]** *now.*
Oh Yes! there'll be - [F] **plenty of love and [C] bacon for the**
            [G] Lass who'll [G7] have me [C]! now.

This is my own interpretation of this song and is to be used for educational purposes only
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Born To Be With You

Don Robinson 1956   The Chordettes UK No. 13 in September 1956

Slow 4 / 4 Time   Intro: **[C] [G]**[/] **[G7]**[/] **[C] [C]**   **Start Note E0**

.

[C] Born to **[G]** be **[G7]** wi-**[C]**-th **[C]** you.

[C] By your **[G]** side, **[G7]** sa-tis-**[C]**-fied.
[C][/] Thro-**[C7]**^{//}-ugh and **[F]** through,
'cause **[Fm]**[/] I was **[C]** born, to **[G]** be with **[C]** you.

[C] Won-drous-**[G]**-ly, **[G7]** love can **[C]** see.
[C][/] S-**[C7]**^{//}-o, I **[F]** knew,
That **[Fm]**[/] I was **[C]** born to **[G]** be with **[C]** you.

[C] Do I **[G]** find **[G7]** peace of **[C]** mind?
[C][/] Ye-**[C7]**^{//}-s, I **[F]** do
'cause **[Fm]**[/] I was **[C]** born, to **[G]** be with **[C]** you.

Outro

[C][/] All **[C7]**^{//} life **[F]** through,
yes, **[Fm]**[/] I was **[C]** born to **[G]** be with **[C]** you.

[C] Do I **[G]** find **[G7]** peace of **[C]** mind?
[C][/] Ye-**[C7]**^{//}-s, I **[F]** do,
'cause I **[Fm]**[/] was **[C]** born, to **[G]** be with **[C]** you.

[C][/] All **[C7]**^{//} life **[F]** through,
yes, **[Fm]**[/] I was **[C]**^{//} born to **[G]**^{//} be with **[C]** you.

Note: A superscript **/** indicates one beat. of the chord.

C

G C E C

F

A C F A

G

G D G B

G7

G D F B

C7

G C E Bb

Fm

Ab C F C

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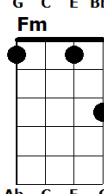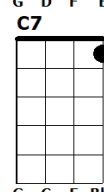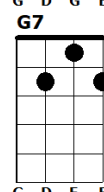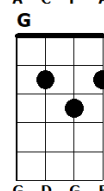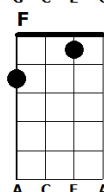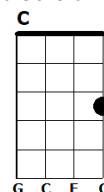
Travelling Light/Living Doll - Medley

<u>Travelling Light</u> - S. Tepper, R.C Bennett (1959)

<u>Living Doll</u> - Lionel Bart (1959)

Cliff Richard & the Drifters UK No 1's in 1959

Intro: **[F] [E7] [A].** Start Note **E0**

<u>Travelling Light</u>

[A] Got no bags and **[D]** baggage to slow me **[A]** down. **[A7]**

Well, I'm **[D]** travelling so fast my feet ain't touching the **[A]** ground.

I'm travelling **[E7]** light, travelling **[A]** light,

Well, I **[D]** just can't wait to **[E7]** be with my baby to-**[A]**-night

Chorus:　　*[D] No comb and no tooth brush, [D7] I got nothing to [A] haul.*

　　　　　[D] I'm carrying only, a [E7] pocketful of dreams, a heart full of love,

　　　　　And they weigh nothing at [D] all. [E7]

[A] Soon, I'm gonna see that **[D]** love look in her **[A]** eyes. **[A7]**

 I'm a **[D]** hoot and a holler away from para-**[A]**-dise.

Travelling **[E7]** light, travelling **[A]** light,

Well, I **[D]** just can't wait to – (**Follow the beats and slow down for a smooth change of song**)

[E7][1,2] be **[E7]**[3] with **[E7]**[4] my -
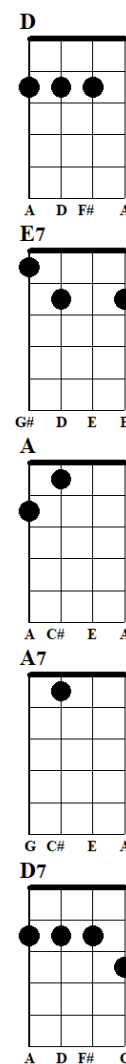
<u>Living Doll</u>

[A] crying, talking, sleeping, walking, Living Doll.

Got to **[E7]** do my **[A]** best to please her, just 'cos she's a **[D7]** Living **[E7]** Doll.

Such a roving **[A]** eye, and that is why she sat-is-**[D7]**-fies my soul.

Got the **[E7]** one and **[A]** only walking, **[D]** talking, Living **[A]** Doll. **[A7]!**

[Tacet] Take a look at her [D] hair, It's real!

And if you don't be-[A]-lieve what I say just feel!

I'm gonna [A7] lock her [D] up in a trunk, So no big Hunk,

Can [D7] steel her away from [E7] me.

Now I've **[E7]** lost my **[A]** crying, talking, sleeping, walking, lying Doll.

Got to **[E7]** do my **[A]** best to forget her, be-cause she's a **[D7]** lying **[E7]** Doll.

[E7] She has a roving **[A]** eye, and that is why I'm moving **[D7]** on alone,

Leaving the **[A]** one and only **[D]** lying, living **[A]** Doll. **[A]** -

<u>Travelling Light</u>

[A] Got no bags and **[D]** baggage to slow me **[A]** down. **[A7]**

Well, I'm **[D]** travelling so fast my feet ain't touching the **[A]** ground.

I'm travelling **[E7]** light, travelling **[A]** light,

Well, I **[D]** just can't wait to **[E7]** find another baby to-**[A]**-night.

No, I **[D]** just can't wait to **[E7]** find another baby to-**[A]**-night. **[D7]! [D7] ! [A] !**

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

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Freight Train - Skiffle Version

Original by Elizabeth Cotton   Chas McDevitt & Nancy Whiskey UK No. 5 1956

4 / 4 Time - Tempo 256 bpm

[D] [F#dim] [G] [G] [D]// [A]// [D]
[D] Freight train, freight train, [A] goin' so [A7] fast,
[A7] Freight train, freight train, [D] goin' so fast.
[D] I don't [F#dim] know what [G] train he's on,
Won't you [D] tell me [A] where he's [D] gone. [D] [F#dim] [G] [G] [D]// [A]// [D]

[D] Don't know where he's **[A]** headin' **[A7]** for.
[A7] What he's done a-**[D]**-gainst the law.
[D] Got no **[F#dim]** future, **[G]** got no hope,
Just **[D]** nothin' **[A]** but the **[D]** rope.

-[D] [F#dim] [G] [G] [D]// [A]// [D]
[D] Freight train, freight train, [A] goin' so [A7] fast,
[A7] Freight train, freight train, [D] goin' so fast.
[D] I don't [F#dim] know what [G] train he's on,
Won't you [D] tell me [A] where he's [D] gone. [D] [F#dim] [G] [G] [D]// [A]// [D]

[D] He lost his reason, **[A]** lost his **[A7]** life.
[A7] He killed his friend in **[D]** mortal strife.
[D] He must have **[F#dim]** moved like the **[G]** rolling skies,
just **[D]** a-waitin' **[A]** 'til he **[D]** dies.

[D] [F#dim] [G] [G] [D]// [A]// [D]
[D] Freight train, freight train, [A] goin' so [A7] fast,
[A7] Freight train, freight train, [D] goin' so fast.
[D] I don't [F#dim] know what [G] train he's on,
Won't you [D] tell me [A] where he's [D] gone.[D] [F#dim] [G] [G] [D]// [A]// [D]

[D] When he dies, just **[A]** bury him **[A7]** please,
[A7] Way down the end of old **[D]** Chestnut Street.
[D] Poplar trees **[F#dim]** at his **[G]** head and feet,
And **[D]** tell them he's **[A]** gone to **[D]** sleep.

[D] [F#dim] [G] [G] [D]// [A]// [D]
[D] Freight train, freight train, [A] goin' so [A7] fast,
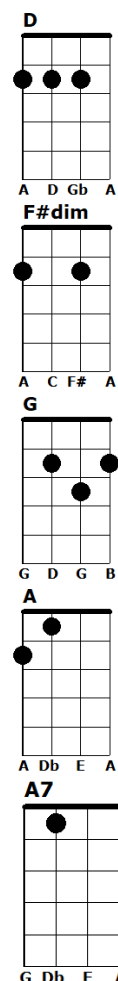*[A7] Freight train, freight train, [D] goin' so fast.*
[D] I don't [F#dim] know what [G] train he's on,
Won't you [D] tell me [A] where he's [D] gone.
OUTRO:*slowing down to a slow down strum on the D7*
[D] [F#dim] [G] [G] [D]// [A]// [D7]↓

This is my own interpretation of this song and is to be used for educational purposes only
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Ee-Ba-Gum But I'm Cowd

J. Meeks, C Radcliffe, Eddie Crotty   Fivepenny Piece 1972

[D] [A] [D] [A] [D] [A]

Verse 1 and Chorus

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

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

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

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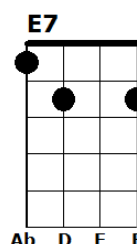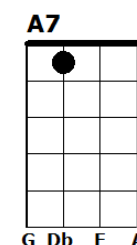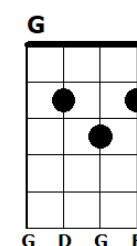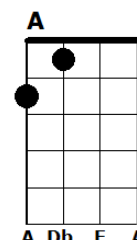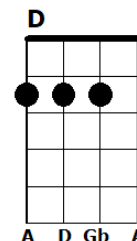
Ee-Ba-Gum but I'm Cowd. (Southern County Version)

Meeks, Radcliffe, Crotty (Paraphrased by Ukulele-Joe 2019)   Original Record by Fivepenny Piece 1972

[D] [A] [D] [A] [D] [A]

Verse 1 and Chorus

[D] Oh Dear [A] I feel [D] cold, [G] Oh Dear [D] I feel [A] cold,
My [G] hands are like [A] stone, my [G] feet are like [A] lead,
I [E7] haven't been warm since I [A7] got out of bed.
I [D] sit close [A] to the [D] fire, As [G] near as [D] I can [A] go.
Then I [G] might get nicely [A] warm a-[A7]-gain,
*[G] Oh Dear [A] I feel [D] cold.*

Now [D] Johnathan [A] Pratt was a [D] decent [A] chap,
With a [G] passion for real [A] ale.
That's [G] why his nose was [A] always red,
And his [G] cheeks were always [A] pale.
And [D] if you [A] stopped him [D] on the [A] street,
To [G] pass the time of [A] day.
With [G] drink slurred words as he [A] raised his hat,
[G] this is what he'd [A] say-[A7]-ay. --------------------------------**Chorus**

A [D] full glass at [A] night was his [D] de-[A]-light
As it [G] warmed him up you [A] know.
But [G] often over the [A] danger line, old [G] Johnathan used to [A] go.
The [D] parson [A] said "Now [D] look here [A] John!
you're [G] on your downwards [A] way"
But [G] Johnathan said "I [A] don't much care,
It's [G] warm down there they [A] say-[A7]-ay" ----------------------**Chorus**

But [D] Jonathan [A] took [D] a drink too [A] far
With a [G] yard of ale they [A] say.
They [G] buried him with twelve [A] cans of Bass,
To [G] warm him on his [A] way.
The [D] Devil [A] welcomed [D] him,
And [G] showed him all his [A] charms.
But [G] Jonathan said- "If [A] this is Hell,
Then it's [G] not so very [A] wa-[A7]-rm. -----------------------------**Chorus**

OUTRO:

Slowing to single strum - I [G] feel so [A] very [D] ↓ cold.

D
A D Gb A

A
A Db E A

G7
G D F B

A7
G Db E A

E7
Ab D E B
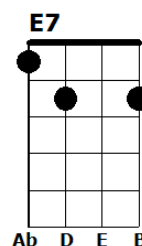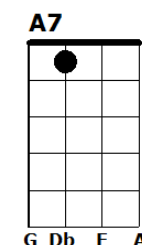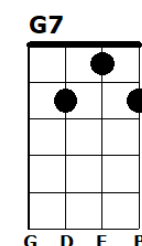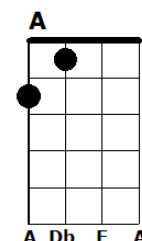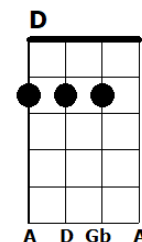
Rainy Day Medley

Just Walking In the Rain (Johnny Ray 1956) **April Showers** (Al Jolson 1921) **Singing in the Rain** (Gene Kelly 1952)

100 bpm - 4/4 Intro: [G] [G7] [C] [G7] - Tacit Start E3 Just **A0** walk-**E3**-ing **E2** in **E0** the -
Tacit Just walking in the **[C]** rain, Getting soaking wet.
[G] Torturing my **[G7]** heart, By trying to for-**[C]**-get. **[G]**

Just walking in the **[C]** rain, So alone and blue,
[G] All because my **[G7]** heart, Still remembers **[C]** you **[C7]**

[F] People come to windows, **[C]** They always stare at me,
[Am] Shaking their heads in **[D]** sorrow,
Saying "**[G]** who can **[Gdim7]** that fool **[G7]** be?"

Just walking in the **[C]** rain, thinking how we met,
[G] Knowing things have **[G7]** changed. Some-how I can't for-**[C]**-get. **[F] [C]**
Faster (135 bpm?)
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 a-**[F]**-long.**[C7]**///

Slower (125bpm?)
I'm **[F]** singing in the **[Dm]** rain, just **[F]** singing in the **[Dm]** rain;

What a **[F]** glorious fee-**[D#dim]-**ling, I'm **[C7]** happy again!

I'm **[C7]** laughing at **[Gm]** clouds, so **[C7]** dark up a-**[Gm]-**bove,

The **[C7]** sun's in my **[Gm]** heart and **[C7]** I'm **[F]** ready for **[Dm]** love

Let the stormy clouds **[F]** chase, every-**[Dm]** one from the **[F]** place

[Tacet] *Come on with the* **[F]** rain I've a **[C7]** smile on my **[Gm]** face,

I'll **[C7]** walk down the **[Gm]** lane, with a **[C7]** happy ref-**[Gm]**-rain,

Just **[C7]** singing, and **[C]** dancing in the **[F]//** rain! **[Bb]//** **[F]**!

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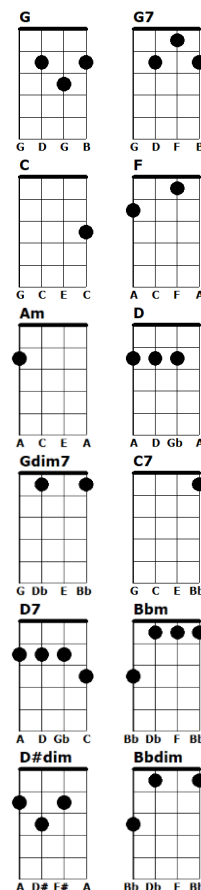
Pearl's a Singer

Jerry Leiber, Mike Stoller.(1954)   Elkie Brooks UK No 8 1977

4/4 Time. slow Blues tempo. Intro: [C]↓

[Tacet] Pearl's a **[C]** singer, **[C]**
She **[C]** stands up when she plays **[C7]** the pi-**[F]**-a-no, **[F]**
In a **[C]** nightclub. **[C]**^{///}

[Tacet] Pearl's a **[C]** singer, **[C]**
She sings **[C]** songs for the lost **[C7]** and the **[F]** lonely.
Her job is **[G]** entertaining **[G7]** folks,
Singing **[F]** songs and telling **[Dm]** jokes,
In a **[C]** nightclub. **[C]**^{///}

[Tacet] Pearl's a **[C]** singer, **[C]**
And they say that she once **[C7]** was a **[F]** winner,
in a **[C]** contest. **[C]**^{///}

[Tacet] Pearl's a **[C]** singer,
And they say that she once **[C7]** cut a **[F]** record.
They played it **[G]** for a week or **[G7]** so,
On the **[F]** local radi-**[Dm]**-o,
It never **[C]** made it. **[C]**^{///}

[G] She wanted **[F]** to be Betty **[C]** Grable,
[Am] But now she **[D]** sits there at that **[G]** beer stained **[G7]** table.
[E7] Dreaming of the things she **[Am]** never got to **[F]** do,
All those **[D7]** dreams that **[G]** never came **[C]** true. **[C]**^{///}

Outro:
[Tacet] Pearl's a **[C]** singer, **[C]**
She stands up when she plays **[C7]** the pi-**[F]**-a-no,
In a **[C]** nightclub. **[C]**^{///}

[Tacet] Pearl's a **[C]** singer, **[C]**
She sings songs for the lost **[C7]** and the **[F]** lonely.
Her job is **[G]** entertaining **[G7]** folks,
Slowing last 2 lines to a single slow strum on [C]
Singing **[F]** songs and telling **[Dm]** jokes,
In a **[G11]**^{////} night **[C]**↓ club.
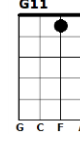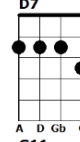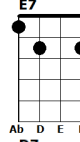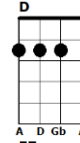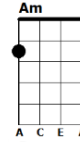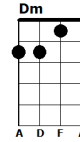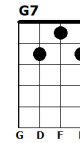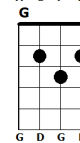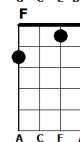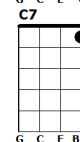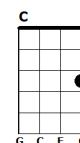
When You Come To The End Of A Lollipop

Al Hoffman / Dick Manning   Max Bygraves - 1960

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

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

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

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

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

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

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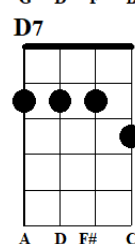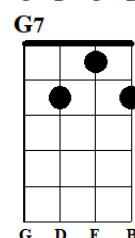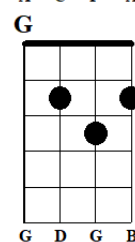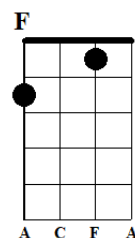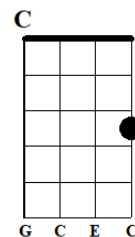
Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da

Lennon & McCartney. 1968   The Beatles "White Album". UK No.1 for Marmalade 1968/9
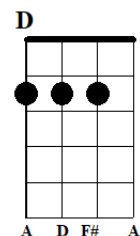
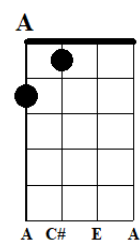4 / 4 Time. Reggae like   Suggested Basic Strum

1	+	2	+	3	+	4	+
↓	↑	↓	↑	↓	↑	↓	↑

(Up Strums Louder)

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

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

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

[D] Desmond takes a trolley to the **[A]** jeweller's store,
Buys a 20-carat golden **[D]** ring.
Takes it back to Molly waiting **[G]** at the door,
And as he **[D]** gives it to her **[A]** she begins to **[D]** sing.
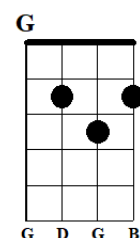
"Ob-la-di, Ob-la-da, life goes on, **[G]** bra-a!!
[D] La-la, how the **[A]** life goes **[D]** on. "

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

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

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

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

This is my own interpretation of this song and is to be used for educational purposes only
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You're A Pink Toothbrush

R. Ruvin, B. Halfin, H .Irving and J. Sheridan,   Max Bygraves hit 1960

4 / 4 Time Intro [G] [G] [G]

You're a **[G]** pink toothbrush,

I'm a blue toothbrush,

Have we **[A]** met somewhere before?

You're a **[D]** pink toothbrush,

And I think toothbrush,

That we**[G]** met by the **[A]** bathroom **[D]** door.

Glad to **[G]** meet toothbrush,

Such a sweet toothbrush,

How you **[A]** thrill me through and through.

Don't be **[D]** hard toothbrush,

On a soft toothbrush,

'Cos I **[G]** can't help **[C]** loving **[G]** you. **[G7]**

Every **[C]** time I hear you **[G]** whistle,

[G] ////[C]// -(Or play the TAB)

It **[D]** makes my nylon **[A]** bristle,

[A] ///[D]// [D7]// -(Or play the TAB)

You're a **[G]** pink toothbrush,

I'm a blue toothbrush,

Won't you **[A]** marry me in haste.

I'll be **[D]** true toothbrush,

Just to you toothbrush,

When we **[G]** both use the **[C]** same tooth-**[G]**-paste. **[D7]! [D7]! [G]!**
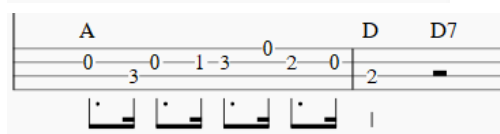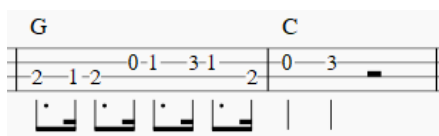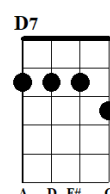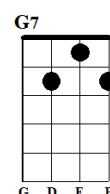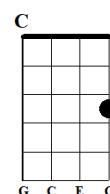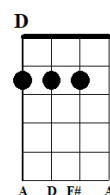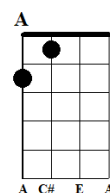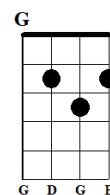
Shame and Scandal in the Family

Original tune by Lancelot Pinard (Sir Lancelot) 1942   Based on the Lyrics from the Lance Percival Hit 1965

4 / 4 Time   Steady Calypso Rhythm

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

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

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

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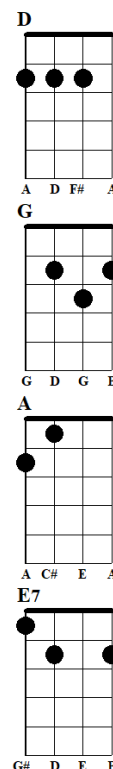*Eh! [A] Woe, is [D] me, [A] shame and scandal in the [D] fam-i-ly.*

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

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

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

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

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

D
A D F# A

G
G D G B

A
A C# E A

E7
G# D E B

This is my own interpretation of this song and is to be used for educational purposes only
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These Boots Are Made for Walking

Lee Hazelwood 1966   Lee Hazlewood/Nancy Sinatra Hit 1966

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

[A] You keep saying you got something for me, [A]
Something you call love but con-fess; [A]
[D] You've been messin' where you shouldna-been messin' [D]
An' now [A] someone else is getting all your best. [A][123]

These [C] *boots are made for* [A] *walking,*
An' [C] *that's just what they'll* [A] *do.*
[C] *One of these days these* [A]! *boots [Tacet] are gonna walk all over* [A] *you.*

[A] You keep lyin' when you oughta be truthin'[A]
You keep losing when you oughta not bet. [A]
[D] You keep samin' when you oughta be changin'[D]
Now what's [A] right is right but you ain't been right yet. [A][123]

These [C] *boots are made for* [A] *walking,*
An' [C] *that's just what they'll* [A] *do.*
[C] *One of these days these* [A]! *boots [Tacet] are gonna walk all over* [A] *you.*

[A] You keep playing where you shouldn't be playing, [A]
And you keep thinking that you'll never get burned. [A]
Well [D] I just found me a brand-new box of matches, [D]
And [A] what she knows you ain't had time to earn. [A][123]

These [C] *boots are made for* [A] *walking,*
An' [C] *that's just what they'll* [A] *do.*
[C] *One of these days these* [A]! *boots [Tacet] are gonna walk all over* [A] *you.*

Outro:
These [C] *boots are made for* [A] *walking,*
An' [C] *that's just what they'll* [A] *do.*
[C] *And right now these* [A]! *boots are gonna walk all over you.* [A]! [A]!
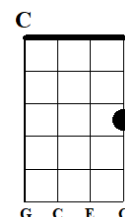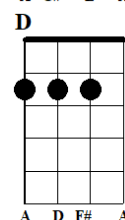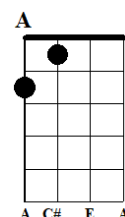
Blanket On The Ground

Roger Bowling   Billie Jo Spears UK No.6 1975

4 / 4 Time   [D] [D] [D]

[Tacet} Come and **[D]** look out of the window,
That big old moon is shining **[E7]** down
Tell me now it don't re-**[A]**-mind-you,
Of the Blanket on the **[D]** ground.

[Tacet]Remember **[D]** back when love first **[D]** found us,
And we'd go slipping out of **[E7]** town,
And we'd love beneath the **[A]** moonlight, **[A7]**
On a blanket on the **[D]** ground. **[D7]**

*I'll get the blanket from the **[G]** bedroom*
*And we'll go walking once a-**[D]**-gain*
*To that spot down by the **[A]** river **[A7]***
*Where our sweet love first be-**[D]**-gan. **[D7]***

*Just because we are **[G]** married,*
*Don't mean we can't slip a-**[D]**-round,*
*So let's walk out through the **[A]** moonlight.*
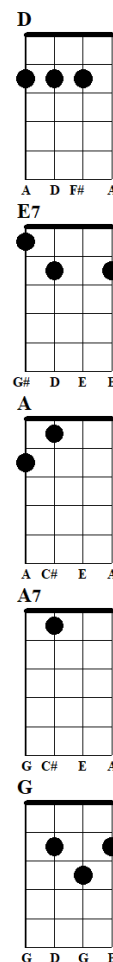*And lay the **[A7]** blanket on the **[D]** ground.*

[Tacet] Oh, remember how ex-**[D]**-cited,
We used to get when love was **[E7]** young,
That old moon was our best **[A]** buddy,
We couldn't wait for night to **[D]** come

[Tacet] Now you **[D]** know you still ex-**[D]**-cite me
I know you love me like I **[E7]** am.
Just once more I wish you'd **[A]** love me **[A]**
On the blanket on the **[D]** ground,

*I'll get the blanket from the **[G]** bedroom,*
*And we'll go walking once a-**[D]**-gain,*
*To that spot down by the **[A]** river, **[A7]***
*Where our sweet love first be-**[D]**-gan. **[D7]***

*Just because we are **[G]** married,*
*Don't mean we can't slip a-**[D]**-round,*
*So let's walk out through the **[A]** moonlight.*
*And lay the **[A7]** blanket on the **[D]** ground*

Outro: So *let's walk out through the **[A]** moonlight,*
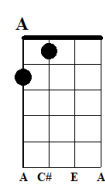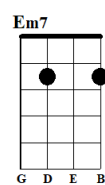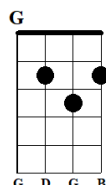   *And lay the **[A7]** blanket on the **[D]** ground.   Slowly--- **[G]**! On **[G]**! The **[D]**! Ground.*

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Tie Me Kangaroo Down

Rolf Harris 1957   Rolf Harris hit 1960

4 / 4 Time.

Intro=[D], [D]

D — A D F# A
D7 — A D F# C
G — G D G B
Em7 — G D E B
A — A C# E A
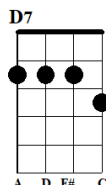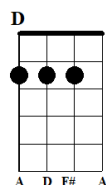
Spoken; There's an old Australian stockman lying, dying, and he gets himself up onto one elbow and turns to his mates who are all gathered round, and he says-

[D] Watch me Wal-la-[D7]-bys [G] feed, [Em7] mate, [A] watch me Wal-la-bys [D] feed.
[D] They're a dang-er-[D7]-ous [G] breed, [Em7] mate so [A] watch me wal-la-bys [D] feed.

[D] *Altogether now! [D] Tie me Kan-ga-[D7]-roo [G] down, [Em7] sport, [A] Tie me Kan-ga-roo [D] down*
　　　　　　　[D] Tie me Kan-ga-[D7]-roo [G] down, [Em7] sport, [A] Tie me Kan-Ga-roo [D] down.

[D] Keep me Cock-a-[D7]-too [G]-cool, [Em7] Curl, [A] keep me Cock-a-too [D] cool.
[D] Don't go acting -[D7]-the [G] fool, [Em7] Curl, just [A] keep me Cock-a-too [D] cool.
[D] *Altogether now! Tie me K-----*

[D] Take me Ko-a-[D7]-la [G] back, [Em7] Jack, [A] take me Ko-a-la [D] back.
[D] He lives some-[D7]-where out on the [G] track, [Em7] Mac, [A] So take me Ko-a-la [D] back.
[D] *Altogether now! Tie me K-----*

[D] Mind me Plat-y-[D7]-pus [G] Duck, [Em7] Bill, [A] mind me plat-y-pus [D] kuck.
[D] Don't let 'im go run-[D7]-ning a-[G]-mok, [Em7] Bill, just [A] mind me Plat-y-pus [D] Duck.
[D] *Altogether now! Tie me K-----*

[D] Give me Old [D7] Uke a good [G] home, [Em7] Lads, [A] give me Old Uke a good [D] home.
[D] Make sure he has [D7] plenty of [G] Strums, [Em7] Chums, so [A] give me Old Uke a good [D] home.
[D] *Altogether now! Tie me K-----*

[D] Play your Didger-[D7]-i-[G] -doo, [Em7] Blue, [A] play your Didger-i-[D]-doo.
[D] Keep playin' [D7] 'til I shoot [G] through, [Em7] Blue, [A] play your Didger-i-[D] doo.
[D] *Altogether now! Tie me K-----*

Sing this line Slowly with Feeling:
 [D] Tan me hide [D7] when I'm [G] dead, [Em7] Fred, [A] Tan me hide when I'm [D] dead.
Sing this line at normal speed
[D] So we tanned his [D7] hide when he [G] died, [Em7] Clyde, and [A] that's it hangin' on the [D] shed.

Outro: With Gusto-
[D] For one last time!
[D] Tie me kang-a-[D7]-roo [G] down, [Em7] sport, [A] Tie me kangaroo [D] down
[D] Tie me kang-a-[D7]-roo [G] down, [Em7] sport, [A] Tie me kangaroo [D] down. [D]! [D]!

I've Got A Thing About Trains

Jack Clement (~1969)   Johnny Cash (Hello I'm Johnny Cash Album 1970)

4 / 4 Time – Train rhythm   Intro: [C] [G] [C] [C] [C] [G] [C]

[C] Train, [G] train, [C] train,
I've got a [G] thing about [C] trains.

I get a [G] sad kind of [C] feelin',
When I see a [C7] passenger [F] train.
In this [F] fast movin' world that we [C] live in,
[D7] Nobody rides 'em much these [G] days.

[C] Maybe I'm a [G] little senti-[C]-mental,
'cause I know that **[C7]** things have to [F] change.
But I'd [F] still like to go for a [C] train ride,
'cause I've got a [G] thing about [C] trains.

[C] Train, [G] train, [C] train, [C7]
[F] You're fading from the [C] scene.
But you've [F] had your days of [C] glory,
[C] train, [G] train, [C] train.

[C] Train they say you're [G] too slow for [C] travelin', [C7]
But [F] I'm gonna miss you some [C] day.
When [F] my little boy says, [C] "Daddy,
[D7] What was it like to ride a [G] train?"

I'll just [C] say it was a [G] good way to [C] travel, [C7]
When [F] things didn't move quite so [C] fast, [C7]
And I'm [F] sorry son that you can't ride [C] one,
'cos trains are a [G] thing of the [C] past.

 [C] Train [G] train [C] train,
I've got a [G] thing about [C] trains.

Outro:- Slowing wistfully.
[C] I've got a [G] thing about [C]^{12} tra-[F]^{1} [F]^{1}-ins [C]↓
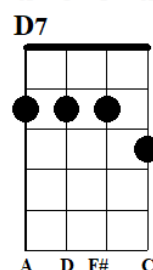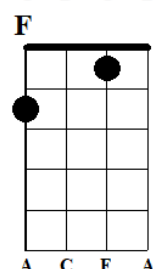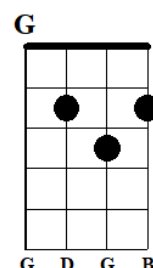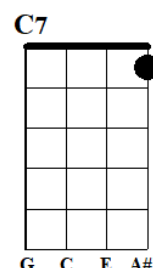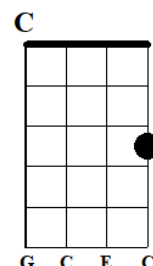
Folsom Prison Blues

Johnny Cash (1953)   Johnny Cash 1957 Hit.

4 / 4 Time Intro: [D] [D] [D] [D]
I [D] hear the train a-comin',
It's rollin' round the bend,
And I ain't seen the sunshine since,
I don't know [F#dim] when.
I'm [G] stuck in Folsom Prison,
And time keeps draggin' [D] on.
But that [A] train keeps rollin'
On down to San An-[D]-tone.

[D] When I was just a baby,
My Mama told me "Son,
Always be a good boy,
Don't ever play with [F#dim] guns."
But I [G] shot a man in Reno,
Just to watch him [D] die.
When I [A] hear that whistle blowin',
I hang my head and [D] cry.

[D] I bet there's rich folk eatin'
in a fancy dinin' car.
They're probably drink coffee
And smokin' big ci-[F#dim]-gars.
Well I [G] know I had it comin',
I know I can't be [D] free.
But those [A] people keep a-movin'
And that's what tortures [D] me.

[D] Well if they freed me from this prison,
If this railroad train was mine,
I bet I'd move it on
A little farther down the [F#dim] line,
[G] Far from Folsom Prison,
That's where I want to [D] stay.
And I'd [A] let that lonesome whistle
Blow my blues [D] away.

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