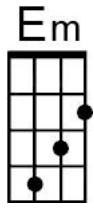
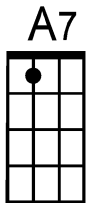
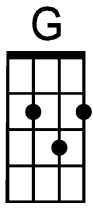
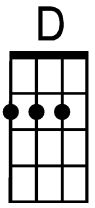


Jamaica Farewell

by Lord Burgess (Irving Burgie)



Intro: D . . . | Em . . . | A7 . . . | D . . . | | Em . . . | A7 . . . | D . . . |

D | G | D | A7 | D |
Down a-way where the nights are— gay and the sun-shine's daily on the moun-tain— top—
D | G | D | A7 | D |
I took a trip on a sail-ing— ship. When I reached Ja—maica I made a— stop, but I'm...

Chorus: D | Em | A7 | D |
Sad to say— I'm on my— way— Won't be back— for many a day—
D | Em |
My heart is— down my head is turning a— round. I had to
D | A7 | D |
Leave a little girl in Kings-ton— town—
D | Em | A7 | D | | Em | A7 | D |

D | G | D | A7 | D |
Sounds of laughter— ever— y— where and the dancing— girls swaying to and— fro—
D | G | D | A7 | D |
I must de-clare my heart is— there, though I've been from Maine to Mex-i— co, but I'm...

Chorus: D | Em | A7 | D |
Sad to say— I'm on my— way— Won't be back— for many a day—
D | Em |
My heart is— down my head is turning a— round. I had to
D | A7 | D |
Leave a little girl in Kings-ton— town—
D | Em | A7 | D | | Em | A7 | D |

D | G | D | A7 | D |
Down at the mar-ket you can— hear, ladies cry out while on their heads they— bare—
D | G | D | A7 | D |
Akee, rice, salt— fish are— nice, and the rum is fine any— time of— year, but I'm...

Chorus: D | Em | A7 | D |
Sad to say— I'm on my— way— Won't be back— for many a day—
D | Em |
My heart is— down my head is turning a— round. I had to
D | A7 | D |
Leave a little girl in Kings-ton— town—
D | Em | A7 | D | | Em | A7 | D |

D . . . |G . . . |D . . . A7 . . |D . . . |
 Down a-way where the nights are— gay and the sun-shine's daily on the moun-tain— top—
 D . . . |G . . . |D . . . A7 . . |D . . . |
 I took a trip on a sail-ing— ship, and when I reached Ja—maica I made a— stop, but I'm...

Chorus: D . . . |Em . . . |A7 . . . |D . . . |
 Sad to say— I'm on my— way— Won't be back— for many a day—
 |D . . . |Em . . . |
 My heart is— down my head is turning a— round. I had to
 D . . . A7 . . |D . . . |
 Leave a little girl in Kings-ton— town—

D . . . |Em . . . |A7 . . . |D . . . |
 Sad to say— I'm on my— way— Won't be back— for many a day—
 |D . . . |Em . . . |
 My heart is— down my head is turning a— round. I had to
 D . . . A7 . . |D . . . |
 Leave a little girl in Kings-ton— town—

D . . . |Em . . . |D\ --- A7\ --- |D\

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v2 - 7/20/16)