Mister Bojangles, dance.

I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you, in worn out shoes.
With silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants, He did the old soft shoe.
He jumped so high, jumped so high, Then he lightly touched down.

Mister Bojangles, dance.

He said his name, Bojangles, then he danced a lick, across the cell.
He grabbed his pants, a better stance, oh he jumped up high, He clicked his heels.
F C E7 Am C6 D7 G
He let go a laugh, let go a laugh, Shook back his clothes all a-round.

Mister Bojangles, dance.

He danced for those at minstre I shows and county fairs Through-out the south.
He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and he trav-eled a-bout.
His dog up and died, up and died, After twenty years he still grieved,
He said, "I dance now at every chance in honky tonks For drinks and tips."

But most the time I spend behind these county bars, 'cause I drinks a bit."

He shook his head and as he shook his head, I heard someone ask please,

**Chorus:**

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Mister Bo- jangles,      Mister Bo- jangles,
Mister Bo- jangles,      dance.
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San Jose Ukulele Club  
(tweaked 10/13/15)