500 Miles
by Hedy West

C   Am   Dm   Em   F

If you miss the train I'm on, you will know that I am gone
Dm   Em   G

You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles
C   Am   Dm   F

A hundred miles, a hundred miles, a hundred miles a hundred miles
Dm   Em   C

You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

C   Am   Dm   F

Lord I'm one, Lord I'm two, Lord I'm three, Lord I'm four
Dm   Em   G

Lord, I'm five hundred miles away from home.
C   Am   Dm   F

Away from home, away from home, away from home, away from home
Dm   Em   C

Lord I'm five hundred miles away from home.

C   Am   Dm   F

Not a shirt on my back, not a penny to my name,
Dm   Em   G

Lord I can't go back home this a-way.
C   Am   Dm   F

This a-way, this a-way, this a-way, this a-way
Dm   Em   C

Lord I can't go back home this a-way.

C   Am   Dm   F

If you miss the train I'm on, you will know that I am gone
Dm   Em   G

You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles
C   Am   Dm   F

A hundred miles, a hundred miles, a hundred miles a hundred miles
Dm   Em   C

You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.
A Hard Day's Night
by McCartney and Lennon (1964)

G7sus        G       C       F       C7       Bm       Em       Am       D7

G7sus4)

It's been a hard day's night, and I've been working like a dog
It's been a hard day's night, I should be sleeping like a log
But when I get home to you, I find the things that you do, will make me feel all-right.

You know I work all day, to get you money to buy you things
And it's worth it just to hear you say, you're gonna give me every-thing.
So why on earth should I moan, cuz when I get you alone, you know I feel ooh-kay.

Bridge:  When I'm home, everything seems to be right
When I'm home, feeling you holding me tight, tight, yeah


A -----------------------------
E ----------------------------------------1-----1-----1----------------------------
C ----------------0-2-0-2---------0h2-----0h2-----0h2-----0h2-----0h2-----
(low) G ------0-----0---0---0---0---
C         D-------0-----0-----0-----0-----
G C7 G

So why on earth should I moan, cuz when I get you alone, you know I feel ooh-kay.

Repeat Bridge

Outtro:  A ------------------------------------------
E --3-------------1----------------------------- x 3
C -----0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----
(low) G -------2----------2----------

San Jose Ukulele Club (6/30/14)
A Summer Song (Key of F)
by Chad Stuart and Clive Metcalfe (1964)


F        Am, Bb  C                      F            Am    Bb
Trees...           swaying in the summer breeze....
C               F    Am    Bb  C        F
Showing off their silver leaves... as we walk by
Am    Bb  C        F        Am, Bb
Soft....... kisses on a summer's day...
C               F    Am    Bb  C        F, Am, Bb, C
Laughing all our cares a-way.........just you and I.
F        Am, Bb  C                      F            Am    Bb
Sweet...           sleepy warmth of summer nights...
C                           F        Am   Bb          C           F, Ab, Bb, F
Gazing at the distant lights... in the starry sky.

Bb                      C                               F                Dm
Bridge:               They say that all good things must end...some day.
Bb            C                          Dm/ . // .  . //
Autumn leaves must fall.
C               A7
But don't you know that it hurts me so
Dm                      Am, Gm, Dm
To say good-bye to you-u-u.
C        Dm   C
Wish you didn't have to go......no, no, no  no.

F        Am, Bb  C                      F            Am    Bb
And when the rain................beats against my window pane..
C                           F        Am, Bb          C           F, Am, Bb, C, F, Ab, Bb, F
I'll think of summer days a-gain........and dream of you.

Bridge

F        Am, Bb  C                      F            Am    Bb
And when the rain................beats against my window pane..
C                           F        Am, Bb          C           F, Am , Bb
I'll think of summer days a-gain........and dream of you.
C        F, Am, Bb, C, D
And dream of you
A Summer Song (original Key of A)
by Chad Stuart and Clive Metcalfe (1964)

Intro: finger pick A, C#m, D and E chords

A C#m, D, E A C#m, D,
Trees... swaying in the summer breeze....
E A C#m, D E A
Showing off their silver leaves... as we walk by
C#m, D E A C#m, D
Soft......kisses on a summer's day...
E A C#m, D E A, C#m, D, E
Laughing all our cares a-way........just you and I.
A C#m, D E A C#m, D
Sweet... sleepy warmth of summer nights...
E A C#m, D, E A, C, D, A
Gazing at the distant lights... in the starry sky.

Bridge: 
They say that all good things must end...some day.
D E F#m
Autumn leaves must fall.
A C#7
But don't you know that it hurts me so
F#m C#m, Bm, F#m
To say good-bye to you-u-u.
E F#m E
Wish you didn't have to go......no, no, no  no.

A, C#m, D E A C#m, D
And when the rain...............beats against my window pane..
E A C#m, D E A, C#m, D, E, A, C, D, A
I'll think of summer days a-gain........and dream of you.

Bridge

A, C#m, D E A C#m, D
And when the rain...............beats against my window pane..
E A C#m, D E A, C#m, D
I'll think of summer days a-gain........and dream of you.
E A C#m, D, E, F#
And dream of you
Ain't Misbehavin'
Fats Waller (1929)

Intro:  C  A7  D7  G7

C         C#dim7      Dm      G7
No one to talk with, all by my-self
C         C7          F        Fm
No one to walk with but I'm happy on the shelf
C         C#dim7      Dm      G7      C      A7      D7      G7
Ain't Misbe-havin', I'm saving my love for you.

C         C#dim7      Dm      G7
I know for certain the one I love.
C         C7          F        Fm
I'm thru with flirtin' it's just you I'm dreaming of.
C         C#dim7      Dm      G7      C      F      C      E7
Ain't Misbe-havin', I'm savin' my love for you.

Am/ ^ F/ ^ D7/ A7
Bridge:  Like Jack Horner, in a corner, don't go nowhere, what do I care.
G       G6    Am7    D7    G    A7/ D7/ G7/
Your kisses are worth waitin' for, be-lieve me.

C         C#dim7      Dm      G7
I don't stay out late, don't care to go.
C         C7          F        Fm
I'm home a-bout eight, just me and my radi-o.
C         C#dim7      Dm      G7      C      A7      D7      G7
Ain't Misbe-havin', I'm savin' my love for you.

Instrumental:  C         C#dim7      Dm      G7
C         C7          F        Fm
C         C#dim7      Dm      G7      C      F      C      E7

Am/ ^ F/ ^ D7/ A7
Bridge:   Like Jack Horner, in a corner, don't go nowhere, what do I care.
G       G6    Am7    D7    G    A7/ D7/ G7/
Your kisses are worth waitin' for, be-lieve me.

C         C#dim7      Dm      G7
I don't stay out late, don't care to go.
C         C7          F        Fm
I'm home a-bout eight, just me and my radi-o.
C         C#dim7      Dm      G7      C      A7      D7      C#7      C
Ain't Misbe-havin', I'm savin' my love for you.
C
One night farmer Brown was takin' the air,

He locked up the barnyard with the greatest of care.
F
Down in the henhouse, somethin' stirred.
C                                    G7
When he hollered "Who's there?" this is what he heard:

"There ain't nobody here but us chickens.  There ain't nobody here, at all.
So, calm yourself and stop your fuss. There ain't nobody here but us.
We chickens tryin' to sleep and you butt in.
And hobble, hobble, hobble, hobble, with your chin.

There ain't nobody here but us chickens. There ain't nobody here, at all.
You're stompin' around and shakin' the ground, you're kickin' up an awful dust.
We chickens tryin' to sleep and you butt in.
And hobble, hobble, hobble, hobble. It's a sin.

Bridge:  C
Tomorrow is a busy day. We got things to do. We got eggs to lay.
D                           D7
We got worms to dig and ground to scratch.
G7/                                       G7/                         G7
It takes a lot of settin' gettin'....    chicks to hatch.

There ain't nobody here but us chickens. There ain't nobody here, at all.
So, quiet yourself and stop your fuss. There ain't nobody here but us.
Kindly point that gun the other way,
And hobble, hobble, hobble off and hit the hay.

Repeat Bridge and last verse

Ending:   C
"Hey, boss man, what do ya say?                              C#7 C
It's easy pickin's, ain't nobody here but us chickens!"
Ain't She Sweet?  
by Milton Ager and Jack Yellen (1927)

Intro: (last two lines of verse): C, E7, A7, A7+5, D7, G7, C, G7

Verse:
C C#dim Dm G7 C C#dim Dm G7
Ain't she sweet? See her comin' down the street.
C E7 A7 A7+5
Now I ask you very con-fi-den-tial-ly,
D7 G7 C G7
Ain't she sweet?

C C#dim Dm G7 C C#dim Dm G7
Ain't she nice? Look her over once or twice
C E7 A7 A7+5
Now I ask you very con-fi-den-tial-ly,
D7 G7 C
Ain't she nice?

Bridge: Just cast an eye in her di-rec-tion
Fm C Dm G7
Oh, me, oh, my Ain't that per-fec-tion?

C C#dim Dm G7 C C#dim Dm G7
I re-peat, Don't you think that's kind of neat?
C E7 A7 A7+5
Now I ask you very con-fi-den-tial-ly,
D7 G7 C
Ain't she sweet?

Instrumental with kazoo: same as verse chords

Bridge

C C#dim Dm G7 C C#dim Dm G7
I re-peat, Don't you think that's kind of neat?
C E7 A7 A7+5
Now I ask you very con-fi-den-tial-ly,
D7 G7 C
Ain't she sweet?

Ending: C E7 A7 A7+5
Now I ask you very con-fi-den-tial-ly,
Ain't she sweet?
Ain't We Got Fun?
by Richard Whiting, Ray Egan and Gus Kahn (1921)

Bill collectors gather, 'Round and rather
Haunt the cottage next door
Men the grocer and butcher sent men who call for the rent
But within a happy chappy and his bride of only a year
Seem to be so cheerful, here's an earful
Of the chatter you hear,

C  G7  C7  F  Em  B7  E7  Am  Dm  D7

C  G7
Ev'ry morning, ev'ry evening, ain't we got fun?
Not much money, oh, but honey, ain't we got fun?
F  C
The rent's unpaid dear, we haven't a bus.
Em  B7  Em, G7
But smiles are made, dear, for people like us.
C  G7
In the winter, in the summer, don't we have fun?
C  C7
Times are bum and getting bummer, still we have fun.
F  E7 Am  Dm  B7  C  F
There's nothing sur-er, the rich get rich and the poor get children.
C  D7  G7  C
In the meantime, in between time, ain't we got fun!"

Just to make their trouble nearly double
Something happened last night
To their chimney a gray bird came
Mister Stork is his name
And I'll bet two pins a pair of twins
Just happen'd in with the bird
Still they're very gay and merry
Just at dawning I heard,

C  G7
"Ev'ry morning, ev'ry evening, don't we have fun?
Twins and cares dear, come in pairs, dear, Don't we have fun?
F  C
We've only started, as mommer and pop.
Em  B7  Em, G7
Are we down-hearted? I'll say that we're not!
C  G7
Landlord's mad and getting madder, ain't we got fun?
C  C7
Times are so bad and getting badder, still we have fun.
F  E7 Am  Dm  B7  C  F
There's nothing sur-er, the rich get rich and the poor get laid off,
C  D7  G7  C
In the meantime, in between time, ain't we got fun!"

San Jose Ukulele Club
All I Have To Do Is Dream (Key of C)
by Felice and Boudleaux Bryant (1958)

(sing E)

C       Am          F                    G       C       Am          F                       G
Dre-e-e-e-eam, dream, dream, dream. Dre-e-e-e-eam, dream, dream, dream

C       Am          F                    G       C       Am          F                       G
When I want you, in my arms, when I want you, and all your charms

C       Am          F                    G       C       Am          F                       G
When-ever I want you, all I have to do, is dre-e-e-e-eam, dream, dream, dream.

C       Am          F                    G       C       Am          F                       G
When I feel blue, in the night, and I need you, to hold me tight

C       Am          F                    G       C       F C C7
When-ever I want you all I have to do is dream

F                     Em                        Dm       G               C    C7
Chorus:  I can make you mine, taste your lips of wine, anytime, night or day
         F                     Em                        D7       G F, Em
Only trouble is, gee whiz, I'm dreaming my life a-way.

C       Am          F                    G       C       Am          F                       G
I need you so, that I could die, I love you so, and that is why

C       Am          F                    G       C       F C C7
When-ever I want you all I have to do is dream

Chorus

C       Am          F                    G       C       Am          F                       G
I need you so, that I could die, I love you so, and that is why

C       Am          F                    G       C       Am          F                       G
When-ever I want you, all I have to do, is dre-e-e-e-eam, dream, dream, dream.

C       F C
Dre-e-e-e-eam

San Jose Ukulele Club
All I Have To Do Is Dream (Key of G)
by Felice and Boudleaux Bryant (1958)

Chorus: I can make you mine, taste your lips of wine, anytime, night or day
Only trouble is, gee whiz, I'm dreaming my life a-way.

Chorus

San Jose Ukulele Club
All I Want for Christmas is You
by Mariah Carey and Walter Afanasieff (1994)

**Chords:**
- G
- Em
- C
- Cm
- B7
- E7
- D
- Am7
- D7

**Slowly:**

G/                  Em/
I don’t want a lot for Christmas, there is just one thing I need.
C/                  Em/
I don’t care about the presents, underneath the Christmas tree.
G/      B7/     Em/      Cm/
I just want you for my own, more than you could ever know
G/            E7/   Am7/    D/ **up tempo**  G... Em... C... D...
Make my wish come true    All I want for Christmas is........ you.

G
I don’t want a lot for Christmas, there is just one thing I need.
C                  Cm
I don’t care about the presents, underneath the Christmas tree.
G
I don’t need to hang my stocking, there upon the fireplace
C                  Cm
Santa Claus won’t make me happy with a toy on Christmas Day
G            B7                   Em              Cm
I just want you for my own, more than you could ever know
G            E7                   Am7                   D
G... Em... C... D...
Make my wish come true....All I want for Christmas..is you.uuuuuuuu    baby

**Bridge:**

G
Oh, I don’t want a lot for Christmas, this is all I’m asking for
C                  Cm
I just want to see my baby, standing right outside my door
G            B7                   Em                       Cm
I just want you for my own, more than you could ever know
G            E7                   Am7                   D
G... Em... C... D...
Make my wish come true. All I want for Christmas.is youuuuuu
G                  Em   Am7    D7    G   Am    Em    Am7    D7    G/
All I want for Christmas.is youuuuu, baby    All I want for Christmas is youuu, baby

San Jose Ukulele Club
All My Loving (original key)  
by Paul McCartney (1963)  

F#m B E C#m  
Close your eyes and I'll kiss you, to-mor-row I'll miss you,  
A* F#m D, B7  
Re-mem-ber I'll al-ways be true.  
F#m B E C#m  
And then while I'm a-way, I'll write home every day,  
A* B E  
And I'll send all my loving to you.  

F#m B E C#m  
I'll pre-tend that I'm kiss-ing, the lips I am miss-ing  
A* F#m D, B7  
and hope that my dreams will come true.  
F#m B E C#m  
And then while I'm a-way, I'll write home every day,  
A* B E  
And I'll send all my loving to you.  

C#m C#m/C E  
All my loving, I will send to you.  
C#m C#m/C E  
All my loving, darling, I'll be true...  

Instrumental: A-4-------0-0-0-4-2-0-------2-------0---------4--------0--------0-----------4--------0--------4---- 
E--------2-4--------4---0---------4---2---2-0---1-2-- 0h1-2-- 0h1-2--0  
C----4------1-------------------------------1-----------------------1--------------------1-----------------------1---- 
G---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

F#m B E C#m  
Close your eyes and I'll kiss you, to-mor-row I'll miss you,  
A* F#m D, B7  
Re-mem-ber I'll al-ways be true.  
F#m B E C#m  
And then while I'm a-way, I'll write home every day,  
A* B E  
And I'll send all my loving to you.  

C#m C#m/C E  
All my loving, I will send to you.  
C#m C#m/C E  
All my loving, darling, I'll be true..  
C#m E C#m E  
All my loving,... all my loving...all my loving, I will send to you.  

San Jose Ukulele Club
All You Need Is Love
John Lennon (1967)

"La Marseillaise" tease
a---------------0--0--5----2----2----2----3----3----0----
e-------3--3----2----2----3----2----3----0----2-
c--2--2--------------------------------------------------------

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
Love, love, love ------------- Love, love, love -------------

1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 5 & 6 & 7
Love, love, love, ----------------------------------------

Ver.1: G . D . Em . .
-- There's Nothing you can do that can't be done -------------
1 2 3 4 5 6 & 7
G . D . Em . .
-------- Nothing you can sing that can't be sung -------------

1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4
-------- Nothing you can say but you can learn how to play the game ---

1 2 3 4 5 & 6 & 7
D2nd . . . D7 . . . D6\ D7\ D2nd D7\
It's ea---sy ----------------------------------------

Ver.2: G . D . Em . .
-------- Nothing you can make that can't be made -------------

1 2 3 4 5 6 & 7
G . D . Em . .
-------- No one you can save that can't be saved -------------

1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4
-------- Nothing you can do but you can learn how to be you in time --

1 2 3 4 5 & 6 & 7
D2nd . . . D7 . . . D6\ D7\ D2nd D7\
It's ea---sy ----------------------------------------

------ All you need is love ------------- All you need is love -------------

1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 5 6
G . B7 . Em . G . C . D7 . G\ D\------ All you need is love, love ------------- Love is all you need --
**Instrumental verse:**

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(Love, love, love) \----------------------\ (Love, love, love)

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | & | 6 | & | 7 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| \( D7 \) | \( G \) | \( D \) | . | \( D^2\) | \( D7 \) | \( D6\) | \( D7\) | \( D^2\) | \( D7\) |

Love, love, love) \----------------------\ (Love, love, love)

---

**Chorus:**

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| \( G \) | \( A7 \) | \( D7 \) | . | \( G \) | \( A7 \) | \( D7 \) | . |

------ All you need is love \----------------------\ All you need is love \----------------------\ 

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 6 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| \( G \) | \( B7 \) | \( Em \) | \( G \) | \( C \) | \( D7 \) | \( G \) | \( D \) |

------ All you need is love, love \----------------------\ Love is all you need \----------------------\ 

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| \( A7 \) | \( D7 \) | \( D6\) | \( D7\) | \( D^2\) | \( D7\) |

It's ea---sy \----------------------\ 

---

**Ver.3:**

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| \( G \) | \( D \) | \( Em \) | . | \( G \) | \( D \) | \( Em \) | . |

-------- Nothing you can know that isn't known \----------------------\ 

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-------- Nothing you can see that isn't shown \----------------------\ 

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-------- Nowhere you can be that isn't where you're meant to be, \----------------------\ 

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**Chorus:**

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| \( G \) | \( A7 \) | \( D7 \) | . | \( G \) | \( A7 \) | \( D7 \) | . |

------ All you need is love \----------------------\ All you need is love \----------------------\ 

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| \( G \) | \( B7 \) | \( Em \) | \( G \) | \( C \) | \( D7 \) | \( G \) | \( D \) |

------ All you need is love, love \----------------------\ Love is all you need \----------------------\ 

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</table>

------ All you need is love (all to-gether now) \----------------------\ All you need is love (every-body) \----------------------\ 

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| \( G \) | \( B7 \) | \( Em \) | \( G \) | \( C \) | \( D7 \) | \( G \) | \( G \) |

All you need is love, love \----------------------\ Love is all you need \----------------------\ 

---

**Coda:**

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| \( G \) | . | . | . | . | . | . |

Love is all you need \----------------------\ Love is all you need \----------------------\ (repeat and fade) \----------------------\ (Love is all you need) \----------------------\ (Love is all you need)

Brian W.- San Jose Ukulele Club
Aloha‘oe
By Queen Liliuokalani

G       C    D7    G7
Ha a he o ka u a i na pa li
(Proudly swept the rain by the cliffs)

D7
Ke ni hi a ‘e la i ka na he le
(As on it glided through the trees)

G       C    G
E ha hai a na pa ha i ka li ko
(Still follo--wing ev--er the bud)

C       D7    G    G7
Pu a ‘ā hi hi le hua o u ka
(The ‘ah hi hi le hua of the vale)

C
A lo ha ‘oe, a lo ha ‘oe
(Farewell to thee farewell to thee)

D7    G    G7
E ke o na o na no ho i ka li po
(Thou charming one who dwells in sha-ded bow-ers)

C       G
A fond embrace, a hoi a e au
(‘ere I de-part)

D7    G
Un-til we meet a-gain.

Pronunciation:
a as in ‘uh’
ā as in ‘ah’
e as in ‘eh’
i as in ‘ee’
o as in ‘oh’
u as in ‘oo’
aī as in ‘ah-ee’
oe as in ‘oh-eh’
au as in ‘ah-oo’
Always Look on the Bright Side of Life
By Eric Idle

(Slow)  
\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{Am} \\
&\text{D} \\
&\text{G} \\
&\text{Em} \\
&\text{D7} \\
&\text{A} \\
&\text{F#m} \\
&\text{Bm7} \\
&\text{E7} \\
\end{align*} \]

Some things in life are bad, they can really make you sad. Other things just make you swear and curse.

Am\ .  D\ .  G\ .  Em\ .  Am\ .  D\ .  G\ .

When you’re chewing on life’s gristle, don’t grumble, give a whistle, and this’ll help things turn out for the best.

(Up tempo)

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D7} \ . \text{ G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D7} \\
&\text{Am} \ . \text{ D} \ . \text{ G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D} \ . \text{ G} \\
\end{align*} \]

If life seems jolly rotten, there’s something you’ve forgotten and that’s to laugh and smile and dance and sing.

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{Am} \ . \text{ D} \ . \text{ G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D} \ . \text{ D7} \\
\end{align*} \]

When you’re feeling in the dumps, don’t be silly chumps. Just purse your lips and whistle, that’s the thing.

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D7} \ . \text{ G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D7} \\
&\text{G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D7} \ . \text{ G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D7} \\
\end{align*} \]

Come on, always look on the bright side of life.

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D7} \ . \text{ G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D7} \\
&\text{Am} \ . \text{ D} \ . \text{ G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D} \ . \text{ G} \\
\end{align*} \]

For life is quite absurd and death’s the final word. You must always face the curtain with a bow.

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{Am} \ . \text{ D} \ . \text{ G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D} \ . \text{ D7} \\
\end{align*} \]

For-get-a-bout your sin, give the audi-ence a grin. En-joy it, it’s your last chance any-how.

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D7} \ . \text{ G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D7} \\
&\text{G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D7} \ . \text{ G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D7} \\
\end{align*} \]

So al-ways look on the bright side of death.

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{Am} \ . \text{ D} \ . \text{ G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D} \ . \text{ G} \\
\end{align*} \]

Just be-fore you draw your termi-nal breath.

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{Am} \ . \text{ D} \ . \text{ G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D} \ . \text{ G} \\
\end{align*} \]

Life’s more miss than hit,* when you look at it. Yes, Life’s a laugh and death’s a joke it’s true.

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{Am} \ . \text{ D} \ . \text{ G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D} \ . \text{ D7} \\
\end{align*} \]

You’ll see it’s all a show, keep ’em laughing as you go. Just re-mem-ber that the last laugh is on you.

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D7} \ . \text{ G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D7} \\
&\text{G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D7} \ . \text{ G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D7} \\
\end{align*} \]

And al-ways look on the bright side of life.

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{Am} \ . \text{ D} \ . \text{ G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D} \ . \text{ G} \\
\end{align*} \]

Al-ways look on the right side of life.

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{Am} \ . \text{ D} \ . \text{ G} \ . \text{ Em} \ . \text{ Am} \ . \text{ D} \ . \text{ G} \\
\end{align*} \]

(Come on, Brian, cheer up!)

(Key change)

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{A} \ . \text{ F#m} \ . \text{ Bm7} \ . \text{ E7} \ . \text{ A} \ . \text{ F#m} \ . \text{ Bm7} \ . \text{ E7} \\
&\text{A} \ . \text{ F#m} \ . \text{ Bm7} \ . \text{ E7} \ . \text{ A} \ . \text{ F#m} \ . \text{ Bm7} \ . \text{ E7} \\
&\text{A} \ . \text{ F#m} \ . \text{ Bm7} \ . \text{ E7} \ . \text{ A} \ . \text{ F#m} \ . \text{ Bm7} \ . \text{ E7} \\
&\text{A} \ . \text{ F#m} \ . \text{ Bm7} \ . \text{ E7} \ . \text{ A} \ . \text{ F#m} \ . \text{ Bm7} \ . \text{ E7} \\
\end{align*} \]

*optional lyric

Brian W.-San Jose Ukulele Club (added 2/5/14)
Annie’s Song
by John Denver

D   Dsus4   G   A   Bm   G   D   F#m, Bm
You fill up my senses… like a night in the forest

A   G   F#m, Em   G   A   Asus4, A
Like the mountains in spring-time… like a walk in the rain

Asus4   G   A, Bm   G   D   F#m, Bm
Like a storm in the desert… like a sleepy blue ocean.

A   G   F#m, Em   A7   D   Dsus4, D
You fill up my senses… Come fill me again.

Dsus4   G   A, Bm   G   D   F#m, Bm
Come let me love you… Let me give my life to you.

A   G   F#m, Em   G   A   Asus4, A
Let me drown in your laughter… Let me die in your arms.

Asus4   G   A, Bm   G   D   F#m, Bm
Let me lay down beside you… Let me always be with you.

A   G   F#m, Em   A7   D   Dsus4, D
Come let me love you… Come love me again.

**Instrumental:** Dsus4   G   A, Bm   G   D   F#m, Bm

A   G   F#m, Em   G   A   Asus4, A

Asus4   G   A, Bm

G   D   F#m, Bm
Let me give my life to you…

A   G   F#m, Em   A7   D   Dsus4, D
Come let me love you… Come love me again.

D   Dsus4   G   A   Bm   G   D   F#m, Bm
You fill up my senses… like a night in the forest

A   G   F#m, Em   G   A   Asus4, A
Like the mountains in spring-time… like a walk in the rain

Asus4   G   A, Bm   G   D   F#m, Bm
Like a storm in the desert… (slow) like a sleepy blue ocean.

A   G   F#m, Em   A7   D   Dsus4, D, Dsus4, D
You fill up my senses… Come fill me again.
Are You Lonesome Tonight? (key of C)
By Lou Handman and Roy Turk (1926)
as sung by Elvis Presley

Are you lonesome to-night, do you miss me to-night?
Are you sorry we drifted a-part?
Does your memory stray, to a bright summer day,
When I kissed you and called you sweet-heart?

Do the chairs in your parlour seem empty and bare?
Do you gaze at your doorstep and picture me there?

Is your heart filled with pain, shall I come back again?
Tell me dear, are you lonesome to-night?

**Instrumental:** hum while repeating verse chords

San Jose Ukulele Club
As Tears Go By (key of C)
by Mick Jagger and Keith Richard (Rolling Stones)
as sung by Marianne Faithfull

CDFGa

Intro: C, D, F, G,  C, D, F, G

C              D             F           G
It is the evening of the day\-a\-a\-ay
C              D             F             G
I sit and watch the children play\-a\-a\-ay
F            G             C                  Am
Smiling faces I can see, but not for me-e.
F            G
I sit and watch as tears go by\-y\-y\-y\-y

C              D             F           G
My riches can't buy every thi-i-i-ing
C              D             F             G
I want to hear the children si-i-i-ing
F            G             C                  Am
All I hear is the sound, of rain falling on the ground
F            G
I sit and watch as tears go by\-y\-y\-y\-y


C              D             F           G
It is the evening of the day\-a\-a\-ay
C              D             F             G
I sit and watch the children play\-a\-a\-ay
F            G             C                  Am
Doing things I used to do, they think are new
F            G
I sit and watch as tears go by\-y\-y\-y

San Jose Ukulele Club
Ashes of Love

Count: 1 – 2 – 3 - 4

CHORUS:
F          Bb/   F/   C7
Ashes of love, cold as ice.
C7             F
You made the bed I’ll pay the price.
Bb/   F/   C7
Our love is gone, there’s no doubt
C7             F
Ashes of love, the flame burned out.

Ending: Ashes of love, the flame burned out.

F          Bb/   F/   C7
The love light that gleamed in your eyes
C7             F
Has gone out to my surprise.
F          Bb/   F/   C7
We said good-bye. My heart bled
C7             F
I can’t revive. Your love is dead.

CHORUS

F          Bb/   F/   C7
I trusted, dear, our love would stand.
C7             F
Your every wish was my command.
F          Bb/   F/   C7
My heart tells me I must forget.
C7             F
I loved you then, I love you yet.

CHORUS and end
The falling leaves, drift by my window The autumn leaves of red and gold

I see your lips, the summer kisses The sun-burned hands, I used to hold

Since you went away, the days grow long And soon I'll hear old winter's song.

But I miss you most of all, my darling, when autumn leaves start to fall

**Instrumental:** same chords as verse
Autumn Leaves
by Joseph Kosma and Jacques Prevert (1947)

Am7   D7                   Gmaj7
Em7   Cmaj7

The falling leaves,       drift by my window
D9      B7                     Em\ G+\ Em7\ Gmaj7\ Cmaj7\ Am7\ D7\ Gmaj7\ Cmaj7\ Cmaj7\ Am7\ D7\ Gmaj7\ Cmaj7\ B7susc\ B7\ Em

I see your lips, the summer kisses
The sunburned hands, I used to hold.

D9 B7sus B7 Em

Bridge: Since you went a-way, the days grow long
Am7 D7 Em7 Cmaj7

And soon I'll hear old winter's song.

D9\ B7sus\ B7\ Em

But I miss you most of all, my darling,
When autumn leaves start to fall.

Instrumental: same chords as verse

D9 B7 Em G+ Em7

Since you went a-way, the days grow long
Am7 D7 Em7 Cmaj7

And soon I'll hear old winter's song.

D9\ B7sus\ B7\ Em

But I miss you most of all, my darling,

D9 B7sus B7 Em C Em

When autumn leaves start to fall.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Baby Face
by Harry Akst and Benny Davis (1926)

Intro: same chords as last line of first verse: C, C#dim7, G, E7, A7, D7, G,

G C#7 D7
Baby Face, you've got the cutest little baby face,
C#7 D7 G E7
There's not another one could take your place, Baby Face,
A7 D7
My poor heart is jumpin'; you sure have started somethin'
G B7 Em G7
Baby Face; I'm up in heaven when I'm in your fond embrace,
C C#dim7 G E7 A7 D7 G
I didn't need a shove 'cause I just fell in love with your pretty Baby Face.

*Instrumental (with kazoo):* same chords as verse

G C#7 D7
Baby Face, you've got the cutest little baby face,
C#7 D7 G E7
There's not another one could take your place, Baby Face,
A7 D7
My poor heart is jumpin'; you sure have started somethin'
G B7 Em G7
Baby Face; I'm up in heaven when I'm in your fond embrace,
C C#dim7 G E7 A7 D7 G
I didn't need a shove 'cause I just fell in love with your pretty Baby Face.

I didn't need a shove 'cause I just fell in love with your pretty Baby ...
A7 D7 A7 D7 G
pretty Baby ... pretty Baby Face.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Baby, I'm Yours (key of D)
by Van McCoy (1965)

Intro: D, B7, Em, A  x 2

D                   B7                    Em                   A                          D        B7
Baby, I'm yours, (baby, I'm yours) and I'll be yours until the stars fall from the sky-y-y-y
Em                   A                  G
Yours until the rivers all run dry,
F#m                       Em  A/           Em                   A                  G
In other words, until I die.

D                 B7                      Em                   A                    D         B7
Baby, I'm yours (baby, I'm yours) and I'll be yours until the sun no longer shi-i-i-ines,
Em                   A                  G
Yours until the poets run out of rhyme,
F#m                       Em           A
In other words, until the end of time.

Bridge:   ( tacet ) Em
I'm gonna stay right here by your side,
F#m
Do my best to keep you satisfied,
G
Notthin' in the world can drive me away,
A
Every day you'll hear me say...

D                 B7                      Em                   A                    D         B7
Baby, I'm yours, (baby, I'm yours) and I'll be yours until two and two is three-ee-ee-ee,
Em                   A                  G
Yours until the mountain crumbles to the sea,
F#m                       Em           A
In other words, until e-ter- nit- y.
D     B7
Baby, I'm yours,

Em              A                   D    B7
Till the stars fall from the sky,... Baby, I'm yours,
Em              A                   D    B7
Till the rivers all run dry,... Baby, I'm yours,
Em              A                   D    B7
Till the sun no longer shines...Baby I'm yours
Em              A                   D
Till the poets run out of rhyme...Baby, I'm yours
Baby It's Cold Outside
by Frank Loesser (1944)
as sung by Leon Redbone and Zooey Deschanel

San Jose Ukulele Club

Bb                                      Cm7
I really can’t stay-y-y------------------- I’ve got to go ‘way-y-y-------------------
             (But, baby it’s cold outside)   (Baby it’s cold outside)
Bb                                      Cm7
This evening has be-e-en----------------- So ve-ery ni-i-ice-------------------
             (Been hoping that you’d drop in)   (I-I’ll hold your hands, their just like-
Gm                                      Cm7
My mother will start to wor-ry-y---------- And father will be pacing the flo-o-or----------
             - ice)   (Beautiful, what’s your hurry?)   (Listen the fireplace roar)
Gm                                      Cm7
So, really I’d better scurry-y-y--------- Well, maybe just half a drink mo-o-ore----------
             (Beautiful, please don’t hurry).   (Put some music on while I-
Bb                                      Cm7
The neighbors might thi-ink----------------- Say, what’s in this drink?!-----------------
             pour)   (Baby, it’s bad out there)   (No cabs to be had out there)
Bb                                      Cm7
I wish I knew ho-o-w------------------ to break this spe-e-ell-------------------
             (Your eyes are like star-light now)   (I’ll take your hat, your hair looks-
Gm                                      Cm7
I ought to say no, no, no, sir----------- At least I’m gonna say that I tried---------
             - swell)   (Mind if I move in closer?)   (What’s the sense in hurting my-
Bb                                      Cm7
I really can’t sta-a-ay------------------ Ah, but it’s cold . out . side------------------
             pride?)   (Baby, don’t hold out. Ah, but it’s cold . out . side)
Bb                                      Cm7
I simply must go-o-o--------------------- The answer is no---------------------
             (But, baby. It’s cold outside)   (Baby, it’s cold outside)
Bb                                      Cm7
This welcome has been------------------ So nice and warm---------------------
             (How lucky that you dropped in)   (Look out the window at that-
Gm                                      Cm7
My sister will be sus-pic-i-ous------------ My brother will be there at the door-----------------
             - storm)   (Gosh, your lips look delicious)   (Waves upon a tropical shore)
Gm                                      Cm7
My maiden aunt’s mind is vicious------------ Well maybe just a half a drink mo-o-ore------------
             (Oh, your lips Are delicious)   (Never such a blizzard be-
Bb                                      Cm7
I’ve got to go ho-ome------------------ Say, lend me your co-omb------------------
             -fore)   (Baby, you’ll freeze out there)   (It’s up to your knees out there)
Bb                                      Cm7
You’ve really been gra-a-and---------------- But don’t you se-e-e?------------------
             (I thrill when you touch my hand)   (How can you do this thing to-
Gm                                      Cm7
There’s bound to be talk tomorrow-------------- At least there will be plenty im-plied--------------
             - me?)   (Think of my life long sorrow)   (if you caught pneumonia and-
Bb                                      Cm7
I really can’t sta-a-ay------------------ Ahh, but its cold . . . out . . . side----------
             -died)   (Get over that hold out. Ahh, but its cold . . . out . . . side)
Back in the USSR
by the Beatles (1968)

Intro: E7\ (x 24)

Flew in from Mi-am Beach, B O A - C, --- didn’t get to bed last --- night.
All the way the paper bag was on my --- knee, --- man, I had a dreadful---flight.
I’m back in the U S S - R. ---------------- You don’t know how lucky you are,--- boy,--
D\ . . . A . . . A\ D\ D\#\ E . . .
--- Back in the U S S - R -------------------------------

Been a-way so long I hardly knew the --- place,-- gee, it’s good to be back --- home.
Leave it til to-morrow to un-pack my --- case.--- Honey, discon-nect the -- phone.
I’m back in the U S S - R. ---------------- You don’t know how lucky you are,--- boy,--
D\(-------------------tacit-------------------) A . . . A7 . .

. D . . . . . . . A . . . A7

Bridge: Well the U-kraine girls really knock me out, --- they leave the West be-hind
(da, da, oo0000000000000000 oo-oo-oo)

---------- And Mos-cow girls make me sing and shout,
(da, da, da, da  (oo000000000000)

that Georgia’s always on my my-my-my-my-my-my-miind,
(oh, come on)

Instrumental: A ---5p3--5p3--5p3--5p3--5p3--5-5--5--5---5s7-0-0-0-0-0-0-0--- x 2

E

I’m back in the U S S - R, ----------- you don’t know how lucky you are,--- boys,--- Back in the U S S - R.

Bridge

Show me round the snow-peaked mountains way down ---- south,--- Take me to your daddy’s--- farm
Let me hear your bala-laikas ringing -- out. Come and keep your comrade--- warm
I’m back in the U S S - R, ----------- you don’t know how lucky you are,--- boys,--- Back in the U S S - R. ----Oh
A\ D\ D\#\ E\ . . . A . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . A\ Oh, let me tell you honey! Woo-ooooo Woo-ooooo Woo-ooooo!
Well, the southside of Chicago is the baddest part of town
And if you go down there, you better just beware of a man name of Leroy Brown.
Now Leroy, more than trouble, you see he stand 'bout six foot four.
All the downtown ladies call him 'treetop lover', all the men just call him 'sir'.

Chorus:
And he's bad.. bad.. Leroy Brown
Baddest man in the whole damn town
Badder than ol' King Kong and meaner than a junkyard dog.

Well, Friday night, 'bout a week a go, Leroy, shootin' dice
And at the edge of the bar sat a girl name of Doris and ooh, that girl looked nice.
Well, he cast his eyes upon her, and trouble soon began.
And Leroy Brown, he learned a lesson 'bout messin' with the wife of a jealous man.

Chorus
Well, the two men took to fightin', and when they pulled them from the floor
Leroy looked like a jigsaw puzzle with a couple of pieces gone.

Chorus
Yes, you were badder than old King Kong, and meaner than a junk yard dog.
Bad Moon Rising
(John Fogarty-Creedence Clearwater Revival)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A</th>
<th>D</th>
<th>G</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Intro: D   A   G   D . . .

I see a bad moon rising    I see trouble on the way
I see earth-quakes and lightning    I see bad times to-day

G
Chorus: Don’t go around tonight
D
It’s bound to take your life
A   G   D . . .
There’s a bad moon on the rise

I hear hurri-canes a blowin’    I know the end is comin’ soon
I fear rivers over-flowin’    I hear the voice of rage and ruin

Chorus

Instrumental : same chords as verse

Hope you got your things to-ge-ther    Hope you are quite pre-pared to die
Looks like we’re in for nasty weather    One eye is taken for an eye

Chorus

G
Don’t go around tonight
D
Well, it’s bound to take your life
A   G   D . . .  A/ D/
There’s a bad moon on the rise

San Jose Ukulele Club
(tweaked 2/25/14)
**Banana Boat Song**  
Jamaican folk song, c. 1950, writer unknown  
(as sung by Harry Belafonte)

(Sing F)

F          C7          F
Chorus: Day-o, Day-ay-ay-o, daylight come an' me wan' go home
        F          C7          F
        Day-o, Day-ay-ay-o, daylight come an' me wan' go home
F          C7          F
Work all night on a drink a' rum, daylight come an' me wan' go home.
F          C7          F
Stack banana till de mornin' come, daylight come an' me wan' go home.

F          C7          F          C7          F
Come, Mister tally man an' tally me banana, daylight come an' me wan' go home.
F          C7          F          C7          F
Me say come, Mister tally man an' tally me banana, daylight come an' me wan' go home.

F          C7          F
Lift six han', seven han', eight han' bunch, daylight come an' me wan' go home
F          C7          F
Six han', seven han', eight han' bunch, daylight come an' me wan' go home

Chorus

F          C7          F
Beautiful bunch of ripe banana, daylight come an' me wan' go home
F          C7          F
Hide the deadly, black taranch-la, daylight come an' me wan' go home
F          C7          F
Lift six han', seven han', eight han' bunch, daylight come an' me wan' go home
F          C7          F
Six han', seven han', eight han' bunch, daylight come an' me wan' go home

Chorus

F          C7          F          C7          F
Come, Mister tally man an' tally me banana, daylight come an' me wan' go home.
F          C7          F          C7          F
Me say come, Mister tally man an' tally me banana, daylight come an' me wan' go home.

Chorus and End (sing last line slowly)

San Jose Ukulele Club
Be Kind to Your Parents
by Harold Rome
(sung by Pete Seeger)

F C7 Bb G7 F7

Picking intro:  A -------0-------0-------0-------0------
               E ----1----1------1------1------1-----
               C ------------0-------0-------0------
               G -----------------------------------

F       C7/g
Be kind to your parents, though they don’t deserve it.
C7       F
Remember that grown ups is a difficult stage of life.
F       C7/g
They’re apt to be nervous and over-excited,
C7       F...
Confused by their daily storm and strife.

(--- tacet ---) Bb . . . . . F
Bridge: Just keep in mind, though it seems hard, I know
        G7 . . . . . C7/
        Most parents, were children long a-go.
(---tacet---)
        Incredible!

F       C7/g
So treat them with patience and kind understanding
C7       F7 ...
In spite of the foolish things they do.
Bb       F       G7    C7    F . .
Some day you might wake up, and find you’re a parent too!

Repeat Bridge

F       C7/g
So treat them with patience and kind understanding
C7       F7 ...
In spite of the foolish things they do.
Bb       F       G7    C7    F . . . . C7/F/
Some day you might wake up, and find you’re a parent too!
Because
by Ron Ryan (1964)

Intro:
G G+ Em, G
A --2--0--2--0---2----0----0----0----2----0
E --3--3--3--3---3----3----3----3----3----3
C --2--2--3--3---4----4----3----3----3----3
(low)G --0----0--0----0----0--0----0----0

G G+ Em G7
It's right, that I should care about you,
Am D Bb+
And try to make you happy when you're blue.
G G+ C Cm
It's right, it's right, to feel the way I do,
G Am D7 G
Because, because, I love you.

Bridge:
It's wrong to say I don't think of you
Am D7 Am D7
'Cause when you say these things, you know it makes me blue.

G G+ Em G7
Give me one kiss and I'll be happy,
Am D Bb+
Just, just to be with you.
G G+ C Cm
Give me, give me, a chance to be near you,
G Am D7 G Eb/ D5/
Because, because I love you.

Instrumental:
G G+ Em G7
A --2--0--2--0---2----0----0----0----2----0
E --3--3--3--3---3----3----3----1----1----1
C --2--2--3--3---4----4----2----2----2----2
(low)G --0----0--0----0----0--0----0----0

G G+ Em G7
Give me one kiss and I'll be happy,
Am D Bb+
Just, just to be with you.
G G+ C Cm
Give me, give me, a chance to be near you,
G Am D7 G Em
Because, because I love you.
Am D7 G
Because, because I love you.
Intro: Bb, A7, Dm/, G7/

For the ben-e-fit of Mis-ter Kite, there will be a show tonight on tramp-o-line.

The Hen-der-sons will all be there, late of Pab-lo Fan-ques fair, what a scene!

Over men and horses, hoops and garters, lastly through a hogs-head of real fire

In this way Mister K will challenge the world!

The cel-e-bra-ted Mis-ter K. per-forms his feat on Sat-ur-day at Bishops-gate

The Hendersons will dance and sing as Mis-ter Kite flies through the ring, don't be late!

Messrs K and H as –sure the public their production will be second to none

And of course, Henry the horse dances the waltz.

Instrumental: (waltz tempo) Cm, G+, Bb, Dm, G7, G7, G7, G7..Cm, G+, Bb, Dm, A7, A7
(reg. tempo) Dm, Dm, Bb, A7, Dm, Dm, Bb, A, Dm/, G7///// (6 x)

The band begins at ten to six when Mis-ter K per-forms his tricks with-out a sound

And Mis-ter H will dem-on-strate ten som-er-sets he'll un-der-take on solid ground

Having been some days in preparation a splen-did time is guaranteed for all

And to-night Mister Kite is topping the bill!
Beyond the Sea
by Charles Trenet (English lyrics by Jack Lawrence) 1946
as sung by Bobby Darin


Some-where---- be-yond the sea---- Some-where waiting for me---------

My lover stands on golden sand and watches the ships that go sailing.


Some-where---- be-yond the sea------ she's there watching for me---------


If I could fly like birds on high------ then straight to her arms I'd go sailing.


It's far------- be-yond the stars----- it's near beyond the mo-o-o-o-on.


I know------ be-yond a doubt my heart will lead me there so-o-o-o-on.

We'll meet be-yond the shore we'll kiss just as be-fore

Happy we'll be be-yond the sea----- and never a-gain, I'll go sail-ing.

Instr: (same as lines 3-5)


I know------ be-yond a doubt my heart will lead me there so-o-o-on.

We'll meet be-yond the shore we'll kiss just as be-fore.

Happy we'll be be-yond the sea----- and never a-gain, I'll go sail-ing.

No more sailing, so long sailing, bye bye sailing,


San Jose Ukulele Club
Chorus

And a big yellow taxi
Late last night,

A

Chorus

Give me spots on my apples,
Hey, Farmer,

A

They took all the trees,
put 'em in a tree mu-seum,

A

With a pink ho-tel, a bou-tique and a swing-ing hot spot.

A

Intro: A . F#m | A . F#m | B . Abm | B . Abm | E | E | E | E

They paved para-dise, put up a par-king lot

| A . F#m | A . F#m | E . . . . . |

(Shoooo-bop-bop-bop, shoooo-bop-bop-bop-bop)

They took all the trees, put 'em in a tree mu-seum,

| A . F#m | B . Abm | E . . . . . . |

and they charged the people a dollar and a half just to see 'em.

Chorus

A . F#m | A . F#m | E . . . . . . |

Hey, Farmer Farmer, put a-way that D-D----T now,

| A . F#m | B . Abm | E . . . . . . |

Give me spots on my apples, but leave me the birds and the bees, pleeease

Chorus

A . F#m | A . F#m | E . . . . . . |

Late last night, I heard the screen door slam

| A . F#m | B . Abm | E . . . . . . |

And a big yellow taxi took a-way my old man

Chorus

E\ . . . . | . . . . . | A\ . . . . . . | . . . E\ . . .

End: I said, don't it al-ways seem to go that you don't know what you've got till it's gone........

| A . F#m | B . Abm | E . . . . . . |

They paved para-dise, put up a par-king lot.

(Shoooo-bop-bop-bop-bop)

| A . F#m | B . Abm | E . . . . . . |

They paved para-dise, put up a par-king lot.

(Shoooo-bop-bop-bop-bop)

| A . F#m | B . Abm | E . . . E\ B\ E\ |

They paved para-dise, put up a par-king lot.

San Jose Ukulele Club (added 6/4/14)
Blue Bayou (key of C)
by Roy Orbison and Joe Melson (1963)

C  G7  C+  F  Fm

(sing G)

C                      G7
I feel so bad, I’ve got a worried mind, I’m so lonesome all the time
G7                     C
Since I left my baby behind on Blue Bayou
C                      G7
Saving nickels, saving dimes, working ’til the sun don’t shine
G7                     C
Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou

C                      G7
I’m going back some day, come what may to Blue Bayou
G7                     C
Where you sleep all day and the catfish play on Blue Bayou
C                      C+        F        Fm
All those fishing boats with their sails afloat, if I could only see
C                      G7    C
That familiar sunrise, through sleepy eyes, how happy I’d be.

C                      G7
Go to see my baby again, and to be with some of my friends
G7                     C
Maybe I’d be happier then on Blue Bayou

C                      G7
I’m going back some day, gonna stay on Blue Bayou
G7                     C
Where the folks are fine and the world is mine on Blue Bayou
C                      C+        F        Fm
And that boy/girl of mine, by my side, the silver moon and the evening tide
C                      G7    C
Oh, some sweet day, I’m gonna take away this hurtin’ inside
G7                     C
I’ll never be blue, my dreams come true, on Blue Bay- yoooooooo.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Blue Bayou (key of G)
by Roy Orbison and Joe Melson (1963)

G            D7
I feel so bad, I've got a worried mind, I'm so lonesome all the time
D7           G
Since I left my baby behind on Blue Bayou
G           D7
Saving nickels, saving dimes, working 'til the sun don't shine
D7          G
Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou

G             D7
I'm going back some day, come what may to Blue Bayou
D7           G
Where you sleep all day and the catfish play on Blue Bayou
G              G+            C             Cm
All those fishing boats with their sails afloat, if I could only see
G                D7                  G
That familiar sunrise, through sleepy eyes, how happy I'd be.

G              D7
Go to see my baby again, and to be with some of my friends
D7           G
Maybe I'd be happier then on Blue Bayou

G             D7
I'm going back some day, gonna stay on Blue Bayou
D7            G
Where the folks are fine and the world is mine on Blue Bayou
G              G+            C             Cm
And that boy/girl of mine, by my side, the silver moon and the evening tide
G               D7                   G
Oh, some sweet day, I'm gonna take away this hurtin' inside
D7             G
I'll never be blue, my dreams come true, on Blue Bay- yoooooou.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Blue Bayou (original key of F)
by Roy Orbison and Joe Melson (1963)

F  C7  F+  Bb  Bbm
( original key)

(sing C)

F  C7
I feel so bad, I've got a worried mind, I'm so lonesome all the time
C7  F
Since I left my baby behind on Blue Bayou
F  C7
Saving nickels, saving dimes, working 'til the sun don't shine
C7  F
Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou

F  C7
I'm going back some day, come what may to Blue Bayou
C7  F
Where you sleep all day and the catfish play on Blue Bayou
F  Bb  Bbm
All those fishing boats with their sails afloat, if I could only see
F  C7  F
That familiar sunrise, through sleepy eyes, how happy I'd be.

F  C7
Go to see my baby again, and to be with some of my friends
C7  F
Maybe I'd be happier then on Blue Bayou

F  C7
I'm going back some day, gonna stay on Blue Bayou
C7  F
Where the folks are fine and the world is mine on Blue Bayou
F  Bb  Bbm
And that boy/girl of mine, by my side, the silver moon and the evening tide
F  C7  F
Oh, some sweet day, I'm gonna take away this hurtin' inside
C7  F
I'll never be blue, my dreams come true, on Blue Bay- yoooooou.
Blue Christmas
by Billy Hayes and Jay Johnson (1948)

C                          G7
I'll have a blue Christmas without you

G7                   C
I'll be so blue thinking about you

Gm    A7     Gm    A7    Dm
Deco-ration of red on a green Christmas tree

D9       D7      D9   D7      G7           F           G7/
Won't mean a thing if you're not here with me.

C                          G7
I'll have a blue Christmas, that's certain.

G7                   C
And when that blue heartache starts hurtin'.

Gm  A7      Gm    A7            Dm            F#dim
You'll be doin' all right with your Christmas of white

G7           Dm       G7    C
But I'll have a blue, blue, Christmas.

C                          G7
I'll have a blue Christmas, I know dear

G7                   C
I hope your white Christmas brings you cheer

Gm  A7      Gm    A7            Dm
Deco-ration of red on a green Christmas tree

D9       D7      D9   D7      G7           F           G7/
Won't mean a thing, if you're not here with me.

C                          G7
And when the blue snowflakes start falling

G7                   C
That's when the blue memories start calling

Gm  A7      Gm    A7            Dm            F#dim
You'll be doin' all right with your Christmas of white

G7           Dm       G7    C
But I'll have a blue, blue, Christmas.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Blue Hawaii
by Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger (1937)


C F C A7
Night and you, and blue Ha- wai- i,
A7 D7 G7
The night is heavenly,
C G7
and you are heaven to me
C F C A7
Lovely you, and blue Ha- wai- i,
D7 G7
With all this loveliness,
C F C C7
there should be love….

F Fm C
Come with me, while the moon is on the sea
D7 G7 G+/ C
The night is young, and so are we. . . so are we

C F C A7
Dreams come true, in blue Ha- wai- i,
A7 D7 G7
And mine could all come true,
C F C C7
this magic night of nights with you

F Fm C
Come with me, while the moon is on the sea
D7 G7 G+
The night is young, and so are we. . . so are we

C F C A7
Dreams come true, in blue Ha- wai- i,
A7 D7 G7
And mine could all come true,
C F C C Fm C (optional ending chords)
this magic night of nights with youuuuu
Blue Moon of Kentucky
By Bill Monroe

Slow 3/4 time

It was o-of Ken-tuck-y  keep on shin-ing
Shine on the one that's gone and proved un-true
I said blue moon o-of Ken-tuck-y keep on shin-ing
Shine on the one that's gone and left me blue

It was o-on one moonlight night, the sta-ars shining bright
And they whis-per on hi-ght, Your love said good-bye
. . | C . . . | . . . F . . . |
Blue moon o-of Ken-tuck-y keep on shin-ing
Shine on the one that's gone and said good bye --------------

4/4 time | C\ . . . . . | F\ . . . . . | C\ . . . . . | . . . G7 . . . . |

Blue moon, blue moon, blue moon, keep-a shin-ing bright.
. . | C . . . . . . . . | F . . . . . . . . .
Blue moon, keep on shin-ing bright, You're gonna bring-a me back my baby to-night,
Blue moon, keep shin-ing bright

I said Blue mo-on of Ken-tuck-y keep on shin'-
Shine o-on the one that's go-one and proved un-true
Blue mo-on of Ken-tuck-y keep on shin'-
Shine o-on the one that's gone and left me blue

It was on one moon-light ni-night, sta-ars shinin' bri-night
Whi-sper on hi-ght, lo-ve said good-bye
Blue mo-on of Ken-tuck-y keep on shin'-
Shine o-on the one that's gone and said good bye

San Jose Ukulele Club
Blue Moon
By Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart (1934)

C  Am, Dm  G7  C  Am, Dm
Blue Moon, you saw me standing a-lone,
G7  Cmaj7, Am, Dm  G7  C  F, C, G7
Without a dream in my heart, without a love of my own.
C  Am, Dm  G7  C  Am, Dm
Blue Moon, you knew just what I was there for,
G7  Cmaj7  Am, Dm  G7  C  Dm, C
You heard me saying a prayer for, someone I really could care for
Dm  G7  C
And then there suddenly appeared before me
Dm  G7  C
The only one my heart could ever hold.
Fm  Bb7  Eb
I heard somebody whisper, “Please adore me”
G  D7  Dm, G7
And when I looked, the moon had turned to gold.
C  Am, Dm  G7  C  Am, F
Blue Moon, now I’m no longer a-lone.
G7  C  Am, Dm  G7  C  Dm, C
Without a dream in my heart, without a love of my own.
Blue Suede Shoes (Key of A)
by Carl Perkins
as sung by Elvis Presley

Well it's one for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, now go cat, go
D                                                A
But don't you, step on my blue suede shoes
E7                           D                               A
Well you can do anything but lay off-a my blue suede shoes.

You can knock me down, step on my face, slander my name all over the place
A/                       A/                         A/                           A7
Do anything, that you want to do, but ah-ah honey, lay off-a my shoes.
D                                                A
Don't you, step on my blue suede shoes
E7                           D                               A
Well you can do anything, but lay off-a my blue suede shoes.

Instrumental: same as last verse  A, D, A, E7, D, A

You can burn my house, steal my car, drink my liquor from an old fruit jar,
A/                       A/                         A/                             A7
Do anything that you want to do, but ah-ah honey lay off-a my shoes
D                                                A
Don't you, step on my blue suede shoes
E7                           D                               A
Well, you can do anything but lay off-a my blue suede shoes.

Instrumental:  A, D, A, E7, D, A

Well it's one for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, now go cat, go
D                                                A
But don't you, step on my blue suede shoes
E7                           D                               A
Well you can do anything but lay off-a my blue suede shoes.

Last Verse:  A
Blue blue, blue suede shoes...blue blue, blue suede shoes
D                                                A
Blue blue...blue suede shoes,...blue blue, blue suede shoes
E7                           D                               A
You can do anything but lay off-a my blue suede shoes.
Bonny Portmore
Traditional Irish

D    A    Em    G    A7sus    A7    Gsus2

O, Bonny Port-more, I am sor-ry to see

Such a woeful de-struc tion of your ornament tree

Em . . D . . Em . . G .
For it stood on your shore for ma-ny's the long day

Em . . D . . . G . . A7sus4 A7/
Till the long boats from Antrim--- came to float it a-way.

O, Bonny Port-more, you shine where you stand

And the more I think on you the more I think long

Em . . D . . Em . . G .
If I had you now as I had once be-fore

Em . . D . . . G . . A7sus4 A7/
All the Lords in Old England--- would not purchase Port-more.

All the Birds in the forest, they bitterly weep

Saying "where shall we shelter, where shall we sleep?"

Em . . D . . Em . . G .
For the Oak and the Ash they are all cutten down

Em . . D . . . G . . A7sus4 A7/
And the walls of Bonny Portmore---- are all down to the ground.

O, Bonny Port-more, you shine where you stand

And the more I think on you the more I think long

Em . . D . . Em . . G .
For if I had you now as I had once be-fore

Em . . D . . . G . . A7sus4 A D
All the Lords in all of England----- could not purchase Port---more.
Bonny Portmore
Traditional Irish

O Bonny Port-more, I am sor-ry to see
Such a woeful de-struc-tion of your ornament tree
For it stood on your shore for ma-ny’s the long day
Till the long boats from Antrim---- came to float it a-way.

O Bonny Port-more, you shine where you stand
And the more I think on you the more I think long
If I had you now as I had once be-fore
All the Lords in Old England---- would not purchase Port-more.

All the Birds in the forest, they bit-ter-ly weep
Saying “where shall we shelter, where shall we sleep?”
For the Oak and the Ash they are all cutten down
And the walls of Bonny Portmore---- are all down to the ground.

O, Bonny Port-more, you shine where you stand
And the more I think on you the more I think long
For if I had you now as I had once be-fore
All the Lords in all of England---- could not purchase Port---more.
Born to be Wild (Version 2)
By Mars Bonfire (1967)

Intro:

*D mute strum*)

Kazoo/

(D . . . ) D . C/ G/ (D . . . ) D . C/ G

Get your motor runnin'

Kazoo/

(D . . . ) D . C/ G/ (D . . . ) D . C/ G

Head out on the highway

Kazoo/

(D . . . ) D . C/ G/ (D . . . ) D . C/ G

Lookin' for adventure

Kazoo/

(D . . . ) D . C/ G/ (D . . . ) D . C/ G

In whatever comes our way


Yeah, darlin' gonna make it happen. Take the world in a love embrace


Fire all of your guns at once and explode into space

Kazoo/

(D . . . ) D . C/ G/ (D . . . ) D . C/ G

I like smoke and lightnin'

Kazoo/

(D . . . ) D . C/ G/ (D . . . ) D . C/ G

Heavy metal thunder

Kazoo/

(D . . . ) D . C/ G/ (D . . . ) D . C/ G

Wrestlin' with the wind

Kazoo/

(D . . . ) D . C/ G/ (D . . . ) D . C/ G

And the feeling that I'm under


Yeah, darlin' gonna make it happen. Take the world in a love embrace


Fire all of your guns at once and explode into space

* D . . . | . . F . . . | . . *

Like a true nature's child We were born, born to be wild

* G . . . F . . . Dm/ . . . | . . *

We could climb so high I never wanna di---i---ie


Bo-rrn to be wi-----i-----ild (*Kazoo----------------------*)


Bo-rrn to be wi-----i-----ild (*Kazoo----------------------*)

Instrumental:

Kazoo/


Repeat all (including intro - then end with:

Kazoo/

**Born to be Wild**  
By Mars Bonfire (1967)  
(as sung by Steppenwolf)

---

**Intro:**  
E . . . | . . . D/ A/ E . . . | . . . D/ A

(*) mute strum)

---

Kazoo/  
(E . . . ) E . D/ A/ (E . . . ) E . D/ A

Get your motor runnin'  
Head out on the high-way

---

Kazoo/  
(E . . . ) E . D/ A/ (E . . . ) E . D/ A

Lookin' for ad-ven-ture  
In what-ever comes our way

---


. Yeah, darlin' gonna make it happen  
. Take the world in a love em-brace

---


. Fire all of your guns at once and  
. ex-plode in-to space

---

Kazoo/  
(E . . . ) E . D/ A/ (E . . . ) E . D/ A

I like smoke and light-nin'  
Heavy metal thun-der

---

Kazoo/  
(E . . . ) E . D/ A/ (E . . . ) E . D/ A

Wrestlin' with the wind  
And the feelin' that I'm un-der

---


. Yeah, darlin' gonna make it hap-pen  
. Take the world in a love em-brace

---


. Fire all of your guns at once and  
. ex-plode in-to space

---

E . . . | . . . G . . . | . . .

Like a true na-ture's child  
We were born, born to be wild

---

A . . . G . . . Em/ . . . | . . .

We could climb so high  
I never wan-na di--i--i--ie

---

Bo-rn to be wi----i-----ild (--Kazoo-----------------------------)

---

Bo-rn to be wi----i-----ild (--Kazoo-----------------------------)

---

**Instrumental:**  

Kazoo/  
E . . . E . D/ A/ E . . . E . D/ A

---

Repeat all (including intro - then end):  

Kazoo/  
Both Sides Now (Key of G)  
by Joanie Mitchell

Intro G, Am, C, D

G    Am    C    G    Bm    C    G
Bows and flows of angel hair, and ice cream castles in the air
C    Am    D
and feather canyons everywhere, I've looked at clouds that way
G    Am    C    G    Bm    C    G
But now they only block the sun, they rain and snow on everyone
C    Am    D
So many things I would have done, but clouds got in my way,

G    Am    C    G    C    G    C    G
I've looked at clouds from both sides now, from up and down and still somehow
Bm    C    G    C    D    Dsus4,D,D    G    Am, C, D
It's cloud ill-u-sions I recall, I really don't know clouds, at all.

G    Am    C    G    Bm    C    G
Moons and Junes and Ferris wheels, the dizzy dancing way you feel
C    Am    D
As every fairy tale comes real, I've looked at love that way.
G    Am    C    G    Bm    C    G
But now it's just a-noth-er show, you leave them laughing when you go
C    Am    D
And if you care, don't let them know, don't give yourself away.

G    Am    C    G    C    G    C    G
I've looked at love from both sides now, from give and take, and still somehow,
Bm    C    G    C    D    Dsus4,D,D    G    Am, C, D
It's love's ill-u-sions I recall, I really don't know love at all.

G    Am    C    G    Bm    C    G
Tears and fears and feeling proud, to say "I love you" right out loud.
C    Am    D
Dreams and schemes and circus crowds, I've looked at life that way.
G    Am    C    G    Bm    C    G
But now old friends are acting strange, they shake their heads, they say I've changed
C    Am    D
Well something's lost but something's gained, in living every day.
G    Am    C    G    C    G    C    G
I've looked at life from both sides now, from win and lose, and still somehow,
Bm    C    G    C    D    Dsus4,D,D    G    Am, C, D, G
It's life ill-u-sions I recall, I really don't know life at all.

San Jose Ukulele Club
C
I rode my bicycle past your window last night.
G7
I roller skated to your door at daylight
C
It almost seems, like you’re avoiding me,
F
I’m okay alone, but you got something I need.

Chorus: Well, I got a brand new pair of roller skates, you got a brand new key.
I think that we should get together and try them out you see
F
I been looking around awhile, you got something for me.
G7/ C
Oh, I got a brand new pair of roller skates, you got a brand new key.

C
I ride my bike, I roller skate, don’t drive no car.
G7
Don’t go too fast, but I go pretty far.
C
For somebody who don’t drive, I’ve been all around the world.
F
Some people say, I done all right for a girl.

Chorus

C
I asked your mother if you were at home.
G7
She said, yes..but you weren’t alone.
C
Oh, sometimes I think, that you’re avoiding me.
F
I’m okay alone, but you’ve got something I need.

Ending Chorus: Well, I got a brand new pair of roller skates, you got a brand new key.
I think that we should get together and try them our you see
F
La la la la la la la la , La la la la la la
G7/ C
Oh, I got a brand new pair of roller skates, you got a brand new key.
Bring Me Sunshine
by Arthur Kent and Sylvia Dee

[Music notation]

Bring me sunshine…in your smile
Bring me laughter…all the while
In this world, where we live
There should be more happiness
So much joy you can give
To each brand new bright tomorrow

Make me happy…through the years
Never bring me…any tears
Let your arms be as warm as the sun from up above
Bring me fun, bring me sunshine, bring me love.  (increase tempo)

Bring me sunshine…in your eyes
Bring me rainbows…from the skies
Life’s too short to be spent having anything but fun
We can be so content if we gather little sunbeams

Be light-hearted…all day long
Keep me singing…happy songs
Let your arms be as warm as the sun from up above
Bring me fun, bring me sunshine, bring me love.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Brown-Eyed Girl
by Van Morrison

Intro chords and riff: play twice

A-2-3-5-3-2-7-9-10-9-7-2-3-5-3-2-0-——0-——
E-3-5-7-5-3-8-10-12-10-8-3-5-7-5-3-2-3-2-

Hey, where did we go
days when the rains came
Down in the hollow
playin' a new game
Laughin' and a runnin' (hey, hey)
skippin' and a jumpin'
In the mis-ty morn-ing fog with
our hearts a thumpin'
and you, my brown-eyed girl,
yo-ou, my-y brown-eyed girl.

Whate-ver hap-pened to Tuesday and So Slow
Goin' down to the old mine with a tran-sis-tor ra-di-o
Standin' in the sunlight laughin'
Hidin' be-hind a rainbow's wall
Slippin' and a slidin'
All a-long the wat-er-fall
with you, my brown-eyed girl
yo-ou, my-y brown-eyed girl.

Bridge: Do you re-mem-ber whe-e-en we used to sing

D7 . . . | . . . | . . . | G . . . |

* Sha la la LA la la LA la la tee da
Sha la la LA la la LA la la tee da
la tee da

(bass solo)

So hard to find my way now that I'm all on my own
I saw you just the other day, my, how you have grown.
Cast my memory back there Lord. Some-times I'm over-come thinkin' bout it
Makin' love in the green grass be-hi-ind the sta-di-um
With you, my brown-eyed girl
yo-ou, my-y brown-eyed girl.

Repeat Bridge (*sing 2nd line twice, then end on 3rd line)
Bubbly
by Colbie Caillet

A
Amaj7
D
Bm
C#m

Intro and riff:

A Amaj7 D A Amaj7 D A
A --0-----------0-----------0---------0----------------0------------0-----------0-----------0------------
E---0-----------0---0------2---------0----------------0------------0---0-------2----------0------------
C---1---1------1-----------2---2----1---1------------1---1-------1-----------2---2------1---1-------
G---2-----------1-----------2---------2----------------2------------1-----------2----------2-----------

A Amaj7 D
I've been awake for a while now, You've got me feelin' like a child now
A Amaj7 D A
Cause every time I see your bubbly face, I get the tingles in a silly place

A Amaj7 D A
It starts in my toes and I crinkle my nose, wherever it goes I always know
A Amaj7 D A
that you make me smile, please stay for a while now, just take your time, wherever you go.

A Amaj7 D A
The rain is falling on my window pane, but we are hiding in a safer place
A Amaj7 D A
Under the covers, staying safe and warm, you give me feelings that I adore

A Amaj7 D A
It starts in my toes and I crinkle my nose, wherever it goes I always know
A Amaj7 D A
that you make me smile, please stay for a while now, just take your time, wherever you go.

Amaj7 Bm C#m Bm C#m D
Bridge: What am I gonna say, when you make me feel this wa-a-ay? I just......mmm

A Amaj7 D A
It starts in my toes makes me crinkle my nose, wherever it goes, I always know
A Amaj7 D A
that you make me smile, please stay for a while now, just take your time, wherever you go.

Amaj7 D A
Improv vocal while playing riff: Ba-dum-ba-dum-ba-dum-ba-dum-ba-dum-ba-dum-ba-dum-ba-dum-ba-dum-

A Amaj7 D A
I've been asleep for a while now, You tucked me in just like a child now
A Amaj7 D A
Cause every time you hold me in your arms, I'm comfortable enough to feel your warmth

A Amaj7 D A
It starts in my soul and I lose all control, when you kiss my nose, the feelin' shows
A Amaj7 D A
Cause you make me smile, baby, just take your time now, holding me ti-i-ight

Amaj7 D A
Ending(finger pick): Wherever, wherever, wherever you go,
A Amaj7 D A
Wherever, wherever, wherever you go,
A Amaj7 D A
Where-e-e-ver you go, I always know,
A Amaj7 D A
cause you make me smile if just for a while

San Jose Ukulele Club
"Buffalo" Gals
by John Hodges (1844)

The song's name “Buffalo” comes from the city of Buffalo, NY, the most well-known version. However, any location's name can be substituted in the title.

Chorus:

C                                   G7                          C
Buffalo gals, won't you come out tonight, come out tonight, come out tonight
C                                   G7                          C
Buffalo gals, won't you come out tonight and dance by the light of the moon.

C                                   G7                          C
As I was walking down the street, down the street, down the street,
C                                   G7                          C
A pretty little gal I chanced to meet, oh, she was fair to see.

Chorus (change to “San Jose” gals)

C                                   G7                          C
I stopped her and we had a talk, had a talk, had a talk,
C                                   G7                          C
Her feet took up the whole sidewalk and left no room for me.

Chorus

C                                   G7                          C
I asked her if she'd have a dance, have a dance, have a dance,
C                                   G7                          C
I thought that I might have a chance to shake a foot with her.

Chorus

C                                   G7                          C
I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin', her heel kept a-knockin' and her toes kept a-rockin'
C                                   G7                          C
I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin' and we danced by the light of the moon.

San Jose Ukulele Club
By the Light of the Silvery Moon
by Gus Edwards and Edward Madden

F G7 C7 F#dim7 Gm7 Bb D7 Gm Bbm6 C#7

F G7 C7
-0--1--3--3--1--3--1--0--
-0--2--2--2--2--0--
-2--3--2--

By the light, of the sil-ver-y moon, I want to spoon,

F F#dim7 Gm7, C7
-0--0--
-0--2--2--2--2--0--
-2--2--

To my honey, I’ll croon love’s tune

F Bb, D7, Gm
-0--0--
-0--1--3--3--1--
-0--2--2--2--
-2--3--2--

Honey-moon, keep a shinin’ in June

Bbm6 F Bbm6 F
-0--0--0--0--1--0--
-3--1--3--1--0--

Your silv’ry beams will bring love’s dreams,

G7, Gm7 C7 F Gm7, C7
-0--0--0--0--
-1--3--3--1--1--3--1--3--1--

We’ll be cuddling soon, by the silvery moon

C7 F C#7 F

Ending: By the silv’ry moon (not the gold-en moon)

San Jose Ukulele Club
By the Light of the Silvery Moon
by Gus Edwards and Edward Madden

By the light, of the silvery moon,
I want to spoon,
To my honey, I'll croon love's tune
Honey-moon, keep a shinin' in June
Your silv'ry beams will bring love's dreams,
We'll be cuddling soon, by the silvery moon

By the light (not the dark, but the light),
of the silvery moon (not the sun but the moon)
I want to spoon (not croon, but spoon)
To my honey I'll croon love's tune
Honey-moon, (not the sun, but the moon)
Keep a shinin' in June (not May, but June)
Your silv'ry beams will bring love's dreams
We'll be cuddling soon (not later but soon)
By the silv'ry moon (not the gold-en moon)

---

San Jose Ukulele Club
Bye Bye Love
by Felice and Boudleaux Bryant (1957)


Chorus: Bye, bye love...bye bye happiness...hel-lo loneliness, I think I'm a gonna cry-y
Bye, bye love...bye bye sweet caress...hel-lo emptiness, I feel like I could die-ie.
Bye bye my love, bye bye-y

(←---tacit---→) E7 A
There goes my baby, with someone new,
E7 A A7
She sure looks happy, I sure am blue.
D E7
She was my baby, till he stepped in A
Good bye to romance, that might have been.

Chorus

(←---tacit---→) E7 A
I'm through with romance, I'm through with love
E7 A A7
I'm through with countin', the stars above.
D E7
And here's the reason, that I'm so free A
My lovin' baby is through with me.

Chorus

E7 A
Bye bye, my love, Good bye-y
Bye bye, my love, Bye bye-y.
California Blue
By Roy Orbison, Jeff Lynne and Tom Petty (1988)

D | G | A | Em | A7

D G
Working all day, and the sun don’t shine
A D
Trying to get by, and I’m just killing time.
D G
I feel the rain, fall the whole night through,
Em A D
Far away from you, California Blue.

G | D
Refrain1: California Blue, dreaming all a-lone
A7 | D
Nothing else to do, California Blue
G | D
Every day I pray, I’ll be on my way.
A7 | D
Saving love for you, California Blue.

Refrain2: A7 | D
One sunny day, I’ll get back again
G | A D
Somehow, some way, but I don’t know when
A | D
California Blue, California Blue.

D | G
Living my life, with you on my mind,
A | D
Thinking of things, that I left far behind.
D G
It’s been so long, doing all I can do
Em A D
To get back to you, California Blue

Refrain 1

Refrain 2

Em | A | D
Still missing you, California Blue
Em | A | D
Still missing you, California Blue
Em | A | D
Still missing youuuu, Cali-FORRR-nia Blue
California, Here I Come (key of C)
by Bud DeSylva and Joseph Meyers (1921)

When the wintry winds are blowing and the snow is starting in the fall
then my eyes turn westward knowing that the place, I love best of all

Chorus: Cali-forn-ia, here I come, right back where I started from
Where bowers of flowers bloom in the sun
Each morning, at dawning, birdies sing and everything
A sun-kissed miss said "Don't be late", that's why I can hardly wait,
O— pen up your Gold-en Gate, Cali-for-nia, here I come!

An-y-one who likes to wander ought to keep this saying in his mind,
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder" of that good old place you leave be-hind.
When you've hit the trail a-while, seems you rarely see a smile
That's why I must fly out yonder where a frown is mighty hard to find.

Chorus

Final Chorus (increase tempo)
C C+ F G7 C
Cali-forn-ia, here I come, right back where I started from
Where bowers of flowers bloom in the sun
Each morning, at dawning, birdies sing and everything
A sun-kissed miss said "Don't be late", that's why I can hardly wait,
O— pen up your Gold-en Gate, Cali-for-nia, here. I come!

San Jose Ukulele Club
California
by Joey Ryan

Finger-pick pattern: 4 – 2 – 3 – 1 – 2 – 3


Refrain: California, California, you know I love you, California. When I leave, I know you wait for me

Cuz in the sun and in the weather, no one else has loved me better. California, you’re the place for me.

Bb F Dm C

Los Angeles, Los Angeles, my heart goes out to you, and when I make it back, I love to drive a-round

Bb F Bb C F

Cuz your streets are wide and dirty and they’ve raised me in a hurry. You’re the city of the angels, yes, in-deed.

Bb F Dm C

San Francisco, San Francisco, always busy, you’re always pretty, I can see you just across the Bay.

Bb F Bb C F

Your red bridge over the sea keeps me safe and warm and free. On a clear day, there’s no place I’d rather be.

Bb F Bb C F

In the mountains, in the mountains, no one knows you like I do, in the summer streams and knee-deep in the snow.

Bb F Bb C F

Just like the giving tree, you have made a man of me, cuz everyone needs someplace beautiful,

Bb C F

Oh I think everyone needs someplace beautiful.

Refrain

Bb F Dm C

In the valley, in the valley, give me life and cradle me, the sun is setting as I drive ahead.

Bb F Bb C F

Keep and sustain us, give us food and love and I trust, that without you, we’d all soon be dead.

Bb F Dm C

In the forest, all the trees, you make a little child of me, how I long to know what you have seen.

Bb F Bb C F

All the people who are gone and all the ones who once were strong, oh won’t you keep their fate from claiming me.

Bb F Dm C

In the oceans, in the sea, we have seen eternity. How can I tell when you really end?

Bb F Bb C F

I’ll imagine that you lead to other worlds entirely, where we can save ourselves and start a-gain.

Bb C F

yes, we need to save ourselves and start a-gain.

Refrain

Bb F Dm C

So nurse me like a mother, raise me strong just like my father, let me wander off and discover who I am

Bb F Bb C F

I’ll have learned your deepest lessons, gathered up your finest blessings, re-turn to Cali-for-nia once a-gain.

Bb C F

Yes, I’ll come home to Cali-for-nia once a-gain.

Refrain

San Jose Ukulele Club
Oh, the Camptown ladies sing this song, doodah, doodah
The Camptown race tracks' five mile long, oh doodah day

Chorus:
Going to run all night,
Going to run all day

I bet my money of a bob-tailed nag
Somebody bet on the bay

I went down South with my hat caved in, doodah, doodah
I come back North with a pocket full of tin, oh doodah day

Chorus
Can’t Buy Me Love
by John Lennon and Paul McCartney (1964)

Intro: Can’t buy me lo-----ove, lo-----ove, can’t buy me lo-----ove,

C7
I’ll buy you a diamond ring, my friend, if it makes you feel alright.
F7                                              C7
I’ll get you any-thing, my friend, if it makes you feel alright.
G7                  F7/                    F7                  C7
‘Cause I don’t care too much for money money can’t buy me love.

C7
I’ll give you all I’ve got to give if you say you’ll love me, too
F7                                                C7
I may not have a lot to give, but what I’ve got I’ll give to you.
G7                  F7/                    F7                  C7
I don’t care too much for money, money can’t buy me love.

Bridge: Can’t buy me lo-----ove, everybody tells me so.

Em Am                 C7
Can’t buy me lo-----ove, no no no

C7
Say you don’t need no diamond rings, and I’ll be satisfied,
F7                                                C7
Tell me that you want the kind of things, that money just can’t buy.
G7                  F7/                    F7                  C7
I don’t care too much for money, money can’t buy me love.

Bridge

C7
Say you don’t need no diamond rings, and I’ll be satisfied,
F7                                                C7
Tell me that you want the kind of things, that money just can’t buy.
G7                  F7/                    F7                  C7
I don’t care too much for money, money can’t buy me love.

Ending: Can’t buy me lo-----ove, lo-----ove, can’t buy me lo-----ove,
Cara Mia

by Mantovani and Bunny Lewis (1954)
(as sung by Jay and the Americans)

(Slowly)
C       Em  F       C
Cara Mia why, must we say goodbye?
Fm     C     F     G
Each time we part, my heart wants to die

(Faster)
C       Em  F       C
Darling hear my prayer, Cara Mia fair,
Fm     C     F     G     C
I'll be your love till the end (till the end of ) of (till the end of) time
C     Am     F     G
Cara mia mine, Cara mia mine, Cara mia mine, Cara mia mine, Cara mia mine

C       Em  F       C
Cara Mia why, must we say goodbye?
Fm     C     F     G
Each time we part, my heart wants to die
C       Em  F       C
Darling hear my prayer, Cara Mia fair,
Fm     C     F     G     C
I'll be your love till the end (till the end of ) of (till the end of) time
C     Am     F     G
Cara mia mine, Cara mia mine, Cara mia mine, Cara mia mine, Cara mia mine

Instrumental:  C, Em, F, C

Fm     C     F     G     G     G     G     G     G (hold for 5 measures)
Each time we part, my heart wants to diiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii
CASEY JONES
Traditional (Mississippi John Hurt)

G    G7/ C    G    A    D
One Sunday mornin', look showerin' rain 'Round the bend come the pas-senger train
G    G7/ C    G    D    G
In the cabin was Casey Jones Noble engin-neer but he's dead and gone

G    G7/ C    G    A    D
Mrs. Casey she hear-rd the news Sittin' on her bed, she was lacin' up her shoes
G    G7/ C    G    D    G
Children, children now ca--tch your breath You draw a pension at your Pa-pa's death

G    G7/ C    G    A    D
Children, children now get your hat Tell me Mama what do you mean by that?
G    G7/ C    G    D    G
Get your hat, put it on your head Go on to town, see your papa is dead

Inst:    G    G7/ C    G    A    D

G    G7/ C    G    D    G
Casey said be--fo--re he died Fix the blinds so that the bums can't ride
G    G7/ C    G    D    G
If they ride, let them ride the rods Put their trust in the hand of God

G    G7/ C    G    A    D
Casey said be--fo--re he died Two more roads that I want to ride
G    G7/ C    G    D    G
Peo-ple said, what roads Casey can you say? The Colo-rado and the San-ta Fe
Chattanooga Choo Choo  
By Mack Gordon & Harry Warren


G                 Em7    Am7                D7
Pardon me, boy. . . is that the Chattanooga choo choo? . . . .
E7                 Am7             D7
Track twenty-nine. . . . Won't you gimme a shine . . . . . .
G             Em7   Am7                    D7
I can a-fford. . . to board a Chattanooga choo choo . . . .
E7                    Am7            D7
I've got my fare. . . . and just a trifle to spare . .

G7                        C                     Dm                  C              Dm/ G7/
. You leave the Pennsylvania Station 'bout a quarter to four .
C                    Dm                            C         C7
Read a maga-zine and then you're in Balti-more
F                   F#dim   C                         A7
Dinner in the diner, nothing could be finer
D7                                                    F      G7
Than to have your ham an' eggs in Caro-lina

C                            Dm                   C                Dm/  G7/
. When you hear the whistle blowin' eight to the bar .
C                    Dm                            C         C7
Then you know that Tennessee is not very far.
F                   F#dim       C                  A7
Shovel all the coal in, gotta keep it rollin'
D7                                   G7           C    D7/
Woo, woo, Chattanooga there you are .

G                     Em7    Am7          D7                    G          Em7   Am7
There's gonna be. . . a certain party at the station . . . .
E7                 Am7             D7
Satin and lace. . . . I used to call "Funny Face" . . . . . .
G                  Dm    G7                                C                    Eb7
She's gonna cry. . . until I tell her that I'll never roam . .
G             Em7   Am7                D7
So Chattanooga choo choo . won’t you choo-choo me home? . . . .
D7                    G          Em7   Am7    D7     G/
Won't you choo-choo me home? . . . .
D7          G     Em7     Am7    D7    G/  
Won't you choo-choo me home? . . . . . .
City of New Orleans
by Steve Goodman

C G Am F Em D Bb

Riding on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central, Monday morning rail.

C G C Am F C G

There’s fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, the three con-duc-tors and twenty-five sacks of mail.

Am G Em

They’re out on the southbound odyssey, as the train pulls out of Kankakee,

G D

And rolls past the houses, farms and fields.

Am Em

Passing towns that have no name, and freight yards full of old black men

G F C

And the graveyards of rusted automobiles.

F G C

Chorus: Singing Good morning, America, how are you?

Am F C G

Don’t you know me? I’m your native son.

C G Am F

I’m the train they call the City of New Orleans.

Bb F G C

I’ll be gone five hundred miles when day is done.

C G C Am F C G

I was dealin’ cards with the old men in the club car, penny a point, ain’t no one keeping score

C G C Am G C

Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle, feel the wheels grumbling ‘neath the floor.

Am Em

And the sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engineers,

G D

Ride their fathers’ magic carpet made of steam

Am Em

Mothers with their babes asleep, rocking to the gentle beat

G F C

And the rhythm of the rails is all they dream.

Chorus

C G C Am F C G

It’s night time on the City of New Orleans, changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee.

C G C Am G C

Halfway home and we’ll be there by morning, through the Mississippi darkness, rolling to the sea.

Am Em

And all the towns and people, seem to fade into a bad dream

G D

And the steel rail still ain’t heard the news.

Am Em

The conductor sings that song again, “It’s passengers will please refrain,

G F C

This train’s got the disappearin’ railroad blues.”

Final Chorus x 2:

F G C Am F C G

Good night, America, how are you? Don’t you know me, I’m your native son.

C G Am F Bb F G C

I’m the train they call the City of New Orleans, I’ll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.
Come a Little Bit Closer
Jay and the Americans

CFG

Verse 1:
In a little café on the other side of the border
She was sitting there giving me looks that made my mouth water
So I started walking her way, she belonged to Bad Man Jose
And I knew, yes I knew I should leave then I heard her say-ay –ay

Chorus:
Come a little bit closer, you’re my kind of man
So big and so strong
Come a little bit closer, I’m all a-lone and the night is so long

Verse 2:
So we started to dance, in my arms she felt so in-vit-ing
And I just couldn’t resist, just one little kiss so ex-cit-ing
Then I heard the guitar player say: Vamoose! Jose’s on his way
And I knew, yes I knew I should run but then I heard her say-ay-ay

Chorus

Verse 3:
Then the music stopped, when I looked, the café was emp-ty
And I heard Jose say: Man you know you’re in trouble plen-ty
So I dropped the drink from my hand, and out through the window I ran
And as I rode a-way, I could hear her say to Jose-ay-ay

Chorus

San Jose Ukulele Club
Crazy (with key change)
By Willie Nelson

Intro: C . . . . Dm . . . . F . . . . Em . . . . Dm . . . . G7 . . .

(oo oo oo oo)

C *C/ B/ A  Dm . . . . . . . . . . . .
I'm crazy . . . crazy for feelin' so lonely,
I'm crazy, crazy for feelin' so blue.
C *C/B/ A  Dm
I knew . . . you'd love me as long as you wanted,
. G . . G7 C . . Dm B7 C7(2)
and then someday, you'd leave me for somebody new.
(walk-up) a  -----------------------
e --0---1--1---2---2---3---
c --0---0---2---3---3---4---
g -----------------------

F C B, *C, C#
Worry, why do I let myself worry? . . . (ah ah ah)
Wond'rin' what in the world did I do?

C *C/ B/ A  Dm . . . . . . . . . . . .
I'm crazy, . . . for thinking that my love could hold you
. F . . Em Dm A7
I'm crazy for tryin' and crazy for cryin'
F G C
And I'm crazy for loving you.

*Key change: C# C#/ C/ Bb
Ebm . . . . . .
I'm crazy, . . . for thinking that my love could hold you
. F# . . Fm Ebm Bb7
I'm crazy for tryin' and crazy for cryin'
F# Ab C#
And I'm crazy for loving you.
Crazy Little Thing Called Love
by Freddie Mercury (Queen)

Intro: 4x D Dsus4 D

D          G          C          G
D          G          C          G

This thing, called love, I just, can't handle it
This thing, called love, I must, get round to it.

D          Bb          C          D

I ain't ready, crazy little thing called love

D          G          C          G
This thing (this thing), called love (called love), it cries (like a baby) in the cradle all night

D          G          C          G

It swings (oo-oo) it jives (oo-oo) it shakes all over like a jelly fish

D          Bb          C          D

I kinda like it, crazy little thing called love.

Bridge:        G          C

There goes my ba-a-by she knows how to rock and roll,

Bb          E7/          F

She drives me cra-a-zy, She gives me hot and cold fever she leaves me in a cool cool sweat

E7          A/

a -5-4-3--77777-0--
e ----5-4-3-----00000----

D          G          C          G
I gotta be cool, re-lax, get hip, get on my tracks

D          G          C          G

Take a back seat hitch-hike and take a long ride on my motor bike

D          Bb          C          D

'til I'm ready Crazy little thing called love.


Clap: , , , , , , , , , , , , e ----5-4-3--77777-0--

- I got to be cool relax get hip get on my tracks

'til I'm ready (ready Fred-die?) crazy little thing called love.

D          G          C          G
This thing, called love, I just, can't handle it

D          G          C          G

This thing, called love, I must, get round to it.

D          Bb          C          D

I ain't ready, (oo-oo-oo-oo) crazy little thing called love.

Bb          C          D          Bb          C          D

Crazy little thing called love, (yeah, yeah), Crazy little thing called love (yeah yeah) Crazy little thing called love.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Crazy Love
Van Morrison

D F#m G D D F#m G D
I can hear her heart-beat, from a thousand miles. And the heavens o-pen, every time she smiles.

D F#m G D D F#m G D
And when I come to her, that's where I be-long. And I'm running to her, like a river song.

Chorus: D/ A/ Bm/ A/ G/ / A D/ A/ Bm/ A/ G/ / D She give me love, love, love, love cra-zy love. She give me love, love, love, love cra-zy love.

D F#m G D D F#m G D She got a fine sense of humor, when I'm feelin' low down. And when I come to her, when the sun goes down.

D F#m G D D F#m G D Take a-way my trouble, take a-way my grief. Take a-way my heartache, in the night like a thief.

Chorus: D/ A/ Bm/ A/ G/ / A D/ A/ Bm/ A/ G/ / D She give me love, love, love, love cra-zy love. She give me love, love, love, love cra-zy love.

Bridge: A G D A G D Yeah, 'n' I need her in the daytime (I need her) . . . And I need her in the night (I need her) . .

A G D Bm Em7 A D A/(hold) And I wanna throw my arms around her (I need her) . . And kiss and hug her, kiss and hug her tight . .

(Tacit) D F#m G D D F#m G D Yeah, when I'm re-turning, from so far a-way. She give me some good lovin', brighten up my day . .

F#m G D D F#m G D And it makes me righteous, and it makes me whole. And it makes me mellow, down into my soul . .

Chorus: D A Bm A G . A D A Bm A G . D She give me love, love, love, love cra-zy love. She give me love, love, love, love cra-zy love.

D A Bm A G . A D A Bm A G . D She give me love, love, love, love cra-zy love. She give me love, love, love, love cra-zy love.

San Jose Ukulele Club-BW
Crazy
By Willie Nelson

San Jose Ukulele Club
Crocodile Rock
by Elton John and Bernie Taupin (1972)

Intro: G, G, Em, Em, C, C, D, D

Verse1:
G
I remember when rock was young, me and Susie had so much fun
C
Holding hands and skimmin' stones, had an old gold Chevy and a place of my own
G*
But the biggest kick I ever got, was doing' a thing called the Crocodile rock
C*
While the other kids were rockin' 'round the clock, we were hoppin'and bopping to the Crocodile Rock, well..

Chorus: Croc rockin' is something shockin' when your feet just can't keep still
D7
I never knew me a better time and I guess I never will
E*
Oh, Lawdy momma, those Friday nights, when Susie wore her dresses tight and
D7
The Crocodile Rockin' was out of si-i-i-ight….
G
la...la, la, la, la la,... la, la, la, la,la, ....la la la la

But the years went by and rock just died, Susie went and left me for some foreign guy
C
Long nights cryin' by the record machine, dreamin' of my Chevy and my old blue jeans
G*
But they'll never kill the thrills we've got, burning' up to the Crocodile Rock.
C*
Learning fast till the weeks went past, we really thought the Crocodile Rock would last, well...

Chorus

Repeat Verse 1

Chorus

Outtro:
G
la...la, la, la, la la,... la, la, la, la,la, ....la la la la
Em
G
la...la, la, la, la la,... la, la, la, la,la, ....la la la la
C
D
Darktown Strutters' Ball (Version 2)
By Shellton Brooks

(Play song twice – Regular tempo 1st time, a bit faster 2nd time)


. C2nd . B7 Bb7 A7 . I'll be down to get you in a ta-ixi, Hon-ey,

. D7 . . . . . . . . F#7 You better be ready 'bout half past eight

G7 . . . Dm7 . G7

Now Baby, don't be late.

. C . Cdim7 . Dm7 . G7 . I want to be there when the band starts playing

. C2nd . B7 Bb7 A7 . . . . Re-member when we get there, Hon-ey

D7 . . . . . . Two-steps and we're gonna have a ball.

. F . . . . Cdim7 Goin' to dance out both our shoes,


First ending:

To-morrow night at the Darktown Strutters' Ball

Second ending:

To-morrow night at the Darktown Strutters' Ball.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Darktown Strutters' Ball
By Shellton Brooks

(Play song twice — Regular tempo 1st time, a bit faster 2nd time)


C . . . . . . . A7
I'll be down to get you in a taxi, Honey,

D7 . . . . . . .
You better be ready 'bout half past eight.

G7 . . . Dm . G7
Now Baby, don't be late.

I want to be there when the band starts playing.

C . . . . . . . A7 .
Re-member when we get there, Honey,

D7 . . . . . . .
Two-steps and we're gonna have a ball.

F . . . . Cdim7
Goin' to dance out both our shoes,

C . . . . . . . A7 .
When they play those jelly roll blues.

First ending:
To-morrow night at the Darktown Strutters' Ball.

Second ending:
To-morrow night at the Darktown Strutters' Ball.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Days Like This (in C)
by Van Morrison (1995)

Intro: F/C/ F/C/ F/C/ F/C/

When it's not always raining, there'll be days like this
C Am F C/
When there's no one com-plaining, there'll be days like this
F G C/ G/ Am/
When everything falls into place, like the flick of a switch,
F G F/ C/ F C/
Well my mama told me, there'll be days like this.

C Am F C/
When you don't need to worry, there'll be days like this.
C Am F C/
When no one's in a hurry, there'll be days like this.
F G C/ G/ Am/
When you don't get be-trayed, by that old Judas kiss.
F G F/ C/ F C/
Oh, my mama told me, there'll be days like this.

C Am F C/
When you don't need an answer, there'll be days like this.
C Am F C/
When you don't meet a chancer, there'll be days like this.
F G C/ G/ Am/
When all the parts of the puzzle start to look like they fit,
F G F C F C/
Then I must re-mem-ber, there'll be days like this.

C Am F C/
When everyone is up front, and they're not playing tricks,
C Am F C/
When you don't have no freeloaders, out to get their kicks.
F G C/ G/ Am/
When it's nobody's business, the way that you wanna live.
F G F/ C/ F C/
I just have to re-mem-ber, there'll be days like this.

C Am F C/
When no one steps on my dreams, there'll be days like this
C Am F C/
When people understand what I mean, there'll be days like this
F G C/ G/ Am/
When you ring out the changes of how everything is,
F G F C/
Well my mama told me, there'll be days like this.
F G F C/
Oh my mama told me, there'll be days like this
F G F C/ F/ G/ F C/
Oh my mama told me, there'll be days like this.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Deck the Halls

Welsh Traditional (16th Century)

C     F      G     C      F      C      F/ G/ C
Deck the halls with boughs of holly, fa la la la la, la la la la
C     F      G    Am      F      C      F/ G/ C
’Tis the season to be jolly, fa la la la la, la la la la
G     C      Am      D7      G/ D/ G/
Don we now our gay apparel, fa la la, la la la, la la la,
C     F      G      C      F      C      F/ G/ C/  F. C. F/G/C/
Troll the ancient Yule-tide carol, fa la la la la, la la la la.

C     F      G      C      F      C      F/ G/ C/
See the blazing Yule be-fore us, fa la la la la, la la la la
C     F      G    Am      F      C      F/ G/ C/
Strike the harp and join the chorus, fa la la la la, la la la la
G     C      Am      D7      G/ D/ G/
Follow me in merry measure, fa la la, la la la, la la la
C     F      C      F      C      F/ G/ C/  F. C. F/G/C/
While I tell of Yuletide treasure, fa la la la la, la la la la.

C     F      G      C      F      C      F/ G/ C/
Fast away, the old year passes, fa la la la la, la la la la
C     F      G    Am      F      C      F/ G/ C/
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses, fa la la la la, la la la la
G     C      Am      D7      G/ D/ G/
Sing we joyous, all together, fa la la, la la la, la la la
C     F      G      C      F      C      F/ G/ C
Heedless of the wind and weather, fa la la la la, la la la la.

(play slowly)

San Jose Ukulele Club
(You’re the) Devil in Disguise
by Bernie Baum, Bill Giant and Florence Kaye (1963)

Intro: Bb . C . F\ C \ \ \ \ 

F

Chorus: You look like an angel, (look like an angel) walk like an angel (walk like an angel) Bb C . . . C\ Talk like an angel, but I got wise…. (--------tacit--------) F Dm F Dm . . You’re the devil in dis-guise Oh yes, you are the devil in dis-guise, mm mm mm

Verse: F Dm You fooled me with your kisses, you cheated and you schemed F Dm Bb C F C \ \ \ \ Heaven knows how you lied to me, you’re not the way you seemed

F

Chorus: You look like an angel, (look like an angel) walk like an angel (walk like an angel) Bb C . . . C\ Talk like an angel, but I got wise…. (--------tacit--------) F Dm F Dm . . You’re the devil in dis-guise Oh yes, you are the devil in dis-guise, mm mm mm

Verse: F Dm I thought that I was in Heaven, but I was sure surprised F Dm Bb C F C \ \ \ \ Heaven help me, I didn’t see, the devil in your eyes.

F

Chorus: You look like an angel, (look like an angel) walk like an angel (walk like an angel) Bb C . . . C\ Talk like an angel, but I got wise…. (--------tacit--------) F Dm F Dm . . You’re the devil in dis-guise Oh yes, you are the devil in dis-guise, mm mm mm


Ending: (--------tacit--------) F Dm F Dm You’re the devil in dis-guise (Oh yes, you are) the devil in dis-guise (Oh yes you are) F Dm Bb . C . F/ the devil in dis-guise (Oh yes you are) the devil in dis-guise.

San Jose Ukulele Club (added 4/12/14)
Devil in Her Heart

by Richard Drapkin (1963) as sung by the Beatles

\[ \text{Opening and ending riff:} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G} \]

\[ \text{A} \quad -15-14-12-----10-9-12-10-----9-----7-----5-----7-----5-----4-----3-----2-----\]
\[ \text{E} \quad -17-15-14-----12-10-----12-----10-----8-----7-----7-----8-----7-----6-----5-----3-----\]

(-------- tacit --------) Am D7 G
She’s got the devil in her hear-r-rt, but her eyes they tanti-lize
G Am D7 G7 (walk-up)
She’s gonna tear your heart apa-a-art, oh, her lips they really thrill me.

C Cm G G7
I’ll take my chances, for romance is, so important to me. (walk-up)
\[ (\text{ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh} \quad \text{ahhhhhhhhh} \quad \text{ahhhhhhhhhhhhh}) \]
C Cm A7 D7
She’ll never hurt me, she won’t desert me, she’s an angel sent to me.
\[ (\text{ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh} \quad \text{ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh}) \]

(-------- tacit --------) Am D7 G
She’s got the devil in her hear-r-rt, no-o, no-o, this I can’t be-lieve
G Am D7 G G7 (walk-up)
She’s gonna tear your heart apa-a-art, no, no, nay will she de-ceive.

C Cm G G7
I can’t believe that she’ll ever, ever go, not when she hugs me and says she loves me so (walk-up)
\[ (\text{ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh} \quad \text{ahhhhhhhhh} \quad \text{ahhhhhhhhhhhhh}) \]
C Cm A7 D7
She’ll never hurt me, she won’t desert me, listen can’t you see?
\[ (\text{ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh} \quad \text{ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh}) \]

(-------- tacit --------) Am D7 G
She’s got the devil in her hear-r-rt, oh no-o, no-o, this I can’t be-lieve
G Am D7 G G7 (walk-up)
She’s gonna tear your heart apa-a-art, no, no, nay will she de-ceive.

C Cm G G7
Don’t take chances, if your romance is, so important to you
C Cm A7 D7
She’ll never hurt me, she won’t desert me, she’s an angel sent to me.
\[ (\text{ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh} \quad \text{ahhhhhhhhhhhhh}) \]

(-------- tacit --------) Am D7 G
She’s got the devil in her hear-r-rt, no-o, no-o, no-o, no this I can’t be-lieve
G Am D7 G
She’s gonna tear your heart apa-a-art, no, no, nay will she de-ceive.
G Am D7 G
She’s got the devil in her hear-r-rt, no she’s an angel sent to me.
\[ (\text{riff} -------------------------------) \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G6} \]
She’s go the devil in her hear-r-rt no, she’s an angel sent to me.
\[ (\text{riff} -------------------------------) \]
Devil or Angel  
by Blanche Carter (1965)

Intro: (walk-down chords)

\[ F \quad Dm \quad Gm \quad C \]

Devil or angel, I can't make up my mind (doo-doo-doo-doo-doo)

\[ F \quad Dm \quad Gm \quad C \]

Which one you are, I'd like to wake up and find

\[ F \quad Dm \quad Gm \quad C \]

I miss you, I miss you, I miss you.

\[ F \quad Dm \quad Gm \quad C \]

Devil or angel, please say you'll be mine. (doo-doo-doo-doo-doo)

\[ F \quad Dm \quad Gm \quad C \]

Love me or leave me, I'll go out of my mind.

\[ F \quad Dm \quad Gm \quad C \]

I need, you, I need you, I need you.

\[ Bb \quad F \]

Bridge: You look like an angel your smile is divine

\[ G7 \quad C \quad C\]

But you keep me guessing will you ever be mine? (doo-doo-doo-doo-doo)

\[ F \quad Dm \quad Gm \quad C \]

Devil or angel, please say you'll be mine. (doo-doo-doo-doo-doo)

\[ F \quad Dm \quad Gm \quad C \]

Love me or leave me, I've made up my mind.

\[ F \quad Dm \quad Gm \quad C \]

I love you, I love you, I love you.

\[ Bb \quad F \quad F7 \]

Instrumental: Walk down chords x 2

\[ F^4 \quad Em^2 \quad Dm \quad C^2 \quad Bb \quad C^2 \quad F \]

Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah

(doo-doo-doo-doo-doo)

\[ F \quad Dm \quad Gm \quad C \]

Devil or angel, please say you'll be mine. (doo-doo-doo-doo-doo)

\[ F \quad Dm \quad Gm \quad C \]

Love me or leave me, I've made up my mind.

\[ F \quad Dm \quad Gm \quad C \]

I love you, I love you, I love you.
Different Drum
by Michael Nesmith

Intro: C  Em  F  G,  C  Em  F  G

Verse 1: You and I travel to the beat of a different drum
F             G              C       Em
Oh can’t you tell by the way I run
F                G              C          Em    F      G
Every time you make eyes at me, wo-o-oah
C          Em      F              G             C            Em
You cry and moan and say it will work out
F         G              C         Em
But honey child, I’ve got my doubts
F                                        G
You can’t see the forest for the trees,

Verse 2: Oh, don’t get be wrong, it’s not that I’m knocking’ it
G
It’s just that I am not in the market
F                             G            C   C7
For a (boy/girl) who wants to love only me
F                   G
Yes and I ain’t sayin’ you ain’t pretty
C          Em       F          C
All I’m sayin’ is I’m not ready
D7
For any person, place or thing
Dm                                    G
To try to pull the reins in on me, so-o.

Verse 3: Good-bye-e, I’ll be leavin’ and I see no sense
F               G                        C                   Em
In this cryin’ and grievin’ and we’ll both live a lot longer
F         G         C
If you live with-out me

Repeat verse 2 and 3

Ending chords:  C  Em  F  G,  C  Em  F  G  C
Do You Know the Way to San Jose?
By Burt Bacharach

C
Wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo
C
Wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo

Do you know the way to San Jose, I've been away so long, I may go wrong and lose my way
Do you know the way to San Jose, I'm going back to find some peace of mind in San Jose.

Refrain 1: Em7 Am7 Em7 Am7 Em7, Em6
L.A. is a great big free-way. Put a hundred down and buy a car.
Cmaj7 Em7
In a week, maybe two, they'll make you a star.
Dm7 G G/ G/
Weeks turn into years. How quick they pass.
G/ G/ G/ (-----tacit-----)
And all the stars that never were are parking cars and pumping gas.

C F C G
You can really breathe in San Jose. They've got a lot of space. There'll be a place where I can stay.
C F C G
I was born and raised in San Jose. I'm going back to find some peace of mind in San Jose.

Em7 Am7 Em7 Am7 Em7, Em6
Fame and fortune is a magnet. It can pull you far away from home.
Cmaj7 Em7
With a dream in your heart you're never a-lone.
Dm7 G/ G/ G/
Dreams turn into dust and blow a-way.
G/ G/ G/ (-----tacit-----)
And there you are with-out a friend. You pack your car and ride away.

C F C
I've got lots of friends in San Jose. Wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo
C F C
Do you know the way to San Jose. Wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo

Repeat Refrain 1 (LA is a great big freeway...)

C F C
I've got lots of friends in San Jose. Wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo
C F C
Do you know the way to San Jose. Wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo
C F C
Can't wait to get back to San Jose. Wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo
Don't Pass Me By
by The Beatles (Ringo Starr)

Intro:
C
C.
I listen for your footsteps, coming up the drive
F.
Listen for your footsteps, but they don’t a-rrive
G.
Waiting for your knock, dear, on my old front do-or

C.
I don’t hear it, does it mean you don’t love me any mo-re?

C.
I hear the clock a’ tickin’, on the mantle shelf
F.
See the hands a’ movin’, but I’m by my-self
G.
I wonder where you are to-night, and why I’m by my-self

C.
I don’t see you, does it mean you don’t love me any mo-re?

Chorus:
Don’t pass me by, don’t make me cry, don’t make me blu-ue
‘Cause you know, darlin’ I love only you
You’ll never know it hurt me so, how I hate to see you go
Don’t pass me by don’t make me cry-y.

C.
I’m sorry that I doubted you, I was so un-fair
F.
You were in a car crash and you lost your hair
G.
You said that you would be late, about an hour or two-o

F.
I said that’s al-right, I’m waiting here, just waiting to hear from yo-u.

Chorus:
C. (Hold)
"one, two three, four, five, six, seven, eight"

Chorus to end:
Don’t Sing Aloha When I Go
by, Ben Black, Walter Smith and Neil Moret (1926)

Intro vamp: A7, D7, G x 2

G              Am        D                  G                     Am        G
Way out in Hono-lulu, just at the close of day
D              G
I heard a sailor sing unto his dusky maid
A              D        E--0--------
As his ship slowly sailed a-way.
C--2-----

Chorus: Don’t sing a-lo-ha when I go

D              G
Because I’m coming back, you know
C              G
Don’t sing a-lo-ha tho’ I cry
D              G
Our parting does not mean good-bye

B7         Em
I’ll dream of you, in Wai-ki-ki,
A7          D
That’s where I’ll always long to be
C              G
Just smile and say you’ll miss me so
D              G
Don’t sing a-lo-ha when I go.

G              Am        D                  G                     Am        G
Way out in Hono-lulu, once more, the close of day
D              G
There sleeps a dusky maid, beneath the palm trees’ shade
A              D        E--2-0------
And in her dreams she can hear him say.
C--2-----

Chorus

B7         Em
I’ll dream of you, in Wai-ki-ki,
A7          D
That’s where I’ll always long to be
C              G
Just smile and say you’ll miss me so
D              G
Don’t sing a-lo-ha when I go.
D              G, D, G
Don’t sing a-lo-ha when I go.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Don't Think Twice, It's Alright
By Bob Dylan (1963)

F  C  Dm  Bb  F  C
And it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe… It don't matter any-how
F  C  Dm  G7  C  C7
And it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe… If'n you don't know by now
F  F7

When the rooster crows at the break of dawn
Bb  G7
Look out your window and I'll be gone
F  C  Dm  Bb
You're the reason I'm a traveling on
F  C  F  C
Don't think twice, it's alright.

F  C  Dm  Bb  F  C
And it ain't no use in turning on your light, babe… The light I never knewed
F  C  Dm  G7  C  C7
And it ain't no use in turning on your light, babe… I'm on the dark side of the road
F  F7

Still I wish there was something you would do or say
Bb  G7
To try and make me change my mind and stay
F  C  Dm  Bb
We never did too much talkin' anyway
F  C  F  C
But don't think twice, it's alright

F  C  Dm  Bb  F  C
So it ain't no use in calling our my name, babe… Like you never did before
F  C  Dm  G7  C  C7
And it ain't no use in calling out my name, babe… I can't hear you anymore
F  F7

I'm a thinkin' and a wonderin', all the way down the road
Bb  G7
I once loved a wo/man, a child I am told
F  C  Dm  Bb
I give her/him my heart but s/he wanted my soul
F  C  F  C
Don't think twice, it's alright

F  C  Dm  Bb  F  C
I'm walkin' down that long lonesome road, babe…Where I'm bound, I can't tell
F  C  Dm  G7  C  C7
Goodbye is too good a word, babe… So I'll just say fare thee well
F  F7

I ain't a sayin' you treated me unkind
Bb  G7
You coulda done better but, I don't mind
F  C  Dm  Bb
You just kinda wasted my precious time
F  C  F
Don't think twice, it's alright
Down on the Corner
by John Fogarty (Creedence Clearwater Revival)

Intro: Riff #1 x 2, Riff#2, Riff#1

C G C
Early in the evenin', just around supper time
C G C
Over at the courthouse they're starting to un-wind
F C
Four kids on the corner, trying to bring you up
G C
Willy picks a tune out and he blows it on the harp.

Chorus: Down on the corner, out in the street
F C
Willy and the Poorboys are playin'
G C
Bring a nickel, tap your feet

C G C
Rooster hits the washboard, and people just gotta smile
C G C
Blinky thumps the gut bass and solos for a while
F C
Poorboy twangs the rhythm out on his Kalamazoo
G C
And Willy goes in to a dance and doubles on ka-zoo.

Chorus

Instrumental with kazoos: Riff #1 x 2, Riff#2, Riff#1

Chorus

C G C
You don’t need a penny just to hang a-round
C G C
But if you’ve got a nickel won’t you lay your money down?
F C
Over on the corner, there’s a happy noise
G C
People come from all around to watch the magic boy.

Chorus x 2

San Jose Ukulele Club
updated on 9/9/13
Dream a Little Dream of Me
music by Fabian Andre, Wilbur Schwandt, lyrics by Gus Kahn (1931)

Verse 1:
C  B7  Ab  G7
Stars shining bright above you,
C  B7  A7
Night breezes seem to whisper “I love you”
F  Fm
Birds singing in a sycamore tree
C  Ab  G7
Dream a little dream of me
C  B7  Ab  G7
Say ‘nightie-night’ and kiss me
C  B7  A7
Just hold me tight and tell me you’ll miss me
F  Fm
While I’m alone and blue as can be
C  Ab  C
Dream a little dream of me

Bridge:
A  E7
Stars fading but I linger on, dear
A  E7
Still craving your kiss
A  E7
I’m longing to linger till dawn, dear
A  Ab  G7
Just saying this:

Verse 2:
C  B7  Ab  G7
Sweet dreams till sunbeams find you
C  B7  A7
Sweet dreams that leave all worries far behind you
F  Fm
But in your dreams whatever they be
C  Ab  G7  C
Dream a little dream of me

Instrumental: same chords as Verse 2

Bridge

Repeat Verse 2

Ending: (slow tempo)
C  Ab  G7  C
Dream a little dream of me

San Jose Ukulele Club
Dream Lover (Key of G)
by Bobby Darin (1959)

Intro: G, Em, G, Em

G Em
Every night, I hope and pray, a dream lover will come my way.

G Em
A girl(guy) to hold in my arms, and know the magic of her(his) charms.

G /// D7/// G/// C///
Because I want a girl(guy) to call my own

G Em Am D7 G
I want a dream lover so I won't have to dream a-lone.

G Em
Dream lover, where are you? With a love, oh, so true.

G Em
And a hand that I can hold, to feel her(him) near, when I grow old.

G /// D7/// G/// C///
Because I want a girl(guy) to call my own

G Em Am D7 G G7
I want a dream lover so I won't have to dream a-lone.

C
Bridge: Some day, I don't know how

G
I hope she(he)'ll hear my plea

A7
Some way, I don't know how

D7
She(he)'ll bring her love to me.

G Em
Dream lover, until then, I'll go to sleep and dream again.

G Em
That's the only thing to do, until my lovers dreams come true

G /// D7/// G/// C///
Because I want a girl(guy) to call my own

G Em Am D7 G
I want a dream lover so I don't have to dream a-lone.

G Em Am D7 G///
I want a dream lover so I don't have to dream a-lone.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Dream Lover
by Bobby Darin (1959)

Intro: C, Am, C, Am

C                 Am
Every night, I hope and pray, a dream lover will come my way.
C                 Am
A girl(guy) to hold in my arms, and know the magic of her(his) charms.
Because I want a girl(guy) to call my own

C         Am        Dm                        G7          C    G///
I want a dream lover so I won't have to dream a-lone.

C                 Am
Dream lover, where are you? With a love, oh, so true.
C                 Am
And a hand that I can hold, To feel her(him) near, when I grow old.
Because I want a girl(guy) to call my own

C         Am        Dm                        G7          C    C7
I want a dream lover so I won't have to dream a-lone.

F
Bridge: Some day, I don't know how
C
I hope she(he)'ll hear my plea
D7
Some way, I don't know how
G7
She(he)'ll bring her love to me.

C                 Am
Dream lover, until then, I'll go to sleep and dream again.
C                 Am
That's the only thing to do, until my lovers dreams come true
Because I want a girl(guy) to call my own

C         Am        Dm                        G7          C    Am
I want a dream lover so I don't have to dream a-lone.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Edelweiss
by Rodgers and Hammerstein (1959)

C G7 C F
E-del- weiss, E-del- weiss
C Am Dm G7
Every morning you greet me
C G7 C F
Small and white, clean and bright
C G7 C
You look happy to meet me

G7 C
Blossom of snow, may you bloom and grow
F D7 G G7
Bloom and grow, for-ev-er
C G7 C F
E-del- weiss, E-del- weiss
C G7 C
Bless my homeland for-ev-er

Instrumental: 
C G7 C F
C Am Dm G7
C G7 C F
C G7 C

G7 C
Blossom of snow, may you bloom and grow
F D7 G G7
Bloom and grow, for-ev-er

C Gm F Fm
Ending (slow tempo): E-del- weiss E-del- weiss
C G7 C
Bless my homeland for-ev-er

San Jose Ukulele Club
El Condor Pasa (The Condor Flies (or Passes) By)
by Daniel Alomia Robles (1913) (based on traditional Andean folk song)
English words added by Paul Simon

Intro riff and chords:
<-------------------------------Em tremolo----------------------------------------------------->
A—7—5—2—0—0—2—0—2---|-----7—5—7—5—2—0—0—2—0---|-----7—10—7-----
E-------------------3---------|---------------------------3--------|---------------------------
C------------------------------|------------------------------------|---------------------------
G------------------------------|------------------------------------|--------------------------

Then C tremolo, then back to Em tremolo

Em                      G
I'd rather be a sparrow than a snail,
Em
Yes I would, If I could, I sure-ly would. Hmmm,
G
I'd rather be a hammer than a nail.       Em
Yes I would, If I only could, I sure-ly would, Hmm.

C
Bridge: Away, I'd rather sail a-way,
G
Like a swan, that's here and gone.
C
A man gets tied up to the ground.
G                   Em
He gives the world, it's saddest sound, it's saddest sound.

G
I'd rather be a forest than a street,
Em
Yes, I would. If I could, I sure-ly would.
G
I'd rather feel the earth be-neath my feet.
Em
Yes, I would, If I only could, I surely would.

Instrumental ending chords and riff:

C                                      G
A---5---7---5---7---5---7---5---7---10---7---5---5---5---5---2---
E--------------------------------------------------------------------
C                                       G                                        Em
A---5--- 7—5—7—5—7—5---7---5---7---2---2---2---10---7---5---5---5---5---2---
E--------------------------------------------------------------------3---3---0---3---0---

San Jose Ukulele Club
Out in the West Texas town of El Paso, I fell in love with a Mexican girl.

Night time would find me in Rosa's cantina, music would play and Falina would whirl.

Blacker than night were the eyes of Falina, wicked and evil while casting a spell.

My love was deep for this Mexican maiden, I was in love, but in vain I could tell.

One night a wild young cowboy came in, wild as the West Texas wind.

Dashing and daring, a drink he was sharing, with wicked Falina, the girl that I love.

So, in anger,

I challenged his right for the love of this maiden, down went his hand for the gun that he wore.

My challenge was answered in less than a heartbeat, the handsome young stranger lay dead on the floor.

Just for a moment I stood there in silence, shocked by the foul, evil deed I had done.

Many thoughts raced through my mind as I stood there, I had but one chance and that was to run.

Out through the back door of Rosa's I ran, out where the horses were tied.

I caught a good one, it looked like it could run. Up on its back and away I did ride.

just as fast as

I could from the West Texas town of El Paso, out to the badlands of New Mexico.

Back in El Paso my life would be worthless, everything's gone in life, nothing is left.

It's been so long since I've seen the young maiden, my love is stronger than my fear of death.

I saddled up and away I did go, riding alone in the darkness.

Maybe tomorrow a bullet may find me, tonight nothing's worse than this pain in my heart.

And at last here.

And at last here...
I'm on the hill overlooking El Paso, I can see Rosa's cantina below
My love is strong and it pushes me onward, down off the hill to Falina I go.
Off to my right I see five mounted cowboys, off to my left ride a dozen or more
Shouting and shooting, I can't let them catch me, I have to make it to Rosa's back door

Something is dreadfully wrong for I feel, a deep burning pain in my side
Though I am trying to stay in the saddle, I'm getting weary, unable to ride.
But my love for

Fa-lin-a is strong and I rise where I've fallen, though I am weary, I can't stop to rest
I see the white puff of smoke from the rifle, I feel the bullet go deep in my chest
From out of nowhere Fa-li-na has found me, kissing my cheek as she kneels by my side
(retardando) Cradled by two loving arms that I'll die for, one little kiss and Felina....."Good bye"....
End of the Line by the Traveling Wilburys

Intro and ending chord riff:

G        D        A        D        G        A        Bb        C        D
A-2-2-2-2-2-0-0---2-2-2-2-2-4---5---2-2-2-2-2-4---5---7---9-------------------
E-3-3-3-3-3-2-2---3-3-3-3-3-5---5---3-3-3-3-3---5---6---8---10---------------
C-2-2-2-2-2-2-2---2-2-2-2-2-4-4-6---2-2-2-2-2-4-5---7---9-------------------
G-4-4-4-4-4-2-2-4-4-4-4-6-7-4-4-4-4-4---6-7---9---11-----------------------

*with the exception of the open D chord, all the chords are barred. The last 5 chords are 'moveable' chords, barring at the 2nd, 4th, 5th, 7th and 9th frets.*

San Jose Ukulele Club
Everybody's Trying to Be My Baby
by Rex Griffin (1936)
as performed by Carl Perkins (original key of G)

```
G   G7   C7   D7
G/   G/   G/    G7
```

Well, they took some honey...from a bee...dressed it up and they called it me
C    G
Everybody's trying to be my baby...everybody's trying to be my baby
D7   C7    G
Everybody's trying to be my baby now.

```
G/   G/   G/    G7
```

Come home late last night about half past four, nineteen women knockin' at my door.
C    G
Everybody's trying to be my baby...everybody's trying to be my baby
D7   C7    G
Everybody's trying to be my baby now.

**Intrumental:** same chords as verse

```
G/   G/   G/    G7
```

Well, I ain't good lookin', no movie star, I guess they want a ride in my car
C    G
Everybody's trying to be my baby...everybody's trying to be my baby
D7   C7    G
Everybody's trying to be my baby now.

**Intrumental:** same chords as verse

```
G/   G/   G/    G7
```

Well, there's a bawlin' and a squallin' runnin' down the hall, I guess ol' Daddy's got a lot on the ball.
C    G
Everybody's trying to be my baby...everybody's trying to be my baby
D7   C7    G
Everybody's trying to be my baby now.

```
G/   G/   G/    G7
```

Well, they took some honey...from a bee...dressed it up and they called it me
C    G
Everybody's trying to be my baby...everybody's trying to be my baby
D7   C7    G
Everybody's trying to be my baby now.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Five Foot Two  
By Sam Lewis, Joe Young

C       E7      A7  
Five foot two, eyes of blue, oh, what those five two could do  
D7      G7      C      G7 
Has any-body seen my gal?  
C       E7      A7  
Turn up nose, turned down hose, flapper, yes, sir, one of those  
D7      G7      C  
Has anybody seen my gal?  

E7       A7  
Now if you run into a five foot two, covered with fur  
D7      G7/ (  tacet  )  
Diamond rings and all those things, betcha life it isn’t her!  
C       E7      A7  
But could she love, could she woo, could she, could she, could she coo!  
D7      G7      C  
Has anybody seen my gal?  

_increase tempo!_  
C       E7      A7  
Five foot two, eyes of blue, oh, what those five two could do  
D7      G7      C      G7 
Has any-body seen my gal?  
C       E7      A7  
Turn up nose, turned down hose, flapper, yes, sir, one of those  
D7      G7      C  
Has anybody seen my gal?  

E7       A7  
Now if you run into a five foot two, covered with fur  
D7      G7/ (  tacet  )  
Diamond rings and all those things, betcha life it isn’t her!  
C       E7      A7  
But could she love, could she woo, could she, could she, could she coo!  
D7      G7      C  
Has anybody seen my gal?  

D7      G7      D7      G7      D7      G7      C....C/G7/C/  
Has anybody seen my, anybody seen my, anybody seen my gal?

San Jose Ukulele Club
Fly Me to The Moon
by Bert Howard (1954)

Am    Dm    G7    Cmaj7, C7
Fly me to the moon and let me play among the stars
F                  Dm                   E7              Am ,  A7
Let me see what spring is like on Jupiter and Mars.
Dm             G7             Em,  A7
In other words, hold my hand
Dm             G7             Bm             E7
In other words, darling, kiss me.

Am    Dm    G7    Cmaj7, C7
Fill my heart with song and let me sing for ever more
F                  Dm                   E7              Am ,  A7
You are all I long for, all I wor-ship and a-dore.
Dm             G7             Em, A7
In other words, please be true
Dm            G7             C    E7
In other words, I love you

Instrumental: same chords as 2nd verse

Am    Dm    G7    Cmaj7, C7
Fill my heart with song and let me sing for ever more
F                  Dm                   E7              Am ,  A7
You are all I long for, all I wor-ship and a-dore.
Dm             G7             Em, A7
In other words, please be true
Dm            G7             C, Fm, C
In other words, I love you

San Jose Ukulele Club
Folsom Prison Blues
by Johnny Cash (1956)

G.           .          .          .        .        .                .         .
I hear the train a-comin', it's rollin' 'round the bend,

C.          .            .         .     .         .                  .        .       G.

and I ain't seen the sunshine since, I don't know when.

D7.    .          .        .       .       .             .      .   G.     .     .     .
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, and time keeps dra---ggin' on.

G.       .         .        .       .          .              .       .
But that train keeps rollin' on down to San An-tone.

G.       .          .          .          .        .        .        .
When I was just a baby, my mama told me, "Son,

C.        .           .        .               .           .       .              .         .
Always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns".

D7.          .           .      .      .              .         .       G.    .     .
But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die.

G.              .              .            .        .             .              .        .
When I hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and cry.

G.              .              .            .        .             .              .        .
Well, I bet there's rich folks eatin', in a fancy dining car.

C.         .         .          .        .            .          .        .
They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin' big ci-gars.

D7.       .          .        .       .       .             .      .   G.     .     .     .
But I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free.

G.              .              .            .        .             .              .        .
But those people keep a-movin', and that's what tor-tures me.

G.              .              .            .        .             .              .        .
Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine.

C.        .           .        .               .           .       .              .         .
I bet I'd move on over a little farther down the line.

D7.      .          .        .       .       .             .      .   G.     .     .     .
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay.

G.          .          .          .        .        .                .         .
F#/G/ and I'd let that lonesome whistle, blow my blues a-way.
For You Blue
by George Harrison (1970)


Because you’re sweet and lovely girl, I love you

Because you’re sweet and lovely girl, it’s true.

I love you more than ever girl, I do.


I want you in the morning, girl, I love you.

I want you at the moment I feel blue.

I’m living every moment girl, for you.

Instrumental:


(they’re called the 12-bar blues)


I loved you from the moment I saw you.

You looked at me, that’s all you had to do

I feel it now I hope you feel it, too.

Because you’re sweet and lovely girl, I love you

Because you’re sweet and lovely girl, it’s true.

I love you more than ever girl, I do.

Blues improvisation (Key of D):

Play any of the following notes during the instrumental.
Freight Train - in C
By Elizabeth Cotten
(as played by Jerry Garcia)

C   G7   G   E7   F

C                              G7                     G                               C
Freight train, freight train, run so fast .  Freight train, freight train, run so fast .

E7    F                      C   G7   C.   .   .   .
Please don't tell what train I'm on .  They won't know what route I'm gone


C                              G7                     G                               C
When I'm dead and in my grave .  No more good times here I crave .

E7    F                      C   G7   C.   .   .   .
Place the stones at my head and feet, And tell them all I'm gone to sleep


C                              G7                     G                               C
Freight train, freight train, run so fast .  Freight train, freight train, run so fast .

E7    F                      C   G7   C.   .   .   .
Please don't tell what train I'm on .  They won't know what route I'm gone


C                              G7                     G                               C
When I die Lord, bury me deep .  down at the end of Chestnut Street .

E7    F                      C   G7   C.   .   .   .
Where I can hear old Number Nine, as she comes rolling by


San Jose Ukulele Club
Freight Train
By Elizabeth Cotten

Freight train, freight train, run so fast.
Freight train, freight train, run so fast.

Please, don't tell what train I'm on.
They won't know what route I'm gone.

When I'm dead and in my grave,
No more good times here I crave.

Place the stones at my head and feet,
Tell them all that I'm gone to sleep.

Then I can hear old Number Nine,
as she comes rolling by.
Friend of the Devil

G . . . C . . .
I lit out from Reno, I was trailed by twenty hounds
G . . . C . . .
Didn’t get to sleep that night till the morning came a-round---

D . . . Am . . .
Chorus: Set out runnin’ but I take my time. A friend of the devil is a friend of mine
D . . . Am . . .
If I get home be-fore day-light, I just might get some sle-e-ep to-night---------------------

G . . . C . . .
Ran in-to the devil, babe, he loaned me twenty bills---
G . . . C . . .
I spent the night in Utah in a cave up in the hills-----

Chorus:
G . . . C . . .
Ran down to the levee but the devil caught me there-----
G . . . C . . .
Took my twenty dollar bi-l and he vanished in the air-----

Chorus:

D . . . . . . . . .
Bridge: Got two reasons why I cry a-way each lonely night----
C . . . . . . . . .
The first one’s named Sweet Anne Ma-rie and she’s my heart’s de-light----
D . . . . . . . . .
Second one is prison, baby, the sheriff’s on my trail-----
And if he catches up with me I’ll spend my life in jail.--------------------------

G . . . C . . .
Got a wife in Chino, babe, and one in Chero-kee
G . . . C . . .
First one says she’s got my child, but it don’t look like me-----

Chorus:

Instrumental: (for one Verse and Chorus)

Sing Bridge, last Verse and Chorus

End on D/

San Jose Ukulele Club
From Me To You
by John Lennon and Paul McCartney (1963)

C Am G7 F Gm C7 D7 G G+ C+
Intro: Da da da da dum dum da Da da da da da da dum dum da

If there’s anything that you want, if there’s anything I can do,
Just call on me and I’ll send it along, with love, from me to you.

C Am C G7
I’ve got everything that you want, like a heart that’s oh so true,
Just call on me and I’ll send it along, with love, from me to you.

Bridge: I got arms that long to hold you, and keep you by my side
I got lips that long to kiss you, and keep you sat-is-fied. oooo

C Am C G7
If there’s anything that you want, if there’s anything I can do,
Just call on me and I’ll send it along, with love, from me to you.

Instrumental: C Am C G7
(with harmonica) . . . . . . . . . from me . . . . . . . . . to you
F Am C G7 C Am
Just call on me and I’ll send it along, with love, from me to you.

Bridge: I got arms that long to hold you, and keep you by my side
I got lips that long to kiss you, and keep you sat-is-fied. oooo

C Am C G7
If there’s anything that you want, if there’s anything I can do,
Just call on me and I’ll send it along, with love, from me to you.

Am C+ C . . . . Am/
To you . . to you . . to youuuuuuu

San Jose Ukulele Club
(added Oct. 14, 2013)
I went to a garden par-ty, to remin-isce with my old friends.

A chance to share old mem-o-ries, and play our songs a-gain.

When I got to the garden pa-rtty, they all knew my name.

But no one re-cog-nized me I didn’t look the same.

But it’s all right now . . . I learned my lesson well

You see, you can’t please ev’ry one so you gotta please your-self

People came from miles a-round. Everyone was there.

Yoko brought her wal-rus. There was magic in the air.

And over in the corner much to my sur-prise,

Mister Hughes hid in Dylan’s shoes, wearing his dis-guise.

I played them all the old songs. I thought that’s why they came.

No one heard the mu--sic. We didn’t look the same.

I said hello to Mary Lou. She be-longed to me.

When I sang a song about a honky-tonk, it was time to leave.

Someone opened up a clo-set door and out stepped Johnny B. Goode

Playin’ gui-tar like a ringin’ a bell, and lookin’ like he should.

If you gotta play at garden par-ties, I wish you a lotta luck.

But if mem-o-ries were all I sang, I’d rather drive a truck.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Georgy Girl (Key of C)
by Tom Springfield and Jim Dale (1966)

Riff: (whistle)  C  Em  F  F/c  G/  C  Em  F  F/c  G/

C  Em  F  G7  C  Em  F  G7
Hey there, Georgy Girl, swinging down the street so fancy free,
C  Em  F  Bb  G7/ (tacit)
Nobody you meet could ever see the loneliness there...inside you.

C  Em  F  G7  C  Em  F  G7
Hey there, Georgy Girl, why do all the boys just pass you by?
C  Em  F  Bb  G  Gsus4  G
Could it be you just don't try, or is it the clothes you wear?

Bridge:  You're always window shopping but never stopping to buy
E7  A  D  G7 . . . G7/ (tacit)
So shed those dowdy feathers and fly...a little bit.

C  Em  F  G7  C  Em  F  G7
Hey there, Georgy Girl, there's another Georgy deep inside,
C  Em  F  G7  Am  Am7  Am
Bring out all the love you hide and oh, what a change there'd be
F  G7/  C  F  C...
The world would see, a new Georgy Girl.

Instrumental:  whistle:  C  Em  F  F/c  G/  C  Em  F  F/c  G/

C  Em  F  G7  C  Em  F  G7
Hey there, Georgy Girl, dreaming of the someone you could be.
C  Em  F  Bb  G  Gsus4  G
Life is a real-ly-ty, you can't always run a-way.

Bridge:  Don't be so scared of changing and re-arranging your-self
E7  A  D  G7 . . . G7/ (tacit)
It's time for jumping down from the shelf...a little bit

C  Em  F  G7  C  Em  F  G7
Hey there, Georgy Girl, there's another Georgy deep inside,
C  Em  F  G7  Am  Am7  Am
Bring out all the love you hide and oh, what a change there'd be
F  G7/  C  Em  F  G7  C  Em  F  G7  C ... C/G7/C/
The world would see, a new Georgy Girl Wake up, Georgy Girl Come out Georgy Girl
(Hey there, Georgy Girl) (Hey there, Georgy Girl)

San Jose Ukulele Club (1/22/14)
Get Up and Go
Anonymous
(as sung by Pete Seeger)

waltz tempo

F C G7 D7

F F F F C C
Chorus: How do I know if my youth is all spent?
G7 G7 G7 G7 C C
My get up and go, has got up and went.
F F F C C
But in spite of it all, I’m able to grin
G7 G7 G7 C C
And think of the places my get up has been.

C C G7 C C C C
Old age is golden, so I’ve heard said, but sometimes I wonder as I crawl into bed.
F F C C D7 D7 D7 G7 G7
With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup, my eyes on the table un-till I wake up.
C C G7 C C C
As sleep dims my vision, I say to my-self: Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?
F F C C G7 G7 C C
But though nations are warring and business is vexed, I’ll stick around to see what happens next.

Chorus

C C G7 C C C C
When I was young, my slippers were red, I could kick up my heels right over my head.
F F C C D7 D7 D7 G7 G7
When I was older, my slippers were blue, but still I could dance the whole night through.
C C G7 C C C
Now I am older, my slippers are black, I huff to the store and I puff my way back.
F F C C G7 G7 C C
But never you laugh, I don’t mind at all, I’d rather be huffing than not puff at all!

Chorus

C C G7 C C C C
I get up each morning and dust off my wits, open the paper and read the o-bits,
F F C C G7 G7 C C
If I’m not there, I know I’m not dead, so I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed!

Chorus

San Jose Ukulele Club (added 2/2/14)
I’m goin’ up the coun-try, babe, don’t you wan-na go? 
I’m goin’ up the coun-try, babe, don’t you wan-na go? 
I’m goin’ to some place where I’ve nev-er been be-fore. 
I’m goin’, I’m goin’ where the wat-er tastes like wine. 
Well I’m go–in’ where the wat-er tastes like wine. 
You can jump in the wat-er and stay drunk all the time.

I’m gonna lea-ve the city, got to get a-way. 
I’m gonna leave the city, got to get a-way. 
All this fussin’ and fightin’, man, you know I sure can’t stay.

Bridge: Now baby, pack your leavin’ trunk, you know we’ve got to leave to-day 
‘Cause there’s a brand-new game that I want to play. 


Bridge2: No use in you run-nin’, or screamin’ and cryin’ 
‘Cause you’ve got a ho-ome ma-an, long as I’ve got mine.


Good Day, Sunshine (key of G)
by Paul McCartney (1966)

Intro:
G D G D C C7
Good day, sun-shine . . Good day, sunshine . . Good day, sun-shine.
F D7 G7
I need to laugh, and when the sun is out,
C7 F
I've got something I can laugh about.
F D7 G7
I feel good, in a special way.
C7 F
I'm in love and it's a sunny day.
G D G D C C7
Good day, sun-shine . . Good day, sunshine . . Good day, sun-shine.
F D7 G7
We take a walk, the sun is shining down,
C7 F
Burns my feet as they touch the ground.


G D G D C C7
Good day, sun-shine . . Good day, sunshine . . Good day, sun-shine.
F D7 G7
Then we lie, beneath a shady tree,
C7 F
I love her and she's loving me.
F D7 G7
She feels good, she knows she's looking fine.
C7 F
I'm so proud to know that she is mine.
G D G D C C7
Good day, sun-shine . . Good day, sunshine . . Good day, sun-shine.
G D G D C C7
Good day, sun-shine . . Good day, sunshine . . Good day suun-shiiine.
Goodbye
by Paul McCartney (1969)

C    Em     Am
Please, don’t make me wait too late, to-mor-row comes
F          G . . .
And I will not be late
C    Em     Am
Late, today when it be-comes to-mor-row I
F          G   C . . .
Will leave to go a-way

G                              G7
Good-bye . . good-bye. . good-bye, good-bye, my love, good-bye

C    Em     Am
Songs that linger on my lips ex-cite me now
F          G
And linger on my mind
C    Em     Am
Leave your flowers at my door, I’ll leave them for
F          G   C
The one who waits be-hind

G                              G7
Good-bye . . good-bye. . good-bye, good-bye, my love, good-bye

*Instrumental* (and ‘doo-doos’): same chords as verse

G                              G7
Good-bye . . good-bye. . good-bye, good-bye, my love, good-bye

C    Em     Am
Far away my lover sings a lone-ly song
F          G
And calls me to her/his side
C    Em     Am
When the song of lonely love in-vites me on
F          G   C
I must go to her/his side

G                              G7     C/
Good-bye . . good-bye. . good-bye, good-bye, my love, good-bye

San Jose Ukulele Club
(updated 10/16/2013)
Goodnight, Sweetheart, Goodnight
by Calvin Carter and James "Pookie" Hudson (1953)

**Chorus:** (bass) *Duh-duh* *duh-duh* Good night, sweet-heart, well it's time to go.

**Bridge 1:** Well, it's three o'clock in the morning

**Bridge 2:** Mother, oh, and your father

San Jose Ukulele Club
9/2/13
Groovin' (key of F)
by Felix Cavaliere and Eddie Brigati ~The Young Rascals (1967)

(Original key is Eb)

F       Gm  F       Gm
Groovin' . . . on a Sunday afternoon
F       Gm  F       Gm
Really . . . couldn't get away too soon
Am/     Gm/
I can't imagine anything that's better
Am/     Gm/
The world is ours whenever we're together
Am/     Gm  C7
There ain't a place I'd like to be in stead of . . .

F       Gm  F       Gm
Groovin' . . . down a crowded avenue
F       Gm  F       Gm
Doin' . . . anything we like to do
Am/     Gm/
There's always lots of things that we can see
Am/     Gm
We can be anyone we want to be
Am/     Gm  C7
And all those happy people we could meet just . . .

F       Gm  F       Gm
Groovin' . . . on a Sunday afternoon
F       Gm  F       Gm
Really . . . couldn't get away too soon
F       Gm  F       Gm  F       Gm
Ah-ha-ha,    ah-ha-ha,    ah-ha-haaaa
Am/     Gm/
We'll keep on spending sunny days this way
Am/     Gm/
We're gonna talk and laugh our time away
Am/     Gm/
I feel it comin' closer day by day
Bb ///     Am///     Gm///     C7///
Life would be ecstasy, you and me endlessly . . .

F       Gm  F       Gm
Groovin' . . . on a Sunday afternoon
F       Gm  F       Gm
Really . . . couldn't get away too soon
F       Gm  F       Gm  Bb  F/
    Ah-ha-ha,    ah-ha,    ah-ha-haaaa

San Joe Ukulele Club
Half of My Heart (in original key-Bb)
by John Mayer

I was born in the arms of imaginary friends
Free to roam, made a home out of everywhere I’ve been
Then you come crashing in like the realest thing
Trying my best to understand all that your love can bring

Oh, half of my heart’s got a grip on the situation
Half of my heart’s got a right mind to tell you that I can’t keep loving you (can’t keep loving you)

Oh, half of my heart.

I was made to believe I’d never love somebody else
I made a plan, stayed the man who can only love himself
Lonely was the song I sang ‘til the day you came
Showing me another way and all that my love can bring.

Oh, half of my heart.

Bridge:
Your faith is strong but I can only fall short for so long
Down the road later on you will hate that I never gave more to you.
(------tacit------) I can’t stop loving you I can’t stop loving you I can’t stop loving you

with half of my heart oh, half of my heart

Half of my heart’s got a real good imagination
Half of my heart’s got you
Half of my heart’s got a right mind to tell you that half of my heart won’t do.
Half of my heart is a shotgun wedding to a bride with a paper ring
Half of my heart is the part of a man who’s never truly loved any-thing.

Oh, half of my heart oh, half of my heart.

Half of my heart

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When you see Ha-na-lei by moon-light

You will be in heaven by the sea.

Every breeze, every wave will whisper,

You are mine, don’t ever go away.

Chorus: Ha-na-lei, Ha-na-lei moon,

Is lighting beloved Kauai?

Ha-na-lei, Ha-na-lei moon,

Aloha no wai-ia-o-e

Instrumental: F G7

C7 F C7

F G7

C7 F

D7 (change to key of G)

G A7

When you see Ha-na-lei by moon-light

You will be in heaven by the sea.

Every breeze, every wave will whisper,

You are mine, don’t ever go away.

Chorus: Ha-na-lei, Ha-na-lei moon,

Is lighting beloved Kauai?

Ha-na-lei, Ha-na-lei moon,

Aloha no wai-ia-o-e

Ending (slower tempo): Aloha no wai-ia-o-e

San Jose Ukulele Club
Happy Birthday

Key of C:

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{C} & \text{G7} & \text{C7} & \text{F} \\
\end{align*}
\]

Happy Birthday to you, happy birthday to you,
C7 F C G7 C~~~
Happy Birthday dear-----------------, Happy Birthday to you!

Key of G:

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{G} & \text{D7} & \text{G7} & \text{C} \\
\end{align*}
\]

Happy Birthday to you, happy birthday to you,
G7 C G D7 G~~~
Happy Birthday dear-----------------, Happy Birthday to you!

Key of D:

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{D} & \text{A7} & \text{D7} & \text{G} \\
\end{align*}
\]

Happy Birthday to you, happy birthday to you,
D7 G D A7 D~~~
Happy Birthday dear-----------------, Happy Birthday to you!

Key of F:

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{F} & \text{C7} & \text{F7} & \text{Bb} \\
\end{align*}
\]

Happy Birthday to you, happy birthday to you,
F7 Bb F C7 F~~~
Happy Birthday dear-----------------, Happy Birthday to you!
Happy Together (original key)
by Gary Bonner and Alan Gordon (1967)

Intro: F#m . . . . . . . . . . .

F#m
Imagine me and you, I do, I think about you day and night, it's only right
D
To think about the girl you love, and hold her tight, so happy to-geth-er.

F#m
If I should call you up, invest a dime, and you say you be-long to me and ease my mind

E
Imagine how the world could be, so very fine, so happy to-geth-er.
(vë---d---d---d---d---d---d---)

Chorus 1: I can’t see me loving nobody but you, for all my life

F#m
When you’re with me, baby, the skies’ll be blue, for all my life.

Me and you, and you and me, no matter how they toss the dice, it had to be.

F#m
The only one for me is you, and you for me, so happy to-geth-er.

Chorus 2: Ba ba ba baba ba baba ba baba ba baba ba baba ba baba ba baba ba

San Jose Ukulele Club
Happy Together (key of D)
by Gary Bonner and Alan Gordon (1967)

Intro:

Dm . . . . . . . . . . . . .
A: -------------------------------
E: --1--0------------------1--0------------------
C: --2--2--2--0n2--2--0--2----2--2--2--0n2--2--0--2
G: --2--2--2----2--2--2----2--2--2----2--2--2

Dm
Imagine me and you, I do, I think about you day and night, it’s only right
Bb         A7
To think about the girl you love, and hold her tight, so happy to-geth-er.

Dm
If I should call you up, invest a dime, and you say you be-long to me and ease my mind
(Call you up)
(B ease my mind)

Bb         A7 . . . . .
Imagine how the world could be, so very fine, so happy to-geth-er.
(very fine)

D       Am         D       F
Chorus 1:
I can’t see me loving nobody but you, for all my life
When you’re with me, baby, the skies’ll be blue, for all my life.

Dm
Me and you, and you and me, no matter how they toss the dice, it had to be.
(You and me)
(You had to be)

Bb         A7 . . . . .
The only one for me is you, and you for me, so happy to-geth-er.
(You for me)


Chorus 1

Dm
Me and you, and you and me, no matter how they toss the dice, it has to be.
Bb         A7 . . . . .
The only one for me is you, and you for me, so happy to-geth-er.

D       Am         D       F
Chorus 2:
Ba ba ba baba ba ba baba ba baba ba ba

D       Am         D       F . . . . .
Ba ba ba baba ba ba baba ba baba a ba

Dm
Me and you, and you and me, no matter how they toss the dice, it had to be.
Bb         A7         Dm
The only one for me is you, and you for me, so happy to-geth-er. (oo-oo-oo)

A7       Dm         A7         Dm         A7       Dm         A7
So happy together (oo-oo-oo), how is the weather? so happy together We’re happy together so happy together

Dm       A7         Dm       A7       Dm
Happy together so happy together so happy together
(ba baba ba, ba baba ba, ba baba ba, ba baba ba, ba baba ba)

San Jose Ukulele Club
Hard Times
Gillian Welch & David Rawlings

Am     G     F     C     Am     G     F     C
There was a Camptown Man, used to plow and sing……..He loved that mule and the mule loved him
Am     G     F     C     Am     G     F     C     Csus4  C
When the day got long, as it does about now…… I'd hear him singing to his muley cow……
C     Csus4  C
Calling, "Come on my sweet old girl…… I'd bet the whole damn world……
Csus4  C
That we're gonna make it yet to the end of the row"……

Refrain:
Am     G     F     C
Singing hard times… ain't gonna rule my mind, Bessie
Am     G     F     C
Hard times… ain't gonna rule my mind
Am     G     F     G     C     Cmaj7
Hard times… ain't gonna rule…. my mind…. no more……..

Am     G     F     C     Am     G     F     C
Said it's a mean old world, heavy in need……That big ma-chine is just a-picking up speed
Am     G     F     C     Am     G     F     C     Csus4  C
They were supping on tears, they were supping on wine……We all get to heaven in our own sweet time……
C     Csus4  C     C
So come all you Asheville boys…… and turn up your old-time noise……
C     Am     C     F     G     G
And kick 'til the dust comes up from the cracks in the floor……

Refrain:
Am     G     F     C
Singing hard times… ain't gonna rule my mind, Brother
Am     G     F     C
Hard times… ain't gonna rule my mind,
Am     G     F     G     C     Cmaj7
Hard times… ain't gonna rule… my mind… no more……..

Am     G     F     C     Am     G     F     C
But the Camptown Man, he doesn't plow no more……I seen him walking down to the Superette store
Am     G     F     C     Am     G     F     C     Csus4  C
Guess he lost that knack, and he forgot that song……Woke up one morning and the mule was gone……
C     Csus4  C
So, come on, you ragtime kings……… and come on, you dolls, and sing……
C     Am     C     F     G     G
Pick up your dusty old horn and give it a blow………..

Refrain:
Am     G     F     C
Playing, hard times... ain't gonna rule my mind, Honey
Am     G     F     C
Hard times... ain't gonna rule my mind, Sugar
Am     G     F     G     C     G7sus4/ C
Hard times... ain't gonna rule.... my mind.... no more………………

BW-San Jose Ukulele Club
Harvest Moon
by Neil Young

Intro: D, D6, Dmaj7---D, D6, Dmaj7---D, D6, Dmaj7---D, D6, Dmaj7

Em**     G6                               Em**                                            D   A// D/ D     A//D/
Come a little bit closer,         hear what I have to say
Em**     G6                                   Em**                                            D   A// D/ D     A//D/
Just like children sleepin’ we could dream this night away
G                                                                                   D/, D6, Dmaj7,    D/, D6, Dmaj7
But there’s a full moon rising, let’s go dancing in the light
G                                                                                              D/, D6, Dmaj7,    D/, D6, Dmaj7
We know where the music’s playing, let’s go out and feel the night.

Chorus:
Em                                        A                                                Em
Because I’m still in love with you,  I wanna see you dance a-gain,
Em                                           A                             D//, D6, Dmaj7  D/, D6, Dmaj7  D/, D6, Dmaj7
Because I’m still in love with you, on this harvest moon  D/, D6, Dmaj7

Em**     G6                                    Em**                                D   A// D/ D     A//D/
When we were strangers,      I watched you from afar
Em**    G6                                Em**                                         D   A// D/ D     A//D/
When we were lovers,           I loved you with all my heart
G                                                                               D/, D6, Dmaj7,    D/, D6, Dmaj7
But now it’s getting’ late, and the moon is climbin’ high
G                                                                D/, D6, Dmaj7,    D/, D6, Dmaj7
I want to celebrate, see it shinin’ in your eye

Chorus:
Em                                        A                                               Em
Because I’m still in love with you,  I wanna see you dance a-gain,
Em                                           A                             D//, D6, Dmaj7      D/, D6, Dmaj7
Because I’m still in love with you, on this harvest moon

End:  D/ D6, D, Dmaj7     D/ D6, Dmaj7     D/

San Jose Ukulele Club
Have You Ever Seen the Rain
By John Fogerty


C . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
Someone told me long ago, There's a calm be-fore the storm,

G . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
I know, and it's been comin' for some time.

C . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
When it's o-ver, so they say, It'll rain a sun-ny day,

G . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
I know, shinin' down like water

I wanna know, Have you ever seen the rain,

I wanna know, Have you ever seen the rain,

F . . . G . . . C . . . (C/ CMaj7/ Am/ G/ /)
Comin’ down on a sunny day?

C . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
Yesterday and days before, Sun is cold and rain is hard,

G . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
I know, been that way for all my time

C . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
'Til for-ever on it goes. Through the cir-cle fast and slow,

G . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
I know, and it can’t stop, I wonder

I wanna know, Have you ever seen the rain,

I wanna know, Have you ever seen the rain,

F . . . G . . . C . . . (C/ CMaj7/ Am/ G/ /)
Comin’ down on a sunny day? Yeah

I wanna know, Have you ever seen the rain,

I wanna know, Have you ever seen the rain,

Comin’ down on a sunny day?

San Jose Ukulele Club
Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas
by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane (1943)

Intro: G, Bm, Am7, D7, G, Bm, Am7 D7

G Bm Am7 D7 G Bm Am7, D7
Have yourself a merry little Christmas, let your heart be light
G Em Am7 D7 B7/ E7/, A7/, D7/
From now on, our troubles will be out of sight.

G Bm Am7 D7 G Bm Am7, D7
Have yourself a merrry little Christmas, make the yuletide gay,
G Em Am7 B7 Em G7
From now on our troubles will be miles a-way.

Em Bm Am7 Bm
Here we are as in olden days, happy golden days of yore.
Em Bm A7 Am7, D7
Faithful friends who are dear to us, gather near to us once more.

G Bm Am7 D7 G Bm Am7, D7
Through the years we all will be to-gether, if the fates al-low
G Em Am7 B7 Em G7
Hang a shining star upon the highest bough
Cmaj7 Am7 Cmaj7 Am7 F#dim G G7
and have your-self a mer-ry little Christ-mas now.

Em Bm Am7 Bm
Here we are as in olden days, happy golden days of yore.
Em Bm A7 Am7, D7
Faithful friends who are dear to us, gather near to us once more.

G Bm Am7 D7 G Bm Am7, D7
Through the years we all will be to-gether, if the fates al-low
G Em Am7 B7 Em G7
Hang a shining star upon the highest bough
Cmaj7 Am7 Cmaj7 Am7 F#dim G G7
(slowly) and have your-self a mer-ry little Christ-mas now.

San Jose Ukulele Club -Aki.I.
Hawaiian Wedding Song (Key of A)  
(Ke Kali Nei Au) as sung by the Makaha Sons  
by Charles E. King (1926)


A   E7   A   A7   D   A
This is the moment I've waited for
A   C#7   F#m   B7   E7
I can hear my heart singing soon bells will be ringing

A   B7   E7   A
This is the moment of sweet a-loha
A   F#m   Bm7
I will love you longer than for-ever,
E7   A
Promise me that you will leave me never.

A   F#   B7   E7   A
Here and now, dear, all my love I vow, dear.
A   F#m   Bm7
Promise me that you will leave me never
E7   A
I will love you longer than forever.

A   A7   D
Now that we are one,
B7   E7
Clouds won’t hide the sun.

A   F#   B7
Blue skies of Ha-waii smile,
Bm7   E7   A
On this, our wedding day.

A   F#
I do, (I do), Love you (love you),
B7   E7   A
with all my heart.

Na'u 'oe e lei, na'u 'oe e lei

San Jose Ukulele Club
Hello, Mary Lou
by Gene Pitney (1961)

Chorus:
Well, hel-lo, Mary Lou, goodbye heart
Sweet Mary Lou, I'm so in love with you.
I knew Mary Lou, we'd never part
So hel-lo, Mary Lou, goodbye heart

C
You passed me by one sunny day
F
Flashed those big brown eyes my way
And, ooh, I wanted you forever more.
C
Now I'm not one that gets around,
F
I swear my feet stuck to the ground
And though I never did meet you be-fore.

Chorus
I saw you lips, I heard your voice,
Believe me, I just had no choice
Wild horses couldn't make me stay a-way.
I thought about a moonlit night
My arms around, good and tight,
That's all I had to see for me to say...

Chorus
So hel-lo Mary Lou, goodbye heart.
Help Me, Rhonda
by Brian Wilson (Beach Boys)

Intro: Riff x 4

C                                     F                                              C
Well, since she put me down, I've been going right out of my head (riff x 2)
F                             C
I come in late at night and every mornin' I just lay in bed (riff x 2)
Am                                             F                                          D
Rhonda you look so fine, and I know it wouldn't take much time
C                         Dm                     G7            C
For you to help me, Rhonda, help me get her out of my heart
(tacet) Bau, bau bau bau bau bau bau bau

G7

Chorus: Help me, Rhonda, help, help me, Rhonda
C
Help me, Rhonda, help, help me, Rhonda
G7
Help me, Rhonda, help, help me, Rhonda (riff x 2)
C
Help me, Rhonda, help, help me, Rhonda
F
Help me, Rhonda, help, help me, Rhonda
Am
Help me, Rhonda, help, help me, Rhonda
Dm                         G7                                 C
Help me, Rhonda, yeah, get her out of my heart (riff x 2)

C                                  F                                            C
She was gonna be my wife and I was gonna be her man (riff x 2)
F                                               C
But she let another guy come between us and it ruined our plans (riff x 2)
Am                                                   F                                          D
Rhonda you caught my eye, and I can give you lots of reasons why
C                         Dm                     G7            C
You gotta help me, Rhonda, help me get her out of my heart
(tacet) Bau, bau bau bau bau bau bau

Instrumental (chorus chords)

Chorus
Here Comes the Sun by George Harrison

Here comes the sun (doo doo doo doo), here comes the sun and I say,

It's all right

Little darling, it's been a long cold lonely winter

Little darling, it feels like years since it's been here

Here comes the sun (doo doo doo doo), here comes the sun and I say,

It's all right

Little darling, the smiles re-turning to the faces

Little darling, it seems like years since it's been here

Here comes the sun….. here comes the sun and I say,

Bridge:

Sun, sun, sun here it comes
Sun, sun, sun here it comes
Sun, sun, sun here it comes
Sun, sun, sun here it comes

Simplified ascending riff:

G C A7 G
A--2-----0--2-----2--0----------0------------------------0------2----0--2------2--0---------2--0----------
E-----3--------3---------3--0--3-----3--0-- 2--0--2--3-------------3--------3---------3--0---------3---2--
C--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------
G--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------
G

To play in the original key, capo the 2nd fret
Here Comes the Sun

Little darling, I feel that ice is slowly melting
Little darling, it seems like years since it’s been clear
Here comes the sun and I say,

Here comes the sun and I say,

It’s all right

It’s alright. It’s all right

San Jose Ukulele Club
Here Comes the Sun by George Harrison

Opening riff:
```
G C D7 G C D7
A--2----0--2-----2--0-------------0------------------------0------2----0--2------2--0---------2--0----------
E-----3--------3---------3--0--3-----3--0-- 2--0--2--3-------------3--------3---------3--0---------3---2--
C--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------
G--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------
G
C                       A7                  G
G      Am7     G        D7
```

Here comes the sun (doo doo doo doo), here comes the sun and I say, It's all right

```
G                                    C                       D7
Little darling, it's been a long cold lonely winter
G                                     C                               D7
Little darling, it feels like years since it's been here
```

```
G
C                       A7                  G
G      Am7     G        D7
Here comes the sun (doo doo doo doo), here comes the sun and I say, It's all right
```

```
G
C                       A7                  G
G      Am7     G        D7
Little darling, the smiles re-tur-ning to their faces
G                                      C                               D7
Little darling, it seems like years since it's been here
```

```
G
C                       A7                  G
G      Am7     G        D7
Here comes the sun (doo doo doo doo), here comes the sun and I say, It's all right
```

Bridge: Bb, F, C, G,
```
Bb  F  C  G
Sun, sun, sun here it comes
Bb  F  C  G
Sun, sun, sun here it comes
Bb  F  C  G
Sun, sun, sun here it comes
Bb  F  C  G
Sun, sun, sun here it comes
Bb  F  C  G
Sun, sun, sun here it comes
```

```
G                                    C                      D7
Little darling, I feel that ice is slowly melting
G                                      C                               D7
Little darling, it seems like years since it's been clear
```

```
G
C                       A7                  G
G      Am7     G        D7
Here comes the sun (doo doo doo doo), here comes the sun and I say, It's all right
```

```
G
C                       A7                  G
G      Am7     Bb  F  G
```

```
Here comes the sun, ............. here comes the sun........ It's alright.
```

GA-San Jose Ukulele Club
Here, There and Everywhere
by Paul McCartney and John Lennon (1966)

**Intro:**
To lead a better life,
I need my love to be here…

\[ G \quad Bm \quad Bb \quad Am \quad D7 \]

Here, making each day of the year
Changing my life with a wave of her hand,
no-body can deny that there's something there.

\[ G \quad Am \quad Bm \quad C \quad G \quad Am \]

There, running my hands through her hair,
Both of thinking how good it can be,
someone is speaking, but she doesn't know he's there.

\[ (\text{tacet}) \quad Bb \quad Gm \quad Cm \quad D7 \quad Gm \]
I want her everywhere, and if she's beside me I know I need never care

\[ Cm \quad D7 \]
But to love her is to need her

\[ G \quad Am \quad Bm \quad C \quad G \quad Am \]

Everywhere, knowing that love is to share.
Each one believing that love never dies,
watching her eyes, and hoping I'm always there.

\[ (\text{tacet}) \quad Bb \quad Gm \quad Cm \quad D7 \quad Gm \]
I need her everywhere, and if she's beside me I know I need never care

\[ Cm \quad D7 \]
But to love her is to need her

\[ G \quad Am \quad Bm \quad C \quad G \quad Am \]

Everywhere, knowing that love is to share.
Each one believing that love never dies, watching her eyes, and hoping I'm always there.

\[ G \quad Am \quad Bm \quad C \quad G \quad Am \quad Bm \quad C \quad G/ \]
And I'll be there, and ev'-ry-where, here, there, and ev- 'ry- where.

San Jose Ukulele Club
(added 10/14/2013)
Hello, Good Lookin'
by Hank Williams

C
Say, Hey, good lookin', whatcha got cookin'?
D7  G7
How's about cookin' something up with me?
C
Hey, sweet baby, don't cha think maybe
D7  G7     C  C7
We could find us a brand new re-ci-pe

F    C
I got a hot rod Ford and a two dollar bill
F    C
And I know a spot right over the hill
F    C
There's soda pop and the dancin's free
D7       G7
So if you wanna have fun, come along with me.

C
Say Hey, good lookin', whatcha got cookin'?
D7  G7
How's about cookin' something' up with me?

C
I'm free and ready, so we can go steady
D7  G7     C  G7
How's about savin' all your time for me
C
No more lookin', I know I been tooken
D7  G7     C  C7
How's about keepin' steady com-pa-ny?

F    C
I'm gonna throw my date book over the fence
F    C
And find me one for five or ten cents
F    C
I'll keep it 'til it's covered with age
D7       G7
'Cause I'm writin' your name down on every page.

C
Say, Hey, good lookin' whatcha got cookin'?
D7  G7     D7  G7
How's about cookin' somethin' up...how's about cooking something up..
D7  G7     C  G7  C
How's about cookin' somethin' up with me?

San Jose Ukulele Club
Hey, Soul Sister (Key of C)
by Patrick Monahan (Train)

CGAf

Strum: D D U D U D U

C G Am F
Hey, ay, hey-Ay-ay-ay, Hey-AY-ay-ay
C G Am F
Your lipstick stains, on the front lobe of my left-side brains
C G Am F G
I knew I wouldn’t for-get you and so I went and let you blow my mind
C G Am F G
Your sweet moon-beam the smell of you in every single dream I dream
C G Am F G
I knew when we col-li-ded, you’re the one I have de-ci-ded, who’s one of my kind

Chorus:
F G C G F
Hey, Soul Sister, ain’t that mister mister on the radio, stereo,
G C G
The way you move ain’t fair you know
F G C G F G
Hey, Soul Sister, I don’t want to miss a single thing you dooo…..
C G Am F

C G Am F
Just in ti-i-ime, I’m so glad you have a one track mind like me
C G Am F G
You gave my love di-rec-tion, a game-show love con-nec-tion, we can’t de-ny
I’m so obsessed, my heart is bound to beat right out my untrimmed chest
C G Am F G
I believe in you, like a virgin, you’re Ma-don-na, and I’m always gonna want to blow your mind

Chorus
C G Am
The way you cut a rug, watching you’s the only drug I need
F C
So gangsta, I’m so thug, You’re the only one I’m dreaming of, you see
G Am
I can be myself, now fi-nal-ly, in fact, there’s nothing I can’t be
F G
I want to world to see you be…. with me

F G C G F
Hey, Soul Sister, ain’t that mister mister on the radio, stereo,
G C C G
The way you move ain’t fair you know
F G C G F G
Hey, Soul Sister, I don’t want to miss a single thing you dooo…..
C G Am F
Tonight . Hey-ay, hey-ay-Ay-ay-ay, Hey-AY-ay-ay
C G Am F
Tonight . Hey-ay, hey-ay-Ay-ay-ay, Hey-AY-ay-ay
C G Am F C/
Tonight . Hey-ay, hey-ay-Ay-ay-ay, Hey-AY-ay-ay-ay... Tonight

San Jose Ukulele Club
Hey, Soul Sister
by Patrick Monahan (Train)

EBcA
Strum: D D U D U D U

Hey- ay, hey-ay-Ay-ay-ay, Hey-ay-AY-ay-ay
E                   B                                      C#m                  A
Your lipstick stains, on the front lobe of my left -side brains
E                                       B                        C#m      A   B
I knew I wouldn’t for-get you and so I went and let you blow my mind
E                           B                                         C#m                      A
Your sweet moon-beam the smell of you in every sin- gle dream I dream
E                                                  B                                     C#m   A    B
I knew when we col- li- ded, you’re the one I have de-ci-ded, who’s one of my kind

Chorus:
Hey, Soul Sister, ain’t that mister mister on the radio, stereo,
B                             E            B
The way you move ain’t fair you know
A                         B                      E         B         A                     B
Hey, Soul Sister, I don’t want to miss a single thing you dooooo…..
E                     B                        C#m                         A

Just in ti-i-ime, I’m so glad you have a one track mind like me
E                             B                                             C#m A B
You gave my love di-rec-tion, a game-show love con-nec-tion, we can’t de-ny -i-i-i-i-i-i
E                                                  B                              C#m                        A
I’m so obsessed, my heart is bound to beat right out my untrimmed chest
E                                                B                              C#m    A     B
I believe in you, like a virgin, you’re Ma-don-na, and I’m always gonna want to blow your mind

Chorus
E                             B                                             C#m
The way you cut a rug, watching you’s the only drug I need
A                         B                      E         B         A
So gangsta, I’m so thug, You’re the only one I’m dreaming of, you see
B                             C#m
I can be myself, now fi-nal-ly, in fact, there’s nothing I can’t be
A            B                       E        B         A
I want to world to see you be.. with me

Hey, Soul Sister, ain’t that mister mister on the radio, stereo,
B                             E            B
The way you move ain’t fair you know
A                         B                      E         B         A                     B
Hey, Soul Sister, I don’t want to miss a single thing you do tonight…..
A                         B                      E         B         A                     B
Hey, Soul Sister, I don’t want to miss a single thing you dooooo…..
E                     B                        C#m                         A
E                C#m     A             E/

San Jose Ukulele Club
High Hopes (Key of D)

by Jimmy Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn (1959)

(sing A)  D/  F#dim/
Verse intro:  Next time you’re found with your chin on the ground,
Em7/  A7/  D  Bm7  Em7  A7
there’s a lot to be learned, so look a-round.

D  G  A7  D
Just what makes that little ol’ ant, think he’ll move that rubber tree plant;
Em7/  Fdim/  A7  D
Anyone knows an ant can’t move a rubber tree plant.
(tacit)  G  D  E7  A7
But he’s got high hopes, he’s got high hopes, he’s got high apple pie in the sky hopes.
D/  D7/  G/  Fdim/
So any time you’re getting’ low, ‘stead of letting’ go, just remember that ant.
D  Em  A7  D
Oops, there goes a- nother rubber tree plant
(oops there goes a- nother rubber tree plant).
D  Em  A7  D
Oops there goes a- nother rubber tree plant . .

D/  F#dim/
Verse intro:  When troubles call and your back’s to the wall,
Em7/  A7/  D  Bm7  Em7  A7
there’s a lot to be learned, that wall could fall.

D  G  A7  D
Once there was a silly old ram, thought he’d punch a hole in a dam;
Em7/  Fdim/  A7  D
No one could make that ram scram, he kept buttin’ that dam.
(tacit)  G  D  E7  A7
‘Cause he had high hopes, he had high hopes, he had high apple pie in the sky hopes.
D/  D7/  G/  Fdim/
So any time you’re feelin’ bad, ‘stead of feeling’ sad, just remember that ram.
D  Em  A7  D
Oops, there goes a billion kilowatt dam
(oops there goes a- billion kilo-watt dam)
D  Em  A7  D
Oops there goes a billion kilowatt dam.

Instrumental with kazoons:

G  D  E7  A7
(but he’s got high hopes, he’s got high hopes, he’s got high apple pie in the sky hopes)

D/  D7/  G/  Fdim
A problem’s just a toy balloon, they’ll be bursting soon, they’re just bound to go pop!
D  Em  A7  D
Oops, there goes a- nother problem, ker-plop
(oops there goes a- nother problem, ker-plop)
D  Em  A7  D  A7  D
Oops there goes a- nother problem ker-plop… KER---PLOP!

San Jose Ukulele Club (added 1/23/14)
Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me (Key of D)
by Harry Noble (1952)

D              Bm        Em7              A7
Hold me, hold me, never let me go until you've
D            Bm7         Em7                A7
Told me, told me, what I want to know and then just
Bm            F#m         Em7                A7              D               Bm          Em7          A7
Hold me, hold me, make me tell you I'm in love with you  (Hold me tight, never let me go)

D              Bm        Em7              A7
Thrill me, thrill me, walk me down the lane where shadows
D            Bm7         Em7                A7
Will be, will be, hiding lovers just the same as
Bm            F#m         Em7                A7              D               Em7          D
We'll be, we'll be, when you make me tell you I love you.

Em7              A7          D
Bridge:          They told me, "Be sensible with your new love
Em7              A7          D
Don't be fooled thinking this is the last you'll find"
C#7            F#m
But they never stood in the dark with you, love
E7          A          A7
When you take me in your arms and drive me slowly out of my mind.

D              Bm        Em7              A7
Kiss me, kiss me, and when you do I know that you will
D            Bm7         Em7                A7
Miss me, miss me, if we ever say adieu, so
Bm            F#m         Em7                A7              D               Em7          D
Kiss me, kiss me, make me tell you I'm in love with you

Bridge

D              Bm        Em7              A7
Kiss me, kiss me, and when you do I know that you will
D            Bm7         Em7                A7
Miss me, miss me, if we ever say adieu, so
Bm            F#m         Em7                A7              D               Bm          Em7          A7
Kiss me, kiss me, make me tell you I'm in love with you  (Hold me tight, never let me go)
D              Bm        Em7              A7
Kiss me, kiss me, never, never, never let me go  Bm      Em7      A7          D
(Kiss me, kiss me, never, never, never let me go)
Home on the Range
by Brewster M. Higley (1873)

Oh, give me a home, where the buffalo roam, Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard, a dis-couraging word, And the skies are not cloudy all day

Chorus :   A home!  A home!

Oh, give me a land, where the bright diamond sand, throws its light from the glittering streams
Where glideth a-long, the graceful white swan, like the maid in her heavenly dreams.

Chorus

Oh! Give me a gale of the Solomon Vale, where the life streams with buoyancy flow
On the banks of the Beaver, where seldom if ever, any poisonous herbage doth grow.

Chorus

How often at night, when the heavens are bright, With the light of the twinkling stars.
Have I stood there a-mazed, and asked as I gazed, If their glory ex-ceeds that of ours.

Chorus

I love the wild flowers in this bright land of ours, I love the wild cur-lew's shrill scream
The bluffs and white rocks, and antelope flocks, that graze on the mountains so green

Chorus

The air is so pure, and the breezes so fine, the zephyrs so balmy and light,
That I would not ex-change my home here to range, for-ever in azures so bright.

Chorus

And the skies are not cloudy all day....
Honey Pie
by Paul McCartney

Intro verse:
Em         Am                  Cm                       G       Em                       Am           Cm             G
She was a working girl,    North of England way.   Now she's hit the big time!     in the U S A.
A7                                               D7                        (spoken---------------------->
And if she could only hear me,  this is what I'd say...

Verse 1
G                                                Eb7  E7
Honey Pie, you are making me crazy,     I'm in love but I'm lazy,      So won't you please come home?
G                                       Eb7  E7
Oh, Honey Pie, my position is tragic,    come and show me the magic,     of your Hollywood song.

Bridge:
Em                   C#m7             G                 G7
You became a legend of the silver screen.
C                                     E7                               Am, D7
And now the thought of meeting you makes me weak in the knee

G                                                Eb7  E7                           A7    D7
Oh, Honey Pie,   you are driving me frantic,    sail across the Atlantic,     to be where you belong.
G
Honey Pie,   come back to me!

Instrumental: Same chords as Verse 1.

Em                             C#m7            G                 G7
Will the wind that blew her boat a-cross the sea
C                                                E7    Am, D7
Kindly send her sailing back to me,           Ta ta ta
G                                                Eb7  E7                           A7    D7
Now Honey Pie, you are making me crazy,     I'm I love but I'm lazy,      so won't you please come home?

San Jose Ukulele Club
Honolulu Baby
By Marvin Hatley (1936)

Intro (slow):

Am E7 Am
E7 Am B7 E7
Am E7 Am E7 Am
E7 Am G C
Am E7 Am E7 Am
A hula maid was dancin’ And I knew I found my para-dise.
E7 Am G C
So this is what I told her, As I gazed into her eyes….{(increase tempo}

C7 F C G C Cmaj7 C7
Hono-lulu Baby, Where’d you get those eyes? And that dark complexion I just idol-ize?
F C G C F C
Honolulu Baby, Where’d you get that style? And those pretty red lips, And that sunny smile?

Bridge:

Dm C Dm G7 C
When you start to dance, Your hula hips entrance. Then you shake it up and down.
D G A7 D7 G7/
Shake a little here… Shake a little there… Well you got the boys goin’ to town.

F C G C C Cmaj7 C7
Honolulu Baby, When you start to sway, All the men go crazy. They seem to say:
F C
Honolulu Baby, At Waiki-ki
G C F C/ F/ C
Honolulu Baby, You’re the one for me
House at Pooh Corner (Key of D)
by Kenny Loggins (1971)

D                  Em         F#m                Bm               G                 A                D    A
Christopher  Robin and  I  walked a-long, under branches lit up by the moon
D                  Em             F#m            Bm               G                  A                  D
Posing our questions to Owl and Ee-yore, as our days disappeared all too soon.
Bm                                    F#m                                  G                                       Em           A
But I’ve wandered much further to-day than I should, and I can’t seem to find my way back to the Wood

Chorus:  So help me  if  you  can, I’ve got to get  back to the house at Pooh Corner by one.
D                    F#m                      Em              A
You’d be sur-prised, there’s so much to be done
F#m                                 Bm           F#m                                     Bm   F#m/ Em/
Count all the bees in the hive        Chase all the clouds from the sky
G       F#m       Bm                              Cmaj7   A
Back to the days of Christopher Robin and Pooh

D        Em             F#m          Bm               G                 A                 D          A
Winnie the Pooh doesn’t know what to do, got a honey jar stuck on his nose
D        Em             F#m          Bm               G                 A                 D
He came to me asking help and ad-vice, and from here no one knows where he goes.
Bm       F#m                     G                                       Em           A
So I sent him to ask of the Owl, if he’s there, how to loosen a jar from the nose of a bear

So help me  if  you  can, I’ve got to get  back to the house at Pooh Corner by one.
D                    F#m                      Em              A
You’d be sur-prised, there’s so much to be done
F#m                                 Bm           F#m                                     Bm   F#m/ Em/
Count all the bees in the hive        Chase all the clouds from the sky
G       F#m       Bm                              Cmaj7   A
Back to the days of Christopher Robin
G       F#m       Bm                              Cmaj7   A
Back to the days of Christopher Robin
G       F#m       Bm                              Cmaj7   A
Back to the days of Poohoooooooh.
Howlin' At the Moon
by Hank Williams (1951)


D                                                                                   G
I know there's never been a man in the awful shape I'm in,
D                             E7                      A
I can't even spell my name, my head's in such a spin.
D                                                                    G
To-day I tried to eat a steak with a big ol' table spoon
D                                   A                   D
You got me chasin' rabbits, walkin' on my hands and howlin' at the moon. Ow-wooooooo!

D                                                                                   G
Well, Shug, I took one look at you and it almost drove me mad
D                             E7                      A
And then I even went and lost what little sense I had
D                                                                    G
Now I can't tell the day from night, I'm crazy as a loon
D                                   A                   D
You got me chasin' rabbits, pullin' out my hair and howlin' at the moon.

Instrumental: same chords as verse

D                                                                                   G
Some friends of mine asked me to go out on a huntin' spree
D                             E7                      A
'Cause there ain't a hound-dog in this state that can hold a light to me
D                                                                    G
I ate three bones for dinner today, then tried to tree a 'coon
D                                   A                   D
You got me chasin' rabbits, scratchin' fleas and howlin' at the moon.

Instrumental: same chords as verse

D                                                                                   G
I rode my horse to town today and a gas pump we did pass
D                             E7                      A
I pulled him up and I hollered 'whoa' and said "fill him up with gas"
D                                                                    G
The man picked up a monkey wrench and WHAM, he changed my tune.
D                                   A                   D
You got me chasin' rabbits, spittin' out teeth and howlin' at the moon. Ow-wooooooo!

D                                                                                   G
I never thought in this old world, a fool could fall so hard
D                             E7                      A
But honey baby, when I fell, the whole world must have jarred.
D                                                                    G
I think I'd quit my doggish ways if you'd take me for your groom.
D                                   A                   D
You got me chasin' rabbits, pickin' out rings, and howlin' at the moon. Ow-wooooooo!
Verse 1:
D    G     D
I can see clearly now the rain has gone
G     A
I can see all obstacles in my way
D    G     D
Gone are the dark clouds that had me blind
C     G     D
It’s going to be a bright, bright, sunshiney day
C     G     D
It’s going to be a bright, bright, sunshiney day

Verse 2:
D    G     D
I think I can make it now the pain has gone
G     A
All of the bad feelings have disappeared
D    G     D
Here is that rainbow I’ve been waiting for
C     G     D
It’s gonna be a bright, bright, sunshiney day

Chorus:
F    C
Look all around, there’s nothing but blue skies
F    A
Look straight ahead nothing but blue skies…C#m…G…C#m…G…C…Bm…A…

Repeat Verse 1
(I can see clearly now….)

C     G     D
It’s going to be a bright, bright, sunshiney day
C     G     D
It’s going to be a bright, bright, sunshiney day …(fade)
I Don’t Know Enough About You
by Peggy Lee and Dave Barbour

I know a little bit… about a lot of things
But I don’t know enough about you
Just when I think you’re mine… you try a different line and
Baby, what can I do?
I read the latest news… no buttons on my shoes
But baby, I’m confused about you
You’ve got me in a spin… and what a stew I’m in
Cuz I don’t know enough about you.

Bridge:
Jack-of-all-trades, master of none
And isn’t it a shame
I’m so sure that you’d be good for me
If you’d only play my game
You know I went to school and I’m nobody’s fool
That is to say until I met you
I know a little bit… about a lot of things
But I don’t know enough about you

Repeat Bridge
You know I went to school and I’m nobody’s fool
That is to say until I met you
I know a little bit… about a lot of things
But I don’t know enough about you
I know a bit about psychology… a little bit more about biology
I’m a little gem in geology
But I don’t know enough about you.

San Jose Ukulele Club
I Like Bananas Because They Have No Bones
by Chris Yacich (~1936)

Intro: Standing by the fruit store on the corner
Once I heard a customer com-plain
You never seem to show, the fruit we all love so
That’s why business hasn’t been the same

C          D7
I don’t like your peaches, they are full of stones
G7       C
I like bananas, because they have no bones.

C          D7
I don’t like tomatoes, can’t stand ice cream cones
G7       C   C7
I like bananas because they have no bones

Bridge: No matter where I go, with Susie, May or Anna
D7                     G7
I want the world to know, I must have my banana!

C          D7
Cabbages and onions, hurt my singing tones
G7       C
I like bananas because they have no bones

Instrumental:  C,  D7,  G7,  C,
                C,  D7,  G7,  C,  C7,
                F,  Cdim,  C,  D7,  G7
                C,  D7,  G7,  C

Ending:       We like bananas because they have no bones.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Oh, I like ukuleles, they always make you smile.

What-ever trouble comes your way, it'll be O--K in a little while.

Just pluck a little tune now, it's easy if you try.

Just a couple of chords and a flick of the wrist... and you start to wonder why.

You've never tried this before. It'll open a door,

to something that you thought you couldn't do.

And take it from me, that little jumping flea.

Will cheer you up and chase away your blues.

So give me a uke. I want a u-ku-le-le.

It speaks to me saying please, please play me.

All through the day, and all on my own.

I'll hold it tight and keep it close, right to the very end.

San Jose Ukulele Club
I Love You, California (California’s State Song)- (Key of C)
by F. B Silverwood and A. F. Frankenstein (1915)

C          Em          Am          C7          G7          E7          D7          F7          Cdim7

Sing E

I love you, California, you're the greatest state of all.
I love you in the winter, summer, spring and in the fall.
I love your fertile valleys, your dear mountains I adore.
I love your grand old ocean and I love her rugged shore.

Chorus:

C
Where the snow-crowned Golden Sierras
G7
Keep their watch o'er the valleys' bloom
E7          Am
It is there I would be in our land by the sea,
D7          G7
Every breeze bearing rich perfume.

C          Am
It is here nature gives of her rarest,
C7          F
It is Home Sweet Home to me (to me).
F          Cdim          C
And I know when I die, I shall breathe my last sigh, for my sunny California.

Chorus

C          Em          Am          C          G7          E7          Am          G          D7          G7
I love your redwood forests, love your fields of yellow grain, I love your summer breezes and I love your winter rain.
C          Em          Am          C7          F          Cdim          C          F          G7          C
I love you, land of flowers, land of honey, fruit and wine. I love you, California. You have won this heart of mine.

Chorus

C          Em          Am          C          G7          E7          Am          G          D7          G7
I love your old grey mission, love your vineyards stretching far. I love you, California, with your Golden Gate a-jar
C          Em          Am          C7          F          Cdim          C          F          G7          C
I love your purple sunsets, love your skies of azure blue. I love you California, I just can't help loving you.

San Jose Ukulele Club
I Only Want To Be With You
by Mike Hawker and Ivor Raymonde (1963)

Intro: G, C, D x 2

G
I don't know what it is that makes me love you so, I only know I never want to let you go

C                      D                        C              D                G                                                   Em
'Cause you've started something, oh, can't you see? That ever since we met you've had a hold on me.

C                       D  (D/,C/,D/)    C                   D            G*  C*/, D*/
It happens to be true.............I only want to be with you.

G                                                   Em                       G                                                       Em
It doesn't matter where you go or what you do. I want to spend each moment of the day with you.

C                        D                       C            D           G                                               Em
Oh, look what has happened with just one kiss. I never knew that I could be in love like this.

C                        D  (D/,C/,D/)    C                   D            G  C/, G/
It's crazy but it's true..............I only want to be with you.

Bridge:
You stopped and smiled at me, asked if I'd care to dance

D                                                  A7                          D7
I fell into your open arms and I didn't stand a chance.

(----tacet----------)
Now listen, honey.

G                                           Em                        G                                              Em
I just want to be beside you everywhere. As long as we're together, honey, I don't care

C                        D                      C                D                G                                                   Em
'Cause you've started something, oh, can't you see? That ever since we met you've had a hold on me.

C                             D  (D/,C/,D/)   C                   D            G  C/, G/
No matter what you do...............I only want to be with you.

Instrumental: same chords as verse. G....Em...G...Em...C...D....C....D....G....Em....C...D...C...D...G

Bridge:
You stopped and smiled at me, asked if I'd care to dance

D                                                A7                          D7
I fell into your open arms and I didn't stand a chance.

(----tacet----------)
Now hear me tell it,

G                                           Em                        G                                               Em
I just want to be beside you everywhere. As long as we're together, honey, I don't care

C                        D                      C                D                G                                                   Em
'Cause you've started something, oh, can't you see? That ever since we met you've had a hold on me.

C                             D  (D/,C/,D/)   C                   D            G  C/, G/
No matter what you do...............I only want to be with you.

Ending:
C                                             D  (D/,C/,D/)     C                D              G,  C, G
I said no matter, no matter what you do...............I only want to be with you.
I Should HaveKnown Better
by John Lennon and Paul McCartney (1964)

San Jose Ukulele Club
(added 10/15/2013)
I Still Haven’t Found What I’m Looking For
by U2

D
G
A

Background riff:
A----------0---------0
E-------------------------
C—2—2------2—2----
G-------------------------

D
I have climbed the highest mountains, I have run through the fields
G     D
Only to be with you, only to be with you
D
I have run, I have crawled, I have scaled these city walls
G                  D
These city walls, only to be with you
A                G                     D
But I still haven’t found what I’m looking for
A                G                     D
But I still haven’t found what I’m looking for

D
I have kissed honey lips, felt the healing in her fingertips,
G    D
It burned like fire, this burning de-sire.
D
I have spoke with the tongue of angels, I have held the hand of a devil
G   D
It was warm in the night, I was cold as a stone
A                 G                      D
But I still haven’t found what I’m looking for
A                 G                      D
But I still haven’t found what I’m looking for

D
I believe in the Kingdom come, when all the colours will bleed into one
G            D
Bleed into one, but, yes, I’m still running
D
You broke the bonds, you loosed the chains You carried the cross and my shame,
G    D
Andy my shame, You know I believed it
A                G                       D
But I still haven’t found what I’m looking for
A                G                       D
But I still haven’t found what I’m looking for
A         G                     D
But I still haven’t found what I’m looking for

San Jose Ukulele Club
I Want to Marry a Lighthouse Keeper
by Erika Eigen (~1969)

Intro: G, A7, D, G

G C D G
I want to marry a lighthouse keeper and keep him com-pa-ny.
G A7 D
I want to marry a lighthouse keeper and live by the side of the sea.
G/G G/G G7/G G7/C C C#dim
I'll polish his lamps by the light of day so ships at night can find their way.
G E7 A7 D G
I want to marry a lighthouse keeper. Won't that be okay?

C Cm G G7
We'll have parties on a coral reef and clam-bakes on the shore.
C Cm A7 D
We'll invite the neighbours in and seagulls by the sco-o-o-o-ore... (Caw! Caw!)

G C D G
I dream of living in a lighthouse, baby, every single day
G A7 D
I dream of living in a lighthouse, the white one by the bay.
G/G G/G G7/G G7/C C C#dim
So if you want to make my dreams come true, you'll be a lighthouse keeper too,
G E7 A7 D G E7 A7 D G
We could live in a lighthouse, the white one by the bay. Won't that be okay?

Kazoo first two lines of verse (G C D G....G A7 D)

G/G G/G G7/G G7/C C C#dim
I'll polish his lamps by the light of day so ships at night can find their way.
G E7 A7 D G
I want to marry a lighthouse keeper. Won't that be o-kay?

C Cm G G7
We'll take walks along the moonlit bay, maybe find a treasure too
C Cm A7 D
I'd love living in a lighthouse,...how 'bout you-u-u-u?

G C D G
I dream of living in a lighthouse, baby, every single day
G A7 D
I dream of living in a lighthouse, the white one by the bay.
G/G G/G G7/G G7/C C C#dim
So if you want to make my dreams come true, you'll be a lighthouse keeper too,
G E7 A7 D G E7 A7 D G E7
We could live in a lighthouse, the white one by the bay-a-ay. Won't that be o-ka-a-ay?
A7 D G
Yada tada ta ta ta!
I Will Follow Him

[Intro x 2:]

Doo doo doo, doo doo doo, doo doo doo, doo doo doo doo doo,
Doo doo, doo doo doo, doo doo doo, doo doo doo doo doo doo
I love him, I love him, I love him, and where he goes I'll follow, I'll follow, I'll follow

C             Em
I will follow him, follow him wherever he may go
Am           F           G           C
There isn't an ocean too deep, a mountain so high it can keep me a-way.
C             Em
I must follow him, (follow him) ever since he touched my hand I knew,
Am           Em           F           G           C
that near him I always must be...and nothing can keep him from me...he is my destiny.

Chorus:
I love him, I love him, I love him
Am
and where he goes I'll follow, I'll follow, I'll follow.
C
He'll always be my true love, my true love, my true love
Am
From now until forever, forever, forever.

C             Em
I will follow him, (follow him) follow him wherever he may go,
Am           Em           F           G           C (tacet)           C
There isn't an ocean too deep, a mountain so high it will keep, keep me a-way....Away from my love!

Chorus

C             Em
I will follow him, (follow him) follow him wherever he may go,
Am           Em           F           G           C (tacet)           C
There isn't an ocean too deep, a mountain so high it can keep, keep me a-way!....Away from my love!

Ending:
Doo doo doo, doo doo doo, doo doo doo
Am
and where he goes I'll follow, I'll follow, I'll follow
C
I know I'll always love him, I love him, I love him
Am
And where he goes I'll follow, I'll follow, I'll follow..
(tacet)           C
(slowly)           I will follow him.
I Will
by Paul McCartney

Chorus: Love you for-ev-er, and forever
Gm7   C7   F   F7
Love you with all my heart
Bb     Am    Dm
Love you whenever we’re together
G7   C* C7  Am7
Love you when we’re a-part

F    Dm    Gm7   C7
Who knows how long I’ve loved you,
F    Dm    Am
You know I love you still.
F7    Bb    C7    F
Will I wait a lone-ly life-time?
Bb    C7    F    Dm, Gm7, C7
If you want me to, I will.

F    Dm    Gm7   C7
For if I ev-er saw you,
F    Dm    Am
I didn’t catch your name
F7    Bb    C7    F
But it nev-er rea-llly mattered,
Bb    C7    F    F7
I will al-ways feel the same

Bb     Am    Dm
Chorus: Love you for-ev-er, and forever
Gm7   C7   F   F7
Love you with all my heart
Bb     Am    Dm
Love you whenever we’re together
G7   C* C7  Am7
Love you when we’re a-part

F    Dm    Gm7   C7
And when at last I find you,
F    Dm    Am
Your song will fill the air.
F7    Bb    C7    F    Bb/ F/
Sing it loud so I can hear you.
Bb    C7    F    Bb/ F/
Make it eas-y to be near you.
Bb     C7    Dm    F
For the things you do, en-dear you to me
Gm7   C7   C#7   F....F7....
Ah, you know I will . . . . . . . . I will

        hmm hmm hmm oooo ooo Ah
If Not For You
by Bob Dylan

Intro: G, D, C … G,… D, C

(Tacet) G    D, C                                  G,                  D, C
If not for you,                   I couldn’t even find the door
G                 D, C                            Am
I couldn’t even see the floor.           I’d be sad and blue.
G… D, C     G…D, C
If not for you

G...D, C                                          G               D, C
If not for you,            the night would see me wide awake
G                 D, C                           Am
The day would surely have to break.        It would not be new
G….  D, C     G….D,C
If not for you.

Bridge: If not for you my sky would fall
D7                          G
Rain would gather too
C                                    G
Without your love I’d be no where at all
A7                 D7   Bm   D….
I’d be lost if not for you.

(Tacet)     G… D, C                                G                  D, C
If not for you,            the winter would hold no spring
G                 D, C                            Am
Couldn’t hear a robin sing.        I just wouldn’t have a clue
G….  D, C                   G….D,C  G
If not for you.

Repeat bridge

(Tacet) G …D, C                                     G                 D, C
If not for you,            the winter would hold no spring
G                 D, C                            Am
Couldn’t hear a robin sing.        I just wouldn’t have a clue
G….  D, C                   G….D,C  G
If not for you.                  If not for you

San Jose Ukulele Club
I’ll Follow the Sun
by John Lennon and Paul McCartney

G              F               C
D

One day, you’ll look, to see I’ve gone
C                 Am          D          G          C          F          C

For to-morrow may rain so-o, I’ll follow the sun
G                                             F                   C

Some day, you’ll know, I was the one
C        Am      D      G      C    F          C

But to-morrow may rain so-o, I’ll follow the sun
G                                            F                   C

And now the time has come, and so my love, I must go
Dm    Fm                C                    C7

And though I lose a friend, in the end you will know, Oh-oh-oh-oh
G                                           F                   C

One day, you’ll find, that I have gone
C                         Am    D          G          C          F          C

For to-morrow may rain so-o, I’ll follow the sun
G                                             F                   C

Instrumental:

G     F     C     D
A--------------0---------3--2--5---
E---------3---------3---------
C--2---------3-----------------
G-----------------------------

C                 Am          D          G          C    F          C

Yes, to-morrow may rain, so-o I’ll follow the sun
G                                           F                   C

And now the time has come, and so my love, I must go
Dm    Fm                C                    C7

And though I lose a friend, in the end you will know, Oh-oh-oh-oh
G                                             F                   C

One day, you’ll look, to see I’ve gone
C                         Am    D          G          C    . . . F . . C/

For to-morrow may rain so-o I’ll follow the sun

San Jose Ukulele Club
(updated 10/16/2013)
I’ll Never Find Another You (Key of C)
by Tom Springfield (1964)

There’s a new world somewhere, they call the promised land
And I’ll be there someday, if you will hold my hand
I still need you there be-side me, no mat-ter what I do
For I know I’ll never find a-nother you.

There is always someone, for each of us they say
And you’ll be my someone, for-ever and a day
I could search the whole world over, un-til my life is through
But I know I’ll never find a-nother you.

It’s a long, long journey, so stay by my side
When I walk through the storm, you’ll be my guide, be my guide
If they gave me a fortune, my pleasure would be small
But if I should lose your love, dear, I don’t know what I’d do
For I know I’ll never find a-nother you.

But if I should lose your love, dear, I don’t know what I’d do
For I know I’ll never find a-nother you.
I'll See You in My Dreams
by Isham Jones and Gus Kahn (1924)

Intro: F, Dm, Fmaj7, Dm, x 4

(sing A)    F            Dm       Fmaj7, Dm    D7                 D9   D7
Tho' the days are long,           twilight sings a song
G7                Bbm6          C7       F,  Dm, Fmaj7, Dm
Of the happi-ness   that used to be.
E7                        Am
Soon my eyes will close, soon I'll find repose
D7                              C          G7      C, Cmaj7/, C7
And in dreams you're always near to me.
Bb                   Bbm6      F          E7*       Dm*

Chorus: I'll see you in my dreams, hold you in my dreams
D7
Someone took you out of my arms
G7 C C7
Still I feel the thrill of your charms.
Bb Bbm6 F E7* Dm*
Lips that once were mine,  tender eyes that shine
D7    A7    Dm
They will light my way to-night
Bb Bbm6 F (riff: A--0--1--2--3--2--1--0)
I'll see you in my dreams.

Instrumental: Bb, Bbm6, F, E7, Dm, D7, G7, C, C7

Bb                   Bbm6      F          E7*        Dm*
Lips that once were mine,  tender eyes that shine
D7                         A7       Dm
They will light my way to-night
Bb       Bbm6       F,  Dm, Fmaj7, Dm x 2
I'll see you in my dreams.

F        Dm      Fmaj7, Dm   D7               D9, D7
In the drear-y grey,            of an-other  day
G7                Bbm6      C7       F   Dm, Fmaj7, Dm
You'll be far away and I'll be blue.
E7                        Am
Still I hope and pray, through each weary day
D7                              C          G7           C, Cmaj7/, C7
For it brings the night and dreams of you

Chorus

Bb                   Bbm6      F        Dm, Fmaj7, Dm, F, F*
I'll see you in my dreams.
I’m a Believer
by Neil Diamond
(as sung by the Monkees)

G D G
I thought love was only true in fairy tales
G D G
Meant for someone else but not for me
C G
Love was out to get me
C G
That’s the way it seemed
C G D
Disappointment haunted all my dreams

G/D C G
Chorus: Then I saw her face
G/D C G
Now I’m a be-liev-er
G/D C G G/D C G
Not a trace of doubt in my mind
G C/ G/ F/ D7 (or riff x 4)
I’m in love, (hmmm) I’m a be-liev-er, I couldn’t leave her if I tried

G D G
I thought love was more or less a giving thing
G D G
It seems the more I gave, the less I got
C G
What’s the use in trying
C G
All you get is pain
C G D
When I needed sun-shine I got rain.

Chorus

C G
Love was out to get me
C G
That’s the way it seemed
C G D
Disappointment haunted all my dreams
G/D C G
Yes, I saw her face,
G/D C G
now I’m a believer
G/D C G G/D C G
Not a tra-a-a-ace, of doubt in my mind
G/D C G G/D C G G/D C G
Well I’m a believer yea yea yea yea yea yea

San Jose Ukulele Club
I'm in the Mood for Love
by Jimmy McHugh and Dorothy Fields (1935)

C  Am  Dm  G7  Em7  D7  B7

C .  Am  .  Dm  .  G7  .  .  .  C  .  .  .  I'm in the mood for love  Simp-ly be-cause you're near me
Fun-ny but when you're near me  I'm in the mood for love

C  .  Am  .  Dm  .  G7  .  .  .  C  .  .  .  Hea-ven is in your eyes  Bright as the stars we're un-der
Oh is there a-ny won-der  I'm in the mood for love

Bridge:
Why stop to think of wheth-er
Dm  .  G7  .  C  .  .  .
This little dream might fade
D7  .  .  .  Em7  .  .  .
We've put our hearts to-geth-er
B7\  Dm\  \  G7\  
Now we are one, I'm not a-fraid

C  .  Am  .  Dm  .  G7  .  .  .  C  .  .  .  If there are clouds a-bove  If it should rain then we'll let it
But for to-night for-get it  I'm in the mood for love

Instrumental:  
(same chords as 2nd verse)  C  Am  Dm  G7  .  .  .  C  .  .  .

Bridge:
Why stop to think of wheth-er
Dm  .  G7  .  C  .  .  .
This little dream might fade
D7  .  .  .  Em7  .  .  .
We've put our hearts to-geth-er
B7\  Dm\  \  G7\  
Now we are one, I'm not a-fraid

C  .  Am  .  Dm  .  G7  .  .  .  C  .  .  .  If there are clouds a-bove  If it should rain then we'll let it
But for to-night for-get it  I'm in the mood for love

(Slow) G7  .  .  .  C\  
I'm in the mood for looove.

San Jose Ukulele Club (tweaked 9/4/14)
I'm Into Something Good (Original version as sung by the Cookies)
by Carole King and Gerry Goffin (1965)


Verse 1: C
F          C        F      C                                   F        C
Woke up this mornin' feelin' fine..
There's somethin' special on my mind
Last night I met a new boy in the neighbourhood, whoa, yeah
Somethin' tells me I'm into somethin' good. something tells me I'm into something..
(oo.oo, ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo)

Verse 2: C                          F              C          F     C               F         C
He's the kind of guy who's not too shy.
And I can tell, he's my kind of guy.
We danced and he slow danced with me, like I hoped he would. she danced with me like I hoped she would
Somethin' tells me I'm into somethin' good. something tells me I'm into something..
(oo.oo.oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo)

Bridge:
G7                                                             C
We only talked for a minute or two, and it felt like I knew him the whole night through.
(ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo)

G7                          F                             C                 F     C      F
Can this be fallin' in love? Well, he's everything I've been dreaming of.. she's everything I've been dreaming of
(ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh)

Verse 3: C                      F                     C          F         C                          F             C
He walked me home and he held my hand. I knew it couldn't be just a one night stand
Cuz he asked to see me next week and I told him he could. I asked to see her and she told me I could
Somethin' tells me I'm into somethin' good something tells me I'm into something... something tells me I'm into something ahhhhhhh
(oo,oo, ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo)

Instrumental: same chords as bridge :    G7...........C.....G7.....D7...... G7

San Jose Ukulele Club
I'm Sitting on Top of the World
by Ray Henderson and Sam Lewis (1925)

I'm sitting on top of the world, just rolling a-long, just rolling a-long
I'm quitting the blues of the world, just singing a song, just singing a song.

(←----tacit-----→) G C#7 D D7
Glory Hallelujah, I just told the parson, "Hey Par, get ready to call"
B7 E7 A7
Just like Humpty Dumpty, I'm going to fall.

I'm sitting on top of the world, just rolling a-long, just rolling a-long.

Don't want any millions, I'm getting my share
I've only got one suit, that's all I can wear
A bundle of money, don't make me feel gay
A sweet little honey is making me say

I'm sitting on top of the world, just rolling a-long, just rolling a-long
I'm quitting the blues of the world, just singing a song, just singing a song.

(←----tacit-----→) G C#7 D D7
Glory Hallelujah, I just told the parson, "Hey Par, get ready to call"
B7 E7 A7
Just like Humpty Dumpty, I'm going to fall.

I'm sitting on top of the world, just rolling a-long, just rolling a-long.
Imagine
by John Lennon

Imagine there's no heaven. It's easy if you try
C Cmaj7 F C Cmaj7 F
No hell below us. Above us only sky
F/C Am/C Dm F G C G7
Imagine all the people, living for to-day

C Cmaj7 F C Cmaj7 F
Imagine there's no countries. It isn't hard to do
C Cmaj7 F C Cmaj7 F
Nothing to kill or die for, and no religion, too.
F/C Am/C Dm F G C G7
Imagine all the people, living life in peace.

F G7 C E7 F G7 C E7
You may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one
F G7 C E7 F G7 C
I hope some day you'll join us, and the world will be as one

C Cmaj7 F C Cmaj7 F
Imagine no possessions, I wonder if you can
C Cmaj7 F C Cmaj7 F
No need for greed or hunger. A brotherhood of man
F/C Am/C Dm F G C G7
Imagine all the people sharing all the world.

F G7 C E7 F G7 C E7
You may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one
F G7 C E7 F G7 C
I hope some day you'll join us, and the world will live as one

San Jose Ukulele Club
In a Little Hula Heaven
Ralph Rainger and Leo Robin


We should be to-gether in a little hula heaven over a silvery sea.

So gay and free to-gether in a little hula heaven under a koa tree.

Da---ys would be la-----zy and sweet-ly cra----zy

A7 . . . . . . D7 . . . .
Till skies grew ha—zy a-bove.

Then we'd be all a-lone to-gether

In a little hula heaven living a dream of love.

(Whistle-----------------------------) In a little hula heaven over a silvery sea.

(Whistle-----------------------------) We gotta little hula heaven under a koa tree.

Our days would be la-----zy So sweet-ly cra----zy

A7 . . . . . . D7 . . . .
Till skies grew ha—zy a-bove.

Then we'd be all a-lone to-gether

In a little hula heaven living a dream of love.

Brian W.- San Jose Ukulele Club
Intro riff and chords:

F         Bb         C                    F
A---0—1---3--------- ----1----0---1---0--------------
E-----------------1--- 3----------------------3---1-----
F                Bb             C                 F                F          Bb          C     F

How many kinds of sweet flowers grow, in an English country garden?
F                Bb       C                 F                            F             Bb      C     F
I'll tell you now of some that I know, and those I miss you'll surely pardon.
F                           C                       F                             C
Daffodils, heart's ease and phlox, meadowsweet and lilies, stocks,
F            G7           C             C7
Gentian, lupin and tall holly-hocks,
F          Bb             C                 F                               F           Bb         C   F
Then there're roses, foxgloves, snowdrops, forget-me-nots, in an English country garden
F         Bb         C                    F
A---0—1---3--------- ----1----0---1---0--------------
E-----------------1--- 3----------------------3---1-----
F                Bb             C                 F                F          Bb          C     F

How many insects come here and go, through our English country garden?
F                Bb         C                 F                F          Bb          C     F
I'll tell you now of some that I know, and those I miss you'll surely pardon.
F                C                       F                       C
Fireflies, moths and bees, spiders climbing in the trees
F            G7                C                C7
Butterflies that sway on the cool gentle breeze
F                     Bb            C                       F                F           Bb        C     F
There are snakes, ants that sting, and other creeping things, in an English country garden
F         Bb         C                    F
A---0—1---3--------- ----1----0---1---0--------------
E-----------------1--- 3----------------------3---1-----
F                Bb             C                 F                F          Bb          C     F

How many songbirds fly to and fro, through our English country garden?
F                Bb             C                 F                F          Bb          C     F
I'll tell you now of some that I know and those I miss you'll surely pardon.
F                           C                       F           C
Bobolink, cuck-oo and quail, tanager and cardinal
F            G7                      C          C7
Bluebird, lark, thrush and nigh-tin-gale,
F                     Bb                      C                    F               F           Bb        C     F
There is joy in the spring, when the birds begin to sing, in an English country garden
F           Bb        C     F
In an English country garden
In An English Country Garden (key of A)
(traditional English folk song, ~1728)

ADEIL

Riff and chords:
A D E A
A-0-1-3-----------------1-0-1-0-------------
E------------------1-3------------------3-0--

A D E A
How many kinds of sweet flowers grow, in an English country garden?
A D E A A D E A
I'll tell you now of some that I know, and those I miss you'll surely pardon.
A E A E
Daffodils, heart's ease and phlox, meadowsweet and lilies, stocks,
A B7 E E7
Gentian, lupin and tall holly-hocks,
A D E A A D E A
Then there're roses, foxgloves, snowdrops, for-get-me-nots, in an English country garden

A D E A
A-0-1-3-----------------1-0-1-0-------------
E------------------1-3------------------3-0--

A D E A
How many insects come here and go, through our English country garden?
A D E A A D E A
I'll tell you now of some that I know, and those I miss you'll surely pardon.
A E A E
Fireflies, moths and bees, spiders climbing in the trees
A B7 E E7
Butterflies that sway on the cool gentle breeze
A D E A A D E A
There are snakes, ants that sting, and other creeping things, in an English country garden

A D E A
A-0-1-3-----------------1-0-1-0-------------
E------------------1-3------------------3-0--

A D E A
How many songbirds fly to and fro, through our English country garden?
A D E A A D E A
I'll tell you now of some that I know and those I miss you'll surely pardon.
A E A E
Bobolink, cuck-oo and quail, tanager and cardinal
A B7 E E7
Bluebird, lark, thrush and nigh-tin-gale,
A D E A A D E A
There is joy in the spring, when the birds begin to sing, in an English country garden

A D E A
In an English country garden

San Jose Ukulele Club
In An English Country Garden (key of C)

(traditional English folk song, ~1728)

Opening riff and chords:

```
C         F     G                C
A---------------------------------------------
E--0---1---3-----------1--0--1-0----------
C----------------0---2----------------2--0--
G---------------------------------------------
```

How many kinds of sweet flowers grow, in an English country garden?

```
C                 F             G                 C                        C          F          G     C
How many insects come here and go, through our English country garden?
C                 F             G                 C                        C          F          G     C
I'll tell you now of some that I know, and those I miss you'll surely pardon.
C        D7           G             G7
Daffodils, heart's ease and phlox, meadowsweet and lilies, stocks,
C                           G                       C                           G
Gentian, lupin and tall holly-hocks,
C            D7           G             G7
Gentian, lupin and tall holly-hocks,
```

Then there're roses, foxgloves, snowdrops, forget-me-nots, in an English country garden

```
C                 F             G                 C                        C          F          G     C
Duffodils, heart's ease and phlox, meadowsweet and lilies, stocks,
Duffodils, heart's ease and phlox, meadowsweet and lilies, stocks,
Gentian, lupin and tall holly-hocks,
Gentian, lupin and tall holly-hocks,
```

Then there're roses, foxgloves, snowdrops, forget-me-nots, in an English country garden

```
C                 F             G                 C                        C          F          G     C
How many songbirds fly to and fro, through our English country garden?
C                 F             G                 C                        C          F          G     C
I'll tell you now of some that I know and those I miss you'll surely pardon.
C            D7               G            G7
Bobolink, cuck-oo and quail, tanager and cardinal
```

Bluebird, lark, thrush and nightingale,

There is joy in the spring, when the birds begin to sing, in an English country garden

```
C          F          G     C
In an English country garden
```

San Jose Ukulele Club
In An English Country Garden (key of D)

(traditional English folk song, ~1728)

D G A D
How many kinds of sweet flowers grow, in an English country gar-den?
D G A D D G A D
I'll tell you now of some that I know, and those I miss you'll surely par-don
D A D A
Daffodils, heart's ease and phlox, meadowsweet and lilies, stocks,
D E7 A A7
Gentian, lupin and tall holly-hocks,
D G A D D G A D
Then there're roses, foxgloves, snowdrops, for-get-me-nots, in an English country gar-den

D G A D
A--------0------------------------
E-----2--3--0--3--2--3--2--0-----
C-----------2-------------------
G--------------------------------

D G A D
How many insects come here and go, through our English country gar-den?
D G A D D G A D
I'll tell you now of some that I know, and those I miss you'll surely par-don.
D A D A
Fireflies, moths and bees, spiders climbing in the trees
D E7 A A7
Butterflies that sway on the cool gentle breeze
D G A D D G A D
There are snakes, ants that sting, and other creeping things, in an English country gar-den

D G A D
A--------0------------------------
E-----2--3--0--3--2--3--2--0-----
C-----------2-------------------
G--------------------------------

D G A D
How many songbirds fly to and fro, through our English country gar-den?
D G A D D G A D
I'll tell you now of some that I know and those I miss you'll surely par-don
D A D A
Bobolink, cuck-oo and quail, tanager and cardinal
D E7 A A7
Bluebird, lark, thrush and nigh-tin-gale,
D G A D D G A D
There is joy in the spring, when the birds begin to sing, in an English country gar-den
D G A D
In an English country gar-den

San Jose Ukulele Club
In An English Country Garden (key of G)
(traditional English folk song, ~1728)

Riff and chords for Hi-G:
\[
\begin{array}{ccc}
G & C & D \\
A--2--3--5-----0--3--2--3--2--0---- \\
E-------------3-----------------------3-
\end{array}
\]

Riff and chords for low-G:
\[
\begin{array}{ccc}
G & C & D \\
C------0---2-----------0------0------------ \\
G--4----------0---2-------4----- 4---2--0-
\end{array}
\]

G                C             D                 G                G          C           D         G
How many kinds of sweet flowers grow, in an English country gar-den?
G                C             D              G                         G               C       D     G
I'll tell you now of some that I know, and those I miss you'll surely par-don
G                           D                       G                           D
Daffodils, heart's ease and phlox, meadowsweet and lilies, stocks,
G        C                 D                    G                          G          C            D   G
Gentian, lupin and tall holly-hocks,
G                C             D                   G                       G          C          D      G
Then there're roses, foxgloves, snowdrops, for-get-me-nots, in an English country gar-den

Riff and chords

G                C             D                 G                G          C               D    G
How many insects come here and go, through our English country gar-den?
G                C          D                 G                        G              C        D     G
I'll tell you now of some that I know, and those I miss you'll surely par-don.
G                           D                       G                      D
Fireflies, moths and bees, spiders climbing in the trees
G                       A7               D               D7
Butterflies that sway on the cool gentle breeze
G                         C             D                     G                 G          C           D     G
There are snakes, ants that sting, and other creeping things, in an English country gar-den

Riff and chords

G                C             D                 G                G          C           D     G
How many songbirds fly to and fro, through our English country gar-den?
G                C             D                 G                G          C           D     G
I'll tell you now of some that I know and those I miss you'll surely par-don
G                           D                       G         D
Bobolink, cuck-oo and quail, tanager and cardinal
G            A7                D                 D7
Bluebird, lark, thrush and nigh-tin-gale,
G             C                         D                     G              G          C          D     G
There is joy in the spring, when the birds begin to sing, in an English country gar-den
G          C           D     G
In an English country gar-den

SanJose Ukulele Club
In My Room (key of C)
by Brian Wilson (The Beach Boys)

Finger pick pattern: 4,3,2,1,2,3

Intro: C . Am . Dm . G\ 

C . . . . . . . . . Bb . C . Am
There’s a world where I can go and tell my sec-rets to
In my room .......... in my room (in my room)
C . . . . . . . . . . Bb . C . Am
In this world I lock out all my wor-ries and my fears
In my room .......... in my room (in my room)

Am . . . G . . .
Do my dream-ing and my scheme-ing,
Am\ G\ Am\ G\ C . . .
Lie a-wake and pray-ay
Am . . . G . . .
Do my cry-ing and my sigh-ing
Dm . F . G . .
Laugh at yes-ter-day

C . . . . . . . . . Bb . C . Am
Now it’s dark and I’m a-lone, but I won’t be a-fraid
In my room .......... in my room in my room,... in my room,... in my room.

San Jose Ukulele Club
(tweaked 5/12/14)
"In the Good Old Sumertime"
by George Evans and Ren Shields (1902)

G      G7
In the good old summer-time
C      G
In the good old summertime
Em
Strolling through the shady lanes
A7     D7
With your baby mine
G      G7
You hold her hand and she holds yours
C      G
And that's a very good sign

That she's your tootsie-wootsie
Em  A7  D7  G
In the good old summer-time

Kazoo or hum instrumental

Repeat first Verse
Into the West
by Howard Shore

Am
-------
C
-----
C
--------
---
-------------
C
------

---Lay down --------------------------your sweet and weary head-------
C\ . . . G\ . . . F\ . . . . . . . . . Am\ . . .

--------------Night is falling ------------------you have come to journey's e-e-end-----
C\ . . . G\ . . . F\ . . . . . . . . . Am\ . . .

-------------Sleep now-------------and dream of the ones who came be-fo-o-re-------------
C\ . . . G\ . . . F\ . . . . . . . . . Am\ . . .

-------------They are calling------------------from a-cross the distant sho-re-------------
Am\ . . . C\ . . . F\ . . . . . . . . . G\ . . . . Am\ .

-------------Why do you we-e-ep-----------------what are these tears u-pon your face?--
 . . C\ . . . F\ . . . . . . . . . G\ . . . . Am\ .

Soon you will see-e-e-e-e-e-ee-all of your fe-ears will pass a-way--
 . . C\ . . . F\ . . . . . . . . . G . . . .

Safe in my a-a-arms----------you're only sle-e-eping--

C . . . . . . F . . . . . . . . . C . . . . . . . G . . . .

Bridge: --What can you see---------on the hor-i-zon?-------Why do the white gulls call?----------
C . . . . . . F . . . . . . . . . C . . . . . . . G . . . .

-------A-cross the sea---------a pale moon ri-is-es------The ships have come to carry you ho-o-ome--------

Am\ . . . C\ . . . F\ . . . . G\ . . . . Am\ . . . C\ . . . F\ . . . . G\ . . .

-------Dawn will turn-----------to sil-ver glass---------------a light on the wa-ter------a-all so-uls pass-----
C\ . . . G\ . . . F\ . . . . . . . . . Am\ . . .

-------Hope fa-ades----------------in-to the world of night--------
C\ . . . G\ . . . F\ . . . . . . . . . Am\ . . .

-------Thru shadows falling----------------out of memor-ry and time
C\ . . . G\ . . . F\ . . . . . . . . . Am\ . . .

-------Do-on't say----------------we have come now to the end
C\ . . . . . G\ . . . . . . . . . . . . . Am\ .

-------White shores are calling----------------you and I will meet a-gain.
 . . . . . . C\ . . . F\ . . . . G\ . . . .

And you'll be he-ere in my-y a-a-arms----------ju-ust sle-e-eping--

Bridge:

Am\ . . . C\ . . . F\ . . . . G\ . . . . Am\ . . . C\ . . . F\ . . . . G\ . . .

-------And all will turn-----------to sil-ver glass---------------a light on the wa-ter------gre-ey shi-ps pass
 . . . . . C\ . . .

into the West.

Outtro: A--10-----10-------10-----10----
E-----8-------8-------8-------8-----

San Jose Ukulele Club
It Had To Be You
by Isham Jones and Gus Kahn (1924)

Why do I do, just as you say? Why must I just, give you your way?
A7 A9 A7 Bm G
Why do I sigh? Why don't I try to forget?
G Bm G G7 Am7 Cm G
It must have been that something lovers call fate. Kept on saying, I had to wait.
A7 A9 A7 Bm D7
I saw them all Just couldn't fall 'til we met
G Bm G G7 Am7 Cm G
Seems like, dreams like, I always had, could be, should be, making me glad
A7 A9 A7 Bm G
Why am I blue? It's up to you to explain.
G Bm G G7 Am7 Cm G
I'm thinking maybe, baby, I'll go a-way. Some day, some way, you'll come and say
A7 A9 A7 Bm D7
"It's you I need", and you'll be pleading in vain.

(Tab to help you sing on key)
A-----------------------------------------------
E-------------0--0--2------------------2--3--2--3--4--
C-2--2--2--------------------------
G-----------------------------------------------
D7+5 Gm7 G E7
It had to be you..................it had to be you
E7sus A9 A7 A9 A7 A9
I wandered a-round and finally found, somebody who
D7 Adim7 Em
Could make me be true..................could make me feel blue
Em7 A7 Em7 A7 D7
And even be glad, just to be sad, thinking of you.............
D7+5 Gm7 G E7
Some others I've seen..................might never be mean
E7sus A9 A7 A9 A7 A9
Might never be cross, or try to be boss, but they wouldn't do.
Em7 C Cm
For nobody else gives me a thrill,
G B7 Em
With all your faults, I love you still
Gdim D7 Gdim D7
It had to be you, wonderful you, it had to be you.
It's Beginning to Look a Lot Like Christmas
by Meredith Willson (1951)

Intro: F . . Dm . . Gm7 . . C7 . . x 2

F                                Bb       F                            A7
Bb, D7

It's begin-ning to look a lot like Christmas, every-where you go
Gm7            C7   Am     Dm
Take a look in the five and ten, glist-en-ing once a-gain,
C                          G7                  C7
With candy canes and silver lanes a-glow.
F                                Bb       F                            A7
Bb, D7

It's begin-ning to look a lot like Christmas, toys in ev'ry store
Gm7                F                          F                    D7
         Gm7  C7            F                    D7
But the prettiest site to see is the holly that will be on your own front door.

Bridge: Hop-a-long boots and a pistol that shoots are the wishes of Barney and Ben
G7/ G7/ C7               C7              C7
Dolls that will talk and will go for a walk is the hope of Janice and Jen.
C7/ C7/                  G7               C7/
And Mom and Dad can hardly wait for school to start a-gain.

(tacet) F                                Bb       F                            A7
Bb, D7

It's begin-ning to look a lot like Christmas, every-where you go
Gm7            C7   Am     Dm
There's a tree in the Grand Ho-tel, one in the park, as well
C                          G7                  C7
The sturdy kind that doesn't mind the snow.
F                                Bb       F                            A7
Bb, D7

It's begin-ning to look a lot like Christmas, soon the bells will start.
Gm7                F                          F                    D7
And the thing that will make them ring, is the carol that you sing
Gm7  C7            F9          D7                 Gm7  C7            F/         Bb/ F/
Right with-in your heart .. Right with-in your heart.

San Jose Ukulele Club
It’s Only a Paper Moon
by Harold Arlen, Billy Rose and E.Y. Harburg (1933)

G Abdim Am7 D7 Am7 D7 G
Say, it’s only a paper moon, sailing over a cardboard sea
G Dm C A7 D7 G D7
But it wouldn’t be make be-lieve if you believed in me.

G Abdim Am7 D7 Am7 D7 G
Yes, it’s only a canvas sky, hanging over a muslin tree
G Dm C A7 D7 G G7
But it wouldn’t be make be-lieve if you believed in me.

C C#dim G Em7 Am7 D7 G
Bridge: With-out your love, it’s a hon-ky tonk par-a-de
C C#dim G Em7 Bm7 E7 Am7 D7
With-out your love, it’s a melody played... in a penny ar-cade.

G Abdim Am7 D7 Am7 D7 G
It’s a Barnum and Bailey world, just as phony as it can be.
G Dm C A7 D7 G D7
But it wouldn’t be make-believe if you believed in me.

Instrumental: Same chords as a verse (with kazoo, or silly scatting)

Bridge

G Abdim Am7 D7 Am7 D7 G
It’s a Barnum and Bailey world, just as phony as it can be.
G Dm C A7 D7 G/ F# F#/ G/
But it wouldn’t be make be-lieve if you believed in me.
The snow is snowing, the wind is blowing, but I can weather the storm.

What do I care how much it may storm?

I've got my love to keep me warm.

I can't remember, a worse December. Just watch those icicles form.

What do I care if icicles form?

I've got my love to keep me warm.

My heart's on fire, the flame grows higher, so I will weather the storm.

What do I care how much it may storm?

I've got my love to keep me warm.

Bridge: Off with my overcoat, off with my glove

I need no overcoat, I'm burning with love.
Jambalaya On the Bayou
by Hank Williams (1952)

Good-bye Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh,
me gotta go, pole the pirogue down the bayou.
My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh.
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun, on the bayou.

Chorus:
Jambalaya, crawfish pie and fillet gumbo
'Cause tonight, I'm gonna see my cher a mi o
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar, and be gay-o.
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun, on the bayou.

Thi-bo-daux, Fon-tain-eaux, the place is buzzin'
Kin folk come to see Yvonne, by the dozen.
Dress in style, go hog wild, me oh my oh.
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun, on the bayou.

Jambalaya, crawfish pie and fillet gumbo
'Cause tonight, I'm gonna see my cher a mi o
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar, and be gay-o.
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun, on the bayou.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Jingle Bell Rock  
by Joseph Beal and James Boothe (1957)

Intro:  A---7-7-7---7-7-7---7-10---3--5--3-----2-------------------
E---8-8-8-----7-7-7---8-----8---3--5--3-----3-------------------
C----------------------------------3-------------------
G-----------------------------------0-------------------

C  Cmaj7  C6  C#dim7  Dm  G7
Jingle bell, jingle bell, jingle bell rock, jingle bell swing and jingle bell ring,
Dm  G7  Dm  G7  Dm  G7  G+
Snowin' and blowin' up bushels of fun, now the jingle bell hop has begun.
C  Cmaj7  C6  Cmaj7  C6  C  C#dim7  Dm  G7
Jingle bell, jingle bell, jingle bell rock, jingle bells chime in jingle bell time
Dm  G7  Dm  G7  Dm  G7  C  C7
Dancin' and prancin' in jingle bell square, in the frosty air.

F  Fm  C
Chorus:  What a bright time, it's the right time, to rock the night away.
D7  G7  Dm  G7  G+
Jingle bell time is a swell time... to go glidin' in a one-horse sleigh

F  Fm  D7
Mix and a-mingle in a jinglin' beat,
G7  D7  G7  D7  G7  C  C7
That's the jingle bell, that's the jingle bell, that's the jingle bell rock!

Chorus

C  Cmaj7  C6  Cmaj7  C6  C  A7
Giddy-up, jingle-horse, pick up your feet, jingle around the clock
F  Fm  D7
Mix and a-mingle in a jinglin' beat,
G7  D7  G7  D7  G7  C  C7
That's the jingle bell, that's the jingle bell, that's the jingle bell rock!

San Jose Ukulele Club
Jingle Bells

Intro vamp: A7////, D7////, G//////// x 2

G                                C
Dashing through the snow, in a one-horse open sleigh
Am                               D7                           G
O'er the fields we go, laughing all the way
G                                C
Bells on bob-tail ring, making spirits bright,
Am                               G                               D7                           G      D7
What fun it is to ride and sing a sleighing song to-night, Oh__

G                                C                                G
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way
C                                G                                A7                           D7
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh
G                                C                                G
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way
C                                G                                D7                           G
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh

G                                C
A day or two ago, I thought I'd take a ride
Am                               D7                           G
And soon Miss Fanny Bright was seated by my side
G                                C
The horse was lean and lank, misfortune seemed his lot
Am                               G                               D7                           G      D7
We got into a drifted bank and then we got upsot. Oh__

G                                C                                G
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way
C                                G                                A7                           D7
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh
G                                C                                G
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way
C                                G                                D7                           G
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh

San Jose Ukulele Club
Johnny Angel (Key of C)
by Lynn Duddy and Lee Pockriss (1962)
(as sung by Shelley Fabares)

Intro: Johnny Angel, Johnny Angel, Johnny Angel, Johnny Angel, ….you’re an angel to me

C Am F
Johnny Angel, how I love him, he’s got something that I can’t resist
Dm G7 C, Am, C, Am
But he doesn’t even know that I… I… I exist
C Am F
Johnny Angel, how I want him, how I tingle when he passes by,
Dm G7 C, Am, C, Am
Every time he says “hello” my heart begins to fly.

Gm C C7
Chorus: I’m in heaven, I get carried away
F\ F\ I dream of him and me, and how it’s gonna be
Am D D7
Other fellows call me up for a date,
G\ G7\ But I just sit and wait, I’d rather concentrate..

C Am F
..on Johnny Angel, ’cause I love him, and I pray that someday he’ll love me
Dm G7 C, Am, C, Am
and together we will see how lovely heaven will be.

Chorus

C Am F
..on Johnny Angel, ’cause I love him, and I pray that someday he’ll love me
Dm G7 C
and together we will see how lovely heaven will be.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Intro and riff:  

(suggest low-G)  

Don't go changin', to try and please me, you never let me down be-fore, mm-mm-m  

I would not leave you in times of trouble, we never could have come this far, mm-mm-mm  

Ahh,  what will it take 'til you be-lieve in me  

the way that I believe in you?  

Just the Way You Are  

by Billy Joel  

Don't i-ma-gine you're too fa-mil iar and I don't see you any-more.  

I took the good times, I'll take the bad times  

I'll take you just the way you are. (riff)  

Bridge:  

I need to know that you will always be the same old someone that I knew  

Ahh, what will it take 'til you be-lieve in me the way that I believe in you?  

I could not love you any bet- ter  

I love you just the way you are. (riff)  

Bridge:  

I need to know that you will always be the same old someone that I knew  

Ahh, what will it take 'til you be-lieve in me the way that I believe in you?  

I just want some-one that I can talk to  

I want you just the way you are (end with riff)
King of the Road  (Key of A → Bb)
by Roger Miller

Trailers for sale or rent, rooms to let, fifty cents.
No phone, no pool, no pets, I ain’t got no cigarettes, ah but,
Two hours of pushing broom buys an eight by twelve four bit room
I’m a man of means by no means, King of the Road.

Third boxcar, midnight train, destination Bangor, Maine
Old worn out suit and shoes, I don’t pay no union dues, I smoke
Old stogies I have found, short, but not too big around,
I’m a man of means by no means, King of the Road.

(½ step key change) 

Bridge: I know every engineer on every train,
All of the children and all of their names
And every handout in every town
And ev’ry lock that ain’t locked when no one’s around, I sing

Trailers for sale or rent, rooms to let, fifty cents.
No phone, no pool, no pets, I ain’t got no cigarettes, ah but,
Two hours of pushing broom buys an eight by twelve four bit room
I’m a man of means by no means, King of the Road.
King of the Road  (original key of Bb)
by Roger Miller

Bb    Eb    F    Bb
Trailers for sale or rent, rooms to let, fifty cents.
Bb    Eb    F\ (------tacet, snap fingers--------)
No phone, no pool, no pets, I ain’t got no cigarettes, ah but,
Bb    Eb    F    Bb
Two hours of pushing broom buys an eight by twelve four bit room
Bb    Eb    F\ (---tacet---) Bb\ 
I’m a man of means by no means, King of the Road.

Bb    Eb    F    Bb
Third boxcar, midnight train, destination Bangor, Maine
Bb    Eb    F\(------tacet, snap fingers----------)
Old worn out suit and shoes, I don’t pay no union dues, I smoke
Bb    Eb    F    Bb
Old stogies I have found, short, but not too big around,
Bb    Eb    F\ (---tacet---) Bb\ 
I’m a man of means by no means, King of the Road.

(½ step key change)   B    E
Bridge: I know every engineer on every train,
F#    B
All of the children and all of their names
B    E
And every handout in every town
F#\ (----------------tacet, snap fingers-------------------)
And ev’ry lock that ain’t locked when no one’s around, I sing

B    E    F#    B
Trailers for sale or rent, rooms to let, fifty cents.
B    E    F#\ (------tacet, snap fingers--------)
No phone, no pool, no pets, I ain’t got no cigarettes, ah but,
B    E    F#    B
Two hours of pushing broom buys an eight by twelve four bit room
B    E    F#\ (----tacet---) B\ 
I’m a man of means by no means, King of the Road.
Kokomo
by The Beach Boys

C       F
Aruba, Jamaica, ooh I wanna take ya
F
Bermuda, Bahama, come on pretty mama
C       F
Key Largo, Montego, baby why don’t we go, Jamaica
C   C maj7   Gm7
Off the Florida Keys, There’s a place called Kokomo
Fm               C       D7   G7
That’s where you wanna go to get away from it all.
C   C maj7   Gm7
Bodies in the sand, tropical drink melting in your hand
Fm               C       D7   G7   C
We’ll be falling in love to the rhythm of a steel drum band, .....down in Kokomo

Chorus: Aruba Jamaica, ooh I wanna take ya to
F
Bermuda, Bahama, come on pretty mama
C       F
Key Largo, Montego, ooh I wanna take her down to Kokomo
Fm               C
We’ll get there fast and then we’ll take it slow
Am       Dm   G7  C
That’s where we wanna go, way down in Kokomo.

C
Martinique, that Monserrat mystique...
C   C maj7   Gm7
We’ll put out to sea, and we’ll perfect our chemistry
Fm               C       D7   G7
By and by we’ll defy a little bit of gravity
C   C maj7   Gm7
Afternoon delight, cocktails and moonlit nights
Fm               C       D7   G7
That dreamy look in your eye, gives me a tropical contact high
C
Way down in Kokomo

   Chorus: (Aruba, Jamaica...

C
Port au Prince, I wanna catch a glimpse,

(Sax/ solo instrumental but just strum: C Gm7, F, Fm, C, D7, G7)
C   C maj7   Gm7
Everybody knows a little place like Kokomo
Fm               C       D7   G7   C
Now if you wanna go and get away from it all .....go down to Kokomo..

   Chorus x2 and fade out

San Jose Ukulele Club
Ku'u Home 'O Kahalu'u (Key of D)
by Jerry Santos

Intro:

D G D . . . . D G D . . . .
I remember days when we were younger,
We used to catch 'o'opu in the mountain stream.

D G D . . . . D G D . . . .
Around the Ko'olau hills we'd ride on horseback,
So long ago, it seems it was a dream.

Chorus 1:

G D . . . .
Last night I dreamt I was re-turning
G D . . . .
And my heart called out to you
G D . . . .
But I fear you won't be like I left you
D A7 D . . . .
Me ke a-lo-ha ku'u ho-me 'o Kaha-lu'u

D G D . . . . D G D . . . .
I remember days when we were wiser,
When our world was small enough for dreams

D G D . . . . D G D . . . .
And you have lingered there my (sister/brother)
And I no longer can, it seems

Chorus 2:

G D . . . .
Last night I dreamt I was re-turning,
G D . . . .
And my heart called out to you
G D . . . .
But I fear I am not as I left you,
D A7 D . . . .
Me ke a-lo-ha ku'u ho-me 'o Kaha-lu'u

A7 D
Bridge:
Change is a strange thing, it cannot be denied
A7 D
It can help you find yourself, or make you lose your pride
G D
Move with it slowly as on the road we go,
A7 . . . . \ . . . \ . . .
Please do not hold on to me, we all must go a-lone

D G D . . . . D G D . . . .
I remember days when we were smiling,
When we laughed and sang the whole night long

D G D . . . . D G D . . . .
And I will greet you as I find you,
with the sharing of a brand new song.

G D . . . .
Chorus 3:

G D . . . .
Last night I dreamt I was re-turning
G D . . . .
And my heart called out to you
G D . . . .
To please ac-cept me as you'll find me
D A7 D . . . .
Me ke aloha ku'u home 'o Kaha-lu'u

San Jose Ukulele Club
Lady Madonna
by Paul McCartney (1968)

Lady Ma-donna children at your feet wonder how you manage to make ends me-et
Who finds the money when you pay the rent Did you think that money was hea-ven se-nt?
Friday night a-rrives with-out a suit-case Sunday morning creeping like a nun
Dm . . . | G7 . . . | C\ . Bm7\ / | E7sus\ . E7\ . |
Monday's child has learned to tie his boot-lace. Se-e-e how they ru-u-u-u-un

Lady Ma-donna baby at your breast Wonders how you manage to feed the re-est
papa paa paa papa papa paaaaaaa papa paa paa papa paa paa papa paa
Dm . . . | G7 . . . | C\ . Bm7\ / | E7sus\ . E7\ . |
papa paa paa papa papa paaaaaaa See how they ru-u-u-u-un

Lady Ma-donna lying on the bed listen to the music playing in your hea-eaad
Tuesday after-noon is never end-ing Wednesday morning papers didn't come
(papa paa paa papa papa paaaaaaa papa paa paa papa paa paa papa paa)
Dm . . . . | G7 . . . | C\ . Bm7\ / | E7sus\ . E7\ . |
Thursday night your stockings needed mend-ing Se-e-e how they ru-u-u-u-un
(pa pa paa paa pa pa pa pa paaaaa)
Lady Ma-donna children at your feet wonder how you manage to make ends me-e-eet

Outro: A' . . F' . . | C\ / Bm7\ A\ . . | A' . . F' . . | C\ / Bm7\ A\ . .

San Jose Ukulele Club (6/30/14)
Last Train to Clarksville
by Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart (1966)

G F
Intro: x 4
A ---------------------------------
E -----3-----1----0--------------
C --------------2--------------
(low) G -----------0--------------
(riff can be played whenever a G chord measure is played)

G
Take the last train to Clarksville and I'll meet you at the station.

C
You can be here by four thirty 'cause I've made your reservation; don't be slow
C C/
Oh, no, no, no Oh, no, no, no . . .

G
'Cause I'm leavin' in the morning and I must see you again
C C/ D
We'll have one more night together, 'til the morning brings my train and I must go,
G F G F (or riff x 2)
Oh, no, no, no Oh, no, no, no . . . And I don't know if I'm ever coming home.

G
Take the last train to Clarksville. I'll be waiting at the station.

C
We'll have time for coffee flavored kisses, and a bit of conversation
C C/
Oh, no, no, no oh, no, no, no . . .

G
Take the last train to Clarksville now I must hang up the phone.

C
I can't hear you in this noisy railroad station all alone and I'm feelin' low
C C/ D
Oh, no, no, no Oh, no, no, no . . . And I don't know if I'm ever coming home
D
(Ahh) G F F
G F G F
(ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh)

G
Take the last train to Clarksville and I'll meet you at the station.

C
You can be here by four thirty 'cause I made your reservation; don't be slow
C C/
Oh, no, no, no Oh, no, no, no . . .
D
And I don't know if I'm ever coming home.

G F G F G F (or riff x 2)
Take the last train to Clarksville
(ahhhhh-oooooo00000oooh) Take the last train to Clarksville
(ahhhhh-oooooo00000oooh) Take the last train to Clarksville
(ahhhhh-oooooo00000oooh)

San Jose Ukulele Club
Lavender’s Blue (Key of G)

English Traditional (c.1680)

G     C
Lavender’s blue, dilly dilly, lavender’s green,
G     C     D
When you are king, dilly, dilly, I’ll be your queen.
G     C
Who told you so, dilly, dilly, who told you so?
G     C     G     D     G
’Twas my own heart, dilly, dilly, that told me so.

G     C
Call up your friends, dilly, dilly, set them to work
G     C     D
Some to the plow, dilly, dilly, some to the fork,
G     C
Some to bind hay, dilly, dilly, some to thresh corn,
G     C     G     D     G
Whilst you and I, dilly, dilly, keep our-selves warm.

G     C
Lavender’s green, dilly, dilly, Lavender’s blue,
G     C     D
If you love me, dilly, dilly, I will love you.
G     C
Let the birds sing, dilly, dilly, and the lambs play;
G     C     G     D     G
We shall be safe, dilly, dilly, out of harm’s way.

G     C
I love to dance, dilly, dilly, I love to sing,
G     C     D
When I am queen, dilly, dilly, you’ll be my king.
G     C
Who told me so, dilly, dilly, who told me so?
G     C     G     D     G
I told myself, dilly, dilly, I told me so.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Lazy Day (original key)
by George Fischoff and Tony Powers (as sung by Spanky and Our Gang)

Intro: Bb, F#, C#, Ab, Cm, F#, Bbm, F, F#, Ebm, F#, F
Blue sky, sunshine, what a day to take a walk in the park.
Bb F# C# Ab Cm F# Bbm F F#, Ebm, F#, F
Ice cream, day dream, till the sky becomes a blanket of stars
Eb Bbmaj7 Eb Bbmaj7
What a day for picking daisies and lots of red balloons,
C# F# Ab F*
And what a day for holding hands and being with you.

Chorus: Bb F Bb C# Eb F
Lazy day, just right for loving a-way
Bb F Bb C# Eb F
Lazy day, made for a stroll in the lane.
Gm Bbmaj7
Baby you and me (baby you and me)
Gm C7
And the honey bee ('neath a shady tree)
Bb F C# Ab Bb Fm C# Bbm, Eb, F
Lazy day, lazy day, lazy day for you and me

Bb F# C# Ab Cm F# Bbm F F#, Ebm, F#, F
Blue sky, sun-shine, flowers blooming, people saying hel-lo
Bb F# C# Ab Cm F# Bbm F Bbmaj7
Row boats, bird notes, people smiling every-where that they go
Eb Bbmaj7 Eb Bbmaj7
What a day to be to-geth-er, and what a sky of blue
C# F# Ab F*
And what a day for thinking right out loud, I love you.

Chorus

Chorus

Ending:
B F# B D E F#
Lazy day, made for a stroll in the lane
B F# B D E F#
Lazy day, just right for loving a-way
B F# B D E F#
Lazy day, made for a stroll in the lane (fade out)
Intro:

G . . . . . . . . . .

G . . . . . . . . . .

G . . . . . . . . . .

--- Way down a-long Syca-more Slough,-- a white man si-ings the blues --------

G . . . . . . . . . .

G . . . . . . . . . .

--- Selling ros-es of pa-per ma-ches,-with flecks of star-r-light dew ----------

Em . . . . . . . . . .

C . . . . . . . . . .

---- I swiped a bunch - and threw it your way ---where ha-zy mo-on-light glowed ----


--- Way down,---- down a-long Lazy River Road --------------------------

G . . . . . . . . . .

G . . . . . . . . . .

--- Way down a-long Shadow-fall Ward ------- end of the av--e-nue -------

G . . . . . . . . . .

G . . . . . . . . . .

--- Run hide seek in your own back-yard ----- Mama's back-yard --- won't do -------

Em . . . . . . . . . .

D . . . . . . . . . .

---- All night long I sang love's sweet song ----- down where the wa-ter flowed -----


--- Way down,---- down a-long Lazy River Road --------------------------


Moon-light wanes-- as hound dogs bay ----- Never quite ca-atch the tune -----


Stars fall down in buckets - like rain till there ain't no sta-anding room ------


Bright blue box-cars, train - by train, ---- rattle while dreams un-fold -------

Em . Dm . C . . . . G . . . . .

---- Way down,---- down a-long Lazy River Road --------------------------

G . . . . . . . . . .

G . . . . . . . . . .

--- Way down a-long Semi-nole Square,---- belly of the ri---iver tide ----------

G . . . . . . . . . .

G . . . . . . . . . .

--- Call for me -- and I will be there for the price of a ta-axi ride -------

Em . . . . . . . . . .

D . . . . . . . . . .

----- Night time double clutches in-to the day like a truck down-shift-ing its load -------


--- Way down,---- down a-long Lazy River Road --------------------------

Instrumental: 1 verse, then Repeat Bridge

G . . . . . . . . . .

G . . . . . . . . . .

--- Thread the nee-dle right through the eye. ---- The thread that runs -- so true ---------

G . . . . . . . . . .

G . . . . . . . . . .

--- All the o--thers I let pass by,----- I on-ly wa-anted you -------

Em . . . . . . . . . .

D . . . . . . . . . .

---- I never cared much for ca-areless love,-- but, oh, how your bright eyes glowed -------


Leaving On a Jet Plane
by John Denver

All my bags are packed, I'm ready to go,
I'm standing here outside your door
I hate to wake you up to say goodbye
But the dawn is breaking, it's early morn,
The taxi's waiting, he's blowing his horn
Already I'm so lonesome, I could die

Chorus:
So kiss me and smile for me, tell me that you'll wait for me
Hold me like you'll never let me go
'Cause I'm leaving on a jet plane
Don't know when I'll be back again
Oh, babe, I hate to go

There's so many times I've let you down, so many times I've played around
I tell you now, they don't mean a thing.
Every place I go, I'll think of you, every song I sing, I'll sing for you
When I come back, I'll bring your wedding ring.

Chorus

Now the time has come to leave you, one more time let me kiss you
Then close your eyes, I'll be on my way
Dream about the days to come, when I won't have to leave alone
About the time I won't have to say...

Chorus

I'm leaving on a jet plane,
Don't know when I'll be back again,
Oh, babe,... I hate...to go....

San Jose Ukulele Club
Let It Go (Key of C)  
by Kristen Anderson-Lopez and Robert Lopez (from Disney’s “Frozen” (2012))

Intro: A

E --2-3--2-3--3-2--3-2--3-2--3-2--0-2--0-2--2-3--2-3--3-2--3-2--3-2--0-2--0-2--
C --4-4--4-4--4-4--4-4--4-4--4-4--4-4--4-4--4-4--4-4--4-4--4-4--4-4--4-4--4-4--

Em                      C                          D                     A

The snow glows white on the mountain to-night, not a foot print to be seen.

Em C D Am

A king-dom of i-so-la-tion, and it looks like I’m the queen

Em C D Am Em D Am A

The wind is howl-ing like this swirl-ing storm in-side. Couldn’t keep it in, heaven knows I’ve tried.

D C D

Don’t let them in, don’t let them see, Be the good girl you always have to be

D C D

Conceal, don’t feel, don’t let them know …. Well, now they know……

G D Em C G D Em C

Let it go, let it go, can’t hold it back any more. Let it go, let it go, turn a-way and slam the door.

G\ D\ Em\ C\ Bm\ Bb\ C\ I don’t care what they’re go-ing to say. Let the storm rage on. The cold never bothered me anyway.

D\ G \ D \ D \ Em \ D \ C \ A \ Am \ It’s funny how some dis-tance, makes eve-ry thing seem small

Em D A

and the fears that once con-trolled me, can’t get to me at all!

D\ C\ D\ It’s time to see what I can do, to test the limits and break through.

\ C \ C2 No right, no wrong, no rules for me… I’m freeeee!

G D Em C G D Em C

Let it go, let it go, I am one with the wind and sky. Let it go, let it go, you’ll never see me cry,

G\ D\ Em\ C\ Bm\ Bb\ C\ C/g \ C/g \ C/g \ C/g \ C/g \ C/g \ C/g \ C/g \ C/g \ C/g \ C/g \ C/g \ C/g \ C/g \ C/g \ C/g \ C/g \ C/g

Here I stand, and here I’ll stay. Let the storm rage on…………

C/g \ My po- wer flur- ries thru the air in- to the grouuuuuuuuu
C/g \ My soul is spi-ra- ling in fro-zen frac-tals all a-rouuuuuuuuu
D \ Em \ D \ C D

And one thought crystallizes like an icy blast… I’m never going back… the past is in the paaaaaaaast

G D Em C G D Em C

Let it go, let it go, when I’ll rise like the break of dawn. Let it go, let it go, that perfect girl is gone.

G\ D\ Em\ C\ Cm\ Bm\ Bb\ C\ G Here I stand in the light of day, let the storm rage on………. The cold never bothered me anyway.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Let's Talk Dirty in Hawaiian

by John Prine

C  G  F

I packed my bags and bought myself a ticket, for the land of the tall palm tree

Aloha [insert location], Hello Wai-ki-ki

I just stepped down from the airplane, when I thought I heard her say

Waka waka nuka nuka, waka waka nuka nuka, Would you like a lei? Eh?

C  G  C  G

Chorus: Let's talk dirty in Hawaiian, whisper in my ear

C  G  C  G

Kicka poo ka maka wa wa wahini, are the words I long to hear

Lay your coconut on my tiki. What the hecka mooka mooka dear

Let's talk dirty in Hawaiian, say the words I long to hear

C  G

It's a ukulele Honolulu sunset. Listen to the grass skirts sway

Drinking rum from a pineapple, out on Honolulu Bay

The steel guitars all playing, while she's talking with her hands

Gimme gimme oka doka make a wish and wanna polka, are words I understand

Chorus

C  G

I boughta lota junka with my moola, and sent it to the folks back home

I never had the chance to dance the hula, I guess I should have known

When you start talking to the sweet wahini, walking in the pale moon-light

Oka doka what a setta knocka rocka sis boom bocas . Hope I said it right!

Chorus

C  G  C  G  C

Ending: Let's talk dirty in Hawaiian, are the words I long to hear

spoken: Aloha!
Lights
by Steve Perry and Neal Schon - Journey (1978)


When the lights go down in the city, and the sun shines on, the bay
Ooo, I want to be there-ere-ere-ere in my city, whoa-oh-oh-oh,
Whoa, ohhh, oh-oh- oh

So you think you’re lonely, well, my friend, I’m lone-ly, too.
And I want to get back to my city by the bay-ay-ay-ay
Whoa, ohhh, oh-oh- oh

Bridge: It’s sad, oh-oh, there’s been mornings, out on the road with-out you,
Without your char-ar-ar-ar ar arms
Whoa-oh-oh-oh, my my my my my my
Whoa, ohhh, oh-oh- oh

Bridge instrumental

When the lights go down in the city, and the sun shines on, the bay
Ooo, I want to be there-ere-ere-ere in my city, whoa-oh-oh-oh,
Whoa, ohhh, oh-oh- oh, mm mm mm mm, whoa-oh-oh-oh

San Jose Ukulele Club (added 2/17/14)
Little Deuce Coupe (key of G)
by Brian Wilson (Beach Boys)

G
Little deuce coupe, you don’t know what I got

G
Little deuce coupe, you don’t know what I got

G
Well I’m not braggin’ babe so don’t put me down

C
But I’ve got the fastest set of wheels in town

G
When something comes up to me he don’t even try

G
‘Cause if I had a set of wings, man, I know she could fly

D A C G
She’s my little deuce coupe, you don’t know what I got.

G
Just a little deuce coupe with a flat head mill

C
But she’ll walk a Thunderbird likes she’s standin’ still

G
She’s ported and relieved and she’s stroked and bored

D A C G
She’ll do a hundred and forty with the top end floored

C
She’s my little deuce coupe, you don’t know what I got

C
She’s got a competition clutch with the four on the floor

G
And she purrs like a kitten till the lake pipes roar

C
And if that ain’t enough to make you flip your lid

A (tacet…………………..>)
There’s one more thing, I got the pink slip, daddy.

G
And comin’ off the line when the light turns green

C
Well she blows ‘em outta the water like you never seen

C
I get pushed out of shape and it’s hard to steer

G
When I get rubber in all four gears

D A C G
She’s my little deuce coupe, you don’t know what I got
Live and Die (Key of C)  
by the Avett Brothers (2012)

       (start strum)

All it will take is just one moment a-a-a-and You can say good-bye to how we ha-a-ad it pla-a-a-anned

Fear like a ha-bit, run like a rab-bit, o-o-out and a-way Through the screen door to the u-u-u-un--known

Pre-chorus1: And I wanna love you and mo-o-ore, I wanna find you and mo-o-ore,
       F . . . C . . . . . . . Em . . . F . . . . . . .
Where do you re-si-ide, when you hide, can I find you?
       . Am . . . . . . . | . Dm . . . . . . .
\'Cause I wanna send you and mo-o-ore, I wanna tempt you and mo-o-ore
       F . . . C . . . Em . . . F . . . . . . .
Can you tell that I--I--I am a-li-ive, let me prove it
       . Am . . . . . . . | . Dm . . . . . . .

Chorus1: You and I, we're the same, live and die, we're the same
Hear my voice, know my name, you and I, we're the same
       . Am . . . . . . . | . Dm . . . . . . .

Live like a pha-raoh, sing like a spar-row, a-a-a-any-way Even if there is no land or lo-o-ove in sight
       . Am . . . . . . . | . Dm . . . . . . .
We bloom like ros-es, lead like Mos-es, o-o-out and a-way, through the bit-ter crowd to the da-a-a-ay light
       . Am . . . . . . . | . Dm . . . . . . .

Pre-Chorus2: And I wanna love you and mo-o-ore, I wanna find you and mo-o-ore,
       F . . . C . . . . . . . Em . . . F . . . . . . .
Can you tell that I--I--I am a-live, let me prove it to you
       . Am . . . . . . . | . Dm . . . . . . .

Chorus2: You and I, we're the same, live and die, we're the same
You re-joice, I com-plain, but you and I, we're the same
Live and die, we're the same, you and I, we're the same
Hear my voice, know my name, you and I, we're the same
       . Am . . . . . . . | . Dm . . . . . . .

       (same chords as verse)

Pre-chorus1: And I wanna love you and mo-o-ore, I wanna find you and mo-o-ore,
       F . . . C . . . . . . . Em . . . F . . . . . . .
Where do you re-si-ide, when you hide, how can I find you?
       . Am . . . . . . . | . Dm . . . . . . .
\'Cause I wanna send you and mo-o-ore, I wanna tempt you and mo-o-ore
       F . . . C . . . Em . . . F . . . . . . .
Can you tell that I--I--I am a-li-i-ive, let me prove it
       . Am . . . . . . . | . Dm . . . . . . .

End Chorus: You and I, we're the same, live and die, we're the same
You re-joice, I com-plain, but you and I, we're the same
Live and die, we're the same, you and I, we're the same
Hear my voice, know my name, you and I--I--I--I--I--I--I--I--I--
       . Am . . . . . . . | . Dm . . . . . . .

San Jose Ukulele Club
London Bridge

G          D7         G
London Bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down
D7        G
London Bridge is falling down, my fair lady.

G          D7         G
How shall we build it up again, up again, up again,
D7        G
How shall we build it up again, my fair lady.

G          D7         G
Build it up with silver and gold, silver and gold, silver and gold
D7        G
Build it up with silver and gold, my fair lady.

G          D7         G
Silver and gold will be stolen away, stolen away, stolen away
D7        G
Silver and gold will be stolen away, my fair lady.

G          D7         G
Build it up with wood and clay, wood and clay, wood and clay
D7        G
Build it up with wood and clay, my fair lady.

G          D7         G
Wood and clay will wash away, wash away, wash away
D7        G
Wood and clay will wash away, my fair lady.

Remaining verses:

Build it up with iron and steel
Iron and steel will bend and bow
Build it up with stone so strong
Stone will last for ages long
Long Live the Ukulele
by Bartt Warburton

F C Bb Dm Gm

F/C Gm Bb F Bb C F

A—3—1—3—1——1—0—1—0——3—1—5—3—0——
00-00-00--00-00-00-00-00-00-00-00

F/C Gm Bb F Bb C F

A—3—1—5—3—0——
00-00-00--00-00-00-00-00-00

E—5—3—6—5——1——

F

Long, long ago, in Madeira Portugal, Manuel Nunes carved a braguinha

Bb Dm

How could he know what it would say to me

Gm Bb C

but like Gepetto, he turned the wood into Pin-occhi-o.

F

With its tiny fretted neck, he watched it slowly taking shape

C

Then he gave it to a sailor of the Ravenscrag

Bb Dm

Bound for Honolulu, 'cross the oceans through the night

C C7

and through the day he was singing as he play-ayed,

Bb F C Dm

Long live the ukulele! Play it if you can

Bb F C

and long live the ukulele man

Bb F C Dm

Long live the ukulele, made it with his hands

Bb C F

With his hands, with his own two hands

F

After far too long at sea, they disembarked

C

and the first one on the shore was a sailor named Fernandez

Bb Dm

With his braguinha in his hand, he cele-brated this new land

Gm Bb C

And they danced, how they danced on the sa---ands.

Bb Dm

Nimble sailor's fingers 'cross it's neck brought forth a tune

Gm Bb C

Like the jumping fleas that gave it it's new na--ame

Refrain: (play twice):

Bb F C Dm

Long live the ukulele! Play it if you can

Bb F C

and long live the ukulele FAN!

Bb F C Dm

Long live the ukulele, play it with your hands

Bb C F

With your hands, with your own two hands

Ending:

Bb C F

With your hands, with your own two hands

F(second position)

San Jose Ukulele Club
Looking Out My Back Door (Key of C)
by John Fogarty (Creedence Clearwater Revival)

Strum: D-DUDUDU


Just got home from Illinois, lock the front door, oh boy,
Got to sit down, take a rest on the porch
Imagination sets in, pretty soon I'm singin'
Doo doo doo, lookin' out my back door.

There's a giant doing cartwheels, statue wearin' high heels,
Look at all the happy creatures dancin' on the lawn!
Dinosaur Victrola, listenin' to Buck Owens
Doo doo doo lookin' out my back door.

Bridge: Tambourines and elephants are playin' in the band
Won't you take ride on the flying spoon, doo doo doo

Wondrous apparition, provided by magician
Doo doo doo, lookin' out my back door.

Instrumental: same chords as verse.

Tambourines and elephants are playin' in the band
Won't you take ride on the flying spoon, doo doo doo

Bother me tomorrow, today I'll find no sorrow
Doo doo doo lookin' out my back door

Instrumental: Mute strum x 4, then walk-down: C\ A \ Bb\ A

(tambourines and elephants are playin' in the band
won't you take a ride on the flying spoon, doo doo doo)

Forward troubles Illinois, lock the front door, oh boy, Look at all the happy creatures dancin' on the lawn!

Ending: Slow tempo—

Bother me tomorrow, today I'll find no sorrow
Doo doo doo, lookin' out my back door.

Mute strum x 2 Resume regular tempo for closing chords:

G . D . A . D . A\ D\ A
A --2-2-0------------------
E ------------2-2-0--------
C ------------2----------2---
G ------------------------
Love is All Around
by the Troggs

I feel it in my fingers, I feel it in my toes.
Well, love is all around me, and so the feeling grows.
It's written on the wind, it's everywhere I go.
So if you really love me, come on and let it show.

Chorus: You know I love you, I always will.
My mind's made up by the way that I feel.
There's no beginning, there'll be no end.
'Cause on my love, you can depend.

I see your face before me, as I lay on my bed.
I kind of get to thinking, of all the things you said.
You gave your promise to me, and I gave mine to you.
I need someone beside me, in everything I do.

Chorus

It's written on the wind, it's everywhere I go.
So if you really love me, come on and let it show.
Come on and let it show.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Love Me Do
by John Lennon and Paul McCartney (1962)

suggested strum: D . D U D U D U


G C G C
Love, love me do, you know I love you
G C ( tacet ) G C G C
I'll always be true, so pleeeeease...Love me do-o, whoa-oh, love me do.

G C G C
Love, love me do, you know I love you
G C ( tacet ) G C G
I'll always be true, so pleeeeease...Love me do-o, whoa-oh, love me do

Bridge: Someone to love, somebody new
D C G///
Someone to love, someone like you.

G C G C
Love, love me do, you know I love you
G C ( tacet ) G C G
I'll always be true, so pleeeeease...Love me do-o, whoa-oh, love me do.


D . . . . . . C . . . G . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . D/

G C G C
Love, love me do, you know I love you
G C ( tacet ) G C G C
I'll always be true, so pleeeeease...Love me do-o, whoa-oh, love me do.

G C G C/G/C
Yeah, well, love me do! whoa-oh love me do.

San Jose Ukulele Club
(updated 10/20/2013)
Making Love, Ukulele Style (Key of G)
by Paul Weinrick and Charlie Hayes (1957)

Making love, uku-le-le style, you don't have to be, in Waikiki
Making love, uku-le-le style, to a lovely ukulele serenade.

When you love, uku-le-le style, with every note, your heart will float.

Far a-way, to a tropic isle, while a ukulele tune is softly played.

Chorus:
Strolling a-long beneath the starlight
Dreaming a lover's dream for two
Soon you will see her/his eyes are starbright
As the ukulele magic comes through.

Now if you, want to satisfy, the one you love, all else above,
Take a tip, and be sure to try, the ukulele style of making love.

This part is optional: vary the strums, change the tempo, do a vamp, etc.

Chorus

So if you, want to satisfy, the one you love, all else above,
Take a tip, and be sure you try, the ukulele style,......
The ukulele style of making love!
Man of Constant Sorrow
Traditional

(F/ Bb/ B/ C 2nd . . . . Bb . F . . . .
(In constant sorrow through his days)

F Bb C Bb F
I . . . am the man of constant sorrow, I've seen trouble . . . all my days
F Bb C Bb F
I . . . bid farewell to old Kentucky, The place where I . . . was born and raised.
(The place where he-e was born and raised)

F Bb C Bb F
For . . . six long years I've been in trouble, No pleasure here . . . on Earth I find.
F Bb C Bb F
For . . . in this world I'm bound to ramble, I have no friends . . . to help me now
(He has no friends to help him now)

F Bb C Bb F
It's . . . fair thee well, my old true lover, I never expect . . . to see you again.
F Bb C Bb F
Oh . . . I'm bound to ride that northern railroad, Perhaps I'll die . . . upon this train.
(Perhaps I'll die- ie up-on this train)

F Bb C Bb F
You . . . can bury me-ee in some deep valley, For many years . . . where I may lay.
F Bb C Bb F
And . . . you may learn to love an- other, While I am sleeping . . . in my grave.
(While he is sleeping in his grave)

F Bb C Bb F
May--be your friends think I'm just a stranger, My face you'll never . . . see no more.
F Bb C Bb F
But . . . there is one promise that is given, I'll meet you on . . . God's golden shore.
(F/ Bb/ B/ C 2nd . . . . Bb . F . . . C7/ F/
(He'll meet you on God's golden shore)
Opening riff:

D A D7 G

D . . . | . . . | G . . . | D . . . | . . .
A:--------------------------------------------------------
E:---5-5-5-3---5---5-5-5-3---5---7-7-7---5---3---2---
C:---6-6-6-4---6---6-6-6-4---6---7-7-7---6---4---2---
G:--------------------------------------------------------

D A

Some people claim there's a woo-man to blame, but I know it's nobody's fault.

G A D D7 G A D D7

Wastin' a-way again in Margarita-ville, searching for my lost shaker of salt

Some people claim there's a woo-man to blame, now I think, hell, it could be my fault.

Instrumental: D . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . .

D A

I blew out my flip-flop, stepped on a pop-top, cut my heel had to cruise on back home.

But there's booze in the blender, and soon it will render, that frozen concoction that helps me hang on.

G A D D7 G A D D7

Wastin' a-way again in Margarita-ville, searching for my lost shaker of salt

Some people claim there's a woo-man to blame, but I know it's my own damn fault.

Yes, and, some people claim that there's a woo-man to blame

And I know, it's my own damn fault.

A:--------------------------------------------------------
E:---5-5-5-3---5---5-5-5-3---5---7-7-7---5---3---2---
C:---6-6-6-4---6---6-6-6-4---6---7-7-7---6---4---2---
G:--------------------------------------------------------

San Jose Ukulele Club
Me & Bobby McGee
Kris Kristofferson

C G7 C7 F D F/C A7 A sus4 G A

C C sus4 C G7 G7 sus2 C7 F D D sus4 F/C A7 A sus4 G A

C C sus4// C C sus4// C C sus4// G7 . . .
Busted flat in Baton Rouge . . . headin' for the trains . . . Feelin' nearly faded as my jeans
G7 sus2// G7 G7 sus2// G7 G7 sus2// C . . .
Bobby thumbed a diesel down . . . Just before it rained . . . Took us all the way to New Or-leans

. . .
I took my harp out of . . my dirty red bandanna . and was blowing sad while Bobby sang the blues
. F/c
With those windshield wipers slappin' time . . . and Bobby clappin' hands

G7 C . . . C7 . . .

We finally sang near every song that driver knew

1st Chorus:
F C G7 C . . C sus4 . . .
Freedom's just another word for . nothin' left to lose . . |. Nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free
F C G7 . . .
. Feeling good was easy Lord when . Bobby sang the blues . . |. Feeling good was good enough for me . .
. . . |. Good enough for me and Bobby McGee . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |

From the coal mines of Kentucky . to the California sun . . . Bobby shared the secrets of my soul
A sus4// A7 A sus4// A7 A sus4// D . . .|
Standin' right beside me Lord . . . thu everything I've done . . . Every night she kept me from the cold

Then somewhere near Salinas . Lord I let her slip away . . . Lookin' for the home I hope she'll find
G D A D . . . D7 . . .
And I'd trade all of my tomorrows for a . single yesterday . . |. holdin' Bobby's body next to mine

2nd Chorus:
G D A D . . . D sus4 . . .
. Freedom's just another word for . nothin' left to lose . . |. And nothing is all she left for me.
G D . . .
. Feeling good was easy Lord when . Bobby sang the blues . .
. And feeling good was good enough for me . . . Good enough for me and Bobby McGee

La da da Da da da da . . . La da da Da da . . . La da da Da da da Bobby Mc-Gee

La da da Da da da da . . . La da da Da da . . . La da da Da da da Bobby Mc-Gee

Repeat 2nd Chorus to end

Brian W.- San Jose Ukulele Club
Mele Kalikimaka (key of F)  
by Robert Alex Anderson (1949)

Intro:  F  F7  D7  G7  C7  F  C7  
(mele kalikimaka is Hawaii's way to say Merry Christmas to you)

F   C7
Mele Kalikimaka is the thing to say, on a bright Hawaiian Christmas Day.

F
That's the island greeting that we send to you, from the land where palm trees sway.

F7  Bb
Here we know that Christmas will be green and bright,

D7  G7  C7
the sun to shine by day and all the stars at night.

F  F7  D7  G7  C7  F . . . .
Mele Kalikimaka is Hawaii's way, to say Merry Christmas to you.

F   C7
Mele Kalikimaka is the thing to say, on a bright Hawaiian Christmas Day.

F
That's the island greeting that we send to you, from the land where palm trees sway.

F7  Bb
Here we know that Christmas will be green and bright,

D7  G7  C7
the sun to shine by day and all the stars at night.

F  F7  D7  G7  C7  F, D7
Mele Kalikimaka is Hawaii's way, to say Merry Christmas to you.

G7  C7  G7  C7  F . . . . C7, F
A very Merry Christmas...a Merry Merry Christmas to you
Mele Kalikimaka (Key change Bb to C)
by Robert Alex Anderson (1949)

Intro:  Bb                Bb7  G7    C7         F7         Bb, F7
(mele kalikimaka is Hawaii's way to say merry Christmas to you)

Bb Mele Kalikimaka is the thing to say, on a bright Hawaiian Christmas Day. F7
That's the island greeting that we send to you, from the land were palm trees sway.
Bb7 Eb
Here we know that Christmas will be green and bright, G7 C7 F
the sun to shine by day and all the stars at night.
Bb Bb7 G7 C7 F7 Bb ... G7
Mele Kalikimaka is Hawaii's way, to say Merry Christmas to you.

C G7
Mele Kalikimaka is the thing to say, on a bright Hawaiian Christmas Day. C
That's the island greeting that we send to you, from the land were palm trees sway.
C7 F
Here we know that Christmas will be green and bright, A7 D7 G
the sun to shine by day and all the stars at night.
C C7 A7 D7 G7 D7 G7
Mele Kalikimaka is Hawaii's way, to say Merry Christmas, a very merry Christmas D7 G7 C ... G7/ C/
A Merry Merry Christmas to you

San Jose Ukulele Club
Intro: \( \text{G} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \)  
Riff \( \text{E}----------3--3--0-----0----------\)  
\( \text{C}----------2-----2----------\)  
\( \text{G}----------4--2-----2--2-----0----------\)  

\( \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \)  
Once upon a time there was an engin–eer, 
\( \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \)  
drove a locomotive both far and near 
\( \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \)  
Accompanied by a monkey who would sit on a stool, 
\( \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \)  
watchin' every-thing the engin-eer would move 
\( \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \)  
One day the engineer wanted a bite to eat, 
\( \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \)  
left the monkey sittin' on the driver's seat 
\( \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \)  
The monkey pulled the throttle, 
\( \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \)  
loco-motive jumped the gun 
\( \text{G} \quad \text{C} \)  
And did ninety miles an hour down the main line run 

\( \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \)  
Chorus: 
Big locomotive, right on time 
\( \text{G} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \)  
Big locomotive, comin' down the line 
\( \text{G} \quad \text{C} \)  
Big locomotive, number ninety-nine 
\( \text{G} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \)  
Left the engin-eer with a worried mind (Riff) 

\( \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \)  
The engineer called up the dis-patcher on the phone, 
\( \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \)  
tell him all about his loco-motive was gone 
\( \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \)  
Get on the wire, switch oper-ator to right, 
\( \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \)  
'cause the monkey's got the main line sewn up tight 
\( \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \)  
Switch operator got the message in time, 
\( \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \)  
said, "There's a north bound livin' on the same main line 
\( \text{G} \quad \text{C} \)  
Open up the switch, I'm gonna let him through the hole 
\( \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \)  
'Cause the monkey's got the locomotive under con-trol!" 

\( \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \)  
Chorus: 
Big locomotive, right on time 
\( \text{G} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \)  
Big locomotive, comin' down the line 
\( \text{G} \quad \text{C} \)  
Big locomotive, number ninety-nine 
\( \text{G} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \)  
Left the engin-eer with a worried mind (last line x3) 

Ending: \( \text{G} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \)  
(Riff)
Moon River  (from "Breakfast at Tiffany's)  
By Henry Mancini

C        Am       F                   C
Moon River,   wider than a mile,           F                       C     Dm   E7
I'm crossing you in style, some day.    

Am     C7                F      Bb7
Old dream ma-ker, you heart break-er,          Am        Am7        Am   B7  Em7 A7        Dm, G7
Wher-ev-er you're go-ing, I'm go-ing your way. 

C      Am       F                    C
Two drifters, of- f to see the world,       F                   C     Dm   E7
There's such a lot of world to see 

Am Am7    Am   F7     C
We're af- ter the same rainbow's end,        F         C
Waiting 'round the bend 
F       C
My huckleberry friend
Am     Dm     G7     C
Moon Ri-ver, and me .
Moondance
By Van Morrison

Chords:

INTRO:  Am  Bm7  Am  Bm7  Am  Bm7  Am Bm7 Am Bm7
Well it's a marvelous night for a moondance with the stars up a-bove in your eyes
Am             Bm7         Am              Bm7      Am             Bm7            Am,  Bm7
a fan-tabulous night to make romance 'neath the color of october skies
Am         Bm7               Am           Bm7         Am        Bm7     Am,  Bm7
all the leaves on the trees are falling to the sounds of the breezes that blow
Am                 Bm7       Am    Bm7     Am                Bm7              Am,  Bm7
and I'm trying to place to the calling of the heartstrings that play soft and low

Dm      Am                    Dm                Am
You know the night's magic seems to whisper and hush.
Dm   Am                           Dm //              E7//
You know the soft moonlight seems to shine, …in your blush

Am     Dm           Am            Dm            Am, Dm        Am,  Bm7
Can I just have one more moon-dance with you        my love
Am        Dm            Am            Dm           Am, Dm       Am,  E7
Can I just make some more ro-mance with you         my love

Verse 2:  Well I want to make love to you tonight, I can't wait till the morning has come
Am                Bm7            Am          Bm7           Am         Bm7             Am,  Bm7
And I know that the time will be just right and straight into my arms you will run
Am         Bm7            Am      Bm7      Am                   Bm7       Am,  Bm7
When you come my heart will be waiting to be sure that you're never a-lone
Am              Bm7                     Am           Bm7         Am           Bm7               Am
There and then all my dreams will come true dear, there and then I will make you my own

Dm      Am                      Dm             Am
And every time I touch you, you just tremble inside
Dm          Am                           Dm //                E7//
then I know how much you want me, that…you can't hide

Am     Dm           Am              Dm            Am, Dm           Am, Dm
Can I just have one more moon-dance with you        my love
Am        Dm            Am            Dm           Am, Dm            Am
Can I just make some more ro-mance with you         my love

San Jose Ukulele Club
More
Riz Ortolani and Nino Oliviero
(Grammy Award winner for the 1962 movie, “Mondo Cane”)

Gmaj7 Em7 Am7 D7
More than the greatest love the world has known
Gmaj7 Em7 Am7 D7
This is the love I’ll give to you alone.
Gmaj7 Em7 Am7 D7
More than the simple words I try to say
Gmaj7 Em7 Am7 Cdim7
I only live to love you more each day.

Em G+ G Em6
More than you’ll ever know, my arms long to hold you so
Am7 A7 Am7 D7 Cdim7
My life will be in your keeping, waking, sleeping, laughing, weeping.

Gmaj7 Em7 Am7 D7
Longer than always is a long, long time
Gmaj7 Em7 Am7 Cdim7
But far beyond forever, you’ll be mine

Em G+ G Em6 Am7
I know I’ve never lived before, and my heart is very sure,
D7 Cdim7 Em, A7, Am7
No one else could love you more….
D7 Cdim7 Gmaj7, Em7, Gmaj7, Em7, Gmaj7, Em7, Gmaj7
No one else could love you more.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Mother Nature's Son (easier version)
by Paul McCartney (1968)

Intro riff: A------------------------------------------------------0-------------------------------------------------------------------
(need low G) E-------2---------2----------2--------------------------3--0--3-3-2------0-h2-----2--h3----0--h2----0--h2-----
(h=hammer on) C-------2---------2----------2-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------
G—4---------2---------1-------0-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------
D          G                             D    Bm

D   G           D   Bm
Born a poor young country boy, Mother Nature's son
A
D    Dm, G, D       D, Dm, G, D
All day long I'm sitting singing songs for every-one
D   G           D   Bm
Sit be-side a mountain stream, see her waters rise,
A
D    Dm, G, D
List-en to the pretty sound of music as she flies.

D   G           D
Doo doo doo doo doo doo oo doo doo doo
D    G           D,.../.../
Doo doo doo doo oo doo doo doo
G    Gm           D
Doo doo doo doo....... doo

D   G           D   Bm
Find me in my field of grass, Mother Nature's son
A
D    Dm, G, D
Sway-ing dais-ies, sing a lazy song be-neath the sun.

D   G           D
Doo doo doo doo doo doo oo doo doo doo
D    G           D   .../.../
Doo doo doo doo oo doo doo doo
G    Gm,           D
Doo doo doo ...yeah, yeah, yeah

D   G           D   Bm
Hmm mm mm mm mm mm mm mm mm mm mm mm mm mm mm
A
D    Dm, G, D       D, Dm, G, D7
mm mm mm mm mm mm mm mm mm la la la
Mother Nature's son

San Jose Ukulele Club
Mother Nature's Son
by Paul McCartney (1968)

Born a poor young country boy, Mother Nature's son
All day long I'm sitting singing songs for every-one
D Gadd9 D . Bm Bm7 Bm6 . . .
Sit be-side a mountain stream, see her waters rise,
List-en to the pretty sound of music as she flies.

Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo-oo doo-oo doo
Doo doo doo doo doo-oo doo-oo doo
G . Gm . D . . .
Doo doo doo doo doo

D Gadd9 D Bm Bm7 Bm6 . . .
Find me in my field of grass, Mother Nature's son
Sway-ing dais-ies, sing a lazy song be-neath the sun.

Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo-oo doo-oo doo
Doo doo doo doo doo-oo doo-oo doo
G . Gm . D . . .
Doo doo doo doo yeah yeah yeah

San Jose Ukulele Club
(tweaked 7/1/14)
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man by Bob Dylan (original key)

(Riff added by the Byrds):

```
A-------3--5--3--1--0----------------
E--1-----------------------3--3--1--3--
C------------------------------------------ repeat
```

**Chorus**

```
F       Bb        F       Bb
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
F       Bb        C       Csus4  C
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
F       Bb        F       Bb
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
F       Bb        C       C
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.
```

Though I know that evenin's empire has re-turned into sand,

```
F       Bb        F       Bb
Vanished from my hand, left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping
F       Bb        F       Bb
My weariness a-maz-es me, I'm branded on my feet,
F       Bb        F       Bb
I have no one to meet and my ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming
```

**Chorus**

```
F       Bb        F       Bb
Take me on a trip upon your magic swirlin' ship,
F       Bb        F       Bb
My senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip,
F       Bb        F       Bb
My toes too numb to step, wait only for my boot heels to be wanderin
F       Bb        F       Bb
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade
F       Bb        F       Bb
Into my own parade, cast your dancing spell my way, I promise to go under it.
```

Though you might hear laughin', spinnin', swingin' madly across the sun,

```
F       Bb        F       Bb
It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escapin' on the run and but for the sky there are no fences facin'
F       Bb        F       Bb
And if you hear vague traces of skippin' reels of rhyme
F       Bb        F       Bb
To your tambourine in time, it's just a ragged clown behind,
F       Bb        F       Bb
I wouldn't pay it any mind, it's just a shadow you're seein' that he's chasing.
```

Then take me dis-ap-pearin' through the smoke rings of my mind,

```
F       Bb        F       Bb
Down the foggy ruins of time, far past the frozen leaves,
F       Bb        F       Bb
The haunted, frightened trees, out to the windy beach, far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow.
F       Bb        F       Bb
Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free,
F       Bb        F       Bb
Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands,
F       Bb        F       Bb
With all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves, let me forget about to-day until tomorrow.
```

**Chorus**
Mrs. Brown, You've Got a Lovely Daughter
by Trevor Peacock (1963)
as sung by Herman's Hermits

San Jose Ukulele Club
Music, Music, Music
Stephen Weiss and Bernie Baum (1949)

C       D7      G7       C       Dm      A7

(Sing G)

Vamp: D7, G7, C  x 2

C
Put another nickel in, in the nickelodeon
D7       G7       C       G7
All I want is having you and music, music, music
C
I'll do anything for you, anything you want me to.
D7       G7       C
All I want is kissing you and music, music, music

Bridge:
G7                                   C
Closer…my dear, come closer
G7                                                 C                    C7       Dm        G7
The nicest part of any melody, is when you're dancing close to me

C
So put another nickel in, in the nickelodeon
D7       G7       C
All I want is loving you and music, music, music.

Instrumental (play verse chords) Kazoo would be good here, too.

G7                                   C
Closer…my dear, come closer
G7                                                 C                    C7       Dm        G7
The nicest part of any melody, is when you're dancing close to me

C
So put another nickel in, in the nickelodeon
D7       G7       C       A7
All I want is loving you and music, music, music
D7       G7       C
All I want is loving you and music, music, music

San Jose Ukulele Club
My Heart Will Go On
by James Horner and Will Jennings
(from the movie “Titanic”)

E B A C#m C# Fm Eb Ab

intro riff LOW-G:

A----2-----2-----2-----2
E B A----2-----2-----2-----2-----2-----2

C-----1------

G-----2--4-----2-----2

E B A E B E B A B
Every night in my dreams, I see you, I feel you. That is how I know you go on.

E B A E B E B A B
Far across the distance, and spaces, be-tween us, you have come to show you go on.

C#m B A B C#m B A B
Near, far, where ever you are, I be-lieve that the heart does go on-n-n

C#m B A B C#m B A B E
Once more, you o-pen the door, and you're here in my heart and my heart will go on and on.

E B A E B E B A B
Love can touch us one time, and last for a life time.. and never let go till we're gone.

E B A E B E B A B
Love was when I loved you, one true time, I hold to.. In my life we'll always go on.

C#m B A B C#m B A B
Near, far, where ever you are, I be-lieve that the heart does go on-n-n

C#m B A B C#m B A B E
Once more, you o-pen the door, and you're here in my heart and my heart will go on and on.

E B A E B E B A B

Fm Eb C# Eb Fm Eb C# Eb
You're here, there's nothing I fear and I know that my heart will go on-n-n.

Fm Eb C# Eb Fm Eb C# Eb Fm Eb, C#
We'll stay, for-ever this way You are safe in my heart and my heart will go on and on-n-n-

Inst. Ending: Fm, Eb, C#, Fm, Eb, C#, Fm, Eb, C# Ab

C# Eb Ab C# Eb Ab
Hmmm Hmmm, hmmm, hmmm, hmmm, hmmm, hmmm, hmmm, hmmm

San Jose Ukulele Club
**My Little Grass Shack**
by Bill Cogswell, Tommy Harrison and Johnny Noble (1933)
(as sung by Don Ho)

```
C7   F    G7   A7   D7
```


(←---tacet→) F
I want to go back to my little grass shack in Ke-a-la-ke-ku-a, Hawaii C7
I want to be with all the ka-nes and wa-hin-es I knew long ago….

A7
I can hear the old ukes playing D7
On the beach at Ho-nau-nau G7
I can hear the old Hawaiians singing C7/ C7/ C7/ C7/
“Komo mai no ka-u-a i ka ha-le we-la-ka-hau”

F          G7
It won’t be long till my ship will be sailing back to Kona, C7          A7
A grand old place I always long to see (you’re telling me) D7
I’m just a little Hawaiian and a homesick island boy G7
I want to go back to my fish and poi F          G7
I want to go back to my little grass shack in Ke-a-la-ke-ku-a, Hawaii C7          F
Where the humu-humu-nuku-nuku-a-pu’a’a go swimming by.

A7
I can hear the old ukes playing D7
On the beach at Ho-nau-nau G7
I can hear the old Hawaiians singing C7/ C7/ C7/ C7/
“Komo mai no ka-u-a i ka ha-le we-la-ka-hau”

F          G7
It won’t be long till my ship will be sailing back to Kona, C7          A7
A grand old place I always long to see (you’re telling me) D7
I’m just a little Hawaiian and a homesick island boy G7
I want to go back to my fish and poi F          G7
I want to go back to my little grass shack in Ke-a-la-ke-ku-a, Hawaii C7          F
Where the humu-humu-nuku-nuku-a-pu’a’a go swimming by. C7          F . . . F/ C7/ F/
Where the humu-humu-nuku-nuku-a-pu’a’a go swimming by.

San Jose Ukulele Club
My Wild Irish Rose
by Chauncey Olcott (1899)


If you listen, I'll sing you a sweet little song,
D7              G7
Of a flower that's now drooping its head,
C            C+                   F            C
Yet dearer to me, yes, than all of its mates,
G7                       C
So there's none so that all here are dead.

G7                       C
'Twas given to me by a girl that I know,
C                  D7                  G7
Since we've met, faith, I'll know no re-pose.
C            C+                   F            C
She is dearer by far than the world's brightest star,
G7                       C    F/    C/
And I call her my wild Irish rose.

Chorus:  My wild Irish rose, the sweetest flower than grows
G7       C       G7       C
You may search every-where, but none can com-pare with my wild Irish rose
C                  Fm                  C                  F                  G7                    C
My wild Irish rose, the dearest flower that grows,
G7       C       G7       C       F       C       G7                   C
And some day for my sake, she may let me take, the bloom from my wild Irish rose.


They may sing of their roses which by other names,
D7              G7
Would smell just as sweetly, they say.
C            C+                   F            C
But I know that my Rose, would never con-sent,
G7                       C
To have that sweet name taken a-way.

G7                       C
Her glances are shy, when-e'er I pass by
D7              G7
The bower where my true love grows.
C            C+                   F            C
And my one wish has been, that some day I may win,
G7       C       G7       C       F/    C/
The heart of my wild Irish rose.

Chorus

F       G7       C . .  . .  C/F/C/

End: The bloom from my wild .... Irish.... rose.
98.6 by George Fischoff and Tony Powers

Intro riff: A:--5--3--2--0----5--7--5--3--2--0---

Intro chords: Bbmaj7, Ebmaj7, Cm, Am7, D7

G          C                 A7               C         D7
  Good morning, Sun, I say it's good to see you shin-ing
G          C                 Cm               Am7     D7
  I know my ba-by brought you to--o--o--o me.
G          C                 G                 A7               C         D7
  S(he) kissed me yes-ter-day, hel-lo, your silver lin-ing,
G          C                 Cm               Am7     D7
  Got spring and summer running throu-o--oo me

G          F                 G                 F                 G                 F                 C       Cm
Chorus: Hey, ninety eight point six, it's good to have you back again
G          F                 G                 F                 G                 F                 C       G
  Oh, ninety eight point six, the lovin' is the medicine that saved me
Bm                 Am7                 D7
  Oh, I love my ba-by  Bbmaj7, Am7, D7

G          C                 G                 A7               C         D7
  Hey, ev'ry-bo-dy on the street, I see you smi-ling,
G          C                 Cm               Am7     D7
  Must be be-cause I found my ba-a-a-by
G          C                 G                 A7               C         D7
  You know s(he)'s got me on another kind of high-way
G          C                 Cm               Am7     D7
  I want to go to where it ta-a-a-akes me

Chorus, then  Bbmaj7, Am7, D7  (optional riff: A:--5--3---2--0--)

G          C                 G                 A7               C         D7
  You know s(he)'s got me on another kind of high-way
G          C                 Cm               Am7     D7
  I want to go to where it ta-a-a-akes me
G          F                 G                 F                 G                 F                 C       Cm
  Hey, ninety eight point six, it's good to have you back again
G          F                 G                 F                 G                 F                 C       G
  Oh, ninety eight point six, the lovin' is the medicine that saved me
Bm                 Am7                 D7
  Oh, I love my ba-by  Bbmaj7, Ebmaj7, Cm, Am7, D7(optional riff: A:--5--3---2--0--)G

San Jose Ukulele Club
Noho Pai Pai (key of C)
(traditional~John Almeida)

Intro: D7, G7, C, D7, G7, C, D7, G7, C, Bb, B, C(2)

C C7 F C
Pu-pu-e i-ho au i me-ha-na (I crouched down to keep warm)
D7 G7 C, D7, G7, C, Bb, B, C(2)
Ho-ne a-na 'o uese i ku'u po-li (the thought of my sweetie pressed to my bosom)

Repeat verse

C C7 F C
Me he a-la no e 'i mai a-na (She seemed to be saying to me)
D7 G7 C, D7, G7, C, Bb, B, C(2)
'Au he-a ku' u lei rose la-ni? (Where is my wreath of red roses?)

Repeat verse

C C7 F C
Ma-la-hi-ni 'o-e ma-la-hi-ni au, (You are a stranger, I am a stranger, too)
D7 G7 C, D7, G7, C, Bb, B, C(2)
ma ka i-hu kau-a, ka-ma 'ai-na (But when we kiss each other, we are friends.)

Repeat verse

C C7 F C
I- na 'o you me a' u (If you were here with me)
D7 G7 C, D7, G7, C, Bb, B, C(2)
Kau po-no i ka no-ho pai pai (We would rock together on a rocking chair)

C C7 F C
I- na 'o you me a' u (If you were here with me)
D7 G7 C, D7, G7, C, Bb, B, C(2)
Somebody's sitting in my rocking chair- a

C C7 F C
Ha 'in-a 'ia mai ka pu-a-na (This is the end of my song)
D7 G7 C, D7, G7, C, Bb, B, C(2)
Ho-ne a-na 'o uese i ku'u po-li (The thought of my sweetie pressed to my bosom)

C C7 F C
Ha 'in-a 'ia mai ka pu-a-na
D7 G7 C G7 C G7 C
Ho-ne a-na 'o uese i ku'u po-li, ku'u po-li, ku'u po-li
Norwegian Wood
by John Lennon

"Sitar" riff: Strum: D, D,U, D U

A-----5---7---5---2---0---3---2-----------3--------
E------------------------------------------3---1------0----
C---------------------------------------------------------------------2
G----------------------------------------------------------------------------

G F G
I once had a girl, or should I say, she once had me
G F G
She showed me her room, isn't it good Norwegian wood
Gm C
She asked me to stay and she told me to sit any where
Gm Am7 D7
So I looked around and I noticed there wasn't a chair
G F G
I sat on a rug biding my time, drinking her wine.
G F G
We talked until two and then she said, 'It's time for bed''. (riff x 2)

Gm C
She told me she worked in the morning and started to laugh
Gm Am7 D
I told her I didn't then crawled off to sleep in the bath!
G F G
And when I awoke, I was alone, this bird had flown
G F G
So I lit a fire, isn't it good, Norwegian wood. (riff)

San Jose Ukulele Club
Octopus’s Garden (Key of D)
by Ringo Starr


D  Bm  G  A
I’d like to be . . . under the sea . . in an octopus’s garden, in the shade.

D  Bm  G  A
He’d let us in . . . knows where we’ve been . . in his octopus’s garden, in the shade.

Bm  Bm/d  G  A  A
I’d ask my friends to come and see-ee . . . an octopus’s gar-den with me . . .

D  Bm  G  A  D
I’d like to be . . . under the sea . . in an octopus’s garden, in the shade.

D  Bm  G  A
We would be warm . . below the storm . . in our little hide-a-way beneath the waves.

Bm  Bm/d  G  A  A
Resting our head . . on the sea bed . . in an octopus’s garden, near a cave.

Bm  Bm/d  G  A  A
We would sing and dance a-rou-oud . . because we know, we can’t be found . . .

D  Bm  G  A  D
I’d like to be . . . under the sea . . in an octopus’s garden, in the shade.

G . . . . Em . . . . C . . . . D . . . .
Instrumental: Ahhh ah ahhhhh  Ahh  ah ah

Ahhhh ah ahhh  Ahh ah ah ah ah

D  Bm  G  A
We would shout . . and swim about . . the coral, that lies beneath the waves.

Bm  Bm/d  G  A
Oh, what joy . . for every girl and boy . . knowing they’re happy and they’re safe.

Bm  Bm/d  G  A
We would be so happy you and me . . no-one there to tell us what to do . . .

D  Bm  G  A  D
I’d like to be . . . under the sea . . in an octopus’s garden, with you.

G  A  Bm
in an octopus’s garden, with you.

G  A  D . . . D/A/D/
in an octopus’s garden, with you.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Oh! Susanna

Count:  1 – 2 – 3

C  G7  F

C  G7  C
Oh, I come from Alabama with an ukulele on my knee.

C  G7  C
I’m goin’ to Lou’siana, my Susanna for to see.

C  G7  C
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry.

C  G7  C
The sun so hot I froze to death. Susanna, don’t you cry.

CHORUS:
F  C  G7
Oh, Susanna, oh don’t you cry for me,

C  G7  C
For I come from Alabama with an ukulele on my knee.

Ending: (retard)
G7  C(3)
with an ukulele on my knee.
Old Time Rock and Roll  
by Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band

Intro x 2:  

(F) . . . (C) . . . (F) . . . (C)  

Notes:  
to play in original key (F#) capo up one fret

(F) . . . . Bb . . . .  
Just take those old records off the shelf, I'll sit and listen to 'em by myself,  
. . . . . C* . . . . . . . F . . . .  
To-day's music ain't got the same soul, I like that old time rock and roll.  
. . . . . F . . . . . . . Bb . . . .  
Don't try to take me to a dis-co. You'll never even get me out on the floor.  
. . . . . C* . . . . . . . F . . . .  
In ten minutes I'll be late for the door, I like that old time rock and roll.

Chorus:  

(C/ C/) / / / F . . . . . . . Bb . . . .  
Still like that old time rock and roll. That kind of music just soothes the soul.  
. . . . . C* . . . . . . . F . . . . C . . .  
I reminisce about the days of old, with that old time rock and roll.

Instrumental with kazoos or harmonica: same chords as verse

. . . . . F . . . . . . . Bb . . . .  
Wont go to hear 'em play a tan-go. I'd rather hear some blues or funky old soul.  
. . . . . C* . . . . . . . F . . . .  
There's only one sure way to get me to go, start playing old time rock and roll!  
. . . . . F . . . . . . . Bb . . . .  
Call me a relic, call me what you will. Say I'm old fashioned, say I'm over the hill.  
. . . . . C* . . . . . . . F . . . .  
To-day's music ain't got the same soul. I like that old time rock and roll.

Chorus

San Jose Ukulele Club (added 2/18/14)
On Moonlight Bay
by Percy Wenrich and Edward Madden

We were sailing along,
on Moonlight Bay
We could hear the voices ringing
They seemed to say
"you have stolen her heart,
now don’t go ‘way”
As we sang love’s old sweet song on Moonlight Bay

We were sailing along (we were sailing along)
on Moonlight Bay (on Moonlight Bay)
We could hear the voices ringing
They seemed to say (they seemed to say)
"you have stolen her heart, (you’ve stolen her heart)
now don’t go ‘way” (don’t go ‘way)
As we sang love’s old sweet song on Moon-light Bay

Some Ending options: on Moonlight Bay

F  Fm  C
on Moon-light Bay

D7  C#7  C
on Moon-light Bay

San Jose Ukulele Club
On the Beach at Waikiki
by Henry Kailimai and G.H. Stover (1915)

F             C#               F            D7                 G7
"Honi  ka. . u-  a  wi-ki  wi-ki".. sweet brown maiden said to me ....
As she gave me a language lesson on the beach at Waikiki.

C7                                        G7/ C7/ F
C#7     F, C7

"Honi  ka. . u-  a  wi-ki  wi-ki", she then said, and smiled in glee ....
but she would not translate for me, on the beach at Waikiki.

C7                                      G7/ C7/ F
C#7     F, C7

"Honi  ka. . u-  a  wi-ki  wi-ki", she re-peat-ed playfully ....
Oh, those lips were so inviting, on the beach at Waikiki.

Instrumental: same chords as verse

F             C#               F         D7           G7
"Honi  ka. . u-  a  wi-ki  wi-ki", she was sure-ly teasing me ....
so I caught that maid and kissed her, on the beach at Waikiki.

C7                                        G7/ C7/ F
C#7     F, C7

"Honi  ka. . u-  a  wi-ki  wi-ki", you have learned it perfectly ....
"don’t for-get what I have taught you", said the maid at Waikiki.

San Jose Ukulele Club
On the Road Again
By Willie Nelson (1979)

(to play in original key (E) capo 4th fret.)

Intro: F, G7, C, F, G7, C

C    E7
On the road again. Just can't wait to get on the road again

Dm
The life I love is making music with my friends

F    G7    C
And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain.

C    E7
On the road again, goin' places that I've never been

Dm
Seeing' things that I may never see again

F    G7    C
And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain.

F    C
Chorus: On the road again, like a band of gypsies, we go down the high-way

F    C    G7
We're the best of friends, insisting that the world keep turning our way and our way

C    E7
Is on the road again. Just can't wait to get on the road again

Dm
The life I love is making music with my friends

F    G7    C
And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain.

C    E7    Dm    F    G7    C
Instrumental: A-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------
E----------0-0-0-------0-1-0--------0-0-0----- 0-1-0--------0----------------0--1-0-0--------------------
C---------------------3----------2-0-----------3----------2--0------2-2-1-2-----------------2-2-0-0--------
G—0—0-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------4--0-

Repeat Chorus

C    E7
Is on the road again. Just can't wait to get on the road again

Dm
The life I love is making music with my friends

F    G7    C
And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain.

F    G7    C    F    G7    C    G7/ C/
And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain...
On the Wings of a Nightingale (Key of G)
by Paul McCartney (1984)

Intro:  G . . . . D\G . . . . D\,

When I love,  I get a feeling like I'm travel-ing through the sky
C . . . . G . . . . . . . . . D\  
On the wings of a nigh-tin-gale.
As I ride,  my head is reeling, but I don't e-ven won-der why.
C . . . . G . . . . D . . . .  
On the wings of a nigh-tin-gale I'll fly.

High a-bove,  land and sea I'll be thinking of you and me
Em . . . . . . . . D . . . . . .  
Couldn't ask for a better place to be.
Em . . . . C . . . . . .  
Oh, I can feel something happen-ing
Em . . . . C . . . . . .  
Oh, I can feel something happen-ing
Oh, I can feel something happen-ing to me
So hold my hand,  I've got a feeling that the journey has just be-gun.
C . . . . G . . . . . . . . . D\  
On the wings of a nigh-tin-gale.
And if you like,  We'll fly to-geth-er to the land of eternal sun,
C . . . . G . . . . D . . . .  
On the wings of a nigh-tin-gale of love.

Chorus

When I love,  I get a feeling like I'm travel-ing through the sky
C . . . . G . . . .  
On the wings of a nigh-tin-gale.
C . . . . G . . . .  
On the wings of a nigh-tin-gale.
On the wings of a nigh-tin-gale, fly----------y
C . . . . G/ D/ G/  
On the wings of a ni-i-igh---ti-ing-------ga-a-a-ale.
On the Wings of a Nightingale (original Key of A)
by Paul McCartney (1984)

Intro: A . . . . . E\ A . . . . . E\n
When I love, I get a feeling like I'm travel-ing through the sky
D . . . A . . . . . E\
On the wings of a nigh-tin-gale.
As I ride, my head is reeling, but I don't e-ven won-der why.
On the wings of a nigh-tin-gale I'll fly.

Chorus: High a-bove, land and sea I'll be thinking of you and me
F#m . . . . . . . . . . E . . . .
Couldn't ask for a better place to be.
F#m . . . . . D . . . . .
Oh, I can feel something happen-ing
F#m . . . . . D . . . . .
Oh, I can feel something happen-ing
F#m . . . . . D . . . . . A . . . E . . .
Oh, I can feel something happen-ing to me

So hold my hand, I've got a feeling that the journey has just be-gun.
D . . . A . . . . . E\
On the wings of a nigh-tin-gale.
And if you like, We'll fly to-gether to the land of eternal sun,
On the wings of a nigh-tin-gale of love.

Chorus

When I love, I get a feeling like I'm travel-ing through the sky
D . . . A . .
On the wings of a nigh-tin-gale.
D . . . A . .
On the wings of a nigh-tin-gale.
On the wings of a nigh-tin-gale, fly--------y
D . . . A/ E/ A/
On the wings of a ni-i-gh---ti-ing------ga-a-ale.

San Jose Ukulele Club (added 1/4/14)
One Fine Day (Key of F)

by Carole King

Intro: F, Dm, Bb, C  x 2

F                        C
One fine day,  you'll look at me
Dm          Bb
And you will know our love was,  meant to be
F              Dm, Bb                          C
One fine day,  you're gonna want me for your girl.

F                        C
The arms I long for,  will open wide
Dm          Bb
And you'll be proud to have me,  right by your side
F              Dm, Bb                          C
One fine day,  you're gonna want me for your girl.

Cm7                        F                      Cm7          F
Bridge:  Though I know, you're the kind of boy
Bb                           Bbmaj7                             Gm7          Bb
Who only wants  to run a-round
Dm                        G                                Dm          G
I'll keep waiting, and, someday darling
C                                  Bb                          Gm7                              Bb  *C^2
You'll come to me when you want to settle dow-own

F                        C
One fine day,  we'll meet one more
Dm          Bb
And then you'll want the love you  threw away before
F              Dm, Bb                          C
One fine day,  you're gonna want me for your girl

Bridge

F                        C
One fine day,  we'll meet one more
Dm          Bb
And then you'll want the love you  threw away before
F              Dm, Bb                          C
One fine day,  you're gonna want me for your girl
F                        C
One fine day,  you're gonna want me for your girl

San Jose Ukulele Club
Only the Good Die Young
by Billy Joel


Come out, Virginia, don't let me wait, you Cath-o-lic girls start much too late,

Aww, sooner or later, it comes down to fate, I might as well be the one....

Well, they showed you a statue, told you to pray, they built you a temple then locked you a-way,

Ah, but they never told you the price that you pay, for things that you might have done.

(----tacet--------) C F G C F G C

Only the good die young....that's what I said.... Only the good die young, only the good die young.

You might have heard I run with a dangerous crowd. We ain't too pretty, we ain't too proud.

We might be laughing a bit too loud, aww but that never hurt no-one.

So come on, Virginia, show me a sign, send up a signal, I'll throw you a line.

The stained-glass curtain you're hiding be-hind, never let's in the sun..

(----tacet--------) C F G C F G C

Darlin', only the good die young, whoa, whoa ,whoa....I tell you only the good die young, only the good die young.

Bridge1: You got a nice white dress and a party on your confir-ma-tion

You got a brand new soul, mmm, and a cross of gold.

But, Virginia, they didn't give you quite enough infor-ma-tion.

You didn't count on me, when you were counting on your rosary. (oh, whoa, whoa)

They say there's a heaven for those who will wait, some say it's better but I say it ain't

I'd rather laugh with the sinners than cry with the saints, the sinners are much more fun

You know that only the good die young, whoa baby.... I tell you only the good die young, only the good die young

Instrumental: G/ F/ C . . . D . . . F . . .

Bridge 2: You say your mother told you all that I could give you was a repu-ta-tion

Aww, she never cared for me, but did she ever say a prayer for me? (oh whoa, whoa)

Come out, Virginia don't let me wait, you Cath-o-lic girls start much too late

Sooner or later it comes down to fate, I might as well be the one.

(----tacet--------) C F G C F G C

You know that only the good die young, tellin' you baby, only the good die young, only the good die young.

only the goo-oo--oo-d...... only the good die young.
Only You
by Buck Ram (1954)

Intro: C7\(^2\) / / / / / / / / B7\(/\) / C7/
\(\text{(9 downstrums)}\)
(tacet) F . . . A7
Only you, can make, this world seem right.
\(\text{Dm . . .} \ F7\)
Only you, can make the darkness bright
\(\text{Bb C7 F A7 Dm D7/}\)
Only you, and you a-lone, can thrill me like you do, and
\(\text{G7 C7 Gm7 C7/}\)
fill my heart with love for only you.

(tacet) F . . . A7
Only you, can make this change in me,
\(\text{Dm . . .} \ F7\)
For it’s true, you are my destiny
\(\text{Bb Eb9 F A7 D7}\)
When you hold my hand, I understand, the magic that you do
\(\text{G7 C7 F Eb9 F/}\)
You’re my dream come true, my one and only you.

(tacet) F . . . A7
Only you, can make this change in me,
\(\text{Dm . . .} \ F7\)
For it’s true, you are my destiny
\(\text{Bb Eb9 F A7 D7}\)
When you hold my hand, I understand, the magic that you do
\(\text{G7 C7 F Eb9 F/ C7/ F/}\)
You’re my dream come true, my one and only you. (one and only youuuuuuu)

arr. by Aki I.- San Jose Ukulele Club
9/2/13
Orange Blossom Special
by Ervin T. Rouse (1938)

Suggested strum: D.DUDUDU (moderately fast tempo)

C
Hey, look yonder comin', comin' down that railroad track
F
Hey, look yonder comin', comin' down that railroad track.
G
It's that Orange Blossom special, bringin' my baby back.


C
Goin' down to Florida and get some sand in my shoes
F
Or maybe California, and get some sand in my shoes.
G
Ride that Orange Blossom Special and lose these New York blues.


C
They talk about ramblin', she's the fastest train on the line.
F
They talk about travelin', she's the fastest train on the line.
G
It's the Orange Blossom Special, rollin' down the seaboard line.

Out on the Beach at Waikiki (Key of C)

by Alice Johnson

Sing G

C     C7     F     Fm     C
Out on the beach at Waikiki, lives a maiden I used to know
F     C     A7
Her name is Lulu. she’s miki-miki
D7    G7    C     G7
You’ll see her when you’re out that way

C     C7     F     Fm     C
She surely has a pretty giggle and lovely light brown hair
F     C     A7
But best of all is . her naughty wiggle,
D7    G7    C     C7
Oh, oh, how she surely can sway.

Bridge:

F     Fm
You can see her grass skirt go
C     C7
Like leaves swaying to and fro
D7
You can see her u-we-he i-mu-a
G7
hu-li. a ku wau. ia la-we a a li-lo

C     C7     F     Fm     C
Out on the beach at Waikiki, lives a maiden I used to know
F     C     A7
Her name is Lulu. she’s miki-miki
D7    G7    C
You’ll see her when you’re out that way

Repeat Song

D7    G7    C     Cmaj7    A7
Ending: You’ll see her when you’re out that wa- aa- ay
D7    G7    C
You’ll see her.. out that.. way.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Pachelbel’s Canon in D

Johannes Pachelbel

Chords:

Simply strum each cord 4 times, or fingerpick each string

D/// A/// Bm/// F#m/// G/// D/// G/// A///

San Jose Ukulele Club
Paperback Writer
by Paul McCartney

(Vocal only-sing C)

Paperback writer, writer

Riff:  A---------------------------------------------------------------
(need a low G) E--------3-----1--------------------------1-----1--------1--
C-----0--2------------------0h2-------------0--2------------------0h2------
G--0-------------0------0-----------------0--------------0-----0--------------

G
Dear sir or madam, will you read my book,
It took me years to write, will you take a look?

It's based on a novel by a man named Lear
And I need a job so I want to be a paperback writer, paperback writer

G
It's a dirty story of a dirty man
And his clinging wife doesn't understand.

His son is working for the Daily Mail.
It's a steady job but he wants to be a paperback writer, paperback writer.

C                                  G
Paperback writer, writer

G
It's a thousand pages give or take a few,
I'll be writing more in a week or two
I can make it longer if you like the style
I can change it 'round and I want to be a paperback writer, paperback writer

G
If you really like it, you can have the rights.
It could make a million for you overnight.
If you must return it, you can send it here
but I need a break and I want to be a paperback writer, paperback writer.

(Riff)
G                                          G//
Paperback writer, (paperback writer) paperback writer (paperback writer) paperback writer
Peggy Sue
by Buddy Holly

Intro: A, D, A, E7, A, D, A, E7

A       D                 A      D        A
If you knew Peggy Sue, then you'll know why I feel blue
D          A           A
About Peggy, my Peggy Sue
E7     D         A , D, A, E7
Well I love you gal, yes I love you, Peggy Sue
A        D               A          D             A
Peggy Sue, Peggy Sue, oh how my heart yearns for you
D          A           A, D, A, E7
Oh-oh Peggy, my Peggy Sue.
E7     D                  A, D, A, E7
Well I love you gal, yes, I love you Peggy Sue.

A        F          A
Peggy Sue, Peggy Sue, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty Peggy Sue
D          A           A
Oh,oh Peggy, my Peggy Sue
E7     D         A, D, A, E7
Well I love you gal, and I need you, Peggy Sue

A        D                A        D           A
I love you, Peggy Sue, with a love so rare and true
D          A           A, D, A,
Oh,oh, Peggy, my Peggy Sue-(oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo)
E7     D                  A, D, A, E7
Well, I love you gal. I want you, Peggy Sue


A        F          A
Peggy Sue, Peggy Sue, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty Peggy Sue
D          A           A
Oh,oh Peggy, my Peggy Sue
E7     D         A, D, A, E7
Well I love you gal, and I need you, Peggy Sue

A        D                A        D           A
I love you, Peggy Sue, with a love so rare and true
D          A           A, D, A,
Oh,oh, Peggy, my Peggy Sue-(oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo)
E7     D                  A, D, A
Well, I love you gal and I want you, Peggy Sue

San Jose Ukulele Club
People Are Strange
by The Doors (1967)

Intro: A ---2---0------------------ or if you have a low G: G ---4---2----0--------
E ---3------------------

Em Am Em
People are strange, when you’re a stranger
Am Em B Em
Faces look ugly, when you’re a-lone.
Em Am Em
Women seem wicked, when you’re un-wanted
Am Em B Em
Streets are un-even, when you are down.

B7 B7+5/ B7 G B7/
Bridge: When you’re strange . . . . faces come out of the rain
B7 B7+5/ B7 G B7/
When you’re strange . . . . no-one remembers your name.
B7 B7+5/ B7
When you’re strange . . . . when you’re strange, when you’re.. stra-a-ange.

Em Am Em
People are strange, when you’re a stranger
Am Em B Em
Faces look ugly, when you’re a-lone.
Em Am Em
Women seem wicked, when you’re un-wanted
Am Em B Em
Streets are un-even, when you are down.

Repeat Bridge

Instrumental: same chords as verse. (Kazoo time!)

Repeat bridge
Pfft! You Were Gone
by Archie Campbell and Buck Owens

Waltz tempo (3/4 time)

Down here on the farm, the weather gets messy
Laying around with nothin' to do
When you went away, you took my cow Bessie
I miss her more than I miss you

You took off your leg, your wig and your glass eye
and you should've seen the look on my face
I wanted to kiss, I wanted to hug you, but you were scattered all over the place

Chorus:
Where, where, are you to-night?
Why did you leave me here all alone?
I searched the world over and thought I found true love.
You met another and Pfft! you were gone.

I know that you loved me, here's my way of know-in', the proof is hangin' out right there on the line.
When I see the snow and feel the wind blowin', your nightie is huggin' them long johns of mine.
The noises you made at our supper table...
Your habits, my dear, were surely ab-surd.
But how many times do I have to tell you? Soup is a dish to be seen and not heard.

Chorus:
Remember you phoned me a-sobbin' and cryin'. The dog bit your ma, and drug her a-round.
You said she looked pale and thought she was dyin'. I said "Don't worry, I'll get a new hound."
I had six kids and you had e-le-ven and we had some more, and they grew like flowers.
I wish you'd come back, without you ain't heaven, 'cuz your kids and my kids are beatin' up ours.

Chorus:
Where, where, are you to-night?
Why did you leave me here all alone?
I searched the world over and thought I found true love.
You met another and Pfft! you were gone.

San Jose Ukulele Club
P.S. I Love You
by Paul McCartney (1962)

Intro: As I write this letter, send my love to you remember that I'll always be in love with you.

D . . . Em . . . D . . .
Trea-sure these few words 'til we're to-gether

A . . . Bm . . . A . . . Bb . . . . . . . Bb\ C\ D . . . . .
Keep all my love for-ev-er, P. S., I love you you you you

D . . . Em . . . D . . .
I'll be com-ing home a-gain to you, love

A . . . Bm . . . A . . . Bb . . . . . . . Bb\ C\ D . . . . .
And 'til the day I do, love P. S., I love you you you you

Bridge:
G . . . D . . .
As I write this letter
G . . . D . . .
Send my love to you
G . . . D . . .
Re-mem-ber that I'll al-ways
Be in love with you.

D . . . Em . . . D . . .
Trea-sure these few words 'til we're to-gether

A . . . Bm . . . A . . . Bb . . . . . . . Bb\ C\ D . . . . .
Keep all my love for-ev-er, P. S., I love you you you you

Bridge: As I write this letter (oh-oh-oh)
G . . . D . . .
Send my love to you (you know I want you to)
G . . . D . . .
Re-mem-ber that I'll al-ways (yeahhh)
Be in love with you.

D . . . Em . . . D . . .
I'll be com-ing home a-gain to you, love

A . . . Bm . . . A . . . Bb . . . . . . . Bb\ C\ D . . . . .
And 'til the day I do, love P. S., I love you you you you

Bb\ C\ D . . . . . . Bb\ C\ D . . . . . .
you you you I love you!
Put on a Happy Face (key of C)
by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams (1960)
(from the movie, “Bye, Bye Birdie”)

C  A7  Dm  G
Gray skies are gonna clear up, put on a happy face.

C  A7  Dm  Gm7  C7
Brush off the clouds and cheer up, put on a happy face.

F  B7  E7  A7  D7  G7  C7
Take off the gloomy mask of tragedy, it’s not your style.

F  B7  E7  A7  D7  Dm  G
You’ll look so good that you’ll be glad you decided to smile!

C  A7  Dm  G
Pick out a pleasant outlook, stick out that noble chin.

C  A7  Dm  Gm7  C7
Wipe off that “full of doubt” look, slap on a happy grin!

F  C  G7  A7  Dm  G7  C
And spread sunshine all over the place. Just put on a happy face!

C  A7  Dm  G
Da dum da dum da da dum, put on a happy face.

C  A7  Dm  Gm7  C7
Da dum da dum da dum dum, put on a happy face.

F  B7  E7  A7  D7  G7  C7
And if you’re feeling cross and bickerish, don’t sit and whine.

F  B7  E7  A7  D7  Dm  G
Think of ba-na-na splits and licorice and you’ll feel fine!

C  A7  Dm  G
I knew a girl so gloom-y, she’d never laugh or sing

C  A7  Dm  Gm7  C7
She wouldn’t listen to me, now she’s a mean old thing.

F  C  G7  A7
So... spread sunshine all over the place,

Dm  G7  Dm  G7  Dm  G7  C... C/G7/C
Just put on a happy, put on a happy, just put on a happy faaaaaace!
Que Sera Sera (original key of C)
by Jay Livingston and Ray Evans (1955)

Waltz tempo

C C maj7 C6 C C#dim Dm
When I was just a little (girl/boy), I asked my mother, “what will I be?”
G7 Dm G7 C
“Will I be (pretty/handsome)? will I be rich?” Here’s what she said to me:

Chorus: Que se-ra sera, whatever will be, will be.
                                      G          G7      C
the future’s not ours to see. Que se-ra se-ra.

C C maj7 C6 C C#dim Dm
When I was just a child in school, I asked my teacher “what should I try?”
G7 Dm G7 C
“Should I paint pictures? should I sing songs?” this was her wise re-ply:

Chorus

C C maj7 C6 C Cdim Dm
When I grew up and fell in love, I asked my sweetheart, “What lies a-head?”
G7 Dm G7 C
“Will we have rainbows day after day?” Here’s what my sweetheart said:

Chorus

C C maj7 C6 C C#dim Dm
Now I have children of my own, they ask their (mother/father), “What will I be?”
G7 Dm G7 C
“Will I be (pretty/handsome)? will I be rich?” I tell them ten-der-ly:

Ending Chorus

F C
Que sera se-ra, whatever will be, will be.
                                      G          G7      C
the future’s not ours to see. Que se-ra se-ra.
                                      G7      C . . . . . . . . . G7 . . C
what will be will be! Que ser-a ser-aaaa!
Rain
by John Lennon and Paul McCartney (1966)

If the rain comes, they run and hide their heads,
They might as well be dead,
If the rain comes, if the rain comes.

When the sun shines, they slip into the shade, (when the sun shines)
And sip their lemonade.(when the sun shines)
When the sun shines, when the sun shines.

Chorus: G5 / / / / / / / G
Rai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai, I don't mind.
G5 / / / / / / C G
Shi-i-i-i-i-i, the weather’s fine.

I can show you that when it starts to rain, (when the rain comes down)
Everything’s the same (when the rain comes down)
I can show you, I can shoooooow you.

G5 / / / / / / / C G
Rai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai, I don’t mind.
G5 / / / / / / / C G
Shi—i—i—i—i—i—i—i, the weather’s fine.

Can you hear me, that when it rains and shines, (when it rains and shines)
It’s just a state of mind, (when it rains and shines)
Can you hear me? Can you he-e-e-e-ar me?

G5 / / / / / / / C G
Rai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai, I don’t mind.
G5 / / / / / / C G . . . . G/C/G
Shi—i—i—i—i—i, the weather’s fine.
Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head
by Hal David and Burt Bacharach

Intro: F, C, Bb, C

F       F7       Bb       Am
Raindrops keep falling on my head, and just like the guy whose feet are too big for his bed
D7       Am
Nothing seems to fit
D7       Gm7       C7
Those rain-drops are falling on my head, they keep falling.

F       F7       Bb       Am
So I just did me talking to the sun, and I said I didn't like the way he got things done.
D7       Am
Sleeping on the job
D7       Gm7       C7
Those rain-drops are falling on my head, they keep falling.

F       F7
But there's one thing, I know
Bb       C       Am
The blues they send to meet me won't de-feat me
D7       Gm7       Gm7, C, Gm7, C
It won't be long till happiness steps up to greet me.

F       F7       Bb       Am
Raindrops keep falling on my head, but that doesn't mean my eyes will soon be turning red
D7       Am
Crying's not for me
D7       Gm7       C7       F       Gm7       C7       F
'cause I'm never gonna stop the rain by complaining, because I'm free, nothing's worrying me.

TAB:  A—0—3—0—1—0——0——0——0——0——0——1——5——3
      E—3—3—1—3——3——3——3——3——3
      C—3—3—1—3——3——3——3——3——3
      G—3—3—1—3——3——3——3——3——3

D7       Gm7       Gm7, C, Gm7, C
It won't be long till happiness steps up to greet me

F       F7       Bb       Am
Raindrops keep falling on my head, but that doesn't mean my eyes will soon be turning red
D7       Am
Crying's not for me
D7       Gm7       C7       F       Gm7       C7       F
'cause I'm never gonna stop the rain by complaining, because I'm free, nothing's worrying me

San Jose Ukulele Club
Rainy Days and Mondays (Key of C)
by Roger Nichols and Paul Williams (1971)

C	Em	Gm	A	Dm	Am	F	G	G7	D	F#m	B7

Sing G

C	Em	Gm	A	Dm	Em	Dm	Em
Talking to my self and feeling old, sometimes I’d like to quit, nothing ever seems to fit
Am	F	Dm	C	Dm	Em	Dm	Em
Hanging a-round, nothing to do but frown, Rainy days and Mondays al-ways get me down.

C	Em	Gm	A	Dm	Em	Dm	Em
What I’ve got they used to call the blues. Nothing is really wrong, feeling like I don’t be-long,
Am	F	Dm	C	Dm	F	C
Walking a-round, some kind of lonely clown, Rainy days and Mondays al-ways get me down.

Am	F	Dm	C
Bridge: Funny, but it seems I always wind up here with you
Em	F	G
Nice to know somebody loves me.
Am	F	Dm	C
Funny, but it seems that it’s the only thing to do,
Em	F	G	G7
Run and find the one who loves me.

C	Em	Gm	A	Dm	Em	Dm	Em
What I feel has come and gone be-fore. No need to talk it out, we know what it’s all a-bout,
Am	F	Dm	C	Dm	F	C
Hanging a-round, nothing to do but frown, Rainy days and Mondays al-ways get me down.

Am	F	Dm	C
Half Bridge: Funny, but it seems I always wind up here with you
Em	F	G	G7
Nice to know somebody loves me.

Key change:

D	F#m	C	B7	Em	F#m	Em	F#m
What I feel has come and gone be-fore. No need to talk it out, we know what it’s all about,
Bm	G	Em	D	Em	G	D
Hanging a-round, nothing to do but frown, Rainy days and Mondays al-ways get me down.
Bm	G	Em	D	Em	G	D
Hanging a-round, nothing to do but frown, Rainy days and Mondays al-ways get . . . . me down.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Red Roses for a Blue Lady
by Sid Tepper and Roy Bennett (1948)

Verse 1:

(---tacet---) C                  B7
I want some red roses, for a blue lady
E7                                           A7
Mister Florist, take my order please
Dm               G7    Em          Am
We had a silly quarrel the other day
D7                      G7
I hope these pretty flowers chase her blues away.

(---tacet---) C                  B7
Wrap up some red roses for a blue lady
E7                                           A7
Send them to the sweetest gal in town
Dm               G7    C                  A7
and if they do the trick, I'll hurry back to pick
D7                      G7                      C
Your best white orchid for her wedding gown.

*Instrumental:* same chords as Verse 1 while "scatting"

(---tacet---) C                  B7
Wrap up some red roses for a blue lady
E7                                           A7
Send them to the sweetest gal in town
Dm               G7    C                  A7
and if they do the trick, I'll hurry back to pick
D7                      G7                      C
Your best white orchid for her wedding gown.

Your best white orchid for her wedding gown.

Ending riff:  
\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{C/} &\text{B/} &\text{Am} &\text{F} &\text{C} &\text{G7} &\text{C} \\
&\text{C/} &\text{B/} &\text{Am} &\text{F} &\text{C} &\text{G7} &\text{C} \\
&\text{E} &\text{E} &\text{E} &\text{E} &\text{E} &\text{E} &\text{E} \\
&\text{C} &\text{C} &\text{C} &\text{C} &\text{C} &\text{C} &\text{C} \\
&\text{G} &\text{G} &\text{G} &\text{G} &\text{G} &\text{G} &\text{G} \\
\end{align*}
\]
Return to Sender
by Winfield Scott and Otis Blackwell

Intro: Return to sender, re-turn to sender

C    Am       Dm         G
I gave a letter to the post man, he put it in his sack.
C     Am            Dm              G     C
Bright and early next morning, he brought my letter back.

(She wrote upon it)
F      G          F                  G
Return to send-er, address un-known
F      G          C
No such number, no such zone
F      G          F           G
We had a quarrel, a lovers spat
D7            G
I write I'm sorry, but my letter keeps coming back.

C            Am          Dm             G
So then I dropped it in the mailbox, and sent it special   D.
C     Am            Dm          G          C
Bright and early next morning, it came right back to me.

(She wrote upon it)
F      G          F                  G
Return to send-er, address un-known
F      G          C
No such person, no such zone

F        C
This time I'm gonna take it myself, and put it right in her hand
D7             G
And if it comes back the very next day, then I'll understand

(The writing on it)
F      G          F                  G
Return to send-er, address un-known
F      G          C
No such number, no such zone
F      G          F           G           F           G
Return to sender, return to sender, return to sender (fade out)
Return to Sender (original key)
by Winfield Scott and Otis Blackwell
(as sung by Elvis Presley)

Intro: Return to sender, re-turn to sender

 Eb Cm Fm Bb
I gave a letter to the postman, he put it in his sack.
 Eb Cm Fm Bb Eb
Bright and early next morning, he brought my letter back.

(She wrote upon it)
 Ab Bb Ab Bb
Return to send-er, address un-known
 Ab Bb Eb
No such number, no such zone
 Ab Bb Ab Bb
We had a quarrel, a lovers spat
 F7 Bb
I write I'm sorry, but my letter keeps coming back.

 Eb Cm Fm Bb
So then I dropped it in the mailbox, and sent it special D.
 Eb Cm Fm Bb Eb
Bright and early next morning, it came right back to me.

(She wrote upon it)
 Ab Bb Ab Bb
Return to send-er, address un-known
 Ab Bb Eb
No such person, no such zone

 Ab Eb
This time I'm gonna take it myself, and put it right in her hand
 F7 Bb
And if it comes back the very next day, then I'll understand

(The writing on it)
 Ab Bb Ab Bb
Return to send-er, address un-known
 Ab Bb Eb
No such number, no such zone
 Ab Bb Ab Bb Ab Bb
Return to sender, return to sender, return to sender (fade out)
Rhythm of the Rain
by the Everly Brothers

G   C   D7   Bm   Em   Am7

G                                        C                G                                             D7
Listen to the rhythm of the falling rain, telling me just what a fool I've been
G                                     C                     G                D7      G
I wish that it would let me cry in vain, and let me be a-lone a-gain

G                                            C                G                                  D7
The only girl/guy I care about has gone away, lookin' for a brand new start
G                                            C                G                                  D7      G
But little does (s)he know when (s)he left that day, a-long with her/him (s)he took my heart

C                                              Bm
Rain, please tell me now does that seem fair
G                                      C                    G
For her/him to steal my heart when (s)he don't care
G                                                C                G                                  D7      G
I can't love another when my heart's somewhere far away

G                                            C                G                                  D7
The only girl/guy I care about has gone away, lookin' for a brand new start
G                                            C                G                                  D7      G
But little does (s)he know when (s)he left that day, a-long with her/him (s)he took my heart

C                                              Bm
Rain, won't you tell her/him that I love her/him so
G                                      C                    G
Please ask the sun to set my heart aglow
G                                                C                G                                  D7      G
Rain in her heart and let the love we knew start to grow

G                                        C                G                                             D7
Listen to the rhythm of the falling rain, telling me just what a fool I've been
G                                     C                     G                D7      G
I wish that it would let me cry in vain, and let me be a-lone a-gain

G                                              Em   G                         Em
Listen to the rhythm of the falling rain, Listen to the rhythm of the falling rain

G                                              D7   G
Listen to the rhythm of the falling rain

San Jose Ukulele Club
Gimme red lipstick and a bright poppy rouge. A single bob haircut and a shot of good booze.
Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn, If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

Now, I'm raring to go, got red shoes on my feet. My mind is sittin' right for a Tin Lizzie seat.
Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn, If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

I'd like to fashion shop, and get the one looks best. Your only sweet mama, wants a brand new dress.
Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn, If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

The red rooster said, "Cocka-doodle-do-do." The Richland woman said, "Any dude'll do."
Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn, If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

Dress skirt cut high, then they cut low. Don't think I'm a sport? Keep on watchin' me go.
Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn, If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

With rosy red garters, pink hose on my feet. Turkey red bloomer, with a rumble seat.
Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn, If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

Every Sunday mornin', church folk watch me go. My wings sprouted out, the preacher told me so.
Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn, If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.
Ring of Fire
by Johnny Cash

“trumpet” riffs are played on the A string:

riff 1: 5 5 5 5 5 7 3 5 and riff 2: 2 2 2 2 2 3 0 2

Intro: riff 1, riff 2

G C G
Love is a burning thing. (riff 1)
C G
And it makes a fiery ring (riff 2)
G C G
Bound by wild desire. (riff 1)
C G
I fell into a ring of fire.

Chorus:

D C G
I fell into a burning ring of fire
D
I went down, down, down
C G
And the flames went higher

And it burns, burns, burns,
C G C G
The ring of fire, the ring of fire.

(riff 1, riff 2, riff 1, riff 2)

Repeat Chorus

C G
The taste of love is sweet (riff 1),
C G
When hearts like ours meet (riff 2),
C G
I fell for you like a child (riff 1),
C G
Ohh, but the fire went wild

Repeat Chorus twice

And it burns, burns, burns
C G
The ring of fire
C G
The ring of fire
If my words did glow…. with the gold of sun-shine…. And my tunes .. were played .. on the harp un- strung
Would you hear my voice…. come thro-ugh the music?.... Would you hold it near…. as it were your own?

It's a hand-me-down…. The tho-oughts are bro-ken…. Perhaps.. they're better… left un- sung
I don't know…. don't re-a-ally care…. Let there be songs .... to fill the air.........

Chorus: Am                       D
Ripple in still wa-a-ter
Where there is no pebble tossed
Nor . wind . to . blow

Reach out your hand…. if your cup is empty….. If your cup .. is full .. may it be a- gain
Let it be known…. there i-is a foun-tain…. that was not made… by the hands of men.
There is a road…. no si-mple high-way…. Between .. the dawn .. and the dark of night
And if you go…. no one may fol-low…. That path is for ..... your steps a-lone........

Chorus

You who choose…. to le-ead must fol-low…. But if .. you fall .. you fall a- lone
If you should stand…. then who's to guide you?
If I knew the way…. I would take you home.

Ending: G                          C                               G
La-da-da-da--daa...(etc.)
G                          D                          C                          G

BW-San Jose Ukulele Club
Rock Around the Clock
by Max Freedman and James Myers (1952)

A                          A/                     A/
One, two, three o’clock, four o’clock rock, five, six, seven o’clock, eight o’clock rock
A/                     A/                     A/                     A/
Nine, ten, eleven o’clock, twelve o’clock rock We’re gonna rock around the clock tonight.

A
Put your glad rags on and join me, hon, We’ll have some fun when the clock strikes one.
D7                     A
We’re gonna rock around the clock tonight, We’re gonna rock, rock, rock, ‘til the broad daylight.
E7                     D7                     A
We’re gonna rock, gonna rock, a-round the clock to-night.

A
When the clock strikes two, three and four, If the band slows down, we’ll yell for more.
D7                     A
We’re gonna rock around the clock tonight, We’re gonna rock, rock, rock, ‘til the broad daylight.
E7                     D7                     A
We’re gonna rock, gonna rock, a-round the clock to-night.


A
When the chimes right five, six and seven, we’ll be right in seventh heaven.
D7                     A
We’re gonna rock around the clock tonight, we’re gonna rock, rock, rock, ‘til the broad daylight.
E7                     D7                     A
We’re gonna rock, gonna rock, a-round the clock to-night.

A
When it’s eight, nine, ten, eleven too, I’ll be goin’ strong and so will you.
D7                     A
We’re gonna rock around the clock tonight, we’re gonna rock, rock, rock ‘til the broad daylight.
E7                     D7                     A
We’re gonna rock, gonna rock, a-round the clock to-night.


A
When the clock strikes twelve, we’ll cool of then, start a-rockin’ round the clock again.
D7                     A
We’re gonna rock around the clock tonight, we’re gonna rock, rock, rock ‘til the broad daylight.
E7                     D7                     A
We’re gonna rock, gonna rock, a-round the clock to-night.

End riff A                        A
-----------------------------------------------
E ---5-5-5-----3-3-3-----2-2-2---1-1-1--------0-0-0-0-----0-2-4-5---
C -----------------------------------------------
G -----------------------------------------------

San Jose Ukulele Club
9/3/13
Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree
by Johnny Marks (1958)

Intro: F, Dm, Bb, C  x 2

(sing C)
F                      C
Rockin' around the Christmas tree at the Christmas party hop,
F
Mistletoe hung where you can see every couple tries to stop,
C
Rockin' around the Christmas tree, let the Christmas spirit ring,
F
Later we'll have some pumpkin pie and we'll do some caroling.

Bridge:   Bb                          Am
You will get a sentimental feel-ing, when you hear,
Dm                                      G                               C
Voices singing “let's be jolly, deck the halls with boughs of ho-ol-ly”
F                      C
Rocking around the Christmas tree, have a happy holiday,
F
Everyone dancing merrily in the new old-fashioned way.

Bb                          Am
You will get a sentimental feel-ing, when you hear,
Dm                                      G                               C
Voices singing “let's be jolly, deck the halls with boughs of ho-ol-ly”
F                      C
Rocking around the Christmas tree, have a happy holiday,
F
Everyone dancing merrily in the new old-fashioned way.
C
Everyone dancing merrily in the new,  old,  fash-ioned wa-ay.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Rockin' Robin
by Leon Rene (~1958)
as sung by Bobby Day

G                             Am7       D7             G                          Am7        D7
Intro:  Twiddly diddly dee, twiddly diddly dee, twiddly diddly dee, twiddly diddly dee,
G                             Am7        D7          G/         G/        G/       G/
Twiddly diddly dee, twiddly diddly dee, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet.

G (or clap, clap, pause, clap beat)
He rocks in the tree top, all day long, hoppin' and a boppin' and a-singin' his song
G                                                                                                   G7
All the little birds on Jay Bird Street, love to hear the robin goin' tweet, tweet, tweet

Chorus:
Rockin' robin, (tweet, tweet tweet) rock, rock, rockin' robin (tweet, tweet, twiddly dee)

D7                                         C                 C7       G
Blow rockin robin 'cuz we're really gonna rock to-night! (tweet, tweet, twiddly dee)

G (or clap, clap, pause, clap beat)
Every little swallow, every chickadee, every little bird in the tall oak tree
G                                                                                             G7
The wise old owl, the big black crow, flap their wings singin’ Go, bird, Go!

Chorus

Instrumental:
Tweet tweet, twiddly dee Tweet ....twiddly dee, Tweet tweet, twiddly dee, Tweet.... twiddly dee
D7                     C7                   G
(00, 00, 00, 00, 00, 00, 00, tweet, tweet, twiddly dee)

Bridge:  A pretty little raven at the bird bath stand, taught him how to do the bop and it was grand
C                                                             D7/ (tacet--------------------------------------Æ)
They started goin' steady and bless my soul, he out bopped the buzzard and the oriole

G (or clap, clap, pause, clap beat)
He rocks in the tree top, all day long, hoppin' and a boppin' and a-singin' his song
G                                                                                                   G7
All the little birds on Jay Bird Street, love to hear the robin goin' tweet, tweet, tweet

Chorus, then Bridge

G (or clap, clap, pause, clap beat)
He rocks in the tree top, all day long, hoppin' and a boppin' and a-singin' his song
G                                                                                                   G7
All the little birds on Jay Bird Street, love to hear the robin goin' tweet, tweet, tweet

Chorus

G                             Am7       D7             G                          Am7        D7
Twiddly diddly dee, twiddly diddly dee, twiddly diddly dee, twiddly diddly dee,
G                             Am7        D7          G/         G/        G/       G/
Twiddly diddly dee, twiddly diddly dee, tweet, tweet, (wolf whistle)

San Jose Ukulele Club
Route 66
By Bobby Troup

If you ever plan to mo-tor west, Tra-vel my way, take the high-way that's the best.
Get your kicks on Route Six-ty Six
It winds from Chi-ca-go to L. A. More than two thou-sand miles all the way.
Get your kicks on Route Six-ty Six

Now you go thru St. Louie, Jop-lin, Mis souri
G/ . . . . . | G7 .
Okla-homa City looks migh-ty pretty
. C . . . | . . G . . . | . .
You'll see Ama-rillo, Gallup, New Mex-i-co
D . . . C .
Flagstaff, Ari-zona, Don't for-get Wi-nona
King-man, Bar-stow, San Berna-dino

Won't you get hip to this time-ly tip When you take that Ca-li-forn-ia trip
Get your kicks on Route Six-ty Six

Instrumental verse:

Repeat Bridge:

Won't you get hip to this time-ly tip When you take that Ca-li-forn-ia trip
Get your kicks on Route Six-ty Six
Get your kicks on Route Six-ty Six
Get your kicks on Route Six-ty Six

Brian W.- San Jose Ukulele Club
Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer  
by Johnny Marks (1949)

Intro verse:  You know Dasher and Dancer and Prancer and Vixen,  
Am/ Bm/ Am/ G/  
Comet and Cupid and Donner and Blitzen  
Em7 A7 Em7/ A7/ D7/  
But do you re-call the most famous rein-deer of all?

G D7  
Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer, had a very shiny nose  
G  
And, if you ever saw it, you would even say it glowed.

G D7  
All of the other reindeer used to laugh and call him names  
G G7  
They never let poor Rudolph join in any reindeer games.

C G D7 G  
Then one foggy Christmas Eve, Santa came to say,  
D Eb_dim Em7 A7 D7  
“Rudolph, with your nose so bright, won't you guide my sleigh to-night?”

G D7  
Then, how the reindeer loved him, as they shouted out with glee,  
G  
“Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer, you'll go down in his-to-ry!”

C G D7 G  
Then one foggy Christmas Eve, Santa came to say,  
D Eb_dim Em7 A7 D7  
“Rudolph, with your nose so bright, won't you guide my sleigh to-night?”

G D7  
Then, how the reindeer loved him, as they shouted out with glee,  
G  
“Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer, you'll go down in his-to-ry!

D7 D G . . . *F#/ G/  
You'll go down in his . . . to . . . ry

San Jose Ukulele Club
Runaround Sue
Ernie Maresca and Dion Di Mucci

D    Bm
Here’s my story, it’s sad but true, it’s about a girl that I once knew
G    A
She took my love, then ran around with every single guy in town

(Background vocals while lead singer sings Whoa, oh oh oh)
D    Bm
Hey, hey, um de hey, de hey, de hey, hey, um de hey, de hey, de hey
G    A
Hey, um de hey, de hey, de hey hey, um de hey, de hey, de hey,

D    Bm
I should have known it from the very start, this girl would leave me with a broken heart
G    A
Now listen people what I’m telling you, keep away from Runaround Sue

D    Bm
Her amazing lips and the smile on her face, the touch of her hand and this girl’s warm embrace
G    A
So if you don’t want to cry like I do, keep away from Runaround Sue

D    Bm
Hey, hey, um de hey, de hey, de hey, hey, um de hey, de hey, de hey
G    A
Hey, um de hey, de hey, de hey hey, um de hey, de hey, de hey, awwwwww

G    D
She likes to travel around, She’ll love you then she’ll put you down
G    A
Now people, let me put you wise.. Sue goes out with other guys

D    Bm
And the moral of the story from the guy who knows, I’ve been in love and my love still grows
G    A
Ask any fool that she ever knew, they’ll say “Keep away from Runaround Sue!”

Background vocals: D,,Bm,,G,,,A
(Yea, keep away from this girl I don’t know what she’ll do Keep away from Sue!)
G    D
She likes to travel around, She’ll love you then she’ll put you down
G    A
Now people, let me put you wise She goes out with other guys

D    Bm
Hear the moral and the story from the guy who knows, I’ve been in love and my love still grows
G    A
Ask any fool that she ever knew, they’ll say “Keep away from Runaround Sue!”

Background vocals and fade: D…Bm…G…A
Stay away from this girl, You know what she’ll do
Sail Away
by Greg Hawkes

Intro: G6, Gdim, Am7, D2, x 2

G6 Gdim Am7 Bm7 D2
Sail, sail a-way, sail a-way across the ocean
G6 Gdim Am7 D2
Sail, Sail a-way, across the sea of blue

Cmaj7 Am7 Cmaj7 Cdim Gmaj7 Gdim
I don’t recall, the start of it all
Am7 D7 Am7 D7 Am7 D7 Gdim D2
Some-body told me your arms don’t wan-na hold me

G6 Gdim Am7 Bm7 D2
Sail, sail a-way, sail a-way across the ocean
G6 Gdim Am7 D2
Sail, Sail a-way, across the sea of blue

Cmaj7 Am7 Cmaj7 Cdim Gmaj7 Gdim
I begged you to stay, but your legs ran away
Am7 D7 G6, Gdim, Am7, D2
Sail a-way, sail a-way, sail a-way

Instrumental: (finger pick)

G6 Gdim, Am7 D2
Sail, Sail, Sail
G6 Gdim, Am7 D2
Sail, Sail, Sail

Cmaj7 Am7 Cmaj7 Cdim Gmaj7 Gdim
My heart fell on the floor, when you walked out the door
Am7 D7 G6, Gdim, G6
Sail a-way, sail a-way, sail a-way.
San Francisco (Open Your Golden Gate)
by Bronsilau Kaper, Walter Jurmann and Gus Kahn (1935)

Intro:
\[C\quad \text{Em} \quad \text{C7} \quad F \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{E7} \quad C \quad \text{C7} \quad F \quad \text{Fm} \quad C \quad D \quad G \quad G7 \quad D7\]

\[A--3-2-0\]

\[E-----------3-1-0-1-3-3-3-\]

\[C-------------------------------|----------------2-0-2----------|------2--0----2-0-----2-0---2--0-|------2-0--\]

\[G-------------------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------------- |----------------------------------------\]

\[Intro tab:\]

\[A--3-2-0\]

\[E-----------3-1-0-1-3-3-3-\]

\[C-------------------------------|----------------2-0-2----------|------2--0----2-0-----2-0---2--0-|------2-0--\]

\[G-------------------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------------- |----------------------------------------\]

\[Intro: C \quad \text{Em} \quad \text{C7} \]

It only takes a tiny corner of
\[F \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{E7} \]
This great big world to make the place we love
\[C \quad \text{C7} \quad F \quad \text{Fm} \]
My home up on a hill, I find I love you still
\[C \quad D \quad G \quad G7 \quad D7\]
I've been away but now I'm back to tell you…..

Chorus:
\[C \quad \text{Cmaj7} \quad \text{C7} \quad F\]
San Fran – cis- co, open your Golden Gate
\[C \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{Em} \quad F \quad G\]
You'll let no stranger wait out-side your door
\[C \quad \text{Cmaj7} \quad \text{C7} \quad F\]
San Fran – cis- co, here is your wanderin' one
\[C \quad D7 \quad G \quad C \quad \text{E7}\]
Saying I'll wan-der no more.

\[Em \quad B7 \quad \text{Em} \quad \text{A7}\]
Other places only make me love you best
\[G \quad \text{Am7} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{G7}\]
Tell me you're the one in all the gold- en west

\[C \quad \text{Cmaj7} \quad \text{C7} \quad F\]
San Fran – cis- co, open your Golden Gate
\[C \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{Em} \quad F \quad G\]
You'll let no stranger wait out-side your door
\[C \quad \text{Cmaj7} \quad \text{C7} \quad F\]
San Fran – cis- co, here is your wanderin' one
\[C \quad D7 \quad G \quad C\]
Saying I'll wan-der no more

Ending: 
\[C \quad \text{Cmaj7} \quad \text{C7} \quad F\]
(slow the tempo) San Fran – cis - co, welcome me home a-gain
\[C \quad F \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G7} \quad C\]
I'm coming home to go roam-in’… no… more!

San Jose Ukulele Club
San Francisco Bay Blues
by Jesse Fuller

C F C7 A7 D7 G7 Cmaj7 E7

C Cmaj7 C7
Riff: walk down A ---3-----2------1-----
Strum: D DUDUDU


Verse 1
-------
C                                                    F                                  C   C7
I got the blues from my baby livin’ by the San Francisco Bay
F                                          C    C7
The o-cean liner’s gone so far a-way
F                                                                     C
A7
I didn't mean to treat her so bad, she was the best girl I ever had
D7                                          G7
Said goodbye, she like to make me cry, wanna lay down and die
C                                        F                        C    C7
I haven't got a nickel and I ain't got a lousy dime
F                                                                 E7
She don't come back, think I'm gonna lose my mind
F                                                     C                        Cmaj7  C7  A7
If she ever comes back to stay, it's gonna be another brand new day
D7                                         G7                               C   G7
Walkin’ with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay

Instrumental: repeat verse 1 with kazoo

Verse 2
-------
C                                    F                        F    C
Sittin down looking from my back door, wonderin’ which way to go
F                                           C
Woman I'm so crazy about....she don't love me no more
F                                             C                        A7
Think I'll catch me a freight train....cuz I'm feel-in’ blue
D7                                                           G7
Ride all the way to the end of the line....thinkin’ only of you
C                                        F                        C    C
Meanwhile livin in the city....just about to go in- sane
F                                                                E7
Since my baby left me, I wish she would call my name
F                                                     C                        Cmaj7  C7  A7
If she ever comes back to stay....its gonna be another brand new day
D7                                         G7                               C   A7
Walkin’ with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay,
D7                                         G7                               C   A7
Walkin’ with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay hey, hey, hey
D7                                      G7                                C   F/  C/
Yeah walkin’ with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay

San Jose Ukulele Club
San Francisco
by John Phillips

Em    C    G    D
If you're going to San Fran-cis-co,
Em    C    G    D
Be sure to wear some flow-ers in your hair.
Em    G    C    G
If you're go-ing to San Fran-cis-co,
G     Bm    Em    D
You're gonna meet some gen-tle people there.

Em    C    G    D
For those who come to San Fran-cis-co
Em    C    G    D
Summer-time will be a love-in there
Em    G    C    G
In the streets of San Fran-cis-co
G     Bm    Em    D
Gentle people, with flow-ers in their hair.

F     G
Bridge:    All across the nation, such a strange vi-bration-u-un, people in motion
F     G
There's a whole generation, with a new explanation-u-un, people in motion,
D
People in motion

Em    C    G    D
For those who come to San Fran-cis-co,
Em    C    G    D
Be sure to wear some flow-ers in your hair.
Em    G    C    G
If you come to San Fran-cis-co,
G     Bm    Em    G
Summer-time will be a love-in there.

A     D     A
Ending:    If you come to San Fran-cis-co
A     C#m    E    A
Summer-time will be a love-in there.
A     C#m    E    A
(slower) Summer-time will be a love-in there.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Santa Baby

by Joan Javits (1953)
as sung by Eartha Kitt

Intro: Ba-boom, ba-boom, ba-boom, ba-boom, boom boom x 2

C  A7  D7  G7

Santa Baby, just slip a sable under the tree, for me, I've been an awful good girl,

(Ba-ba-ba-boom, ba-boom, ba-boom, ba-boom, ba-boom, boom boom)
A7  D7  G7  C  A7, D7, G7

Santa Baby, so hurry down the chimney to-night.

C  A7  D7  G7  C  A7  D7  G7  C

Santa Baby, a fifty-four convertible too, light blue, I'll wait up for you dear

(Ba-ba-ba boom, ba-boom, ba-boom, ba-boom, boom boom)
A7  D7  G7  C  A7, D7, C

Santa Baby, so hurry down the chimney to-night.

(Ba-Boom, ba-boom)

Bridge:
Think of all the fun I've missed...think of all the fellas that I haven't kissed

D7  G7  Eb7  D7

Next year I could be just as good...If you'd check off my Christmas list

C  A7  D7  G7  C  A7  D7  G7  C

Santa Baby, I wanna yacht and really that's not a lot, been an angel all year

(Ba-ba-ba boom, ba-boom, ba-boom, ba-boom, ba-boom, boom boom)
A7  D7  G7  C  A7, D7, G7

Santa Baby, so hurry down the chimney to-night.

(Ba-Boom, ba-boom)

C  A7  D7  G7  C  A7  D7  G7  C

Santa Honey, one little thing I really need, the deed, to a platinum mine.

A7  D7  G7  C  A7, D7, G7

Santa Baby, so hurry down the chimney to-night.

C  A7  D7  G7  C  A7  D7  G7  C

Santa Cutie, and fill my stocking with a duplex, and cheques, sign your "X" on the line,

A7  D7  G7  C  A7, D7, C

Santa Cutie, and hurry down the chimney to-night.

Bridge:

Come and trim my Christmas tree...with some decorations bought at Tiffany

D7  G7  Eb7  D7

I really do, believe in you...Let's see if you believe in me.

C  A7  D7  G7  C  A7  D7  G7  C

Santa Baby, forgot to mention one little thing, a ring. I don't mean on the phone.

(Ba-ba-ba boom, ba-boom, ba-boom, ba-boom, boom boom)
A7  D7  G7  C  A7  D7  G7  C  A7

Santa Baby, so hurry down the chimney to-night...hurry down the chimney to-night

(Ba-Boom, ba-boom)
D7  G7  C, G7/.C/

Hurry.........tonight

San Jose Ukulele Club
Chorus

I can't get no satisfaction, I can't get no satisfaction.

'Cause I try and I try and I try and I try.

I can't get no, I can't get no.

C . . . F\ Bb . . . F\ C . . . F\ Bb .

When I'm dri-vin' in my car, and a man comes on to the radio

F\ C . . . F\ Bb . . . F\ C . . . F\ Bb .

and he's tellin' me more and more about some use-less in-for-ma-tion

F\ C . . . F\ Bb . . . F\ C . . . F\ Bb .

sup-posed to drive my i-ma-gi-na-tion. I can't get no, oh, no no no,

C\ . . . . . . C . . . F\ Bb . . . F\ C . . . F\ Bb .

no.----------------Hey-hey, hey, that's what I say.

Chorus

When I'm wa-tchin' my TV and a man comes on to tell me

F\ C . . . F\ Bb . . . F\ C . . . F\ Bb .

how white my shirts can be. But he can't be a man 'cause he doesn't smoke

F\ C . . . F\ Bb . . . F\ C . . . F\ Bb .

the same cigar-ettes as me. I can't get no, oh, no no no,

C\ . . . . . . C . . . F\ Bb . . . F\ C . . . F\ Bb .

no.----------------Hey-hey, hey, that's what I say

Chorus

(*) girl re-ac-tion

When I'm ri-din' round the world and I'm doin' this and I'm sign-ing that

F\ C . . . F\ Bb . . . F\ C . . . F\ Bb .

and I'm tryin' to make some girl who tells me baby better come back maybe next week

F\ C . . . F\ Bb . . . F\ C . . . F\ Bb .

'cause you see I'm on a los-ing streak. I can't get no, oh, no no no,

C\ . . . . . . C . . . F\ Bb . . . F\ C . . . F\ Bb .

no.----------------Hey-hey,hey, that's what I say.

Chorus

I can't get no, I can't get no, I can't get no,

F\ C . . . F\ Bb . . . F\ C . . . F\ Bb .

no sa-tis-fac-tion no sa-tis-fac-tion no sa-tis-fac-tion

F\ C . . . F\ Bb . . . F\ C

no sa-tis-fac-tion
September in the Rain
(key of C)
by Harry Warren and Al Dubin (1937)

The leaves of brown came tumbling down, re-mem-ber
Am         Dm          G7          C          G+
That Sep-tem-ber,  in the rain
   C   Em   Am   Em   Dm
The sun went out just like a dy-ing em-ber,
Am         Dm          G7          C          C7
That Sep-tem-ber,  In the rain.

Gm7          C7          Gm7          C7          Dm
Bridge: To e-very word of love I heard you whis-per
                    Am   D7   Am   D7   G7         G+
The rain drops seemed to play a sweet re-frain

C   Em   Am   Em   Dm
Though spring is here, to me it’s still Sep-tem-ber
Am         Dm          G7          C          C7
That Sep-tem-ber,  in the rain

Gm7          C7          Gm7          C7          Dm
Bridge: To e-very word of love I heard you whis-per
                    Am   D7   Am   D7   G7         G+
The rain drops seemed to play a sweet re-frain

C   Em   Am   Em   Dm
Though spring is here, to me it’s still Sep-tem-ber
Am         Dm          G7          C          A7
That Sep-tem-ber,  in the rain
   Dm          G7          C          A7
That Sep-tem-ber,  in the rain.
   Dm          G7          C          C\C#7\C\C
That Sep-tem-ber  in the raaiiiin.
Silhouettes
by Bob Crewe and Frank Slay (1957)

Intro: G Em Am D7

(Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah)

G Em Am D7

Took a walk and passed your house, late last night
G Em Am D7

All the shades were pulled and drawn, way down tight
G Em Am D7

From with-in, a dim light cast, two silhouettes on the shade
G Em Am D7

Oh, what a lovely couple they ma-ade.

G Em Am D7 G

Put his arms around your waist, held you tight
G Em Am D7 G

Kisses I could almost taste, in the night
G Em Am D7 G

Wondered why I’m not the guy, whose silhouette’s on the shade
G Em Am D7

I couldn’t hide the tears in my ey-eyes

G Em Am D7

Chorus: Silhouettes, (silhouettes) Silhouettes, (silhouettes) Silhouettes, (silhouettes) ty, oh

G Em Am D7

Silhouettes, (silhouettes) Silhouettes, (silhouettes) Silhouettes, (silhouettes) ty, oh

G Em Am D7

Lost con-trol and rang your bell, I was sore
G Em Am D7 G

Let me in or else I’ll beat, down your door
G Em Am D7 G

When two strangers who had been, two silhouettes on the shade
G Em Am D7 G/ x 6 G7/ x 6 E7/ x 6

Said, to my shock, you’re on the wrong blo-ck (ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba)

A F#m Bm E7 A

Rushed down to your house with wings, on my feet
A F#m Bm E7 A

Love you like I never loved, you my sweet
A F#m Bm E7 A

Vowed that you and I would be, two silhouettes on the shade,
F#m Bm E7

All of our days, two silhouettes on the shade.

A F#m Bm E7

Chorus: Silhouettes, (silhouettes) Silhouettes, (silhouettes) Silhouettes, (silhouettes) ty, oh

A F#m Bm E7

Silhouettes, (silhouettes) Silhouettes, (silhouettes) Silhouettes, (silhouettes) ty, oh

-----tacit----------- A~~~~~~

Ending: Two silhouettes on the shaaaaade!
Silver Bells
By Jay Livingston and Ray Evans (1950)

C                                                                   F
City sidewalks, busy sidewalks, dressed in holiday style
G                                                                     C
In the air there's a feeling of Christmas
C                                                                     F
Children laughing, people passing, meeting smile after smile.
G                                                                             C
And on every street corner, you hear….

C                                                                      F                      G
Silver bells, silver bells, it's Christmas time in the city.
C                                                                      F
Ring-a-ling, hear them ring.
G                                                                            C
Soon it will be Christmas Day.

C                                           F
Strings of street lights, even stop lights, blink a bright red and green
G                                                                    C
As the shoppers run home with their treasures.
C                                                                     F
Hear the snow crunch, see the kids bunch, this is Santa's big scene
G                                                                     C
And above all the bustle, you hear….

C                                         F          G                    C
Silver bells, silver bells, it's Christmas time in the city.
C                                                                      F
Ring-a-ling, hear them ring.
G                                                                C
Soon it will be Christmas Day.
G                                                                      C          G C
Soon it will be Christmas Day

San Jose Ukulele Club
Singin’ In the Rain
by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed (1929)

F     Am           F   Am     F   Am           F   Am
I’m sing-in’ in the rain, just sing-in’ in the rain

F  Am    F   Am      Gm6  C7    Gm6  C7
What a glorious feel-in, I’m happy again

Gm6  C7      Gm6   C7  Gm6  C7  Gm6  C7
I’m laughing at clouds, so dark up above

Gm6  C7    Gm6  C7    F   Am     F     Am
The sun’s in my heart, and I’m ready for love.

F     Am           F   Am           F   Am          F   Am
Let the storm-y clouds chase, everyone from the place

F  Am    F   Am    Gm6  C7    Gm6  C7
Come on with the rain, there’s a smile on my face

Gm6  C7    Gm6   C7    Gm6   C7    Gm6  C7    Gm6  C7
I walk down the lane, with a happy refrain

Gm6  C7    Gm6  C7    F
Just singin’ just singin’ in the rain

San Jose Ukulele Club
(Sittin’ on) the Dock of the Bay  
by Otis Redding and Steve Cropper

G B
Sittin’ in the mornin’ sun
C (C B Bb) A
I’ll be sittin’ when the ev-en-in’ come
G B
Watchin’ the ships roll in
C (C B Bb) A
And then I watch ‘em roll a-way a-again.

G E7
I’m sitting’ on the dock of the Bay
G E7
Watchin’ the tide roll a-way
G A G E7
I’m just sittin’ on the dock of the Bay, wasting ti-i-ime

G B
I left my home in Georgia
C (C B Bb) A
Headed for the ‘Fri-is-co Bay
G B
‘Cause I’ve had nothin’ to live for
C (C B Bb) A
And looks like nothin’s gonna co-o me my way
G E7
So I’m just gonna sit on the dock of the Bay
G E7
Watching the tide roll a-way
G A G E7
I’m sittin’ on the dock of the Bay, wasting ti-i-ime.

Bridge:
G D C
Look like nothin’s gonna change
G D C
Every-thing still re-mains the same
G D C G
I can’t do what ten people tell me to do
F D
So I guess I’ll just re-main the same

G B
Sittin’ here resting my bones
C (C B Bb) A
And this loneliness won’t leave me a-- lone
G B
It’s two thousand miles I roamed
C (C B Bb) A
Just to make this do-o ck my home
G E7
Now I’m just gonna sit at the dock of the Bay
G E7
Watching the tide roll a-way
G A G E7 . . . G . . . . . . . . . . . . . E7 . . . . (repeat……)
Sittin’ on the dock of the Bay, wastin’ ti-i-ime (whistle and fade)

San Jose Ukulele Club
We come on de Sloop John B. My grandfather and me
Round Nassau town, we did roam
Drinking all night, we got in a fight
We feel so broke-up, we wanna go home.

Chorus:
So hoist up de John B sails
See how de main sail sets
Send for de Captain--Shore! Let me go home!
Let me go home. Let me go home
I feel so broke-up, I wanna go home.

De first mate, he got drunk, broke in de Cap-tain’s trunk
De constable had to come and take him a-way
Sheriff John Stone, why don’t you leave me a-lone?
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

Chorus

De poor cook he got fits, tro’ way all de grits
Den he took an’ eat up all o’my corn!
Let me go home, I want to go home!
Dis is de worst trip, since I been born!

Chorus

I feel so broke-up, I wanna go home!
The Sloop John B (Key of C-Version 2)

by Richard Le Gallienne, (1917)

We come on de Sloop John B. My grandfather and me
Round Nassau town, we did roam
Drinking all night, we got in a fight
We feel so broke-up, we wanna go home.

Chorus: So hoist up de John B sails
See how de main sail sets
Send for de Captain--Shore! Let me go home!
Let me go home. Let me go home
I feel so broke-up, I wanna go home.

De first mate, he got drunk, broke in de Captain's trunk
De constable had to come and take him a-way
Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me a-lone?
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

Chorus
De poor cook he got fits, tro' way all de grits
Den he took an' eat up all o'my corn!
Let me go home, I want to go home!
Dis is de worst trip, since I been born!

Chorus
I feel so broke-up, I wanna go home!
Smile (Key of C)

by Charles Chaplin (1936) lyrics added in 1954 by John Turner and Geoffrey Parsons

C

Em

Am7

Edim7

Dm

Edim7

Dm

Fm

Bb7

G7

Abdim7

Fm6

C . . . . . . . . . 

Smile, though your heart is aching

Em . . . . . . . . . 

Smile, even though it's breaking


When there are clouds in the sky, you'll get by

Dm . . . . . . . . . . 

If you smile through your ear and sorrow,

Fm . . . . . Bb7 . . . . . 

Smile, and maybe tomorrow


You'll see the sun come shining through, for you.

C . . . . . . . . . . 

Light up your face with gladness,

Em . . . . . . . . . . 

Hide every trace of sadness


Although a tear may be ever so near

Dm . . . . . . . . . . 

That's the time you must keep on trying

Fm . . . . . Bb7 . . . . . 

Smile, what's the use of crying,


You'll find that life is still worth while, if you'll just smile.

Instrumental - 1st verse chords:

C . . . . . . . . . . 

Light up your face with gladness,

Em . . . . . . . . . . 

Hide every trace of sadness


Although a tear may be ever so near

Dm . . . . . . . . . . 

That's the time you must keep on trying

Fm . . . . . Bb7 . . . . . 

Smile, what's the use of crying,

C . . . . . Am7 . . . . . Dm7 . . . . G7 . . . . Abbdim7 \ D . Fm6 . Cmaj7 \ 

You'll find that life is still worth while, if you'll just smile.

San Jose Ukulele Club
(improved 11/11/13)
Smile (Key of D)

by Charles Chaplin (1936) lyrics added in 1954 by John Turner and Geoffrey Parsons

Smile, though your heart is aching

F#m

Smile, even though it's breaking

Bm7

When there are clouds in the sky, you'll get by

Em

If you smile through your ear and sorrow,

Gm

You'll see the sunshine shining through, for you.

D

Light up your face with gladness,

F#m

Hide every trace of sadness

Bm7

Although a tear may be ever so near

Em

That's the time you must keep on trying

Gm

Smile, what's the use of crying,

D

You'll find that life is still worthwhile, if you'll just smile.

Instrumental - 1st verse chords:

D

Light up your face with gladness,

F#m

Hide every trace of sadness

Bm7

Although a tear may be ever so near

Em

That's the time you must keep on trying

Gm

Smile, what's the use of crying,

D

You'll find that life is still worthwhile, if you'll just smile.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Snowbird (original key)
by Gene MacLellan

A Amaj7 Bm
Be-neath this snowy mantel, cold and clean,
E7 A
the un-born grass lies waiting for its coat to turn to green
A Amaj7 Bm
The snowbird sings the song he always sings
E7 A
And speaks to me of flowers that will bloom again in spring

A Amaj7 Bm
When I was young, my heart was young then, too
E7 A
Anything that it would tell me, that's the thing that I would do
A Amaj7 Bm
But now I feel such emptiness within
E7 A
For the thing I want the most in life is the thing that I can't win.

Chorus: Spread your tiny wings and fly away
A Amaj7 Bm
And take the snow back with you where it came from on that day
A Amaj7 Bm
The one I love forever is untrue
E7 A
And if I could, you know that I would fly away with you

A Amaj7 Bm
The breeze along the river seems to say
E7 A
That (s)he'll only break my heart again should I decide to stay
A Amaj7 Bm
So little snowbird take me with you when you go
E7 A
To that land of gentle breezes where the peaceful waters flow.

Chorus

E7 D, Bm7 A

Ending: Yea, if I could you know that I would fly away with you.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Something
by George Harrison

Verse 1: Something in the way she moves
C7 F
Attracts me like no other lover
D G
Something in the way she woos me
Am C+
I don't want to leave her now
You know I believe in how,…

Verse 2: Somewhere in her smile she knows
C7 F
That I don't need no other lover
D G
Something in her style that shows me
Am C+
I don't want to leave her now
C D . . F . . Eb/G/A . .
You know I believe in how

Bridge: You’re asking me will me love grow
D G A . .
I don’t know, I don’t know
A C #m F#m, A
You stick a-round and it may show
D G C . .
I don’t know, I don’t know

Verse 3: Something in the way she knows
C7 F
And all I have to do is think of her
D G
Something in the things she shows me
Am C+
I don’t want to leave her now
You know I believe in how

San Jose Ukulele Club
(updated 10/16/2013)
San Jose Ukulele Club
Son of a Preacher Man
by John Hurley and Ronnie Wilkins (1968)
as sung by Dusty Springfield

Billy Ray was a preacher's son and when his daddy would visit he'd come along.

When they'd gather 'round and started talkin', that's when Billy would take me walkin'

A-through the back yard we'd go walkin', then he'd look into my eyes....Lord knows to my surprise

Chorus: The only one who could ever reach me, was the son of a preacher man
        The only boy who could ever teach me, was the son of a preacher man,
            Yes he was, he was, mmm, yes he was

(Riff)

Being good isn't always easy, no matter how hard I'd try

When he started sweet-talkin' to me

He'd come and tell me everything is all right, he'd kiss and tell me everything was all right

Can I get away again tonight?

Bridge: (yes he was)

How well I remember, the look was in his eyes, stealin' kisses from me on the sly
    Takin' time to make time, tellin' me that he's all mine
    Learnin' from each other knowin', look as us here, how much we've grown

And the only one who could ever reach me, was the son of a preacher man
the only boy who could ever teach me, was the son of a preacher man

Yes he was, he was, ooooh, yes he was

Ending (fade out): The only one who could ever reach me, was the sweet talkin' son of a preacher man
The only one who could ever teach me, was a kiss-stealin' son of a preacher man
The only one who ever moved me, was the sweet lovin' son of a preacher man
The Sound of Sunshine  
by Michael Franti

Intro: “one, two, three... a ha”

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<tr>
<th>Bb</th>
<th>F</th>
<th>Eb</th>
<th>Cm</th>
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<td>a--1--1--3--5--0-------10-8-8-8-3--8-3--5--3--5--3--3--1--10--1--</td>
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a-13
I wake up in the morning at six o'clock, they say there may be rain, but the sun is hot.

Wish I had some time just to kill today, and I wish I had a dime for every bill I got to pay.

a-13
Some days you lose, you win, and the water's as high as the times you're in.

So I jump back in where I learned to swim, to try to keep my head above it the best I can.

a-13
That's why...here I am.... just waiting for this storm to pass me by.

Riff 1

| a--1--1--1--1--1--1--10-8-8-8-3--8-3--5--3--5--3--3--1--10--1-- |
| e--1--1--1--1--1--1--10-8-3--3--3--3--3--3--1--10--1-- |

And that's the sound of sunshine coming down.

Bridge: (spoken rap-style) “Here we go”

a-13
I want to go where the summer never ends, with my uke on the beach there with all of my friends

a-13
The sun's so hot and the waves in mo-tion, and everything smells like suntan lo-tion.

a-13
The ocean, and the girls so sweet, so kick off ya shoes and relax ya feet,
They say that miracles are never ceasin' and every single soul needs a little releasin'
a-13
The stereo bumpin' till the sun goes down, and I only want to hear that sound

Riff 1 / Riff 2 /

And that's the sound of sunshine, coming down.

Riff 1 / Riff 2 /

And that's the sound of sunshine, coming down (Coming down, down, down.)

(Mute strum)

You're the one I wanna be with, when the sun goes down. You're the one I wanna be with, when the sun goes down.

You're the one I wanna be with, when the sun goes down. You're the one I wanna be with, when the sun goes....

Riff 1 / / 1* / / /

1*

And that's the sound of sunshine, coming down. And that's the sound of sunshine, coming down.

Riff 2 / / /

/ a-13

Ay, Ay, Aaaaay..(When the sun goes down)..aaay, (When the sun goes down) Ay- ay-- Ay- ay (When the sun goes down)

(end)
Sound of Sunshine
by Michael Franti

B♭ F E♭ Cm Gm

Intro: “one, two, three... a ha”  B♭ F Eb Cm B♭
A-----1-1-3-5-0-----------10-s/6-----8-s/3------5-3-1--
E------------------------------------------------10-----6-----8-----3-----

B♭
I wake up in the morning at six o'clock, they say there may be rain, but the sun is hot.
F
I wish I had some time just to kill today, and I wish I had a dime for every bill I got to pay.
Eb Cm
Some days you lose, you win, and the water’s as high as the times you’re in.
B♭ Gm
So I jump back in where I learned to swim, to try to keep my head above it the best I can.
Eb Cm B♭ Gm
That’s why...here I am.... just waiting for this storm to pass me by.

F Eb B♭ F Eb B♭ F, Eb, B♭/ 
And that’s the sound of sunshine, coming down. And that’s the sound of sunshine, coming down. Ay Ay Ay

“one, two, three....a ha”
B♭
I saw my friend Bobby, he said “what's up man?.. You got a little work or a twenty to lend?”
F
I opened up my hand, he said, “I'm glad to see, they can take away my job but not my friends.”
Eb Cm B♭ Gm
You see...here I am.....just waiting for this storm to pass me by

F Eb B♭ F Eb B♭ B♭/ 
And that’s the sound of sunshine, coming down. And that’s the sound of sunshine, coming down.

Bridge: (spoken rap-style) “Here we go”
Gm B♭
I want to go where the summer never ends, with my UKE on the beach there with all of my friends
Gm B♭
The sun’s so hot and the waves in motion, and everything smells like suntan lotion.
Gm B♭
The ocean, and the girls so sweet, so kick off ya shoes and relax ya feet,
F
They say that miracles are never ceasin’ and every single soul needs a little releasin’
F
The stereo bumpin’ till the sun goes down, and I only want to hear that sound
Cm Eb B♭
And that’s the sound of sunshine, coming down

F Eb B♭ B♭ B♭/ 
And that’s the sound of sunshine, coming down.

Mute strum
You’re the one I wanna be with, when the sun goes down. You’re the one I wanna be with, when the sun goes down.

Eb Cm B♭
You’re the one I wanna be with, when the sun goes down. You’re the one I wanna be with, when the sun goes....

F Eb B♭ F Eb B♭ B♭/ 
And that’s the sound of sunshine, coming down. And that’s the sound of sunshine, coming down.

End: F, Eb, B♭, B♭
Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed, at the twilight's last gleam
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming

and the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air
gave proof thru the night, that our flag was still there
Oh say does that star-splend' banner yet wave, o'er the land of the free

and the home of the brave
Sugar Sugar  
by Jeff Barry and Andy Kim (1969) 


Sugar,* aw, honey, honey *
You are my can-dy girl, and you got me want-ing you
Honey,* aw sugar, sugar *
You are my can-dy girl and you got me want-ing you

I just can't be-lie-ve the loveli-ness of loving you  (I just can't be-lie-ve it's true)
I just can't be-lie-ve the wonder of this feeling, too  (I just can't be-lie-ve it's true)

Chorus:

When I kissed you, girl, I knew how sweet a kiss could be  (I know how sweet a kiss can be)
Like the summer sun-shine, pour your sweet-ness over me  (pour your sweet-ness o-ver me)

Oh-oh-oh, sugar
(pour a little sugar on me, honey)

Pour a little sugar on me, baby.  I'm gonna make your life so sweet!  Hey hey yeah! 
Pour a little sugar on me, baby.  I'm gonna make life so sweet!  Hey, hey hey!
D . . . . . . .
Pour a little sugar on me, honey

Ah, sugar* ah, ah, honey, honey *
You are my can-dy girl, and you got me want-ing you.  Oh-oh, oh
. . . . G . . . D . . . . . .
Ah, sugar* ah, ah, honey, honey*
You are my can-dy girl, and you got me want-ing you.
. . . . G . A . . . D . . . . . D \You are my can-dy girl, and you got me want-ing you.
See the curtains hangin' in the window, in the evening on a Friday night.

A little light a shinin' through the window, lets me know every-thing's all right.

Chorus: Summer breeze, makes me feel fine, blowin' through the jasmine in my mi-i-ind (Riff 2)

Riff 1 x 2

See the paper laying on the sidewalk, a little music from the house next do-or.

So I walk on up to the doorstep, through the screen and a-cross the floor.

Chorus

Bridge: Sweet days of summer, the jasmine's in bloom

July is dressed up and playing her tune

And I come home...from a hard day's work

and you're waitin' there, not a care in the wo-o-or-ld.

See the smile waitin' in the kitchen, food cooking and the plates for two-oo

Feel the arms that reach out to hold me, in the evening when the day is through-oo.

Chorus

Riff 1 x 2
Summer in the City
by John Sebastian, Steve Boone and Mark Sebastian (Lovin’ Spoonful-1966)

Chord progression:

```
Cm   Cm7   Cm6   Abmaj7
Hot town, summer in the city, back of my neck getting dirty and gritty
Cm   Cm7   Cm6   Abmaj7
Been down, isn’t it a pity, doesn’t seem to be a shadow in the city.
G   G7   Cm   C
All around, people looking half dead, walking on the sidewalk, hotter than a match head.
```

**Chorus:**

```
F   Bb
But at night, it’s a different world
F   Bb
Go out and find a girl
F   Bb
Come on, come on, and dance all night
F   Bb
Despite the heat it’ll be alright
Dm   G
And babe, don’t you know it’s a pity
Dm   G
That the days can’t be like the nights
Dm   G   Dm   G
In the summer, in the city in the summer, in the city.
```

```
Cm   Cm7   Cm6   Abmaj7
Cool town, evening in the city, dressing so fine and looking so pretty,
Cm   Cm7   Cm6   Abmaj7
Cool cat, looking for a kitty, gonna look in every corner of the city
G   G7   Cm   C
‘Til I’m wheezing like a bus stop, running up the stairs, gonna meet you on the rooftop.
```

**Instrumental:** “Walk down” chords x 2

```
Cm   Cm7   Cm6   Abmaj7
Hot town, summer in the city, back of my neck getting dirty and gritty
Cm   Cm7   Cm6   Abmaj7
Been down, isn’t it a pity, doesn’t seem to be a shadow in the city.
G   G7   Cm   C
All around, people looking half dead, walking on the sidewalk, hotter than a match head
```

**San Jose Ukulele Club**
Summer Wind (3 key changes)
by Heintz Meier and Johnny Mercer (1965)

ALHDdNCJFfGg:

Verse 1:
The summer wind came blowing in a-cross the sea,
It lingered there, to touch your hair and walk with me.
All summer long we sang a song and strolled on golden sand
Two sweethearts and.....the summer wind.

C                                                                         G7

Verse 2:
Like painted kites, those days and nights, went flying by
The world was new, be-neath a blue um-brella sky.
Then softer than a piper man, one day it called to you.
And I lost you to.....the summer wind.

Instrumental: (same chords as in Verse 2 : C .........................G7
with A7 at the end) ........................................C
........................................C
C7........F............Fm
C........G7 ....C,

Verse 3:
The autumn wind and the winter wind have come and gone.
And still the days, the lonely days, go on and on.
And guess who sighs, those lullabies through nights that never end,
My fickle friend,.....the summer wind.....the summer wind... the summer wind.

San Jose Ukulele Club
**Summer Wind (Version 2)**  
by Heintz Mayer and Johnny Mercer (1965)

**Intro:**  
D, D6, Dmaj7, D6 x 2

**Verse 1:**  
The summer wind, came blow-ing in, a-cross the sea,  
Em7 A7 Em7 A7 D D6  
It ling-ered there, to touch your hair and walk with me.  
Am7 D7 Am7 D7 Gmaj7 Gm6  
All sum-mer long, we sang a song and strolled on golden sand  
D6 B7 Em7, A7 D A7  
Two sweethearts and..... the summer wind.

**Verse 2:**  
Like painted kites, those days and nights, went fly-ing by  
Em7 A7 Em7 A7 D D6  
The world was new, be-neath a blue um-bre-lla sky.  
Am7 D7 Am7 D7 Gmaj7 Gm6  
Then soft-er than, a piper man, one day it called to you.  
D6 B7 Em7, A7 D A7  
And I lost you to..... the summer wind.

**Instrumental:**  same chords as in **first two lines of verse**

Am7 D7 Am7 D7 Gmaj7 Gm6  
Then soft-er than, a piper man, one day it called to you.  
D6 B7 Em7, A7 D A7  
And I lost you to..... the summer wind.

**Verse 3:**  
The autumn wind and the win-ter wind have come and gone.  
Em7 A7 Em7 A7 D D6  
And still the days, the lone-ly days, go on and on.  
Am7 D7 Am7 D7 Gmaj7 Gm6  
And guess who sighs, his/her lull-abies, through nights that nev-er end.  
D6 B7 Em7, A7 D A7 D A7 D D6  
My fick-le friend,.....the summer wind.....the summer wind.....the summer wind.
Summertime Blues (Key of G)
by Eddie Cochran

Intro: G . . . . . . . .

Riff: G . . . . . . . .
        U D U B
        U D U B
        U D U B

G       G

I'm-a gonna raise a fuss, I'm-a gonna raise a hol-ler

G

A-bout a-workin' all summer just to try to earn a dol-lar

C

Well ev'ry time I call my baby, try to get a date

G

My boss says "No dice son, you gotta work late"

C

Some-times I wonder, what I'm-a gonna do

G . . . . . . . .

But there ain't no cure for the summer-time blues.

G       G

Well, my mom and pop told me "Son, you gotta make some mon-ey"

G

If you wanna use the car to go a-ridin' next Sun-day

C

Well I didn't go to work, told the boss I was sick

"Now you can't use the car 'cause you didn't work a lick"

C

Some-times I wonder, what I'm-a gonna do

But there ain't no cure for the summer-time blues.

G       G

I'm gonna take two weeks, gonna have a fine va-ca-tion

G

I'm gonna take my problem to the U-nited Na-tions

C

Well, I called my Congress-man and he said, quote:

"I'd like to help you son, but you're too young to vote"

C

Some-times I wonder, what I'm-a gonna do

But there ain't no cure for the summer-time blues.
Summertime (from ‘Porgy and Bess’)
by George and Ira Gershwin, Du Bose and Dorothy Heyward (1935)


Am E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am E7
Summer –ti-i-i-me and the liv-in’ is ea---- sy
Dm . . . . Dm7 Cdim7 E7 Cdim7 E7 . . .
Fish are jump-in’, and the cot-ton is high
Am E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am D7
Yo’ daddy’s rich and yo’ mama’s good lookin’
C Am D F Am E7 Am E7
So, hush little ba-by, do-on’t you cry

Am E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am E7
One of these mornin’s you’re goin’ to ri--ise up sing-in’
Dm . . . . Dm7 Cdim7 E7 Cdim7 E7 . . .
Then you’ll spread your wings and you’ll take the sky
Am E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am D7
But ‘til that mornin’ there’s a-nothin’ can harm you
C Am D F Am E7 Am/
With daddy and mammy, sta-an din’ by.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Sunny Afternoon
by Ray Davies (The Kinks)

Opening riff played on E string: E:--10--10--8--8--7--7--6--6--5--5--3--3--1--1--0--0--

Dm                             C                          F                    C                      A                  A7               Dm
The tax man's taken all my dough, and left me in my stately home,   Lazing on a sunny after-noon.
C                          F                  C                 A                      A7              Dm
And I can't sail my yacht, he's taken every-thing I got,  All I got's this sunny after-noon.

D7                                                            G7
Save me, save me, save me from this squeeze.
C7                                              F    A7
I've got a big fat momma, trying to break me
Dm G7    Dm             G7
And I love to live so pleasantly, live this life of luxury
F A                Dm,(Dm7*,Dm6*), A7
Lazing on a sunny after-noon...

Dm,(Dm7*,Dm6*), A7         Dm,(Dm7*,Dm6*), A7         Dm,(Dm7*,Dm6*), A7 in the summertime.... in the summertime.... in the summertime

Dm                             C                          F                        C                    A                   A7                       Dm
My girlfriend's run off with my car, and gone back to her ma and pa,   telling tales of drunkeness and cruelty.
C                 F                     C                     A                  A7               Dm
Now I'm sitting here, sipping at my ice-cold beer, lazing on a sunny afternoon.

D7                                                            G7
Help me, help me, help me sail a-way.
C7                                              F    A7
Well, give me two good reasons why I ought to stay.
Dm  G7    Dm             G7
'Cuz I love to live so pleasantly, live this life of luxury
F A                Dm,(Dm7*,Dm6*), A7
Lazing on a sunny afternoon

Dm,(Dm7*,Dm6*), A7         Dm,(Dm7*,Dm6*), A7         Dm,(Dm7*,Dm6*), A7 in the summertime.... in the summertime.... in the summertime

D7                                                            G7
Save me, save me, save me from this squeeze.
C7                                              F    A7
I've got a big fat momma, trying to break me
Dm G7    Dm             G7
And I love to live so pleasantly, live this life of luxury
F A                Dm,(Dm7*,Dm6*), A7
Lazing on a sunny after-noon...

Dm,(Dm7*,Dm6*), A7         Dm,(Dm7*,Dm6*), A7         Dm,(Dm7*,Dm6*), A7 in the summertime.... in the summertime.... in the summertime

in the summertime...

Dm,(Dm7*,Dm6*), A7         Dm,(Dm7*,Dm6*), A7         Dm,(Dm7*,Dm6*), A7

in the summertime...

Ending riff(fade out):  A-------5-----5---------5-----5------------
E----------5----------------5--------------
C—2----------------2-------------------
G------------------------------------------

San Jose Ukulele Club
Sunshine On My Shoulders  
by John Denver

G CaKb

Chorus: Sunshine, on my shoulders, makes me happy
G C G C Am D7
Sunshine, in my eyes, can make me cry
G C G C G C G C
Sunshine, on the water, looks so lovely
G C G C G C G C
Sunshine, almost always, makes me high.
G Am Bm C G Am Bm C
If I had a day, that I could give you
G Am Bm C Am D7
I’d give to you, a day just like today
G Am Bm C G Am Bm C
If I had a song, that I could sing for you
G Am Bm C G Am Bm C
I’d sing a song, to make you feel this way

G Am Bm C G Am Bm C
If I had a tale, that I could tell you
G Am Bm C Am D7
I’d tell a tale, sure to make you smile.
G Am Bm C G Am Bm C
If I had a wish, that I could wish for you
G Am Bm C G Am Bm C
I’d make a wish, for sunshine, all the while.

G C G C G Am Bm C
Ending: Sunshine, almost all the time, makes me high
G C G C G Am Bm C G
Sunshine almost always……………………………

San Jose Ukulele Club
Surfer Girl
by Brian Wilson and the Beach Boys

Intro: D, F#m, Bm, F#m, G, Em, A [hold]

Verse 1:
D Bm G A7 Dmaj7 D7 G Gm6
Little surfer, little one, made my heart come all undone
D Bm G A7 D Bm G A7
Do you love me? Do you surfer girl? (surfer girl, my little surfer girl)

Verse 2:
D Bm G A7 Dmaj7 D7 G Gm6
I have watched you on the shore, standing by the ocean’s roar
D Bm G A7 D G D D7
Do you love me? Do you surfer girl? (surfer girl, surfer girl)

Bridge:
G A7 D F#m Em7 A7 D D7
We could ride the surf to-geth-er, while our love would grow.
G A7 D F#m Bm7 E7 A7
In my Woody, I would take you, every-where I go……

Verse 3:
D Bm G A7 Dmaj7 D7 G Gm6
So I say from me to you, I will make your dreams come true.
D Bm G A7/ [hold] D Bm Gmaj7 A
Do you love me? Do you surfer girl? (surfer girl, my little surfer girl,
D Bm Gmaj7 A D Bm Gmaj7 A D
Girl, surfer girl, my little surfer girl. Girl, surfer girl, my little surfer girl)

San Jose Ukulele Club
Surfin' USA (Key of C)
by Brian Wilson (and Chuck Berry)

C G7 C G7 C G7 C G7 C
If everybody had an ocean, across the USA, then everybody'd be surfin', like California.

F C G7 C
You'd see 'em wearin' their baggies, Huar-a-chi sandals, too. A bushy, bushy blond hair-do, Surfin' USA.

C G7 C
You'll catch 'em surfin' at Del Mar, Ventura County Line.

G7 C G7 C
Santa Cruz and Trestles, Australia's Na-ra-bine.

F C G7 C
All over Man-hat-tan and down Doheny Way.

G7 C G7 C
Everybody's gone surf-in'...Surfin' U S A.

C G7 C G7 C G7 C
We'll all be plannin' out a route we're gonna take real soon, We're waxin' down our surfboards, we can't wait for June.

F C G7 C
We'll all be gone for the summer. We're on safari to stay. Tell the teacher we're surf-in', Surfin' USA.

C G7 C G7 C
At Haggarty's and Swa-mi's, Pacific Pal-i-sades.

G7 C G7 C
San Onofre and Sun-set Redondo Beach, L.A.

F C G7 C
All over La Jolla and Wai-a-mea Bay.

G7 C G7 C
Everybody's gone surf-in'...Surfin' USA,

San Jose Ukulele Club
Sweet Caroline (Key of C)
by Neil Diamond (1969)

Intro:

Dm | C | F | G | Am | Em
---|---|---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---|---|---

Chorus:

C | F | A | G
---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---

Instrumental:

Dm | C | F | G | Am | Em
---|---|---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---|---|---

Ending:

C | F | G | C
---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---
---|---|---|---
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San Jose Ukulele Club
(added 5/20/14)
Sweet Georgia Brown
by Ben Bernie, Maceo Pinkard and Kenneth Casey (1925)

E7 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Geor-gia Brown
A7 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
Two left feet but oh so neat, has Sweet Geor-gia Brown
D7 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
They all sigh and wa-nna die for Sweet Geor-gia Brown
G . . . D7 . . G\ . . Em7\ B7\ . .
I'll tell you just why you know I don't lie not much!

E7 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
It's been said she knocks 'em dead when she lands in town
A7 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
Since she came, why, it's a shame how she cools 'em down.
D7 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
Fall-ers she can't get are fall-ers she ain't met
Geor-gia claimed her, Geor-gia named her, Sweet Geor-gia Brown.

**Instrumental with kazoo** same as lines 1-6 in the above verses.

E7 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
All those tips the port-er slips to Sweet Geor-gia Brown
A7 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
They buy clothes at fa-shion shows with one dol-lar down.
Oh boy, tip your hats, oh joy, she's the “cats"

All those tips the port-er slips to Sweet Geor-gia Brown
A7 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
They buy clothes at fa-shion shows with one dol-lar down.
Em . . . . . B7 . . . Em . . . B7 . .
Oh boy, tip your hats, oh joy, she's the “cats"
G . . . . . . E7 A7 D7 G\ Gdim7\ G\ 7
Who's the mis-ter? 'taint her sis-ter, Sweet Geor-gia Brown
Sweet Leilani (key of C))
by Harry Owens (1934)

Chorus: C C7 F Fm Am7 Gdim7 G7 Cdim7

C C7 F Fm C C F C Am7 Gdim7 G7 . . . Sweet Lei-la-ni, heavenly flow-er I dreamed of para-dise for two (my lovely Lei-lani ... i)

. F . C Am7 Gdim7 G7 . F . C . G7 You are my para-dise com-pleted (my lovely Lei-lani ... i) You are my dream come true.

C C7 F Fm C G7 C Am7 Gdim7 G7 Sweet Lei-la-ni, heavenly flow-er Nature fashioned roses kissed with dew (my lovely Lei-lani ... i)

. F . C Am7 Gdim7 G7 . F G7 C . . And then she placed them in a bow-er (my lovely Lei-lani ... i) It was the start of you.

Chorus: C C7 F Fm C F C Am7 Gdim7 G7 Sweet Lei-la-ni, heavenly flow-er I dreamed of para-dise for two (my lovely Lei-lani ... i)

. F . C Am7 Gdim7 G7 . F . C . G7 You are my para-dise com-pleted (my lovely Lei-lani ... i) You are my dream come true.

C C7 F Fm C F C Am7 Gdim7 G7 Sweet Lei-la-ni, heavenly flow-er Tropic skies are jealous as they shine (my lovely Lei-lani ... i)

. F . C Am7 Gdim7 G7 . F . C . G7 I think they're jealous of your blue eyes (my lovely Lei-lani ... i) Jeal-ous be-cause you're mine

Chorus: C C7 F Fm C F C Am7 Gdim7 G7 Sweet Lei-la-ni, heavenly flow-er I dreamed of para-dise for two (my lovely Lei-lani ... i)

. F . C Am7 Gdim7 G7 . F . C . G7 You are my para-dise com-pleted (my lovely Lei-lani ... i) You are my dream come true.

C C7 F Fm C G7 C Am7 Gdim7 G7 Sweet Lei-la-ni, heavenly flow-er Nature fashioned roses kissed with dew (my lovely Lei-lani ... i)

. F . C Am7 Gdim7 G7 . F G7 C . . . . And then she placed them in a bow-er (my lovely Lei-lani ... i) It was the start of you.

. F . C Am7 Gdim7 G7 . F . C Am7 Gdim7 G7 You are my para-dise com-pleted (my lovely Lei-lani ... i) You are my dream come true. (my lovely Lei-lani ... i)

. F . C Am7 Cdim7 G7 . F G7 C 
You are my para-dise com-pleted You are my dream come truuue!

San Jose Ukulele Club
Take Me Home, Country Roads (original key)
by Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert and John Denver (1971)

Intro riff: A --------- 3h4-7--- 4h5-7-7sl-9--4-0--

A F#m E D D* A
Almost heaven, West Virginia, Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River
A F#m E D* A
Life is old there, older than the trees, younger than the mountains, growing like a breeze

Chorus: Country Roads, take me home, to the place, I be-long
A E D* A
West Virginia, mountain momma, take me home, country roads.

A F#m E D* A
All my mem’ries, gather ‘round her. Miner’s lady, stranger to blue water.
A F#m E D* A
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky, misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye.

Chorus

Bridge: I hear her voice in the mornin’ hours she calls me
D A E
Radio re-minds of my home, far away.
F#m G D A E
And drivin’ down the road I get a feelin’ that I should have been home yesterday
E7
Yester-day . . .

A E F#m D
Country Roads, take me home, to the place, I be-long (I belong)
A E D* A
West Virginia, mountain momma, take me home, country roads.
A E F#m D
Country Roads, take me home, to the place, I be-long (I belong)
A E D* A
West Virginia, mountain momma, take me home, country roads.

Take me home, down country roads, take me home, down country roads.
Take Me Out to the Ballgame
by Jack Norworth and Albert Von Tilzer (1908)

C   G7
Take me out to the ballgame,
C   G7
Take me out to the crowd
A7   Dm
Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack
D7   G7
I don’t care if I never get back
C   G7
For its root, root, root for the home team
C   C7   F   A7, Dm
If they don’t win it’s a shame
F/ (pause)   Ebdim7/ (pause)   C   Cm7   C7   A7
For it’s one, two, three strikes you’re out
F   G7   C
At the old ball game!
Teddy Bear
by Kal Mann and Bernie Lowe

C
Baby, let me be, your lovin' teddy bear
F
Put a chain around my neck, and lead me anywhere
G7
Oh, let me be (oh let him be)…your teddy bear.

F G7 F G7
I don't wanna be a tiger, 'cause tigers play too rough
F G7 F G7 C
I don't wanna be a lion, 'cause lions ain't the kind you love e-nough.

C
Just wanna be, your teddy bear
F
Put a chain around my neck and lead me anywhere
G7 C
Oh, let me be (oh let him be)…your teddy bear

C
Baby, let me be, around you every night
F C
Run your fingers through my hair and cuddle me real tight
G7 C
Oh let me be (oh let him be)…your teddy bear

F G7 F G7
I don't wanna be a tiger, 'cause tigers play too rough
F G7 F G7 C
I don't wanna be a lion, 'cause lions ain't the kind you love e-nough.

C
Just wanna be, your teddy bear
F
Put a chain around my neck and lead me anywhere
G7 C
Oh, let me be (oh let him be)…your teddy bear
G7 C
Oh, let me be (oh let him be) …your teddy bear
C G7 C
I just wanna be your teddy bear. Ooooo

San Jose Ukulele Club
Tennessee Waltz  
by Redd Stewart and Pee Wee King (1946)  

(waltz (¾) time, dots ( . .) = # of beats, /= single downstrum  

Intro: F, C7, F, Bb, F, C7, F, C7  

F                   Am                F7              Bb               
I was dancin' with my darlin' to the Tennessee Waltz  

F                D7                G7   C7  
When an old friend I happened to see.  

F                       Am                    F7                      Bb  
I intro-duced her to my loved one, and while they were dancin',  

F                     C7                      F . .   Bb/ F  
My friend stole my sweetheart from me.  

Refrain:  
I re-mem-ber the night, and the Tennessee Waltz  

F                     D7                G7  C7  
Now I know just how much I have lost.  

F                 Am           F7                      Bb  
Yes, I lost my little darlin' the night they were playing'  

F            C7              F  
The beautiful Tennessee Waltz.  

F                   A7                  Bb              F  
I re-mem-ber the night, and the Tennessee Waltz  

F                D7                G7   C7  
Now I know just how much I have lost.  

F                 Am           F7                      Bb  
Yes, I lost my little darlin' the night they were playing'  

F            C7         A7   Dm    Bbm  
The beautiful Tennes-see Waltz.  

F            C7              F . .   Bb/ F/  
The beautiful Tennessee Waltz.  

San Jose Ukulele Club- Aki I.
Thank God I'm a Country Boy (Key of G)
by John Martin Sommers

Well, life on the farm is kinda laid back, Ain't much a country boy like me can't hack

It's early to rise, early in the sack, thank God I'm a country boy.

A simple kind of life never did me no harm, raisin' me a family and livin' on the farm,

My days are all filled with an easy country charm, thank God I'm a country boy.

Chorus: Well, I got me a fine wife, I got my old fiddle
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle,
Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle, thank God I'm a country boy.

When the work's all done and the sun is settin' low, I pull out my fiddle and rosin up the bow.
But the kids are asleep so I keep it kinda low, thank God I'm a country boy.

I'd play "Sally Goodin" all day if I could but the wife and my family wouldn't take it very good
So I fiddle when I can and I work when I should, thank God I'm a country boy.

Chorus

Well I wouldn't trade my life for diamonds or jewels, I never was one of those money hungry fools,

I'd rather have my fiddle and my farmin' tools, thank God I'm a country boy.

Yeah, city folks drivin' in a black limousine, a lotta sad people think that's mighty keen
Well, folks, let me tell you exactly what I mean, thank God I'm a country boy

Chorus

Well my fiddle was my daddy's till the day he died, and took me by the hand and held me close to his side
He said, "Live a good life, play my fiddle with pride, and thank God you're a country boy.

My daddy taught me young how to hunt and how to whittle,
He taught me how to work and play a tune of the fiddle
He taught me how to love and how to give just a little (woo hoo!) ...thank God I'm a country boy.

Chorus

San Jose Ukulele Club
That Flamin’ Ukulele in the Sky (key of C)

Intro: C, G, C

Verse 1:
I was a banker, cash was my need, I worshiped mammon, I bathed in greed.
And then a vision, flashed ‘fore my eye-eye-eyes, of a flamin’ uku-le-le in the sky

Chorus:
C C7 F C
That flamin’ ukulele in the sky, lord, lord.
C
That flamin’ ukulele in the sky
F C Am C G C
It had four sweet golden strings, and the sound of angel wings
C G C
That flamin’ uku-le-le in the sky.

Verse 2:
I was a preacher, I fell from grace, Got caught nekkid, at Mabel’s place
And I asked forgiveness, and God’s reply-y-y, was a flamin’ uku-le-le in the sky

Chorus
C C7 F C

Verse 3:
I was a lawyer, had all the luck, I bent the truth, just to make a buck
But now it’s my turn, to testify-y-y, ‘bout a flaming’ uku-le-le in the sky

Chorus
C C7 F C

Verse 4:
So as you wander, life’s rocky road, and start to stumble, beneath the load
Your sweat and toil, will sanctify- y- y, that flamin’ uku-le-le in the sky.

Chorus

Ending: play slowly
F F/C C Cmaj7 C7 A7
It had four sweet golden strings, and the sound of angel wings
F~~ G~~ C~~Fm~~C
(~~ = tremolo) That flamin’ uku-le-le in the sky--------y!
That Flamin’ Ukulele in the Sky (key of F)

F      F7     Bb           Dm           C           Bbm

Intro: F , C , F

Verse 1: I was a banker, cash was my need, I worshiped mammon, I bathed in greed.

Bb                                    F          Dm           F                 C                F
And then a vision, flashed ‘fore my eye-eye-eyes, of a flamin’ uku-le-le in the sky.

Chorus:

F                                              F7
That flamin’ ukulele in the sky, lord, lord.

Bb                               F
That flamin’ ukulele in the sky

Bb                                                 F                         Dm
It had four sweet golden strings, and the sound of angel wings

F               C                F
That flamin’ uku-le-le in the sky.

Verse 2: I was a preacher, I fell from grace. Got caught nekkid, at Mabel’s place.

Bb                                     F   Dm             F                C                F
I asked forgiveness, and God’s reply-y-y, was a flamin’ uku-le-le in the sky.

Chorus

Verse 3: I was a lawyer, had all the luck, I bent the truth, just to make a buck.

Bb                     F   Dm                F                 C                F
But now it’s my turn, to testify-y-y, ‘bout a flaming’ uku-le-le in the sky.

Chorus

Verse 4: So as you wander, life’s rocky road, and start to stumble, beneath the load.

Bb                   F    Dm           F              C                F
Your sweat and toil, will sanctify- y- y, that flamin’ uku-le-le in the sky.

Chorus

Ending: play slowly, ~~ = tremolo

Bb                                                    F                          D7
It had four sweet golden strings, and the sound of angel wings

Bb~~         C~~             F~~Bbm~~F
That flamin’ uku-le-le in the sky---------y!
That's Amore
by Harry Warren and Jack Brooks (1952)

That's Amore
Cm Fm G7 C E7 C#dim F

tremolo intro: In Napoli, where love is king,
Cm G7
When boy meets girl, here's what they say…

C G7
When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie, that's a-mor-e.
G7 C
When the world seems to shine like you've had too much wine, that's a-mor-e.
C G7
Bells will ring, ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling, and you'll sing "Vita bel-la".
G7 C
Hearts will play tippy tippy tay, tippy tippy tay, like a gay tar-an-tel-la.

C G7
When the stars make you drool just like pasta fazool, that's a-mor-e.
G7 E7 C#dim
When you dance down the street with a cloud at your feet, you're in love.

F C
When you walk in a dream, but you know you're not dreaming, Sig-nor-e,
G7 C
Scusa me, but you see, back in old Napoli, that's a-mor-e!

Repeat

San Jose Ukulele Club
The Christmas Song
by Mel Torme and Bob Wells (1944)

Intro: C . Am . Dm . G7 . x 2

C G7 C G7 C C7 F E7
Chestnuts roasting on an open fire, Jack Frost nipping at your nose
Am Bb9 C B7 E Bb7 Eb G7 C
Yuletide carols being sung by a choir, and folks dressed up like Eskimos, everybody knows
G7 C G7 C C7 F E7
A turkey and some mistletoe, help to make the season bright.
Am Bb9 C B7 C G7 C C7
Tiny tots with their eyes all a-glow, will find it hard to sleep to-night.

Gm7 C7
Chorus: They know that Santa’s on his way
Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7
He’s loaded lots of toys and goodies on his sleigh.
Fm7 Bb7 Eb Cm7
and every mother’s child is gonna spy
Dm7 Bb9 G7
to see if reindeer really know how to fly

C G7 C G7 C C7 F E7
And so, I’m offering this simple phrase, to kids from one to ninety-two,
Am Bb9 C B7 C G7 C C7
Although it’s been said many times, many ways, Merry Christmas to you.

Chorus

C G7 C G7 C C7 F E7
And so, I’m offering this simple phrase, to kids from one to ninety-two,
Am Bb9 C B7 C Am
Although it’s been said many times, many ways, Merry Christ-mas …
C Am C Am Dm7 G7 C
Merry Christ-mas … Merry Christ-mas … to you.

Aki I- San Jose Ukulele Club
The Devil and the Deep Blue Sea
by Harold Arlen and Ted Koehler (1932)
as performed by George Harrison

Strum: D U D U


I don’t want you, but I hate to lose you
You’ve got me in be-tween, the devil and the deep blue sea

Chorus: I want to cross you off my list
But when you come knocking at my door
Fate seems to give my heart a twist
And I come running back for more.

I should hate you, but I guess I love you
You’ve got me in be-tween, the devil and the deep blue sea

Instrumental: same chords as verse

Chorus:

I should hate you, but I guess I love you
You’ve got me in be-tween, the devil and the deep blue sea

Ending: You’ve got me in be-tween---------the devil and the deep, (the devil and the deep)
The devil and the deep blue sea.
The Garden Song
by David Mallet (1978)

D G D
Inch by inch, row by row
G D
Gonna make this garden grow
G D Em A
All it takes is a rake and a hoe, and a piece of fertile ground
D G D
Inch by inch, row by row
G D
Someone bless these seeds I sow
G D Em A D
Someone warm them from below, till the rain comes tumblin’ down.

D G D
Pulling weeds and picking stones
G D
Man is made of dreams and bones
G D Em A
Feel a need to grow my own, ’cause the time is close at hand.

D G D
Grain for grain, sun and rain
G D
Find my way in Nature’s chain
G D Em A D
Tune my body and my brain, to the music from the land.

Chorus

D G D
Plant your rows straight and long
G D
Season with a loving song
G D Em A
Mother Earth will make you strong, if you give her love and care.

D G D
Old crow watching hungrily
G D
From his perch in yonder tree
G D Em A D
In my garden I’m as free as that feathered thief up there.

Chorus

Em A D
Till the rain comes tumblin’ down

San Jose Ukulele Club
The Glory of Love
by Billy Hill (1936)

You've got to give a little, take a little, and let your poor heart break a little,
That's the story of, that's the glory of love.

You've got to laugh a little, cry a little, before the clouds roll by a little,
That's the story of, that's the glory of love.

Bridge: As long as there's the two of us, we've got the world and all its charms.
And when the world is through with us, we've got each other's arms.

You've got to win a little, lose a little, and always have the blues a little.
That's the story of, that's the glory of love.

Bridge

You've got to win a little, lose a little, and always have the blues a little.
That's the story of, that's the glory of love.

That's the story of, that's the glory of love.
The Hukilau Song (Key of C)
by Jack Owens (1948)

Intro vamp: D7, G7, C

C                                                                    G7
Oh, we're going, to a hukilau. A huki, huki, huki, huki, hukilau.

C
Everybody loves a hukilau, where the lau lau is the kau kau at the luau.

A7                                                    D7
We throw our nets out into the sea, and all the ama ama come a-swimmin' to me

C              A7             G7                            C
Oh, we're going to a hukilau. A huki, huki, huki, hukilau.

C                                                                G7
What a beautiful day for fishing, the old Hawaiian way.

D7          G7
The hukilau nets are swishing, down in old Laie Bay.

C                                                                   G7
Oh, we're going, to a hukilau. A huki, huki, huki, huki, hukilau

C                                                                 G7
There's romance 'neath Hawaiian skies, where the lovely hula hula maidens roll their eyes

A7                                               D7
With a silvery moon shining above, the kanes and wahinis sing a song about love

C                     A7            G7                            C
Paradise now at the hukilau. A huki, huki, huki hukilau

Instrumental: C.......................G7.........................C

A7                                                   D7
We throw our nets out into the sea, and all the ama ama come a-swimmin' to me

C              A7
Oh, we're going to a hukilau.

G7                                                                                    C   D7, G7, C, G7, C
A huki, huki, huki,. huki, huki, huki,.a huki, huki, huki hukilau.

San Jose Ukulele Club
The Hukilau Song (Key of D)
by Jack Owens (1948)
as sung by Don Ho

Intro vamp: E7, A7, D

D
Oh, we're going to a hukilau. A huki, huki, huki, hukilau.

D
Everybody loves a hukilau, where the lau lau is the kau kau at the luau.

B7
We throw our nets out into the sea, and all the ama ama come a-swimmin' to me

D
Oh, we're going to a hukilau. A huki, huki, huki, hukilau.

D
What a beautiful day for fishing, the old Hawaiian way.

E7
The hukilau nets are swishing, down in old Laie Bay.

D
Oh, we're going to a hukilau. A huki, huki, huki, hukilau

D
There's romance 'neath Hawaiian skies, where the lovely hula hula maidens roll their eyes

B7
With a silvery moon shining above, the kanes and wahinis sing a song about love

D
Paradise now at the hukilau. A huki, huki, huki hukilau

Instrumental: D..................A7..................D

B7
We throw our nets out into the sea, and all the ama ama come a-swimmin' to me

D
Oh, we're going to a hukilau.

A7
A huki, huki, huki,.. huki, huki, huki,.. a huki, huki, huki hukilau.
The Lion Sleeps Tonight (Mbube-Original Key of G)
Solomon Linda (1939)

Intro: Wee dee dee hee, dee dee dee dee hee, a wee I'm on ma way

Wee dee dee hee, dee dee dee dee hee, a wee I'm on ma way

Wimoweh, wimoweh, wimoweh, wimoweh

In the jungle, the mighty jungle, the lion sleeps to-night

In the jungle, the quiet jungle, the lion sleeps to-night

Near the village, the peaceful village, the lion sleeps tonight

Near the village, the quiet village, the lion sleeps tonight

Instrumental: G C G D, G C G D

Hush my darling, don’t fear my darling, the lion sleeps tonight

Hush my darling, don’t fear my darling, the lion sleeps tonight.

Wee dee dee hee, dee dee dee dee hee, a wee I'm on ma way

( Fade out)  Wee dee dee hee, dee dee dee dee hee, a wee I'm on ma way

San Jose Ukulele Club
The Lion Sleeps Tonight
Solomon Linda (1939)

Chords (as sung by The Tokens)
F          Bb            F              C7
Intro: Wee dee dee hee, dee dee dee dee hee, a wee I'm on ma way
F          Bb            F              C7
    Wee dee dee hee, dee dee dee dee hee, a wee um bom ba ba way

F          Bb            F              C7
Wimoweh, wimoweh, Wimoweh, wimoweh
F          Bb            F              C7
Wimoweh, wimoweh, Wimoweh, wimoweh

F          Bb            F              C7
In the jungle, the mighty jungle, the lion sleeps tonight
F          Bb            F              C7, C
In the jungle, the quiet jungle, the lion sleeps tonight

F          Bb            F              C7
Wimoweh, wimoweh, Wimoweh, wimoweh
F          Bb            F              C7
Wimoweh, wimoweh, Wimoweh, wimoweh

F          Bb            F              C7
Near the village, the peaceful village, the lion sleeps tonight
F          Bb            F              C7, C
Near the village, the quiet village, the lion sleeps tonight

F          Bb            F              C7
Wimoweh, wimoweh, Wimoweh, wimoweh
F          Bb            F              C7
Wimoweh, wimoweh, Wimoweh, wimoweh

Instrumental: F  Bb  F  C7,  F  Bb  F  C7

F          Bb            F              C7
Hush my darling, don’t fear my darling, the lion sleeps tonight
F          Bb            F              C7, C
Hush my darling, don’t fear my darling, the lion sleeps tonight.

F          Bb            F              C7
Wimoweh, wimoweh, Wimoweh, wimoweh
F          Bb            F              C7
Wimoweh, wimoweh, Wimoweh, wimoweh

F          Bb            F              C7
Wee dee dee hee, dee dee dee dee hee, a wee I'm on ma way
F          Bb            F              C7
(Fade out) Wee dee dee hee, dee dee dee dee hee, a wee I'm on my way
The Marvelous Toy (Key of G)
by Tom Paxton

When I was just a wee little kid, full of health and joy,
My father homeward came one night and gave to me a toy.
A wonder to be-hold it was, with many colors bright.
And the moment I laid eyes on it, it be-came my heart's de-light.

Chorus: It went zip when it moved, bop when it stopped and whirrrr when it stood still
I never knew just what it was and I guess I never will.

The first time that I picked it up, I got a big sur-prise.
For right on the bottom were two big buttons that looked like big green eyes.
I first pushed one, then the other, then I twisted its lid.
And when I set it down again, this is what it did.

Chorus
It first marched left, then marched right, then marched under a chair.
When I looked where it had gone, it wasn't even there.
I started to cry and my daddy laughed for he knew that I would find,
When I turned around, my marvelous toy was chugging from be-hind.

Chorus
Well, the years have gone by too quickly it seems, I now have my own little boy
And yesterday, I gave to him my marvelous little toy.
His eyes nearly popped right out of his head, he gave a squeal of glee.
Neither one of us knows just what it is, but he loves it just like me.

Ending Chorus: It still goes zip when it moves, bop when it stops, whirrr when it stand still.
I never knew just what it was and I guess I never will.
The Minstrel Boy
by Thomas Moore (Irish traditional folk(c.1798))

Intro riff and chords:
F/ C/ G/ C/
A--2--3--0-----------------------------------------------
E---------------------3--0--1--3--0-------------------
C-------------------------------2----0-------------------
G-----------------------------------------------

C   F   C   G   C
The min-strel boy to the war has gone
F   C   G   C
In the ranks of death you will find him
C   F   C   G   C
His father's sword he hath gird-ed on
F   C   G   C
And his wild harp slung be-hind him.

Am   G   F   G   C
“Land of song” said the warrior bard,
F   Am   F   G   C
“Though all the world be- tray thee,
C   F   C   G   C
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
F   Am   G   C
One faithful heart shall praise thee.”

C   F   C   G   C
The min-strel fell, but the foe-man’s chain
F   C   G   C
Could not bring that proud soul un-der.
C   F   C   G   C
The harp he loved ne’er spoke a-gain
F   C   G   C
For he tore its chords a-sun-der

Am   G   F   G   C
And said “No chain shall sul-ly thee
F   Am   F   G   C
Thou soul of love and bra-ve- ry.
C   F   C   G   C
Thy songs were made for the pure and free.
F   Am   G   C
They shall nev-er sound in sla-ve-ry.”
The Rain, The Park and Other Things (key of C)
by Art Kornfield and Steve Duboff (1967)

Intro: Cm/8

Cm    Dm
I saw her sitting in the rain . . . raindrops falling on her
Eb    Bb
She didn’t seem to care, she sat there and smiled at me.
Cm    F    Bb
Then I knew (I knew, I knew, I knew) She could make me happy (happy happy)
C    F
Flowers in her hair (in her hair) Flowers everywhere (everywhere)

Chorus:

Cm*    Dm*    Eb*    F*
(I love the flower girl) I don’t know just why, she simply caught my eye.
Cm*    Dm*    Eb*    F*
(I love the flower girl) She seemed so sweet and kind, she crept in-to my mind
F/   Eb/Dm/Cm/  F/
(to my mi-ind...)

Cm    Dm
I knew I had to say hello (hello, hello) She smiled up at me
Eb    Bb
And she took my hand and we walked through the park a-lone.
Cm    F    Bb
And I knew (I knew, I knew, I knew) She had made me happy (happy, happy)
C    F
Flowers in her hair (in her hair), Flowers everywhere (everywhere)

Chorus

Cm    Dm
Suddenly, the sun broke through (see the sun) I turned around, she was gone (where did she go?)
Eb    Bb
And all I had left was one little flower in my hand
Cm    F    Bb
And I knew (I knew, I knew, I knew) She had made me happy (happy, happy)
C    F
Flowers in her hair (in her hair), Flowers everywhere (everywhere)
Cm*    Dm*    Eb*    F*
(I love the flower girl) Was she real-ity or just a dream to me?
Cm    Dm    Eb    F    F/   Eb/ Dm/ C/ Bb/
(I love the flower girl) Her love showed me the way to find a sunny day (sun-ny, sun-ny day)
The Rain, The Park and Other Things (original key)
by Art Kornfield and Steve Duboff (1967)

Intro: C#m / x 8

I saw her sitting in the rain . . . raindrops falling on her

She didn’t seem to care, she sat there and smiled at me.

Then I knew (I knew, I knew, I knew) She could make me happy (happy happy)

Flowers in her hair (in her hair) Flowers everywhere (everywhere)

Chorus:

(I love the flower girl) I don’t know just why, she simply caught my eye.

(I love the flower girl) She seemed so sweet and kind, she crept in-to my mind

(to my mi--- ind...)

I knew I had to say hello (hello, hello) She smiled up at me

And she took my hand and we walked through the park a-lone.

And I knew (I knew, I knew, I knew) She had made me happy (happy, happy)

Flowers in her hair (in her hair), Flowers everywhere (everywhere)

Chorus

Suddenly, the sun broke through (see the sun) I turned around, she was gone (where did she go?)

And all I had left was one little flower in my hand

And I knew (I knew, I knew, I knew) She had made me happy (happy, happy)

Flowers in her hair (in her hair), Flowers everywhere (everywhere)

(I love the flower girl) Was she re-al-ity or just a dream to me?

(I love the flower girl) Her love showed me the way to find a sunny day (sun-ny, sun-ny day)
The Tracks of My Tears
by Smokey Robinson, Pete Moore and Marv Tarplin (1965)

Intro: G, Am, C, D.. G, Am, C, Cmaj7, D, G

Doo doo doo doo, doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo

G Am C D G Am C Cmaj7 D G

People say I’m the life of the party, ’cause I tell a joke or two
G Am C D G Am C Cmaj7 D G

Although I might be laughing loud and hearty, deep inside I’m blue.

G Am C D G Am C Cmaj7 D G

So take a good look at my face, you’ll see my smile looks out of place
G Am C D G Am C Cmaj7 D G

If you look closer, it’s easy to trace, the tracks of my tears.

G Am C D G Am C Cmaj7 D G

I need you, need you.

G Am C D G Am C Cmaj7 D G

Since you left me, if you see me with another girl/guy, seemin’ like I’m having fun
G Am C D G Am C Cmaj7 D G

Although s(he) maybe cute s(he)’s just a substitute, because you’re the permanent one.

G Am C D G Am C Cmaj7 D G

If you look closer, it’s easy to trace, the tracks of my tears.

G Am C D G Am C Cmaj7 D G

I need you, need you.

Bridge: C, G, C, G Out-side, I’m masquer-a-ding, in-side, my hope is fad-ing.
C, G C G C, G C, G C, G

Just a clown, since you put me down
G/ G/ G/ C/ C/ C/ G/ G/ G/ C/ C/ C/ C/ D

My smile is my make-up I wear since my break up with you.

G Am C D G Am C D G Am C D

Baby, take a good look at my face, you’ll see my smile looks out of place
G Am C D G Am C Cmaj7 D G

Just look closer, it’s easy to trace, the tracks of my tears.

G Am C D G Am C D G Am C D

Baby, baby baby, take a good look at my face, You’ll see my smile looks out of place
G Am C D G Am C Cmaj7 D G

If you look closer, it’s easy to trace, the tracks of my tears….

San Jose Ukulele Club
The Way You Do the Things You Do
by William (Smokey) Robinson and Robert Rogers (1964)

D

You've got a smile so bright                         you know you could've been a candle
D Dsus4 D Dsus4 G Gsus4 A

I'm holding you so tight,                               you know you could've been a handle
D Dsus4 D Dsus4 G Gsus4

The way you swept me off my feet               you know you could've been a broom
D Dsus4 D Dsus4 Dsus4

The way you smell so sweet,                        you know you could've been some perfume.
A

Chorus:
Well, you could've been anything  that you wanted to, and I can tell
(tacet)                                       D Dsus4 D Dsus4 Dsus4
The way you do the things you do (the way you do the things you do, the way you do the things you do)

D Dsus4 D Dsus4 Dsus4

As pretty as you are,                                    you know you could've been a flower
D Dsus4 D Dsus4 Dsus4

If good looks were a minute,                        you know that you could've been an hour
G Gsus4 G Gsus4

The way you stole my heart,                        you know you could've been a cool crook
D Dsus4 D Dsus4 Dsus4

And baby, you're so smart,                          you know you could've been a school book
A

Chorus

D Dsus4 D Dsus4 Dsus4
You made my life so rich,                             you know you could've been some money
D Dsus4 D Dsus4 Dsus4

And baby, you're so sweet,                          you know you could've been some honey
A

Well, you could've been anything that you wanted to, and I can tell
(tacet)                                       D Dsus4 D Dsus4 Dsus4
The way you do the things you do (the way you do the things you do)
D Dsus4 D Dsus4 Dsus4

You really swept me off my feet (the way you do the things you do)
D Dsus4 D Dsus4 Dsus4

You made my life complete (the way you do the things you do)
D Dsus4 D Dsus4 Dsus4

You make my life so bright (the way you do the things you do)
D Dsus4 D Dsus4 Dsus4

You make me feel alright (the way you do the things you do)
This Magic Moment
by Doc Pomus and Mort Shuman

C Am F G

This magic moment, so different and so new
Was like any other, until I kissed you
And then it happened, it took me by surprise
I knew that you felt it too, by the look in your eyes

Am F
Sweeter than wine, softer than a summer night
Everything I want I have, whenever I hold you tight

C Am
This magic moment, while your lips are close to mine
Will last for-e-ver, for-ever 'til the end of time.
Whoa-oah, whoa-oah Whoa-oah

Solo: A: 7—3--0|2--3--5--6--7|--7--5--3--5--7|--2--5--5--7--8
E:-----------------------------------------------
C:------------------------------------------------
G:------------------------------------------------

Am F
Sweeter than wine, softer than a summer night
Everything I want I have, whenever I hold you tight

C Am
This magic moment, while your lips are close to mine
Will last for-e-ver, for-ever 'til the end of time.
Whoa-oah, (magic) whoa-oah (magic) Whoa-oah (moment)
Whoa-oah, (magic) whoa-oah (magic) Whoa-oah (moment), Whoa-oah
( Repeat last line and fade ….)

San Jose Ukulele Club
Those Lazy-Hazy-Crazy Days of Summer
by Hans Carste and Charles Tobias

Intro:
F G7 C7 F . . . G7 . . . C7 . . . F

Chorus:
(-----tacet-----) F . . . G7 . . .
Roll out those lazy, hazy, crazy days of sum-mer
. . . . C7 . . . F\nThose days of sodas and pretzels and beer.
(-----tacet-----) F . . . G7 . . .
Roll out those lazy, hazy, crazy days of sum-mer
Dust off the sun and moon and sing a song of cheer.

Just fill your basket full of sandwich-es and wee-nies, then lock the house up, now you’re set.
And on the beach you’ll see the girls in their bi-ki-nis, as cute as ever but they never get them wet.

Chorus 1:
(-----tacet-----) F . . . G7 . . .
Roll out those lazy, hazy, crazy days of sum-mer
. . . . C7 . . . F\nThose days of sodas and pretzels and beer.
(-----tacet-----) F . . . G7 . . .
Roll out those lazy, hazy, crazy days of sum-mer
You’ll wish that summer could always be here.

Chorus 2:
Roll out those lazy, hazy, crazy days of sum-mer
. . . D7 . . . G\nThose days of sodas and pretzels and beer.
Roll out those lazy, hazy, crazy days of sum-mer
Dust off the sun and moon and sing a song of cheer

Don’t have to tell a girl and feller ‘bout a drive-in, or some ro-man-tic, movie scene
Right from the moment that those lovers start ar-ri-ving, you’ll see more kissing in the cars than on the screen!

Repeat Chorus 2

You’ll wish that summer could always be here
You’ll wish that sum-mer could alwaaaays be heeeeeeere!
Three Little Birds
by Bob Marley

Repeated riff played on A string: ---0--0--2--0---7--4--2--0---

Chorus:

Don't worry, about a thing, cause every little thing is gonna be all-right.

Singin' don't worry about a thing, cause every little thing is gonna be all-right.

Rise up this morning, smile with the rising sun.

Three little birds, sit by my doorstep

Singing sweet songs of melodies pure and true

Singing' this is my message to you-oo-oo.

Chorus:

Don't worry, about a thing, cause every little thing is gonna be all-right.

Singin' don't worry about a thing, cause every little thing is gonna be all-right.

Rise up this morning, smile with the rising sun.

Three little birds, sit by my doorstep

Singing sweet songs of melodies pure and true

Singing' this is my message to you-oo-oo.

Chorus:

Don't worry, about a thing, cause every little thing is gonna be all-right.

Singin' don't worry about a thing, cause every little thing is gonna be all-right.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Tickle My Heart
by Joe Brown and Roger Cook

C Am Dm G7 E7 D7 Cdim A7 F G+ C6


Tickle me once. tickle me twice, tickle me naughty, tickle me nice,
But tickle my heart,

Tickle my fancy, tickle my toes, tickle my tummy, right up to my nose,
But tickle my heart,

**Bridge:** E7 . . . | . . . | Am . | E7 . | Am . . |
Tickle me in the mor-ning, tickle me through the night.
D7 . . . | . . . | G7 \ D7\ | G7\ ----- 
Tickle me with-out war-ning. That’d be al-l-right.

Tickle me gently, tickle me rough, I’ll let you know when I’ve had e-nough
Just tickle my heart, (any-time) Tickle my heart.

**Instrumental:**

(oo-oo Ooooo oo-oo Ooooo) Tickle my heart (Oo-oo) tickle my heart.
(oo-oo Ooooo oo-oo Ooooo) Tickle my heart (Oo-oo) tickle my heart.

**Bridge2:** E7\ E7\ E7\ - | E7\ E7\ E7\ - | Am . | E7 . | Am . . |
Tickle me in the mor-ning, tickle me through the night.
D7 . . . | . . . | G7 \ D7\ | G7\ -----(hold)-----G+\ --
Tickle me with-out war-ning, You know that’d be al-l-right ------ al-riiight.

Tickle me gently, tickle me rough, I’ll let you know when I’ve had e-nough
Just tickle my heart, (any-time) Tickle my heart.

Tickle my heart, please tickle my hea-a-a-a-a-a-a-art!

Dave C, Aki I, and G.A. – San Jose Ukulele Club
Tweaked by Linda S – 7/14/2014
There Were Bells, on a Hill  But I never heard them ringing
C  Em  Ebm  Dm  G7  C  Dm, G7
No, I never heard them at all, 'til there was you.

There Were Birds, in the Sky  But I never saw them winging,
C  Em  Ebm  Dm  G7  C, C7
No, I never saw them at all, 'til there was you.

Then There Was Music,  and wonderful roses,
F  Fm  C
A7  Dm  D7  G  G+
They send me in sweet fragrant meadows of dawn, and dew.

There Was Love, all a-round  But I never heard it singing
C  Em  Ebm  Dm  G7  C
No, I never heard it at all, 'til there was you

Instrumental:
A--------------------------0--------------------------3---2---1---0---0---2---2---3
E--0---1---3---3---1---0---1---3---3---1---0--------------------------
C--------------------------2---0-------------------------------
G---------------------------------------------------------------------

Then There Was Music,  and wonderful roses,
F  Fm  C
A7  Dm  D7  G  G+
They send me in sweet fragrant meadows of dawn, and dew.

There Was Love, all a-round
C  Gdim, A7
But I never heard it singing
C  Em  Ebm  Dm  G7  C
No, I never heard it at all, 'til there was you

'Til, there was yooouuu.

San Jose Ukulele Club
(updated 10/16/13)
Tiny Bubbles

Vamp: D7 G7 C A7
     D7 G7 C

C        G7
Tiny bubbles, in the wine
G7        C
Makes me happy; makes me feel fine.
C           C7
Tiny bubbles, makes me warm all over
C
with a feelin’ that I’m gonna
G7        C        C7
Love ya ‘til the end of time

F
Now here’s to the golden moon
C
And here’s to the silv’ry sea
D7        G7
And mostly here’s a toast to you and me

C        G7
Tiny bubbles (tiny bubbles), in the wine (in the wine)
G7
Makes me happy (makes me happy),
C
Makes me feel fine (makes me feel fine)
C           C7
Tiny bubbles (tiny bubbles) makes me warm all over
C           G7
With a feelin’ that I’m gonna love ya ‘til the end of time
G7
With a feelin’ that I’m gonna love ya
C (5)  G7/  C/
Gonna love ya ‘til the end    ‘til the end of time
Tiptoe Through the Tulips
by Joe Burke and Al Dubin (1929)

Verse 1:

Shades of night are creeping, willow trees are weeping, Old folks and babies are sleeping

Silver stars are gleaming, all alone I'm scheming, Scheming to get you out here, my dear. Come...

Refrain:

G E7 Am D G B7 C Cm6

Tip-toe, to the window, by the window, that is where I'll be,

G E7 Am D G E7 Am D7

Come tip-toe, through the tulips, with me.

G E7 Am D G B7 C Cm

Tip-toe, from your pillow, to the shadow of a willow tree, and

G E7 Am D G E7 Am D7 G

Tip-toe, through the tulips with me.

Am B7 E7

Knee deep... in flower... we'll stray

F# Bm D7 (---tacet---)

We'll keep... the show... away. And if I

G E7 Am D G B7 C Cm

Kiss you, in the garden, in the moonlight, will you pardon me? Come

G E7 Am D7 G

tip-toe through the tulips with me.

Verse 2:

Come on out and pet me, come and "Ju-ly-et" me, Tease me and slyly "co-quette" me.

G E7 A7 D7 Em D7

Let me "Ro-me-o" you, I just want to show you, How much I'm willing to do for you. Come....

Refrain:

G E7 Am D7 G A7/ D7/

Ending: (slow) Come tip-toe, through the tulips......with meeeeee!

San Jose Ukulele Club
updated on 9/9/13
To New Almaden
by Jennifer Jacobson (2010)

Intro: C, Am, C, Am

C              F           C
Have you heard songs, of old west glory?
Am        F           G
Although the story's found it's end.
F                  C                    Am   F
There's still a town where time won't pay any mind
C           G          C
Out in old New Al-ma-den.

C              F               C
I long to be where friendships linger
Am      F          G
Where man and nature live as friends
F            C                   Am    F
Where starlight shines a-bove, all the land I love
C           G         C
Out in old New Al-ma-den.

Bridge: So take me where the world turns slowly
Am            F        G
Just let me breathe the air a-gain
F             C                  Am          F
Where there is peace to find, and the years are kind
C           G        C
Out in old New Al-ma-den.

Instrumental: (Verse Chords)

Bridge

C          F                 C
Some day when all my wandering's o-ver
Am      F            G
Some day when all my troubles end
F        C                    Am      F
Out where the sky is blue, and the west is new
C                  G        Am
I'll come home to New Al-ma-den
C           G         C
I'll come home to New Al-ma-den.
Today (Key of F-no key change)
by Randy Sparks (The New Christie Minstrels) 1964

Intro: F Dm Gm C

Chorus: F Dm Gm C
To-day, while the blossoms still cling to the vine,
F Dm Gm C
I'll taste your straw-berries, I'll drink your sweet wine.
F F7 Bb Bbm
A million to-mor-rows shall all pass a-way,
F Dm Gm C F Dm Gm C
Ere I for-get all the joy that is mi-i-ne, to-day.

F Dm Gm C
I'll be a dandy, and I'll be a rover.
F Dm Gm C
You'll know who I am by the songs that I sing.
F Dm Gm C
I'll feast at your table, I'll sleep in your clover.
Bb C F C
Who cares what the morrow shall bring?

Chorus

F Dm Gm C
I can't be con-ten-ted with yesterday's glory,
F Dm Gm C
I can't live on promises, winter to spring.
F Dm Gm C
To-day is my moment... now is my story.
Bb C F C
I'll laugh and I'll cry and I'll sing.

Ending chorus: F Dm Gm C
To-day, while the blossoms still cling to the vine,
F Dm Gm C
'I'll taste your straw-berries, I'll drink your sweet wine.
F F7 Bb Bbm
A million to-mor-rows shall all pass a-way,
F Dm Gm C F Dm Gm C
Ere I for-get all the joy that is mi-i-ne, to-day.

San Jose Ukulele Club (added 3/11/14)
Today (original 3 key changes)  
by Randy Sparks (The New Christie Minstrels) 1964

Intro: F . . . Dm  .  .  Gm  .  .  .  C/

To-day, while the blossoms still cling to the vine,
I'll taste your straw-berries, I'll drink your sweet wine.
A million to-mor-rows shall all pass away,
Ere I for-get all the joy that is mine……to-day.

I'll be a dandy, and I'll be a rover.
You'll know who I am by the songs that I sing.
I'll feast at your table, I'll sleep in your clover.
Who cares what the morrow shall bring?

To-day, while the blossoms still cling to the vine,
I'll taste your straw-berries, I'll drink your sweet wine.

I can't be con-ten-ted with yesterday's glory,
I can't live on promises, winter to spring.
To-day is my moment... now is my story.
I'll laugh and I'll cry and I'll sing.

To-day, while the blossoms still cling to the vine,
I'll taste your straw-berries, I'll drink your sweet wine.

A million to-mor-rows shall all pass a-way,
Ere I for-get all the joy that is mine……to-day.

San Jose Ukulele Club (added 3/11/14)
Tonight, You Belong To Me
by Lee David and Billy Rose (1926)

G | G7 | C | Cm | D | Bm | E7 | A7 | D7 | Gsus4


Intro: riff x 2

G                                  G7                     C                           Cm
I know (I know) you be-lo-o-o-o-ong to so-o-o-o-o-mebody new--oo-oo-oo-oo,
                                          G                    D                G
But tonight, you be-lo-o-oong to me  (riff)
                                          G    G7                      C                           Cm
Although (although) we’re ap-a-a-a-a-art, you’re pa-a-a-a-a-art of my hea-a-a-a-a-art,
                                          G                D             G       G7
And to-night you be-lo-o-oong to me

Cm
Bridge: Way down…by the stream…how sweet… it will seem
                                          G        E7                A7                      D7   (---tacet---)
Once more, just to dream, in the moonlight… ...my honey

G                                  G7                     C                           Cm
I know (I know) with the da-a-a-a-awn that you-oo-oo-oo-oo will be go-o-o-o-o-one
                                          G                D             G       G7
But to-night, you be-lo-o-oong to me

Cm                           Bm  Cm                               Bm   Cm
Bridge: Way down (way down) by the stream…how sweet… it will seem
                                          G        E7                A7                      D7   (---tacet---)
Once more, just to dream, in the silvery moonlight… ...my honey

G                                  G7                     C                           Cm
I know (I know) with the da-a-a-a-awn that you-oo-oo-oo-oo will be go-o-o-o-o-one
                                          G                D             G       D7       G
But to-night, you be-lo-o-oong to me, just little ol' me

San Jose Ukulele Club
Top of the World (Key of C)
by Richard Carpenter and John Bettis (1973)


C G C Em Dm C
Such a feelin's comin' over me, There is wonder in most everything I see
F G Em Am Dm G
Not a cloud in the sky, got the sun in my eyes, and I won't be surprised if it's a dream

C G C Em Dm C
Everything I want the world to be, Is now coming true e-specially for me.
F G Em Am Dm G
And the reason is clear, it's be-cause you are here. You're the nearest thing to heaven that I've seen.

Chorus 1: I'm on the top of the world, looking down on creation
C Dm C
And the only expla-nation I can find
F *G *C * C
Is the love that I've found ever since you've been a-round
*C Dm C . . . .
Your love's put me on the top of the world.

C G C Em Dm C
Something in the wind had learned my name, and it's telling me that things are not the same.
F G Em Am Dm G
In the leaves on the trees and the touch of the breeze, there's a pleasing sense of happiness for me.

C G C Em Dm C
There is only one wish on my mind When this day is through I hope that I will find
F G Em Am Dm G
That to-morrow will be just the same for you and me All I need will be mine if you are here.

Chorus 2: I'm on the top of the world, looking (down) down on creation
C Dm C
And the only expla-nation I can find
F *G(2) *C(2) F
Is the love that I've found ever since you've been a-round
C Dm C . . . .
Your love's put me on the top of the world.

Top of the World (original key-Bb)  
by Richard Carpenter and John Bettis (1973)

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Intro: Bb Eb F Bb Bb Eb (optional chords)

Bb F Bb Dm Cm7 Bb
Such a feelin’ comin’ over me, There is wonder in most everything I see

Eb F Dm Gm Cm7 F
Not a cloud in the sky, got the sun in my eyes, and I won’t be surprised if it’s a dream

Bb F Bb Dm Cm7 Bb
Everything I want the world to be, Is now coming true e-specially for me.

Eb F Dm Gm Cm7 F
And the reason is clear, it’s be-cause you are here. You’re the nearest thing to heaven that I’ve seen.

(_tacit_) Bb Eb
Chorus: I’m on the top of the world, looking down on creation

Bb Cm7 Bb
And the only expla-nation I can find

* Eb *F * Bb *Eb
Is the love that I’ve found ever since you’ve been a-round

Bb Cm7 Bb
Your love’s put me on the top of the world.

Bb F Bb Dm Cm7 Bb
Something in the wind had learned my name, and it’s telling me that things are not the same.

Eb F Dm Gm Cm7 F
In the leaves on the trees and the touch of the breeze, there’s a pleasing sense of happiness for me.

Bb F Bb Dm Cm7 Bb
There is only one wish on my mind When this day is through I hope that I will find

Eb F Dm Gm Cm7 F
That to-morrow will be just the same for you and me All I need will be mine if you are here.

Chorus

(_tacit_) Bb/ Eb/
Chorus 2: I’m on the top of the world, looking (down) down on creation

Bb Cm7 Bb
And the only expla-nation I can find

* Eb *F * Bb *Eb
Is the love that I’ve found ever since you’ve been a-round

Bb Cm7 Bb
Your love’s put me on the top of the world.

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Torna a Surriento (Key of D)

by Ernesto de Curtis (1902)

Intro: D - Em - A7 - D - Gm - A7 - D

Dm  Gm  Dm
Vide 'o mare quantè bello! Spira tantu sentimento,
Bb  Dm  A7  D
Comme tu a chi tiene mente, ca scetato 'o faie sunna'.
D  Em  A7  D
Guarda, gua’ chistu ciardino, siente, sie’ sti sciure arance.
D  Em  A7  D
Nu profumo accussi fino, dinto 'o core se ne va.
D  Em  A7  Bb
E tu dice: "l'I parto, addio!" T'alluntane da stu core.
Gm  Dm  A7  D
Da la terra de l'amore, tiene 'o core 'e nun turna'?

D  Em  A7  D
Ma nun me lassa', nun darme stu turmiento!
Gm  Dm  A7  D
Torna a Surriento, famme campa'!

Dm  Gm  Dm
Vide 'o mare de Surriento, che tesoro tene nfunno:
Bb  Dm  A7  D
chi ha girato tutto mondo, nun l'ha visto comm'a cà.
D  Em  A7  D
Guarda attuorno sti Serene, ca te guardano incantate,
D  Em  A7  D
E te vonno tantu bene, te vulessero vasa’.
D  Em  A7  Bb
E tu dice: "l'I parto, addio!" T'alluntane da sta core.
Gm  Dm  A7  D
Da la terra de l'amore, tiene 'o core 'e nun turna'?

D  Em  A7  D
Ma nun me lassa', nun darme stu turmiento!
Gm  Dm  A7  D
Torna a Surriento, famme campa'!

Instrumental: D  Em  A7  D

Gm  Dm  A7----------------D------
Torna a Surriento, famme……. campa'!

San Jose Ukulele Club
Try to Remember
by Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones (1960)

¾ (waltz) timing

Sing B

G . Am D7 G . Am D7
Try to re-mem-ber, the kind of Sep-tem-ber, when life was slow and oh, so mel-low.

G . Am D7 G . Am D7
Try to re-mem-ber, the kind of Sep-tem-ber, when grass was green, and grain was yel-low.

* Bm7  * Em7  * Am7 D7 Gmaj7 Cmaj7 F D7
Try to re-mem-ber, the kind of Sep-tem-ber, when you were a tender and callow fellow.

G . Am D7 G . Am D7
Try to re-mem-ber, and if you re-mem-ber, then follow …… follow

G . Am D7 G . Am D7
Try to re-mem-ber, when life was so tender, that no one wept, ex-cept the wil-low

G . Am D7 G . Am D7
Try to re-mem-ber, when life was so tender, that dreams were kept be-side your pil-low

* Bm7  * Em7  * Am7 D7 Gmaj7 Cmaj7 F D7
Try to re-mem-ber, when life was so tender, that love was an ember a-bout to bil-low.

G . Am D7 G . Am D7
Try to re-mem-ber, and if you re-mem-ber, then follow …… follow

G . Am D7 G . Am D7
Deep in De-cem-ber, it’s nice to re-mem-ber, al-though you know, the snow will follow.

G . Am D7 G . Am D7
Deep in De-cem-ber, it’s nice to re-mem-ber, with-out a hurt, the heart is hol-low.

* Bm7  * Em7  * Am7 D7 Gmaj7 Cmaj7 F D7
Deep in De-cem-ber, it’s nice to re-mem-ber, the fire of Sep-tem-ber, that made us mel-low.

G . Am D7 G . Cmaj7 G\]
Deep in De-cem-ber, our hearts should re-mem-ber, and follow …… follow …… follow.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Two of Us
by John Lennon and Paul McCartney (1969)

Two of us ri-ding no-where spen-ding some-one's hard earned pay
You and me Sun-day driv-ing not a-rri-ving on our way back home  (b c d)
We're on our way home  (b c d) we're on our way home  (a b, c) We're going home...........

repeat Riff

Two of us send-ing post-cards, writ-ing let-ters on my wall
You and me burn-ing match-es, lift-ing lat-ches on our way back home  (b c d)
We're on our way home  (b c d) we're on our way home  (a b c) We're going home.

Bridge:       . .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  |  Bb\   .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  |  Dm\ .  .
(*drumbeats)   You and I have memo-ries
Gm7  .  .  .  .  |  Am .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  /c  .  .  |  D7  .  .
              Long-er than the road that stretch-es out a-he-e-e-e-e-ad

Two of us wear-ing rain-coats, stand-ing so-lo in the sun
You and me chas-ing pa-per, get-ting no-where on our way back home  (b c d)
We're on our way home  (b c d) we're on our way home  (a b c) We're going home.

repeat Bridge

Two of us wear-ing rain-coats, stand-ing so-lo in the sun
You and me chas-ing pa-per, get-ting no-where on our way back home  (b c d)
We're on our way home  (b c d) we're on our way home  (a b c) We're going home............

repeat Riff

(Pause).................we're going home..........better believe it..........goodbye...........(fade out)

(by whistle)

San Jose Ukulele Club
F C#7 C7 F
I saw the splendor of the moonlight, on Honolulu Bay.
F C#7 C7 F
There’s something tender in the moonlight, on Honolulu Bay.
Dm Am F
And all the beaches, are filled with peaches, who bring their ukes a-long.
C#7 C7
And in the glimmer of the moonlight, they love to sing this song.

Verse 1
If you like Ukulele Lady, Ukulele Lady like-a you
Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7 F
If you like to linger where it’s shady, Ukulele Lady linger too.
F/C Am/C F/C Am/C F/C Am/C Dm
If you kiss a Ukulele Lady, while you promise ever to be true
Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7 F
And she sees another ukulele lady foolin’ ’round with you.

Bb F
Verse 2
Maybe she’ll sigh (an awful lot), maybe she’ll cry (and maybe not)
G7 C C7
Maybe she’ll find somebody else, by and by
F/C Am/C F/C Am/C F/C Am/C Dm
To sing to, when it’s cool and shady, where the tricky wiki wackies woo
Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7 F
If you like Ukulele Lady, Ukulele Lady like-a you.

F C#7 C7 F
She used to sing to me by moonlight, on Honolulu Bay.
F C#7 C7 F
Fond mem’ries cling to me by moonlight, although I’m far away.
Dm Am F
Some day I’m going, where eyes are glowing, and lips are made to kiss
C#7 C7
To see somebody in the moonlight and hear the song I miss.

Repeat Verse 1

Repeat Verse 2

Gm7 C7 F
Ukulele Lady like-a youuuuu.

San Jose Ukulele Club
“Ulili E”  
by George Keahi and Harry Naope

**Intro:** C, C\(_{sus4}\), C, C\(_{sus4}\), C, F/G7/C

C F C
Ho-ne a-na ko leo e 'u-li-li e
G7 C
'O ka-hi ma-nu no-ho 'ae kai
C F C
Kia 'i ma ka lae a o ke-ka-ha
G7 C
'O ia kai ua la-na ma-li-e

**Chorus:**

C C\(_{sus4}\) C C\(_{sus4}\) C C F/G7/ C
'Ulii e ('a-ha-ha-na, 'u-li-li 'e-he-he-ne, 'u-li-li 'a-ha-ha-na)

C C\(_{sus4}\) C C\(_{sus4}\) C C F/G7/C
'Ulili ho'i ('a-ha-ha-na, 'u-li-li 'e-he-he-ne, ulili 'a-ha-ha-na)

C F C
'Ulili ho-lo-ho-lo ka-ha-kai e
G7 C
'O ia kai ua la-na ma-li-e

C F C
'Ulili ho-lo-ho-lo ka-ha-kai e
G7 C C\(_{sus4}\), C, C\(_{sus4}\), C, F/G7/ C
'O ia kai ua la-na ma-li-e

**Chorus:**

C F C
Ho-ne a-na ko le-o e ko-le-a e
G7 C
pe hea 'o ka-hi-ki mai-ka'i no
F C
'O ia 'ai-na u-lu we-hi we-hi
G7 C
I hui pu 'ia me ke o-na-o-na.

The voice of the sandpiper is soft and sweet
Little bird who lives by the sea
Ever watchful on the beaches
Where the sea is peaceful and calm
The sandpiper
The sandpiper returns
The sandpiper runs along the beach
Where the sea is peaceful and calm

The voice of the plover is soft and sweet
How are you, stranger? Very well.
You grace our land
Imbued with fragrance.

---

San Jose Ukulele Club
Unchained Melody (key of G)
by Alex North and Hy Zaret (as sung by Willie Nelson)

Intro: G . . . . Em . . . . G . . . . Em . . . .

G        Em        C
Whoa . . . . my love . . . . My darling.
D    G    Em    D
I've hungered for your touch . . . . a-long . . . . Lonely time.

G        Em        C
And time . . . . goes by . . . . so slowly,
D    G    Em    D
And time can do so much . . . . Are you . . . . still mine?

G        D/ Em
I need your love . . . . I need your love . . . .
Bm/   C     D     G   GMaj7/
Darling, speed your love . . . . . . . . to me . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

C        D        C        Bb
Lonely rivers flow to the sea, to the sea.
C        D        G
To the open arms of the sea.
C        D        C        Bb
Lonely rivers sigh, wait for me, wait for me.
C        D        G
I'll be coming home. Wait for me.

Instrumental:

G        Em        C        D        G        Em        D2nd

G        Em        C
And time . . . . goes by . . . . so slowly,
D    G    Em    D2nd    D7
And time can do so much . . . . Are you . . . . still mine? . . . .

G        D/ Em
I need your love . . . . I need your love . . . .
Bm/   C     D     G   D/ Em
Darling, speed your love . . . . . . . . to me . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

Bm/   C     D     G   D/ Em
God, speed your love . . . . . . . . to me . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

Bm/   C     D     G   D/ G
........................................ (slow) ........................................
Unchained Melody
by Alex North and Hy Zaret (1955)
As sung by Bobby Hatfield of the Righteous Brothers

San Jose Ukulele Club
Under the Boardwalk
by Kenny Young and Arthur Resnick

Chords: G D D7 G7 Em

Verse 1
Oh the sun beats down and melts the tar upon the roof
And your shoes get so hot you wish your tired feet were fire-proof,
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea
On a blanket with my baby is where I'll be

Chorus: Under the boardwalk, out of the sun
Under the boardwalk, we'll be having some fun
Under the boardwalk, people walking above
Under the boardwalk, we'll be falling love,
Under the boardwalk, boardwalk.

Verse 2
From a park nearby, happy sounds from a carousel
You can almost taste the hotdogs and french fries they sell,
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea
On a blanket with my baby is where I'll be

Chorus

San Jose Ukulele Club
(Up a) Lazy River
by Sidney Arodin and Hoagy Carmichael (1930)

Intro:
I like lazy weather, I like lazy days
Can’t be blamed for having lazy ways
Some old lazy river sleeps beside my door
Whisp’ring to the sun-lit shore…

A7
Up a lazy river by the old mill run
That lazy, lazy river in the noon day sun
G7
Linger in the shade of a kind old tree
Throw away your troubles, dream a dream with me.

A7
Up a lazy river where the robin’s song,
A-wakes a bright new morning, we can loaf a long
Blue skies up above, every-one’s in love,
Up a lazy river, how happy you can be,
Up a lazy riv-er, with me.

Repeat song, increasing tempo.
Up on the Roof (Key of C)
by Gerry Goffin and Carole King (1962)

Chords:  

C    Am    F    G    C
When this old world starts getting me down, and people are just too much for me to face  
C    Am    F    G    C
I climb way up to the top of the stairs and all my cares just drift right into space
F
On the roof it's peaceful as can be  
C    Am    F, G
And there the world be-low don't bother me
C    Am    F    G    C
So when I come home feelin' tired and beat, I'll go up where the air is fresh and sweet  
C    Am    F    G    C
I'll get away from the hustling crowd and all that rat-race noise down in the street
F
On the roof that's the only place I know  
C    Am    F    G
Where you just have to wish to make it so  
(Let's go up on the roof)
Instrumental: C, Am, F, G, C
F
At night the stars put on a show for free,  
C    Am    F    G
And darling you can share it all with me
(I keep on telling you that)
C    Am    F    G    C
Right smack dab in the middle of town, I've found a pa-ra-dise that's trouble proof  
C    Am    F    G    C
And if this old world starts getting you down, there's room enough for two, up on the roof  
F    G
Up on the roof  
C    Am
Up on the roof  
F    G, C
Up on the roof

San Jose Ukulele Club
Up on the Roof
by Gerry Goffin and Carole King (1962)

Chords:

G    Em                         C                 D       G
When this old world starts getting me down, and people are just too much for me to face
G      Em       C                     D     G
I climb way up to the top of the stairs and all my cares just drift right into space

C
On the roof it's peaceful as can be
G                          Em  C      D
And there the world below don't bother me

G         Em             C            D             G
So when I come home feelin' tired and beat, I'll go up where the air is fresh and sweet
Em   C            D      G
I'll get away from the hustling crowd and all that rat-race noise down in the street

C
On the roof that's the only place I know
G          Em        C  D
Where you just have to wish to make it so
(Let's go up on the roof)

C
At night the starts put on a show for free,
G             Em       C    D
And darling you can share it all with me

(I keep on telling you that)
G          Em        C  D   G
Right smack dab in the middle of town, I've found a paradise that's trouble proof
G   Em    C     D    G       Em
And if this old world starts getting you down, there's room enough for tw, up on the roof
C   D
Up on the roof
G    Em
Up on the roof
C   D   G
Up on the roof

San Jose Ukulele Club
Video Killed the Radio Star
by The Buggles (1978)

Intro:  Dm ... C ... F ... Am ... Dm ... C ... F ... G/

C       Dm     F          G          C       Dm     F          G
I heard you on the wireless back in 'fifty two... Lying a-wake, intent on tuning in on you
C       Dm     F          G          C       Dm     F          G
If I was young, it didn’t stop you coming through. (oh-a-oh)

C       Dm     F          G          C       Dm     F          G
They took the credit for your second symphon-y... Rewritten by machine on new technolog-ya
C       Dm     F          G          C       Dm     F          G
And now I understand the problems you can see. (oh-a-oh) I met your children (oh-a-oh)..... What did you tell them?

Chorus 1:  Video killed the radio star... Video killed the radio star
        C       G          F          C       Am
Pictures came and broke your heart (oh-a-oh-oh-oh)

C       Dm     F          G          C       Dm     F          G
And now we meet in an a-bandoned studi-o.....We hear the playback and it seems so long ag-o
C       Dm     F          G          C       Dm     F          G
and you re-mem-ber, the jingles used to go (oh-a-oh) You were the first one (oh-a-oh) You were the last one

Chorus 2:  Video killed the radio star... Video killed the radio star
        C       G          F          C       G          F          C       Am       C       Am
In my mind and in my car, we can’t re-wind, we’ve gone too far (oh-a-oh-oh) ... (oh-oh-oh-oh)

Instrumental:

A: ------0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0---0------
E: ------3-1-0-1-3-1-0-1-3-1-0-------
C: 2-2-2-0-2-2-2-2-2-2-2------2---2---2---
G: --------2-2-2-2-2-2-2-2-2-2-2------

Chorus 3:  Video killed the radio star... Video killed the radio star
        C       G          F          C       G          F
In my mind and in my car, we can’t re-wind, we’ve gone too far
C       G          F          C       G          F / /
Pictures came and broke your heart, Put the blame on VCR.......

(You are the radio sta-ar-ar-ar-ar-ar-ar) You are the radio sta-ar-ar-ar-ar-ar-ar-ar

San Jose Ukulele Club (added 2/18/14)
Wabash Cannonball
by J. A. Roff (1882)
as sung by Roy Acuff (1936)

From the great Atlantic Ocean, to the wide Pacific shore
From the queen of flowing mountains to the south belt by the shore
She's mighty tall and handsome and known quite well by all
She's the combination on the Wabash Cannon-ball.

A. From Birming-ham one cold December day
As she rolled into the station, you could hear all the people say
There's a girl from Tennessee, she's long and she's tall
She came down from Birmingham on the Wabash Cannon-ball.

A. Our Eastern states are dandy, so the people always say
From New York to St. Louis, and Chicago by the way
From the hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall
No changes can be taken on that Wabash Cannon-ball

A. Here's to Daddy Claxton, may his name for-ever stand
And always be re-membered round the courts of Ala-bam'
His earthly race is over and curtains round him fall
We'll carry him home to vict'ry on the Wabash Cannon-ball.

A. Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
As she glides a-long the woodlands, through the hills and by the shore.
Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear that lonesome hobo squall,
You are trav'lin' through the jungles on the Wabash Cannon-ball.
Wake Up Little Susie
By Felice & Boudleaux Bryant (1957)


D F. G/ F/ D F. G/ F/ D
Wake up little Susie, wake up. Wake up little Susie, wake up
G D G D G D G
We both fell sound a-sleep, wake up little Susie and weep
G D G D G D G D G
The movie's over, it's four o'clock and we're in trouble deep
A G A
Wake up little Susie, wake up little Susie

Chorus:
A G A
Well, what are you gonna tell your mamma?
A G A
What are you gonna tell your pa?
A G A A/ --Tacit----
What are we gonna tell our friends when they say "ooh la la"?
------------------ D A D
Wake up little Susie, wake up little Susie

D
Well I told your momma that you'd be in by ten
G
Well now Susie baby looks like we goofed again
Wake up little Susie, wake up little Susie, we gotta go home

D F. G/ F/ D F. G/ F/ D
Wake up little Susie, wake up. Wake up little Susie, wake up
G D G D G D G
The movie wasn't so hot, it didn't have much of a plot
G D G D G D G D G
We fell a-sleep, our goose is cooked, our repu-tation is shot
A G A
Wake up little Susie, wake up little Susie

Chorus:
A G A
Well, what are you gonna tell your mamma?
A G A
What are you gonna tell your pa?
A G A A/ --Tacit----
What are we gonna tell our friends when they say "ooh la la"?
Wake up little Susie, wake up little Susie, wake up little Susie

Brian W.-San Jose Ukulele Club
Walk Right In (Original Lyrics)
by Gus Cannon and H. Woods (1929)


Chords for optional walk down

C   (C2/ B/Bb/) A7    D7    G7    C    G7
Walk right in, set ri-ght down, and baby let your mind roll on. . . .

C   C2/ B/ Bb/ A7    D7    G7
Hey, walk right in, they don't know why.. cuz' Daddy, you been stayin' too long . . . .

C   Am7   C   Am7   C   Am7
Now, everybody's talkin' 'bout a new way o' walkin'

A7
Do you want to lose your mind?

C   C2/ B/Bb/ A7    D7    G7    C
Hey, walk right in, set ri-ght down, and Daddy, let your mind roll on.

Instrumental (with kazoo): same chords as verse

C   (C2/ B/Bb/) A7    D7    G7    C    G7
Hey, walk right in, set right down, and Daddy let your mind roll on

C   C2/ B/b/ A7    D7    G7
Hey walk right in, stay a little while, but Daddy, you been stayin’ too long.

C   Am7   C   Am7   C   Am7
Now, everybody’s talkin’ ‘bout a new way o’ walkin’

A7
Do you want to lose your mind?

C   (C2/ B/Bb/) A7    D7    G7    C
Hey, walk right in, set ri-ght down, and Daddy, let your mind roll on.

San Jose Ukulele Club
Walking After Midnight
by Donn Hecht and Alan Block (1956)

Intro: C F7 G7 C G7

I go out walking, after midnight, out in the moonlight, just like we used to do.
I’m always walking, after midnight, searching for you.

Chorus: F

I stopped to see a weeping willow, crying on his pillow,
Maybe he’s crying for me.
And as the skies turn gloomy, night winds whisper to me,
I’m lonesome as I can be.

I go out walking, after midnight, out in the starlight, just hoping you may be,
Some-where a-walking, after midnight, searching for me.

Chorus

I go out walking, after midnight, out in the starlight, just hoping you may be,
Some-where a-walking, after midnight, searching for me.
Walking on Sunshine
by Katrina and the Waves

Suggested strums: Verse—D D U D U D U

Bolded—D D D U, D U U D U D U


C   F   G   F   C   F, G, F
I used to think maybe you loved me, now baby I’m sure
C   F   G   F   C   F, G, F
And I just can’t wait till the day when you knock on my door
C   F   G   F   C   F, G, F
Now every time I go for the mailbox, gotta hold myself down
C   F   G   F   C   F,G, F
‘Cuz I just can’t wait till you write me you’re comin’ a-round

G                    F                              G                   F
Chorus:  I’m walking on sunshine, wo--oh, I’m walking on sunshine, wo--oh
G                   F
C
F, G, F
I’m walking on sunshine, wo-oh. And don’t it feel good! (Hey, alright now)
C                    F                        G            F
C    F, G, F
And don’t it feel good! (Hey, yeah.)

C   F   G   F   C   F, G, F
I used to think maybe you loved me, now I know that it’s true
C   F   G   F   C   F, G, F
And I don’t want to spend my whole life, just waiting for you
C   F   G   F   C   F, G, F
Now I don’t want you back for the weekend, not back for a day,
C   F   G   F   C   F, G, F
I said baby I just want you back and I want you to stay.

Chorus

(instrumental riff is a single note, G, played over C, F, G, F, C, F, G, F)

Walking on sunshine, Walking on sunshine
C   F   G   F
I feel alive, I feel the love, I feel the love that’s really real
C   F   G   F
I feel alive, I feel the love, I feel the love that’s really real
C   F   G   F   C   F   G   F
I’m walking on sunshine baby oh! I’m walking on sunshine baby, oh!
G                    F                              G                   F
I’m walking on sunshine, wo-oh, I’m walking on sunshine, wo-oh
G                   F
C                    F, G, F
I’m walking on sunshine, wo-oh And don’t it feel good!
C   F, G, F
And don’t it feel it good, and don’t it feel good!

San Jose Ukulele Club
Waltzing Matilda (Key of F)  
by Banjo Paterson (1895)

Verse 1:  
Once a jolly swagman sat beside the bill- a-bong,
and he sang as he sat and wait- ed while his billy boiled
You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus:  
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me.

Verse 2:  
Down came a jum-buck to drink beside the bill- a-bong
And he sang as he tucked the jum- buck in his tuck-er-bag
You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus:  
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me.

Verse 3:  
Up rode a squat-ter, riding on his thor- ough- bred.
“Where's the jolly jum-buck you've got in your tucker-bag?
You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus:  
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me.

Verse 4:  
Up jumped the swagman and plunged into the bill- a-bong.
“You'll never catch me a-live!” says he
and his ghost may be heard as you ride beside the bill- la-bong
You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus:  
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me.

Glossary:  
Matilda: itinerant farm worker
swagman: itinerant farm worker
billabong: small lake or pond
coolibah tree: species of eucalyptus
billy: a can for boiling water
jumbuck: feral sheep
squatter: wealthy, but illegal, landowner
troopers: mounted police

Note: last two lines in chorus change to the last two lines in the previous verse.
Waltzing Matilda (Key of G)

by Banjo Paterson (1895)

Verse 1:
Once a jolly swagman sat beside the billabong,
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
and he sang as he sat and waited while his billy boiled.
You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus:
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me.

Verse 2:
Down came a jumbuck to drink beside the billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and seized him with glee,
And he sang as he tucked the jumbuck in his tucker-bag.
You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus

Verse 3:
Up rode a squatter, riding on his thoroughbred.
Down came the troopers, one, two, three.
"Where's the jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker-bag?
You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus

Verse 4:
Up jumped the swagman and plunged into the billabong.
"You'll never catch me alive!" says he,
and his ghost may be heard as you ride beside the billabong.
You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus

Glossary:
swagman: seasonal farm worker
billabong: small lake or pond
coolibah tree: species of eucalyptus
billy: a can for boiling water in
jumbuck: feral sheep
squatter: wealthy, but illegal, landowner
troopers: mounted police

*Note: last two lines in chorus change to the last two lines in the previous verse.
We Wish You a Merry Christmas
Traditional English (16th century)

We wish you a merry Christmas
A7        D7
We wish you a merry Christmas
B7        Em
We wish you a merry Christmas
C         D7    G
And a happy New Year

Chorus: Good tidings we bring, to you and your kin,
G        D        A7        D7
We wish you a merry Christmas
C         D7    G
And a happy New Year

Now bring us some figgy pudding
A7        D7
Now bring us some figgy pudding
B7        Em
Now bring us some figgy pudding
C         D7    G
And a cup of good cheer!

We won’t go until we get some
A7        D7
We won’t go until we get some
B7        Em
We won’t go until we get some
C         D7    G
So bring it out here!

Chorus

G        C
We wish you a merry Christmas
A7        D7
We wish you a merry Christmas
B7        Em
We wish you a merry Christmas
C         D7    G
And a happy New Year

San Jose Ukulele Club
We'll Sing in the Sunshine (key of C)
by Gale Garnett (1964)

C    C7     F     G7     C
We'll sing in the sunshine, we'll laugh every da-a-a-ay,
C    C7     F     G7     C
We'll sing in the sunshine, then I'll be on my way.

C    F     G7     C
I will never love you, the cost of love is too dear.
F    G7     C
But though I'll never love you, I'll stay with you one year.

C7   F     G7     C
And we can sing in the sunshine, we'll laugh every da-a-a-ay
C7   F     G7     C
We'll sing in the sunshine, then I'll be on my way.

C    F     G7     C
I'll sing to you each morning, I'll kiss you every night
F    G7     C
But darling, don't cling to me, I'll soon be out of sight.

C    C7   F     G7     C
But we can sing in the sunshine, we'll laugh every da-a-a-ay
C    C7   F     G7     C
We'll sing in the sunshine, then I'll be on my way.

C    F     G7     C
My daddy, he once told me, "Hey don't you love you any man.
F    G7     C
Just take what they may give you, and give but what you can.

C    C7   F     G7     C
And you can sing in the sunshine, you'll laugh every da-a-a-ay.
C    C7   F     G7     C
You'll sing in the sunshine, then be on your way."

C    F     G7     C
And when our year has ended, and I have gone a-way.
F    G7     C
You'll often speak a-bout me, and this is what you'll say.

C    C7   F     G7     C
“We sang in the sunshine, you know we laughed every da-a-a-ay.
C    C7   F     G7     C
We sang in the sunshine, then she went on her way.”
What a Day For a Daydream (Key of C)
by John Sebastian (Lovin' Spoonful)

Verse:
C                             A7            Dm7                            G7
What a day for a daydream........what a day for a daydreamin' boy
C                            A7            Dm7                                   G7
And I'm lost in a daydream..........Dreamin' about my bundle of joy

Chorus 1:
F                     D7                    C         A7     F                         D7                      C           A7
And even if time ain't really on my side....It's one of those days for takin' a walk out-side
F                         D7       C               A7       G                                                     G7
I'm blowin' the day to walk in the sun.....and fall on my face on somebody's new-mowed lawn

C                           A7                Dm7                                       G7
I been havin' a sweet dream.....  I been dreamin' since I woke up today.
C                                         A7              Dm7                                                         G7
It's starring me and my sweet dream...  'cause she's the one that makes me feel this way

Chorus 2:
F                     D7                         C    A7   F                      D7                    C                         A7
And even if time is passin' me by a lot...I couldn't care less about the dues you say I've got
F                     D7                       C                 A7      G                                         G7
Tomorrow I'll pay the dues for droppin' my load...a pie in the face for bein' a sleepy bull toad.

Instrumental:  whistle while playing verse chords

Chorus 3:
F                     D7                     C    A7   F                      D7                    C           A7
And you can be sure that if you're feelin' right...a daydream will last 'til long into the night.
F                     D7                       C                   A7     G                                                 G7
Tomorrow at breakfast you may prick up your ears...or you may be daydreamin' for a thousand years

Ending: whistle and play chorus chords, end with a C
What a Wonderful World
by Bob Thiele and George Weiss (1968)

F          Am     Bb                 Am, Gm7
I see trees of green,      red roses too,
F      A7                  Dm
I see them bloom,    for me and you
C#6                 Gm7            C7             F       Bb, C7
And I think to myself,        what a wonderful world.

F         Am  Bb                        Am, Gm7
I see skies of blue,      and clouds of white,
F             A7              Dm
The bright blessed day , the dark sacred night,
C#6                  Gm7            C7             F    Bb, F
and I think to myself,       what a wonderful world.

C7                                    F
The colours of the rainbow, so pretty in the sky
C7                            F
Are also on the faces of people going by
Dm                    C                     Dm             C
I see friends shaking hands, saying “How to you do?”
Dm                C        Gm7/     F/     C7/
They're really saying, “I        love   you.”

F          Am , Bb                         Am, Gm7
I hear babies  cry,        I watch them grow.
F      A7                     Dm
They'll learn much more      than I'll ever know.
C#6                 Gm7            C7             F    D7
And I think to myself,        what a wonderful world.
Gm7                 C              C7             F    Bb, F
Yes, I think to myself     what a wonderful world.

San Jose Ukulele Club
When I’m Sixty-Four (key of C)
by Paul McCartney (1967)

(to play in original key (C#), capo up one fret)

Intro: C    .    .    .    .    .    .    .    F   .   G
C/ G/ C   .    .    .    .    .    .    .    .    .
C

When I get ol-der, losing my hair, many years from now
Will you still be send-ing me a val-en-tine, birth-day gree-ting, bottle of wine
If I’d been out till quarter to three, would you lock the door?
Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I’m six-ty-four?

Bridge:

Am  .   .   .   .   .   .   .   .   .   .   .   .   .   G   .   .   .   .   .   .   .   .   .   .   .   .   .   Am

You’ll be ol-der, too
And, if you say the word, I could stay with you
I could be han-dy, mending a fuse, when your lights have gone
You can knit a sweater by the fi-re-side, Sun-day mor-nings, go for a ride
Doing the gar-den, digging up weeds, who could ask for more?
Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I’m six-ty-four?

Bridge: Every summer we could rent a cottage in the Isle of Wight if it’s not too dear
We shall scrimp and save
Gra-and-chil-dren on your knee, Ver-ra, Chuck and Dave.

Send me a post-card, drop me a line, sta-ting point of view
Indi-cate pre-cisely what you mean to say, yours sin-cere-ly, wasting a-way
Give me an an-swer, fill in a form, mine for-e-ver more,
Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I’m six-ty-four? hoo!

End: C       .       .   F    .    .    G    .    .    .    .    C/G/C
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
by Ernest Ball, George Graff and Chauncy Olcott (1912)

C        G7        C        G7
There's a tear in your eye, and I'm wondering why
C
For it never should be there at all
G7                      C                  A7
With such power in your smile, sure a stone you'd beguile
D7                                 G7
So there's never a teardrop should fall.

C                 G7                C              G7
When your sweet lilting laughter's like some fairy song,
C                                        F
And your eyes twinkle bright as can be.
F                   B7                 C                  A7
You should laugh all the while, and all other times, smile.
D7                      G7
And now, smile a smile for me...

Chorus: When Irish eyes are smiling, sure, 'tis like the morn in Spring.
F               C                            D7                   G7
In the lilt of Irish laughter, you can hear the angels sing.
C      G7            C      C7            F                                   C
When Irish hearts are happy, all the world seems bright and gay.
F       D7          C                           D7             G7       C
And when Irish eyes are smiling, sure, they steal your heart a-way.

C            G7              C                  G7
For your smile is a part, of the love in your heart,
C
And it makes even sunshine more bright.
G7                      C                  A7
Like the linnet's sweet song, crooning all the day long,
D7                                 G7
Comes your laughter so tender and light

C                G7                C                G7
For the springtime of life, is the sweetest of all
C                                 F
There is ne'er a real care or regret;
F                   B7                      C                   A7
And while springtime is ours, throughout all of youth's hours,
D7                              G7
Let us smile each chance we get.

Chorus
When the Red Red Robin Comes Bob Bob Bobbin' Along
by Harry Woods (1926)

When the red, red robin comes bob, bob bobbin' a-long, a-long
There'll be no more sobbin' when he starts throbbin' his old, sweet song.

G
Wake up, wake up you sleepy head
D(2)
Get up, get up, get out of bed.
E(2)
Cheer up, cheer up, the sun is red.
A(2) Cdim Em7 A7
Live, love, laugh and be happy

D A D A7
What if I've been blue, now I'm walkin' through fields of flowers
D A D D7
Rain may glisten, but still I listen for hours and hours.

G Gm7
I'm just a kid again, doin' what I did again.
D Ddim
Singin' a song
D A D
When the red, red robin comes bob, bob bobbin' a-long.

San Jose Ukulele Club
When Will I Be Loved?
by Phil Everly (1960)

I've been made blue, (R) I've been lied to, (R) when will I be loved?
I've been turned down, (R) I've been pushed 'round, (R) when will I be loved?

Chorus: When I meet a new girl, that I want for mine
She always breaks my heart in two, it happens every time

I've been cheat-ed, (R) been mis-treat-ed, (R) when will I be loved?

Chorus: When I meet a new girl, that I want for mine
She always breaks my heart in two, it happens every time

San Jose Ukulele Club (added 1/7/14)
When You’re Smiling (Key of F)
by Larry Shea, Mark Fisher and Joe Goodwin (1929)

F   Am   D   Gm   Gm7   C7   C+   F7   Bb

When you’re smiling, when you’re smiling, the whole world smiles with you.
Gm   Gm7   C7   C+   F
When you’re laughing, when you’re laughing, the sun comes shining through
F7   Bb
But when you’re crying, you bring on the rain
G7   C   C7
so stop your sighing, be hap-py a-gain.
F   D   Gm   Am   F   C7
Keep on smiling, ’cause when you’re smiling, the whole world smiles with you!

Instrumental (with kazoo): repeat verse chords

F   Am   D   Gm
When you’re smiling, when you’re smiling, the whole world smiles with you.
Gm   Gm7   C7   C+   F
When you’re laughing, when you’re laughing, the sun comes shining through
F7   Bb
But when you’re crying, you bring on the rain
G7   C   C7
so stop your sighing, be hap-py a-gain.
F   D   Gm   Am   F   C7
Keep on smiling, ’cause when you’re smiling, the whole world smiles with you
Gm   Am   C   F2…F2/E/F2
The whole world smiles with youuuuuuuuuuu!

San Jose Ukulele Club
Where Did Our Love Go?
by Motown’s Hollan-Dozier-Holland (1964)
as sung by The Supremes

C             G
Baby, baby,baby don’t leave me
Dm            G
Oooh, please don’t leave me….all by my-self
C                                      G
I have got this yearning, burning, yearning, feeling in-side me
Dm                                G
Oooh, deep in-side me, and it hurts so bad.

C                     G
You came into my heart,… so tenderly
Dm                              G
With a burning love, that stings like a bee.
C                                G
But now that I surrendered, so helplessly
Dm                                      G
You now wanna leave, oooh, you wanna leave me.

C                         G
Oooh baby, baby, where did our love go?
Dm                                         G
Oooh don’t you want me, don’t you want me no more?

Instrumental: C,,G,,Dm,  G

C             G
Baby, baby where did our love go?
Dm            G
And all your promises of a love forever more?
C              G
I’ve got this burning, burning, yearning feeling in-side me
Dm                                G
Oooh deep in-side me, and it hurts so bad.

C                     G
Before you won my heart, you were a perfect guy
Dm                              G
But now that you got me, you wanna leave me behind
C                                G
Oooh baby, baby, where did our love go?
Dm                                      G
Oooh don’t you want me, don’t you want me no more? (fade.)

San Jose UkuleleClub
Where Did the Summer Go?
By Jim Beloff (2002)

Verse 1
D . . . . Gmaj7 Gm F#m .
A-no-ther sum-mer's gone a-gain and left me low
How did the time go by so fast?....... Where did the summer go?

Verse 2
D                                   G
Gmaj7       Gm      F#m
Another winter's on its way with lots of snow,
C9          A7             D9              B7    Gmaj7                Gm         D   D7
Burying memories deep in the past....Where did the summer go?

Bridge:
Wasn't it just yes-ter-day,
Cm                           G   Cm          G+2 . . F#\ F
The start of vac-a- tion.. .the end of rou-tine.
Bbm                         F   Bbm
And oh, how we needed to play,
F                         Bbm       F        A7
Some sweet recre-a-tion........a new change of scene.

D                                   Gmaj7       Gm      F#m
Another autumn's come to take us home a-gain,
C9          A7             D9              B7    Gmaj7                Gm         D   , C#7, Cm7
Pleasant enough, but I still want to know.....Where did the summer go?

Instrumental: same chords as Verse 2, while whistling.

Bridge

End:  D                                   Gmaj7       Gm      F#m
Another autumn's come to take us home a-gain,
C9          A7             D9              B7
Pleasant enough, but I still want to know....
Gmaj7          Gm             D       Bb7                Gmaj7              Gm         D, Dmaj7
Where did the summer........Where did the summer ........where did the summer....go?
Whiskey in the Jar
Traditional Irish Folk Song

As I was goin', over the far-famed Kerry mountains, I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'.

I first produced me pistol, and I then produced me rapier, Saying "Stand and deliver!" for he were a bold de-ceiv-er.

Chorus
Musha ring um a doo rum a da
Whack fol de daddy-o, whack fol de daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar.

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny, I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny.

She sighed and she swore, that she never would deceive me, but the Devil take the women for they never can be easy.

Chorus
I went up to me chamber, all for to take a slumber, I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder,

But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water and sent for Captain Farrell, to be ready for the slaughter.

Chorus
'Twas early in the morning, just be-before I rose to travel, Up comes a band of footmen, and likewise, Captain Farrell.

I first produced me pistol, for she'd stolen away me rapier, But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

Chorus
Instrumental (same chords as verse)
They put me in jail, with-out a jury or writin', for robbin' Captain Farrell in the mornin' so early
They couldn't take me fist, so I knocked down the sentry, and I bid a farewell to Sligo Penitentiary

Chorus
If anyone can aid me, tis my brother in the army. If I can find his station, in Cork or in Killarney,

And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' in Kilkenny, and I'm sure he'll treat me better than me only sportin' Jenny

Chorus
Now there's some take delight in the carriages a-rollin', and others take delight in the hurlin' and the bowlin'.

But I take delight in the juice of the barley, and courting pretty fair maids in the mornin' bright and early.

Chorus and repeat last two lines of chorus to end.
White Christmas
By Irving Berlin

C C#dim Dm G7 F G7 C
I'm dreaming of a white Christmas, just like the ones I used to know.

C Cmaj7 C7 F Fm C A7 D7 G7
Where the tree tops glisten, and children listen, to hear sleigh bells in the snow.

C C#dim Dm G7 F G7 C
I'm dreaming of a white Christmas, with every Christmas card I write.

C Cmaj7 C7 F Fm C C#dim Dm G7 C
May your days be merry and bright, and may all your Christmases be white.

Instrumental: same chords as verse:

C C#dim Dm G7 F G7 C
A-----------------------------------0--2--3--5--3--2--0-----
E--0---1---0-----0---1---2---3-----------------------------3--
C-----------------------------------3--
G------------------------------------------------------------------

C Cmaj7 C7 F Fm C A7 D7 G7
A-----------------------------------0--------------------------------
E----------------0---0---0-----3-----------------------------3--1--0--1--0-----
C----------------0--2----------------0-0-0-----------------------------2--0--2--
G------------------------------------------------------------------

C C#dim Dm G7 F G7 C
A-----------------------------------0--2--3--5--3--2--0-----
E--0---1---0-----0---1---2---3-----------------------------3--
C-----------------------------------3--
G------------------------------------------------------------------

C Cmaj7 C7 F Fm C C#dim Dm G7 C
A----------------------0-----------------------------0------
E----------------0---0---0-----3-----------------------------0--0--0---
C--0--2----------------0-2-----------------------------0--0--2--3--
G------------------------------------------------------------------

C Cmaj7 C7 F Fm C C#dim Dm G7 C
May your days be merry and bright, and may all your Christmases be white.

San Jose Ukulele Club
White Sandy Beach

By Willy Dan


A ---3----0-0-0---------0-------3--0-0-0---------0-----0-1-----------1---------0-----------3-------
E ---1-------1-1-1--3------1-------1-1-1--3------1___1--3------1-3-1-1---------0-------
C ---0-------0-0-0---------0-------0-0-0---------0---------2-----------1---------0-------
G ---2-------2-2-2------2-------2-2-2------2--------3-------3-------3-------2--2s13---------

F
I saw you in my dream . . we were walking hand in hand . .
Bb Bbm F . .|

On a white . . sandy beach . . of Hawai`i

F
We were playing in the sun . . we were having so much fun . .
Bb Bbm F . .|

On a white . . sandy beach . . of Hawai`i

. C Bb C . .
The sound of the ocean . . soothes my restless soul

The sound of the ocean . . rocks me all night long

F
Those hot long summer days . . lying there in the sun . .
Bb Bbm F . .|

On a white . . sandy beach . . of Hawai`i

. C Bb C . .
The sound of the ocean . . soothes my restless soul

The sound of the ocean . . rocks me all night long

F
Last night in my dream . . I saw your face again . .
Bb Bbm . .|

We were there . . in the sun
Bbm . . .| . .| . .| . . F . .|

On a white . . sandy beach . . of Hawai`i

San Jose Ukulele Club
Why Don't Women Like Me?
By George Formby

GLHKC
G                     E7              A7                                                D7                                                  G
Now I know I'm not handsome, no good looks or wealth, but the girls I chase say my plain face will compromise their health.
G                     E7                         A7                                                                                                            D7
Now I know fellas worse than me, bow-legged and boss-eyed, walking out with lovely women clinging to their side.
G                                                         A7            D7              G
Now if women like them like men like those, why don't women like me?
C                          G                       A7                                                       D7
Look at Empress Josephine, the most attractive woman that ever was seen,
G                 E7                A7                                                       D7
Yet Napoleon, short and fat, captivates a lovely looking dame like that.
G                                                         A7              D7            G           E7      A7            D7            G
Now if women like them like men like those, why don't women like me, hey hey, why don't women like me?
G                        E7               A7                                              D7                                                    G
Last night I went out walking, my intentions were to click, but the sights I saw while walking out, they nearly made me sick.
E7                   A7                                                                                                  D7
I must admit I saw some girls, attractive little dears, arm in arm with ugly men with cauliflower ears!
G                                                        A7            D7              G
Now if women like them like men like those, why don't women like me?
C                          G                       A7                                            D7
What can the attraction be, that's the thing that always starts to worry me.
G                            E7                     A7                                                D7
Although I haven't got a bean, I've got a lot of things that girls have never seen
G                                                         A7              D7            G         E7    A7            D7             G
So If women like them like men like those, why don't women like me, hey hey, why don't women like me?
G                     E7          A7                                      D7                                             G
Now I went for my holidays down to the gay seaside, I saw a lot of things there being hidden by the tide.
G                      E7                         A7                                                                                                                    D7
The way the women jumped around the men there in the sea, made me think that there is still a good chance left for me.
G                                                               A7            D7              G
'Cause if women like them like men like those, why don't women like me?
C                          G                       A7                                       D7
Of all the shapes and sizes there, I've got a chance of clicking yet I do declare
G                                     E7              A7                                           D7
Although I don't want to be a nark, I saw a lot of things below the watermark.
G                                                         A7              D7            G             E7    A7            D7            G
Now if women like them like men like those, why don't women like me, hey hey, why don't women like me?

Instrumental   Same chords as the following verse.

G                                                           A7            D7              G
Now if women like them like men like those, why don't women like me?
C                          G                       A7                                      D7
Take Lord Nelson with one limb, Lady William-Hamilton, she fell for him.
G                          E7                           A7                                         D7
With one eye and one arm gone west, she ran like the devil and she grabbed the rest
G                            A7                     D7                                                 G
Now if women like them like men like those, why don't women like me, hey hey, why don't women like me?
Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow?
By Gerry Goffin and Carole King (1960)

C Am F G
Tonight, you're mine com-pletely
C Am Dm G
You give your love so sweet-ly.
E Am
To-night, the light of love is in your eyes
F G C
But will you love me to-mor-row?

C Am F G
Is this a lasting treasure?
C Am Dm G
Or just a moment's pleas-ure?
E Am
Can I believe the magic of your sighs?
F G C
Will you still love me to-mor-row?

F Em
Bridge: Tonight with words un-spoken,
F C
You said that I'm the only one.
F Em
But will my heart be broken,
F Dm F G
When the night meets the morning sun?

C Am F G
I'd like to know that your love
C Am Dm G
Is love, I can be sure of
E Am
So tell me now and I won't ask again.
F G C
Will you still love me to-mor-row?
F G C
Will you still love me to-mor-row?

San Jose Ukulele Club
Winter Wonderland
by Felix Bernard and Dick Smith (1934)

Intro: D7, G7, C, A7, D7, G7, C

Sleigh bells ring... are you listening? In the lane, snow is glistening.
A beautiful sight, we're happy to-night
Walking in a winter wonderland.

Gone a-way is the blue-bird. Here to stay is a new bird.
He sings a love song, as we go a-long,
Walking in a winter wonderland.

Bridge: In the meadow, we can build a snow man
Then pretend that he is Parson Brown
He'll say “Are you married?” We'll say “No man,
But you can do the job when you're in town”.

Later on, we'll con-spire, as we dream by the fire
To face un-a-fraid, the plans that we've made,
Walking in a winter wonderland.

Repeat bridge

Later on, we'll con-spire, as we dream by the fire
To face un-a-fraid, the plans that we've made,
Walking in a winter wonderland.
Witchy Woman
by The Eagles

**Riffs need low G-string**  Suggested Strum: D, U, chunk, U

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Gm</th>
<th>D7</th>
<th>C</th>
<th>Gm</th>
<th>D7</th>
<th>C</th>
<th>Gm</th>
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<td>A</td>
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(Play twice)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Gm</th>
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<tr>
<td>D</td>
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<td>C</td>
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</table>
| G  |0-h3-3-3-0-3-0-h3-3-3-0-3-

Gm  D7                  Gm
Raven hair and ruby lips, sparks fly from her finger-tips
Gm                   D7                  Gm
Echoed voices in the night, she’s a restless spirit on an endless flight

**Chorus:**  Woo-hoo, witchy woman, see how high she flies

<table>
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<th>Gm</th>
<th>D7</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>D</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gm</td>
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Woo-hoo, witchy woman, she got the moon in her eyes

Instrumental:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Gm</th>
<th>D7</th>
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<th>Gm</th>
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<tbody>
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<td>E</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
| C  |2-2-0-2-2-0-2-2-0-
| G  |---|

Gm  D7                  Gm
She held me spell-bound in the night, dancing shadows in the fire-light
Gm                   D7
Crazy laughter in an-other room,
Gm
and she drove herself to madness with a silver spoon

**Chorus**

Instrumental (play twice)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Gm</th>
<th>D7</th>
<th>D7</th>
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<td>D</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gm</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

ah...ah ah ah...ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah
Gm                   D7                   D7                   Gm
ah...ah ah ah...ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah

Instrumental (play twice)

<table>
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<th>Gm</th>
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<td>C</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gm</td>
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</table>

I know you want to love her but let me tell you brother
Cm                   D7                   Gm
She’s been sleepin’ in the devil’s bed.
Gm
There’s some rumours goin’ round. Someone’s underground,
D7                   C                   Gm
She can rock you in the night till your skin turns red.

**Chorus**
Worried Man Blues

Count: 1–2–3 -

CHORUS:
   G
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.
   C         G
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.

   D7       G
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.
   D7
I’m worried now, but I won’t be worried long.
   G             D7          G(5)   D7/ G/
(Ending) I’m worried now, but I won’t be worried long.

   G
I went across the river and I lay down to sleep.
   C         G
I went across the river and I lay down to sleep.

   D7       G
I went across the river and I lay down to sleep.
   D7
When I woke up – had shackles on my feet

CHORUS
Wouldn’t It Be Nice
by Brian Wilson (the Beach Boys)

Intro: fingerpick: A --------- 12----------------- 9 ---------12--------- 9---------
E ---------9---------10-10- |---------9---------10--10-- |
C --9-----------9------------------9---------9---------9---------

Wouldn’t it be nice if we were old-er then we wouldn’t have to wait so long

And wouldn’t it be nice to live to-ge-ther in the kind of world where we be-long

You know it’s gonna make it that much be-ter when we can say goodnight and stay to-geth-er

Wouldn’t it be nice if we could wake up in the morning when the day is new

And after that to spend the day to-geth-er hold each other close the whole night through

The happy times to-geth-er we’d be spend-ing I wish that every kiss was ne-ver end-ing

Oh, wouldn’t it be nice

Bridge

Dmaj7 . . . . . . Gmaj7 . . . . . . F#m . . . . . . Bm7 . . .

Maybe i--f we think and wish and hope and pray it might come true

Dmaj7 . . . . . . Gmaj7 . . . . . . F#m . . . . . . Bm7 . .

Baby, the-n there wouldn’t be a single thing we couldn’t do

We could be mar-ried, (we could be mar-ried) And then we’d be ha--ppy, (then we’d be ha--ppy)

Oh wouldn’t it be nice? (Baaaa-baa-baa-baa-baa-baa-baa Baaaa-baa-baa-baa-baa-baa-baa-baa)

(SLOW THE TEMPO)

Dm . . . . . . . . . . . . Cm7 . . . . . . . . . . . . Dm . . . . . . . . . . . . Am . . . . . . Gm7 . .

You know it seems the more we talk a-bout it. It only makes it worse to li---ve with-out it.

But let’s talk a-bo--ut it

Wouldn’t it be nice? (Baaaa-baa-baa-baa-baa-baa-baa-baa ... etc.

Gooooood night, ma ba-by, sleeeeeep tight, ma ba-by

Gooooood night, ma ba-by . . .

San Jose Ukulele Club
Yellow Submarine
by John Lennon and Paul McCartney

G D C G
In the town, where I was born,
Em Am Cmaj7 D
Lived a man, who sailed to sea.
G D C G
And he told us of his life
Em Am Cmaj7 D
In the land of submarines.
G D C G
So we sailed up to the sun
Em Am Cmaj7 D
Till we found the sea of green.
G D C G
And we lived, be-neath the waves
Em Am Cmaj7 D7
In our yellow sub-ma-rine.

Chorus: We all live in a yellow submarine, yellow submarine, yellow submarine.
G D G
We all live in a yellow submarine, yellow submarine, yellow submarine.

D C G
And our friends are all on board,
Em Am Cmaj7 D
Many more of them, live next door.
G D C G
And the band be-gins to play (play kazoo bit)

Chorus: (we all live in a …)

G D C G
As we live a life of ease
Em Am Cmaj7 D
Ev’ry one of us has all we need
G D C G
Sky of blue, and sea of green
Em Am Cmaj7 D7
In our yellow sub-ma-rine.

Repeat chorus and fade

San Jose Ukulele Club
You Are My Sunshine

Intro: C   G7   C

Chorus:
You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are grey
You'll never know dear, how much I love you
Please don't take my sunshine a-way

The other night dear as I lay sleeping
I dreamed I held you in my arms
But when I woke dear, I was mis-taken
And I hung my head and I cried

Chorus:
You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are grey
You'll never know dear, how much I love you
Please don't take my sunshine a-way

I'll always love you and make you happy
If you will only say the same
But if you leave me and love an-o-ther
You'll regret it all someday

Chorus:
You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are grey
You'll never know dear, how much I love you
Please don't take my sunshine a-way

Oh please don't take my sunshine a-way
Oh please don't take my sunshine a-way

San Jose Ukulele Club
You Are the Sunshine of My Life

by Stevie Wonder

C Dm Em7 Gdim
You are the sunshine of my life
Dm G7 C Dm G7
That's why I'll always be around
C Dm Em7 Gdim
You are the apple of my eye
Dm G7 C Dm G7
Forever you'll stay in my heart

Chorus 1:
C Dm G F
I feel like this is the beginning
C F G E7
Though I've loved you for a million years
A D Am D
And if I thought our love was ending
D7 G7
I'd find myself drowning in my own tears.

C Dm Em7 Gdim
You are the sunshine of my life
Dm G7 C Dm G7
That's why I'll always stay around
C Dm Em7 Gdim
You are the apple of my eye
Dm G7 C Dm G7
Forever you'll stay in my heart

Chorus 2:
C Dm G F
You must have known that I was lonely
C F G E7
Because you came to my rescue
A D Am D
And I know this must be heaven
D7 G7
How could so much love be inside of you?

C Dm Em7 Gdim
You are the sunshine of my life
Dm G7 C Dm G7
That's why I'll always be around
C Dm Em7 Gdim
You are the apple of my eye
Dm G7 C
 Forever you'll stay in my heart

End (slow tempo) Forever you'll stay in my heart

San Jose Ukulele Club
You Light Up My Life
by Joe Brooks

Am          D             G             Em
So many nights, I’d sit by my window
F#m             B7               Em                     E7
Waiting for someone to sing me his/her song
Am           D             G                  Em
So many dreams, I kept deep inside me
F#                                         A7               Em7   A7
Alone in the dark, but now you’ve come along.

D                       D7
Chorus: And you light up my life
B7                Em
You give me hope to carry on
Em7            A7                       D     Bm    Em    A7
You light up my days, and fill my nights, with song.

Am            D         G             Em
Rolling at sea, a-drift on the waters
F#m           B7             Em              E7
Could it be finally, I’m turning for home?
Am           D            G                Em
Finally a chance to say, “Hey, I love you”
F#                  A7   Em7   A7
Never again, to be all alone

Chorus

Ending
D                                       D7
And you, you light up my life
B7                 Em
You give me hope, to carry on
Em7       A7                       F#            Bm
You light up my days, and fill my nights with song
E                D                  F#                 Bm        E
It can’t be wrong, when it feels so right
D ,Em A            G       D       A            G      D
‘Cause you, you light up my-y-y-y-ly i-i-ife.

San Jose Ukulele Club
(You Make Me) Smile (Key of C)
by Uncle Kracker


C               Dm               F               G .
You're better than the best I'm lucky just to linger in your light
Cooler than the flip side of my pillow, that's right.
Completely unaware nothing can compare to where you send me
Let me know that it's o-kay, yeah, it's o-kay.
And the moments where my good times start to fade

You make me smile like the sun, fall out of bed, singing like a bird, dizzy in my head,
Spin like a record, crazy on a Sunday ni-i-ight
You make me dance like a fool, forget how to breathe, shine like gold, buzz like a bee
Just the thought of you can drive me wi-i-ild, Ohh, you make me smile.

Bridge: Don't know how I lived with-out you cuz every-time that I get a-round you
I see the best of me in-side your ey-y-es You make me smi-i-i-i-i-i-i-l-e

Chorus:**

Bridge: (sung quietly)

Chorus:***

(Oh, you make me smile) Oh you make me smile Oh you make me smile

San Jose Ukulele Club
(You Make Me) Smile  (original key of E)
by Uncle Kracker (2009)

Intro:  E          F#m         A          B

E          F#m         A          B          E
You're better than the best    I'm lucky just to linger in your light
     F#m         A          B
Cooler than the flip side of my pillow,    that's right.
E          F#m         A          B
Completely unaware    nothing can compare to where you send me
     A          F#m         A
Lets me know that it's o-kay,    yeah, it's o-kay.
B          A          F#m  B
And the moments where my good times start to fade

Chorus:  You make me smile like the sun,    fall out of bed,    sing like a bird,    dizzy in my head,
E          B          A          B
Spin like a record,    crazy on a Sunday ni-i-ght
            C#m  A
You make me dance like a fool,    for-get how to breathe,    shine like gold,    buzz like a bee
E          B          A          B          E* (1st time)
Just the thought of you can drive me wi-i-ild,    Ohh, you make me smile.
C#m** (2nd time)
F#m*** (3rd time)

F#m          A          B
Even when you're gone    some-how you come along
     B          A          F#m  A
Just like a flower poking through the sidewalk crack    and just like that
B          A          B
You steal a-way the rain and just like that

Chorus: **

(*C#m ****    C#m7 ****)*

Bridge:    Don't know how I lived with-out you    cuz    every-time that I get a-round you
C#m ****    F# ****    A ****    B ****
I see the best of me in-side your ey-y-es    You make me smi-i-i-i-i-i-ile

(sung quietly)    E          B          A          B
You make me dance like a fool,    for-get how to breathe,    Shine like gold,    buzz like a bee
E          B          A \ (B)
Just the thought of you can drive me wi-i-ild (Tacit)

Chorus:***

Ending: (**F#m)  A          B          F#m  A          B          E\(Oh, you, make me smile)  Oh you make me smile
You Send Me by Sam Cooke (1957)

G  Em  Am7  D7
Darling, you-oo-oo-oo send me .... I know, you-oo-oo-oo send me
(oooo  oooo  oooo  oooo) (oooo  oooo  oooo  oooo)
G  Em  Am7  D7
Darling, you-oo-oo-oo send me .... Honest you do, honest you do, honest you do, Whoa-oh-oh-oh
(ooooooo  oooo  oooo  oooo) (ooooooo  oooo  oooo  oooo)

G  Em  Am7  D7  G  Em  Am7  D7
You-oo-oo-oo thrill me... know you-oo-oo-oo thrill me
(oooo  oooo  oooo  oooo) (oooo  oooo  oooo  oooo)
G  Em  Am7  D7
Darling you-oo-oo-oo thrill me.... Honest you do.(you-oo-oo-oo-oo, you-oo-oo-oo)
(oooo  oooo  oooo  oooo)

Bridge: At first, I thought it was in-fat-u-a-tion, but, ooo, it lasted so long
Am7 / /  G / /  E7 / /  A7 / (←-------tacit-----→) Am7 / D7
Now I find to myself want-ing to marry you, and take you home . whoah-oh-oh-oh

G  Em  Am7  D7  G  Em  Am7  D7
I know you-oo-oo-oo send me..... Honest you doo0000,
(ooooooooo  oooo  oooo  oooo) (ooooooo  oooo  oooo  oooo)

G  Em  Am7  D7
(You-oo-oo-oo send me) (You-oo-oo-oo send me)
Whoa-Whenever I’m with you I know, I know, I know when I’m near you
G  Em  Am7  D7
(You-oo-oo-oo send me)
Mmm-mm-mm mm Honest you do, honest you do Whoah-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
G  Em  Am7  D7
(You-oo-oo-oo thrill me) (You-oo-oo-oo thrill me)
I know, I know, I know when you hold me Whoa-oh-oh-oh whenever you kiss me
G  Em  Am7  D7
(You-oo-oo-oo thrill me)
Mmm-mm-mm mm Honest you do, honest you do Whoah-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh

Bridge: At first, I thought it was in-fat-u-a-tion, but, ooo, it lasted so long
Am7 / /  G / /  E7 / /  A7 / (←-------tacit-----→) Am7 / D7
Now I find to myself want-ing ... to marry you, and take you home . I know, I know. I know

G  Em  Am7  D7  G  Em  Am7  D7
You-oo-oo-oo send me .... I know, you-oo-oo-oo send me Whoa-oh-oh-oh
(oooo  oooo  oooo  oooo) (oooo  oooo  oooo  oooo)
G  Em  Am7  D7
You-oo-oo-oo send me, .... Honest you do Am7 G Am7/ G/
(oooo  oooo  oooo  oooo) (oooo-00-00-00 oo--oo oo-oo-oo--oo 00)
Your Cheatin Heart
by Hank Williams

(sing g)

C\ (--Tacet-------) C F
Your cheat-in' hear-r-rt will make you wee-EEP.
G7 C
You'll cry and cr-y-y-y and try to slee-eep

C\ (--Tacet-------) C F
But sleep won't co-o-ome the whole night throu-UGH.
G7 C
Your cheat-in' hear-r-rt will tell on yo-o-o-u

Chorus: C\ (--Tacet------------) F C
When tears come do-o-own like fallin' ra-a-ain
D7 G7
You'll toss a-ro-o-OUND and call my na-a-AME

G7\ (--Tacet-------) C F
You'll walk the floo-or the way I do-o-o.
G7 C
Your cheatin' hear-r-rt will tell on yo-o-o-u

Inst: C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | F . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . . |

C\ (--Tacet-------) C F
Your cheatin' hear-r-rt will pine some da-a-ay,
G7 C
and crave the lo-o-o-ve you threw a-wa-a-ay

C\ (--Tacet-------) C F
The time will co-o-ome when you'll be blu-u-UE.
G7 C
Your cheat-in' hear-r-rt will tell on yo-o-o-u

Chorus: C\ (--Tacet------------) F C
When tears come do-o-own like fallin' ra-a-ain
D7 G7
You'll toss a-ro-o-OUND and call my na-a-AME

G7\ (--Tacet-------) C F
You'll walk the floo-oor the way I do-o-o.
G7 C
Your cheatin' hear-r-rt will tell on yo-o-o-u

Brian W.-San Jose Ukulele Club
Your Cheatin’ Heart - in G
by Hank Williams

Intro:

(sing d)
G\ (--Tacet-------) G

Your cheat-in’ hear-r-rt will make you wee-ep.

D7
You’ll cry and cr-y-y-y and try to slee-ep

G\ (--Tacet-------) G

But sleep won’t co-o-ome the whole night thro-u-ugh.

D7
Your cheat-in’ hear-r-rt will tell on yo-o-ou

Chorus:
G\ (--Tacet-----------) C

When tears come do-o-own like fallin’ ra-a-ain

A7
You’ll toss a-ro-o-und and call my na-a-ame

D7\ (--Tacet--------) G

You’ll walk the floo-oor the way I do-o-o.

D7
Your cheatin’ hear-r-rt will tell on yo-o-ou

Inst:
G . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | D7 . . . | . . . | G . . . |

G\ (--Tacet--------) G

Your cheatin’ hear-r-rt will pine some da-a-ay,

D7
and crave the lo-o-ove you threw a-wa-a-ay

G\ (--Tacet--------) G

The time will co-o-ome when you’ll be blu-u-ue.

D7
Your cheat-in’ hear-r-rt will tell on yo-o-ou

Chorus:
G\ (--Tacet-----------) C

When tears come do-o-own like fallin’ ra-a-ain

A7
You’ll toss a-ro-o-und and call my na-a-ame

D7\ (--Tacet--------) G

You’ll walk the floo-oor the way I do-o-o.

D7
Your cheatin’ hear-r-rt will tell on yo-o-ou

Brian W.- San Jose Ukulele Club
Your Mother Should Know
by Paul McCartney (1967)

Intro: Am . . . | . . .
Am                           F
A7                     Dm
Let’s all get up and dance to a song that was a hit before your mother was born
G7                                    C          C
Though she was born a long, long time a-go,
D7            G7                                       C                 E7\
Your mother should know (your mother) your mother should know (ah-ah) Sing it again

Am                           F
A7                     Dm
Let’s all get up and dance to a song that was a hit before your mother was born
G7                                    C          C
Though she was born a long, long time a-go,
D7            G7                                       C
Your mother should know (your mother) your mother should know (ah-ah)

Am                           F
A7                     Dm
Lift up your hearts and sing me a song that was a hit before your mother was born
G7                                    C          C
Though she was born a long, long time a-go,
D7            G7                                       C           A7
Your mother should know (your mother) your mother should know (ah-ah-ah)
Your mother should know (your mother) your mother should know (ah-ah)

Am                           F
A7                     Dm
G7                                    C          C
Though she was born a long, long time a-go,
D7            G7                                       C           A7
Your mother should know (your mother) your mother should know (ah-ah-ah)
Your mother should know (your mother) your mother should know (ah-ah-ah)
Your mother should know (your mother) your mother should know (yeah yeah)

San Jose Ukulele Club
(6/30/14)
You’re A Grand Old Flag and Yankee Doodle Boy
by George M. Cohan (1906)

Intro: F . .
G7/C7/F/F#dim/C7/

F/ Bb/ F C7 F C7
You’re a grand old flag, you’re a high fly-ing flag and forever in peace may you wave
Gm7 C7 F/ A7/ Dm G7 C7/ Gm7/ C7

You’re the em-blem of the land I love, the home of the free and the brave.
F/ Bb/ F C7 F D7 G7 C7

Every heart beats true ‘neath the red, white and blue, where there’s never a boast or a brag.
F C7 B7/ C7 G7 C7 F
Should auld acquaintance be for-got, Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

Repeat
G7 C7 F/ C#7/ D7 . . . .

End: Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

G A7 D7 G/ C/ G
I’m a Yankee Doodle dan-dy, a Yankee Doodle do or die
E7 Am/ E7/ Am/ A7 D7/ A7/ D7/

A dear old nephew of my Un-cle Sam, born on the Fourth of Ju-ly
G A7 D7 G/ C/ G

I’ve got a Yankee Doodle sweet heart, she’s my Yankee doodle joy.
G/ G/ G/ G/

Yankee Doodle went to London, just to ride the ponies,
A7 D7 G D7/ G/

I am a Yankee Doodle boy

Repeat

Aki I.-San Jose Ukulele Club
You’ve got a Friend in Me
by Randy Newman

Intro: C, C7, F,(F#dim7), C, G7, C, Bb, B, C, B, Bb, B

C G C C7 F (F#dim7) C C7
You’ve got a friend in me. You’ve got a friend in me
F C E7 Am F C E7 Am
When the road looks rough ahead, and you’re miles and miles from your nice warm bed.
F C E7 Am
You just remember what your old pal said
D7 G C A7 D7 G C
Boy, you’ve got a friend in me, yeah. You’ve got a friend in me.

Instrumental: C7, F, (F#dim7), C, G7, C

C G C C7 F (F#dim7) C C7
You’ve got a friend in me. You’ve got a friend in me
F C E7 Am
You’ve got your troubles, and I got them too
F C E7 Am
There isn’t anything I wouldn’t do for you.
F C E7 Am
We stick together, we can see it through
D7 G C A7 D7 G C
‘Cause you’ve got a friend in me. You’ve got a friend in me.

F B
Some other folks might be a little bit smarter than I am
C B C
Bigger and stronger too, maybe.
B C D B
But none of them will ever love you
Em A Dm G
The way I do. It’s me and you, boy.

C G C C7 F (F#dim7) C C7
And as the years go by, our friendship will never die
F (F#dim7) C Em Am
You’re gonna see it’s our des---ti----ny.

D7 G C A7 D7 G C A7 D7 G C
You’ve got a friend in me. You’ve got a friend in me. You’ve got a friend in me.

Outtro: C, C7, F, (F#dim7), C, G7, C
You've Got to Hide Your Love Away
Lennon/McCartney

Suggested strum: d  d u d u  
(chords in optional walk-down)

G   D   F   G   C            F   C
Here I stand, head in hand, turn my face to the wall
G   D   F   G   C            F   C   D
If she's gone, I can't go on, feeling two foot sma--a--all
G   D   F   G   C            F   C
Every where, people stare, each and every day
G   D   F   G   C            F   C   D (D(2), D7, Bm7, D)
I can see them laugh at me, and I hear them sa-a-a-y

G   C  Dsus4, D, Dsus2, D
Hey, you've got to hide your love a-way
G   C  Dsus4, D, Dsus2, D
Hey, you've got to hide your love away

G   D   F   G   C            F   C
How can I even try, I can never win
G   D   F   G   C            F   C   D
Hearing them, seeing them, in the state I'm i--i--in
G   D   F   G   C            F   C
How could she say to me, love will find a way
G   D   F   G   C            F   C   D (D(2), D7, Bm7, D)
Gather 'round, all you clowns, let me hear you sa-a-a-y

G   C  Dsus4, D, Dsus2, D
Hey, you've got to hide your love a-way
G   C  Dsus4, D, Dsus2, D
Hey, you've got to hide your love away

Ending chords and (flute) tab:

San Jose Ukulele Club
Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah
by Allie Wrubel and Ray Gilbert (1945)

C G7 C F C
Zip-a-dee-doo-dah, zip-a-dee-ay
F C D7 G7
My, oh my, what a wonderful day
C G7 C F C
Plenty of sun-shine, headin' my way
F C Am Dm G7 C
Zip-a-dee-doo dah, zip--a--dee--ay!

G7 C
Mister bluebird on my shoul-der,
D7
It's the truth, it's "ach'll,"
G (Tacet)
   Everything is “satisfach'll"

C G7 C F C
Zip-a-dee-doo-dah, zip-a-dee-ay,
F C Am D7 G7 C
Wonderful feel-ing, wonder-ful day!

G7 C
Mister bluebird on my shoul-der,
D7
It's the truth, it's "ach'll,"
G (Tacet)
   Everything is “satisfach'll"

C G7 C F C
Zip-a-dee-doo-dah, zip-a-dee-ay,
F C Am D7 G7 C
Wonderful feel-ing, wonder-ful day!