

C B G B

Country, Bluegrass, Gospel, and Blues
Old-Timey Music



Ukulele Gumbo
Shreve Memorial Library

Ukulele Gumbo / Shreve Memorial Library Ukulele Jam - CBGB

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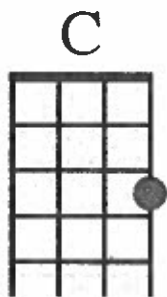
Act Naturally ⁹¹



Intro D G *First Note*
C

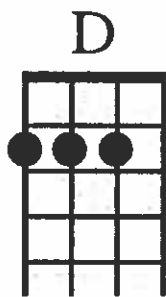
G C
They're gonna put me in the movies
G D
They're gonna make a big star out of me
G C
They'll make a film about a man that's sad and lonely
D G
And all I gotta do is Act Naturally

*Ringo**

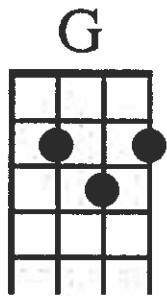


BRIDGE

D G
Well I bet you I'm gonna be a big star
D G
I might win an Oscar You can never tell
D G
The movies gonna make me a big star
A D
'Cos I can play the part so well



G C
We'll make a film about a man that's sad and lonely
G D
And begging down upon his bended knee
G C
I'll play the part But I won't need rehearsin'
D G
Cos all I gotta do is Act Naturally



Bridge →

G C
Well I hope you come and see me in the movies
G D
Then I know that you will plainly see
G C
The biggest fool that ever hit the big time
D G
And all I gotta do is Act Naturally

Amazing Grace

First Note
G

C, Am, G7, C

C C7 F C Am G7
Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me.

C C7 F C Am G7 C
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

C C7 F C Am G7
'Twas grace, that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved.

C C7 F C Am G7 C
How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first believed.

C C7 F C Am G7
Through many dangers, toils and snares, I have already come.

C C7 F C Am G7 C
'Tis grace hath brought me safe, thus far, And grace will lead me home.

C C7 F C Am G7
When we've been there ten thousand years, bright shining as the sun,

C C7 F C Am G7 C C7
We've no less days to sing God's praise, Than when we first begun.

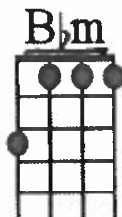
KEY CHANGE

F F7 Bb F Dm C7
Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me.

F F7 Bb F Dm C7 F
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

Tag:

Dm C7 F Bb, Bbm, F
Was blind, but now I see



Are You Praying Hard

First Note
G

Verse 1:

G C G
I was down and feeling lonesome, I was blue as I could be
Em C D G
When I finally reached the bottom, Someone said these words to me

Chorus:

G
Are you praying hard or are you hardly praying
C G
On your mind is trouble weighing
Em
Listen close to what I'm saying
C D G
Are you praying hard or are you hardly praying

Verse 2:

G C G
If you got trials and tribulations, Thinking God has turned His back
Em C D G
If you wanna change your situation, Take a look at where you're at

Chorus:

G
Are you praying hard or are you hardly praying
C G
On your mind is trouble weighing
Em
Listen close to what I'm saying
C D G
Are you praying hard or are you hardly praying

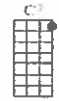
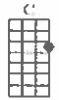
TAG:

G Em
Listen close to what I'm saying
C D G
Are you praying hard, (pause) or are you hardly praying

Back Home Again

Intro: [C] Vamp till ready
(Verse1)

*First Note
G*



[C] There's a storm across the [C7] valley, [F] clouds are rollin' [Dm] in
The [G7] afternoon is heavy on your [C] shoulders [G7]
There's a [C] truck out on the [C7] four lane a [F] mile or more a [Dm] way
The [G7] whinin' of his wheels just makes it [C] colder [G7]

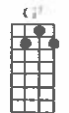
(Verse2)

[C] He's an hour away from [C7] ridin' on your [F] prayers up in the [Dm] sky
And [G7] ten days on the road are barely [C] gone [G7]
There's a [C] fire softly [C7] burnin', [F] suppers on the [Dm] stove
But it's the [G7] light in your eyes that makes him [C] warm [C7]



(Chorus)

*[F] Hey it's good to [G7] be back home a [C] gain
[F] Sometimes [G7] this old farm [C] feels like a long-lost [F] friend
Yes n [G7] hey, it's good to be back home a [C] gain*



(Verse 3)

[C] There's all the news to [C7] tell him, [F] how'd you spend your [Dm] time
[G7] What's the latest thing the neighbors [C] say [G7]
And your [C] mother called last [C7] Friday, [F] sunshine made her [Dm] cry
You [G7] felt the baby move just yester [C] day [C7]

(Chorus)

(Bridge)

[F] Long time that [G7] I can lay this [C] tired old body [F] down
[Dm] Feel your fingers [G7] feather soft [C] upon me [C7]
The [F] kisses that I [G7] live for, the [C] love that lights my [F] way
The [Dm] happiness that [F] livin' with you [G7] brings me

(Verse3)

It's the [C] sweetest thing I [C7] know of, just [F] spending time with [Dm] you
It's the [G7] little things that make a house a [C] home [G7]
Like a [C] fire softly [C7] burnin' [F] supper on the [Dm] stove
The [G7] light in your eyes that keeps me [C] warm [C7]

(Chorus)...X2

Yes n [G7] hey, it's good to be back home a [C] gain
Yes n [G7] hey, it's good to be back home a [F] ga [C] in

BUFFALO GIRLS

C
Buffalo gals, woncha come out tonight
G7 C
Come out tonight, come out tonight

Buffalo gals, woncha come out tonight
G7 C
And dance by the light of the moon

First Note
C

**CHORUS**

C
Ain't ya, ain't ya, ain't ya, ain't ya coming out tonight
G7 C
Come out tonight, come out tonight

Ain't ya, ain't ya, ain't ya, ain't ya coming out tonight
G7 C
To dance by the light of the moon

TIPS & NOTES

Play this song with the
Pick Strum method.

C
Danced with the dolly with a hole in her stocking
G7 C
And her feet kept-a-rocking and her knees kept a-knocking
Well I danced with the dolly with a hole in her stocking
G7 C
And we danced by the light of the moon

CHORUS

C
Had a little girl with freckles on her face
G7 C
Freckles on her face, freckles on her face

Asked her where she got them, said she got them every place
G7 C
Ain't ya, ain't ya coming out tonight

CHORUS x2

Cotton Fields (Play Through Twice)

[C] When I was a little bitty baby



*First Note
G*

My mama would [F] rock me in the [C] cradle,

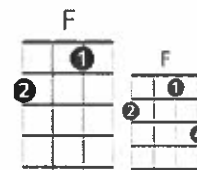
In them old cotton fields back [G7] home;



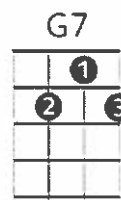
It was [C] down in louisiana,

Just about a [F] mile from texar[C]kana,

In them old [G7] cotton fields back [C] home.



[C7] Oh, when them [F] cotton bolls get rotten



You cant [C] pick very much cotton,

In them old cotton fields back [G7] home;

It was [C] down in louisiana,

Just about a [F] mile from texar[C]kana,

In them old [G7] cotton fields back [C] home.

Country Roads

First note
D

[G] Almost heaven [Em] West Virginia
[D] Blue Ridge Mountains [C] Shenandoah [G] river
Life is old there [Em] older than the trees
[D] Younger than the mountains [C] blowin' like a [G] breeze

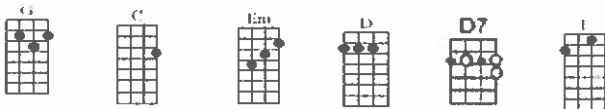
(Chorus)

Country [G] roads take me [D] home
To the [Em] place I [C] belong
West [G] Virginia mountain [D] mamma
Take me [C] home country [G] roads

All my memories [Em] gather round her
[D] Miner's lady [C] stranger to blue [G] water
Dark and dusty [Em] painted on the sky
[D] Misty taste of moonshine [C] teardrop in my [G] eyes

[Em] I hear her [D] voice in the [G] morning how she calls me
The [C] radio [G] reminds me of my [D] home far away
And [Em] drivin' down the [F] road I get a [C] feelin'
That I [G] should been home [D] yesterday [D7] yesterday

Country [G] roads take me [D] home
To the [Em] place I [C] belong
West [G] Virginia mountain [D] mamma
Take me [C] home country [G] roads
Take me [D] home country [G] roads
Take me [D] home country [C] roads [G]



Deep In The Heart Of Texas

Words by
JUNE HERSHEY

Music by
DON SWANDER

FIRST NOTE



Lively D

1. The stars at night are big and bright, deep in the
2. coy - otes night wail a - long the trail deep in the

A7

heart of Tex - as. The prair - ie sky is wide and
heart of Tex - as. The rab - bits rush a - round the

D

high, deep in the heart of Tex - as. The
brush, deep in the heart of Tex - as. The

sage in bloom is like per - fume, deep in the
cow - boys cry, "Ki - yip - pee - yi," deep in the

A7

heart of Tex - as. Re - minds me
heart of Tex - as. The do - gies

of bawl, the one I love, deep in the heart of
and and bawl and bawl, deep in the heart of

1. D

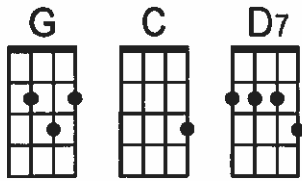
A7

2. D

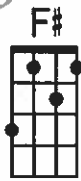
Tex - as. 2. The Tex - as.

Folsom Prison Blues

by Johnny Cash (1956)



First Note
B



optional ending chord

D D D F# F# D A G

A	-Low G Tuning-----					
E	-----2-2-----					
C	-2-2-2-----2-----					
G	-----2^-0--					

G.
I hear the train a-comin', it's rollin' 'round the bend,
and I ain't seen the sunshine since, I don't know when.

C. I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, **G.** and time keeps dra---ggin' on.
D7. But that train keeps rollin' **G.** on down to San An-tone.

G.
When I was just a baby, my mama told me, "Son,
Always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns".

C. But I shot a man in Reno, **G.** just to watch him die.
D7. When I hear that whistle blowin', **G.** I hang my head and cry.

G.
Well, I bet there's rich folks eatin', in a fancy dining car.
They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin' big ci-gars.

C. But I know I had it comin', **G.** I know I can't be free.
D7. But those people keep a-movin', **G.** and that's what tor-tures me.

G.
Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine.
I bet I'd move on over a little farther down the line.

C. Far from Folsom Prison, **G.** that's where I want to stay,
D7. and I'd let that lonesome whistle, **G.** blow my blues a-way. **F#/G/**

Goodnight Irene

(based on Weavers Performance Carnegie Hall 1963)

From: Richard G's Ukulele Songbook www.scorpex.net/uke.htm

*First Note
G*

Chorus:

[G] Irene good[D7]night Irene good[G]night
[G] Goodnight I[G7]rene Good[C]night I[Am]rene
I'll [D7] see you in my [G] dreams

[G] Last Saturday night I got [D7] married
[D7] Me and my wife settled [G] down
[G] Now me and my [G7] wife are [Am] parted
Gonna [D7] take another stroll down[G]town [D7]

Chorus

[G] Sometimes I live in the [D7] country
[D7] Sometimes I live in [G] town
[G] Sometimes I [G7] take a great [C] notion [Am]
To [D7] jump in the river and [G] drown [D7]

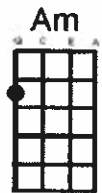
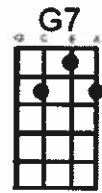
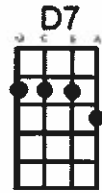
Chorus

[G] I love Irene God [D7] knows I do
[D7] Love her till the seas run [G] dry
[G] If Irene [G7] turns her [C] back on [Am]me
I'm [D7] gonna take morphine and [G] die [D7]

Chorus

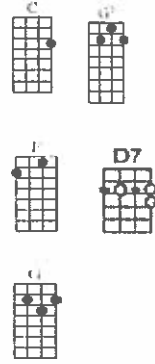
[G] Stop ramblin' stop [D7] gamblin'
[D7] Stop stayin' out late at [G] night
[G] Go home to your [G7] wife and your [C] family [Am]
Stay [D7] there by the fireside [G] bright [D7]

Chorus



Grandma's Feather Bed

*First Note
E*



Intro: [C///] [F///] [G7///] [C///] ...repeat till ready
 [C] When I was a [F] little bitty boy [C] just up off the [G7] floor
 We [C] used to go out to [F] Grandma's house
 [C] every month [G7] end or so
 We'd [C] chicken pie and [F] country ham,
 And [C] home made butter on the [G7] bread
 But the [C] best darn thing about [F] Grandma's house
 Was her [G7] great big feather [C] bed

CHORUS:

It was [C] nine feet high and six feet wide, [F] soft as a downy [C] chick
It was made from the feathers of forty 'leven geese,
Took a [D7] whole bolt of cloth for the [G7] tick
It'd [C] hold eight kids 'n' four hound dogs
And a [F] piggy we stole from the [C] shed
We didn't get much sleep but we [F] had a lot of fun on
[G] Grandma's feather [C] bed... Intro riff [C///] [F///] [G7///] [C///]

[C] After supper we'd [F] sit around the fire,
 The [C] old folks would spit and [G7] chew
 [C] Pa would talk about the [F] farm and the war,
 And my [C] Granny'd sing a [G7] ballad or two
 I'd [C] sit and listen and [F] watch the fire
 Till the [C] cobwebs filled my [G7] head
 [C] Next thing I'd know I'd [F] wake up in the mornin'
 In the [G7] middle of the old feather [C] bed

CHORUS

[C] Well I love my Ma, [F] I love my Pa,
 Love [C] Granny and Grandpa [G7] too
 Been [C] fishing with my uncle, I've [F] rassled with my cousin,
 I even [C] kissed my [G7] Aunty [C] Lou... eww!
 [C] But if I ever had to [F] make a choice,
 I [C] guess it ought to be [G7] said...
 That I'd [C] trade 'em all plus the [F] gal down the road
 For [G7] Grandma's feather [C] bed
 Yes I'd [C] trade 'em all, plus the [F] gal down the road...(spoken: maybe not the gal...)

CHORUS...X2...then

Didn't get much sleep but we [F] had a lot of fun on [G] Grandma's, Grandma's,
 Grandma's, - feather [C] bed... **outro riff [C///] [F///] [G7///] [C]**

He's Got The Whole World In His Hands

Traditional Spiritual

FIRST NOTE



Brightly



1. He's got the whole world in His hands, He's got the whole world in His hands, He's got the whole world in His hands.

1. He's got the whole world in His hands, He's got the whole world in His hands, He's got the whole world in His hands.

in His hands, He's got the whole world in His hands.

Additional Lyrics

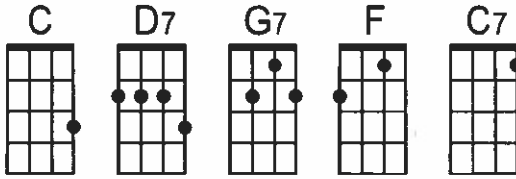
2. He's got the little bitty baby in His hands...
3. He's got you and me, sister, in His hands...
4. He's got you and me, brother, in His hands...
5. He's got a little ukulele in His hands...
6. He's got the whole world in His hands...

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Hey, Good Lookin'

by Hank Williams



First Note
C

C
Say, Hey, good lookin', whatcha got cookin'?
D7 G7 C 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

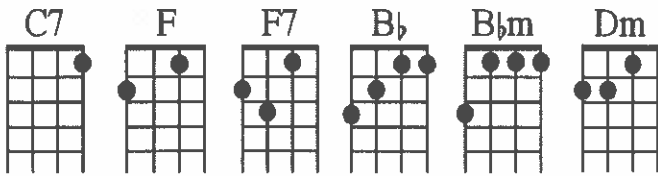
F C
I got a hot rod Ford and a two dollar bill
F C
And I know a spot right over the hill
F C
There's soda pop and the dancin's free
D7 G7
So if you wanna have fun, come along with me.

C
Say Hey, good lookin', whatcha got cookin'?
D7 G7 C 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?

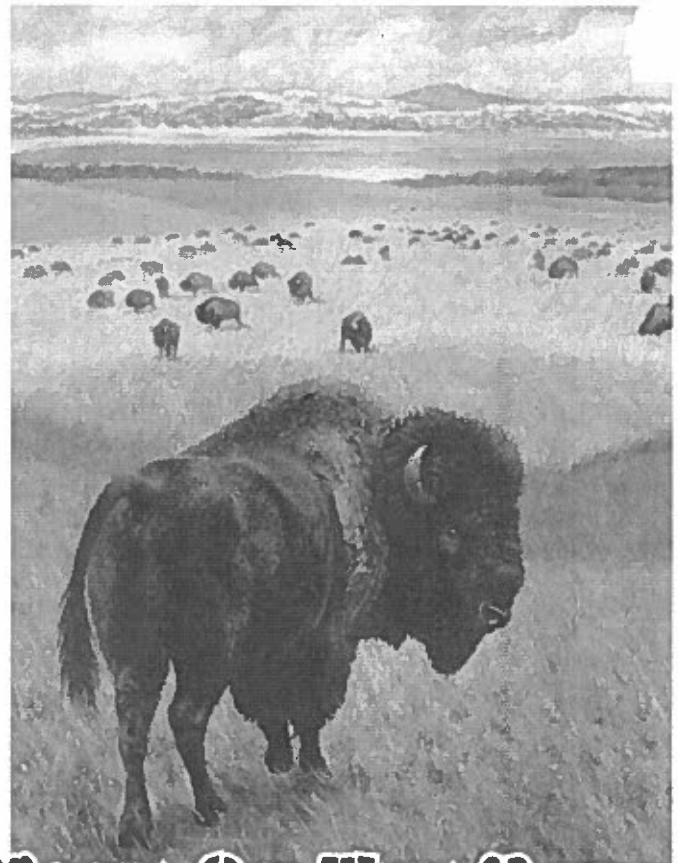
F C
I'm gonna throw my date book over the fence
F C
And find me one for five or ten cents
F C
I'll keep it 'til it's covered with age
D7 G7
'Cause I'm writin' your name down on every page.

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?



(C7) F F7 Bb Bbm
 Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam
 F Dm C7
 Where the deer and the antelope play
 F F7 Bb Bbm
 Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
 F C7 F
 and the skies are not cloudy all day

First
 Note
 C



HOME ON THE RANGE

Chorus

F C7 F
 Home, home on the range
 Dm C7
 Where the deer and the antelope play
 F F7 Bb Bbm
 Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
 F C7 F
 and the skies are not cloudy all day

F F7 Bb Bbm
 Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
 F Dm C7
 The breezes so balmy and light
 F F7 Bb Bbm
 That I would not exchange my home on the range
 F C7 F
 For all the cities, so bright

Chorus

F F7 Bb Bbm
 Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand
 F Dm C7
 Flows leisure-ly down the stream;
 F F7 Bb Bbm
 Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along
 F C7 F
 Like a maid in a heavenly dream

Chorus

F F7 Bb Bbm
 The red man was pressed from this part of the West,
 F Dm C7
 He's likely no more to return
 F F7 Bb Bbm
 To the banks of Red River, where seldom, if ever
 F C7 F
 Their flickering Campfires burn

Chorus

F F7 Bb Bbm
 How often at night, when the heavens are bright
 F Dm C7
 With the light of the glittering stars
 F F7 Bb Bbm
 Have I stood here amazed and asked as I gazed
 F C7 F
 If their glory exceeds that of ours

Chorus

F F7 Bb Bbm
 Oh, I love these wild flowers in this dear land of ours;
 F Dm C7
 The Curlew I love to hear Scream;
 F F7 Bb Bbm
 And I love the white rocks and the Antelope flocks
 F C7 F
 That graze on the mountain-tops green.



Chorus

F F7 Bb Bbm
 So I would not exchange my home on the range,
 F Dm C7
 Where the deer and the antelope play;
 F F7 Bb Bbm
 Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
 F C7 F
 And the skies are not cloudy all day

I Can't Stop Loving You ¹²⁷

Words & Music by Don Gibson

C (C7) F
I can't stop loving you

*First Note
E*

I've made up my mind
G7

To live in memories of the lonesome times

(C7) F
I can't stop wanting you;

It's useless to say
G7

So I'll just live my life in dreams of yesterday

Bridge

G7 C (C7) F
Those happy hours that we once knew

So long ago still make me blue

They say that time heals a broken heart

But time has stood still since we've been apart

C (C7) F
I can't stop loving you

I've made up my mind
G7

To live in memories of the lonesome times

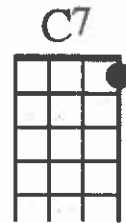
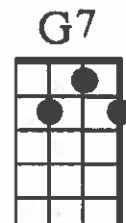
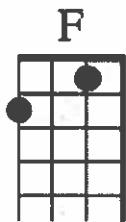
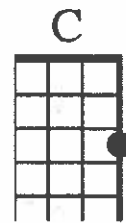
I can't stop wanting you;

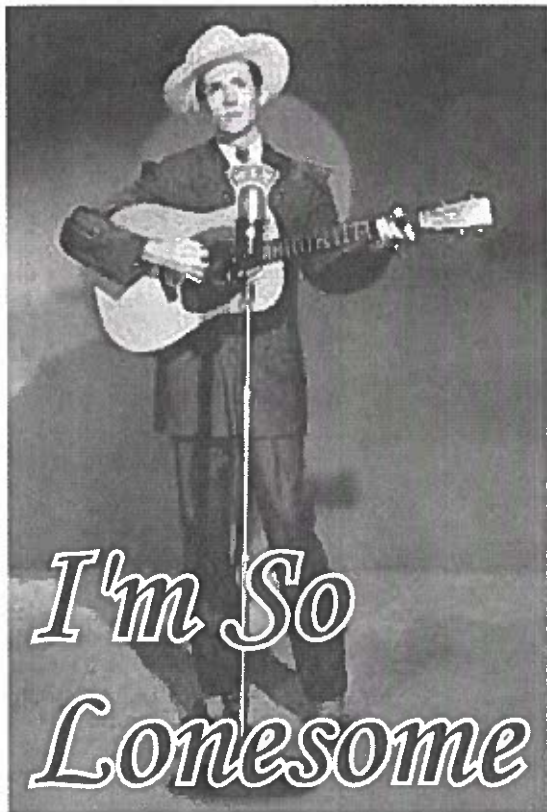
It's useless to say
G7

So I'll just live my life in dreams of yesterday

Ray Charles 1962 #1

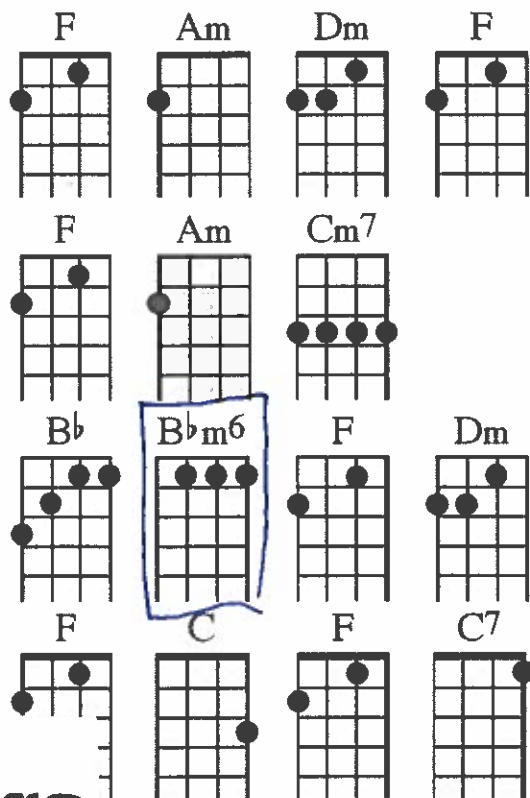
This song, held the #1 spot for five weeks in 1962





I'm So Lonesome

I Could Cry to hide it's face and cry Hank Williams



F Am Dm F 171
 Hear the lonesome whippoorwill
 F Am Cm7 *First Note*
 He sounds too blue to fly A
 Bb Bbm6 F Dm
 The midnight train is whining low
 F C F C7
 I'm so lonesome I could cry

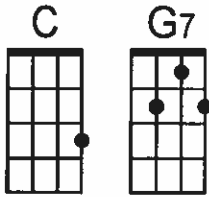
F Am Dm F
 I've never seen a night so long
 F Am Cm7
 when time goes crawling by
 Bb Bbm6 F Dm
 The moon just went behind a cloud
 F C F C7
 to hide it's face and cry

F Am Dm F
 Did you ever see a robin weep
 F Am Cm7
 when leaves begin to die
 Bb Bbm6 F Dm
 That means he's lost the will to live
 F C F C7
 I'm so lonesome I could cry

F Am Dm F
 The silence of a falling star
 F Am Cm7
 lights up a purple sky
 Bb Bbm6 F Dm
 And as I wonder where you are
 F C F
 I'm so lonesome I could cry

Jambalaya On the Bayou

by Hank Williams (1952)



^C
Good-bye Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh,
^{G7}
me gotta go, pole the pirogue down the bayou.
^C
My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh.
^{G7}
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun, on the bayou.

Chorus: ^{G7}
Jambalaya, crawfish pie and fillet gumbo
^C
'Cause tonight, I'm gonna see my cher a mi o
^{G7}
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar, and be gay-o.
^C
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun, on the bayou.

^C
Thi-bo-daux, Fon-tain-eaux, the place is buzzin'
^{G7}
Kin folk come to see Yvonne, by the dozen.
^C
Dress in style, go hog wild, me oh my oh.
^{G7}
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun, on the bayou.

^{G7}
Jambalaya, crawfish pie and fillet gumbo
^C
'Cause tonight, I'm gonna see my cher a mi o
^{G7}
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar, and be gay-o.
^C
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun, on the bayou.
^{G7} ^{C, G7, C/}
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun, on the bayou.

19

Johnny B Good – Chuck Berry

Intro: [A] [A + F#] vamp till ready

First Note
E

Deep [A] down in Louisiana close to New Orleans
 Way back up in the woods among the evergreens
 There [D] stood a log cabin made of earth and wood
 Where [A] lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode
 Who [E7] never ever learned to read or write so well
 But he could [A] play the *guitar* like a ringin' a bell

Chorus:

[A] Go, go, Johnny go go go
 Go Johnny go go [D] go
 Go Johnny go go [A] go
 [A] go Johnny go go [E7] go
 Johnny B. [A] Goode



He used to [A] carry his *guitar* in a gunny sack
 Or sit beneath the tree by the railroad track
 Oh an [D] engineer could see him sitting in the shade
 [A] Strummin' to the rhythm that the drivers made
 [E7] People passing by they would stop and say
 Oh [A] my but that little country boy could play

Chorus

His [A] mother told him "someday you will be a man"
 And you will be the leader of a *big old* band
 [D] Many people coming from miles around
 And [A] hear you play your music till the sun go down
 [E7] Maybe someday your name will be in lights
 Sayin' [A] 'Johnny B. Goode tonight'

Chorus...X2

--00-----0-
 ----33--22--11--0--2--4-----

----- . . . [A]

KANSAS CITY – FATS DOMINO

First Note
C

I'm going to Kansas City, Kansas City, here I come
 I'm going to Kansas City, Kansas City, here I come
 They got a crazy way of loving there, And I'm gonna get me one

I'm gonna be standing on the corner, 12th Street and Vine
 I'm gonna be standing on the corner, 12th Street and Vine
 With my Kansas City baby, And a bottle of Kansas City wine

Well, I might take a plane I might take a train
 But if I have to walk I'm going to Kansas just the same
 I'm going to Kansas City, Kansas City, here I come
 They got some crazy little women there, And I'm gonna get me one



Keep On the Sunnyside

First Note
E

C **C7** **F**
There's a dark and a troubled side of life One that's filled with care and strife,
C **D7** **G7**

Then the side that plays a happy part

C **C7** **F**
Till your span of like is done, find your place beneath the sun

C **G7** **C** **F** **C**
And the sunshine will brighten up your heart

C **C7** **F** **C** **D7** **G7**
Keep on the sunny side, always on the sunny side, Keep on the sunny side of life

C **C7** **F**
It will help you every day, it will brighten all the way

C **G7** **C** **F** **C**
If you keep on the sunny side of life

\
-> Tag Ending
/

C **C7** **F**
When life's stormy, let faith abide, and you'll always turn the tide
C **D7** **G7**

Light your hopes, and you'll come smiling through

C **C7** **F**
In each life there must be rain, but you'll banish every pain

C **G7** **C** **F** **C**
If you picture that rainbow in the blue

Chorus

C **F**
Just remember to sing out strong, when you find the road is long

C **D7** **G7**
And your burden won't be hard to bear

C **C7** **F**
If you learn to wear a smile, you will shorten every trial

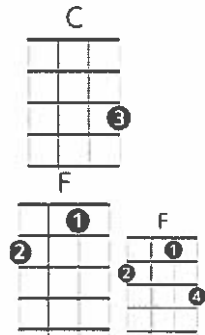
C **G7** **C** **F** **C**
For the laughter will drive away your care

Chorus + Tag

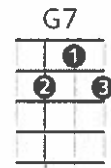
King Of The Road – Roger Miller

[C] Trailer for [F] sale or rent
 [G7] Rooms to let... [C] fifty cents.
 No phone, no [F] pool, no pets
 I [G7] ain't got no cigarettes
 Ah, but.. [C] two hours of [F] pushin' broom
 Buys an [G7] eight by twelve [C] four-bit room
 I'm a [C7] man of [F] means by no means
 [G7] King of the [C] road.

First Note



[C] Third boxcar, [F] midnight train
 [G7] Destination...[C] Bangor, Maine.
 Old worn out [F] suits and shoes,
 I [G7] don't pay no union dues,
 I smoke [C] old stogies [F] I have found
 [G7] Short, but not too [C] big around
 I'm a [C7] man of [F] means by no means
 [G7] King of the [C] road.



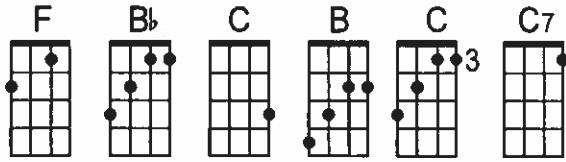
I know [C] every engineer on [F] every train
 [G7] All of their children, and [C] all of their names
 And [C] every handout in [F] every town
 And [G7] every lock that ain't locked when no one's around.

I sing,

[C] Trailer for [F] sale or rent
 [G7] Rooms to let... [C] fifty cents.
 No phone, no [F] pool, no pets
 I [G7] ain't got no cigarettes
 Ah, but.. [C] two hours of [F] pushin' broom
 Buys an [G7] eight by twelve [C] four-bit room
 I'm a [C7] man of [F] means by no means
 [G7] King of the [C] road.
 [G7] King of the [C] road.
 [G7] King of the [C] road.

Man of Constant Sorrow

Traditional



Intro: F Bb C . . . Bb . F

Bb ^{slide} → *B* ^{slide} → *C*³

F/ Bb/ B/ C^{2nd} . . . Bb . F
 (In con-stant sorr-row through his days)

FIRST USE C

F Bb C Bb F
 I . . . am the ma-an of constant sorrow, I've seen trouble . . . all my days
 F Bb C Bb F
 I . . . bid farewe-ll to old Kentucky, The place where I . . . was born and raised.
 F/ Bb/ B/ C^{2nd} . . . Bb . F Bb . . . C . . . Bb . F
 (The place where he-e was born and raised)

F Bb C Bb F
 For . . . six long ye-ars I've been in trouble, No pleasure here . . . on Earth I find.
 F Bb C Bb F
 For . . . in this wor-ld I'm bound to ramble, I have no friends . . . to help me now
 F/ Bb/ B/ C^{2nd} . . . Bb . F Bb . . . C . . . Bb . F
 (He has no fri-ends to help him now)

F Bb C Bb F
 It's . . . fair thee we-ll, my old true lover, I never ex-pect . . . to see you a-gain.
 F Bb C Bb F
 Oh . . . I'm bound to ri-ide that northern railroad, Perhaps I'll die . . . u-pon this train.
 F/ Bb/ B/ C^{2nd} . . . Bb . F Bb . . . C . . . Bb . F
 (Per-haps 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 lear-rn to love an-other, While I am sleeping . . . in my grave.
 F/ Bb/ B/ C^{2nd} . . . Bb . F Bb . . . C . . . Bb . F
 (While he is slee-ping in his grave)

F Bb C Bb F
 May--be your friends thi-ink I'm just a stranger, My face you'll never . . . see no more.
 F Bb C Bb F
 But . . . there is one pro-mise 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 o-on God's golden shore)

Octopus's Garden

Music & lyrics by Ringo Starr, 1969

C A^m
I'd like to be ___ under the sea,
F G

In an octopus's garden in the shade.
C A^m
He'd let us in, ___ knows where we've been,
F G

In his octopus's garden in the shade.
A^m (A^m/G)
I'd ask my friends to come and see
F G

An octopus's garden with me.
C A^m
I'd like to be ___ under the sea,
F G C
In an octopus's garden in the shade.

C A^m
We would be warm ___ below the storm
F G

In our little hideaway beneath the waves.
C A^m
Resting our head ___ on the sea bed
F G

In an octopus's garden near a cave.
A^m (A^m/G)
We would sing and dance around,
F G

Because we know we can't be found. [chorus]

Chorus

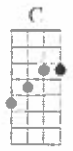
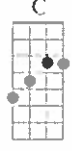
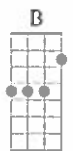
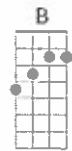
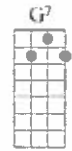
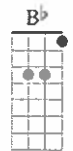
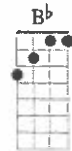
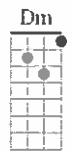
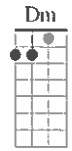
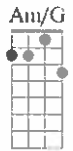
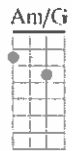
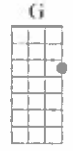
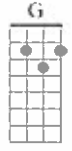
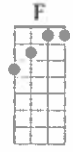
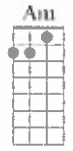
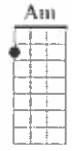
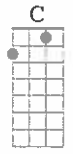
C A^m
We would shout ___ and swim about
F G

The coral that lies beneath the waves.
C A^m
Oh what joy for every girl and boy,
F G
Knowing they're happy and their safe.
A^m (A^m/G)

We would be so happy you and me,
F G
No-one there to tell us what to do.
C A^m
I'd like to be ___ under the sea
F G A^m (A^m/G)
In an octopus's garden with you,
F G A^m (A^m/G)
In an octopus's garden with you,
F G C B C⁽²⁾
In an octopus's garden with you.

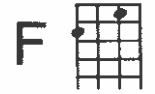
First Note
G

Soprano Baritone



OH, SUSANNA – STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER**VERSE 1**

C G7
I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee
C G7 C
I'm going to Louisiana my true love for to see
G7
It rained all night the day I left, the weather was bone dry
C G7 C
The sun so hot I froze to death, Susanna don't you cry

**CHORUS**

F C G7
Oh, Susanna, Don't you cry for me
C G7 C
I come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee

VERSE 2

C G7
I had a dream the other night, when everything was still
C G7 C
I thought I saw Susanna, she was coming down the hill
G7
A buckwheat cake was in her mouth, a tear was in her eye
C G7 C
Says I, "I'm coming from the south, Susanna don't you cry"

CHORUS**VERSE 3**

C G7
I soon will be in New Orleans and then I'll look around
C G7 C
And when I find Susanna, I'll fall upon the ground
G7
But if I do not find her, this boy will surely die
C G7 C
And when I'm dead and buried, Susanna don't you cry

CHORUS X 2**26**

OLD FOLKS AT HOME (Swanee River)

Stephen Foster

First Note
E

C F C G
1. Way down upon the Swanee River, far, far a-way,

C F
There's where my heart is turning ever,

C G C
There's where the old folks stay.

F C G
Up a-and down the whole creation, sadly I roam,

C F C G C
still longing for the old plantation, and for the old folks at home.

G C F C
All the world is sad and dreary, ev'rywhere I roam,

F
Oh! How my heart grows ever weary,

C G C
far from the old folks at home.

C F C G
2. All 'round the little farm I wandered, when I was young,
C F C G C
then many happy days I squander'd, many the songs I sung.

F C G
When I was playing with my brother, happy was I,

C F C G C
Oh! Take me to my kind old mother, there let me live and die.

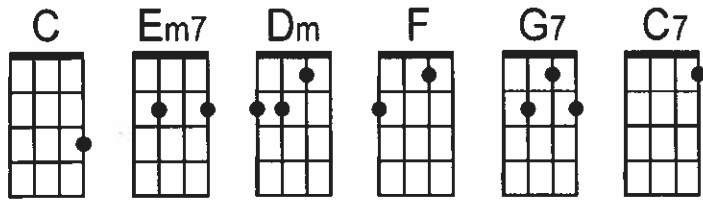
G C F C
All the world is sad and dreary, ev'rywhere I roam,

F
Oh! How my heart grows ever weary,

C G C
far from the old folks at home.

On the Road Again

By Willie Nelson (1979)



*First Note
G*

(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.

Chorus: F C
 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.

Instrumental: C E7 Dm F G7 C
 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...

28

Put Your Hand In The Hand

Chorus:

G D7
Put your hand in the hand of the man that stilled the water.
Am D7 G
Put your hand in the hand of the man that calmed the sea.
G7 C A7
Take a look at yourself and a you can look at others diff'rent-ly
G E7 A7 D7 G C G
By puttin' your hand in the hand of the man from Gal-- ilee.

Verse 1:

G D7
Ev'ry time I look into the holy book I want to tremble.
Am D7 G
When I read about the part where the carpenter cleared the temple.
G7
For the buyers and the sellers were no diff'rent
C A7
Fellas than what I profess to be.
G E7 A7 D7 G C G
And it causes me shame to know we're not the people we should be.

Chorus

verse 2:

G D7
Mama taught me how to pray before I reached the age of seven.
Am D7 G
And when I'm down on my knees that's when I get close to heaven.
G7 C A7
Daddy lived his life for eight kids and a wife you do what you must do.
G E7 A7 D7 G C G
But he showed me enough of what it takes to get you through.

Chorus

Stand By Your Man

First Note
C

Verse 1

[C] Sometimes its hard to be a [G] woman

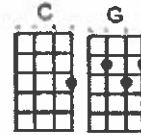
[Dm] Giving all your [G7] love to just one [C] man [C7]

[F] You'll have bad times, [C] and he'll have good times

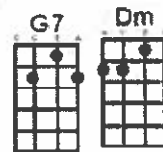
[D] Doing things that you don't under [G] stand

Verse 2

[C] But if you love him you'll for [G] give him [F#]



[Dm] Even though he's [G7] hard to under [C] stand [C7]

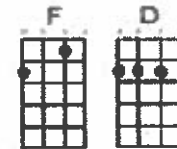


[F] And if you love him, [C] Oh be proud [F] of him

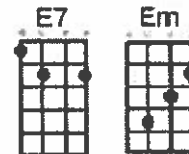
[C] Cause after all [G7] he's just a [C] man [F] [C] [G]

(CHORUS)

[C] Stand by your [E7] man

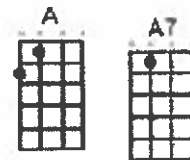


[F] Give him two arms to [Em] cling [Dm] to



[C] And something [A7] warm to come to

[D] When nights are [G7] cold and lonely



[C] Stand by [E7] your man

[F] And tell the world you [Em] love [Dm] him

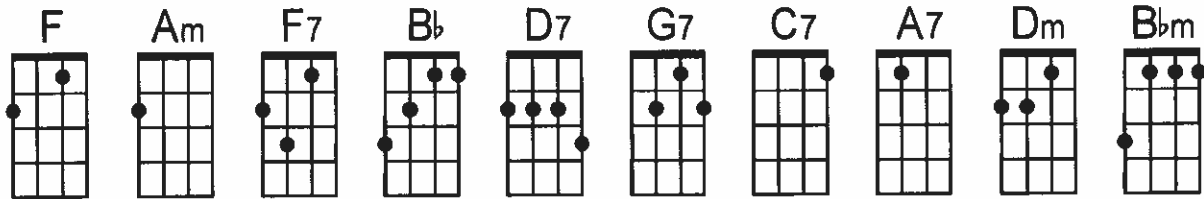
[C] Keep giving all [G7] the love you [E7] can [A] (BABY)



[F] Stand [G] by your [C] man [F] [C] [G7] [Last X C]

Tennessee Waltz

by Redd Stewart and Pee Wee King (1946)



(waltz (3/4) time, dots (. .) = # of beats, /= single downstrum

Intro: F, C7, F, Bb, F, C7, F, C7

*First Note
F*

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: 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 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.

31

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MAMA



Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup
Born August 24, 1905, Forest, Mississippi
and died March 28, 1974 at age 69

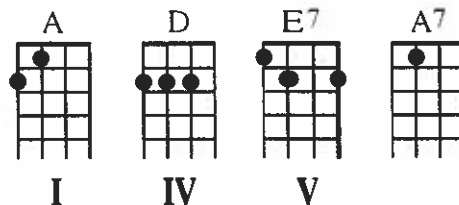
During the 40s and early 50s Arthur Crudup was an important name in blues, his records selling particularly well in the south. For much of his early life Crudup worked in various rural occupations, not learning to play the guitar until he was 32. Allegedly, Crudup was playing on the sidewalk in Chicago when he was spotted by a music publisher. During the next 12 years, Crudup recorded approximately 80 tracks for Victor Records, including songs that became blues standards. "Mean Old Frisco" was later picked up by artists as diverse as Brownie McGhee (1946) and B.B. King (1959), and was one of the first blues recordings to feature an electric guitar, but by 1954 Big Boy's heyday was over. When he was contracted to record an album of his hits in 1962, the project had to be delayed until the picking season was over, Crudup having given up music and gone back to working on the land.

Arthur Crudup was an idol for the young Elvis, and wrote several of Presley's hits, including "That's All Right Mama," which the young Elvis heard Arthur play on Beale Street in Memphis's Handy Park. Two of Crudup's other compositions, "I'm So Glad You're Mine" and "My Baby Left Me" were also recorded by Elvis Presley, but it is not likely that Crudup benefited much from any of this. A second career bloomed for Big Boy with the interest in blues among white audiences in the mid-60s. This prompted appearances at campuses and clubs in the USA and Crudup even journeyed to Europe - always encouraged to perform in a country style. It appears likely that, with his superior lyric and wide cross-racial popularity, Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup gave lots more to the blues than he ever received in return.



On July 6, 1954
Elvis Presley's first single -
"That's All Right Mama,"
was released by Sun Records

First Note
E



A
Well, that's all right, mama

A
That's all right for you

A A7
That's all right mama, just anyway you do

D
Well, that's all right, that's all right.

E7 A
That's all right now mama, anyway you do

A
Mama she done told me,

A
Papa done told me too

A A7
Son, that gal your foolin' with, she ain't no good for you'

D
But, that's all right, that's all right.

E7 A
That's all right now mama, anyway you do

A
I'm leaving town, baby

A
I'm leaving town for sure

A A7
Well, then you won't be bothered with me hanging 'round your door

D
Well, that's all right, that's all right.

E7 A
That's all right now mama, anyway you do

First Note

THIS LAND

C F C
This land is your land, this land is my land
G7 C

From California to the New York Island,

C7 F C
From the Redwood Forest, to the Gulf stream waters,

G7 C
This land was made for you and me *// cab*

C F C
As I went walking that ribbon of highway
G7 C

And saw above me that endless skyway,

C7 F C
And saw below me the golden valley, I said:
G7 C

This land was made for you and me

C F C
I roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps
G7 C

To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,

C7 F C
And all around me, a voice was sounding:
G7 C

This land was made for you and me



IS YOUR LAND

C F C
Was a high wall there that tried to stop me
G7 C

A sign was painted said: Private Property,

C7 F C
But on the back side it didn't say nothing --
G7 C

That side was made for you and me

C F C
When the sun come shining, then I was strolling
G7 C

In wheat fields waving and dust clouds rolling;

C7 F C
The voice was chanting as the fog was lifting:
G7 C

This land was made for you and me

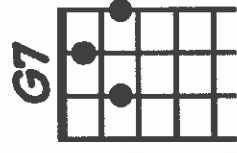
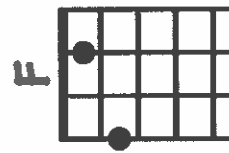
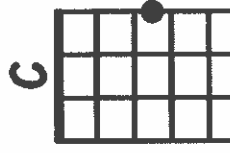
C F C
One bright sunny morning in the shadow of the steeple
G7 C

By the Relief Office I saw my people --

C7 F C
As they stood hungry, I stood there wondering if
G7 C

this land was made for you and me ?

-To Bjornway



Ukulele song of Santa Cruz June 2004 and Aptos 4th of July Parade Song

Turn Your Radio On written by Albert E. Brumley

First Note
C

[No Chord]

G G7 C G

Well.....Come and listen in to a radio station where the mighty hosts of heaven sing

G7 D7

Turn your radio on, (*turn your radio on*) Turn your radio on (*turn your radio on*)

G G7 C G

If you want to feel those good vibrations coming from the joy that His love can bring

D7 G C G

Turn your radio on, (*turn your radio on*) turn your radio on

CHORUS:

[No Chord]

G G7 C G

Turn your radio on (*oh, yes, turn your radio on*) And listen to the music in the air

G7 D7

Turn your radio on, heaven's glory share (*glory share*)

G G7 C G

Turn the lights down low, and listen to the Master's radio

D7 G C G

Get in touch with God, (*get in touch with God*) turn your radio on

[No Chord]

G G7 C G

Don't you know that everybody has a radio receiver, all ya gotta do is listen for the call

G7 D7

Turn your radio on, (*turn your radio on*) Turn your radio on (*turn your radio on*)

G C G

If you listen in, you will be a believer leanin' on the truths that were never false

D7 G C G

Get in touch with God (*get in touch with God*), turn your radio on

CHORUS

[No Chord]

G G7 C G

Turn your radio on, (*oh, yes, turn your radio on*) And listen to the music in the air

G7 D7

Turn your radio on, heaven's glory share (*glory share*)

G G7 C G

Turn the lights down low, and listen to the Master's radio

D7 G D7 G

Get in touch with God, turn your radio on(TAG) Get in touch with God, turn your radio on

End:

(A Capella)....Turn your radio on

When the Saints go Marching In

Verse 1:

C
O when the saints go marchin' in,
G7
O when the saints go marchin' in,
C C7 F Fm
Lord, I want to be in that number
C G7 C
When the saints go marchin' in.

Verse 2:

C
O when the sun refuse to shine,
G7
O when the sun refuse to shine,
C C7 F Fm
Lord, I want to be in that number
C G7 C
When the sun refuse to shine.

Verse 3:

C
O when the moon goes down in blood
G7
O when the moon goes down in blood,
C C7 F Fm
Lord, I want to be in that number
C G7 C
When the moon goes down in blood.

Verse 4:

C
O when the stars have disappeared,
G7
O when the stars have disappeared,
C C7 F Fm
Lord, I want to be in that number
C G7 C
When the stars have disappeared,

Verse 5:

C
O when they crown Him Lord of all,
G7
O when they crown Him Lord of all,
C C7 F Fm
Lord, I want to be in that number
C G7 C
When they crown Him Lord of all.

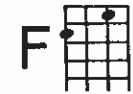
Verse 6:

C
O when the day of judgement comes,
G7
O when the day of judgement comes,
C C7 F Fm
Lord, I want to be in that number
C G7 C
When the day of judgement comes.

REPEAT VERSE ONE AND TAG WITH
LAST LINE EXTENDED.

FIRST NOTE
G**WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN****CHORUS**

C C7 F C
Will the circle be unbroken, By and by, Lord, by and by
Am C G7 C C6 C
There's a better home a-waiting, In the sky, Lord, in the sky



C C7 F C
I was standing by my window on a cold and cloudy day
Am C G7 C
When I saw that hearse come rolling for to carry my mother away



C7 F C
Well, I told the undertaker, "Undertaker, please drive slow
Am C G7 C
For this body that you're hauling, Lord, I hate to see her go

**CHORUS**

C C7 F C
I followed close behind her, tried to hold up and be brave
Am C G7 C
But I could not hide my sorrow when they laid her in the grave

C7 F C
I went home, our home is lonely now our mother has gone
Am C G7 C
All my brothers, sisters crying and of comfort they find none

CHORUS

C C7 F C
I was born down in the valley, Where the sun refused to shine
Am C G7 C
But I'm climbing up to the highlands, Gonna make that mountain mine

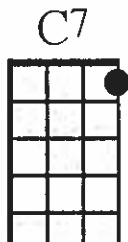
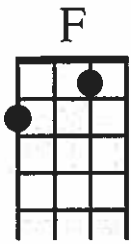
CHORUS**36**

First Note
C

THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS



Ukulele Club of Santa Cruz January 2003



F
There's a yellow rose in Texas, that I am going to see,
C7

Nobody else could miss her, not half as much as me.
F

C7 F C7 F
She cried so when I left her, it like to broke my heart,
And if I ever find her, we never-more will part.

[Chorus]

F
She's the sweetest little rosebud that Texas ever knew,
C7

F
Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew;

C7 F C7 F
You may talk about your Clementine and sing of Rosalee,
But the Yellow Rose of Texas is the only girl for me.

F
When the Rio Grande's flowing, the starry skies are bright,
C7

F
She walks along the river in the quiet summer night:

C7 F C7 F
I know that she remembers, when we parted long ago,

I promise to return again, and not to leave her so.

[Chorus]

F
Oh now I'm going to find her, for my heart is full of woe,
C7

F
And we'll sing the songs together, that we sung so long ago

C7 F C7 F
We'll play the ~~banjo~~ **UKULELES** gaily and we'll sing the songs of yore,

And the Yellow Rose of Texas shall be mine forever more.

[Chorus]

First Note
G

Chorus

C
 You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
 C(———C7) F C
 You make me happy when skies are gray
 C(———C7) F C
 You'll never know dear, how much I love you
 C G7 C
 Please don't take my sunshine away

You Are

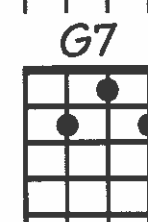
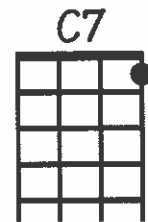
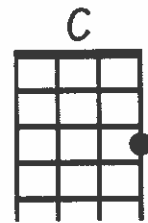
My Sunshine



C
 The other night dear, as I lay sleeping
 C(———C7) F C
 I dreamt I held you in my arms
 C(———C7) F C
 When I a-woke dear, I was mistaken
 C G7 C
 And I hung my head and cried

Chorus

C
 I'll always love you and make you happy
 C(———C7) F C
 If you will only say the same
 C(———C7) F C
 But if you leave me to love another
 C G7 C
 You'll regret it all some day



Chorus

C
 You told me once, dear, you really loved me
 C(———C7) F C
 And no one else could come between
 C(———C7) F C
 But now you've left me, and love another
 C G7 C
 You have shattered all my dreams

Chorus X2

A little bit of COUNTRY

An embroidery design for a country-themed applique. The text "A little bit of COUNTRY" is arranged in three lines. The letter "A" is a large, bold, serif capital. "little bit" is in a smaller, cursive script. "COUNTRY" is in a large, bold, serif font. The design is embellished with a cowboy hat on the right, a rope forming a heart shape on the left, and two small hearts. A faint watermark "little appliques" is visible in the background.

