

Malling Ukulele Group

Malling Ukulele Group
Duke of Wellington
August 2025



Playlist

1st Half

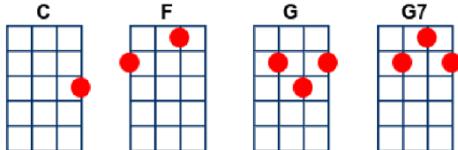
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In the Summertime

Artist: Mungo Jerry Writer: Ray Dorset



Intro: (C)//// (C)////

In the (C) summertime when the weather is high
 you can stretch right up and touch the sky
 When the (F) weather's fine you got women, you got women on your (C) mind
 Have a (G7) drink, have a drive (F) go out and see what you can (C) find

If her (C) daddy's rich take her out for a meal
 If her daddy's poor just do what you feel
 Speed a-(F)-long the lane, do a ton or a ton and twenty-(C) five
 When the (G) sun goes down you can (F) make it, make it good in a lay-(C)-by

We're not (C) grey people, we're not dirty, we're not mean
 We love everybody, but we do as we please
 When the (F) weather's fine, we go fishing or go swimming in the (C) sea
 We're always (G) happy life's for (F) living yeah that's our philoso-(C)-phy

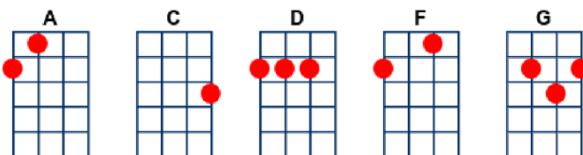
Sing a-(C)-long with us,
 (C) Dee-dee dee, dah-dah dah-dah dah, yeah we're hap-happy
 (F) Dah dah dah dah dah dah dah dah (C) dah
 (G) Dah dah dah dah (F) dah dah dah dah dah (C) dah

When the (C) winter's here, yeah it's party time
 Bring your bottle wear your bright clothes, it'll soon be summertime
 And we'll (F) sing again, we'll go drivin' or maybe we'll settle (C) down
 If she's (G) rich, if she's nice, bring your (F) friends and we'll all go into (C) town

Sing a-(C)-long with us,
 (C) Dee-dee dee, dah-dah dah-dah dah, yeah we're hap-happy
 (F) Dah dah dah dah dah dah dah (C) dah
 (G) Dah dah dah dah (F) dah dah dah dah (C) dah

I Am A Cider Drinker

Artist: The Wurzels Writer: Adge Cutler Tempo 124



(C)///

(C) When the moon shines **(F)** on the **(C)** cow shed
 And we're **(C)** rollin **(F)** in the **(C)** hay
 All the **(C)** cows are **(F)** out there **(C)** grazing
 And the milk is **(G)** on its **(C)** way. **(234)**

(C) I am a cider **(F)** drinker, I drinks it all of the **(C)** day
(C) I am a cider **(F)** drinker, it soothes all me troubles a-**(C)**-way
(C) Oh arr oh arr-**(G)**-aay, oh arr oh arr-**(C)**-aay. **(234 123)**

It's so **(C)** cosy **(F)** in the **(C)** kitchen
 With the **(C)** smell of **(F)** rabbit **(C)** stew
 When the **(C)** breeze blows **(F)** cross the **(C)** farmyard
 You can smell the **(G)** cow sheds **(C)** too. **(234 123)**

Oh I've smelt nothing like it in my life!

When those **(C)** combine **(F)** wheels stop **(C)** turning
 And a **(C)** hard days **(F)** work is **(C)** done
 There's a **(C)** pub ar-**(F)**-ound the **(C)** corner
 It's the place we **(G)** have our **(C)** fun. **(234)**

(C) I am a cider **(F)** drinker, I drinks it all of the **(C)** day
(C) I am a cider **(F)** drinker, it soothes all me troubles a-**(C)**-way
(C) Oh arr oh arr-**(G)**-aay, oh arr oh arr-**(C)**-aay. **(234 123)**

Now dear old **(C)** Mabel, **(F)** when she's **(C)** able
 We takes a **(C)** stroll down **(F)** lover's **(C)** lane
 And we'll **(C)** sink a **(F)** pint of **(C)** scrumpy
 And we'll play old **(G)** natures **(C)** game. **(234 123)**

Ha ha ha! Oo aar!

But we **(C)** end up **(F)** in the **(C)** duck pond
 When the **(C)** pub is **(F)** sized to **(C)** close
 With me **(C)** breeches **(F)** full of **(C)** tadpoles
 And the newts be-**(G)**tween me **(C)** toes. **(234)**

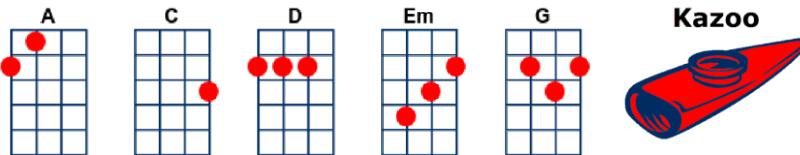
(C) I am a cider **(F)** drinker, I drinks it all of the **(C)** day
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(C) Oh arr oh arr-**(G)**-aay, oh arr oh arr-**(C)**-aay. **(234)**

(C) I am a cider **(F)** drinker, I drinks it all of the **(C)** day
(C) I am a cider **(F)** drinker, it soothes all me troubles a-**(C)**way
(C) Oh arr oh arr-**(G)**-aay, oh arr oh arr-**(C)**-aay.

Let cider be the spice of life! (Tremolo) (C)

Urban Spaceman

Artist: Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band Writer: Neil Innes



(G) (G) (A) (A) (C) (D) (G) (G)

(G) I'm the urban spaceman, baby, **(A)** I've got speed,

(C) I've got **(D)** everything I **(G)** need.

(G) I'm the urban spaceman, baby, **(A)** I can fly, I'm a

(C) super-**(D)**-sonic **(G)** guy

I **(Em)** don't need pleasure, I **(C)** don't feel **(G)** pain,

(C) if you were to **(G)** knock me down, I'd **(A)** just get up **(D)** again

(G) I'm the urban spaceman, baby, **(A)** I'm making out,

(C) I'm **(D)** all **(G)** about

(G) (G) (A) (A) (C) (D) (G) (G)

I **(Em)** wake up every morning with a **(C)** smile upon my **(G)** face

(C) My natural **(G)** exuberance spills **(A)** out all over the **(D)** place

(G) I'm the urban spaceman, I'm **(A)** intelligent and clean,

(C) know **(D)** what I **(G)** mean

(G) (G) (A) (A) (C) (D) (G) (G)

(G) I'm the urban spaceman, as a **(A)** lover second to none,

(C) it's a **(D)** lot of **(G)** fun

(G) (G) (A) (A) (C) (D) (G) (G) (G) (G) (A) (A) (C) (D) (G) (G) 

I **(Em)** never let my friends down, **(C)** I've never made a **(G)** boob

(C) I'm a glossy **(G)** magazine, an **(A)** advert on the **(D)** tube

(G) I'm the urban spaceman, baby, **(A)** here comes the twist

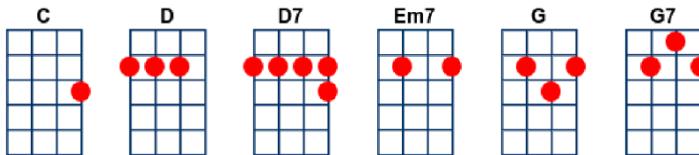
(C) I **(D)** don't **(G)** exist. **(Stop)**

(Pause x3 then)

(G) (G) (A) (A) (C) (D) (G) (G) (G) (G) (A) (A) (C) (D) (G) (G)/

Any Dream Will Do

Artist: Jason Donovan Writers: Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice



Intro: (G)

I closed my (G) eyes, (D7) drew back the (G) curtain (C)
 To see for (G) certain (D7) what I thought I (G) knew (D7)
 Far far a-(G)-way, (D7) someone was (G) weeping (C)
 But the world was (G) sleeping (D7)
 Any dream will (G) do (D)

I wore my (G) coat, (D7) with golden (G) lining (C)
 Bright colours (G) shining, (D7) wonderful and (G) new (D7)
 And in the (G) east, (D7) the dawn was (G) breaking (C)
 And the world was (G) waking (D7)
 Any dream will (G) do (G7)

A (C) crash of drums, a flash of light, my golden coat flew out of sight
 The (G) colours faded (Em7) into darkness, (D7) I was left alone

May I re-(G)-turn (D7) to the be-(G)-ginning (C)
 The light is (G) dimming, (D7) and the dream is (G) too (D7)
 The world and (G) I, (D7) we are still (G) waiting (C)
 Still hesi-(G)-tating (D7)
 Any dream will (G) do (D7)

Instrumental: (Don't sing Blue Lyrics)

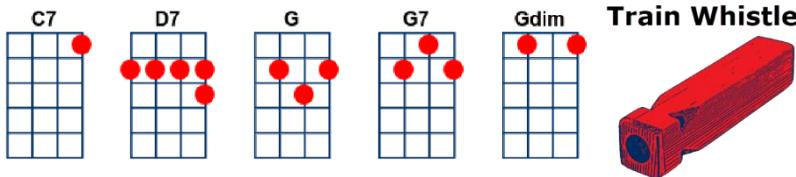
I wore my (G) coat, (D7) with golden (G) lining (C)
 Bright colours (G) shining, (D7) wonderful and (G) new (D7)
 And in the (G) east, (D7) the dawn was (G) breaking (C)
 And the world was (G) waking (D7)
 Any dream will (G) do (G7)

A (C) crash of drums, a flash of light, my golden coat flew out of sight
 The (G) colours faded (Em7) into darkness, (D7) I was left alone

May I re-(G)-turn (D7) to the be-(G)-ginning (C)
 The light is (G) dimming, (D7) and the dream is (G) too (D7)
 The world and (G) I, (D7) we are still (G) waiting (C)
 Still hesi-(G)-tating (D7)
 Any dream will (G) do (D7)
 Any dream will (G) do (D7)
 Any dream will (G) do.

Folsom Prison Blues

Artist: Johnny Cash. Writer: Johnny Cash Previous book page no. 57



Top

I (G) hear the train a comin,' it's rolling round the bend
 And I ain't seen the sunshine (G7) since I don't know when
 I'm (C7) stuck in Folsom prison and time keeps draggin' (G) on
 But that (D7) train keeps a rollin' on down to San An-(G)-ton

When (G) I was just a baby my mama told me son
 Always be a good boy don't (G7) ever play with guns
 But I (C7) shot a man in Reno just to watch him (G) die
 When I (D7) hear that whistle blowing, I hang my head and (G) cry

I (G) bet there's rich folks eating in a fancy dining car
 They're probably drinkin' coffee and (G7) smoking big cigars
 Well I (C7) know I had it coming I know I can't be (G) free
 But those (D7) people keep a movin', And that's what tortures (G) me

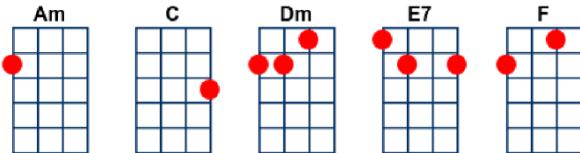
Well (G) if they'd free me from this prison, If that railroad train was mine
 I bet I'd move it all a little (G7) further down the line
 Far (C7) from Folsom prison that's where I want to (G) stay
 And I'd (D7) let that lonesome whistle blow my blues a-(G)-way

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And I'd (D7) let that lonesome whistle
 Blow my blues a-(G)-way (G) (Gdim) (G)

Wellerman

Traditional, arranged by Nathan Evans



(Am) There once was a ship that (Am) put to sea the (Dm) name of the ship was th' (Am) Billy O'Tea
 (Am) The winds blew up, her (Am) bow dipped down oh (E7) blow, my bully boys, (Am) blow - huh!

(F) Soon may (C) the Wellerman come to (Dm) bring us sugar and (Am) tea and rum
 (F) One day, when the (C) tonguing is done, we'll (E7) take our leave and (Am) go

(Am) She'd not been (Am) two weeks from shore when (Dm) down on her a (Am) right whale bore
 (Am) The captain called (Am) all hands and swore he'd (E7) take that whale in (Am) tow - ho!

(F) da da (C) da-da da da (Dm) da da da da da (Am) da da da
 (F) da da (C) da-da da da (E7) da da da da (Am) da da

(Am) Before the boat had (Am) hit the water the (Dm) whale's tail came (Am) up and caught her
 (Am) All hands to the side (Am) ha'pooned and fought her (E7) when she dived down (Am) low-huh!

(F) Soon may (C) the Wellerman come (Dm) to bring us sugar and (Am) tea and rum
 (F) One day, when the (C) tonguing is done, we'll (E7) take our leave and (Am) go

(Am) No line was cut, (Am) no whale was freed the (Dm) captain's mind was not (Am) of greed
 (Am) And he belonged (Am) to the whaler's creed she (E7) took that ship in (Am) tow - huh!

(F) da da (C) da-da da da (Dm) da da da da da (Am) da da da
 (F) da da (C) da-da da da (E7) da da da da (Am) da da

(Am) For forty days (Am) or even more (Dm) the line went slack (Am) then tight once more
 (Am) All boats were lost (Am) there were only four but (E7) still that whale did (Am) go - huh!

(F) Soon may (C) the Wellerman come (Dm) to bring us sugar and (Am) tea and rum
 (F) One day, when the (C) tonguing is done, we'll (E7) take our leave and (Am) go

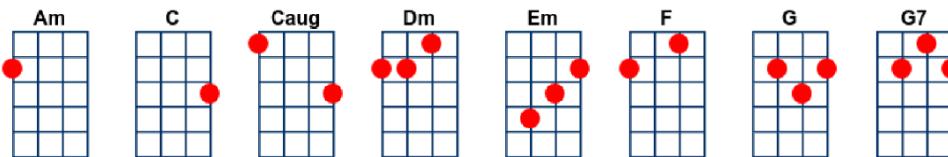
(Am) As far as I've heard the (Am) fight's still on the (Dm) line's not cut and th' (Am) whale's not gone
 (Am) The Wellerman makes (Am) his regular call to en-(E7)-courage the captain, (Am) crew and all

(F) da da (C) da-da da da (Dm) da da da da da (Am) da da da
 (F) da da (C) da-da da da (E7) da da da da (Am) da da

(F) Soon may (C) the Wellerman come (Dm) to bring us sugar and (Am) tea and rum
 (F) One day, when the (C) tonguing is done, we'll (E7) take our leave and (Am) go

Mamma Mia

Artist: ABBA Writers: Benny Andersson, Björn Ulvaeus & Stig Anderson



Intro: (C) (Caug) (C) (Caug)

(C) I've been cheated by you since I don't know (F) when
 (C) So I made up my mind, it must come to an (F) end
 (C) Look at me now, (Caug) will I ever learn?
 (C) I don't know how (Caug) but I suddenly (F) lose control
 There's a fire with-(G)-in my soul

(F) Just (C) one (G) look and I can hear a bell ring
 (F) One (C) more (G) look and I forget everything, oo o oh

(C) Mamma mia, here I go again (F) my my, how can I resist you?
 (C) Mamma mia, does it show again? (F) My my, just how much I've missed you
 (C) Yes, I've been (G) broken-hearted, (Am) blue since the (Em) day we parted
 (F) Why, why (Dm) did I ever (G7) let you go?
 (C) Mamma mia, (Am) now I really know, (F) my my, (Dm) I could never (G7) let you go

(C) (Caug) (C) (Caug)

(C) I've been angry and sad about the things that you (F) do
 (C) I can't count all the times that I've told you we're (F) through
 (C) And when you go, (Caug) when you slam the door
 (C) I think you know (Caug) that you won't be aw-(F)-ay too long
 You know that I'm (G) not that strong

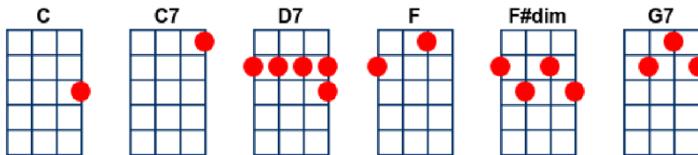
(F) Just (C) one (G) look and I can hear a bell ring
 (F) One (C) more (G) look and I forget everything, oo o oh

(C) Mamma mia, here I go again (F) My my, how can I resist you?
 (C) Mamma mia, does it show again? (F) My my, just how much I've missed you
 (C) Yes, I've been (G) broken-hearted, (Am) blue since the (Em) day we parted
 (F) Why, why (Dm) did I ever (G7) let you go?
 (C) Mamma mia, (Am) now I really know, (F) my my, (Dm) I could never (G7) let you go

(C) (Caug) (C) (Caug) (C)

Alexanders Ragtime Band

Artist: Bessie Smith Writer: Irving Berlin



Note: (D7) can be played instead of (F#dim)

(D7)/// (G7)/// (C)/// //

Come on and (C) hear, come on and hear Alex-(G7)-ander's Ragtime (C) Band (C7)
 Come on and (F) hear, come on and hear, it's the best band in the land
 They can (C) play a bugle call like you never heard before
 So natural that you want to go to war
 (D7) That is the bestest band what (G7) am, my honey lamb

Come on a-(C)-long, come on along let me (G7) take you by the (C) hand (C7)
 Up to the (F) man, up to the man who's the leader of the band
 And if you (C) care to hear the (C7) Swanee River (F) played in (F#dim) ragtime
 Come on and (C) hear, come on and hear Alex-(G7)-ander's Ragtime (C) Band.

(D7)/// (G7)/// (C)/// //

Come on and (C) hear, come on and hear Alex-(G7)-ander's Ragtime (C) Band (C7)
 Come on and (F) hear, come on and hear, it's the best band in the land
 They can (C) play a bugle call like you never heard before
 So natural that you want to go to war
 (D7) That is the bestest band what (G7) am, my honey lamb

Come on a-(C)-long, come on along let me (G7) take you by the (C) hand (C7)
 Up to the (F) man, up to the man who's the leader of the band
 And if you (C) care to hear the (C7) Swanee River (F) played in (F#dim) ragtime
 Come on and (C) hear, come on and hear Alex-(G7)-ander's Ragtime (C) Band.

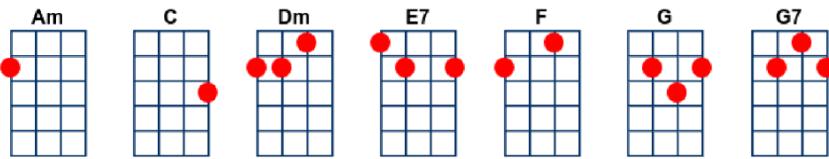
(D7)/// (G7)/// (C)/// //

Come on and (C) hear, come on and hear Alex-(G7)-ander's Ragtime (C) Band (C7)
 Come on and (F) hear, come on and hear, it's the best band in the land
 They can (C) play a bugle call like you never heard before
 So natural that you want to go to war
 (D7) That is the bestest band what (G7) am, my honey lamb

Come on a-(C)-long, come on along let me (G7) take you by the (C) hand (C7)
 Up to the (F) man, up to the man who's the leader of the band
 And if you (C) care to hear the (C7) Swanee River (F) played in (F#dim) ragtime
 Come on and (C) hear, come on and hear Alex-(G7)-ander's Ragtime (C) Band.
 Come on and (C) hear, come on and hear
Slow: Alex-(G7)-ander's Ragtime (C) Band.

Waltzing Matilda

Artist: Slim Dusty Writer: Banjo Paterson Previous book page no. 153



(C) Once a jolly **(E7)** swagman **(Am)** camped by a **(F)** billabong,
(C) Under the shade of a **(G7)** coolibah tree,
 And he **(C)** sang as he **(E7)** watched and **(Am)** waited till his **(F)** billy boiled
(C) You'll come a **(Am)** waltzing Mat-**(G7)**-ilda with **(C)** me

Chorus:

(C) Waltzing Matilda, **(F)** Waltzing Matilda
(C) You'll come a **(Am)** waltzing Mat-**(Dm)**-ilda with **(G)** me
 And he **(C)** sang as he **(E7)** watched and **(Am)** waited till his **(F)** billy boiled
(C) You'll come a waltzing Mat-**(G7)**-ilda with **(C)** me.

(C) Down came a **(E7)** jumbuck to **(Am)** drink at the **(F)** billabong
(C) Up jumped the swagman and **(G7)** grabbed him with glee
 And he **(C)** sang as he **(E7)** stowed that **(Am)** jumbuck in his **(F)** tuckerbag
(C) You'll come a **(Am)** waltzing Mat-**(G7)**-ilda with **(C)** me

Chorus: **(C)** Waltzing Matilda...

(C) Up rode the **(E7)** squatter **(Am)** mounted on his **(F)** thoroughbred,
(C) Up rode the troopers, **(G7)** one, two, three.
(C) "Where's the jolly **(E7)** jumbuck **(Am)** you've got in your **(F)** tuckerbag?
(C) You'll come a **(Am)** waltzing Mat-**(G7)**-ilda with **(C)** me "

Chorus: **(C)** Waltzing Matilda...

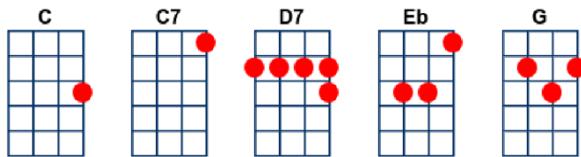
(C) Up jumped the **(E7)** swagman and **(Am)** sprang into the **(F)** billabong,
(C) "You'll never take me al-**(G7)**-ive," cried he
(Slower)

And his **(C)** ghost may be **(E7)** heard as you **(Am)** ride beside the **(F)** billabong,
(C) " You'll come a **(Am)** waltzing Mat-**(G7)**-ilda with **(C)** me "

Chorus x 2: **(C)** Waltzing Matilda...

Peggy Sue

Artist: Buddy Holly Writers: Buddy Holly, Jerry Allison, and Norman Petty Tempo 152



Intro: (G)// (C)// (G)// (D7)//

(G) If you knew (C) Peggy Sue, (G) then you'd (C) know why (G) I feel blue
 About (C) Peggy, my Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G)
 Oh, well, I (D7) love you gal yes, I (C) love you Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G) (D7)

(G) Peggy Sue (C) Peggy Sue (G) oh how (C) my heart (G) yearns for you
 Oh (C) Peggy, my Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G)
 Oh, well, I (D7) love you gal yes, I (C) love you Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G) (D7)

(G) Peggy Sue, Peggy Sue, (Eb) Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, (G) Peggy Sue,
 oh (C) Peggy, my Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G)
 Oh, well, I (D7) love you gal, yes, I (C) need you Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G) (D7)

(G) I love you (C) Peggy Sue, (G) With a (C) love so (G) rare and true
 Oh (C) Peggy, my Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G)
 Well, I (D7) love you gal and I (C) want you Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G) (D7)

Instrumental: (don't sing blue lyrics)

(G) If you knew (C) Peggy Sue, (G) then you'd (C) know why (G) I feel blue
 About (C) Peggy, my Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G)
 Oh, well, I (D7) love you gal yes, I (C) love you Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G) (D7)

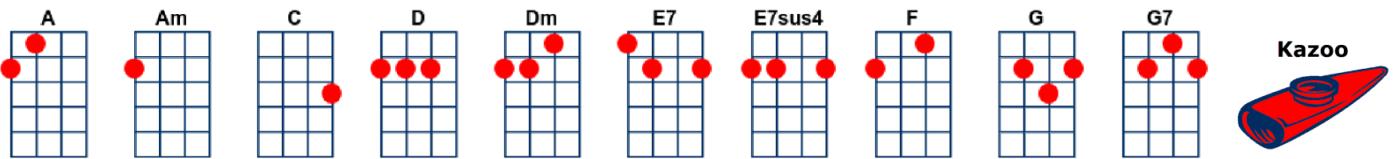
(G) Peggy Sue, Peggy Sue, (Eb) Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, (G) Peggy Sue,
 Oh (C) Peggy, my Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G)
 Oh, well, I (D7) love you gal, yes, I (C) need you Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G) (D7)

(G) I love you (C) Peggy Sue, (G) With a (C) love so (G) rare and true
 Oh (C) Peggy, my Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G)
 Well, I (D7) love you gal and I (C) want you Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G) (D7)

Oh, well, I (D7) love you gal, yes | (C) need you (C7) Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G) (G)

Lady Madonna

Artist: The Beatles Writers: Paul McCartney & John Lennon Previous book page no. 90



Note: Instrumental sections in blue lyrics, don't sing, kazoo instead if you can.

(A) Lady Ma-(D)-donna, (A) children at your (D) feet,
 (A) Wonder how you (D) manage to (F) make (G) ends (A) meet? 

(A) Lady Ma-(D)-donna, (A) children at your (D) feet,
 (A) Wonder how you (D) manage to (F) make (G) ends (A) meet?
 (A) Who finds the (D) money (A) when you pay the (D) rent
 (A) Did you think that (D) money was (F) hea-(G)-ven (A) sent

(Dm) Friday night arrives without a (G) suitcase
 (C) Sunday morning creeps in like a (Am) nun
 (Dm) Monday's child has learned to tie his (G7) bootlace
 (C) See (Dm) how they (E7sus4) - (E7) run

(A) Lady Ma-(D)-donna, (A) baby at your (D) breast
 (A) Wonder how you (D) manage to (F) feed (G) the (A) rest
 (A) Lady Ma-(D)-donna, (A) children at your (D) feet,
 (A) Wonder how you (D) manage to (F) make (G) ends (A) meet? 

(Dm) Ba-ba-ba bah ba ba-ba (G) bah ba-bah ba-bah
 (C) Ba-ba-ba bah ba ba-ba (Am) baa ba bah ba -bah
 (Dm) Ba-ba-ba bah ba ba-ba (G) bah ba-bah ba-bah
 (C) See (Dm) how they (E7sus4) - (E7) run

(A) Lady Ma-(D)-donna, (A) lying on the (D) bed
 (A) Listen to the (D) music playing (F) in (G) your (A) head
 (A) Lady Ma-(D)-donna, (A) children at your (D) feet,
 (A) Wonder how you (D) manage to (F) make (G) ends (A) meet? 

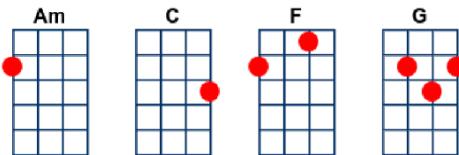
(Dm) Tuesday afternoon is never (G) ending
 (C) Wednesday morning papers didn't (Am) come
 (Dm) Thursday night your stockings needed (G7) mending
 (C) See (Dm) how they (E7sus4) - (E7) run

(A) Lady Ma-(D)-donna, (A) children at your (D) feet,
 (A) Wonder how you (D) manage to (F) make (G) ends (A) meet?

(A) (D) (A) (D) (A) (D) (F) / (G) / (A) /

Wagon Wheel

Artist: Darius Rucker Writers: Bob Dylan & Ketch Secor



Intro: (C) (G) (Am) (F) (C) (G) (F) (F)

(C) Headed down south to the (G) land of the pines
 and I'm (Am) thumin' my way into (F) North Caroline
 (C) Starin' up the road and (G) pray to God I see (F) headlights
 I (C) made it down the coast in (G) seventeen hours
 (Am) pickin' me a bouquet of (F) dogwood flowers
 And I'm a (C) hopin' for Raleigh I can (G) see my baby to-(F)-night

Chorus:

So (C) rock me mama like a (G) wagon wheel
 (Am) rock me mama any (F) way you feel
 (C) Hey, (G) mama (F) rock me
 (C) Rock me mama like the (G) wind and the rain
 (Am) rock me mama like a (F) south-bound train
 (C) Hey, (G) mama (F) rock me

(C) (G) (Am) (F) (C) (G) (F) (F)

(C) Runnin' from the cold (G) up in New England
 I was (Am) born to be a fiddler in an (F) old-time stringband
 My (C) baby plays the guitar, (G) I pick a banjo (F) now
 Oh, the (C) North country winters keep a (G) gettin' me down
 lost my (Am) money playin' poker so I (F) had to leave town
 But I (C) ain't a turnin' back to (G) livin' that old life (F) no more

Chorus: So (C) rock me mama like a (G) wagon wheel...

(C) (G) (Am) (F) (C) (G) (F) (F) x 2

(C) Walkin' to the south (G) out of Roanoke
 I caught a (Am) trucker out of Philly had a (F) nice long toke
 But (C) he's a headed west from the (G) Cumberland Gap to (F) Johnson City,
 Tennessee
 And I (C) gotta get a move on (G) fit for the sun
 I hear my (Am) baby callin' my name and I (F) know that she's the only one
 and (C) if I die in Raleigh at (G) least I will die (F) free

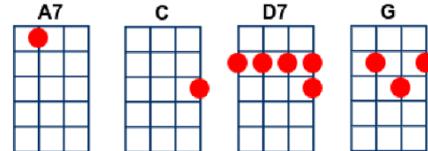
Chorus: So (C) rock me mama like a (G) wagon wheel...

Outro: (C) (G) (F) (F) (C)/

I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing

Artist: New Seekers Writers: Roger Cook, Roger Greenaway, Bill Backer & Billy Davis

(G) I'd like to build the world a home
 And (A7) furnish it with love
 Grow (D7) apple trees and honey bees
 And (C) snow white turtle (G) doves



I'd (G) like to teach the world to sing
 in (A7) perfect harmony
 I'd (D7) like to hold it in my arms
 And (C) keep it com-(G)-pany
 I'd (G) like to see the world for once
 All (A7) standing hand in hand
 And (D7) hear them echo through the hills
 For (C) peace throughout the (G) land

That's the song I hear,
 Let the world sing to-(A7)-day
 A (D7) song of peace that echoes on
 And (C) never goes a-(G)-way

Note: Sing “La-la-la” to the following tune:
*I'd (G) like to teach the world to sing
 In (A7) perfect harmony
 I'd (D7) like to hold it in my arms
 And (C) keep it com-(G)-pany*

That's the song I hear,
 Let the world sing to-(A7)-day
 A (D7) song of peace that echoes on
 And (C) never goes a-(G)-way

(G) I'd like to see the world for once,
 all (A7) standing hand in hand
 And (D7) hear them echo through the hills,
 for (C) peace throughout the (G) land

That's the song I hear,
 let the world sing to-(A7)-day
 A (D7) song of peace that echoes on
 And (C) never goes a-(G)-way

Note: Sing La-la-la to the following tune:

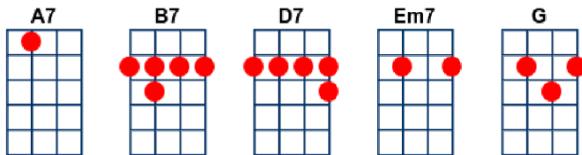
*I'd (G) like to teach the world to sing
 In (A7) perfect harmony
 I'd (D7) like to hold it in my arms
 And (C) keep it com-(G)-pany*

I'd (G) like to teach the world to sing
 in (A7) perfect harmony
 I'd (D7) like to hold it in my arms
 And (C) keep it com-(G)-pany

Note: Half speed to the end

Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Days Of Summer

Artist: Nat King Cole Writers: Hans Carste & Charles Tobias Previous book page no. 145



(G)

(NC) Roll out those **(G)** lazy, hazy, crazy days of **(A7)** summer,
Those days of **(D7)** soda and pretzels and **(G)** beer,

(G) Roll out those **(G)** lazy, hazy, crazy days of **(A7)** summer,
Dust off the **(D7)** sun and moon and sing a song of **(G)** cheer.

Just fill your **(B7)** basket full of sandwiches and weenies,
Then lock the house up, now you're **(Em7)** set,
And on the **(A7)** beach you'll see the **(Em7)** girls in their bik-**(A7)**-inis,
As cute as ever, but they never get them **(D7)** wet.

(G) Roll out those **(G)** lazy, hazy, crazy days of **(A7)** summer,
Those days of **(D7)** soda and pretzels and **(G)** beer,
(G) Roll out those **(G)** lazy, hazy, crazy days of **(A7)** summer,
You'll wish that **(D7)** summer could always be **(G)** here.

(G) Roll out those **(G)** lazy, hazy, crazy days of **(A7)** summer,
Those days of **(D7)** soda and pretzels and **(G)** beer,
(G) Roll out those **(G)** lazy, hazy, crazy days of **(A7)** summer,
Dust off the **(D7)** sun and moon and sing a song of **(G)** cheer.

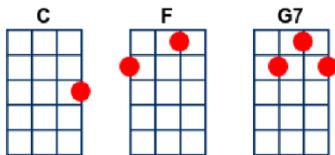
Don't have to **(B7)** tell a girl and feller 'bout a drive-in,
Or some romantic, movie **(Em7)** scene,
Why from the **(A7)** moment that those **(Em7)** lovers start arr-**(A7)**-ivin',
You'll see more kissing in the cars than on the **(D7)** screen.

(NC) Roll out those **(G)** lazy, hazy, crazy days of **(A7)** summer,
Those days of **(D7)** soda and pretzels and **(G)** beer,
(G) Roll out those **(G)** lazy, hazy, crazy days of **(A7)** summer,
You'll wish that **(D7)** summer could always be **(G)** here.

You'll wish that **(A7)** summer could **(D7)** always be **(G)** here,
You'll wish that **(A7)** summer could **(D7)** always be **(G)** here.

Sloop John B

Artist: The Beach Boys Previous book page no. 126



Note: Chord in (Blue) is optional

We (C) sail on the sloop (F)/ John (C) B,
 My grandfather (F)/ and (C) me
 Around Nassau town we did (G7) roam
 Drinking all (C) night, got into a (F) fight
 Well, I (C) feel so broke up, (G7) I want to go (C) home

So (C) hoist up the John (F)/ B (C) sail
 See how the main (F)/ sail (C) sets
 Call for the Captain ashore and let me go (G7) home
 I Wanna go (C) home I wanna go (F) home
 Well, I (C) feel so broke up, (G7) I want to go (C) home

The (C) first mate, he (F)/ got (C) drunk
 And broke in the Capt-(F)/-ain's (C) trunk
 The constable had to come and take him a-(G7)-way
 Sheriff John (C) Stone, why don't you leave me a-(F)-lone
 Well, I (C) feel so broke up (G7) I wanna go (C) home

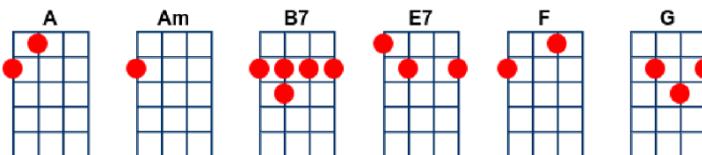
So (C) hoist up the John (F)/ B (C) sail
 See how the main (F)/ sail (C) sets
 Call for the Captain ashore and let me go (G7) home
 I Wanna go (C) home I wanna go (F) home
 Well, I (C) feel so broke up, (G7) I want to go (C) home

The (C) poor cook he caught (F)/ the (C) fits
 And threw away all (F)/ my (C) grits,
 Then he took, and he ate up all of my (G7) corn
 Let me go (C) home, I wanna go (F) home
 This (C) is the worst trip (G7) I've ever been (C) on

So (C) hoist up the John (F)/ B (C) sail
 See how the main (F)/ sail (C) sets
 Call for the Captain ashore and let me go (G7) home
 I Wanna go (C) home I wanna go (F) home
 Well, I (C) feel so broke up, I (G7) wanna go (C) home
 Well, I (C) feel so broke up, I (G7) wanna go (C) home

Y Viva España

Artist: Sylvia Vrethammar Writers: Leo Caerts & Leo Rozenstraten Tempo 126



(Am)/// All the **(Am)** ladies fell for Rudolph Valentino
(Am) He had a **(G)** beano back **(F)** in those balmy **(E7)** days
 He knew **(Am)** every time you meet an icy creature
 You've got to **(G)** teach her hot **(F)** blooded Latin **(E7)** ways
 But **(F)** even Rudy would have felt the **(E7)** strain
 Of **(B7)** making smooth advances in the **(E7)** rain

Oh this **(A)** year I'm off to Sunny Spain Y Viva Es-**(E7)**-paña
 I'm taking the Costa Brava 'plane Y Viva Es-**(A)**-paña
 If you'd like to chat a matador, in some cool **(E7)** cabaña
 And meet señoritas by the score - España por **(Am)** favor

(Am) Quite by chance to hot romance I found the answer
 Flamenco **(G)** dancers are by **(F)** far the finest **(E7)** bet
 There was **(Am)** one who whispered oh hasta la vista
 Each time I **(G)** kissed him **(F)** behind the casta-**(E7)**-nets
 He **(F)** rattled his maracas close to **(E7)** me
 In **(B7)** no time I was trembling at the **(E7)** knee

Oh this **(A)** year I'm off to Sunny Spain Y Viva Es-**(E7)**-paña
 I'm taking the Costa Brava 'plane - Y Viva Es-**(A)**-paña
 If you'd like to chat a matador, in some cool **(E7)** cabaña
 And meet señoritas by the score - España por **(Am)** favor

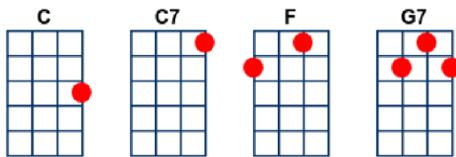
(Am) When they first arrive the girls are pink and pasty
 But oh so **(G)** tasty as **(F)** soon as they go **(E7)** brown
(Am) I guess they know every fellow will be queuing
 To do the **(G)** wooing his **(F)** girlfriend won't al**(E7)**low
 But **(F)** every dog must have his lucky **(E7)** day
 That's **(B7)** why I've learnt the way to shout: **(E7)** Olé!

Oh this **(A)** year I'm off to Sunny Spain Y Viva Es-**(E7)**-paña
 I'm taking the Costa Brava 'plane - Y Viva Es-**(A)**-paña
 If you'd like to chat a matador, in some cool **(E7)** cabaña
 And meet señoritas by the score - España por **(Am)** favor

(E7) España por **(A)** favor

Putting on the Style

Artist: Lonnie Donegan



(C) Sweet sixteen goes to church just to see the **(G7)** boys
 Laughs and screams and giggles at every little **(C)** noise
 Turns her face a little and **(C7)** turns her head **(F)** awhile
 But **(G7)** everybody knows she's only putting on the **(C)** style, she's...

(C) Putting on the agony, putting on the **(G7)** style
 That's what all the young folks are doing all the **(C)** while
 And as I look around me, I **(C7)** sometimes have to **(F)** smile
(G7) Seeing all the young folks putting on the **(C)** style.

Well **(C)** the young man in the hot-rod car, driving like he's **(G7)** mad
 With a pair of yellow gloves he's borrowed from his **(C)** dad
 He makes it roar so lively just to **(C7)** see his girlfriend **(F)** smile
(G7) But she knows he's **(G7)** only putting on the **(C)** style, he's...

(C) Putting on the agony, putting on the **(G7)** style
 That's what all the young folks are doing all the **(C)** while
 And as I look around me, I **(C7)** sometimes have to **(F)** smile
(G7) Seeing all the young folks putting on the **(C)** style.

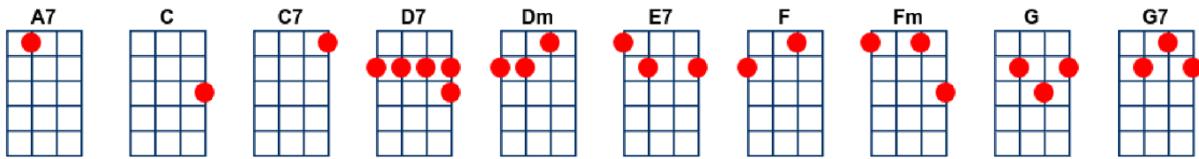
(C) Preacher in the pulpit roars with all his **(G7)** might
 Sing 'Glory Hallelujah' puts the folks all in a **(C)** fright
 Now you might think it's Satan that's a **(C7)** coming down the **(F)** aisle
(G7) But it's only our poor preacher, boys, putting on the **(C)** style, he's...

(C) Putting on the agony, putting on the **(G7)** style
 That's what all the young folks are doing all the **(C)** while
 And as I look around me, I **(C7)** sometimes have to **(F)** smile
(G7) Seeing all the young folks putting on the **(C)** style.

(C) Putting on the agony, putting on the **(G7)** style
 That's what all the young folks are doing all the **(C)** while
 And as I look around me, I **(C7)** sometimes have to **(F)** smile
(G7) Seeing all the young folks putting on the **(C)** style.

Build Me Up Buttercup

Artist: The Foundations Writers: Mike d'Abo & Tony Macaulay



Chorus:

**(NC) Why do you (C) build me up (E7) Buttercup baby
 Just to (F) let me down and (G7) mess me around
 And then (C) worst of all you (E7) never call, baby
 When you (F) say you will but (G7) I love you still
 I need (C) you more than (C7) anyone darling
 You (F) know that I have from the (Fm) start
 So (C) build me up (G) Buttercup don't break my (F) heart (C)**

I'll be (C) over at (G) ten you told me time and (F) again
 But you're (C) late... I'm waiting (F) round and then
 I (C) run to the (G) door, I can't take any (F) more
 It's not (C) you... you let me (F) down again
 (Dm) Baby, baby, try to find (G) A little time, and (A7) I'll make you happy
 (Dm) I'll be home, I'll be be-(D7)-side the phone waiting for (G) you...
 (G) You-oo-oo... ooh-oo-oo

Chorus: (NC) Why do you (C) build me up...

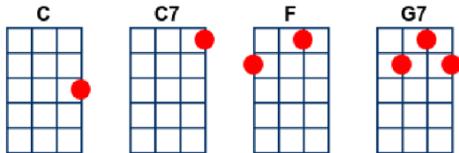
To (C) you I'm a (G) toy, but I could be the (F) boy
 You (C) adore... if you'd just (F) let me know
 Al-(C)-though you're un-(G)-true I'm attracted to (F) you
 All the (C) more... why do you (F) treat me so?
 (Dm) Baby, baby, try to find (G) A little time, and (A7) I'll make you happy
 (Dm) I'll be home, I'll be be-(D7)-side the phone waiting for (G) you...
 (G) You-oo-oo... ooh-oo-oo

Chorus: (NC) Why do you (C) build me up...

I need (C) you more than (C7) anyone, darling
 You (F) know that I have from the (Fm) start
 So (C) build me up, (G) Buttercup, don't break my (F) heart (C)

Jackson

Artist: Johnny Cash & June Carter Cash Writers: Billy Edd Wheeler & Jerry Leiber



(C) We got married in a fever hotter than a pepper sprout
 (C) We've been talking 'bout Jackson (C7) ever since the fire went out



I'm going to (F) Jackson (*Jackson Jackson*) gonna mess (C) around
 yeah, I'm going to (F) Jackson, (G7) look out Jackson (C) town



(C) Go on down to Jackson, go ahead and wreck your health
 (C) Go play your hand, you big talking man, make a (C7) big fool of yourself
 (C) Yeah, go to (F) Jackson (*Jackson Jackson*) comb your (C) hair
 I'm gonna snow-ball (F) Jackson, (G7) see if I (C) care



(C) When I breeze into that city, people goona stoop and bow (hah!)
 (C) All them women gonna make me (C7) teach 'em what they don't know how
 Aw, I'm going to (F) Jackson (*Jackson Jackson*) turn loose'a my (C) coat,
 cause, I'm going to (F) Jackson, (G7) goodbye, that's all she (C) wrote



(C) But they'll laugh at you in Jackson, and I'll be dancin' on a pony keg
 (C) they'll lead you 'roun' town like a scolded hound -
 - with your (C7) tail tucked 'tween your legs
 Yeah, go to (F) Jackson (*Jackson Jackson*) you big talking (C) man
 And I'll be waiting in (F) Jackson (G7) behind my Jaypan (C) fan

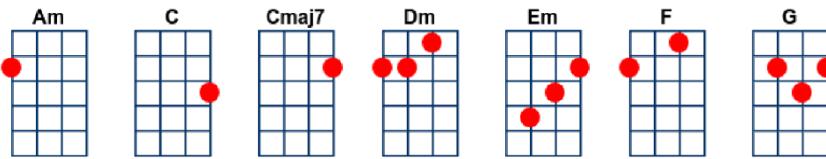


(C) We got married in a fever hotter than a pepper sprout
 (C) We've been talking 'bout Jackson (C7) ever since the fire went out
 I'm going to (F) Jackson (*Jackson Jackson*) and that's a (C) fact
 Yeah, we're going to (F) Jackson, (G7) ain't never comin' (C) back

(C)/// (F) (C)

Gypsies, Tramps, and Thieves

Artist: Cher Writer: Bob Stone



(Cmaj7) // (Am) // (Cmaj7) // (Am) // (Cmaj7) // (Am) // (Cmaj7) // (Am) /

I was (Am) born in the wagon of a (C) traveling show
 My (Dm) Mama used to dance for the (F) money they'd throw
 (C) Papa'd do what-(Em)-ever he (Am) could (234, 1234)
 (Dm) Preach a little gospel (F)/ (234)
 (G) Sell a couple bottles of Dr. (C) Good (234, 1234)

Chorus:

(F) Gyp-(C)-sies, (F) tramps and (C) thieves
 (F) We'd hear it from the (C) people of the (F) town, (C) they'd call us
 (F) Gyp-(C)-sies, (F) tramps and (C) thieves
 (Am) / But every night all the (G) men would come a(F) round (234)
 (F) / And lay their money (Am) down (Am)

(Am) Picked up a boy this (C) side of Mobile
 (Dm) Gave him a ride, fed him (F) with a hot meal
 (C) I was sixteen, he was (Em) twenty-(Am)-one (234, 1234)
 (Dm) Rode with us to Memphis (F)/ (234)
 And (G) Papa would have shot him if he knew what he'd (C) done (234, 1234)

Chorus: (F) Gyp-(C)-sies, (F) tramps...

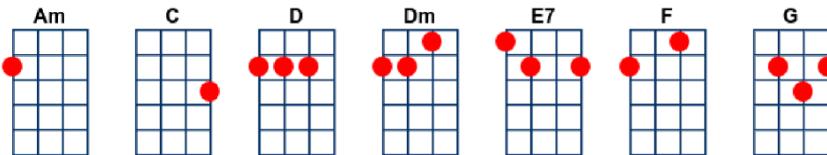
(Dm) Never had (C) schoolin' but he (Dm) taught me (C) well with his
 (Dm) smooth (C) Southern (Dm) style (C)
 (Dm) Three months (C) later I'm a (Dm) gal in (C) trouble
 And I (Dm) haven't seen (C) him (Dm) for a (C) whi--(F)--le
 Oh I haven't seen him for a (C) whi--(F)--le

She was (Am) born in the wagon of a (C) traveling show
 Her (Dm) Mama used to dance for the (F) money they'd throw
 (C) Grandpa'd do what-(Em)-ever he (Am) could (234, 1234)
 (Dm) Preach a little gospel (F)/ (234)
 (G) Sell a couple bottles of Dr. (C) Good

Chorus x 2: (F) Gyp-(C)-sies, (F) tramps...

Hotel California

Artist: Eagles Writers: Don Felder, Don Henley, and Glenn Frey



Intro: (Am) (E7) (G) (D) (F) (C) (Dm) (E7)

(Am) On a dark desert highway (E7) cool wind in my hair
 (G) Warm smell of colitas (D) rising up through the air
 (F) Up ahead in the distance (C) I saw a shimmering light
 (Dm) My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim (E7) I had to stop for the night
 (Am) There she stood in the doorway (E7) I heard the mission bell
 (G) And I was thinking to myself this could be (D) heaven or this could be hell
 (F) Then she lit up a candle (C) and she showed me the way
 (Dm) There were voices down the corridor (E7) I thought I heard them say

(F) Welcome to the Hotel Cali-(C)-fornia, such a (Dm) lovely place such a (Am) lovely face
 (F) Plenty of room at the Hotel Cali-(C)-fornia, any (Dm) time of year you can (E7) find it here

(Am) Her mind is Tiffany twisted (E7) she got the Mercedes bends
 (G) She got a lot of pretty pretty boys (D) that she calls friends
 (F) How they dance in the courtyard (C) sweet summer sweat
 (Dm) Some dance to remember (E7) some dance to forget
 (Am) So I called up the captain (E7) please bring me my wine
 He said (G) we haven't had that spirit here since (D) 1969
 (F) And still those voices are calling from (C) far away
 (Dm) Wake you up in the middle of the night (E7) just to hear them say

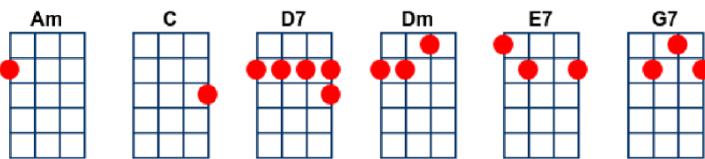
(F) Welcome to the Hotel Cali-(C)-fornia, such a (Dm) lovely place such a (Am) lovely face
 (F) Plenty of room at the Hotel Cali-(C)-fornia, any (Dm) time of year you can (E7) find it here

(Am) Mirrors on the ceiling (E7) the pink champagne on ice
 And she said (G) we are all just prisoners here (D) of our own device
 (F) And in the master's chambers (C) they gathered for the feast
 (Dm) They stab it with their steely knives but they (E7) just can't kill the beast
 (Am) Last thing I remember I was (E7) running for the door
 (G) I had to find the passage back to the (D) place I was before
 (F) Relax said the nightman we are (C) programmed to receive
 (Dm) You can check out anytime you like (E7) but you can never leave

(F) Welcome to the Hotel Cali-(C)-fornia, such a (Dm) lovely place such a (Am) lovely face
 They're (F) livin' it up in the Hotel Cali-(C)-fornia, what a (Dm) nice surprise, bring your (E7) alibis...
 (Am)

Night has a Thousand Eyes, The

Artist: Bobby Vee Writers: Benjamin Weisman, Dorothy Wayne & Marilyn Garrett



(C) They say that you're a runaround (E7) lover,
 Though you (Dm) say it isn't (G7) so,
 (C) But if you put me down for an-(E7)-other,
 (D7) I'll know believe me I'll (G7) know.

Cause the (Am) night has a thousand eyes,
 And a thousand (Dm) eyes, can't help but (C) see,
 If (Dm) you are (G7) true to (C) me,
 So rem-(Dm)-ember when (G7) you tell, those (C) little white (Am) lies,
 That the (Dm) night, (G7) has a thousand (C) eyes.

(C) You say that you're at home when you (E7) phone me,
 And how (Dm) much you really (G7) care,
 (C) Though you keep telling me that you're (E7) lonely,
 (D7) I'll know if someone is (G7) there.

Cause the (Am) night has a thousand eyes,
 And a thousand (Dm) eyes, can't help but (C) see,
 If (Dm) you are (G7) true to (C) me,
 So rem-(Dm)-ember when (G7) you tell, those (C) little white (Am) lies,
 That the (Dm) night, (G7) has a thousand (C) eyes.

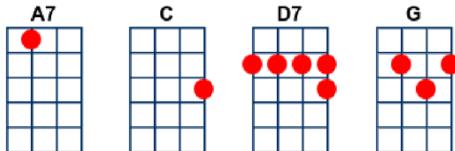
(C) One of these days you're gonna be (E7) sorry,
 Cause your (Dm) game I'm gonna (G7) play,
 (C) And you'll find out without really (E7) trying,
 (D7) Each time that my kisses (G7) stray.

Cause the (Am) night has a thousand eyes,
 And a thousand (Dm) eyes, can't help but (C) see,
 If (Dm) you are (G7) true to (C) me,
 So rem-(Dm)-ember when (G7) you tell, those (C) little white (Am) lies,
 That the (Dm) night, (G7) has a thousand (C) eyes.

That the (Dm) night, (G7) has a thousand (C) eyes.

Nine to Five

Artist: Dolly Parton Writer: Dolly Parton Previous book page no. 106



(G) Tumble out of bed and stumble to the kitchen,
 (C) Pour myself a cup of ambition,
 And (G) yawn and stretch and try to come to (D7) life,
 (G) Jump in the shower and the blood starts pumping,
 (C) Out in the street the traffic starts jumping,
 With (G) folks like me on the (D7) job from nine to (G) five.

Working (C) nine to five what a way to make a living,
 Barely (G) getting by, it's all taking and no giving,
 They just (C) use your mind and they never give you credit,
 It's (A7) enough to drive you (D7) crazy if you let it.
 (C) Nine to five, for service and devotion,
 You would (G) think that I would deserve a fair promotion,
 Want to (C) move ahead but the boss won't seem to let me,
 I (A7) swear sometimes that man is (D7) out to get me.

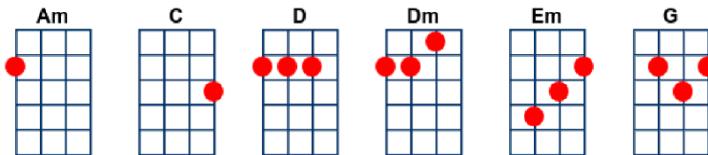
(G) They let you dream just to watch them shatter,
 (C) But you're just a step on the boss-man's ladder,
 (G) But you've got dreams he'll never take (D7) away,
 (G) In the same boat with a lot of your friends,
 (C) Waiting that day for your ship to come in,
 And (G) the tides gonna turn and it's (D7) all gonna roll your (G) way.

Working (C) nine to five what a way to make a living,
 Barely (G) getting by, it's all taking and no giving,
 They just (C) use your mind and they never give you credit,
 It's (A7) enough to drive you (D7) crazy if you let it.
 (C) Nine to five they got you where they want you,
 there's a (G) better life and you dream about it don't you,
 It's a (C) rich man's game, no matter what they call it,
 and you (A7) spend your life puttin' (D7) money in his pocket.

Working (C) nine to five what a way to make a living,
 Barely (G) getting by, it's all taking and no giving,
 They just (C) use your mind and they never give you credit,
 It's (A7) enough to drive you (D7) crazy if you let it.
 (C) Nine to five they got you where they want you,
 there's a (G) better life and you dream about it don't you,
 It's a (C) rich man's game, no matter what they call it,
 and you (A7) spend your life puttin' (D7) money in his pocket. (G)/

I Guess it Doesn't Matter Anymore

Artist: Buddy Holly Writer: Paul Anka Previous book page no. 72



(C) There you go and baby, here am I
 Well you (G) left me here so I could sit and cry
 Well-a, (C) golly gee what have you done to me
 Well I (G) guess it doesn't matter any (C) more.

(C) Do you remember baby, last September
 How you (G) held me tight each and every (G) night
 Well, (C) whoops-a daisy how you drove me crazy
 But I (G) guess it doesn't matter any (C) more.

(Am) There's no use in me a-(Em) cryin'
 I've (C) done everything and now I'm sick of trying
 I've (D) thrown away my nights
 And wasted all my days over (G) you. (Dm) (Em) (G)

Now (C) you go your way and I'll go mine
 (G) Now and forever 'till the end of time . . . I'll find
 Somebody (C) new and baby we'll say we're through
 And (G) you won't matter any (C) more.

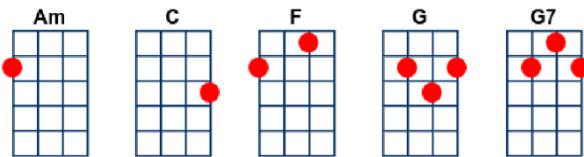
(Am) There's no use in me a-(Em) cryin'
 I've (C) done everything and now I'm (C) sick of trying
 I've (D) thrown away my nights
 And wasted all my days over (G) you. (Dm) (Em) (G)

Now you go (C) your way and I'll go mine
 (G) Now and forever 'till the end of time . . . I'll find
 Somebody (C) new and baby we'll say we're through
 And (G) you won't matter any (C) more.

(G) You won't matter any (C) more

Whiskey In the Jar

Artist: Thin Lizzy



(C) As I was a goin' over the **(Am)** far famed Kerry mountains
 I **(F)** met with Captain Farrell and his **(C)** money he was counting
 I **(C)** first produced my pistol and I **(Am)** then produced my rapier
 Said **(F)** "Stand and deliver" for you **(C)** are my bold deceiver

Chorus:

With me **(G)** ring dum-a doo dum-a da
(C) Whack for the daddy-o. **(F)** whack for the daddy-o
 There's **(C)** whiskey **(G7)** in the **(C)** jar.

I **(C)** counted out his money and it **(Am)** made a pretty penny
 I **(F)** put it in me pocket and I **(C)** brought it home to Jenny
 She **(C)** said and she swore that she **(Am)** never would deceive me
 But the **(F)** devil take the women for they **(C)** never can be easy

Chorus

I **(C)** went into my chamber, all **(Am)** for to take a slumber
 I **(F)** dreamt of gold and jewels and for **(C)** sure it was no wonder
 But **(C)** Jenny drew me charges and she **(Am)** filled them up with water
 Then **(F)** sent for captain Farrell to be **(C)** ready for the slaughter.

Chorus

It was **(C)** early in the morning, just be-**(Am)**-fore I rose to travel
 The **(F)** guards were all around me and **(C)** likewise Captain Farrell
 I **(C)** first produced me pistol for she **(Am)** stole away me rapier
 But I **(F)** couldn't shoot the water, so a **(C)** prisoner I was taken.

Chorus

If **(C)** anyone can aid me, it's my **(Am)** brother in the army,
 If **(F)** I can find his station in **(C)** Cork or in Killarney.
 And **(C)** if he'll come and save me, we'll go **(Am)** roving near Kilkenny,
 and I **(F)** swear he'll treat me better than me **(C)** darling sportling Jenny.

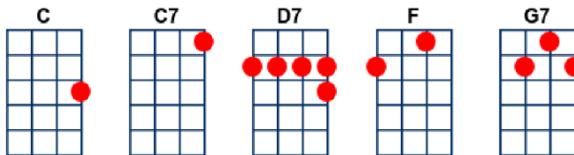
Chorus

Now **(C)** some men take delight in the **(Am)** drinking and the roving,
 But **(F)** others take delight in the **(C)** gambling and the smoking.
 But **(C)** I take delight in the **(Am)** juice of the barley,
 and **(F)** courting pretty Jenny in the **(C)** morning bright and early.

Chorus x 2 (Slowing on the last line)

My Old Man's A Dustman

Artist: Lonnie Donegan Writers: Lonnie Donegan, Peter Buchanan & Beverly Thorn Previous book page no. 102



Now (C)/ here's a little (F)/ story to (D7)/ tell it is a (G7)/ must
 (C)/ About an unsung (F)/ hero that (D7)/ moves away your (G7)/ dust
 Some (G7)/ people make a (C)/ fortune (G7)/ other's earn a (C)/ mint
 (G7)/ My old man don't (C)/ earn much, in (D7)/ fact he's flippin' (G7)/ skint

Refrain:

(G7) Oh! my (C) old man's a dustman he wears a dustman's (G7) hat
 He wears cor blimey trousers and he lives in a council (C) flat

He looks a proper narner in his great (C7) big hob nailed (F) boots
 He's (G7) got such a job to pull 'em up that he calls them daisy (C) roots
 (C) Some folks give tips at Christmas and some of them (G7) forget
 So when he picks their bins up he spills some on the (C) steps
 Now one old man got nasty and (C7) to the council (F) wrote
 Next (G7) time my old man went 'round there he punched him up the (C) throat

Refrain

I say I say I say, I found a police dog in my dustbin How do you know he's a police dog? He had a policeman with him!

(C) Though my old man's a dustman he's got a heart of (G7) gold
 He got married recently though he's 86 years (C) old
 We said 'Ere! Hang on Dad you're (C7) getting past your (F) prime'
 (G7) He said ' Well when you get to my age it helps to pass the (C) time'

Refrain

I say I say I say! My dustbins full of lilies Well throw 'em away then
 I can't Lilly's wearing them!

(C) Now one day while in a hurry he missed a lady's (G7) bin
 He hadn't gone but a few yards when she chased after (C) him
 'What game do you think you're playing' she (C7) cried right from the (F) heart
 (G7) 'You've missed me, am I too late?' 'No - jump up on the cart!'

Refrain

I say I say I say What you again? My dustbin's absolutely full with toadstools
 How do you know it's full? 'Cos there's not "mush room" inside!

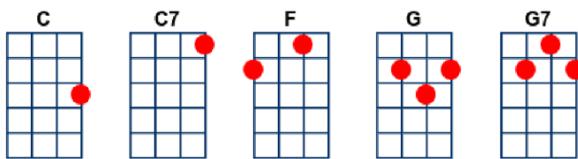
(C) He found a tiger's head one day, nailed to a piece of (G7) wood
 The tiger looked quite miserable but I suppose it (C) should
 Just then from out a window, a (C7) voice began to (F) wail
 (G7) He said Oi! Where's me tiger head? Four foot from it's (C) tail!

Refrain

Next time you see a dustman (C7) looking all pale and (F) sad
 Don't (G7) kick him in the dustbin it might be my old (C) dad!

Rivers of Babylon

Artist: Boney M. Writer :Brent Dowe, Trevor McNaughton, Frank Farian, Reyam Previous book page no. 117



(NC) By the rivers of **(C)** Babylon, there we sat down
 Ye-eah we **(G)** wept, when we remembered **(C)** Zion
 By the rivers of **(C)** Babylon, there we sat down
 Ye-eah we **(G7)** wept, when we remembered **(C)** Zion

(C) When the wicked **(C)** carried us away in **(C7)** captivity
 Re-**(F)**-quired from us a **(C)** song
 Now how shall we sing the Lord's song in a **(G)** strange **(C)** land
(C) When the wicked **(C)** carried us away in **(C7)** captivity
 Re-**(F)**-quiring of us a **(C)** song
 Now how shall we sing the Lord's song in a **(G)** strange **(C)** land

mm-**(C)**-mm, mm-**(C)**-mm, mm-**(G7)**-mm, mm-**(C)**-mm-mm

Let the **(C)** words of our **(G)** mouth and the medit-**(C)**-ation of our **(G)** heart
 Be acc-**(C)**-eptable in thy **(G)** sight here ton-**(C)**-ight
 Let the **(C)** words of our **(G)** mouth and the medit-**(C)**-ation of our **(G)** heart
 Be acc-**(C)**-eptable in thy **(G)** sight here ton-**(C)**-ight

By the rivers of **(C)** Babylon, there we sat down
 Ye-eah we **(G)** wept, when we remembered **(C)** Zion
 By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down
 Ye-eah we **(G)** wept, when we remembered **(C)** Zion

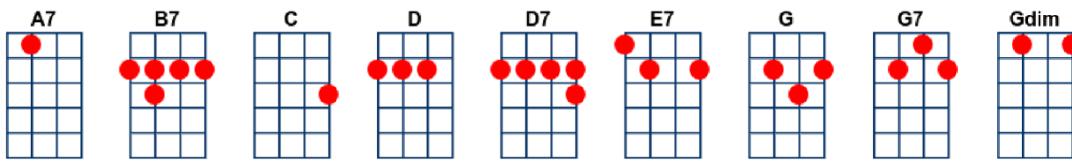
aa-**(C)**-hh, aa-**(C)**-hh, aa-**(G7)**-hh, aa-**(C)**-hh

By the rivers of **(C)** Babylon (daughters of Babylon)
 There we sat **(C)** down (you got to sing a song)
 Ye-eah we **(G)** wept, (sing a song of love)
 When we remember **(C)** Zion. (yeah yeah yeah yeah)

By the rivers of **(C)** Babylon (Prophets of Babylon)
 There we sat **(C)** down (you hear the people cry)
 Ye-eah we **(G7)** wept, (they need their god)
 When we remember **(C)** Zion.

When I'm Cleaning Windows

Artist: George Formby Writers: Fred Cliff, Harry Gifford & George Formby Previous book page no. 158



Intro: (G) (G7) (C) (A7) (G) (E7) (Gdim) (G)

Now (G) I go cleaning windows to (A7) earn an honest bob

(D) For a nosy parker it's an interesting (G) job

(G) Now it's a job that (G7) just suits me a (C) window cleaner (A7) you will be
If (G) you could see what (E7) I can see (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows

(G) The honeymooning (G7) couples too (C) you should see them (A7) bill and coo
You'd (G) be surprised at (E7) things they do, (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows

In (B7) my profession I work hard (E7) but I'll never stop

I'll (A7) climb this blinking ladder 'til I (G) get right to the (D7) top

The (G) blushing bride she (G7) looks divine, the (C) bridegroom he is (A7) doing fine
I'd (G) rather have his (E7) job than mine (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows

(G) The chambermaid sweet (G7) names I call (C) it's a wonder (A7) I don't fall
My (G) mind's not on my (E7) work at all (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows
(G) I know a fellow (G7) such a swell he (C) has a thirst it's (A7) plain to tell
I've (G) seen him drink his (E7) bath as well (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows

In (B7) my profession I work hard (E7) but I'll never stop

I'll (A7) climb this blinking ladder 'til I (G) get right to the (D7) top

Pyj-(G)-amas lying (G7) side by side (C) ladies nighties (A7) I have spied

I've (G) often seen what (E7) goes inside (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows

Now (G) there's a famous (G7) talkie queen (C) looks a flapper (A7) on the screen
She's (G) more like eighty (E7) than eighteen, (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows
She (G) pulls her hair all (G7) down behind (C) then pulls down her (A7) never mind
And (G) after that pulls (E7) down the blind (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows

In (B7) my profession I work hard (E7) but I'll never stop

I'll (A7) climb this blinking ladder 'til I (D) get right to the (D7) top

An (G) old maid walks ar-(G7)-ound the floor,

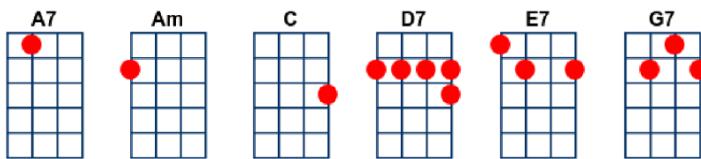
she's (C) so fed up one (A7) day I'm sure

She'll (G) drag me in and (E7) lock the door (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows

(G) (G7) (C) (A7) (G) (E7) (Gdim) (G) (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows

I Wanna be Like You

Artist: Louis Prima Writers: Robert and Richard Sherman



Now **(Am)** I'm the king of the swingers, oh, the jungle V - I - **(E7)** - P
 I've reached the top and had to stop, and that's what botherin' **(Am)** me.
 I wanna be a man, mancub, and stroll right into **(E7)** town
 And be just like the other men, I'm tired of monkeyin' a-**(Am)**-round!

(G7) Oh, **(C)** oo-bee-doo I wanna be like **(A7)** you
 I wanna **(D7)** walk like you, **(G7)** talk like you **(C)** too.
 You'll **(G7)** see it's **(C)** true, an ape like **(A7)** me
 Can **(D7)** learn to be **(G7)** human **(C)** too.

Now **(Am)** don't try to kid me, mancub, I made a deal with **(E7)** you
 What I desire is man's red fire, to make my dream come **(Am)** true.
 Give me the secret, mancub, clue me what to **(E7)** do
 Give me the power of man's red flower so I can be like **(Am)** you.

(G7) Oh, **(C)** oo-bee-doo I wanna be like **(A7)** you
 I wanna **(D7)** walk like you, **(G7)** talk like you **(C)** too.
 You'll **(G7)** see it's **(C)** true, an ape like **(A7)** me
 Can **(D7)** learn to be **(G7)** human **(C)** too.

I wanna **(Am)** ape your manner-isms, we'll be a set of **(E7)** twins
 No-one will know where man-cub ends and orang-utan be-**(Am)**-gins
 And when I eat bananas I won't peel them with my **(E7)** feet
 I'll be a man, man-cub and learn some eti-**(Am)**-quette

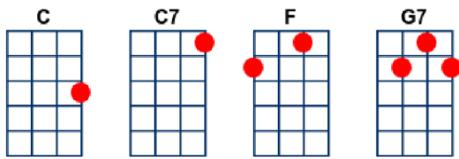
(G7) Oh, **(C)** oo-bee-doo I wanna be like **(A7)** you
 I wanna **(D7)** walk like you, **(G7)** talk like you **(C)** too.
 You'll **(G7)** see it's **(C)** true, an ape like **(A7)** me
 Can **(D7)** learn to be **(G7)** human **(C)** too.

(G7) Oh, **(C)** oo-bee-doo I wanna be like **(A7)** you
 I wanna **(D7)** walk like you, **(G7)** talk like you **(C)** too.
 You'll **(G7)** see it's **(C)** true, an ape like **(A7)** me
 Can **(D7)** learn to be **(G7)** human **(C)** too.

(G7)/ (C)/

It's Hard to Be Humble

Artist & Writer: Mac Davis



(G7) Oh, **(C)** Lord it's hard to be humble, when you're perfect in every **(G7)** way
 I can't wait to look in the mirror, 'cause I get better lookin' each **(C)** day
 To know me is to love me. I **(C7)** must be a hell of a **(F)** man
 Oh, Lord it's hard to be **(C)** humble, but I'm **(G7)** doing the best that I **(C)** can

I **(C)** used to **(F)** have a **(C)** girlfriend, but I guess she just couldn't com-**(G7)**-pete
 With all of these love starved women, who keep clamoring at my **(C)** feet
 Well I prob'ly could find me another, but I **(C7)** guess they're all in awe of **(F)** me
 Who cares I never get **(C)** lonesome, 'cause I **(G7)** treasure my own compa-**(C)**-ny

(G7) Oh, **(C)** Lord it's hard to be humble, when you're perfect in every **(G7)** way
 I can't wait to look in the mirror, 'cause I get better lookin' each **(C)** day
 To know me is to love me. I **(C7)** must be a hell of a **(F)** man
 Oh, Lord it's hard to be **(C)** humble, but I'm **(G7)** doing the best that I **(C)** can

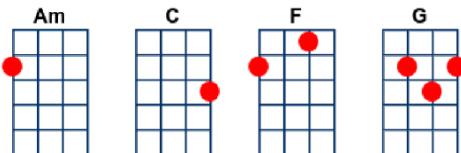
I **(C)** guess you **(F)** could say **(C)** I'm a loner, a cowboy outlaw tough and **(G7)** proud
 Oh I could have lots of friends if I wanna, but then I wouldn't stand out in a **(C)** crowd
 Some folks say that I'm egotistical, hell I **(C7)** don't even know what that **(F)** means
 I guess it has something **(C)** to do with the way I **(G7)** fill out my skin tight blue **(C)** jeans

(G7) Oh, **(C)** Lord it's hard to be humble, when you're perfect in every **(G7)** way
 I can't wait to look in the mirror, 'cause I get better lookin' each **(C)** day
 To know me is to love me. I **(C7)** must be a hell of a **(F)** man
 Oh, Lord it's hard to be **(C)** humble, but I'm **(G7)** doing the best that I **(C)** can

(G7) Oh, **(C)** Lord it's hard to be humble, when you're perfect in every **(G7)** way
 I can't wait to look in the mirror, 'cause I get better lookin' each **(C)** day
 To know me is to love me. I **(C7)** must be a hell of a **(F)** man
 Oh, Lord it's hard to be **(C)** humble, but I'm **(G7)** doing the best that I **(C)** can

Shotgun

Artist: George Ezra Writers: George Ezra & Joel Pott Previous book page no. 123



Intro: (C) (F) (Am) (G)

(C) Home grown alligator, (F) see you later,
 Gotta hit the (Am) road, gotta hit the (G) road
 The (C) something changed in the atmosphere (F) architecture unfamiliar,
 (Am) I could get used to this (G)

(C) Time flies by in the (F) yellow and green,
 Stick ar-(Am)-ound and you'll see what I (G) mean
 There's a (C) mountaintop, that (F) I'm dreaming of,
 If you (Am) need me you know where I'll (G) be

I'll be riding (C) shotgun, underneath the (F) hot sun, feeling like a (Am) someone (G)
 I'll be riding (C) shotgun, underneath the (F) hot sun, feeling like a (Am) someone (G)

(C) South, of, the equator (F) navigator, Gotta hit the (Am) road, gotta hit the (G) road
 (C) Deep sea diving round the clock, biki-(F)-ni bottoms, lager tops,
 (Am) I could get used to this (G)

(C) Time flies by in the (F) yellow and green,
 Stick ar-(Am)-ound and you'll see what I (G) mean
 There's a (C) mountaintop, that (F) I'm dreaming of,
 If you (Am) need me you know where I'll (G) be

I'll be riding (C) shotgun, underneath the (F) hot sun, feeling like a (Am) someone (G)
 I'll be riding (C) shotgun, underneath the (F) hot sun, feeling like a (Am) someone (G)

We got (C) two in the front, (F) two in the back,
 (Am) sailing along and we (G) don't look back

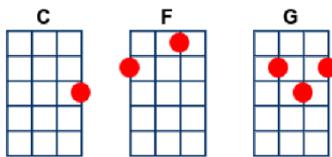
(C) (F) (Am) (G)

(C) Time flies by in the (F) yellow and green,
 Stick ar-(Am)-ound and you'll see what I (G) mean
 (*Don't play, tap out the rhythm*)
There's a mountaintop, that I'm dreaming of,
If you need me, you know where I'll be

I'll be riding (C) shotgun, underneath the (F) hot sun, feeling like a (Am) someone (G)
 I'll be riding (C) shotgun, underneath the (F) hot sun, feeling like a (Am) someone (G)
 I'll be riding (C) shotgun (**Stop**)

Boom Bang-a-Bang

Artist: Lulu. Writers: Ian Moorhouse & Peter Warne



Come **(C)** closer come closer and **(G)** listen
 The beat of my heart keeps on **(C)** missin'
 I notice it most when we're **(F)** kissin'
 Come **(G)** closer and love me to-**(C)**-night - that's right -
 Come closer and cuddle me tight

My heart goes **(F)** boom bang-a-bang boom bang-a-bang when you are **(C)** near
(G) Boom bang-a-bang boom bang-a-bang loud in my **(C)** ear
(F) Pounding away pounding away won't you be **(C)** mine?
(G) Boom bang-a-bang-bang all the **(C)** time

It's such a **(F)** looovely **(C)** feeeling **(G)** when I'm in your **(C)** arms
(F) Don't go away I wanna stay my whole life **(C)** through
(G) Boom bang-a-bang-bang close to **(C)** you

Your smile is so warm and in-**(G)**-viting
 The thought of your kiss is ex-**(C)**-citing
 So hold me and don't keep me **(F)** waiting
 Come **(G)** closer and love me to-**(C)**-night - that's right -
 Come closer and cuddle me tight

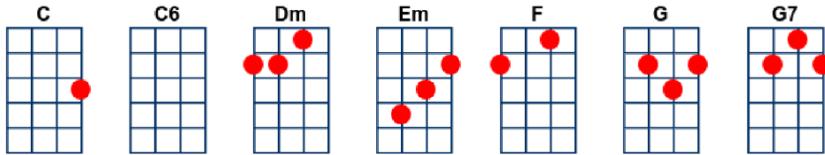
My heart goes **(F)** boom bang-a-bang boom bang-a-bang when you are **(C)** near
(G) Boom bang-a-bang boom bang-a-bang loud in my **(C)** ear
(F) Pounding away pounding away won't you be **(C)** mine?
(G) Boom bang-a-bang-bang all the **(C)** time

It's such a **(F)** looovely **(C)** feeeling **(G)** when I'm in your **(C)** arms
(F) Now you are near I wanna hear your heartbeat **(C)** too
(G) Boom bang-a-bang-bang I love **(C)** you

It's such a **(F)** looovely **(C)** feeeling **(G)** when I'm in your **(C)** arms
(F) Now you are near I wanna hear your heartbeat **(C)** too
(G) Boom bang-a-bang-bang - boom bang-a-bang-bang -
(G) Boom bang-a-bang-bang I love **(C)** you

Sweet Caroline

Artist: Neil Diamond Writer: Neil Diamond



(C) (C)

(C) Where it began, (F) I can't begin to knowin'
 (C) But then I know it's growing (G) strong
 (C) Was in the Spring (F) and Spring became the Summer
 (C) Who'd have believed you'd come a-(G)-long?

(C) Hands (C) (C6) touchin' hands (C6)

(G7) Reachin' out (G7) (F) touchin' me (F) touchin' (G) you (G) (G) (F) (G7)

(C) Sweet Caro-(F)-line. Good times never seemed so (G) good (G) (G) (F) (G7)

(C) I've been in-(F)-clined to believe they never (G) would (F) but (Em) now (Dm) I
 (C) Look at the night (F) and it don't seem so lonely (C) We fill it up with only (G) two
 (C) And when I hurt (F) hurtin' runs off my shoulders
 (C) How can I hurt when holding (G) you?

(C) Warm (C) (C6) touchin' warm (C6)

(G7) Reachin' out (G7) (F) touchin' me (F) touchin' (G) you (G) (G) (F) (G7)

(C) Sweet Caro-(F)-line. Good times never seemed so (G) good (G) (G) (F) (G7)

(C) I've been in-(F)-clined to believe they never (G) would (F) oh (Em) no (Dm) no

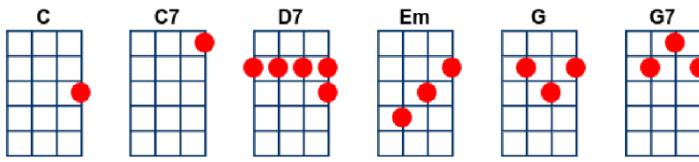
(C) Sweet Caro-(F)-line. Good times never seemed so (G) good (G) (G) (F) (G7)

(C) I've been in-(F)-clined to believe they never (G) would (F) oh (Em) no (Dm) no

(C) no.

At The Hop

Artist: Danny & the Juniors Writers: Artie Singer, John Medora & David White



(G) Bah-bah-bah-bah, **(Em)** bah-bah-bah-bah,
(C) Bah-bah-bah-bah, **(D7)** bah-bah-bah-bah at the **(G)** hop!

Middle Section:

Well, you **(G)** can rock it, you can roll it,
 You can stomp and even stroll it at the hop **(G7)**
 When the **(C7)** record starts a spinnin',
 You calypso when you chicken at the **(G)** hop
 Do the **(D7)** dance sensation that is **(C7)** sweepin' the nation at the **(G)** hop

Ah, **(G)** let's go to the hop, let's go to the **(G7)** hop, **(oh baby)**,
(C7) Let's go to the hop, **(oh baby)**, **(G)** let's go to the hop
(D7) Come **(C7)** on, **(G)** let's go to the hop

Well, you can **(G)** swing it, you can groove it,
 You can really start to move it at the hop **(G7)**
 Where the **(C7)** jumpin' is the smoothest,
 And the music is the coolest at the **(G)** hop
 All the **(D7)** cats and chicks can **(C7)** get their kicks at the **(G)** hop. Let's go!

Ah, **(G)** let's go to the hop, let's go to the **(G7)** hop, **(oh baby)**,
(C7) Let's go to the hop, **(oh baby)**, **(G)** let's go to the hop
(D7) Come **(C7)** on, **(G)** let's go to the hop. Let's go!

Repeat Middle Section

(G) Bah-bah-bah-bah, **(Em)** bah-bah-bah-bah,
(C) Bah-bah-bah-bah, **(D7)** bah-bah-bah-bah at the **(G)** hop!