

Malling Ukulele Group

Malling Ukulele Group Apple Day September 2025

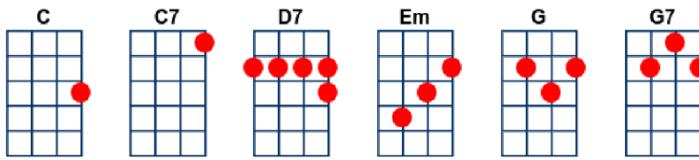


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At The Hop

Artist: Danny & the Juniors Tempo 152



(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!

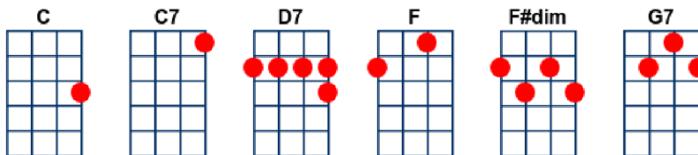
Ah, **(G)** let's go to the hop, let's go to the **(G7)** hop, **(oh baby)**,
(C7) Let's go to the hop, **(oh baby)**, **(G)** let's go to the hop
(D7) Come **(C7)** on, **(G)** let's go to the hop. Let's go!

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!

Alexanders Ragtime Band

Artist: Bessie Smith Writer: Irving Berlin Tempo 171 or 120



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
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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.

I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing

Artist: New Seekers Writers: Tempo 136

(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

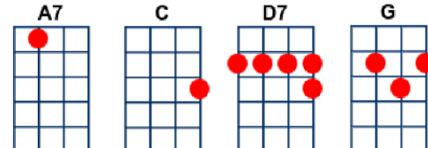
Note: Sing "La-la-la" to the following tune:

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

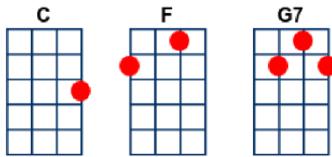
(G) I'd like to see the world for once,
 all (A7) standing hand in hand
 And (D7) hear them echo through the hills,
 for (C) peace throughout the (G) land

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



Brand New Combine Harvester

Artist: The Wurzels. Tempo 97



(C) (vamp)

(C) I drove my tractor through your haystack last night (oo-ar oo-ar)
 (G7) I threw me pitchfork at your dog to keep quiet (oo-ar oo-ar)
 (C) Now something's telling me that you'm avoiding me (oo-ar oo-ar)
 (F) Come on now darling you've got (G7) something I need

Chorus

Cuz (C) I got a brand-new combine harvester an' I'll give you the key
 (C) Come on now let's get together in perfect harmony
 (F) I got twenty acres an' you got forty-three
 Now (C) I got a brand-new combine harvester
 An' (G7) I'll give you the (C) key

(C) I'll stick by you, I'll give you all that you need (oo-ar oo-ar)
 (G7) We'll 'ave twins and triplets, I'm a man built for speed (oo-ar oo-ar)
 (C) And you know I'll love you darlin' so give me your hand (oo-ar oo-ar)
 (F) But what I want the most is all they (G7) acres of land

Chorus Cuz (C) I got a...

(C) For seven long years I've been alone in this place (oo-ar oo-ar)
 (G7) Eat, sleep, in the kitchen, it's a proper disgrace (oo-ar oo-ar)
 (C) Now if I cleaned it up would you change your mind (oo-ar oo-ar)
 (F) I'll give up drinking scrumpy and that (G7) lager and lime

Chorus Cuz (C) I got a...

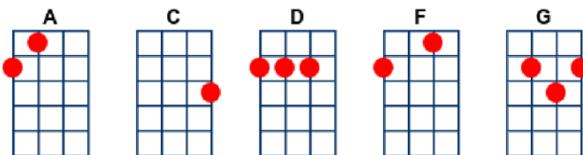
(C) Weren't we a grand couple at that last wurzel dance
 (G7) I wore brand new gaters and me cordouroy pants
 (C) In your new Sunday dress with your perfume smelling grand
 (F) We had our photos took and (G7) us holding hands

Chorus Cuz (C) I got a...

(Aahh yu're a fine lookin' woman and I can't wait to get me 'ands on your land)

I Am A Cider Drinker

Artist: The Wurzels Tempo 130



(C) (vamp)

(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 (C) 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 (C) 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

(C) 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 (C) 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 (C) newts be-(G)tween me (C) toes. (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)

(C) I am a cider (F) drinker, I drinks it all of the (C) day

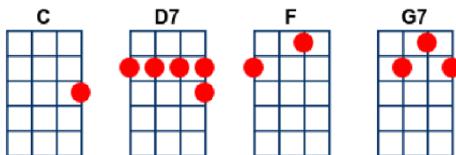
(C) I am a cider (F) drinker, it soothes all me troubles a-(C)-way

(C) Oh arr oh arr-(G)-aay, oh arr oh arr-(C)-aay.

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

Grandma's Feather Bed

Artist: John Denver. Tempo 120



Intro: (C) // (F) // (G7) // (C) // x 2

(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 (C) so
 We'd (C) chicken pie and (F) country ham and (C) homemade 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
 (C) 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
 (C) We didn't get much sleep but we (F) had a lot of fun on
 (G7) Grandma's feather (C) bed

(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 (C) 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 It was (C) nine feet high...

(C) // (F) // (G7) // (C) //

(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: Well maybe not the gal down the road...

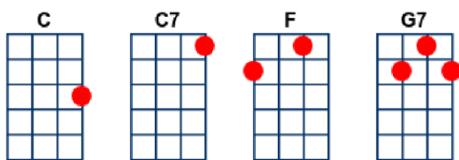
Chorus It was (C) nine feet high...

(C) Didn't get much sleep but we (F) had a lot of fun on
 (G7) Grandma's feather (C) bed

(C) // (F) // (G7) // (C) //

Putting on the Style

Artist: Lonnie Donegan Tempo: 125



(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.

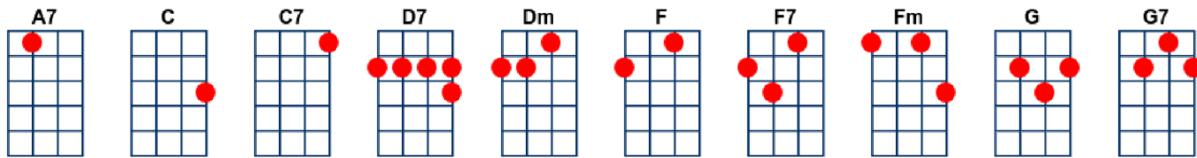
(C) Preacher in the pulpit roars with all his **(G7)** might
 Sing 'Glory Hallelujah' puts the folks all in a **(C)** fright
 Now you might think it's Satan that's a **(C7)** coming down the **(F)** aisle
(G7) But it's only our poor preacher, boys, putting on the **(C)** style, he's...

(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.

Bare Necessities, The

Artist: Phil Harris, Bruce Reitherman. Tempo 103



Look for the **(C)** bare ne-**(C7)**-cessities, the **(F)** simple bare ne-**(F7)**-cessities
(C7) forget about your **(A7)** worries and your **(Dm)** strife **(G7)**
I mean the **(C)** bare ne-**(C7)**-cessities, old **(F)** Mother Nature's **(F7)** recipes
that **(C) //** brings the **(A7) //** bare ne-**(Dm) //**-cessi-**(G7) //**-ties of **(C)** life.

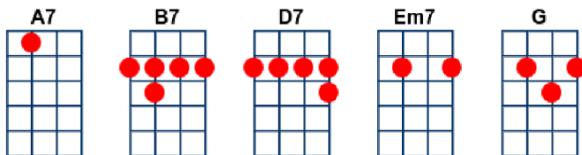
Wherever I **(G)** wander, wherever I **(C)** roam,
I couldn't be **(G)** fonder of my big **(C)** home. **(C7)**
The bees are **(F)** buzzin' in the **(Fm)** tree,
to make some **(C7)** honey just for **(A7)** me.
When **(D7)** you look under the rocks and plants,
and **(G)** take a glance at the fancy ants,
then **(C)** maybe try a **(A7)** few **(2 3 4 1)**
The bare ne-**(Dm)**-cessities of **(G7)** life will come to **(C)** you
They'll **(G)** come to **(C)** you

Look for the **(C)** bare ne-**(C7)**-cessities, the **(F)** simple bare ne-**(F7)**-cessities
(C7) forget about your **(A7)** worries and your **(Dm)** strife **(G7)**
I mean the **(C)** bare ne-**(C7)**-cessities, old **(F)** Mother Nature's **(F7)** recipes
that **(C)** brings the **(A7)** bare ne-**(Dm)**-cessi-**(G7)**-ties of **(C)** life.

Wherever I **(G)** wander, wherever I **(C)** roam,
I couldn't be **(G)** fonder of my big **(C)** home. **(C7)**
The bees are **(F)** buzzin' in the **(Fm)** tree,
to make some **(C7)** honey just for **(A7)** me.
When **(D7)** you look under the rocks and plants,
and **(G)** take a glance at the fancy ants,
then **(C)** maybe try a **(A7)** few **(2 3 4 1)**
The bare ne-**(Dm)**-cessities of **(G7)** life will come to **(C)** you
They'll **(G)** come to **(C)** me
They'll **(G)** come to **(C)** you

Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Days Of Summer

Artist: Nat King Cole Tempo 180



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

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

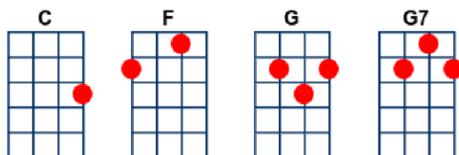
Don't have to **(B7)** tell a girl and feller 'bout a drive-in,
 Or some romantic, movie **(Em7)** scene,
 Why from the **(A7)** moment that those **(Em7)** lovers start arr-**(A7)**-ivin',
 You'll see more kissing in the cars than on the **(D7)/** screen.

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

Little Old Wine Drinker Me

Artist: Dean Martin Tempo 132



④ ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥ ⑥ ⑥ ⑥ ⑥ ⑤
 ⑤ ⑤ ⑥ ⑥ ⑥ ⑥ ⑥ ⑦ ⑥ ⑤ ⑤ ⑤
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 ⑤ ⑤ ⑥ ⑥ ⑥ ⑥ ⑥ ⑥ ⑥ ⑥ ⑤ ⑤

Note: This song might be cut if running over time

Intro: (C) (F) (C) (F)

I'm (C) praying for (F) rain in Cali-(C)-fornia
 So the grapes will grow and they can make more (G) wine (G7)
 And I'm (C) sitting in a (F) honky in Chic-(C)-ago
 With a broken heart and a (G7) woman on my (C) mind

I ask the (G) man behind the bar for the (C) jukebox
 And the music takes me back to Tennes-(G)-see (G7)
 When they (C) ask who's the (F) fool in the (C) corner (F) crying
 I say (C) little old (G) wine (G7) drinker (C) me (G7)

I (C) got here last (F) week from down in (C) Nashville
 'Cos my baby left for Florida on a (G) train (G7)
 I (C) said I'd get a (F) job and just for-(C)-get her
 But in Chicago a broken (G7) heart is just the (C) same

I ask the (G) man behind the bar for the (C) jukebox
 And the music takes me back to Tennes-(G)-see (G7)
 When they (C) ask who's the (F) fool in the (C) corner (F) crying
 I say (C) little old (G) wine (G7) drinker (C) me (G7)

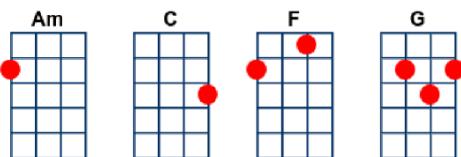
Instrumental:

I'm (C) praying for (F) rain in Cali-(C)-fornia
 So the grapes will grow and they can make more (G) wine (G7)
 And I'm (C) sitting in a (F) honky in Chic-(C)-ago
 With a broken heart and a (G7) woman on my (C) mind

I ask the (G) man behind the bar for the (C) jukebox
 And the music takes me back to Tennes-(G)-see (G7)
 When they (C) ask who's the (F) fool in the (C) corner (F) crying
 I say (C) little old (G) wine (G7) drinker (C) me (G7)
 I say (C) little old (G) wine (G7) drinker (C) me (G7)
 I say (C) little old (G) wine (G7) drinker (C) me (F)/ (C)/

Octopus's Garden

Artist: The Beatles Tempo 91



Note: This song might be cut if running over time

(C) I'd like to be (Am) under the sea
 In an (F) octopus's garden in the (G) shade
 (C) He'd let us in (Am) knows where we've been
 In his (F) octopus's garden in the (G) shade

(Am) I'd ask my friends to come and see
 (F) An octopus's (G) garden with me
 (C) I'd like to be (Am) under the sea
 In an (F) octopus's garden in the (G) shade

(C) We would be warm (Am) below the storm
 In our (F) little hideaway beneath the (G) waves
 (C) Resting our head (Am) on the seabed
 In an (F) octopus's garden near a (G) cave

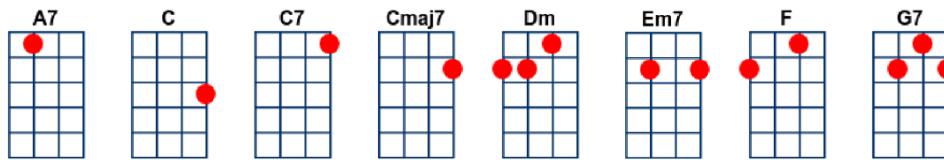
(Am) We would sing and dance around
 (F) Because we know we (G) can't be found
 (C) I'd like to be (Am) under the sea
 In an (F) octopus's garden in the (G) shade

(C) We would shout (Am) and swim about
 The (F) coral that lies beneath the (G) waves
 (C) Oh what joy for (Am) every girl and boy
 (F) Knowing they're happy and they're (G) safe

(Am) We would be so happy you and me
 (F) No one there to tell us what to (G) do
 (C) I'd like to be (Am) under the sea
 In an (F) octopus's (G) garden with (Am) you
 In an (F) octopus's (G) garden with (Am) you
 In an (F) octopus's (G) garden with (C) you (G) (C)

Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head

Artist: BJ Thomas tempo 107



Note: This song might be cut if running over time

(C) Raindrops keep falling on my (Cmaj7) head
 And (C7) just like the guy whose feet are (F) too big for his (Em7) bed (A7)
 Nothing seems to (Em7) fit, (A7) those,
 (Dm) raindrops are falling on my head they keep falling

(G7) So I just (C) did me some talking to the (Cmaj7) sun
 And (C7) I said I didn't like the (F) way he got things (Em7) done
 (A7) Sleepin' on the (Em7) job, (A7) those
 (Dm) Raindrops are falling on my head they keep falling

(G7) But there's one (C) thing I (Cmaj7) know,
 The (F) blues they send to (G7) meet me, won't def-(Em7)-eat me
 It won't be long till (A7) happiness steps (Dm) up to greet me (G7)

(C) Raindrops keep falling on my (Cmaj7) head
 But (C7) that doesn't mean my eyes will (F) soon be turning (Em7) red (A7)
 Cryin's not for (Em7) me, (A7) cause,
 (Dm) I'm never gonna stop the rain by complaining
 (G7) Because I'm (C) free, nothing's (G7) worrying (C) me

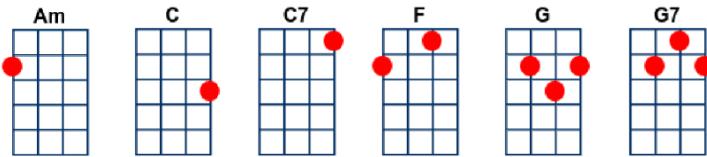
(C) Raindrops keep falling on my (Cmaj7) head
 But (C7) that doesn't mean my eyes will (F) soon be turning (Em7) red (A7)
 Cryin's not for (Em7) me (A7) 'cause,
 (Dm) I'm never gonna stop the rain by complaining
 (G7) Because I'm (C) free, nothing's (G7) worrying (C) me

Slower

Nothing's (G7) worrying (C) me.

Take Me Home, Country Roads

Artist: John Denver Tempo 161



(C) // Almost heaven, **(Am)** West Virginia,
(G) Blue ridge mountains, **(F)** Shenandoah **(C)** river,
 Life is old there, **(Am)** older than the trees,
(G) Younger than the mountains, **(F)** blowing like a **(C)** breeze.

Country roads take me **(G)** home, to the **(Am)** place, I bel-**(F)**-ong,
 West Virgi-**(C)**-nia, mountain **(G)** mama,
 Take me **(F)** home, country **(C)** roads

All my memories, **(Am)** gathered round her,
(G) Miner's lady, **(F)** stranger to blue **(C)** water,
 Dark and dusty, **(Am)** painted on the sky,
(G) Misty taste of moonshine, **(F)** teardrops in my **(C)** eye.

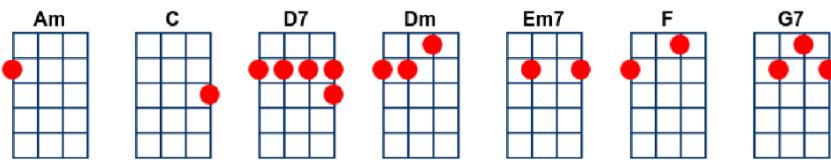
Country roads take me **(G)** home, to the **(Am)** place, I bel-**(F)**-ong,
 West Virgi-**(C)**-nia, mountain **(G)** mama,
 Take me **(F)** home, country **(C)** roads

(Am) I hear her **(G)** voice in the **(C)** mornin' hour she **(C7)** calls me,
 The **(F)** radio rem-**(C)**-inds me of my **(G)** home far away,
 And **(Am)** drivin' down the **(G)** road I get a **(F)** feelin' that I
(C) should have been home **(G)** yesterday, yester-**(G7)**-day.

Country **(C)** roads take me **(G)** home, to the **(Am)** place, I bel-**(F)**-ong,
 West Virgi-**(C)**-nia, mountain **(G)** mama,
 Take me **(F)** home, country **(C)** roads
 Take me **(G)** home, country **(C)** roads,
 Take me **(G)** home, country **(C)** roads.

Daydream Believer

Artist: The Monkees. Tempo 125



Oh I could (C) hide 'neath the (Dm) wings
 Of the (Em7) bluebird as she (F) sings.
 The (C) six o'clock al-(Am)-arm would never (D7) ring (G7)
 (G7) But it (C) rings and I (Dm) rise,
 Wipe the (Em7) sleep out of my (F) eyes.
 My (C) shaving (Am) razor's (Dm) cold (G7) and it (C) stings.

(F) Cheer up (G7) sleepy (Em7) Jean
 (F) Oh, what (G7) can it (Am) mean
 (F) To a (C) daydream be-(F)-iever,
 And a (C) home-(Am)-coming (D7) queen? (G7)

(C) You once thought of (Dm) me
 As a (Em7) white knight on a (F) steed.
 (C) Now you know how (Am) happy I can (D7) be (G7)
 (G7) Oh, and our (C) good time start and (Dm) end
 Without a (Em7) dollar one to (F) spend.
 But (C) how much (Am) baby (Dm) do we (G7) really (C) need?

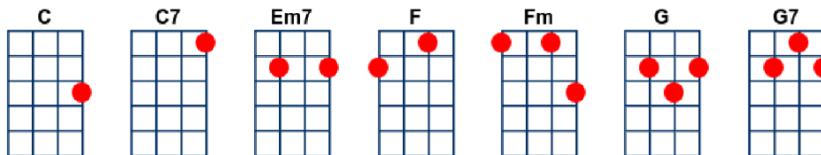
(F) Cheer up (G7) sleepy (Em7) Jean
 (F) Oh, what (G7) can it (Am) mean
 (F) To a (C) daydream be-(F)-iever,
 And a (C) home-(Am)-coming (D7) queen? (G7)

(F) Cheer up (G7) sleepy (Em7) Jean
 (F) Oh, what (G7) can it (Am) mean
 (F) To a (C) daydream be-(F)-iever,
 And a (C) home-(Am)-coming (D7) queen? (G7)

(C)/

If Paradise is Half as Nice

Artist: Amen Corner Tempo 111



(C) La la la la (Em7) La la la la (C7) La la la la
 (F) La la la (Fm) La la la la la (C) La la la la (G) la (G7)
 If (C) paradise is (Em7) half as nice as (C7) heaven
 that you (F) take me to
 (Fm) Who needs para-(C)-dise, I'd rather have (G) you.

They say para-(C)-dise is up in the (Em7) stars,
 but I needn't (C7) sigh because it's so (F) far,
 cause I know it's (Fm) worth, a heaven on (C) earth,
 for me, where you (G) are.

A look from your (C) eyes, a touch of your (Em7) hand,
 and I seem to (C7) fly to some other (F) land.
 When you are a-(Fm)-round, my heart always (C) pounds,
 just like a brass (G) band.

If (C) paradise is (Em7) half as nice as (C7) heaven
 that you (F) take me to
 (Fm) Who needs para-(C)-dise, I'd rather have (G) you.
 La (C) la la la (Em7) La la la la (C7) La la la la
 (F) La la la (Fm) La la la la la (C) La la la la (G) la (G7)

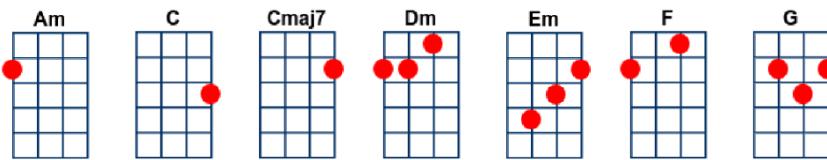
If (C) paradise is (Em7) half as nice as (C7) heaven
 that you (F) take me to
 (Fm) Who needs para-(C)-dise, I'd rather have (G) you.
 La (C) la la la (Em7) La la la la (C7) La la la la
 (F) La la la (Fm) La la la la la (C) La la la la (G) la (G7)

They say para-(C)-dise is up in the (Em7) stars,
 but I needn't (C7) sigh because it's so (F) far,
 cause I know it's (Fm) worth, a heaven on (C) earth,
 for me, where you (G) are.

A look from your (C) eyes, a touch of your (Em7) hand,
 and I seem to (C7) fly to some other (F) land.
 When you are a-(Fm)-round, my heart always (C) pounds,
 just like a brass (G) band (G) // (C)

Gypsies, Tramps, and Thieves

Artist: Cher Writer: Bob Stone Tempo 128



(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...

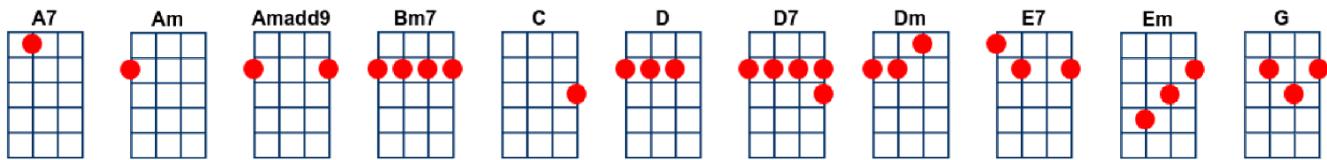
(Dm) Never had (C) schoolin' but he (Dm) taught me (C) well with his
 (Dm) smooth (C) Southern (Dm) style (C)
 (Dm) Three months (C) later I'm a (Dm) gal in (C) trouble
 And I (Dm) haven't seen (C) him (Dm) for a (C) whi--(F)--le
 Oh I haven't seen him for a (C) whi--(F)--le

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...

It Must Be Love

Artist & Writer: Labi Siffre Tempo 96



Note: This song might be cut if running over time

(Am) (Amadd9) (Am) (Amadd9)

(Am) I never **(Amadd9)** thought I'd miss you

(Am) half as **(Amadd9)** much as I **(G)** do **(C) (G) (C)**

(Am) And I never **(Amadd9)** thought I'd feel this **(Am)** way,

The way I **(Amadd9)** feel about **(G)** you **(C) (G) (C)**

(Em) As soon as I **(A7)** wake up every **(Dm)** night every **(E7)** day

(Am) I know that it's **(C)** you I need to **(D)** take the blues away **(D7)**

(G) It must be **(Bm7)** love, love, **(C)** love **(D)**

(G) It must be **(Bm7)** love, love, **(C)** love **(D)**

(Am)/ nothing more, **(Bm7)/** nothing less, **(C)/** love is the best

(Am) (Amadd9) (Am) (Amadd9) (G) (C) (G) (C)

(Am) How can it **(Amadd9)** be that we can

(Am) say so **(Amadd9)** much without **(G)** words **(C) (G) (C)**

(Am) Bless you and **(Amadd9)** bless me

(Am) Bless the **(Amadd9)** bees and the **(G)** birds **(C) (G) (C)**

(Em) I've got to be **(A7)** near you every **(Dm)** night every **(E7)** day

(Am) I couldn't be **(C)** happy **(D)** any other way **(D7)**

(G) It must be **(Bm7)** love, love, **(C)** love **(D)**

(G) It must be **(Bm7)** love, love, **(C)** love **(D)**

(Am)/ nothing more, **(Bm7)/** nothing less, **(C)/** love is the best

(Am) (Amadd9) (Am) (Amadd9) (G) (C) (G) (C)

(Em) As soon as I **(A7)** wake up every **(Dm)** night every **(E7)** day

(Am) I know that it's **(C)** you I need to **(D)** take the blues away **(D7)**

(G) It must be **(Bm7)** love, love, **(C)** love **(D)**

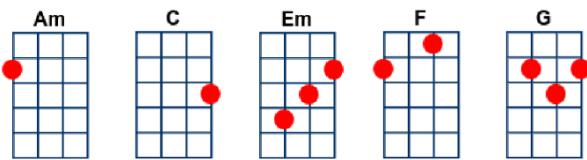
(G) It must be **(Bm7)** love, love, **(C)** love **(D)**

(G) It must be **(Bm7)** love, love, **(C)** love **(D)**

(G)/

Cum On Feel The Noize

Artist: Slade Writers: Noddy Holder & Jim Lea Tempo 140



Intro: (F)// (C)// (G) x 2

(C) So you think I got an (Em) evil mind, well I'll (Am) tell you honey
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why
 (C) So you think my singing's (Em) out of time, well it (Am) makes me money
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why, any (Am) more (G)

Chorus

So (C) cum on (G) feel the (Am) noize
 (C) girls (G) rock your (Am) boys
 We'll get (F) wild, (C) wild, (G) wild
 (F) wild, (C) wild, (G) wild
 (C) Cum on (G) feel the (Am) noize
 (C) girls (G) rock your (Am) boys
 We'll get (F) wild, (C) wild, (G) wild
 (F) wild, (C) wild, (G) wild

(C) So you say I got a (Em) funny face, I ain't (Am) got no worries
 And I (F) don't (C) know (G) why
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why
 (C) I gotta say with (Em) some disgrace, I'm (Am) in no hurry
 And I (F) don't (C) know (G) why
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why, any (Am) more (G)

Chorus: So (C) cum on (G) feel...

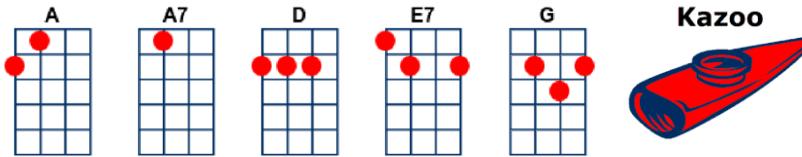
(C) Well you think we have a (Em) lazy time, you (Am) should know better
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why
 (C) So you say I got a (Em) dirty mind, I'm a (Am) mean go-getter
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why

Chorus: So (C) cum on (G) feel...

(C)/

Hi Ho Silver Lining

Artist: Jeff Beck Writers: Tempo 130



You're (A) everywhere and nowhere baby (D) That's where you're at
 (G) Going down the bumpy (D) hillside (A) in your hippy (E7) hat
 (A) Flying across the country (D) and getting fat
 (G) Saying everything is (D) groovy (A) when your tyre's all (E7) flat...

And it's (A) Hi ho (A7) silver lining (D) anywhere you (E7) go now baby
 (A) I see your (A7) sun is (A) shining (D) but I won't make a (E7) fuss
 (D) Though it's (A) obvious

Instrumental Kazoo (don't sing blue lyrics): 

You're (A) everywhere and nowhere baby (D) that's where you're at
 (G) Going down the bumpy (D) hillside (A) in your hippy (E7) hat
 (A) Flying across the country (D) and getting fat
 (G) Saying everything is (D) groovy (A) when your tyre's all (E7) flat...

And it's (A) Hi ho (A7) silver lining (D) anywhere you (E7) go now baby
 (A) I see your (A7) sun is (A) shining (D) but I won't make a (E7) fuss
 (D) Though it's (A) obvious

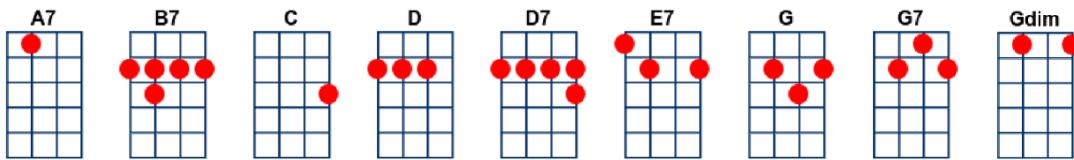
(A) Flies are in your pea soup baby, (D) they're waving at me
 (G) Anything you want is (D) yours now (A) only nothing's for (E7) free
 (A) Lies are gonna get you some day (D) just wait and see
 So (G) open up your beach um-(D)-brella (A) while you're watching (E7) TV...

And it's (A) Hi ho (A7) silver lining (D) anywhere you (E7) go now baby
 (A) I see your (A7) sun is (A) shining (D) but I won't make a (E7) fuss
 (D) Though it's (A) obvious

And it's (A) Hi ho (A7) silver lining (D) anywhere you (E7) go now baby
 (A) I see your (A7) sun is (A) shining (D) but I won't make a (E7) fuss
 (D) Though it's (A) obvious

When I'm Cleaning Windows

Artist: George Formby Tempo 136



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