Turlock Uke Jamz
Live from the Carnegie Arts Center
July 10, 2021

Jambalaya –C
All My Life’s A Circle
Stand By Me
Swinging On A Star
Twenty Six Miles
Forever Young
Changes In Latitudes, Changes In Attitudes
Wreck Of the Old 97
King of the Road
From Me to You
Aloha Week Hula
Happy Birthday

Intermission

Tiny Bubbles
Folsom Prison Blues
Six Days On the Road –C
Five Foot Two Medley
Blowin’ In the Wind
A Song of Old Hawaii
The Crawdad Song
Amarillo By Morning
Fly Like A Bird
At the Hop
Somewhere Over the Rainbow –IZ
This Land Is Your Land –F
Jambalaya

Hank Williams

C C C C
----- ----- ----- 

C G7

Goodbye Joe me gotta go, me oh my oh C
Me gotta go pole the pirogue down the bayou G7
My Yvonne the sweetest one, me oh my oh C
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

CHORUS

G7
Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and filet gumbo C
Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio G7
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o C
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

G7
Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin' C
Kinfolks come to see Yvonne by the dozen G7
Dress in style, go hog wild, me oh my oh C
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou
CHORUS

Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and filet gumbo
Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

Settle down far from town, get me a pirogue
And I'll catch all the fish in the bayou
Swap my mon to buy Yvonne what she need-oh
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

CHORUS

Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and filet gumbo
Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou
All My Life’s A Circle

Harry Chapin

C C\textsuperscript{M7} C\textsuperscript{6} C\textsuperscript{M7} C C\textsuperscript{M7} C\textsuperscript{6} C\textsuperscript{M7}

C C\textsuperscript{M7} C\textsuperscript{6} C\textsuperscript{M7} C\textsuperscript{6} C\textsuperscript{M7} D\textsuperscript{m7}

All my life's a circle, sunrise and sun-down

G\textsuperscript{7} C C\textsuperscript{M7} C\textsuperscript{6} C\textsuperscript{M7}

The moon rolls thru the nighttime till the daybreak comes a-round

C C\textsuperscript{M7} C\textsuperscript{6} C\textsuperscript{M7} C\textsuperscript{6} C\textsuperscript{M7} D\textsuperscript{m7}

All my life’s a circle but I can't tell you why

G\textsuperscript{7} F G\textsuperscript{7} C C\textsuperscript{M7} C\textsuperscript{6} C\textsuperscript{M7}

The seasons spinning round again, the years keep rollin' by

C C\textsuperscript{M7} C\textsuperscript{6} C\textsuperscript{M7} C\textsuperscript{6} C\textsuperscript{M7} D\textsuperscript{m7}

It seems like I’ve been here be-fore, I can’t remember when

G\textsuperscript{7} C C\textsuperscript{M7} C\textsuperscript{6} C\textsuperscript{M7}

But I got this funny feeling that we'll all get to-gether a-gain

C C\textsuperscript{M7} C\textsuperscript{6} C\textsuperscript{M7} C\textsuperscript{6} C\textsuperscript{M7} D\textsuperscript{m7}

There’s no straight lines make up my life and all my roads have bends

G\textsuperscript{7} F G\textsuperscript{7} C C\textsuperscript{M7} C\textsuperscript{6} C\textsuperscript{M7}

There's no clear-cut be-ginnings and so far no dead-ends

C C\textsuperscript{M7} C\textsuperscript{6} C\textsuperscript{M7} C\textsuperscript{6} C\textsuperscript{M7} D\textsuperscript{m7}

All my life's a circle, sunrise and sun-down

G\textsuperscript{7} C C\textsuperscript{M7} C\textsuperscript{6} C\textsuperscript{M7}

The moon rolls thru the nighttime till the daybreak comes a-round

C C\textsuperscript{M7} C\textsuperscript{6} C\textsuperscript{M7} C\textsuperscript{6} C\textsuperscript{M7} D\textsuperscript{m7}

All my life’s a circle but I can't tell you why

G\textsuperscript{7} F G\textsuperscript{7} C C\textsuperscript{M7} C\textsuperscript{6} C\textsuperscript{M7}

The seasons spinning round again, the years keep rollin' by
C  C\(^{M7}\)  C\(^6\)  C\(^{M7}\)  C  D\(^{m7}\)
I found you a thousand times, I guess you done the same
G\(^7\)  C  C\(^{M7}\)  C\(^6\)  C\(^{M7}\)
But then we lose each other, it's like a children's game
C  C\(^{M7}\)  C\(^6\)  C\(^{M7}\)  C  D\(^{m7}\)
As I find you here a-gain a thought runs through my mind
G\(^7\)  F  G\(^7\)  C  C\(^{M7}\)  C\(^6\)  C\(^{M7}\)
Our love is like a circle, let's go 'round one more time

C  C\(^{M7}\)  C\(^6\)  C\(^{M7}\)  C  D\(^{m7}\)
All my life's a circle, sunrise and sun-down
G\(^7\)  C  C\(^{M7}\)  C\(^6\)  C\(^{M7}\)
The moon rolls thru the nighttime till the daybreak comes a-round
C  C\(^{M7}\)  C\(^6\)  C\(^{M7}\)  C  D\(^{m7}\)
All my life's a circle but I can't tell you why
G\(^7\)  F  G\(^7\)  C  C\(^{M7}\)  C\(^6\)  C\(^{M7}\)
The seasons spinning round again, the years keep rollin' by
F  G\(^7\)  C  C  G\(^7\)  C
And the years, keep on roll - in' by - y   /   /   /
Stand By Me  
Jerry Leiber, Mike Stoller, & Ben E. King

C           C         A\textsuperscript{m}    A\textsuperscript{m}     F       G\textsuperscript{7}          C       G\textsuperscript{7}  

When the night has come and the land is dark
And the moon is the only light we'll see
Oh, I won't be afraid, no, I won't be afraid
Just as long as you stand, stand by me
So darling, darling . . .

Stand by me, oh, stand by me
Oh, stand, stand by me stand by me

If the sky that we look upon should tumble and fall
And the mountains should crumble into the sea
I won't cry, I won't cry, no, I won't shed a tear
Just as long as you stand, stand by me
So darling, darling . . .
Stand by me, oh, stand by me
Oh, stand, stand by me stand by me
So darling, darling . . .
Stand by me, oh, stand by me
Oh, stand, stand by me stand by me
Whenever I'm in trouble won't you
Stand by me, oh, stand by me
Oh, stand, stand by me stand by me
Swinging On A Star

Johnny Burke, Jimmy Van Heusen

G C G C G C G
/ / / / / / / / / / / / . .

E7 A7 D7 G
Would you like to swing on a star, carry moonbeams home in a jar,
E7 A7 D7 G
And be better off than you are? Or would you rather be a mule?

G C G C
A mule is an animal with long funny ears.
G C G Em7
He kicks up at anything he hears.
A7 D7
His back is brawny but his brain is weak.
Em7 A7 D7
He’s just plain stupid with a stub-born streak.
G C G E7
And by the way, if you hate to go to school,
Am D7 G
You may grow up to be a mule

E7 A7 D7 G
Or would you like to swing on a star, carry moonbeams home in a jar,
E7 A7 D7 G
And be better off than you are? Or would you rather be a pig?

G C G C
A pig is an animal with dirt on his face.
G C G Em7
His shoes are a terrible disgrace.
A7 D7
He has no manners when he eats his food.
E\textsuperscript{m7}  A\textsuperscript{7}     D\textsuperscript{7}  
He’s fat and lazy and extremely rude.

G  C  G  E\textsuperscript{7}  
But if you don't care a feather or a fig,

A\textsuperscript{m}  D\textsuperscript{7}  G  
You may grow up to be a pig.

E\textsuperscript{7}  A\textsuperscript{7}     D\textsuperscript{7}  G  
Or would you like to swing on a star, carry moonbeams home in a jar,

E\textsuperscript{7}  A\textsuperscript{7}     D\textsuperscript{7}  G  
And be better off than you are? Or would you rather be a fish?

G  C  G  C  
A fish won't do anything but swim in a brook.

G  C  G  E\textsuperscript{m7}  
He can't write his name or read a book.

A\textsuperscript{7}     D\textsuperscript{7}  
To fool the people is his only thought,

E\textsuperscript{m7}  A\textsuperscript{7}     D\textsuperscript{7}  
And though he's slippery, he still gets caught.

G  C  G  E\textsuperscript{7}  
But then if that sort of life is what you wish,

A\textsuperscript{m}  D\textsuperscript{7}  G  
You may grow up to be a fish.

E\textsuperscript{7}  A\textsuperscript{7}     D\textsuperscript{7}  G  
And all the monkeys aren't in the zoo, every day you meet quite a few.

E\textsuperscript{7}  A\textsuperscript{7}     D\textsuperscript{7}  G  E\textsuperscript{m7}  
So, you see, it's all up to you, you can be better than you are.

A\textsuperscript{m}  D\textsuperscript{7}  G  D\textsuperscript{7}  G  
You could be swingin' on a star!
Twenty Six Miles  (Santa Catalina)

Bruce Belland
(Performed by the Four Preps)

\[ C \quad A^m \quad F \quad G^7 \]

// // // // // // X2

C \quad A^m \quad F \quad G^7
Twenty-Six Miles across the sea
C \quad A^m \quad F \quad G^7
Santa Catalina is a-waitin' for me
C \quad A^m \quad F \quad G^7
Santa Catalina, the island of
\[ C \quad A^m \quad F \quad G^7 \]
Romance, romance, romance, romance

C \quad A^m \quad F \quad G^7
Water all around it everywhere
C \quad A^m \quad F \quad G^7
Tropical trees and the salty air
C \quad A^m \quad F \quad G^7 \quad C \quad F \quad C \quad C^7
But for me the thing that's a-waitin' there is romance

D^m \quad G^7 \quad C \quad A^m
It seems so distant, Twenty-Six Miles away
D^m \quad G^7 \quad C \quad C^7
Restin' in the water serene
D^m \quad G^7 \quad C \quad A^m
I'd work for anyone, even the Navy
\[ D^7 \quad G \quad G^7 \]
Who would float me to my island dream
//

C \quad A^m \quad F \quad G^7
Twenty-Six Miles, so near yet far
C \quad A^m \quad F \quad G^7
I'd swim with just some water-wings and my guitar
C \quad A^m \quad F \quad G^7
I could leave the wings but I'll need the guitar
\[ C \quad A^m \quad F \quad G^7 \]
For romance, romance, romance, romance
Twenty-Six Miles across the sea
Santa Catalina is a-waitin' for me
Santa Catalina, the island of romance

A tropical heaven out in the ocean
Covered with trees and girls
If I have to swim, I'll do it forever
Till I'm gazin' on those island pearls

Forty kilometers in a leaky old boat
Any old thing that'll stay afloat
When we arrive we'll all promote
Romance, romance, romance, romance

Twenty-Six Miles across the sea
Santa Catalina is a-waitin' for me
Santa Catalina, the island of romance
Romance, romance, romance, romance
Santa Catalina, the island of romance
Forever Young
Bob Dylan
Original in D, capo at 2nd fret

C           C         C          C
/ / / /     / / / /     / / / /     / / . . .

C
May God bless and keep you always,

E\n
May your wishes all come true,

D\n
May you always do for others

F         C         C
And let others do for you. / / . .

C
May you build a ladder to the stars

E\n
And climb on every rung,

D\n
And may you stay - ay forever young, / / . .

G           A\     A\nForever young, forever young, / / . .

C         G         C          C
May you stay - ay forever young. / / . .

C
May you grow up to be righteous,

E\n
May you grow up to be true,

D\n
May you always know the truth

F         C         C
And see the lights surrounding you. / / . .
C
May you always be courageous,
E\textsuperscript{m}
Stand upright and be strong,
D\textsuperscript{m} G C C
And may you stay - ay forever young, / / . .
G A\textsuperscript{m} A\textsuperscript{m}
Forever young, forever young, / / . .
C G C C
May you stay - ay forever young. / / . .

C
May your hands always be busy,
E\textsuperscript{m}
May your feet always be swift,
D\textsuperscript{m}
May you have a strong foundation
F C C
When the winds of changes shift. / / . .

C
May your heart always be joyful,
E\textsuperscript{m}
May your song always be sung,
D\textsuperscript{m} G C C
And may you stay - ay forever young, / / . .
G A\textsuperscript{m} A\textsuperscript{m}
Forever young, forever young, / / . .
C G C C
May you stay - ay forever young. / / . .
G A\textsuperscript{m} A\textsuperscript{m}
Forever young, forever young, / / . .
C G C C
May you stay - ay forever young. /
Changes In Latitudes, Changes In Attitudes  

Jimmy Buffett

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>G</th>
<th>D</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>G A</th>
<th>D</th>
<th>D</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>dduud</td>
<td>dduud</td>
<td>dduud du d</td>
<td>dddd</td>
<td>dddd</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

D    G
I took off for a weekend last month
     A     D
Just to try and recall the whole year
G
All of the faces and all of the places
     A     D
Wonderin' where they all disap-peared
Bm    F#m
I didn't ponder the question too long
     G     A
I was hungry and went out for a bite
G    D
Ran into a chum with a bottle of rum
     A     D
and we wound up drinkin' all night

G    D
It's those changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes
     A     D
Nothing remains quite the same
     G     D
With all of our running and all of our cunning
     A     G     D     D
If we couldn't laugh we would all go in-sane

D    G
Reading departure signs in some big airport
     A     D
Re-minds me of the places I've been
G
Visions of good times that brought so much pleasure
     A     D
Makes me want to go back a-gain
Bm    F#m
If it suddenly ended to-morrow
     G     A
I could somehow adjust to the fall
G    D
Good times and riches and son of a bitches
     A     D
I've seen more than I can re-call
G   D
It's those changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes
A   D
Nothing remains quite the same
G   D
Through all of the islands and all of the highlands
A   G   D   D
If we couldn't laugh we would all go in-sane

| G | D | A | G | A | D | D |
dduud dduud dduud du d dddd dddd

D
I think about Paris when I'm high on red wine
A   D
I wish I could jump on a plane
G
So many nights I just dream of the ocean
A   D
God, I wish I was sailin' again

Bm   F#m
Oh, yesterday's over my shoulder
G   A
So I can't look back for too long
G   D
There's just too much to see waiting in front of me
A   D
And I know that I just can't go wrong

G   D
With these changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes
A   D
Nothing remains quite the same
G   D
With all of my running and all of my cunning
A   G   D
If I couldn't laugh, I just would go in-sane
A   G   D
If we couldn't laugh, we just would go in-sane

A
If we weren't all crazy we would go in-sane
G | D | A | D
/// ///
dduud dduud dduud d
Wreck Of The Old 97

They gave him his orders in Monroe Virginia
Sayin’ “Steve you’re way behind time.
“This is not Thirty-Eight, this is Ol' Ninety-Seven,”
“You must put her into Spencer on time”.

He turned around and said to his black greasy fireman,
“Better shovel on a little more coal.”
“And when we cross that White Oak Mountain,”
“You can watch Ol' Ninety-Seven roll

It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville
With the line on a three-mile grade
It was on that grade that he lost his airbrakes
You can see what a jump he made

He was goin' down the hill makin' ninety miles an hour
When the whistle began to scream
They found him in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
He'd been scalded to death by the steam.

A Telegram came from Washington station
And this is how it read,
'The brave engineer who ran Ninety-Seven
Is lying down in Danville dead'.

So come all you ladies, you must take warnin'
From this time on and learn
Never speak harsh words to your true lovin' husbands
They may leave you and never return
They may leave you and never return

Even though authorship of the song, written to the tune of “The Ship That Never Returned”, might be in dispute, there is no doubt it was written about a real tragedy. The wreck of the ‘Fast Mail’ train on its run between Monroe and Spencer, just outside of Danville Virginia, occurred Sept. 27, 1903. The accident killed eleven and injured nine others. Vernon Dalhart’s recording of the song in 1924, though not the first, went on to become the 1st million-selling record in the U.S.
King Of The Road

Roger Miller

\[ \text{C F G7 C} \]  
\[ \text{/ / / / / / / / / / / / / / / /} \]

C F G7 C
Trailer for sale or rent, rooms to let fifty cents

C F G7 Tacit:
No phone no pool no pets, I ain't got no cigarettes. Ah but,

C F G7 C
Two hours of pushing broom; buys a eight by twelve four bit room

F G7 Tacit: C
I'm a man of means by no means: King Of The Road

\[ \text{C F G7 C} \]  
\[ \text{/ / / / / / / / / / / / / / / /} \]

C F G7 C
Third box car midnight train destination Bangor Maine

C F G7 Tacit:
Old worn out suit and shoes, I don't pay no union dues. I smoke

C F G7 C
Old stogies I have found, short but not too big around

F G7 Tacit: C
I'm a man of means by no means: King Of The Road

F
I know every engineer on every train

G7 C
All of the children and all of their names

F
And every handout in every town

G7
And every lock that ain't locked when no one's around. I sing:
Trailer for sale or rent, rooms to let fifty cents

No phone no pool no pets, I ain't got no cigarettes. Ah but,

Two hours of pushing broom; buys a eight by twelve four bit room

I'm a man of means by no means: King Of The Road

King Of The Road

King Of The Road
FROM ME TO YOU  (the Beatles)

\[
\begin{align*}
F & \quad D^m & \quad F & \quad D^m \\
\text{Da da da da da dum dum da, da da da da da dum dum da.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
F & \quad D^m & \quad F & \quad C^7 \\
\text{If there's anything that you want, if there's anything I can do,}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
B^b & \quad D^m & \quad F & \quad C^7 & \quad F \\
\text{just call on me and I'll send it along with love from me to you.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
F & \quad D^m & \quad F & \quad C^7 \\
\text{I got everything that you want, like a heart that's oh, so true,}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
B^b & \quad D^m & \quad F & \quad C^7 & \quad F \\
\text{just call on me and I'll send it along with love from me to you.}
\end{align*}
\]

refrain:

\[
\begin{align*}
C^m & \quad F & \quad B^b \\
\text{I've got arms that long to hold you and keep you by my side,}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
G & \quad G^7 & \quad C & \quad C^7 \\
\text{I've got lips that long to kiss you and keep you satisfied.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
F & \quad D^m & \quad F & \quad C^7 \\
\text{If there's anything that you want, if there's anything I can do,}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
B^b & \quad D^m & \quad F & \quad C^7 & \quad F \\
\text{just call on me and I'll send it along with love from me to you.}
\end{align*}
\]
F  Dm  F  C7
/ / / /  / From me!  / / / /  / To you!

Bb  Dm  F  C7  F
Just call on me and I'll send it along with love from me to you.

Cm  F  Bb
I got arms that long to hold you and keep you by my side,

G  G7  C  C7
I got lips that long to kiss you and keep you satisfied.

F  Dm  F  C7
If there's anything that you want, if there's anything I can do,

Bb  Dm  F  C7  F
just call on me and I'll send it along with love from me to you.

Dm  Dm  Bbm  F
To you!  To you!  To you!  /

\[\text{Chord Diagrams} \]
Aloha Week Hula

Jack Pitman

\[ D^7 \quad G^7 \quad C \quad A^7 \quad D^7 \quad G^7 \quad C \]
\[ // \quad // \quad // \quad // \quad // \quad // \quad // \quad . \ldots \]

\[ C \quad A^7 \]
Little hula flirts in hula skirts,
\[ D^7 \]
Winking at the boys in aloha shirts
\[ G^7 \quad C \quad G^7 \]
That’s the way we do the Aloha Week Hula.
\[ C \quad A^7 \quad D^7 \]
Around the isle, mile by mile, take a detour in Hawaiian style
\[ G^7 \quad C \quad C^7 \]
That’s the way we do the Aloha Week Hula.

\[ F \]
For a brand new step you can try and match
\[ C \quad A^7 \]
Tutu walking in the taro patch
\[ D^7 \]
Clap your hands, the music is grand
\[ G^7 \quad G^7 \]
Do an `ami `ami for the boys in the band. Hey!
\[ // \quad // \]

\[ C \quad A^7 \]
Beat that drum, dum-dee-dum,
\[ D^7 \]
Wiggle in the middle it’s a lot of fun
\[ G^7 \quad C \quad C \]
When you learn to do the Aloha Week Hula.

\[ D^7 \quad G^7 \quad C \quad A^7 \quad D^7 \quad G^7 \quad C \]
\[ // \quad // \quad // \quad // \quad // \quad // \quad // \quad . \ldots \]
Little hula flirts in hula skirts,
Winking at the boys in aloha shirts
That's the way we do the Aloha Week Hula.
Around the isle, mile by mile, take a detour in Hawaiian style
That's the way we do the Aloha Week Hula.

For a brand new step you can try and match
Tutu walking in the taro patch
Clap your hands, the music is grand
Do an `ami `ami for the boys in the band. Hey!

Beat that drum, dum-dee-dum,
Wiggle in the middle it's a lot of fun
When you learn to do the Aloha Week Hula.
When you learn to do the Aloha Week Hula.

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
\text{C} & \text{A}\text{7} & \text{D}\text{7} & \text{G}\text{7} \\
\text{G}\text{7} & \text{C} & \text{G}\text{7} & \text{C}\text{7} \\
\text{A}\text{7} & \text{D}\text{7} & \text{G}\text{7} & \text{C} \\
\text{F} & \text{C} & \text{A}\text{7} & \text{D}\text{7} \\
\text{D}\text{7} & \text{G}\text{7} & \text{C} & \text{A}\text{7} \\
\end{array}
\]
Happy Birthday

G       D7   G   G
/ / /    / / /   / / /   / / .

G      D7   G
Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you

G7    C       G   D7   G
Happy Birthday, dear .....xxxxx....... , Happy Birthday to you.

====================================================

C     G7    C   C
/ / /    / / /   / / /   / / .

C   G7    C
Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you

D7   F       C   G7   C
Happy Birthday, dear .....xxxxx....... , Happy Birthday to you.

====================================================

F     C7    F   F
/ / /    / / /   / / /   / / .

F     C7    F
Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you

F7   Bb      F   C7   F
Happy Birthday, dear .....xxxxx....... , Happy Birthday to you.

====================================================

G     D7   G7   C   F   C7   F7   Bb
Tiny Bubbles

Leon Pober (performed by Don Ho)

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{D}^7 \quad \text{G} \quad \text{A}^7 \quad \text{D}^7 \quad \text{G} \]

\[ / / \quad / / \quad / / \quad / / \quad / / \quad / / \ldots \]

Tiny Bubbles, (Tiny Bubbles), in the wine, (in the wine),

Make me happy, (make me happy), make me feel fine (make me feel fine),

Tiny Bubbles, (Tiny Bubbles), make me warm all over

With a feelin’ that I’m gonna love you till the end of time

So, here’s to that golden moon

And here’s to the silver sea

And mostly here’s a toast to you and me.

Tiny Bubbles, (Tiny Bubbles), in the wine, (in the wine),

Make me happy, (make me happy), make me feel fine (make me feel fine),

Tiny Bubbles, (Tiny Bubbles), make me warm all over

With a feelin’ that I’m gonna love you till the end of time
So, here's to that ginger lei
I give to you today
And here's a kiss that will not fade away

Tiny Bubbles,  (*Tiny Bubbles*), in the wine,  (*in the wine*),
Make me happy,  (*make me happy*), make me feel fine  (*make me feel fine*),
Tiny Bubbles,  (*Tiny Bubbles*), make me warm all over
With a feelin’ that I’m gonna love you till the end of time
With a feelin’ that I’m gonna love you till the end of time

Instead of strumming the ending vamp, why not pick it:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{A7} & \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G} \\
\text{A7} & \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G} \\
\text{A7} & \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G} \\
\end{align*}
\]
Folsom Prison Blues

Johnny Cash

C C C C
/ / / / / / / / / / /

I hear the train a coming it's rolling round the bend

C7

And I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when

F C C C C

I'm stuck at Folsom Prison and time keeps dragging on

G7 C C C

But that train keeps a-rollin' . . . on down to San Antone

C

When I was just a baby my mama told me "son,

C7

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

F C C C C

But I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die

G7 C C C

When I hear that whistle blowing . . . I hang my head and cry

Kazoo Solo:  hum and strum previous verse

C

I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car

C7

They're probably drinking coffee and smoking big cigars

F C C C C

But I know I had it coming, I know I can't be free

G7 C C C

But those people keep a moving . . . and that's what tortures me
Well if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine

I bet I'd move it all a little farther down the line

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

And I'd let that lonesome whistle . . . blow my blues away
Six Days On The Road  Earl Green & Carl Montgomery  (By Dave Dudley)

C G7 C C
/ / / / / / / / / ...

C G7 C
Well, I pulled out of Pittsburgh, a-rollin down that Eastern seaboard

G7
I got my diesel wound up and she's a-running like a-never before

F G7 C F
There's a speed zone ahead, all right, but I don't see a cop in sight!

C G7 C
Six Days on the Road and I'm a-gonna make it home tonight.

C G7 C
I got ten forward gears and a Georgia overdrive

G7
I'm takin' little white pills and my eyes are open wide.

F G7 C F
I just passed a “Jimmy” and a White. I been passin' everything in sight

C G7 C
Six Days on the Road and I'm a-gonna make it home tonight!

C G7 C
Well it seems like a month since I kissed my baby goodbye.

G7
I could have a lotta women but I'm not like some of the guys

F G7 C F
I could find me one to hold me tight, but I could never make believe it's all right

C G7 C
Six days on the road and I'm a-gonna make it home tonight.
Well the I.C.C. is a checkin' on down the line.

I'm a little overweight, and my log book's way behind

But nothing bothers me tonight; I can dodge all the scales all right!

Six Days on the Road and I'm a-gonna make it home tonight!

Well my rigs a little old but that don't mean she's slow;

There's a flame from her stack and that smokes blowin' black as coal.

My hometown's a-comin' in sight! If you think I'm happy, you're right!

Six days on the road and I'm a-gonna make it home tonight!

Six days on the road and I'm a-gonna make it home tonight!
Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue - medley  (from the Stockport Ukulele Players songbook)

C E7 A7 A7 D7 G7 C G7

C E7 A7
Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue, But, oh, what those five foot could do
D7 G7 C G7
Has anybody seen my gal?

C E7 A7
Turned up nose, turned down hose, Never had no other beaus
D7 G7 C C
Has anybody seen my gal?  I . . .

E7 A7
Now if you run into a Five Foot Two, covered in fur
D7 G7
Diamond rings and all those things, Betcha' life it isn't her, but…
C E7 A7
Could she love, could she woo, Could she, could she, could she coo
D7 G7 C G7
Has anybody seen my gal?

C G7
Yes sir, that's my baby, no sir, I don't mean maybe
C G7
Yes sir, that's my baby now

C G7
Yes ma'am, we've decided, no ma'am, we won't hide it.
C C
Yes ma'am, you're invited now  I / . . .

C7 F D7 G7 G7
By the way, by the way, when we reach the preacher I'll say
C G7
Yes sir, that's my baby, no sir, I don't mean maybe
C C
Yes sir, that's my baby now

C C#dim G7 C C#dim G7
Ain't she sweet?  See her coming down the street.

C E7 A7 A7+5 D7 G7 C C
Now I ask you very confidentially, ain't she sweet?  I / / / /
Ain't she nice? Look her over once or twice.

Now I ask you very confidentially, ain't she nice?

Just cast an eye in her direction. Oh me, oh my! Ain't that perfection?

Don't you think she's kind of neat?

And I ask you very confidentially, ain't she sweet

Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue, But, oh, what those five foot could do

Has anybody seen my gal?

Turned up nose, turned down hose, Never had no other beaus

Has anybody seen my gal?

Now if you run into a Five Foot Two, covered in fur

Diamond rings and all those things, Betcha' life it isn't her, but...

Could she love, could she woo, Could she, could she, could she coo

Has anybody seen, has anybody seen,

Has anybody seen my gal?

C        C#dim        G7  C        C#dim        G7
Ain't she nice? Look her over once or twice.

C        E7        A7        A7+5      D7        G7        C...
Now I ask you very confidentially, ain't she nice?

F        C        F        C        G7
Just cast an eye in her direction. Oh me, oh my! Ain't that perfection?

C        C#dim        G7  I re... peat,

C        C#dim        G7
Don't you think she's kind of neat?

C        E7        A7        A7+5      D7        G7        C
And I ask you very confidentially, ain't she sweet

C        E7        A7        A7        D7        G7        C        G7

Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue, But, oh, what those five foot could do

D7        G7        C        G7
Has anybody seen my gal?

D7        G7        C        C
Turned up nose, turned down hose, Never had no other beaus

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

E7        A7
Now if you run into a Five Foot Two, covered in fur

D7        G7
Diamond rings and all those things, Betcha' life it isn't her, but...

C        E7        A7
Could she love, could she woo, Could she, could she, could she coo

D7        G7        D7        G7
Has anybody seen, has anybody seen,

D7        G7        C        D7        G7        C
Has anybody seen my gal? // // //
Blowin' In The Wind  

Bob Dylan

F   G\(^7\)   C   A\(^m\)  F   G\(^7\)  C   C
/ / / /   / / / /   / / / /   / / / /   / / / /   / / / /   / / / /

C       F       C       F       G\(^7\)
How many roads must a man walk down, before you call him a man?

C       F       C       A\(^m\)   C   F   G\(^7\)
How many seas must a white dove sail, be-fore she sleeps in the sand?

C       F       C
How many times must the cannonballs fly,

F       G\(^7\)
before they're forever banned?

F       G\(^7\)  C       A\(^m\)
The answer, my friend, is blowin in the wind.

F       G\(^7\)  C
The answer is blowin in the wind.

C       F       C       F       G\(^7\)
How many times must a man look up, before he can see the sky?

C       F       C       A\(^m\)   C   F   G\(^7\)
How many ears must one man have, be-fore he can hear people cry?

C       F       C
How many deaths will it take 'till he knows,

F       G\(^7\)
that too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin in the wind.

The answer is blowin in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist, before it is washed to the sea?

How many years can some people ex-ist, be-fore they're allowed to be free?

How many times can a man turn his head, and pretend that he just doesn't see?

The answer, my friend, is blowin in the wind.

The answer is blowin in the wind.

The answer, my friend, is blowin in the wind.

The answer is blowin in the wind.
A Song of Old Hawaii
(1938) G. Beecher and J. Noble

\[G^7 \quad C^7 \quad F \quad G^7 \quad C^7 \quad F \]
\[// \quad // \quad // // \quad // \quad // \quad // \quad // \quad // \quad ..\]

\[F \quad C^7 \quad C^7\]
There's the perfume of a million flowers
\[C^7 \quad F \quad C^7\]
Clinging to the heart of Old Hawaii // ..

\[F \quad C^7 \quad C^7\]
There's a rainbow, following the showers
\[C^7 \quad F \quad F^7\]
Bringing me a part of old Hawaii // ..

\[B^b \quad F \quad F\]
There's a silver moon, a symphony of stars // ..
\[G^7 \quad C^7 \quad C^7\]
There's a hula tune and the hum of soft gui-tars // ..

\[F \quad C^7 \quad C^7\]
There's the trade wind, sighing in the heavens

(1st Time)
\[C^7 \quad F \quad G^7 \quad C^7 \quad F\]
Singing me a song of old Hawaii // // // ..

(2nd Time)
\[C^7 \quad F \quad F \quad G^7 \quad C^7 \quad F\]
Singing me a song of old Hawaii // // // //
CRAWDAD SONG  Traditional

C  You get a line and I'll get a pole. Honey  G7
You get a line and I'll get a pole, Babe
C C7
You get a line and I'll get a pole,
F C G7 C
We'll go down to the crawdad hole, Honey, Baby mine.

C  Yonder comes a man with a pack on his back, Honey  G7
Yonder comes a man with a pack on his back, Babe
C C7
Yonder comes a man with a pack on his back,
F C G7 C
Packin' all the crawdads he can pack, Honey, Baby mine.

C  Get up old woman, you slept too late, Honey  G7
Get up old woman, you slept too late, Babe
C C7
Get up old woman, you slept too late,
F C G7 C
Crawdad man's done passed your gate, Honey, Baby mine.
C
I heard the duck say to the drake, Honey
G7

I heard the duck say to the drake, Babe
C C7

I heard the duck say to the drake,
F C G7 C

There ain't no crawdads in this lake, Honey, Baby mine.

C
What you gonna do when the lake runs dry, Honey
G7

What you gonna do when the lake runs dry, Babe
C C7

What you gonna do when the lake runs dry
F C G7 C

Sit on the bank, watch the crawdads die, Honey, Baby mine.

C
What you gonna do when the crawdads die, Honey
G7

What you gonna do when the crawdads die, Babe
C C7

What you gonna do when the crawdads die
F C G7 C

Sit on the bank, have a crawdad fry, Honey, Baby mine.
Amarillo By Morning

C  Em  F  G
/

Amarillo by morning up from San Antone

C  Em  F  C
Everything that I got is just what I got on

Em  F  G

/ / . . When that sun is high in that Texas sky

C  Em  F
I'll be bucking at the county fair

C  G  F – G7  C  Em  F  G
Amarillo by morning, Amarillo I'll be there

C  Em  F  C
They took my saddle in Houston, broke my leg in Sante Fe

Em  F  G
Lost my wife and a girlfriend somewhere along the way

G  F  G7
But I'll be looking for "8" when they pull that gate

C  Em  F
And I hope that judge ain't blind

C  G  F – G7  C  Em  F  G
Amarillo by morning, Amarillo's on my mind

Up one tone

D  F#m  G  D
Amarillo by morning, up from San Antone

F#m  G  A
Everything that I got is just what I got on

A  G  A7
I ain't got a dime but what I got is mine

D  F#m  G
I ain't rich but Lord I'm free

D  A  G – A7  D  F#m  G  D
Amarillo by morning, Amarillo's where I'll be /
Fly Like A Bird

By Boz Scaggs

G G C C D D G G
/ / / / / / / / / / / / / / / /... 

G C
There was a howl that night, a howling like they never heard before
D C D
A cry so loud old granddad almost hit the door
G C
He said, "I love this child as much as any one that she ever bore,
D G G
But I thank the Lord we won't be having any more."

G C
Then the baby heard the sweetest sound he'd ever heard
D C D
In tones so beautiful he hung on every word
G C
She sang, "Hush, my love, granny's little dove is going to take to the sky."
D G G
It was on such a night he learned to fly like a bird.

C G
Now the years have passed and memories come and go
C D D
He hears that voice that rocked him gently so
G C
A calm will descend and there's peace at the end of the darkest night
D G G
Some-times I cry, sometimes I fly like a bird.
Now the years have passed and memories come and go

He hears that voice that rocked him gently so

The rain's gonna fall and the winds may blow in the darkest night

Some-times I cry, sometimes I fly like a bird

A calm will descend and there's peace at the end of the darkest night

Some-times I cry, sometimes I fly like a bird

Some-times I cry, sometimes I fly like a bird
At the hop       Danny and the Juniors

D  C  G  G
/ / / /     / / / /     / / / /     / / / /

Chorus:
G                  G7
Let's go to the hop, let's go to the hop (oh baby)!

C  G
Let's go to the hop, (oh baby) let's go to the hop!

D  C  G
Come-on-, let's go to the hop.

G          E m
Bah-bah-bah-bah, bah-bah-bah-bah,

C  D  G
bah-bah-bah-bah, bah-bah-bah-bah, at the hop!

G
1. Well, you can rock it, you can roll it,

      G7
you can stop, you can stroll it at the hop,

    C
when the record starts spinnin',

G
you *chalypso* when you chicken at the hop,

D  C  G
Do the dance sensation that is sweepin' the nation, at the hop!

CHORUS:
2. Well, you can swing it, you can groove it,
    you can really start to move it at the hop,
    where the jockey is the smoothest
    and the music is the coolest, at the hop.

    All the cats and chicks can get their kicks at the hop. Let's go!

**CHORUS:**

3. Well, you can swing it, you can groove it,
    you can really start to move it at the hop,
    where the jockey is the smoothest
    and the music is the coolest, at the hop.

    All the cats and chicks can get their kicks at the hop. Let's go!

**CHORUS:**

    Bah-bah-bah-bah, bah-bah-bah-bah,
    bah-bah-bah-bah, bah-bah-bah-bah, at the hop!
Israel Kamakawiwo'ole

Somewhere Over The Rainbow/What A Wonderful World

C   E\textsuperscript{m}   A\textsuperscript{m}   F   C   E\textsuperscript{m}   A\textsuperscript{m}   A\textsuperscript{m7}   F   F

C   E\textsuperscript{m} F   C
000-000 000-000-000 0000 000-000
F   E\textsuperscript{7} A\textsuperscript{m} F
000-000 000-000-000 000-000-000 000

C   E\textsuperscript{m} F   C
Somewhere over the rainbow, way up high
F   C G A\textsuperscript{m} F
And the dreams that you dream of once in a lull – la – byyy
C   E\textsuperscript{m} F   C
Oh somewhere over the rainbow, blue birds fly
F   C G A\textsuperscript{m} F
And the dreams that you dream of, dreams really do come true – ue – ue

C
Someday I'll wish upon a star
G A\textsuperscript{m} F
Wake up where the clouds are far behind me-e-e-e
C
Where trouble melts like lemon drops
G A\textsuperscript{m} F
High above the chimney tops that's where you'll find me
C   E\textsuperscript{m} F   C
Oh somewhere over the rainbow, blue birds fly
F   C G A\textsuperscript{m} F
And the dreams that you dare to, oh why, oh why can't I – I – I

C   E\textsuperscript{m} F   C
Well I see trees of green and red roses too
F   C E\textsuperscript{7} A\textsuperscript{m}
I'll watch then bloom for me and you
F   G A\textsuperscript{m} F
And I think to myself what a wonderful wor-or-world
C   E\textsuperscript{m} F   C
Well I see skies of blue and I see clouds of white
F   C E\textsuperscript{7} A\textsuperscript{m}
And the brightness of day, I like the dark
F   G C F C C
And I think to myself what a wonderful world
Israel Kamakawiwo'ole

G                              C
The colors of the rainbow so pretty in the sky
G                              C
Are also on the faces of people passing bye
F                              C                              F                              C
I see friends shaking hands, saying “How do you do?”
F                              C                              Dm                              G
They're really saying, I, I love you

C                              E\(^m\)                              F                              C
I hear babies cry and I watch them grow
F                              C                              E\(^7\)                              A\(^m\)
They'll learn much more than we'll know
F                              G                              A\(^m\)                              F
And I think to myself what a wonderful world

C
Someday I'll wish upon a star
G                              Am                              F
Wake up where the clouds are far behind me-e-e-e
C
Where trouble melts like lemon drops
G                              A\(^m\)                              F
High above the chimney tops, that's where you'll find me

C                              E\(^m\)                              F                              C
Oh somewhere over the rainbow, way up high
F                              C                              G                              A\(^m\)                              F
And the dreams that you dare to, oh, why, oh why can't I - I - I?

C                              E\(^m\)                              F                              C
000-000 000-000-000 00000 000-000
F                              E\(^7\)                              A\(^m\)                              F                              C
000-000 000-000 000-000 000-000
This Land Is Your Land

Woody Guthrie

F   C7   F   F7
/////   /////   /////   / . . .

CHORUS:

\[ B^b \quad F \]
This land is your land, this land is my land

\[ C \quad F \quad F^7 \]
From California, to the New York Island,

\[ B^b \quad F \quad D^m \]
From the redwood forests, to the Gulfstream waters,

\[ C \quad C^7 \quad F \quad (F) \]
This land was made for you and me.

\[ C \quad C^7 \quad F \quad C^7 \quad F \]
This land was made for you and me.   //   /

End With:

As I went walking that ribbon of highway,

\[ C \quad F \quad F^7 \]
I saw above me that endless skyway,

\[ B^b \quad F \quad D^m \]
I saw below me that golden valley,

\[ C \quad C^7 \quad F \quad F^7 \]
This land was made for you and me.   / . . .

CHORUS:
I roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,
And all around me a voice was sounding,
This land was made for you and me. / . . .

CHORUS:

When the sun comes shining and I was strolling,
And the wheat-fields waving, and the dust clouds rolling,
A voice was chanting and a fog was lifting,
This land was made for you and me. / . . .

CHORUS: