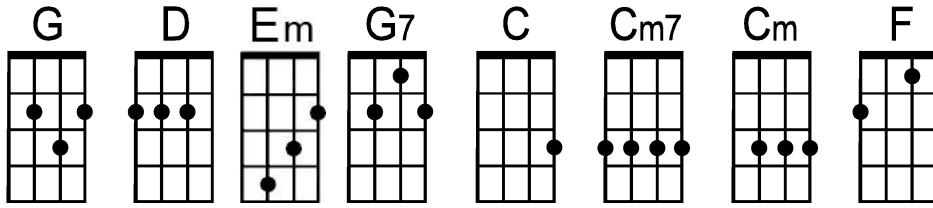


# In My Life (Key of G)

by John Lennon (1965)



(to play in original key (A)  
capo up two frets)

**Intro:** A

G . . . | D . . . | G . . . | D . .

E -----3-----2-----3-----2-----

C -----0-2-----0-2-----

(low G) --4-----4-----4-----4-----

(sing d)

. | G . D . | Em . G7 . | C . Cm . | G . . .

There are pla-ces I re-mem-ber all my li---i-ife though some have changed

. | G . D . | Em . G7 . | C . Cm . | G . . .

Some for-e---ver not for bet-ter some have go---o-one and some re-main

. | Em . . . | C . . . | F . . . | G . . .

All these pla---ces have their mo-ments with lovers and friends I still can re--call

. | Em . . . | A . . . | Cm . Cm7 . | G . . .

Some are dead and some are liv-ing In my---y-y-y life, I've loved them all

G . . . | D \ --- ---

A -----

E -----3-----2-----

C -----0-2-----

(low G) --4-----4-----

. | G . D . | Em . G7 . | C . Cm . | G . . .

But of all these friends and lov-ers, there is no---o-one com-pares with you

. | G . D . | Em . G7 . | C . Cm . | G . . .

And these memo-ries lose their mean-ing when I think-- of love--- as some-thing new

. | Em . . . | C . . . | F . . . | G . . .

Though I know I'll never lose af-fec-tion for people and things that went be--fore

. | Em . . . | A . . . | Cm . Cm7 . | G . . .

I know I'll often stop and think a-bout them. In my---y-y-y life I love you more

**Instrumental:** G . D . | Em . G7 . | C . Cm . | G . . . |

G . D . | Em . G7 . | C . Cm . | G . . .

. |Em . . . |C . . . |F . . . |G . . .  
 Though I know I'll never lose af-fec-tion for people and things that went be-- fore  
 |Em . . . |A . . . |Cm . Cm7 . |G . . . |  
 I know I'll often stop and think a-bout them. In my---y-y-y life I love you more

G . . . |D\ --- --- ---  
 A -----  
 E ---3-----2-----  
 C ---0-2-----  
 (low G) ---4-----4-----

|Cm\ --- Cm7\ --- | --- --- |G . . . |D . . . |G\  
 In my---y-y life I love you more-----  
 A -----  
 E ---3-----2-----2-0-2---3---  
 C ---0-2-----  
 (low) G ---4-----4-----

**San Jose Ukulele Club**  
 (v2b - 1/21/18)

# King of the Road – Roger Miller (1964)

Intro : **A /// D /// E7 /// ///**

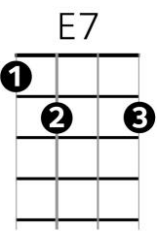
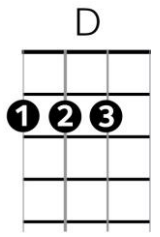
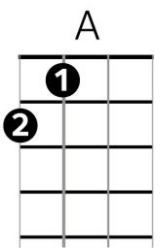
=====

**A**                    **D**                    **E7**                    **A**  
Trailers for sale or rent,    Rooms to let fifty cents,  
**A**                    **D**                    **E7 {pause}**  
No phone, no pool, no pets ...    I ain't got no cigarettes, ah but...  
**A**                    **D**                    **E7**                    **A**  
Two hours of pushing broom buys an 8 by 12 four-bit room, I'm a ...  
**A**                    **D**                    **E7 {pause}** **A**  
Man of means by no means ... King of the road ....

=====

**A**                    **D**                    **E7**                    **A**  
Third box car, midnight train,    destination Bangor, Maine,  
**A**                    **D**                    **E7 {pause}**  
Old worn out suit and shoes ... I don't pay no union dues, I smoke...  
**A**                    **D**                    **E7**                    **A**  
Old stogies I have found .. short but not too big around, I'm a ...  
**A**                    **D**                    **E7{pause}** **A**  
Man of means by no means ... King of the road ....

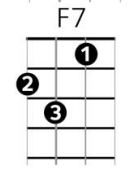
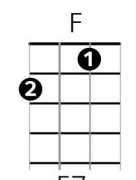
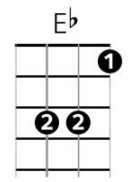
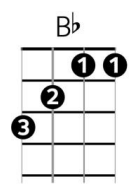
## Chords



### Bridge

**A**                    **D**  
I know every engineer on every train,  
**E7**                    **A**  
All of the children and all of their names, and  
**A**                    **D**  
Every handout in every town and  
**E7**                    **E7**  
Every lock that ain't locked when no one's a-round. I sing ....

## Alternative Key Change Chords



=====

**Repeat Verse 1 and then repeat last line and end on A**

=====

### Alternative Bridge (with key change)

**Bb**                    **Eb**  
I know every engineer on every train,  
**F**                    **Bb**  
All of the children and all of their names, and  
**Bb**                    **Eb**  
Every handout in every town and  
**F**                    **F7**  
Every lock that ain't locked when no one's a-round. I sing ....

## Jambalaya - Hank Williams

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:

C G7  
Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and fillet 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, gonna have big fun on the bayou

Solo: C G7 C G7 C

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

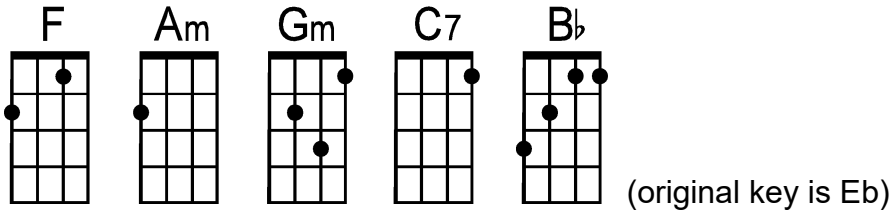
Chorus>

Solo>

Chorus>

# Groovin' (key of F)

by Felix Cavaliere and Eddie Brigati ~The Young Rascals (1967)



Intro: **F** . . . | **Gm** . . . | **F** . . . | **Gm** . . . |

**F** . . . | **Gm** . . . | **F** . . . | **Gm** . . . |  
Groo-vin'— on a Sunday after-no-on—

**F** . . . | **Gm** . . . | **F** . . . | **Gm** . . . |  
Really— couldn't get a-way too soo-oon—

**Am**\ --- --- --- | **Gm**\ --- --- --- |  
I can't im-agine any- thing that's bet— ter

**Am**\ --- --- --- | **Gm**\ --- --- --- |  
The world is ours when-ever we're to— ge— ther—

**Am**\ --- --- --- | **Gm** . **C7** . |  
There ain't a place I'd like to be in— stead of

**F** . . . | **Gm** . . . | **F** . . . | **Gm** . . . |  
Groo-vin'— down a crowded ave- nue-ue—

**F** . . . | **Gm** . . . | **F** . . . | **Gm** . . . |  
Doin'— any- thing we like to do-o—

**Am**\ --- --- --- | **Gm**\ --- --- --- |  
There's always lots of things that we can see—

**Am**\ --- --- --- | **Gm**\ --- --- --- |  
We can be any-one we like to be—e—

**Am**\ --- --- --- | **Gm** . **C7** . |  
And all those happy people we could— meet just

**F** . . . | **Gm** . . . | **F** . . . | **Gm** . . . |  
Groo-vin'— on a Sunday after-no-on—

**F** . . . | **Gm** . . . | **F** . . . | **Gm** . . . |  
Really— couldn't get a-way too soo-oon—

**F** . . . | **Gm** . . . | **F** . . . | **Gm** . . . | **F** . . . | **Gm** . . . |  
Ah-ha- haaa— ah-ha- haaa— ah-ha- haaaaaaa

**Am\** --- --- --- | **Gm\** --- --- --- |  
We'll keep on spending sunny days this way-----

**Am\** --- --- --- | **Gm\** --- --- --- |  
We're gonna talk and laugh our time a-- way-ay----

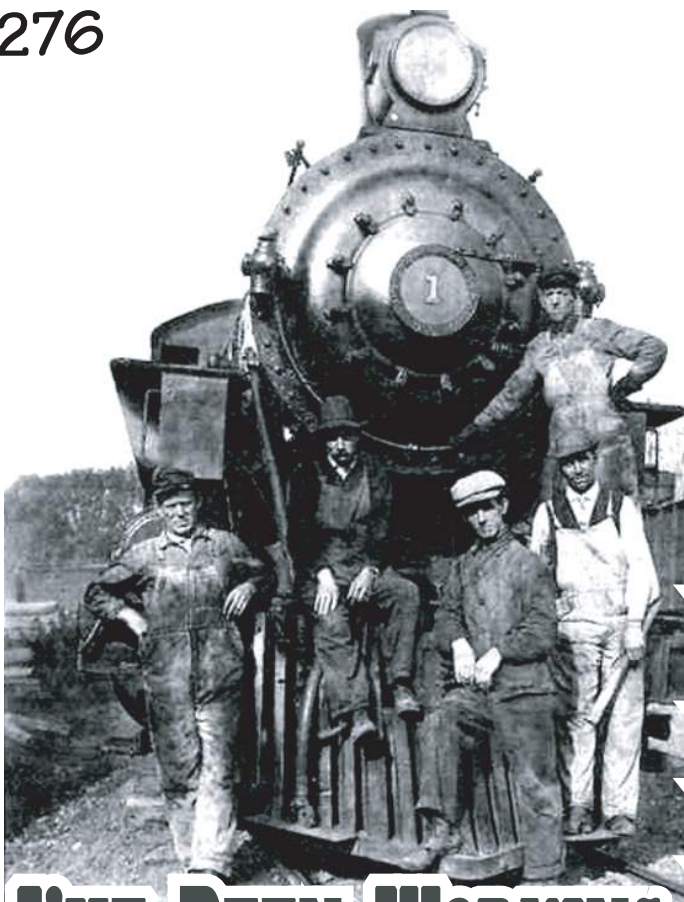
**Am\** --- --- --- | **Gm\** --- --- --- |  
I feel it comin' closer day by day-----

**Bb\** \ \ \ **Am\** \ | **Gm\** \ \ **C7\** \ \ |  
Life would be ecsta-sy---- you and me end-less-ly

**F** . . . | **Gm** . . . | **F** . . . | **Gm** . . . |  
Groo-vin'----- on a Sunday after-no-on---

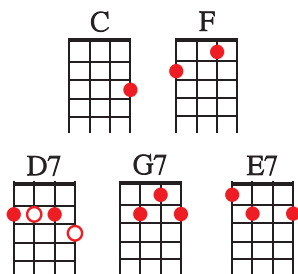
**F** . . . | **Gm** . . . | **F** . . . | **Gm** . . . |  
Really----- couldn't get a-way too soo-oon-----

**F** . . . | **Gm** . . . | **F** . . . | **Gm** . . . | **F** . . . | **Bb** . . . | **F\**  
Ah-ha- haaa----- ah-ha- haaa----- ah-ha- haaaaaaaaaaa---Aaaaah



# I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

For sheer engineering gee-whiz, the American transcontinental railroad of the 19th century ranks with the Great Wall of China, the Pyramids of Giza and the Panama Canal. Today's traveler cannot drink in a single sweeping view of the sinuous line of steel stretching from Omaha to Sacramento, but in its entirety it is still a marvel for the ages. The project needed many thousands of workers. Nearly everything was done by muscle power. The transcontinental railroad was the last great building project to be done mostly by hand. Handcarts moved the dirt from cuts and to fills. Horses and mules, black powder and nitroglycerine helped, but it was mostly men with sledges and drills, mauls and picks who did the job, working under the burning sun, through choking snows and never-ending rain, and in tunnels blasting their way through unyielding granite at inches a day.



UKULELE CLUB OF SANTA CRUZ  
JULY 2006 TRAIN SONGS

**C**  
I've been working on the railroad

**F** **C**  
All the livelong day

I've been working on the railroad

**D7** **G7**  
Just to pass the time away

**C**  
Can't you hear the whistle blowing

**F** **E7**  
Rise up so early in the morn

**F** **C**  
Can't you hear the captain shouting

**F** **G7** **C**  
Dinah, blow your horn

**C**  
Dinah, won't you blow

**F**  
Dinah, won't you blow

**G7** **C**  
Dinah, won't you blow your horn

**C**  
Dinah, won't you blow

**F**  
Dinah, won't you blow

**G7** **C**  
Dinah, won't you blow your horn

**C**  
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah

**G7**  
Someone's in the kitchen I know

**C** **F**  
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah

**G7** **C**  
Strumming on the old banjo, and singing

Fee, fi, fiddly eye o

**G7**  
Fee, fi, fiddly eye o - o - o - o

**C** **F**  
Fee, fi, fiddly eye ooooo - **K**

**G7** **C**  
Strumming on my old banjo ~~jo~~ **uke!**

# Wabash Cannonball

As sung by Pete Seeger and Arlo Guthrie

Intro: Vamp A

A D  
1. I stood on the Atlantic Ocean, the wide Pacific shore  
E7 A  
To the queen of the flowing mountains, to the southbell by the door.  
D  
She's long and tall and handsome, and loved by one and all.  
E7 A  
She's a modern combination, called the Wabash Cannonball

Chorus:

A D  
Oh listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar;  
E7 A  
As she glides along the woodlands, through the hills and by the shores.  
A D  
Hear the mighty rush of engines. Hear the lonesome hobos' call.  
E7 A  
We're travelling through the jungles, on the Wabash Cannonball  
A Bm E7 A  
Woo Woo Woo Woo Woo Woo Woo  
A Bm E7 A  
Woo Woo Woo Woo Woo Woo Woo

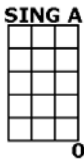
A D  
2. The eastern states are dandies. So the western people say,  
E7 A  
From New York to St. Louis, and Chicago by the way.  
A D  
Through the hills of Minnesota, where the rippling waters fall,  
E7 A  
No chances can be taken, on the Wabash Cannonball

Chorus

A D  
3. Here's to Daddy Klaxton, may his name forever stand.  
E7 A  
Will he be remembered, through parts of all our land?  
A D  
His earthly race is over, and the curtain 'round him falls.  
E7 A  
We'll carry him on to victory, on the Wabash Cannonball.

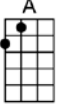
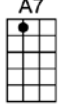
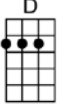
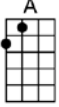
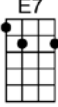
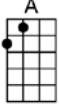
Final Chorus

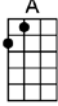
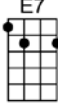
Slower on the final 3 woos



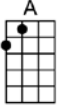
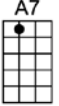
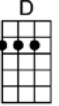
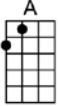
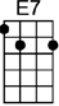
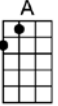
# WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

4/4 1234 1 (without intro)

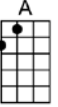
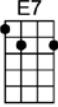
**Intro:** |  |  |  | |  |  |  | |

 |  |

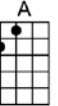
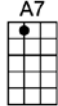
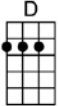
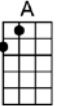
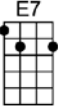
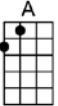
Oh, when the Saints go marching in, oh, when the Saints go marching in

 |  |  |  |  |  |

Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number, when the Saints go marching in. (CODA)

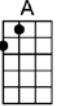

 |  |

Oh, when the sun refuse to shine, oh, when the sun refuse to shine,

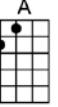
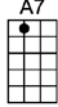
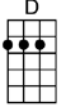
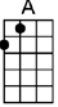
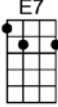

 |  |  |  |  |  |

Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number, when the sun re-fuse to shine.

Oh, when the Saints.....

 |  |


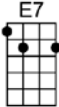

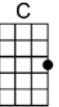


Oh when the trumpet sounds the call, oh, when the trumpet sounds the call

 |  |  |  |  |  |

Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number, when the trumpet sounds the call

## Chorus and Coda

(Coda):

 |  |  |  |  |  |

Oh when the Saints go marching in. Oh when the Saints go march-ing in.

# WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

4/4 1234 1 (without intro)

Intro: | A | A7 | D | | A | E7 | A | |

A E7  
Oh, when the Saints go marching in, oh, when the Saints go marching in

A A7 D A E7 A (Coda)  
Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number, when the Saints go marching in.

A E7  
Oh, when the sun refuse to shine, oh, when the sun refuse to shine,

A A7 D A E7 A  
Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number, when the sun re-fuse to shine.

Oh, when the Saints.....

A E7  
Oh when the trumpet sounds the call, oh, when the trumpet sounds the call

A A7 D A E7 A  
Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number, when the trumpet sounds the call

## Chorus and Coda

(Coda):

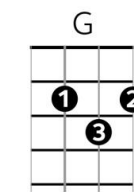
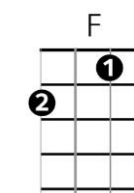
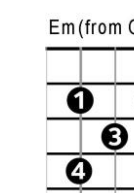
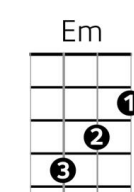
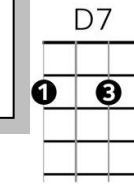
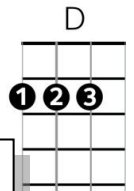
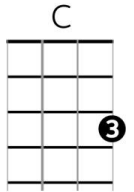
A E7 A C E7 A  
Oh, when the Saints go marching in. Oh, when the Saints go march-ing in.

# Country Roads – John Denver (1971)

Intro : G / / /

G / Em /  
 - - Almost heaven, - - West Virginia,  
 D / C G /  
 - - Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River.  
 G / Em /  
 - - Life is old there, older than the trees,  
 D / C G  
 Younger than the mountains, growin' like a breeze.

## Chords



## Chorus

G / D / Em / C /  
 Country roads, - - take me home, - - to the place - - I belong: - -  
 G / D / C / G /  
 West Virginia, - - mountain momma, - - take me home, - - country roads.

G / Em /  
 - - All my mem'ries, - - gather 'round her,  
 D / C G /  
 - - Miner's lady, stranger to blue water.  
 G / Em /  
 - - Dark and dusty, painted on the sky,  
 D / C G  
 Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye.

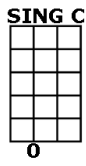
## Chorus

Em D G /  
 - I hear her voice, in the mornin' hours she calls me,  
 C G D /  
 The radio reminds me of my home far away.  
 Em F C G  
 And drivin' down the road, I get a feelin' that I should have been home  
 D / D7 /  
 Yesterday, - - Yesterday.

## Chorus

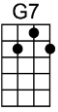

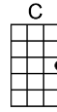
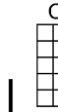
## Chorus

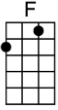
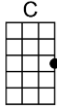
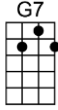
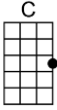
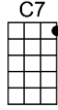
D / G /  
 Take me home, - - country roads.  
 D / G G-D-G{stop}  
 Take me home, - - country roads.



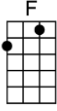
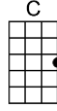
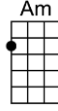
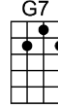
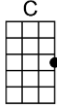
# THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND-Woody Guthrie

4/4 1234 1

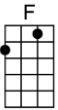
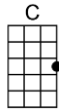
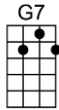
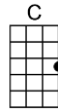
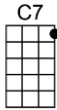
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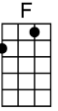

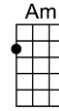
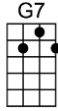
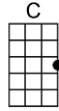
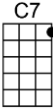
**This land is your land, this land is my land, from Cali-fornia to the New York island,**

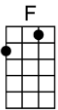
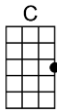
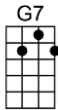
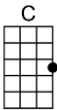
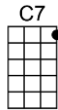
**From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream wa.....ters, this land was made for you and me.**

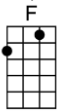
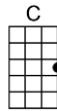
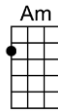
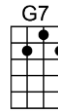
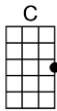
**As I was walking that ribbon of highway, I saw above me that endless skyway,**

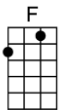
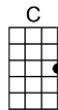
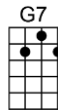
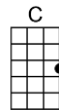
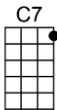
**I saw be-low me that golden val.....ley, this land was made for you and me.**

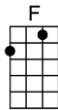
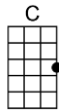
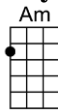
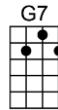
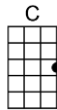
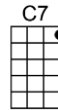
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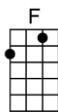
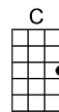
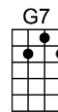
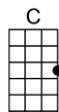
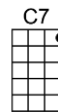
**From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream wa.....ters, this land was made for you and me.**

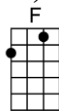
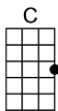
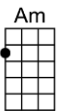
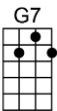
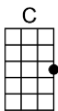
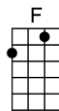
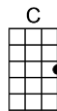
**I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps, to the sparkling sand of her diamond deserts,**

**And all a-round me a voice was sound....ing, this land was made for you and me.**

**This land is your land, this land is my land, from Cali-fornia to the New York island,**

**From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream wa...ters, this land was made for you and me.**

# THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND-Woody Guthrie

4/4 1234 1

Intro: | G7 | / | C | C7 |

F C G7 C C7  
This land is your land, this land is my land, from Cali-fornia to the New York island,

F C Am G7 C  
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream wa.....ters, this land was made for you and me.

F C G7 C C7  
As I was walking that ribbon of highway, I saw above me that endless skyway,

F C Am G7 C C7  
I saw be-low me that golden val.....ley, this land was made for you and me.

F C G7 C C7  
This land is your land, this land is my land, from Cali-fornia to the New York island,

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I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps, to the sparkling sand of her diamond deserts,

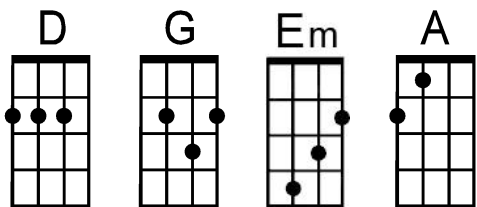
F C Am G7 C C7  
And all a-round me a voice was sound....ing, this land was made for you and me.

F C G7 C C7  
This land is your land, this land is my land, from Cali-fornia to the New York island,

F C Am G7 C F C  
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream wa...ters, this land was made for you and me.

# The Garden Song

by David Mallet (1978)



## Chorus:

(sing d)

D . . . | G . D . | G . . . | D . . . |  
Inch by inch, row by row Gonna make this gar- den grow

G . . . | D . . . | Em . . . | A . . . |  
All it takes is a rake and a hoe, and a piece of fer-- tile ground-----

D . . . | G . D . | G . . . | D . . . |  
Inch by inch, row by row Someone bless these seeds I sow

G . . . | D . . . | Em . A . | D . . . |  
Someone warm them from be-- low, till the rain comes tumb- lin' down-----

D . . . | G . D . | G . . . | D . . . |  
Pull- ing weeds and pick- ing stones Man is made of dreams and bones

G . . . | D . . . | Em . . . | A . . . |  
Feel a need to grow my own, 'cause the time is close at hand-----

D . . . | G . D . | G . . . | D . . . |  
Grain for grain, sun and rain Find my way in Na- ture's chain

G . . . | D . . . | Em . A . | D . . . |  
Tune my bo-- dy and my brain, to the mu-- sic from the land-----

## Chorus:

D . . . | G . D . | G . . . | D . . . |  
Inch by inch, row by row Gonna make this gar- den grow

G . . . | D . . . | Em . . . | A . . . |  
All it takes is a rake and a hoe, and a piece of fer-- tile ground-----

D . . . | G . D . | G . . . | D . . . |  
Inch by inch, row by row Someone bless these seeds I sow

G . . . | D . . . | Em . A . | D . . . |  
Someone warm them from be-- low, till the rain comes tumb- lin' down-----

D . . . | G . D . | G . . . | D . . . |  
Plant your rows straight and long Season with a lov-- ing song

G . . . | D . . . | Em . . . | A . . . |  
Mother Earth will make you strong, if you give her love and care-----

D . . . . | G . D . | G . . . . | D . . . . |  
Old crow watch-ing hun-gri-ly From his perch in yon--der tree

G . . . . | D . . . . | Em . A . | D . . . . |  
In my gar-den I'm as free as that feath-ered thief up there-----

**Chorus:**

D . . . . | G . D . | G . . . . | D . . . . |  
Inch by inch, row by row Gonna make this gar-den grow

G . . . . | D . . . . | Em . . . . | A . . . . |  
All it takes is a rake and a hoe, and a piece of fer--tile ground-----

D . . . . | G . D . | G . . . . | D . . . . |  
Inch by inch, row by row Someone bless these seeds I sow

G . . . . | D . . . . | Em . A . | D . . . . |  
Someone warm them from be--low, till the rain comes tum-blin' down-----

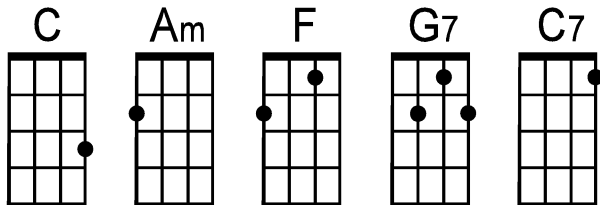
. | Em . A . | D\ C\ D\  
Till the rain comes tumb-lin' down-----

**San Jose Ukulele Club**

(v2 4/5/17)

# Whiskey in the Jar

Traditional Irish Folk Song



(sing e g)

| C . . . | Am . . .  
As I was a-go-in', o'er the far-famed Kerry mountain

| F . . . | C . . . Am . . .  
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'

| C . . . | Am . . .  
I first pro-duced my pistol, and then pro-duced my rapier

| F . . . | C . . . Am . . .  
Saying "Stand and de-liver!" for he were a bold de-ceiver

**Refrain:** | G7 . . . | C . . . C7 . . . |  
Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o  
| F . . . | C . . . G7 . . . C . . .  
Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

| C . . . | Am . . .  
I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny

| F . . . | C . . . Am . . .  
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny

| C . . . | Am . . .  
She sighed and she swore, that she never would de-ceive me

| F . . . | C . . . Am . . .  
but the Devil take the women for they never can be easy

**Refrain:** | G7 . . . | C . . . C7 . . . |  
Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o  
| F . . . | C . . . G7 . . . C . . .  
Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

| C . . . | Am . . .  
I went up to my chamber, all for to take a slumber

| F . . . | C . . . Am . . .  
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder

| C . . . | Am . . .  
But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them up with water

| F . . . | C . . . Am . . .  
and sent for Captain Farrell, to be ready for the slaughter

**Refrain:** | G7 . . . | C . . . C7 . . . |  
Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o  
| F . . . | C . . . G7 . . . C . . .  
Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

|C . . . |Am . . .  
'Twas early in the morning, just be-fore I rose to travel

|F . . . |C . . . Am . . .  
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise, Captain Farrell

|C . . . |Am . . .  
I first pro-duced my pistol, for she'd stolen a-way my rapier

|F . . . |C . . . Am . . .  
But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

**Refrain:** |G7 . . . |C . . . C7 . . . |  
Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o  
|F . . . |C . . . G7 C . . .  
Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

**Inst:** C . . . |Am . . . |F . . . |C . . . Am . . .  
C . . . |Am . . . |F . . . |C . . . Am . . .  
. |G7 . . . |C . . . C7 . . . |F . . . |C G7 C . . .

|C . . . |Am . . .  
They put me in jail with-out a judge or jury

|F . . . |C . . . Am . . .  
for robbin' Captain Farrell in the mor-nin' so early

|C . . . |Am . . .  
They couldn't take my fist, so I knocked down the sentry

|F . . . |C . . . Am . . .  
and I bid a fare-well to Sligo Peni-tentiary

**Refrain:** |G7 . . . |C . . . C7 . . . |  
Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o  
|F . . . |C . . . G7 C . . .  
Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

|C . . . |Am . . .  
Now some take de-light in the carria-ges a-rollin'

|F . . . |C . . . Am . . .  
and others take de-light in the hurl-in' and bowlin'

|C . . . |Am . . .  
But I take de-light in the juice of the barley

|F . . . |C . . . Am . . .  
and courtin' pretty fair maids in the mornin' bright and early

**Refrain:** |G7 . . . |C . . . C7 . . . |  
Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o  
|F . . . |C . . . G7 C . . .  
Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

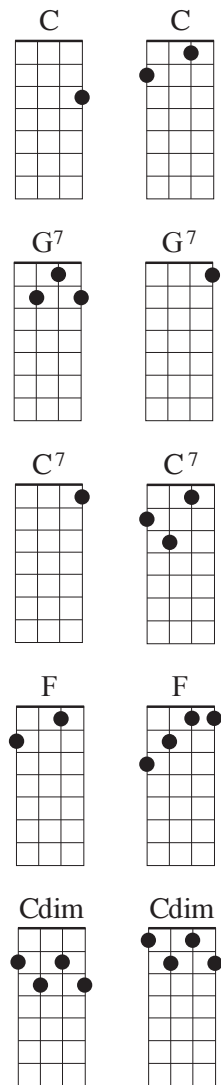
C . . . C7 . . . |F . . . |C . . . G7 C\ . . .  
Whack fol de daddy-o, Whack fol de daddy-o, there's whiskey in the jar!

# Crawdad Song

American Traditional

Soprano Baritone

C  
 You get a line and I'll get a pole, honey,  
 G<sup>7</sup>  
 You get a line and I'll get a pole, babe.  
 C C<sup>7</sup>  
 You get a line and I'll get a pole,  
 F C<sup>o</sup>  
 And we'll go fishing at the crawdad hole,  
 C G<sup>7</sup> C (G<sup>7</sup>)  
 Honey, sugar baby, mine



Get up old man, you slept too late, honey/babe/\_\_\_, (3x)  
 Last piece of crawdad's on your plate, Honey, sugar baby, mine.

Get up old woman, you slept too late, honey/babe/\_\_\_, (3x)  
 Crawdad man done passed your gate, Honey, sugar baby, mine.

Sittin' on the bank 'til my feet get cold, honey/babe/\_\_\_, (3x)  
 Lookin' down that crawdad hole, Honey, sugar baby, mine.

Yonder come a man with a sack on his back, honey/babe/\_\_\_, (3x)  
 Packin' all the crawdads he can pack, Honey, sugar baby, mine.

The man fell down and he broke that sack, honey/babe/\_\_\_, (3x)  
 See those crawdads backing back, Honey, sugar baby, mine.

Crawdad sitting on the riverbank, honey/babe/\_\_\_, (3x)  
 Picking his teeth with a wooden plank, Honey, sugar baby, mine.

Look at that crawdad crawling around, honey/babe/\_\_\_, (3x)  
 He's the mayor of crawdad town, Honey, sugar baby, mine.

What you gonna do when the lake goes dry, honey/babe/\_\_\_, (3x)  
 Sit on the bank and watch the crawdads die, Honey, sugar baby,  
 mine.

What you gonna do when the crawdads die, honey/babe/\_\_\_ (3x)  
 Sit on the bank until I cry, Honey, sugar baby, mine.

I heard the duck say to the drake, honey/babe/\_\_\_, (3x)  
 There ain't no crawdads in this lake, Honey, sugar baby, mine.

# END OF THE LINE

music and lyrics by George Harrison, Bob Dylan, Jeff Lynne, Roy Orbison, and Tom Petty



Well, it's all right, riding a - round in the breeze



Well, it's all right, if you live the life you please



Well, it's all right, doing the best you can



Well, it's all right, as long as you lend a hand



You can sit around and wait for the phone to ring (end of the line)



Waiting for someone to tell you every - thing (end of the line)



Sit around and wonder what to - morrow'll bring (end of the line)



Maybe a dia - mond ring

C

G

F

Well, it's all right, even if they say you're wrong

C

G

C

Well, it's all right, sometimes you got - ta be strong

C

G

F

Well, it's all right, as long as you got some - where to lay

C

G

C

Well, it's all right, everyday is just one day

F

C

Maybe somewhere down the road a - ways (end of the line)

F

C

You'll think of me, wonder where I am these days (end of the line)

F

C

Maybe somewhere down the road when some - bod - y plays (end of the line)

G

"Pur - ple Haze"

END OF THE LINE, page 2

**C**                      **G**                      **F**  
Well, it's all right, even when push comes to shove

**C**                      **G**                      **C**  
Well, it's all right, if you got some - one to love

**C**                      **G**                      **F**  
Well, it's all right, everything'll work out fine

**C**                      **G**                      **C**  
Well, it's all right, we're going to the end of the line

**F**    **C**  
Don't have to be ashamed of the car I drive (end of the line)

**F**    **C**  
I'm glad to be here, happy to be alive (end of the line)

**F**    **C**  
It don't matter if you're by my side (end of the line)

**G**  
I'm sat - isfied

**C**                      **G**                      **F**  
Well, it's all right, even if you're old and gray

**C**                      **G**                      **C**  
Well, it's all right, you still got some - thing to say

**C**                      **G**                      **F**  
Well, it's all right, remember to live and let live

**C**                      **G**                      **C**  
Well, it's all right, the best you can do is for - give

**C**                      **G**                      **F**  
Well, it's all right, riding a - round in the breeze

**C**                      **G**                      **C**  
Well, it's all right, if you live the life you please

**C**                      **G**                      **F**  
Well, it's all right, even if the sun don't shine

**C**                      **G**                      **C**  
Well, it's all right, we're going to the end of the line