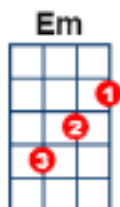
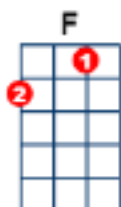
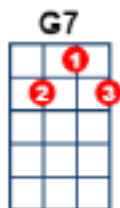
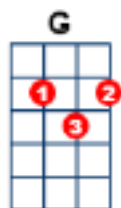
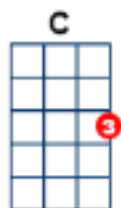


The Boxer

Simon and Garfunkel



Each chord is 2 beats

C C C Am
I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom told

G G
I have squandered my resistance

G7 G7 C
For a pocket full of mumbles such are promises

C Am G F
All lies and jests still a man hears what he wants to hear

F C G G7 C C
And disregards the rest hmmmmmm

C C
When I left my home and my family I was

C Am G
no more than a boy in the company of

G G7 G7
strangers In the quiet of the railway station

C C Am G
running scared Laying low seeking out the poorer

F F C
quarters Where the ragged people go Looking

G7 F C C
for the places only they would know

Am Am G G
Lie la lie Lie la lie lie lie lie lie

Am Am G7 G7 C C
Lie la lie Lie la lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie

C C C
Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a

Am G G G7
job But I get no offers Just a come-on from the

G7 C C
whores on Seventh Avenue

C Am G F
I do declare there were times when I was so lonesome

F C G G7 C C
I took some comfort there lie la lie lie lie lie

Am Am G G
 Lie la lie Lie la lie lie lie lie lie

Am Am G7 G7 C C
 Lie la lie Lie la lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie

C C C
 Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was

Am G G G7
 gone Going home where the New York City

C C
 winters aren't Bleeding me bleeding

Em Am G G
 me going home

C C C Am
 In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade

G G G7 G7
 And he carries the reminders of ev'ry glove that laid him down

C C C Am
 Or cut him till he cried out in his anger and his shame

G F F
 I am leaving I am leaving but the fighter still re

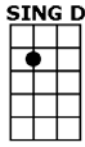
C G7 F C C
 mains m m

Am Am G G
 Lie la lie Lie la lie lie lie lie lie

Am Am G G
 Lie la lie Lie la lie lie lie lie lie

Am Am G G
 Lie la lie Lie la lie lie lie lie lie

Am Am G7 G7 C C
 Lie la lie Lie la lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie



AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL w. Katherine Lee Bates m. Samuel Augustus Ward

4/4 1...2...123
(Practice triplets)



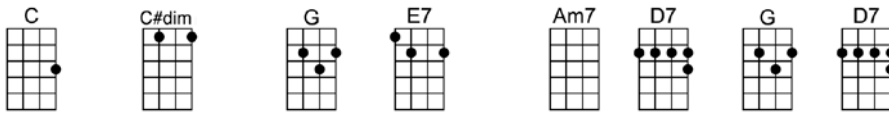
Oh, beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain.



For purple mountain majesties, above the fruited plain.



America!..... A-meri - ca! God shed His grace on thee.



And crown thy good with brother-hood, from sea to shining sea.



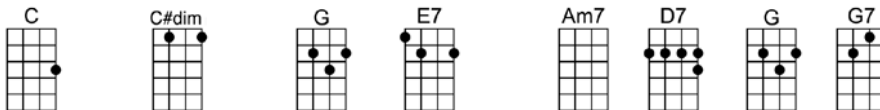
Oh, beautiful for patriot dreams, that sees be-yond the years.



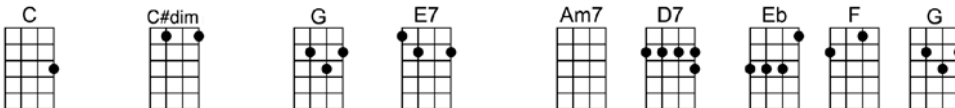
Thine alabaster cities gleam, undimmed by human tears.



America!..... A-meri - ca! God shed His grace on thee.

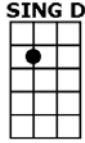


And crown thy good with brother-hood, from sea to shining sea.



And crown thy good with brother-hood, from sea to shining sea.

123 123 1...



AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

w. Katherine Lee Bates
m. Samuel Augustus Ward

4/4 1...2...123
(Practice triplets)

G D7 Am7 D7 G Am7
Oh, beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain.

D7 G D A7 D D7
For purple mountain majesties, above the fruited plain.

G Am7 D7 Am7 D7 G G7
A-merica!..... A-meri - ca! God shed His grace on thee.

C C#dim G E7 Am7 D7 G D7
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea.

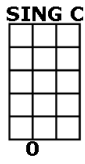
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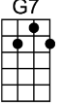

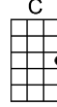
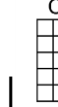
C C#dim G E7 Am7 D7 G G7
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea.

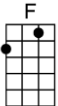
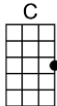
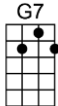
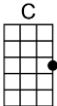

C C#dim G E7 Am7 D7 Eb F G
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea.
123 123 1...



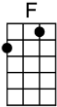
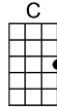
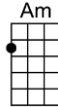
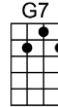
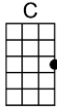
THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND-Woody Guthrie

4/4 1234 1

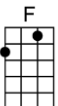
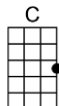
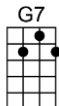
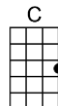
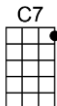
Intro: |  |  |  |  |

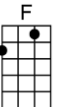
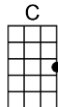
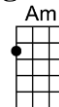
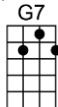
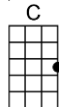
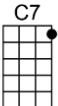
This land is your land, this land is my land, from Cali-fornia to the New York island,

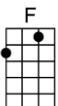
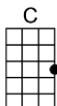
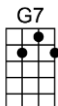
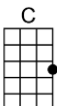
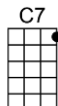
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream wa.....ters, this land was made for you and me.

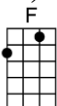
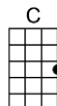
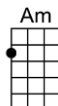
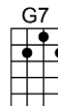
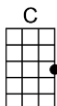
As I was walking that ribbon of highway, I saw above me that endless skyway,

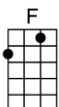
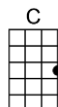
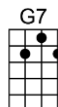
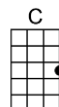
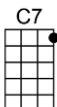
I saw be-low me that golden val.....ley, this land was made for you and me.

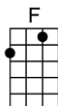
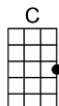
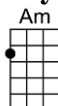
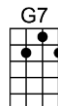
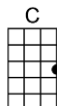
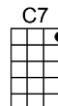
This land is your land, this land is my land, from Cali-fornia to the New York island,

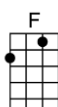
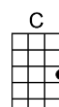
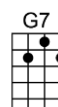
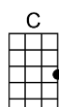
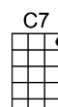
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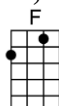
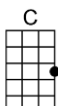
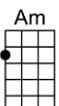
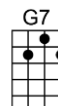
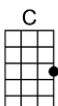
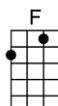
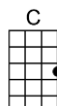
I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps, to the sparkling sand of her diamond deserts,

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
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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.

Rocky Top

recorded by Lynn Anderson

written by Boudleaux Bryant and Felice Bryant

G C G Em D7 G
Wish that I was on old Rocky Top down in the Tennessee hills
C G Em D7 G
Ain't no smoggy smoke on Rocky Top ain't no telephone bills
C G Em D7 G
Once I had a man on Rocky Top half bear the other half cat
C G Em D7 G
Wild as a mink but sweet as soda pop I still dream about that

Em D7 F C
Rocky Top you'll always be home sweet home to me
G F G F G
Good ole Rocky Top Rocky Top Tennessee Rocky Top Tennessee

G C G Em D7 G
Once two strangers climbed old Rocky Top looking for a moonshine still
C G Em D7 G
Strangers ain't come down from Rocky Top I reckon they never will
C G Em D7 G
Corn won't grow at all on Rocky Top the dirt's too rocky by far
C G Em F7 G
That's why all the folks on Rocky Top get their corn from a jar

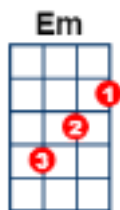
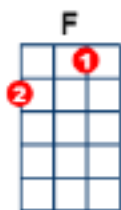
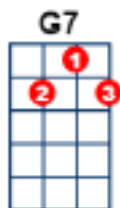
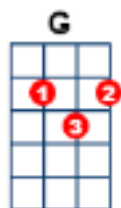
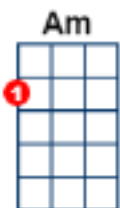
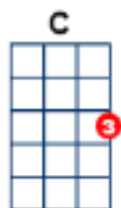
Em D7 F C
Rocky Top you'll always be home sweet home to me
G F G F G
Good ole Rocky Top Rocky Top Tennessee Rocky Top Tennessee

G C G Em D7 G
I've had years of cramped up city life trapped like a duck in a pen
C G Em D7 G
All I know is it's a pity life can't be simple again

Em D7 F C
Rocky Top you'll always be home sweet home to me
G F G F G
Good ole Rocky Top Rocky Top Tennessee Rocky Top Tennessee

The Boxer

Simon and Garfunkel



Each chord is 2 beats

C C C Am
I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom told
G G
I have squandered my resistance
G7 G7 C
For a pocket full of mumbles such are promises
C Am G F
All lies and jests still a man hears what he wants to hear
F C G G7 C C
And disregards the rest hmmmmmm
C C
When I left my home and my family I was
C Am G
no more than a boy in the company of
G G7 G7
strangers In the quiet of the railway station
C C Am G
running scared Laying low seeking out the poorer
F F C
quarters Where the ragged people go Looking
G7 F C C
for the places only they would know
Am Am G G
Lie la lie Lie la lie lie lie lie lie
Am Am G7 G7 C C
Lie la lie Lie la lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie
C C C
Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a
Am G G G7
job But I get no offers Just a come-on from the
G7 C C
whores on Seventh Avenue
C Am G F
I do declare there were times when I was so lonesome
F C G G7 C C
I took some comfort there lie la lie lie lie lie

Am Am C C

Am Am G G
 Lie la lie Lie la lie lie lie lie lie
 Am Am G7 G7 C C
 Lie la lie Lie la lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie
 C C C
 Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was
 Am G G G7
 gone Going home where the New York City
 C C
 winters aren't Bleeding me bleeding
 Em Am G G
 me going home
 C C C Am
 In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade
 G G G7 G7
 And he carries the reminders of ev'ry glove that laid him down
 C C C Am
 Or cut him till he cried out in his anger and his shame
 G F F
 I am leaving I am leaving but the fighter still re
 C G7 F C C
 mains m m
 Am Am G G
 Lie la lie Lie la lie lie lie lie lie
 Am Am G G
 Lie la lie Lie la lie lie lie lie lie
 Am Am G G
 Lie la lie Lie la lie lie lie lie lie
 Am Am G7 G7 C C
 Lie la lie Lie la lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie

All My Loving – The Beatles (1963)

Intro : F /// G7 /// C /// C {pause}

=====
Dm G7 C Am
 Close your eyes and I'll kiss you, tomorrow I'll miss you,
F Dm Bb G

Remember I'll always be true.

Dm G7 C Am
 And then while I'm away I'll write home everyday
F G C C {pause}

And I'll send all my loving to you.

=====
Dm G7 C Am
 I'll pretend that I'm kissing, the lips I am missing
F Dm Bb G
 and hope that my dreams will come true.

Dm G7 C Am
 And then while I'm away I'll write home everyday
F G C C {pause}
 and I'll send all my loving to you.

=====
Am Caug C C
 All my loving, I will send to you.
Am Caug C C {pause}
 All my loving, darling I'll be true.

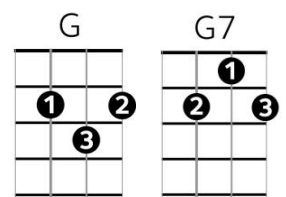
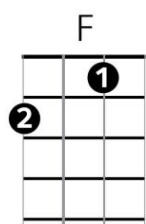
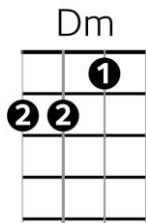
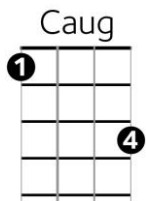
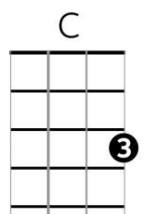
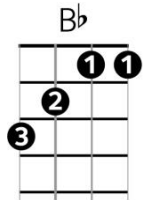
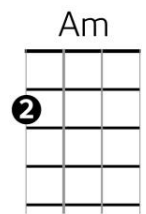
Solo: F /// F /// C /// C /// Dm /// G7 /// C /// C {pause}

=====
Dm G7 C Am
 Close your eyes and I'll kiss you, tomorrow I'll miss you,
F Dm Bb G
 Remember I'll always be true.

Dm G7 C Am
 And then while I'm away I'll write home everyday
F G C C {pause}
 and I'll send all my loving to you.

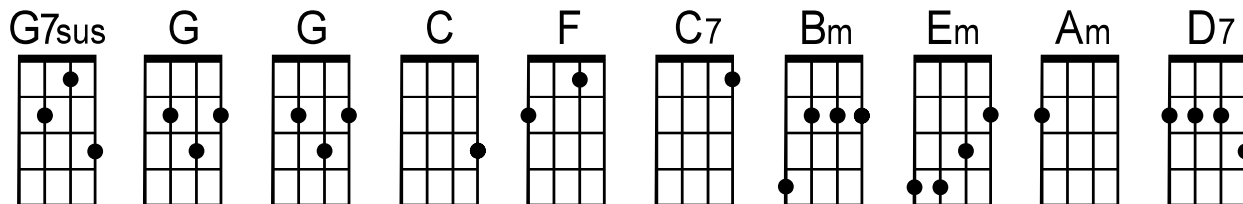
=====
Am Caug C C
 All my loving, I will send to you.
Am Caug C C
 All my loving, darling I'll be true.
Am Caug C C
 All my loving, Aaaaal my loving, Oo-oooh,
Am Caug C C
 All my loving, I will send to you.

Chords



A Hard Day's Night

by McCartney and Lennon (1964)



G7sus\ -- -- -- |

(--*tacet*--) G . C . | G | F | G
 It's been a hard— day's— night—, and I've been working— like a do-o-og

. | G . C . | G | F | G
 It's been a hard— day's— night—, I should be sleeping— like a lo-o-og

. | C | D
 But when I get home to you, I find the things that you do

. | G . C7 . | G
 will make me fe—el a - all right.

. | G . C . | G | F | G
 You know I work— all— day—, to get you money— to buy you thi-i-ings

. | G | G | F | G
 And it's worth it just to hear you say—, you're gonna give me— every-thi-i-ing.

. | C | D
 So why on earth should I moan, cuz when I get you a—lone,

. | G . C7 . | G
 you know I fe—el O-o- kay.

Bridge:

. | Bm | Em | Bm |
 When I'm home—, every-thing seems to be-e right—

. | G | Em | Am | D7
 When I'm home—, feeling you holding me tight—, tight—, yeah

. | G . C . | G | F | G
 It's been a hard— day's— night—, and I've been working— like a do-o-og

. | G . C . | G | F | G
 It's been a hard— day's— night—, I should be sleeping— like a lo-o-og

. | C | D
 But when I get home to you, I find the things that you do

. | G . C7 . | G
 will make me fe—el a - all right.

Instrumental:

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

A _____

E _____ 1 _____ 1 _____ 1 _____ **x 2**

C _____ 0 2 0 2 _____ 0h2 0h2 0h2 0h2

(low) G 0 0 _____ 0 0

. | C . . . | D . . . |
 So why on earth should I moan, cuz when I get you a—lone,
 . | G . C7 . | G . . . |
 you know I fe—el O-o- kay.

Bridge:

. | Bm . . . | Em . . . | Bm . . . | . . . |
 When I'm home—, every-thing seems to be-e right—
 . | G . . . | Em . . . | Am . . . | D7 . . . |
 When I'm home—, feeling you holding me tight—, tight—, yeah

. | G . C . | G . . . | F . . . | G . . . |
 It's been a hard— day's— night—, and I've been working— like a do-o-og

. | G . C . | G . . . | F . . . | G . . . |
 It's been a hard— day's— night—, I should be sleeping— like a lo-o-og

. | C . . . | D . . . |
 But when I get home to you, I find the things that you do
 . | G . C7 . | G . . . |
 will make me fe—el a - all right.

. | G . C . | G . . . | G . C . | F |
 You know I fe—el al—right you know I feel— al—right

Ending riff :

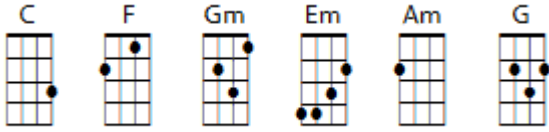
A _____

E 3 _____ 1 _____ *x3 and fade*

C 0 0 0 0

(low) G 2 _____ 2 _____

A Hard Day's Night by the Beatles



C
F
Gm
Em
Am
G

C
F
C
Gm
C

It's been a hard days night and I've been working like a dog

C
F
C
Gm
C

It's been a hard days night I should be sleeping Like a log

F
G
C
F
C

but when I get home to you I find the thing that you do will make me feel all right

C
F
C
Gm
C

You know I work all day to get you money to buy you things and

C
F
C
Gm
C

it's worth it just to hear you say you're gonna give me everything

F
G
C
F
C

So why I love to come home cause when I get you alone you know I'll be O. K.

Em
Am
Em

When I'm home everything seems to be right

Am
F
G

When I'm home feeling you holding me tight, tight, yeah

C
F
C
Gm
C

It's been a hard days night and I've been working like a dog

C
F
C
Gm
C

It's been a hard days night I should be sleeping Like a log

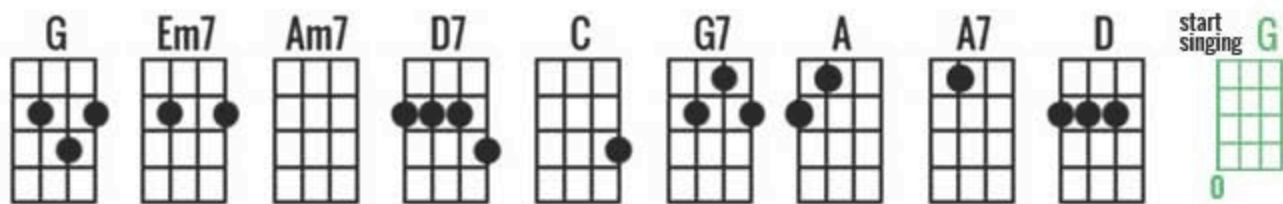
F
G
C
F
C

but when I get home to you I find the thing that you do will make me feel all right

C
F
C
F
C
Gm

You know I feel all right You know I feel all right

NAT KING COLE – L-O-V-E UKULELE CHORDS



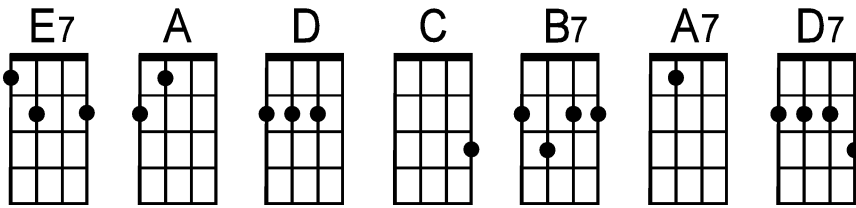
G **Em7** **Am7** **D7**
 L is for the way you look at me
Am7 **D7** **G**
 O is for the only one I see
G7 **C**
 V is very, very extraordinary
A **A7** **D** **A7** **D7**
 E is even more than anyone that you adore

G **Em7** **Am7** **D7**
 Love is all that I can give to you
Am7 **D7** **G**
 Love is more than just a game for two
G7
 Two in love can make it
C **A**
 Take my heart and please don't break it
G **D7** **G**
 Love was made for me and you

Repeat

Back in the USSR

by John Lennon and Paul McCartney (1968)



Intro:

E7 \ \ \ \ | \ \ \ \ | \ \ \ \ | \ \ \ \ | \ \ \ \ | \ \ \ \ | \ \ \ \ |

A															2	2	2	2	5	5	5	5
E	0	0	0	0	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4				
C	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4				
G																						

A | D | C | D |
 Flew in from Mi-ami Beach, B O A— C— didn't get to bed last— night—
 A | D | C | D |
 All the way the paper bag was on my— knee man, I had a dreadful flight
 I'm back in the U S S R | A . . . | C | D |
 You don't know how lucky you are— boy—
 D\ (—tacet—) | A . . . | A7 . E7 . |
 Back in the U S S R

A | D | C | D |
 Been a-way so long I hardly knew the— place gee it's good to be back— home
 A | D | C | D |
 Leave it til to-morrow to un-pack my— case Honey, discon-nect the— phone
 I'm back in the U S S R | A . . . | C | D |
 You don't know how lucky you are— boy—
 D\ (—tacet—) | D\ (—tacet—) | D\ (—tacet—) | A . . . | A7 |
 Back in the US . Back in the US . Back in the U S S R— (Da da da)

Bridge: | D |
 The U-kraine girls really knock me— out
 Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo Ooo-ooo
 | A | A7
 They leave the West be-hind—(Da da da)
 Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
 | D | B7 |
 And Mos-cow girls make me sing and— shout— that
 Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo Ooo-ooo
 E7 \ \ \ \ | D7 \ \ \ \ | A . . . | E7 . . . |
 Georgia's al-ways on my my-my-my-my-my-my- my-my mind
 Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

Instrumental:

A	5	3	5	3	5	3	5	3	5	5	5	3	5	7	0	0	0
A	5p3	5p3	5p3	5p3	5	5	5	3	5	7	0	0	0				

I'm back in the U S S R |A . . . |C You don't know how lucky you are— boy— |D . . . |

D\ (—tacet—) |A . . . |A7 . . . |
Back in the U S S R (Da da da)

Bridge: |D . . . | . . . |
The U-kraine girls really knock me— out
Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo Ooo-ooo

|A . . . |A7 . . . |
They leave the West be-hind—(Da da da)
Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

|D . . . |B7 . . . |
And Mos-cow girls make me sing and— shout— that
Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo Ooo-ooo

E7 \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ |D7 \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ |A . . . |E7 . . . |
Georgia's al-ways on my my-my-my-my-my-my-my- my-my mind
Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

A . . . |D . . . |
Show me 'round the snow-peaked mountains way down— south

C . . . |D . . . |
Take me to your daddy's farm

A . . . |D . . . |C . . . |D . . . |
Let me hear your bala-laikas ringing out Come and keep your comrade— warm

I'm back in the U S S - R |A . . . |C you don't know how lucky you are— boys— |D . . . |D\

(—tacet—) |A . . . |E7 . . . |A . . . |
Back in the U S S - R— Ooooooh, let me tell you honey!

. . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |A|
Woo-oo- ooooooooooooo Woo-oo- ooooooooooooo woo-oo- ooooooooooooo

Blow Up Your T.V.

J. Prine (klr)

She was a [G] level headed dancer on the [C] road to alcohol
And [D] I was just a soldier on my way to Montreal [G]
Well, she pressed her chest against me, about the [C] time the juke
box broke
She [D] give me a peck on the back of the neck and these are the
words she [G] spoke

[G] Blow up your tv, throw away your paper
Go to the [D] country and build you a [G] home
Plant a little garden, eat a lotta peaches
Try and find [D] Jesus, on your [G] own

I [G] sat there at the table and I [C] acted real niave
Cause I [D] knew that topless lady, she had something up her sleeve
[G]
She danced around the room awhile and she [C] did the hoochy cooch
And [D] sing a song all night long, telling me what to [G] do

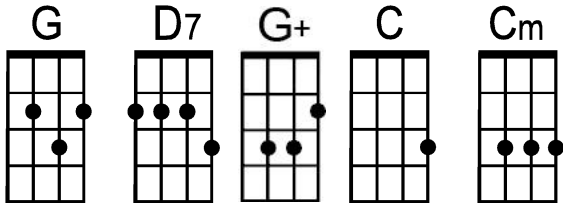
[G] Blow up your tv, throw away your paper
Go to the [D] country and build you a [G] home
Plant a little garden, eat a lotta peaches
Try and find [D] Jesus, on your [G] own

But [G] I was young and a [C] bout to leave that place
[D] Just as I was going, she looked me in the face [G]
I said "You must know the answer", she said [C] "no, but I'll give it
A try."
And [D] to this day, we've been living our way, here is the reason
[G] why

We blew up the [G] tv, threw away the paper
Went to the [D] country, built us a [G] home
Had a lotta children, fed them on peaches
They all found [D] Jesus, on their [G] own [C] - [G]

Blue Bayou (key of G)

by Roy Orbison and Joe Melson (1963)



(sing d)

G | | D7 | |
 I feel so bad, I've got a worried mi-nd, I'm so lone-some all the time—
 | | G | |
 Since I left my baby be-hind on Blue Bay-ou—

G | | D7 | |
 Saving nickels—, saving— dimes—, working 'til the— sun don't shine—
 | | G | |
 Looking forward to happi-er times— on Blue Bay-ou—

. | G | | D7 | |
 I'm going back some— day—, come what— may to Blue Bay-ou—
 | | | | G | |
 Where you sleep all— day and the catfish— play on— Blue Bay-ou—
 | | G+ | C | Cm |
 All those fishing— boats with their sails— a-float—, if I— could only— see—
 . | G | D7 | G | |
 That fa-miliar sun-rise—, thru sleepy— eyes, how happy I'd be—

G | | D7 | |
 Go to see my baby a-gain—, and to be with some of my friends—
 | | G | |
 Maybe I'd be happi-er then— on Blue Bay-ou—

. | G | | D7 | |
 I'm going back some— day—, gonna— stay on— Blue Bay-ou—
 | | | | G | |
 Where the folks are— fine and the world— is mine on— Blue Bay-ou—
 | | G+ | C | Cm |
 And that boy/girl of mine—, by— my side—, the sil-ver moon and the evening— tide—
 | G | D7 | G | |
 Oh, some sweet— day, I'm gonna take a—way this hurtin' in—side—

. | D7 | | | | G | G\
 I'll never be blue— my dreams come tru—ue— on Blue— Bay—yooooou.

Blowin' In The Wind – Bob Dylan

[intro] (C)

(C)How many (F)roads must a (C)man walk (Am)down
Be(C)fore you (F)call him a (G)man?
Yes'n (C)how many (F)seas must a (C)white dove (Am)sail
Be(C)fore she (F)sleeps in the (G)sand?
Yes'n (C)how many (F)times must the (C)cannon balls (Am)fly
Be(C)fore they're (F)forever (G)banned?

The (F)answer my (G)friend is (C)blowing in the (Am)wind
The (F)answer is (G)blowing in the (C)wind

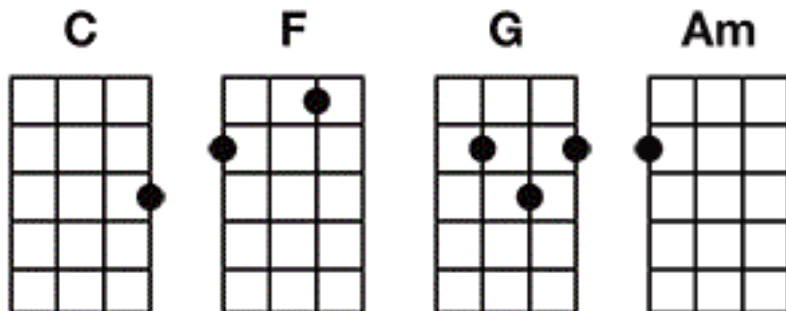
Yes'n (C)how many (F)years can a (C)mountain e(Am)xist
Be(C)fore it is (F)washed to the (G)sea?
Yes'n (C)how many (F)years can some (C)people e(Am)xist
Be(C)fore they're all(F)owed to be (G)free?
Yes'n (C)how many (F)times can a (C)man turn his (Am)head
Pre(C)tending he (F)just doesn't (G)see?

The (F)answer my (G)friend is (C)blowing in the (Am)wind
The (F)answer is (G)blowing in the (C)wind

(C)How many (F)times must a (C)man look (Am)up
Be(C)fore he (F)can see the (G)sky?
Yes'n (C)how many (F)ears must (C)one man (Am)have
Be(C)fore he can (F)hear people (G)cry?
Yes'n (C)how many (F)deaths will it (C)take till he (Am)knows
That (C)too many (F)people have (G)died?

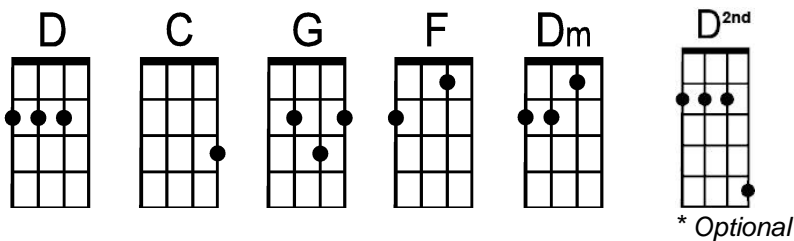
The (F)answer my (G)friend is (C)blowing in the (Am)wind
The (F)answer is (G)blowing in the (C)wind

The (F)answer my (G)friend is (C)blowing in the (Am)wind
The (F)answer is (G)blowing in the (C)wind



Born to be Wild (Key of D)

by Mars Bonfire (1967)



Intro: D . . . | . . C\ G\ | D . . . | . . C\ G\ |

(X = mute strum)

Dx x x x | ^{Kazool}D . C\ G\ | Dx x x x | ^{Kazool}D . C\ G\ |
Get your motor run-nin'— Head out on the high-way—

Dx x x x | ^{Kazool}D . C\ G\ | Dx x x x | ^{Kazool}D . C\ G\ |
Lookin' for ad-ven-ture— In what-ever comes our way—

Chorus: F . G . | D . . . | F . G . | D . . . |
Yeah, darlin' gonna make it- hap-pen Take the world in a love em-brace

F . G . | D . . . | F . G . | D . . . |
Fire all of your guns at once and ex-plode in-to spa-a-ace—

Dx x x x | ^{Kazool}D . C\ G\ | Dx x x x | ^{Kazool}D . C\ G\ |
I like smoke and light-nin'— Heavy meta l thun-der—

Dx x x x | ^{Kazool}D . C\ G\ | Dx x x x | ^{Kazool}D . C\ G\ |
Wrestlin' with the wi--ind— and the feelin' that I'm un-der—

Chorus: F . G . | D . . . | F . G . | D . . . |
Yeah, darlin' gonna make it- hap-pen Take the world in a love em-brace

F . G . | D . . . | F . G . | D . . . |
Fire all of your guns at once and ex-plode in-to spa-a-ace—

Bridge: . | D . . . | . . . | F . . . | . . . |
Like a true-- na--ture's chi-i-ild We were born, born to be wild
. | G . . . | F . . . | Dm\ -- -- -- | -- -- -- -- |
We could climb so high— I never wan-na di---i---ie—

D^{2nd*} . . . | C\ -- G\ C\ | D^{2nd*} . . . | C\ -- G\ C\ |
Born-- to be-- wi-----i---ild (Kazoo-----)

D^{2nd*} . . . | C\ -- G\ C\ | D^{2nd*} . . . | C\ -- G\ C\ |
Born-- to be-- wi-----i---ild (Kazoo-----)

Inst: D . . . | ^{Kazool}. . . C\ G\ | D . . . | ^{Kazool}. . . C\ G\ |

D . . . | ^{Kazool}. . . C\ G\ | D . . . | ^{Kazool}. . . C\ G\ |

Dx x x x | D . C\ G\ | Dx x x x | D . C\ G |
Get your motor run-nin'— Head out on the high-way—

Dx x x x | D . C\ G\ | Dx x x x | D . C\ G |
Lookin' for ad-ven-ture— In what-ever comes our way—

Chorus: F . G . | D . . . | F . G . | D . . . |
Yeah, darlin' gonna make it— hap-pen Take the world in a love em-brace
F . G . | D . . . | F . G . | D . . . |
Fire all of your guns at once and ex-plode in-to spa-a-ace—

Bridge: . | D . . . | . . . | F . . . | . . . |
Like a true— na-ture's chi-i-ild We were born, born to be wild
. | G . . . | F . . . | Dm\ -- -- | -- -- -- -- |
We could climb so high— I never wan-na di—i—ie—

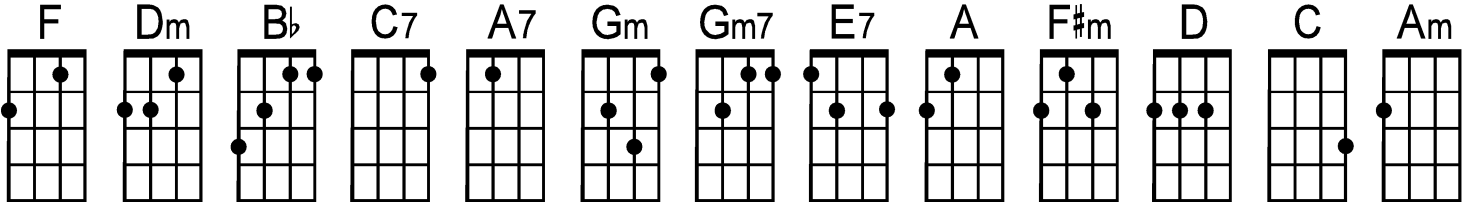
D^{2nd*} . . . | C\ -- G\ C\ | D^{2nd*} . . . | C\ -- G\ C\ |
Born— to be— wi-----i—ild (Kazoo-----)

D^{2nd*} . . . | C\ -- G\ C\ | D^{2nd*} . . . | C\ -- G\ C\ |
Born— to be— wi-----i—ild (Kazoo-----)

(Kazoo) (Kazoo) (Kazoo-----)
D . . . | D . C\ G\ | D . . . | D . C\ G\ | D\-----

Beyond the Sea

by Charles Trenet (English lyrics by Jack Lawrence) 1946
as sung by Bobby Darin



Intro: F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7

. | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . A7 . | Dm .
Some-where— be-yond the sea— Some-where— waiting for me—

C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . D7 . | Gm . C7 . | Dm . . . | Gm7 . . . | C7 . .
My lo-ver stands on gold-en sands— and watches the ships— that go sail—ing—

. | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . A7 . | Dm .
Some-where— be-yond the sea— she's there— watching for me—

C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . D7 . | Gm . C7 . | Dm . . . | Gm7 . . . | F . . . | E7 . .
If I could fly like birds on high— then straight to her arms— I'd go sail—ing—

. | A . F#m . | D . E7 . | A . F#m . | D . E7 . | A . . . | . . G7
It's far— be-yond the stars— it's near— be-yond the moon—

. | C . Am . | F . G7 . | C . Am . | Dm . G7 . | C . . . | C7 . .
I know— be-yond a doubt— my heart— will lead me there— soon—

. | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . A7 . | Dm .
We'll meet— be-yond the shore— we'll kiss— just as be-fore—

C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . D7 . | Gm . C7 . | Dm . . . | Gm7 . . . | F . . .
Happy we'll be be-yond the sea— and never a-gain— I'll go sail—ing—

Instr: . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . A7 . | Dm . C7 . |
F . Dm . | Bb . D7 . | Gm . C7 . | Dm . . . | Gm7 . . . | F . . . | E7 . . . |
A . F#m . | D . E7 . | A . F#m . | D . E7 . | A . . . | . . G7

. | C . Am . | F . G7 . | C . Am . | Dm . G7 . | C . . . | C7 . .
I know— be-yond a doubt— my heart— will lead me there— soon—

. | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . A7 . | Dm .
We'll meet— be-yond the shore— we'll kiss— just as be-fore—

C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . D7 . | Gm . C7 . | Dm . . . | Gm7 . C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb .
Happy we'll be be-yond the sea———— and never a-gain—— I'll go sail————ing——

C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . |
No more— sail—ing, so long sail-ing, bye bye sail-ing,

F . Dm . | Bb . C7 . | F

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v2b - 7/24/16)

CAN THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN

A. P. Carter lyrics (as recorded by The Carter Family 1935)

(original hymn - 1907 by Ada R. Habershon; music by Charles H. Gabriel)

I was [C] standing by the [C7] window [C7]
On one [F] cold and cloudy [C] day [C]
And I [C] saw the hearse come rolling
For to [C] carry my [G7] mother a-[C]way [C]

CHORUS:

Oh, can the [C] circle be un-[C7]broken
By and [F] by, Lord, by and [C] by? [C]
There's a [C] better home a-waiting
In the [C] sky, Lord, [G7] in the [C] sky [C]

Lord, I [C] told the under-[C7]taker [C7]
"Under-[F]taker, please drive [C] slow [C]
For this [C] body, you are hauling
Lord I [C] hate to [G7] see her [C] go." [C]

CHORUS:

Can the [C] circle be un-[C7]broken
By and [F] by, Lord, by and [C] by? [C]
There's a [C] better home a-waiting
In the [C] sky, Lord, [G7] in the [C] sky [C]

I [C] followed close be-[C7]hind her [C7]
Tried to [F] hold up and be [C] brave [C]
But I [C] could not hide my sorrow
When they [C] laid her [G7] in the [C] grave [C]

CHORUS:

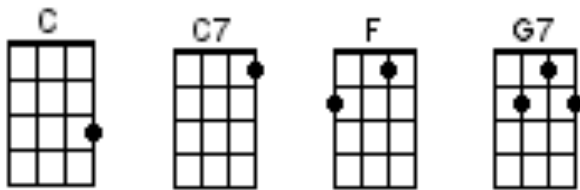
Can the [C] circle be un-[C7]broken
By and [F] by, Lord, by and [C] by? [C]
There's a [C] better home a-waiting
In the [C] sky, Lord, [G7] in the [C] sky [C]

Went back [C] home, Lord, my home was [C7] lonesome [C7]
Since my [F] mother, she was [C] gone [C]
All my [C] brothers, sisters cryin'
What a [C] home so [G7] sad and [C] lone [C]

CHORUS:

Can the **[C]** circle be un-**[C7]**broken
By and **[F]** by, Lord, by and **[C]** by? **[C]**
There's a **[C]** better home a-waiting
In the **[C]** sky, Lord, **[G7]** in the **[C]** sky **[C]**

Can the **[C]** circle be un-**[C7]**broken
By and **[F]** by, Lord, by and **[C]** by? **[C]**
There's a **[C]** better home a-waiting
In the **[C]** sky, Lord, **[G7]** in the **[C]** sky **[C]**↓



www.bytownukulele.ca

City of New Orleans

G D G
Riding on the City of New Orleans
Em C G
Illinois Central Monday morning rail
G D G
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders
Em D G
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail
Em Bm
All along the southbound odyssey the train pulls out of Kankakee
D A
Rolls along past houses farms and fields
Em Bm
Passing towns that have no name freight yards of old black men
D C G
And graveyards of rusted automobiles

CHORUS 1

C D G
Good morning America how are you?
Em C G D/
Say don't you know me I'm your native son
 G D Em C
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
 F Em D G
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

 G D G
Dealing card games with the old men in the club car
Em C G
Penny a point ain't no one keeping score
G D G
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
Em D G
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor
Em Bm
And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers
 D A

City of New Orleans

Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel

Em

Bm

Mothers with their babes asleep rocking to the gentle beat

D

C

G

And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

CHORUS 1

G

D

G

Night time in the City of New Orleans

Em

C

G

Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee

G

D

G

Half way home we'll be there by morning

Em

D

G

Through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea

Em

Bm

But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream

D

A

And the steel rail still ain't heard the news

Em

Bm

The conductor sings his songs again the passengers will please refrain

D

C

G

This train's got the disappearing railroad blues

CHORUS 2

C

D

G

Good night America how are you?

Em

C

G

D/

Say don't you know me I'm your native son

G

D

Em

C

I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans

F

Em

D

G

I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

REPEAT CHORUS 2

F

Em

D

G

I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

Stuck in the Middle with You – Stealers Wheel

[intro] (D)

Well I **(D)**don't know why I came here tonight
I got the **(D)**feeling that something ain't right
I'm so **(G7)**scared in case I fall off my chair
And I'm **(D)**wondering how I'll get down the stairs
(A)Clowns to the left of me
(C)Jokers to the **(G)**right
Here I **(D)**am stuck in the middle with you

Yes I'm **(D)**stuck in the middle with you
And I'm **(D)**wondering what it is I should do
It's so **(G7)**hard to keep this smile from my face
Losing control **(D)**yeah, I'm all over the place
(A)Clowns to the left of me
(C)Jokers to the **(G)**right
Here I **(D)**am stuck in the middle with you

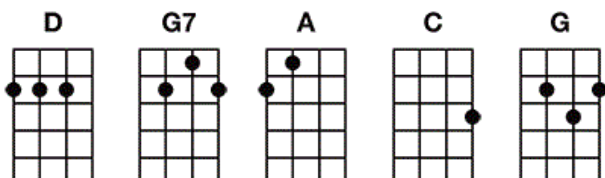
[chorus]

Well you **(G7)**started off with nothing and you're proud that you're a self-made man **(D)**
And your **(G7)**friends they all come crawling, slap you on the back and say
(D)plea-ee-ee
(G7)plea-ee-ee
(D) (D) (D) (D)

(D)Trying to make some sense of it all
But I can **(D)**see that it makes no sense at all
Is it **(G7)**cool to go to sleep on the floor?
Cos I don't **(D)**think I can take any more
(A)Clowns to the left of me
(C)Jokers to the **(G)**right
Here I **(D)**am stuck in the middle with you

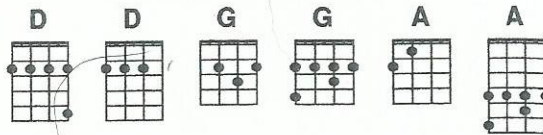
[chorus]

Well I **(D)**don't know why I came here tonight
I got the **(D)**feeling that something ain't right
I'm so **(G7)**scared in case I fall off my chair
And I'm **(D)**wondering how I'll get down the stairs
(A)Clowns to the left of me
(C)Jokers to the **(G)**right
Here I **(D)**am stuck in the middle with you
Yes I'm... **(D)**stuck in the middle with you
(D)Stuck in the middle with you
Here I am **(D)**stuck in the middle with you **(double D strum)**



I'll Fly Away by A. E. Brumley

Key of D



As recorded by Alison Krauss and Gillian Welch from the soundtrack "O Brother Where Art Thou"

Verse 1

| D | D | G | D |
 Some bright morning, when this life is o'er, I'll... fly away,
 | D | D | D// A// | D |
 To a home on God's celestial shore, I'll... fly away.

Chorus

| D | D | G | D |
 I'll.. fly away oh glory, I'll... fly away. (in the mornin')
 | D | D | D// A// | D |
 When I die, Halle - lujah by and by, I'll... fly away.

Verse 2

| D | D | G | D |
 When the shadows, of this life have gone, I'll... fly away,
 | D | D | D// A// | D |
 Like a bird, from these prison walls I'll fly I'll... fly away.

*Chorus**Verse 3*

| D | D | G | D |
 Oh how glad and happy when we meet, I'll... fly away,
 | D | D | D// A// | D |
 No more cold i - ron shackles on my feet I'll... fly away.

*Chorus**Verse 4*

| D | D | G | D |
 Just a few more weary days and then, I'll... fly away,
 | D | D | D// A// | D |
 To a land, where joys will never end I'll... fly away.

Chorus

Brown-Eyed Girl – Van Morrison†

[intro]

(G) (C) (G) (D) x2

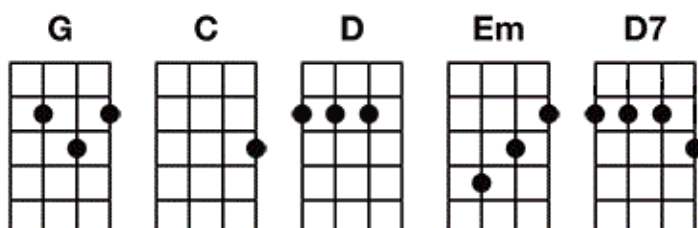
(G) Hey, where did (C)we go? (G) Days when the (D)rains came
(G) Down in the (C)hollow (G) playin' a (D)new game
(G) Laughing and a-(C)running, hey hey
(G) Skipping and a-(D)jumping
(G) In the misty (C)morning fog with
(G) Our (D)hearts a-thumping and (C)you
(D) My brown-eyed (G)girl (Em)
(C) You, my (D) brown-eyed girl (G) (D7)

(G) Whatever (C)happened (G) to Tuesday and (D)so slow
(G) Going down the (C)old mine with a... (G) transistor (D)radio
(G) Standing in the (C)sunlight laughing
(G) Hiding behind a (D)rainbow's wall
(G) Slipping and a-(C)sliding (Hey hey)
(G) All along the (D)waterfall with you (C)
(D) My brown-eyed (G)girl (Em)
(C) You, my (D) brown-eyed girl (G) (D7)

(D) Do you remember when... we used to (G)sing
Sha la-la (C)la la la la (G)la la la la te (D)da
(G) Sha la-la (C)la la la la (G)la la la la te (D)da
La te (G)da (D)

(G) So hard to (C)find my way... (G) now that I'm all (D)on my own
(G) I saw you just the (C)other day... (G) my... how (D)you have grown
(G) Cast my memory (C)back there, Lord
(G) Sometimes I'm (D)overcome thinking 'bout
(G) Making love in the (C)green grass
(G) Behind the (D)stadium with you (C)
(D) My brown-eyed (G)girl (Em)
(C) You, my (D) brown-eyed girl (G) (D7)

(D) Do you remember when... we used to (G)sing
Sha la-la (C)la la la la (G)la la la-la te (D)da
(G) Sha la-la (C)la la la la (G)la la la-la te (D)da
(G) Sha la-la (C)la la la la (G)la la la-la te (D)da
(G) Sha la-la (C)la la la la (G)la la la-la te (D) da
La te (G)da



Long Black Veil

Intro: G D C G

G
Ten years ago, on a cold dark night,
D C G
there was someone killed 'neath the town hall light.
There were few at the scene, but they all agreed
D C G
that the man who ran looked a lot like me.

Chorus:

C G C G
She walks these hills in a long black veil.
C G C G
She visits my grave while the night winds wail.
C G C D G
Nobody knows, Nobody sees, Nobody knows but me.

G
The judge said "Son, what is your alibi?
D C G
If you were somewhere else, then you won't have to die."
Well, I said not a word, though it meant my life
D C G
For I'd been in the arms of my best friend's wife.

Chorus:

G
The scaffold was high, and eternity neared
D C G
She stood in the crowd and shed not a tear.
But sometimes at night, when the cold wind blows
D C G
In a long black veil, she cries over my bones.

Chorus: x2

G C G C D G
Nobody knows, Nobody sees, Nobody knows but me.

God Bless the USA

Written and recorded by Lee Greenwood

C
If tomorrow all the things were gone
F
I'd worked for all my life
Dm
And I had to start again

Bb7 G7
With just my children and my wife

C
I'd thank my lucky stars
Em
To be livin' here today
Dm
Cause the flag still stands for freedom
Am F
And they can't take that away

G7
And I'm proud to be an American
F C
Where at least I know I'm free
G7
And I won't forget the men who died
F C
Who gave that right to me

Am Em
And I gladly stand up next to you
F Em
And defend her still today
Dm C
Cause there ain't no doubt I love this land
F G7 C
God bless the U-S-A

From the lakes of Minnesota
F
To the hills of Tennessee
Dm
Across the plains of Texas
Bb7 G7
From sea to shining sea

C
From Detroit down to Houston
Em
And New York to LA
Dm
Well there's pride in every American heart
Am F
And it's time we stand and say

Chorus
G7
I'm proud to be an American
F C
Where at least I know I'm free
G7
And I won't forget the men who died
F C
Who gave that right to me

Am Em
And I gladly stand up next to you
F Em
And defend her still today
Dm C
Cause there ain't no doubt I love this land
F G7 C
God bless the U-S-A

Repeat Chorus



I Believe In You
By DON WILLIAMS

G
I don't believe in superstars, organic food or foreign cars
G
I don't believe the price of gold, the certainty of growing old
D
That right is right and left is wrong, that north and south can't get along
G
That east is east and west is west, and being first is always best
C * G *
But I believe in love, I believe in babies
D D7 G
I believe in Mom and Dad, and I believe in you
G *
I don't believe that heaven waits for only those who congregate
G *
I like to think of God as love, he's down below, he's up above
D
He's watching people everywhere, he knows who does and doesn't care
G *
And I'm an ordinary man, sometimes I wonder who I am
C * G *
But I believe in love, I believe in music
D D7 G
I believe in magic, and I believe in you
C C
Well, I know with all my certainty what's going on with you and me
G D G
Is a good thing. It's true, I believe in you
G *
I don't believe virginity is as common as it used to be
G *
In working days and sleeping nights, that black is black and white is white
D
That Superman and Robin Hood are still alive in Hollywood
G *
That gasoline's in short supply, the rising cost of getting by
C * G *
But I believe in love, I believe in old folks
D D7 G G
I believe in children, and I believe in you

