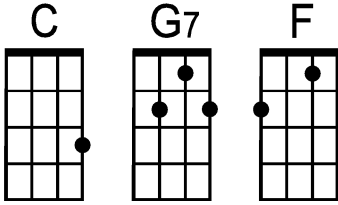


Purple People Eater (key of C)

by Sheb Wooley (1958)



Intro: G7~~~~~G7\\
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

sing g

Well I saw the thing comin' out of the sky
It had one long horn and one big eye (ooo!)
I com-menced to shakin' and I said, "ooo-wee!"
It looked like a purple people eater to me

Chorus1: It was a one-eyed, one-horned flying purple people eater
(One-eyed, one-horned flying purple people eater)
A one-eyed, one-horned flying purple people eater
Sure looked strange to me (one eye?)

When he came down to earth and he lit in a tree
I said, "Mr. Purple People Eater, don't eat me"
I hear-rd him say in a voice so gruff
"I wouldn't eat you 'cause you're so tough"

Chorus2: It was a one-eyed, one-horned flying purple people eater
(One-eyed, one-horned flying purple people eater)
A one-eyed, one-horned flying purple people eater
Sure looked strange to me (one horn?)

I said "Mister Purple People Eater, what's your line?"

He said eating purple people and it sure is fine

But that's not the reason that I came to land

"I wanna get a job in a rock and roll band."

Chorus3: Well, bless my soul, rock and roll, flying purple people eater

Pigeon-toed, under-grown, flying purple people eater

(We wear short-shorts!) friendly little people eater

What a sight to see! (ooooo!)
scream

Then he swung from a tree and he lit on the ground

And he started to rock, really rockin' a--round

It was a cra-zy ditty with a swing-ing tune

"Sing a lop bop a lula a lop bam boom"

Chorus4: Well, bless my soul, rock and roll, flying purple people eater

Pigeon-toed, under-grown, flying purple people eater

(I like short-shorts!) flying purple people eater

What a sight to see! (purple people!)

Well he went on his way and what do you know

I saw him last night on a TV show

He was blowing it out, really knockin' 'em dead

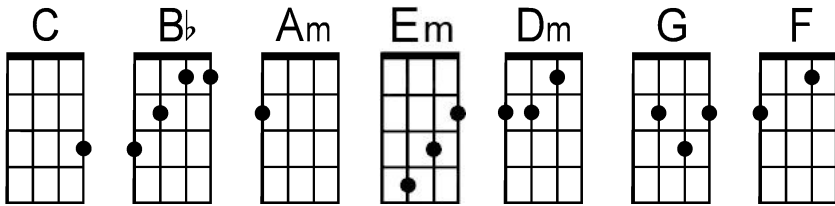
Playing rock and roll music thru the horn in his head

Instrumental with kazoos:

C\\ F . . . | | C . . . | | F . . . | | G7 . . . | . . C\\ **Te-qui-la!**

Poison Ivy

By Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller (1959)



$d \quad d \quad u \quad u \quad d$

Intro: $\begin{array}{cccc|cccc|cccc|cccc} 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 \\ \text{C} & . & . & ' & \text{C}\backslash & \text{C}\backslash & \text{Bb}\backslash & \text{Bb}\backslash & \text{C}\backslash & \text{C} & . & . & ' & ' & \text{C}\backslash & \text{C}\backslash & \text{Bb}\backslash & \text{Bb}\backslash & \text{C}\backslash \end{array}$

& Riff

a
e
c
g

0 2 0 2 0 0 2 0 3 3 0 2 3 3

|C . . . |C\ C\Bb\ Bb\C\ |C . . . |C\ C\Bb\ Bb\C\
She comes on like a ro---se but ev'ry-body kno-ows

|C . . . |C\ C\ Bb\ Bb\C\ |C\--- --*Tacit*----- |---- *C_{mm} (*Bend low C note)
She'll get you in du--utch You can look but you better not touch

Chorus: Poi-son l---i---vy--y--y--y--y Poi-oi-so-on l---i---vy--y--y--y--y

. | Am . . . | Dm . . . ' | Am . . . | G . . .
 Late at night when you're sleepin' Poison Ivy comes a creepin' a-a-rou-----ou-ou-ound-----
 (Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa Aaaaaaaaaaaaaa Aaaaaaaa)

|C . . . |C\ C\Bb\ Bb\C\ |C . . . |C\ C\Bb\ Bb\C\
She's pretty as a daisy-y but look out man, she's crazy-y

She'll really do you i---in if you let her get under your skin

Chorus: Poi-son I---i---vy--y--y--y-y-y Poi-oi-so-on I---i---vy--y--y--y--y

. |Am . . . |Dm . . . ' |Am . . . |G . . . |
 Late at night when you're sleepin' Poison Ivy comes a creepin' a-a-rou-----ou-ou-ound-----
 (Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa Aaaaaaaaaaaaaa Aaaaaaaa)

Bridge: Measles make you bumpy and Mumps will make you lumpy

And Chicken Pox 'll make you jump and twitch

A Common Cold 'll fool ya and Whoopin' Cough can cool ya

But, Poison Ivy, lord 'll make you itch

|C . . . |C\ C\Bb\ Bb\C\ |C . . . |C\ C\Bb\ Bb\C\
You're gonna need an ocean-n of Cala-mine Lotion-n

|C . . . |C\ C\ Bb\ Bb\C\ |C\----- |----- *C/Mm
You'll be scratchin' like a ho-und the min----ute you start to mess a--round

-----|Am . . ' . ' |. . . ' . ' |Em . . ' . ' |. . .
Chorus: Poi-son I---i---vy--y--y--y Poi-oi-so-on I---i---vy--y--y--y
. |Am . . . |Dm . . . ' |Am . . . |G . . . |
Late at night when you're sleepin' Poison Ivy comes a creepin' a-a--rou-----ou-ou--ound-----
(Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa Aaaaaaaaaa Aaaaaaa)

F . . . |. . . .
Bridge: Measles make you bumpy and Mumps will make you lumpy

|C . . . |. . . .
And Chicken Pox 'll make you jump and twitch

|F . . . |. . . .
A Common Cold 'll fool ya and Whoopin' Cough can cool ya

|G\----- |G\---- G7\ \
But, Poison Ivy, lord 'll make you itch

|C . . . |C\ C\Bb\ Bb\C\ |C . . . |C\ C\Bb\ Bb\C\
You're gonna need an ocean-n of Cala-mine Lotion-n

|C . . . |C\ C\ Bb\ Bb\C\ |C\----- |----- *C/Mm
You'll be scratchin' like a ho-und the min----ute you start to mess a--round

-----|Am . . ' . ' |. . . ' . ' |Em . . ' . ' |. . .
Chorus: Poi-son I---i---vy--y--y--y Poi-oi-so-on I---i---vy--y--y--y
. |Am . . . |Dm . . . ' |Am . . . |G . . . |
Late at night when you're sleepin' Poison Ivy comes a creepin' a-a--rou-----ou-ou--ound-----
(Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa Aaaaaaaaaa Aaaaaaa)

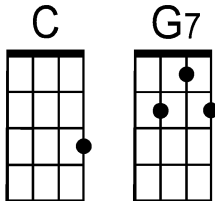
|C . . . |C\ C\Bb\ Bb\C\ |C . . . |C\ C\Bb\ Bb\C\
Outro: La-la la-la la-La--- La-la la-la la-La---

|C . . . |C\ C\Bb\ Bb\C\ |C . . . |C\ C\Bb\ Bb\C\ |C\
La-la la-la la-La--- La-la la-la la-La---

San Jose Ukulele Club

"Buffalo" Gals

by John Hodges (1844)



The song's name "Buffalo" comes from the city of Buffalo, NY but any location's name can be substituted in the title.

Chorus:

C . . . | G7 . C . |
Buffalo gals, won't you come out to-night, come out to-night, come out to-night
C . . . | G7 . C .
Buffalo gals, won't you come out to-night and dance by the light of the moon—

| C . . . | G7 . C .
As I was walking down the street, down the street, down the street,
| C . . . | G7 . C .
A pretty little gal I chanced to meet, oh, she was fair to see—

| C . . . | G7 . C .
I stopped her and we had a talk, had a talk, had a talk,
| C . . . | G7 . C .
Her feet took up the whole side-walk and left no room for me—

Chorus:

C . . . | G7 . C . |
Buffalo gals, won't you come out to-night, come out to-night, come out to-night
C . . . | G7 . C .
Buffalo gals, won't you come out to-night and dance by the light of the moon—

C . . . | G7 . C .
I asked her if she'd have a dance, have a dance, have a dance,
| C . . . | G7 . C .
I thought that I might have a chance to shake a foot with her—

| C . . . | G7 . C .
I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin', her heel kept a-knockin' and her toes kept a-rockin'
| C . . . | G7 . C . |
I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin' and we danced by the light of the moon—

Chorus:

C . . . | G7 . C . |
Buffalo gals, won't you come out to-night, come out to-night, come out to-night
C . . . | G7 . C C\
Buffalo gals, won't you come out to-night and dance by the light of the moon—

Ain't She Sweet? – Yellen and Ager (1927)

Intro: C / C#dim / G7 /// (x 2)
C / E7 / A7 /// D7 / G7 / C ///

=====
C / C#dim / G7 //
Ain't she sweet?
/ C / C#dim / G7 //
See her coming down the street
/ C / E7 / A7 /// D7 / G7 / C ///
Now I ask you very confidentially ... ain't she sweet?

=====
C / C#dim / G7 //
Ain't she nice?
/ C / C#dim / G7 //
Look her over once or twice
/ C / E7 / A7 /// D7 / G7 / C
Now I ask you very confidentially ... ain't she nice?

=====
/ / / F /// F /// C /// C
Just cast an eye in her di-rection
/ / / F /// Dm / / / D7 /// G7 ///
Oh me, oh my ... ain't that perfec..... tion?

=====
C / C#dim / G7 //
I re - peat
/ C / C#dim / G7 //
Don't you think that's kind of neat?
/ C / E7 / A7 /// D7 / G7 / C ///
Now I ask you very confidentially ... ain't she sweet?

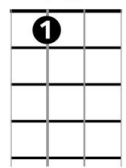
Repeat song

Outro

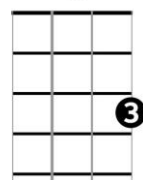
C / E7 / A7 /// D7 / G7 / C G7 C
Yes I ask you very confidentially ... ain't she sweet?

Chords

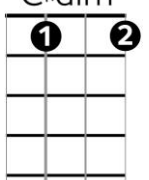
A7



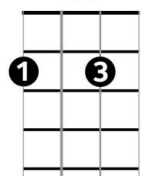
C



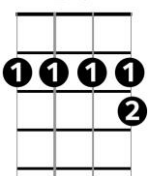
C#dim



D7

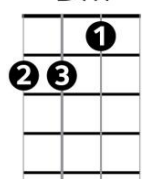


D7

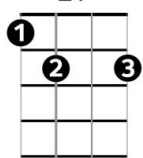


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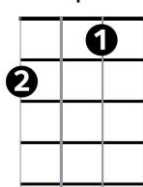
Dm



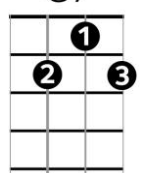
E7



F



G7



Spirit in the Sky – Norman Greenbaum[†]

[intro]

(A) //// (D-C-A)

(A) //// (C-D-A)

(A) When I die and they lay me to rest
Gonna go to the (D)place that's best
When they lay me (A)down to die
(E7)Goin' on up to the spirit in the (A)sky

(A) Goin' up to the spirit in the sky,
That's where I'm gonna go (D)when I die
When I die and they (A)lay me to rest
I'm gonna (E7)go to the place that's the (A)best

[intro] x2

(A) Prepare yourself... you know it's a must
Gotta have a friend in (D)Jesus
So you know that (A)when you die
It's (E7)gonna recommend you to the spirit in the (A)sky

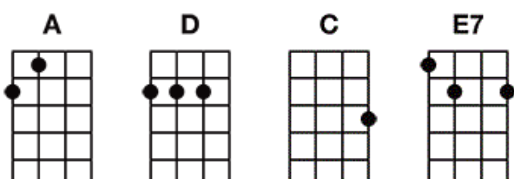
(A) Gonna recommend you to the spirit in the sky
That's where you're gonna go... (D)when you die
When you die and they (A)lay you to rest
You're gonna (E7)go to the place that's the (A)best

[intro] x2

(A) I've never been a sinner... I've never sinned
I got a friend in (D)Jesus
So you know that (A)when I die
It's (E7)gonna' set me up with the spirit in the (A)sky

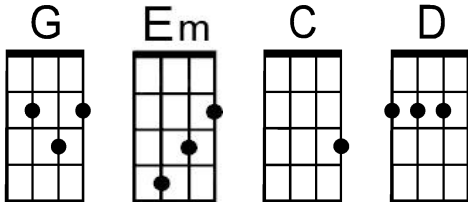
(A) Gonna' set me up with the spirit in the sky
That's where I'm gonna go (D)when I die
When I die and they (A)lay me to rest
I'm gonna (E7)go to the place that's the (A)best
(E7)Go to the place that's the (A)best (A)
(E7)Go to the place that's the (A)best (A)

[intro] x2



Monster Mash

by Bobby Pickett



I was working in the lab late one night when my eyes be-held an eer-ie sight
For my monster from his slab be-gan to rise and sudden-ly to my sur-prise

(He did the mash) He did the mon-ster mash

(The monster mash) It was a grave-yard smash

(He did the mash) It caught on in a flash

(He did the mash) He did the mon-ster mash

From my la-bora-tory in the ca-stle east, to the mas-ter bedroom where the vam-pires feast
(whaa---oooooooooooooooooooo) (whaa--oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo)

The ghouls all came from their humble a-bodes to get a jolt from my e-lec-trodes
(wha-wha-oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo) (wha--oo)

(They did the mash) They did the mon-ster mash

(The monster mash) It was a grave-yard smash

(They did the mash) It caught on in a flash

(They did the mash) They did the mon-ster mash

Bridge:

The zom-bies were having fun The party had just be-gun
(whaa--oooooooooooooooooooo in-a-shoop whaa-oooooooooooooooooooo in-a-shoop)

The guests in-clud-ed Wolf Man, Dracula and his son
(whaa--oooooooooooooooooooo in-a-shoop wha-ooo

The scene was rockin', all were digging the sounds Igor on chains, backed by his baying hounds
(whaa--oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo) (whaa--oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo)

The Coffin Bangers were a-bout to a-rrive with their vocal group, "The Crypt-Kicker Five"
(wha-wha-oooooooooooooooooooo) (whaa--oo)

· | **G** · · They played the mon-ster mash
(They played the mash)

· | **Em** · · It was a grave-yard smash
(The monster mash)

· | **C** · · It caught on in a flash
(They played the mash)

· | **D** · · They played the mon-ster mash
(They played the mash)

· | **G** · · Out from his coffin, Drac's voice did ring. · | **Em** · · Seems he was troubled by just one thing
(whaa--oooooooooooooooooooo) (whaa--oooooooooooooooooooo)

· | **C** · · He opened the lid and shook his fist and said, "Whatever happened to my Transylvania twist?"
(wha-wha-oooooooooooooooooooo) (wha--oo)

· \ \ \ | **G** · · It's now the monster mash
(It's now the mash)

· | **Em** · · And it's a grave-yard smash
(The monster mash)

· | **C** · · It's caught on in a flash
(It's now the mash)

· | **D** · · It's now the mon-ster mash
(It's now the mash)

· | **G** · · Now every-thing's cool, Drac's a part of the band and my monster mash is the hit of the land
(whaaa--oooooooooooo) (whaaa--oooooooooooo)

· | **C** · · For you, the living, this mash was meant, too. When you get to my door, tell them Boris sent you
(wha-wha-oooooooooooo) (whaa----oo)

· \ \ \ | **G** · · Then you can mon-ster mash
(Then you can mash)

· | **Em** · · And do my grave-yard smash
(The monster mash)

· | **C** · · You'll catch on in a flash
(Then you can mash)

· | **D** · · Then you can mon-ster mash
(Then you can mash)

· | **G** · · Monster Mash, whaaa--oooooooooooooooooooo · | **Em** · · Monster Mash)
(whaaa--oooooooooooooooooooo)

· | **C** · · Monster Mash, whaaa--oooooooooooooooooooo · | **D** · · Monster Mash)
(whaaa--oooooooooooooooooooo)

· | **G** \ · ·
(whaaa--oooooooooooooooooooo)

Great Pumpkin is Coming to Town

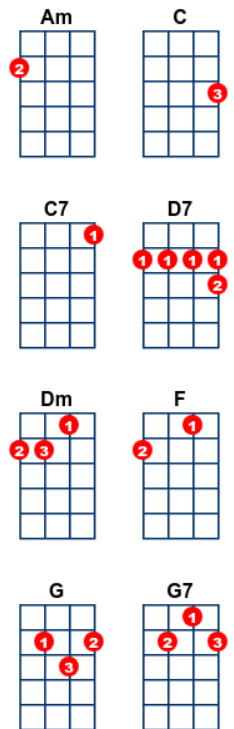
key:C, artist:L. Van Pelt writer:John Frederick Coots, Haven Gillespie

You **[C]** better not shriek, you **[F]** better not groan,
You **[C]** better not howl, you **[F]** better not moan.
[C] Great **[Am]** Pumpkin is **[Dm]** coming **[G7]** to **[C]** town!

[G] He's **[C]** going to find out, from **[F]** folks that he meets,
Who **[C]** deserves tricks and **[F]** who deserves treats.
[C] Great **[Am]** Pumpkin is **[Dm]** coming **[G7]** to **[C]** town!

He'll **[C7]** search in every **[F]** pumpkin patch,
Haunted **[C7]** houses far and **[F]** near,
To **[D7]** see if you've been **[G7]** spreading gloom
Or **[D7]** bringing lots of **[G7]** cheer,

So, you **[C]** better not shriek, you **[F]** better not groan,
You **[C]** better not howl, you **[F]** better not moan.
[C] Great **[Am]** Pumpkin is **[Dm]** coming **[G7]** to **[C]** town!



Lola – The Kinks

[intro]

(Eb) (Eb) (Eb-Eb-Eb-Eb) (F-F) (G)

I **(G)**met her in a club down in old Soho where you
(C)Drink champagne and it **(F)**tastes just like cherry
(G)Cola... C-O-L-A **(C)**cola
 She **(G)**walked up to me and asked me to dance
 I **(C)**asked her her name and in a **(F)**dark brown voice she said
(G)Lola... L-O-L-A **(C)**Lola **(F)** Lo lo lo lo **(Eb)**Lola **(F-F-F-F-F-F-G)**
(G)

(G)Well I'm not the world's most physical guy but when she
(C)Squeezed me tight she nearly **(F)**broke my spine
 Oh my **(G)**Lola... La la la la **(C)**Lola
 Well **(G)**I'm not dumb but I can't understand whey she
(C)Walked like a woman but **(F)**talked like a man oh my
(G)Lola... La la la la **(C)**Lola **(F)** La la la la **(Eb)**Lola **(F-F-F-F-F-F-G)**
(G)

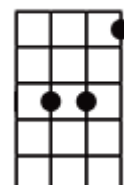
Well we **(D7)**drank champagne and danced all night
(A)Under electric candlelight
 She **(C)**picked me up and sat me on her knee
 And **(C7)**said, "Dear boy won't you come home with me?"

Well **(G)**I'm not the world's most passionate guy but when I
(C)Looked in her eyes, well I **(F)**almost fell for my
(G)Lola... Lo lo lo lo **(C)**Lola **(F)** Lo lo lo lo **(Eb)**Lola **(F-F-F-F-F-F-G)**
(G)Lola... Lo lo lo lo **(C)**Lola **(F)** Lo lo lo lo **(Eb)**Lola **(F-F-F-F-F-F-G)**
(G)

[change rhythm]

I **(C)**pushed **(Em)**her a**(D)**way
 I **(C)**walked **(Em)**to the **(D)**door
 I **(C)**fell **(Em)**to the **(D)**floor
 I got **(G)**down **(Bm)**on my **(Em)**knees
 Then **(D)**I looked at her and she at me...

Eb



[back to normal rhythm]

Well **(G)**that's the way that I want it to stay and I
(C)always want it to **(F)**be that way for my
(G)Lola... La la la la **(C)**Lola
(G)Girls will be boys and boys will be girls, it's a
(C)mixed up muddled up **(F)**shook up world except for
(G)Lola... la la la la **(C)**Lola

Bm



Well **(D7)**I left home just a week before
 And **(A)**I'd never ever kissed a woman before
 But **(C)**Lola smiled and took me by the hand
 And **(C7)**said, "Dear boy, gonna make you a man."

Well **(G)**I'm not the world's most masculine man but
 I **(C)**know what I am and I'm **(F)**glad I'm a man and so is
(G)Lola... lo lo lo lo **(C)**Lola **(F)** Lo lo lo lo **(Eb)**Lola **(F-F-F-F-F-F-G)**
(G)Lola... lo lo lo lo **(C)**Lola **(F)** Lo lo lo lo **(Eb)**Lola **(F-F-F-F-F-F-G)**

Ain't No Sunshine – Bill Withers*

[intro] (Am) [gently]

Ain't no sunshine when she's **(Am)**gone **(Em-G-Am)**
(Am) It's not warm when she's a**(Am)**way **(Em-G-Am)**
(Am) Ain't no sunshine when she's go-**(Em)**-one... and she's
always gone too **(Dm)**long
Anytime she goes a**(Am)**way **(Em-G-Am)**

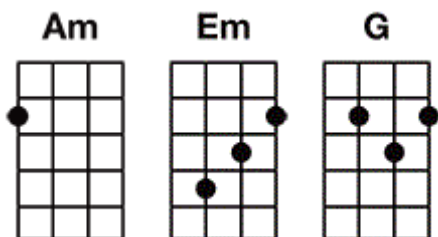
(Am) Wonder this time where she's **(Am)**gone **(Em-G-Am)**
(Am) Wonder if she's gone to **(Am)**stay **(Em-G-Am)**
(Am) Ain't no sunshine when she's go-**(Em)**-one, and this
house just ain't no **(Dm)**home
Anytime she goes a**(Am)**way **(Em-G-Am)**

[fade out, then fade in gently]

(Am) And I know, I know, I know, I know, I know,
I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know,
I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know,
I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I
know
Hey, I ought to leave the young thing alone,
But ain't no sunshine when she's **(Am)**gone **(Em-G-Am)**

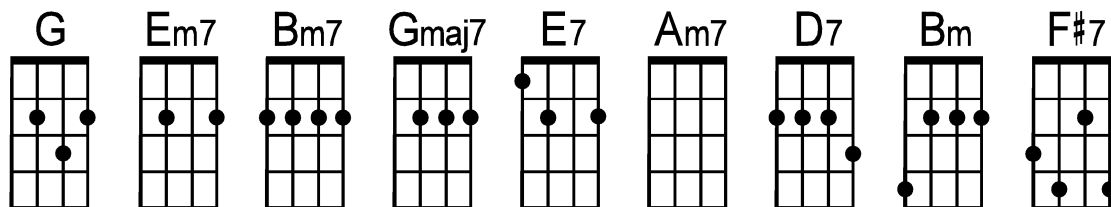
(Am) Ain't no sunshine when she's **(Am)**gone **(Em-G-Am)**
(Am) Only darkness every**(Am)**day **(Em-G-Am)**
(Am) Ain't no sunshine when she's go-**(Em)**-one, and this
house just ain't no **(Dm)**home
Anytime she goes a**(Am)**way **(Em-G-Am)**

Anytime she goes a**(Am)**way **(Em-G-Am)**
Anytime she goes a**(Am)**way **(Em-G-Am)**
Anytime she goes a**(Am)**way **(Em-G-Am)**
Anytime she goes a**(Am)**way **(Em-G-Am)**



Walkin' My Baby Back Home

Roy Turk and Fred E. Ahlert (1930)



G . **Em7** . | **Bm7** . **Em7** . | **Gmaj7** . **Em7** . | **E7** . . . |
 Gee but it's great after bein' out late walkin' my baby back home—

Am7 . **D7** . | **Am7** . **D7** . | **Am7** . **D7** . | **G** . . . |
 Arm in arm over meadow and farm walkin' my baby back home—

G . **Em7** . | **Bm7** . **Em7** . | **Gmaj7** . **Em7** . | **E7** . . . |
 We go a-long harmo-nizing a song or I'm re-citing a poem—

Am7 . **D7** . | **Am7** . **D7** . | **Am7** . **D7** . | **G** . . . |
 Owls go by and they give me the eye, walkin' my baby back home—

. | **Bm** . **Bm7** . | **Bm** . **Bm7** . | **Gmaj7** . . . | **F#7** . . . |
 We stop for a while, she gives me a smile, she snuggles her head to my chest

. | **D7** . . . | **E7** . . . | **Am7** . . . | **D7** . . . |
 We start in to pet and that's when I get - her powder all over my vest

| **G** . **Em7** . | **Bm7** . **Em7** . | **Gmaj7** . **Em7** . | **E7** . . . |
 Then af—ter I kinda straighten my tie, she has to borrow my comb—

Am7 . **D7** . | **Am7** . **D7** . | **Am7** . **D7** . | **G** . . . |
 One kiss then we con-tinue a—gain, walkin' my baby back home—

. | **Bm** . **Bm7** . | **Bm** . **Bm7** . | **Gmaj7** . . . | **F#7** . . . |
 She's 'fraid of the dark so I have to park out-side of her door till it's light

. | **D7** . . . | **E7** . . . | **Am7** . . . | **D7** . . . |
 She says if I try to kiss her she'll cry— I dry her tears all through the night

G . **Em7** . | **Bm7** . **Em7** . | **Gmaj7** . **Em7** . | **E7** . . . |
 Hand in hand to a barbe-cue stand, right from her doorway we roam—

Am7 . **D7** . | **Am7** . **D7** . | **Am7** . **D7** . | **Bm** . **E7** . |
 Eats and then it's a pleasure a—gain, walkin' my baby, talkin' my baby,

Am7 . **D7** . | **Bm** . **E7** . |
 Lovin' my baby, I don't mean maybe,

(-Slowin-----)
Am . **D7** . | . . . | **G** . . . | **G** - **Gmaj7**
 Walkin' my ba-by— back home—

Fernando:Abba

#1.

C

Can you hear the drums Fernando?

Am

I remember long ago another starry night like this,

Dm

In the firelight Fernando,

You were humming to yourself and softly strumming your

G

guitar.

I could hear the distant drums,

C

and sounds of bugle calls were coming from afar.

#2.

C

They were closer now Fernando,

Am

Every hour every minute seemed to last eternally.

Dm

I was so afraid Fernando.

We were young and full of life and none of us prepared to

G

die.

And I'm not ashamed to say,

C

The roar of guns and cannons almost made me cry.

CHORUS:

G

There was something in the air that night,

C

The stars were bright, Fernando.

G

They were shining there for you and me,

G7

C

For liberty, Fernando.

C7 A
Though I never thought that we could lose,
D
There's no regret.

G
 If I had to do the same again,
G7
F
C
 I would, my friend, Fernando.

#3.

C
Now we're old and grey Fernando.

Am
And since many years I haven't seen a rifle in your hand.

Can you hear the drums ^{Dm}Fernando?

Do you still recall the fateful night we
G
crossed the Rio Grande?

I can see it in your eyes,

How proud you were to fight for freedom in this land.

CHORUS: (x2)

ADD :

G G7 C

If I had to do the same again, I would, my friend, Fernando.

Yes, if I had to do the same again,

G7 F C
I would, my friend, Fernan..do.

Fishin in the dark

Intro - D

D

Lazy yellow moon comin' up tonight

shining through the trees

G

Crickets are singing

and lightning bugs are floating on the breeze

D

Baby get ready

D

Across the Field where the creek turns back

by the ol' stump road

G

Im gonna take you to a special place

that nobody knows

D

A

Baby get ready ooooh ooooh

(chorus)

D

You and me go fishin' in the dark

Lyin' on our backs and countin' stars

G

where the cool grass grows

D

down by the river in the full moonlight

we'll be falling in love in the middle of the night

G

just moving slow

Em

A

Staying the whole night through

Em

A

D

feels so good to be with you

D

Spring is almost over and the summer's commin'

and the days are getting long

G

Waited all winter for the time to be right

just to take you along

D
Baby get ready
D
And it don't matter if we sit for ever

and the fish dont bite
G
jump in the river and cool ourselves
from the heat of the night
D **A**
Baby get ready ooooooh ooooooh

(chorus)

D
You and me go fishin' in the dark
Lyin' on our backs and countin'stars
G
where the cool grass grows
D
down by the river in the full moonlight
we'll be falling in love in the middle of the night
G
just moving slow
Em **A**
Staying the whole night through
Em **A** **D**
feels so good to be with you

(chorus)

D
You and me go fishin' in the dark
Lyin' on our backs and countin'stars
G
where the cool grass grows
D
down by the river in the full moonlite
we'll be falling in love in the middle of the night
G
just moving slow
Em **A**
Staying the whole night through
Em **A** **D**
feels so good to be with you

THEN FADE

I Like Beer - Tom T. Hall

(C) (F) (C)
Some of my songs I have casually mentioned.

(G7)

The fact that I like to drink beer.

(C) (F) (C)

This little song is more to the point.

(D7)

(G7)

So roll out the barrel and lend me your ear.

Chorus:

(F)

(C)

I like beer. It makes me a jolly good fellow.

(F) (D7)

I like beer. It helps me unwind.

(G7*)

And sometimes it makes me feel mellow. (makes him feel mellow)

(C) (F) (C)

Whiskeys too rough champagne cost too much.

(F)

Vodka puts my mouth in gear.

(C)

(Am)

(G7)

(C)

This little refrain should help me explain. As a matter of fact I like beer.

(F)

(C)

My wife often frowns when we're out on the town.

(G7)

And I'm wearing a suit and a tie.

(C)

(F)

(C)

(D7)

(G7)

She's sipping vermouth and she thinks I'm uncouth. When I yell as the waiter goes by.

Repeat Chorus:

(C)

(F)

(C)

Last night I dreamed that I passed from the scene.

(G7)

And I went to a place so sublime.

(C)

(F)

(C)

(D7)

(G7*)

The water was clear and it tasted like beer. Then they turned it all into wine. (awwww)

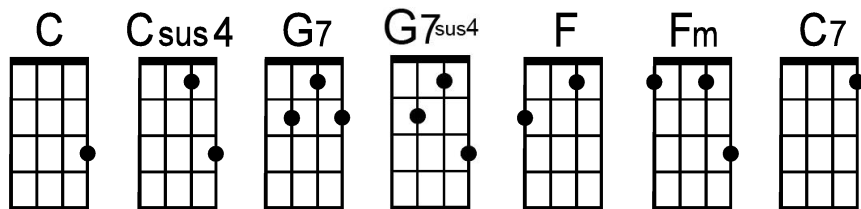
(G7)

(C) (G7) (C)

Repeat Chorus: As a matter of fact I like beer.

Sloop John B (Key of C)

by Richard Le Gallienne, (1917)



C . . . Csus4 | C . . . | . . . Csus4 | C . . . |
 We come on— de Sloop John B. My grand—father and me
 . . . | C/g . . . | G7 . . . G7sus4 | G7 .
 Round— Nas-sau town— we did roam—
 . . . | C . . . | C7 . . . | F . . . | Fm . . .
 Drinking all night— got in a fight—
 . . . | C . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . Csus4 | C . . .
 Well I feel so broke-up— I wanna go home—

Chorus: | C . . . Csus4 | C . . . |
 So hoist up— de John B sails—
 C . . . Csus4 | C . . . |
 See how— de main sail sets—
 . . . | C/g . . . | G7 . . . G7sus4 | G7 .
 Send for de Cap-tain Shore—! Let me go home—!
 . . . | C . . . | C7 . . . | F . . . | Fm . . .
 Let me go home— Let me go home—
 . . . | C . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . Csus4 | C . . .
 Well I feel so broke-up— I wanna go home—

| C . . . Csus4 | . . . | . . . Csus4 | C . . .
 De first-mate— he got— drunk— broke in— de Cap-tain's trunk—
 | . . . | C/g . . . | G7 . . . G7sus4 | G7 .
 De consta-ble had to come— and take him a—way—
 . . . | C . . . | C7 . . . | F . . . | Fm . . .
 Sheriff John Stone— why don't you leave me a—lone—?
 . . . | C . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . Csus4 | C . . .
 Well I feel so broke-up— I wanna go home—

Chorus: . | C . . . Csus4 | C . . . |
 So hoist up— de John B sails—
 C . . . Csus4 | C . . . |
 See how— de main sail sets—
 . . . | C/g . . . | G7 . . . G7sus4 | G7 .
 Send for de cap-tain Shore—! Let me go home—!

. |C . . . |C7 . . . |F . . . |Fm . .
Let me go home----- Let me go home-----

. |C . . . |G7 . . . |C . . Csus4 |C . . .
I feel so broke-up-- I wanna go home-----

|C . . . Csus4 |C . . . | . . . Csus4 |C . . . |
De poor cook-- he got-- fits tro' way-- all de grits

. |C/g . . . |G7 . . G7sus4 |G7 .
Den he-- took an' eat-up-- all o'my corn!

. |C . . . |C7 . . . |F . . . |Fm . . .
Let me go home----- I wanna go home-----!

|C . . . |G7 . . . |C . . Csus4 |C . .
Dis is de worst trip-- since I-I been born-----!

. |C . . . Csus4 |C . . . |
Chorus: So hoist up-- de John B sails--

C . . . Csus4 |C . . . |
See how-- de main sail sets--

. |C/g . . . |G7 . . G7sus4 |G7 .
Send for de cap-tain Shore--! Let me go home-----!

. |C . . . |C7 . . . |F . . . |Fm . .
Let me go home----- Let me go home-----

. |C . . . |G7 . . . |C . . Csus4 |C . .
I feel so broke-up-- I wanna go home-----

. |C . . . |G7 . . . |C . . G7\ |C\
I feel so broke-up-- I wanna go home-----!

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v3b - 5/7/18)