

Every Breath You Take – The Police*

[intro] (G) | (Em) | (C) (D) | (G)

Every breath you (G)take
Every move you (Em)make
Every bond you (C)break... every step you (D)take
I'll be watching you (G)

Every single (G)day
And every word you (Em)say
Every game you (C)play... every night you (D)stay
I'll be watching you (G)

Oh can't you (C)see
You belong to (G)me
How my poor heart (A7)aches
With every step you (D)take

And every move you (G)make
And every vow you (Em)break
Every smile you (C)fake... every claim you (D)stake
I'll be watching you (G)

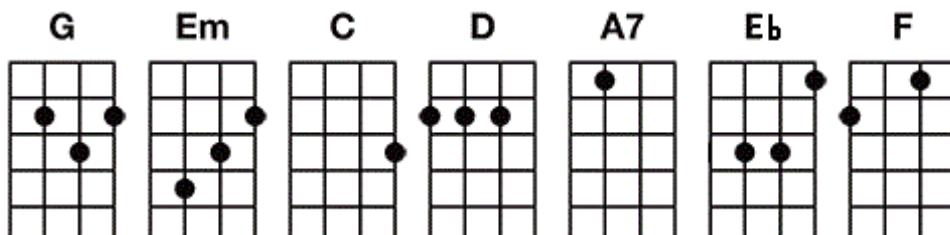
(Eb)Since you've gone, I've been lost without a (F)trace
I dream at night, I can only see your (Eb)face
I look around but it's you I can't re(F)place
I feel so cold and I long for your em(Eb)brace
I keep crying, baby, baby... (G)please

(Em) | (C) (D) | (Em)

Oh can't you (C)see
You belong to (G)me
How my poor heart (A7)aches
With every step you (D)take

Every move you (G)make
Every vow you (Em)break
Every smile you (C)fake... every claim you (D)stake
I'll be watching you (G)
Every move you (C)make... every step you (D)take
I'll be watching you (G)

I'll be watching (G)you (*every breath you take, every move you (Em)make, every bond you (C)break...*)
I'll be watching (G)you (*every single day, every word you (Em)say, every game you (C)play...*)
I'll be watching (G – single strum)you



Fields of Gold – Sting

(intro: **C Am F C**)

Chords

Am **F** **(Fadd2) C**
You'll remember me when the west wind moves, upon the fields of barley

Am **F** **G C**
You'll forget the sun in his jealous sky, as we walk in the fields of gold

Am **F** **(Fadd2) C**
So she took her love For to gaze awhile, upon the fields of barley

Am **F** **G C**
In his arms she fell as her hair came down, among the fields of gold

Am **F** **(Fadd2) C**
Will you stay with me, will you be my love, among the fields of barley

Am **F** **G C**
We'll forget the sun in his jealous sky, as we lie in the fields of gold

Am **F** **(Fadd2) C**
See the west wind move like a lover so, upon the fields of barley

Am **F** **G C**
Feel her body rise when you kiss her mouth, among the fields of gold

C **F** **G** **C** **F** **G**
I never made promises lightly, and there have been some I've broken

C **F** **G** **Dm** **G** **C**
But I swear in the days still left, we'll walk in the fields of gold

F **G** **C**
We'll walk in the fields of gold

Am **F** **(Fadd2) C**
Many years have passed since those summer days, among the fields of barley

Am **F** **G C**
See the children run as the sun goes down, among the fields of gold

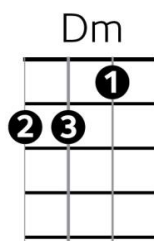
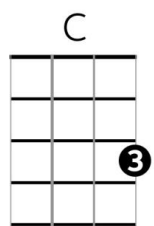
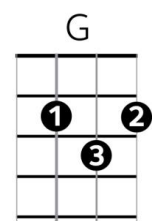
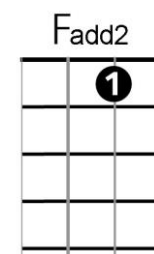
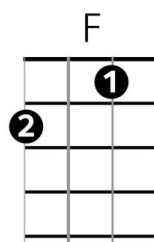
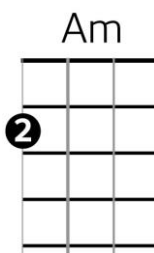
Am **F** **(Fadd2) C**
You'll remember me when the west wind moves, upon the fields of barley

Am **F** **G C**
You can tell the sun in his jealous sky, when we walked in the fields of gold

F **G** **C**
When we walked in the fields of gold

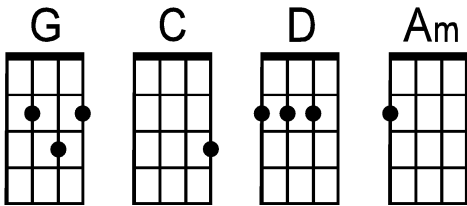
F **G** **C**
When we walked in the fields of gold

F **G** **C**
When we walked in the fields of gold



Friend of the Devil

by Jerry Garcia, John Dawson & Robert Hunter (1970)



Intro: G . . . | C . . . | G . . . | C . . . |

(Sing b)

G . . . | C . . . |
I lit out from Reno, I was trailed by twenty hounds---

G . . . | C . . . |
Didn't get to sleep that night till the morning came a-round---

Chorus:

D . . . | Am . . . |
Set out runnin' but I take my time. A friend of the devil is a friend of mine

| D . . . | Am . . . | D . . . | . . . |
If I get home be-fore day-light I just might get some sleep--- to-ni---- ight---

G . . . | C . . . |
Ran in-to the devil, babe, he loaned me twenty bills---

| G . . . | C . . . |
I spent the night in Utah in a cave up in the hills-----

D . . . | Am . . . |
Set out runnin' but I take my time. A friend of the devil is a friend of mine

| D . . . | Am . . . | D . . . | . . . |
If I get home be-fore day-light I just might get some sleep--- to-ni---- ight---

| G . . . | C . . . |
I ran down--- to the levee but the devil caught me there-----

G . . . | C . . . |
Took my twenty dollar bill and he vanished in the air-----

D . . . | Am . . . |
Set out runnin' but I take my time. A friend of the devil is a friend of mine

| D . . . | Am . . . | D . . . | . . . |
If I get home be-fore day-light I just might get some sleep--- to-ni---- ight---

Bridge: D . . . | . . . |
Got two reasons why I cry a-way each lonely night---

| C . . . | . . . |
The first one's named Sweet Anne Ma-rie and she's my heart's de-light---

D . . . | . . . |
Second one is prison, babe, the sheriff's on my trail-----

| Am . . . | C . . . | D . . . | . . . |
And if he catches up with me I'll spend my life in jail-----

G . . . | **C** . . . |
Got a wife in Chino, babe, and one in Chero-kee-----

G . . . | **C** . . . |
First one says she's got my child, but it don't look like me-----

D . . . | **Am** . . . |
Set out runnin' but I take my time. A friend of the devil is a friend of mine

| **D** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D** . . . | . . . |
If I get home be-fore day-light I just might get some sleep--- to-ni----- ight-----

Instrumental: **G** . . . | **C** . . . | **G** . . . | **C** . . .

D . . . | **Am** . . . | **D** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D** . . . | . . . |

Bridge: **D** . . . | . . . |
Got two reasons why I cry a-way each lonely night-----

| **C** . . . | . . . |
The first one's named Sweet Anne Ma-rie and she's my heart's de-light-----

D . . . | . . . |
Second one is prison, babe, the sheriff's on my trail-----

| **Am** . . . | **C** . . . | **D** . . . | . . . |
And if he catches up with me I'll spend my life in jail-----

G . . . | **C** . . . |
Got a wife in Chino, babe, and one in Chero-kee-----

G . . . | **C** . . . |
First one says she's got my child, but it don't look like me-----

D . . . | **Am** . . . |
Set out runnin' but I take my time. A friend of the devil is a friend of mine

| **D** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D** (hold) **D** \
If I get home be-fore day-light I just might get some sleep--- to-ni----- ight-----

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v3b - 7/22/18)

I'm a Believer – The Monkees

[no intro]

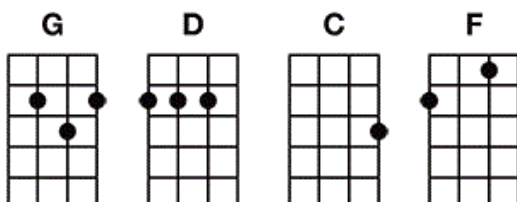
(G)I thought love was (D)only true in (G)fairy tales
(G)Meant for someone (D)else but not for (G)me
(C) Love was out to (G)get me
(C) That's the way it (G)seemed
(C) Disappointment (G)haunted all my (D)dreams [pause]

Then I saw her (G)face (C) (G)
Now I'm a be(G)liever (C) (G)
Not a (G)trace (C) (G)
Of doubt in my (G)mind (C) (G)
I'm in (G)love (C) (*ooh*)
I'm a be(G)liever!
I couldn't (F)leave her
If I (D)tried
(D)

(G)I thought love was (D)more or less a (G)given thing
(G)Seems the more I (D)gave the less I (G)got
(C) What's the use in (G)trying?
(C) All you get is (G)pain
(C) When I needed (G)sunshine I got (D)rain [pause]

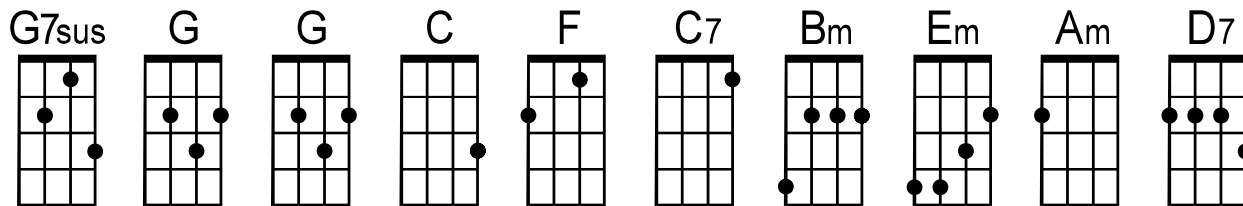
Then I saw her (G)face (C) (G)
Now I'm a be(G)liever (C) (G)
Not a (G)trace (C) (G)
Of doubt in my (G)mind (C) (G)
I'm in (G)love (C) (*ooh*)
I'm a be(G)liever!
I couldn't (F)leave her
If I (D)tried
(D)

Then I saw her (G)face (C) (G)
Now I'm a be(G)liever (C) (G)
Not a (G)trace (C) (G)
Of doubt in my (G)mind (C) (G)
I'm in (G)love (C) (*ooh*)
I'm a be(G)liever!
I couldn't (F)leave her
If I (D)tried
(G – single strum)



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 _____

Angel from Montgomery (John Prine)

(G) I am an old (C) woman (G) named after my (C) mother
(G) My old man is (C) another (D) child that's grown (G) old
(G) If dreams were (C) lightning and (G) thunder was (C) desire
(G) This old house would've (C) burned down a (D) long time (G) ago

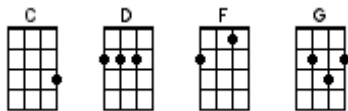
(G) Make me an (F) angel that (C) flies from Mont(G)gomery
(G) Make me a (F) poster of an (C) old rode(G)o
(G) Just give me (F) something that (C) I can hold (G) on to
(G) To believe in this (C) living's just a (D) hard way to (G) go

(G) When I was a (C) young girl (G) I had me a (C) cowboy
(G) He weren't much to (C) look at just a (D) free rambling (G) man
(G) But that was a (C) long time (G) and no matter how (C) I try
(G) These dreams just (C) flow by like a (D) broken down (G) dam

(chorus)

(G) There's flies in the (C) kitchen (G) I can hear 'em there (C) buzzing
(G) And I ain't done (C) nothing since I (D) woke up to(G)day
(G) How the hell can a (C) person (G) go to work in the (C) morning
(G) And come home in the (C) evening and have (D) nothing to (G) say?

(chorus)



Pride and Joy

Well you've heard about love givin' sight to the blind
A A7
My baby's lovin' cause the sun to shine
D D7 A
She's my sweet little thing, she's my pride and joy
E7 D7 A E7
She's my sweet little baby, I'm her little lover boy

Yeah I love my baby, my heart and soul
A A7
Love like ours won't never grow old
D D7 A
She's my sweet little thing, she's my pride and joy
E7 D7 A E7
She's my sweet little baby, I'm her little lover boy

(solo)

Yeah I love my lady, she's long and lean
A A7
You mess with her, you'll see a man gettin' mean
D D7 A
She's my sweet little thing, she's my pride and joy
E7 D7 A E7
She's my sweet little baby, I'm her little lover boy

Well I love my baby like the finest wine
A A7
Stick with her until the end of time
D D7 A
She's my sweet little thing, she's my pride and joy
E7 D7 A E7
She's my sweet little baby, I'm her little lover boy

(solo)

Yeah I love my baby, my heart and soul
A A7
Love like ours will never grow old
D D7 A
She's my sweet little thing, she's my pride and joy
E7 D7 A E7
She's my sweet little baby, I'm her little lover boy

Proud Mary (John Fogerty)

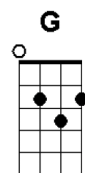
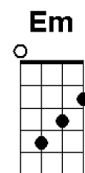
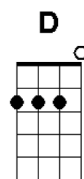


G
Left a good job in the city

Workin' for the man every night and day

And I never lost one minute of sleepin'

Worryin' 'bout the way things might have been



D
Big wheel keep on turnin'

Em
Proud Mary keep on burnin'

G
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river

G
Cleaned a lot of plates in Memphis

Pumped a lot of pain down in New Orleans

But I never saw the good side of the city

'Til I hitched a ride on a river boat queen

D
Big wheel keep on turnin'

Em
Proud Mary keep on burnin'

G
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river

Instrumental

G
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river

G
If you come down to the river

Bet you gonna find some people who live

You don't have to worry 'cause you have no money

People on the river are happy to give

D
Big wheel keep on turnin'

Em
Proud Mary keep on burnin'

G
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river **(Repeat & Fade)**

The Letter – The Boxtops

[no intro]

(Am) Gimme a ticket for an (F) aeroplane
(C) Ain't got time to take a (D7) fast train (Am) Lonely days
are gone... (F) I'm a-goin' home
My (E7) baby just-a wrote me a (Am) letter

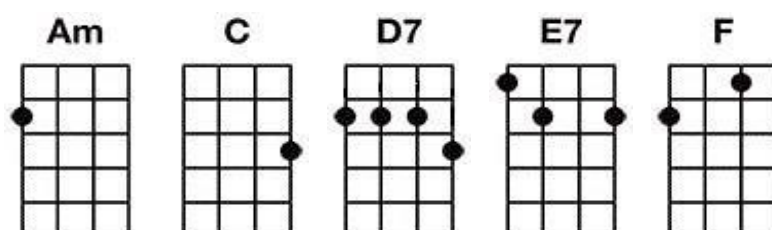
I (Am) don't care how much money I (F) gotta spend
(C) Got to get back to (D7) baby again
(Am) Lonely days are gone... (F) I'm a-goin' home
My (E7) baby just-a wrote me a (Am) letter

Well, she (C) wrote me a (G) letter
Said she (F) couldn't (C) live with (G) out me no more
(C) Listen mister, (G) can't you see I (F) got to get (C) back To
my (G) baby once-a more (E7) Any way, yeah!

(Am) Gimme a ticket for an (F) aeroplane
(C) Ain't got time to take a (D7) fast train (Am) Lonely days
are gone... (F) I'm a-goin' home
My (E7) baby just-a wrote me a (Am) letter

Well, she (C) wrote me a (G) letter
Said she (F) couldn't (C) live with (G) out me no more
(C) Listen mister, (G) can't you see I (F) got to get (C) back To
my (G) baby once-a more (E7) Any way, yeah!

(Am) Gimme a ticket for an (F) aeroplane
(C) Ain't got time to take a (D7) fast train (Am) Lonely days
are gone... (F) I'm a-goin' home
My (E7) baby just-a wrote me a (Am) letter
My (E7) baby just-a wrote me a (Am) letter My (E7) baby
just-a wrote me a (Am) letter



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>

Paradise
John Prine

- C** **F** **C**
1. When I was a child, my family would travel
- G** **C**
- Down to Western Kentucky where my parents were born
- F** **C**
- There's a backwards old town that's often remembered
- G** **C**
- So many times, that my memories are worn

Chorus

C **F** **C**

And Daddy won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County

G **C**

Down by the Green River where Paradise lay

F **C**

Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking

G **C**

Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it away

- C** **F** **C**
2. Well, sometimes we'd travel right down the Green River
- G** **C**
- To the abandoned old prison down by Adrie Hill
- F** **C**
- Where the air smelled like snakes and we'd shoot with our pistols
- G** **C**
- But empty pop bottles was all we would kill

Chorus

Instrumental

C C F C
C C G C
C C F C
C C G C C C C

C F C
3. Then the coal company came with the world's largest shovel
 G C
They tortured the timber and stripped all the land
 F C
Well, they dug for their coal till the land was forsaken
 G C
Then they wrote it all down to the progress of man

Chorus

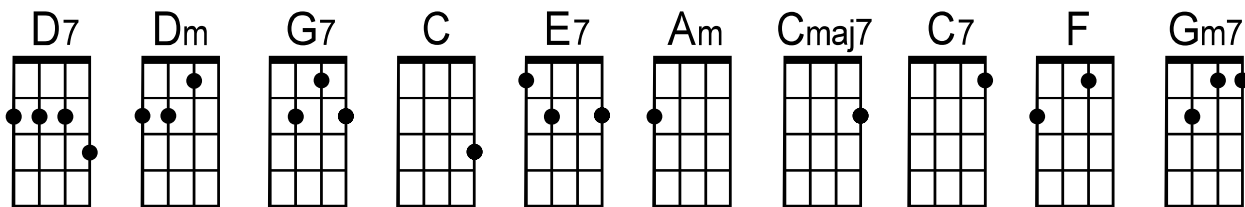
C F C
4. When I die let my ashes float down the Green River
 G C
Let my soul roll on up to the Rochester dam
 F C
I'll be halfway to Heaven with Paradise waiting
 G C
Just five miles away from wherever I am

Final Chorus

C F C
And Daddy won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County
 G C
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay
 F C
Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking
 G (slower)C
Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it away

On the Sunny Side of the Street (Key of C)

by Jimmy McHugh and Dorothy Fields (1930)



Intro: D7 . . . | Dm . G7 . | C . . . | G7 .

(sing e d c)

. . . | C | E7 | F | G7 . E7 . |
 Grab your coat and get your hat— leave your wor-ries— on the door— step

Am | D7 | Dm . G7 . | C
 Just di-rect your feet— to the sun—ny side of the street—

. . . | C | E7 | F | G7 . E7 . |
 Can't you hear that pit-ter— pat—? And that hap-py tune is your— step

Am | D7 | Dm . G7 . | C\
 Life can be so sweet— on the sun—ny side of the street

C\
Bridge: I used to walk— in the— shade— with those blues— on pa—rade—

. | D7 . Am . | D7 | Dm | G7
 But I'm— not a—fraid— cuz this ro—ver crossed o—ver

. | C | E7 | F | G7 . E7 . |
 If I nev—er have a cent I'll be rich as— Rock-e—fel-ler—

Am | D7 | Dm . G7 . | C |
 Gold dust at my— feet on the sun-ny side of the street

Inst: C | E7 | F | G7 . E7 . |

Am | D7 | Dm . G7 . | C\
 Sun—ny side of the Street—

C\
Bridge: I used to walk— in the— shade— with those blues— on pa—rade—

. | D7 . Am . | D7 | Dm\
 But I'm— not a—fraid— cuz this ro—ver crossed o—ver—

--- | C | E7 | F | G7 . E7 . |
 If I nev—er have a cent I'll be rich as— Rock-e—fel-ler—

Am | D7 | Dm . G7 . | Dm . G7 . |
 Gold dust at my— feet on the sun-ny side of the - sun-ny side of the -

Dm . G7 . | C\
 Sun—ny side of the Street—



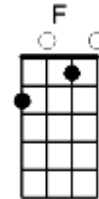
Oh Susanna

Performance tips; special instructions.

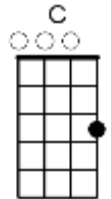
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Intro = [C], [C], [G7], [C].

I [C] come from Alabama with a banjo on my [G7] knee,
I'm [C] bound for Lou'siana, my true love [G7] for to [C] see.
It [C] rained all night the day I left, the weather it was [G7] dry,
The [C] sun so hot I froze to death, Susanna [G7] don't you [C] cry.

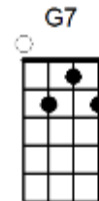


[F] Oh, Susanna, Oh, [C] don't you cry for [G7] me.
I [C] from Alabama with a banjo [G7] on my [C] knee.



I [C] had a dream the other night, when everything was [G7] still
I [C] dreamed I saw Susanna a-coming [G7] down the [C] hill.
A [C] buckwheat cake was in her mouth; a tear was in her [G7] eye.
I [C] said I'd come to take you home; Susanna [G7] don't you [C] cry.

Chorus



Instrumental break

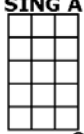
Chorus

I [C] soon will be in New Orleans and then I'll look [G7] around
And [C] when I find Susanna, I'll be falling [G7] on the [C] ground
But [C] if I do not find her, this man will surely [G7] die,
And [C] when I'm dead and buried, Susanna [G7] don't you [C] cry.

Chorus x2

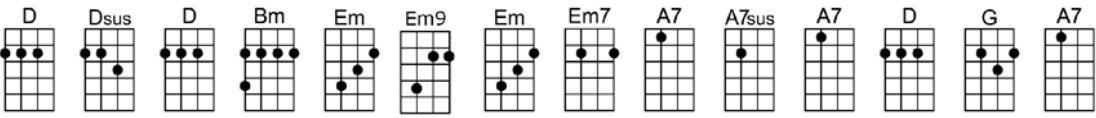
Ending = slow...

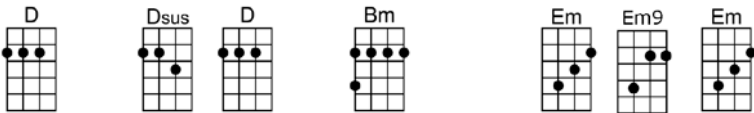
SING A




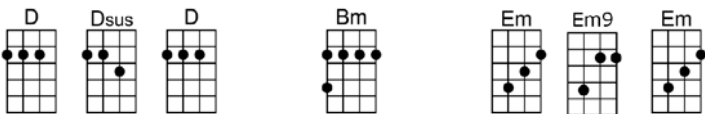
STEWBALL

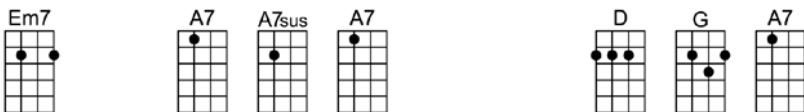
4/4 123 123 12 (without intro)

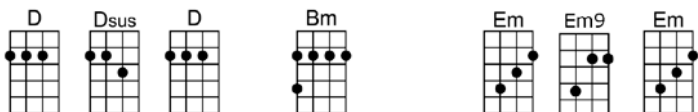
Intro: 



Old Stewball was a racehorse, **and I wish he were mine**

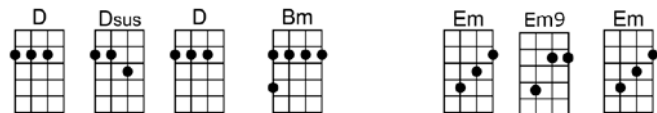

He never drank water, **he always drank wine**

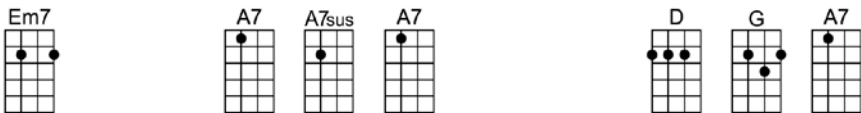

His bridle was silver, **and his mane it was gold**


And the worth of his saddle **has never been told**

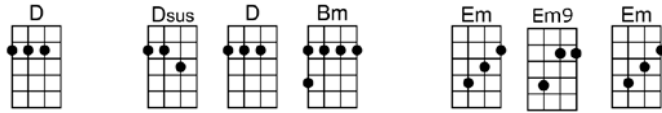

Oh the fairgrounds were crowded, **and Stewball was there**


But the betting was heavy **on the bay and the mare**


And away up yonder, **a-head of them all**


Came a-prancing and a-dancing, **my noble Stew-ball**

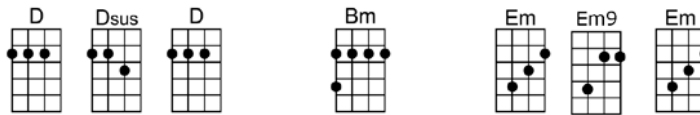
p.2 Stewball Was a Racehorse



I bet on the gray mare, I bet on the bay



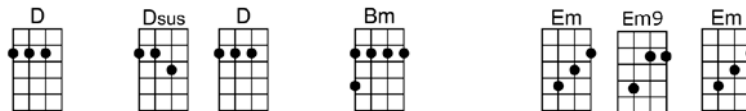
If I'd bet on old Stewball, I'd be a free man to-day



Oh the hoot owl she hollers, and the turtle dove moans



I'm a poor boy in trouble. I'm a long way from home



Old Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine



He never drank water, he always drank wine

STEWBALL

4/4 123 123 12 (without intro)

Intro: D Dsus4 D Bm Em Em9 Em Em7 A7 A7sus A7 D G A7

D Dsus4 D Bm Em Em9 Em
Old Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine

Em7 A7 A7sus A7 D G A7
He never drank water, he always drank wine

D Dsus4 D Bm Em Em9 Em
His bridle was silver, and his mane it was gold

Em7 A7 A7sus A7 D G A7
And the worth of his saddle has never been told

D Dsus4 D Bm Em Em9 Em
Oh the fairgrounds were crowded, and Stewball was there

Em7 A7 A7sus A7 D G A7
But the betting was heavy on the bay and the mare

D Dsus4 D Bm Em Em9 Em
And away up yonder, a-head of them all

Em7 A7 A7sus A7 D G A7
Came a-prancing and a-dancing, my noble Stew-ball

D Dsus4 D Bm Em Em9 Em
I bet on the gray mare, I bet on the bay

Em7 A7 A7sus A7 D G A7
If I'd bet on old Stewball, I'd be a free man to-day

D Dsus4 D Bm Em Em9 Em
Oh the hoot owl she hollers, and the turtle dove moans

Em7 A7 A7sus A7 D G A7
I'm a poor boy in trouble. I'm a long way from home

D Dsus4 D Bm Em Em9 Em
Old Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine

Em7 A7 A7sus A7 D Dsus4 D
He never drank water, he always drank wine