

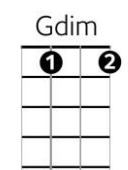
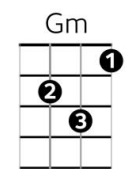
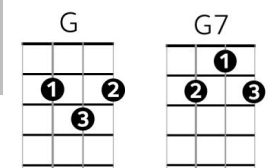
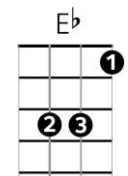
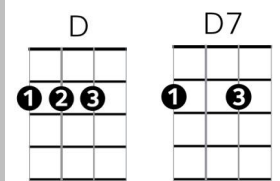
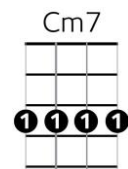
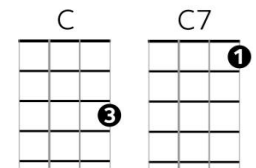
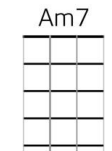
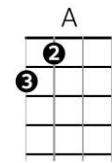
St. Louis Blues – W.C. Handy (1914)

Intro: **G / Gdim / Am7 / D7 / (x2)**

=====
G **C7** **G** **G7**
 I hate to see, that evening sun go down
C **C7** **G** **G**
 I hate to see, that evening sun go down
D7 **C7** **G / Gdim / D7 / / /**
 'Cause, my baby, he done left this town
 =====

=====
G **C7** **G** **G7**
 Feelin' tomorrow, like I feel today
C **C7** **G** **G**
 If I'm feelin' tomorrow, like I feel today
D7 **C7** **G / Gdim / D7 / {pause}**
 I'll pack my trunk, and make my getaway
 =====

Chords



Bridge

{pause} Gm / / / Cm7 / Gdim / D7 / Eb / D7 / / /
 St. Louis woman, with her diamond rings
D **D7** **Gm** **Gm**
 Pulls that man around, by her apron strings
Gm / / / Cm7 / Gdim / D7 / Eb / D7 / / /
 If it weren't for powder, and for store bought hair
D **D7** **Gm / A / D7 / / /**
 That man I love, wouldn't have gone nowhere, no - where

Chorus

G **C7** **G / Gdim / G7 / / /**
 I got the St. Louis Blues , Just as blue as I can be
C **C7** **G** **G**
 That man's got a heart like a rock cast in the sea
D7 **C7** **G / Gdim / { D7 / / / }**
 Or else, he wouldn't have gone so far from me

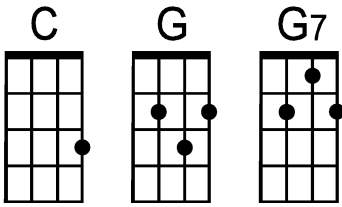
Solo (using verse chords)

=====
G **C7** **G** **G7**
 I love my baby, like a school boy loves his pie
C **C7** **G** **G**
 Like a Kentucky colonel, loves his mint 'n rye
D7 **C7** **G / Gdim / D7 / {pause}**
 I love my man, 'til the day I die
 =====

Bridge then Chorus ending on single **G7** chord instead of **D7**

You Never Can Tell (C'est la vie)

by Chuck Berry (1964)



(sing g)

It was a teenage--- wedding, and the old folks wished them--- well---

You could see that Pi-erre did truly love the mad'-moi-selle---

And now the young mon-sieur and madame have rung the chapel bell---

"C'est la vie" say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell---

They furnished off an a---partment with a two room Roebuck sale---

The cooler-ator was crammed with TV dinners and gin---ger ale---

But when Pi-erre found work the little money comin' worked out--- well---

"C'est la vie" say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell---

They had a hi---fi phono--- boy, did they let it--- blast---

Seven hundred little records--- all rock, rhythm and jazz---

But when the sun went down, the rapid tempo of the music--- fell---

"C'est la vie" say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell---

They bought a souped-up jitney, was a cherry red 'Fif-ty--- Three---

They drove it down to Or---leans to cele---brate their anni-ver-sar-y---

It was there where Pi-erre was wedded to the lovely mad'-moi-selle---

"C'est la vie" say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell---

Instrumental: . | C . . . | | |
 . | | | G . . . |
 . | | | G7 . . . |
 . | | | C . . . | G7 . .

. | C | | |
 It was a teenage— wedding, and the old folks wished them— well—

. | | | G . . . |
 You could see that Pi-erre did truly love the mad'—moi—selle—

. | | | G7 . . . |
 And now the young mon-sieur and madame have rung the chapel bell—

. | | | C . . . | G7 . .
 "C'est la vie" say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell—

. | | | C . . . | . C\ C\
 "C'est la vie" say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell—

With a Little Help from My Friends – The Beatles

(G)What would you **(D)**think if I **(Am)**sang out of tune
Would you stand up and **(D)**walk out on **(G)**me
Lend me your **(D)**ears and I'll **(Am)**sing you a song
And I'll try not to **(D)**sing out of **(G)**key

Oh I get **(F)**by with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends
Mmm I get **(F)**high with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends
Mmm gonna **(F)**try with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends **(D7)**

(G)What do I **(D)**do when my **(Am)**love is away
Does it worry you to **(D)**be a**(G)**lone
How do I **(D)**feel by the **(Am)**end of the day
Are you sad because you're **(D)**on your **(G)**own

Oh I get **(F)**by with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends
Mmm I get **(F)**high with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends
Mmm gonna **(F)**try with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends

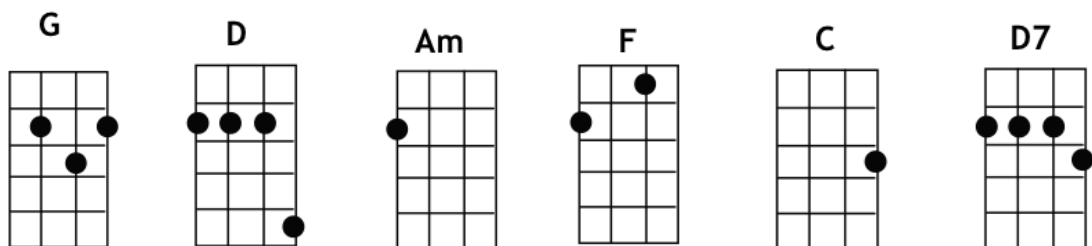
Do you **(Em)**neeeeed any**(A)**body... I **(G)**need some**(F)**body to **(C)**love
Could it **(Em)**beeeeeee any**(A)**body... I **(G)**want some**(F)**body to **(C)**love

(G)Would you bel**(D)**ieve in **(Am)**love at first sight
Yes I'm certain that it **(D)**happens all the **(G)**time
What do you **(D)**see when you **(Am)**turn out the light
I can't tell you but I **(D)**know it's **(G)**mine

Oh I get **(F)**by with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends
Mmm I get **(F)**high with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends
Mmm gonna **(F)**try with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends

Do you **(Em)**neeeeed any**(A)**body... I **(G)**need some**(F)**body to **(C)**love
Could it **(Em)**beeeeeee any**(A)**body... I **(G)**want some**(F)**body to **(C)**love

Oh I get **(F)**by with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends
Mmm I get **(F)**high with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends
Mmm gonna **(F)**try with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends



"Sweet Georgia Brown"

D

No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown

G7

Two left feet, oh so neat, has Sweet Georgia Brown

C

They all sigh and want to die for Sweet Georgia Brown

F

E7

I'll tell you just why, you know I don't lie not much

D

It's been said she knocks 'em dead when she lands in town

G

Since she came why it's a shame how she cools them down

Dm Am Dm Am

Fellas she can't get must be fellas she ain't met

F

D

G

C

F

Georgia claimed her, Georgia named her Sweet Georgia Brown

D

No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia brown

G

Two left feet, oh so neat, has Sweet Georgia Brown

C

They all sigh and want to die for Sweet Georgia Brown

F

E7

I'll tell you just why, you know I don't lie not much

D

All those tips the porter slips to Sweet Georgia Brown

G

They buy clothes at fashion shows for one dollar down.

Dm Am Dm Am

Fellas, won'tcha tip your hats. Oh boy, ain't she the cats?

F

D

G

C

F

Who's that mister, tain't her sister, It's Sweet Georgia Brown.

F

D

G

C

F (2 meas) C F

Who's that mister, tain't her sister, It's Sweet Georgia Brown.

Let Me Be There

artist:Olivia Newton-John , writer:John Rostill

Olivia Newton John: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rR8hCFfvZPk> Capo on 2nd fret

Wherever you [C] go [C7] wherever you may [F] wander in your [C] life
Surely you [C] know I always wanna be [G] there
Holding your [C] hand [C7] and standing by to [F] catch you when you [C]
fall
Seeing you [C] through - [G] in everything you [C] do. [F] [C]

Let me [C] be there in your [C7] morning let me [F] be there in your night
Let me [C] change whatever's wrong and make it [Dm] right [G]
Let me [C] take you through that [C7] wonderland
that [F] only two can share
All I [C] ask you - [G] is let me be [C] there [F] [C]

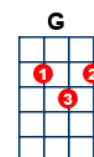
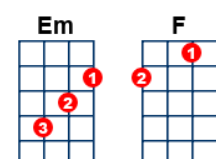
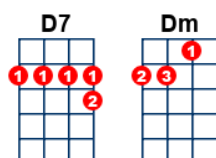
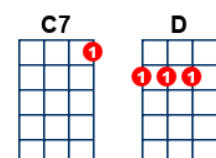
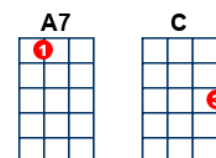
Watching you [C] grow [C7] and going through the [F] changes in your [C]
life
That's how I [C] know I always wanna be [G] there
Whenever you [C] feel [C7] you need a friend to [F] lean on, here I [C] am
Whenever you [C] call - [G] you know I'll be [C] there [F] [C]

Let me [C] be there in your [C7] morning let me [F] be there in your night
Let me [C] change whatever's wrong and make it [Dm] right [G]
Let me [C] take you through that [C7] wonderland
that [F] only two can share
All I [C] ask you - [G] is let me be [C] there

Key Change

[C] Let me [D] be there in your morning let me [G] be there in your night
Let me [D] change whatever's wrong and make it [Em] right [A7]
Let me [D] take you through that [D7] wonderland
that [G] only two can share
All I [D] ask you - [A7] is let me be [D] there [G]

All I [D] ask you - [A7] is let me be [D] there [G] [D]



Spoof - Little Red Uke – Beach Boys sorta

artist:Beach Boys , writer:Brian Wilson, Roger Christian

[C] [Am/C] [C] [Am/C] [C] [Am/C] [C] [Am/C]

[C] Little red uke you don't know what I got .
[C] Little red uke you don't know what I got .

[C] Well I've got a uke babe so don't put me down
She's the neatest little uke in [C7] all of the town
When a [F] song comes along to me I don't have to try
Cause I can [C] play three chords so I can get by

Chorus:

She's my [G] little red [Dm] uke [G]
You don't [Dm] know what I [C] got - (Little red uke you don't know what I got)

[C] Just a little red uke with nylon strings
When I pluck her or I strum her she [C7] really swings
She [F] cost twenty bucks but I've got no regrets
I've [C] lowered the saddle and filed all the frets

Chorus

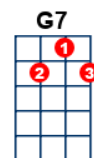
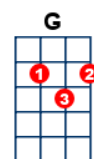
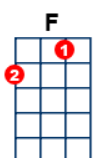
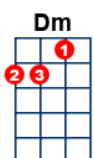
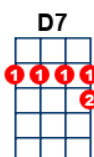
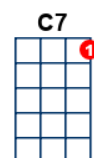
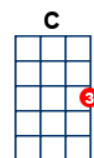
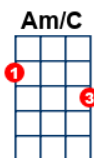
She's got a [F] great little sound if the strings stay in tune
When I [C] play by the light of the [C7] silvery moon
And [F] if that ain't enough to make you flip your lid
She'll [D7] sound even better when I [G7] fit the Aquilas

So [C] why not grab a uke babe and join in the fun
You can even join a club for uke a[C7]ppre-ci-a-tion
You can [F] pick up ukuleles in various hues
Of [C] yellow and pink and all sorts of blues

Or get a [G] little red [Dm] uke [G]
Now you [Dm] know what I [C] got - (Little red uke you don't know what I got)
My [G] little red [Dm] uke [G]
Now you [Dm] know what I [C] got - (Little red uke you don't know what I got)

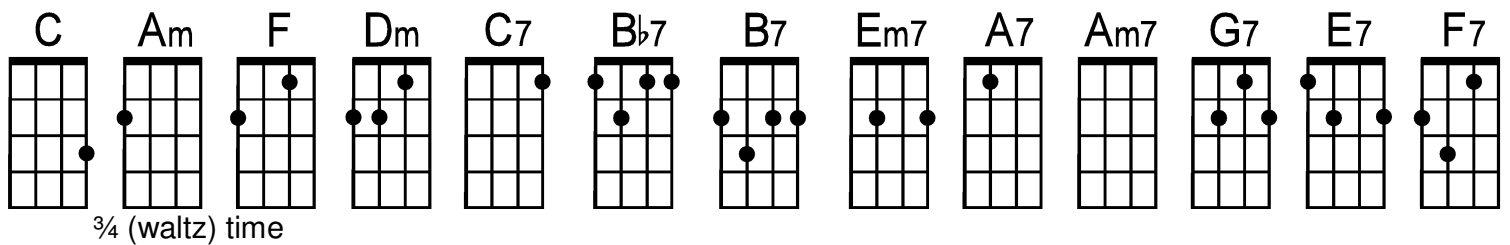
Outro: [C] Little red uke now you know what I got .
[C] Little red uke now you know what I got .
[C] Little red uke now you know what I got

From: Richard G's Songbook www.scorpexuke.com
Additional lyrics by Rick Whitehead To the tune of Little Red Deuce



Moon River (Key of C)

by Henry Mancini (1960)



(sing g)

C . . | **Am** . . | **F** . . | **C** . .
 Moon— Riv—er— wi— ider than a mile—

. | **F** . . | **C** . . | **Dm** . . | **E7** .
 I'm cross—ing you in style— some-day—

. | **Am** . . | **C7** . . | **F** . . | **Bb7** . .
 Old dream— mak—er— you heart— break—er—

| **Am** . . | **B7** . . | **Em7** \ **A7** \ . | **Dm** . . | **G7** . . |
 Wher-ever— you're go—in', I'm go—in' your way—

C . . | **Am** . . | **F** . . | **C** . .
 Two— drif—ters— off— to see the world—

. | **F** . . | **C** . . | **Dm** . . | **E7** .
 There's such— a lot of world— to see—

. | **Am** . . | **Am7** . . | **Am** . . | **F7** . . | **C** . . |
 We're af—ter— the same— rain-bow's end—

F . . | **C** . . | **F** . . | **C** . . |
 Waitin' 'round the bend— My huckle-berry friend—

Am . . | **Dm** . . | **G7** . . | **C** . . | . . . |
 Moon— Ri—ver— and me—

Instrumental: **C** . . | **Am** . . | **F** . . | **C** . . |

F . . | **C** . . | **Dm** . . | **E7** .

. | **Am** . . | **Am7** . . | **Am** . . | **F7** . . | **C** . . |
 We're af—ter— the same— rain-bow's end—

F . . | **C** . . | **F** . . | **C** . . |
 Waitin' 'round the bend— My huckle-berry friend—

Am . . | **Dm** . . | **G7** . . | **C** . . | **F** . . | **C** \
 Moon— Ri—ver— and me—