

Stand by Me – Ben E King

[intro] (G)

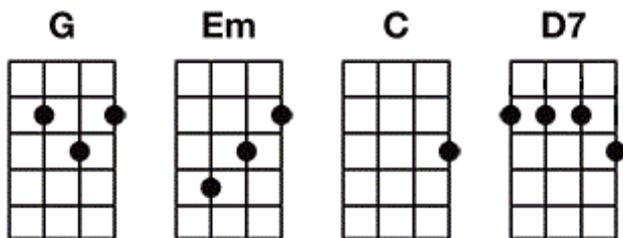
When the **(G)**night... has come **(Em)** and the land is dark
And the **(C)**moon... is the **(D7)**only... light we'll **(G)**see
No I won't... be afraid, no I-I-I-I **(Em)**won't... be afraid
Just as **(C)**long... as you **(D7)**stand... stand by **(G)**me

So darling, darling sta-a-and... by me, o-oh **(Em)**stand... by me
Oh **(C)**stand... **(D7)**stand by me **(G)**stand by me

If the **(G)**sky... that we look upon... **(Em)**should tumble and fall
Or the **(C)**mountain... should **(D7)**crumble... to the **(G)**sea
I won't cry... I won't cry... No I-I-I **(Em)**won't... shed a tear
Just as **(C)**long... as you **(D7)**stand... stand by **(G)**me

And darling, darling, sta-a-and... by me, o-oh **(Em)**stand... by
me
Oh **(C)**stand now... **(D7)**stand by me... **(G)**stand by me

(D7)Whenever you're in trouble just
(G)Sta-a-and... by me, o-oh **(Em)**stand... by me
Oh **(C)**stand now... **(D7)**stand by me... **(G)**stand by me



Que Sera Sera – Doris Day

[intro] (C)

When I was (C)just a little girl
I asked my mother "What will I (G7)be?
(Dm)Will I be (G)pretty? (Dm)Will I be (G)rich?
(Dm)Here's what she (G)said to (C)me... (C7)

"Que (F)sera, sera. What(Dm)ever will (C)be will be
The future's not (G7)ours to see... que sera (C)sera."

(G)When I was (C)just a child in school,
I asked my teacher "What should I (G7)try?
(Dm)Should I paint (G)pictures? (Dm)Should I sing
(G)songs?
(Dm)This was her (G)wise (C)reply... (C7)

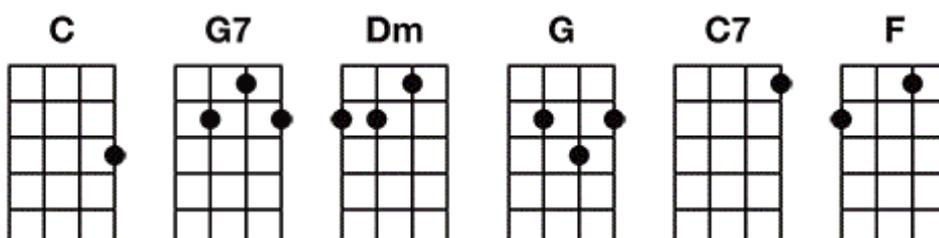
"Que (F)sera, sera. What(Dm)ever will (C)be will be
The future's not (G7)ours to see... que sera (C)sera."

(G)When I grew (C)up and fell in love,
I asked my sweetheart, "What lies a(G7)head?
(Dm)Will we have (G)rainbows (Dm)day after (G)day?"
(Dm)Here's what my (G)sweetheart (C)said... (C7)

"Que (F)sera, sera. What(Dm)ever will (C)be will be
The future's not (G7)ours to see... que sera (C)sera."

(G)Now I have (C)children of my own,
They ask their mother "What will I(G7) be?
(Dm)Will I be (G)handsome? (Dm)Will I be (G)rich?"
(Dm)I tell them (G)tender(C)ly... (C7)

"Que (F)sera, sera. What(Dm)ever will (C)be will be
The future's not (G7)ours to see... que sera (C)sera."



Blue Suede Shoes – Elvis Presley

[intro] (A) [stop]

Well it's (A)one for the money... (A)two for the show
(A)Three to get ready now (A)go (A)cat (A)go

But (D)don't you... step on my blue suede (A)shoes
Well you can (E7)do anything but lay off of my blue suede (A)shoes

You can (A)knock me down... (A)step on my face
(A)Slander my name all (A)over the place
(A)Do anything that you (A)wanna do but
(A)Uh (A)uh (A)honey (A)lay (A7)off of them shoes

And (D)don't you... step on my blue suede (A)shoes
You can (E7)do anything but lay off of my blue suede (A)shoes

(let's go cat!) [instrumental] (A) (A) (D) (A) (E7) (A)

Well you can (A)burn my house... (A)steal my car
(A)Drink my liquor from an (A)old fruit jar
Do anything that you (A)wanna do but
(A)Uh (A)uh (A)honey (A)lay (A7)off of them shoes

And (D)don't you... step on my blue suede (A)shoes
You can (E7)do anything but lay off of my blue suede (A)shoes

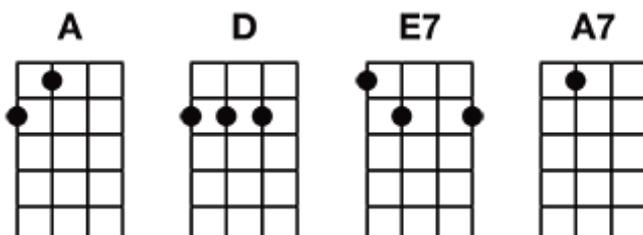
(rock it!) [instrumental] (A) (A) (D) (A) (E7) (A)

Well it's (A)one for the money... (A)two for the show
(A)Three to get ready now (A)go (A)go (A)go

But (D)don't you... step on my blue suede (A)shoes
Well you can (E7)do anything but lay off of my blue suede (A)shoes

Well it's (A)blue, blue... blue suede shoes,
(A)Blue, blue... blue suede shoes yeah
(D) Blue, blue... blue suede shoes baby
(A) Blue, blue... blue suede shoes

Well you can (E7)do anything but lay off of my blue suede (A)shoes



Hey Good Lookin

D7 G7 C G7

Intro:

C

Hey, hey, good lookin', Whatcha got cookin'?

D7 G7 C G7

How's about cookin' somethin' up with me?

C

Hey, sweet baby, Don't you think maybe

D7 G7 C C7

We could find us a brand new recipe?

F C

I got a hot-rod Ford and a two-dollar bill

F C

And I know a spot right over the hill.

F C

There's soda pop and the dancin's free,

D7 G7

So if you wanna have fun come along with me.

C

Hey, hey, good lookin', Whatcha got cookin'?

D7 G7 C G7

How's about cookin' somethin' up with me?

C

I'm free and ready, So we can go steady.

D7 G7 C G7

How's about savin' all yourtime for me?

C

No more lookin', I know I've been tooken

D7 G7 C C7

How's about keepin' steady company?

F C

I'm gonna throw my date-book over the fence

F C

And buy me one for five or ten cents.

F C

I'll keep it 'til it's yellow with age

D7 G7

'Cause I'm writin' your name down on every page.

C

Say, Hey, good lookin', Whatcha got cookin'?

D7 G7 C G7 C

How's about cookin' somethin' up with me?

D7



G7



C



C7

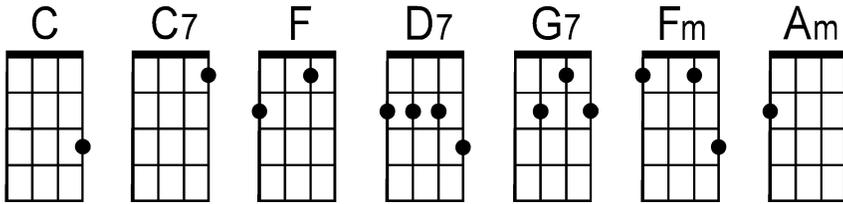


F



Home on the Range

by Brewster M. Higley (1873)



3/4 (waltz)time

C . . | C7 . . | F . . | . . | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
 Oh, give me a home, where the buff-a-lo roam, and the deer and the ant-e-lope play—
 . | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . |
 Where sel-dom is heard, a dis-cour-ag-ing word, and the skies are not clou-dy all day—

Chorus: C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . | Am . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
 Home—, home on the range— Where the deer and the ant-e-lope play—
 . | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . |
 Where sel-dom is heard, a dis-cour-ag-ing word, and the skies are not clou-dy all day—

. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | . . | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
 Oh, give me a land, where the bright dia-mond sand, throws its light from the glit-ter-ing streams—
 . | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . |
 Where glid-eth a-long, the grace-ful white swan, like the maid in her hea-ven-ly dreams—

. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | . . | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
 How of-ten at night, when the hea-vens are bright, with the light of the twink-el-ling stars—
 . | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . |
 Have I stood there a-mazed, and asked as I gazed, if their glor-y ex-ceeds that of ours—

Chorus: C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . | Am . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
 Home—, home on the range— Where the deer and the ant-e-lope play—
 . | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . |
 Where sel-dom is heard, a dis-cour-ag-ing word, and the skies are not clou-dy all day—

. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | . . | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
 The air is so pure, and the bree-zes so fine, the ze-phyr-s so balm-y and light—
 . | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . |
 That I would not ex-change my home here to range, for-ev-er in az-ures so bright—

Chorus: C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . | Am . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
 Home—, home on the range— Where the deer and the ant-e-lope play—
 . | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . |
 Where sel-dom is heard, a dis-cour-ag-ing word, and the skies are not clou-dy all day—

(*slow*) . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | C\
 And the skies are not cloud—y all day—

Minuet

(From the Notebook of Anna Magdalena Bach)

Christian Petzold

Allegretto grazioso

Ukulele

Ukulele

Uk.

Uk.

Uk.

Uk.

Uk.

Uk.

Uk.

Uk.

Ukulele

Chords: G, Am, G, C, G, Am, G

Uk. 7

Chords: D, G, D, G, Am, G, C, G, Am, D

Uk. 14

Chords: G, D, G, G, D, Em

Uk. 20

Chords: A, A, G, D, A, D, A, D⁷, G

Uk. 26

Chords: C, G, Am, G, D, D, C, G, D, G, D, G

House of the Rising Sun (abridged) – The Animals[†]

[intro]

(Am) (C) (D) (F)

(Am) (E7) (Am) (E7)

There (Am)is a (C)house in (D)New Orleans (F)

They (Am)call the (C)Rising (E7)Sun (E7)

And it's (Am)been the (C)ruin of (D)many a poor boy (F)

And (Am)God I (E7)know I'm

(Am)one (C) (D) (F)

(Am) (E7) (Am) (E7)

My (Am)mother (C)was a (D)tailor (F)

She (Am)sewed my (C)new blue (E7)jeans (E7)

My (Am)father (C)was a (D)gambling (F)man

(Am)Down in (E7)New Or(Am)leans (E7)

Oh (Am)mother (C) tell your chil(D)dren (F)

Not to (Am)do what (C)I have (E7)done (E7)

(Am)Spend your (C)lives in (D)sin and mise(F)ry

In the (Am)house of the (E7)Rising (Am)Sun (E7)

Well I got (Am)one foot (C) on the (D)platform (F)

And the (Am)other (C)foot on the (E7)train (E7)

I'm (Am)going (C)back to (D)New Orleans (F)

To (Am)wear that (E7)ball and

(Am)chain (C) (D) (F)

(Am) (E7) (Am) (E7)

There (Am)is a (C)house in (D)New Orleans (F)

They (Am)call the (C)Rising (E7)Sun (E7)

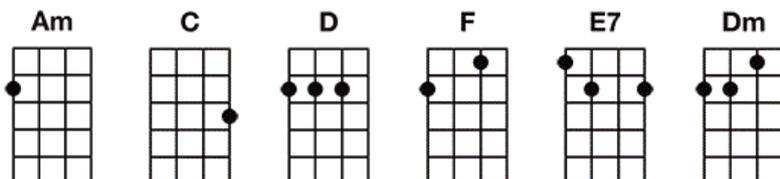
And it's (Am)been the (C)ruin of (D)many a poor (F)boy

And (Am)God I (E7)know I'm

(Am)one (C) (D) (F)

(Am) (E7) (Am) (Dm)

(Dm – for four bars) (Am – single strum)



(Sittin' on the) Dock of the Bay – Otis Redding

[intro] (G)

(G)Sittin' in the morning (B7)sun
I'll be (C)sittin' when the evenin' (A)comes
(G)Watching the ships roll (B7)in
And I (C)watch 'em roll away a(A)gain

(G)Sitting on the dock of the (E7)bay
Watching the (G)tide roll a(E7)way
I'm just (G)sittin' on the dock of the (A)bay
Wastin' (G)time (E7)

I (G)left my home in (B7)Georgia
(C)Headed for the 'Frisco (A)bay
'Cause (G)I had nothin to (B7)live for
And look like (C)nothing's gonna come my (A)way

So I'm just gonna...

(G)Sit on the dock of the (E7)bay
Watching the (G)tide roll a(E7)way
I'm (G)sittin' on the dock of the (A)bay
Wastin' (G)time (E7)

(G)Look (D)like (C)nothing's gonna change
(G)E-e-(D)-verything (C)still remains the same
(G) (D)I can't (D)do what (C)ten people tell me (G)to do
(F) So I guess I'll re(D)main the same

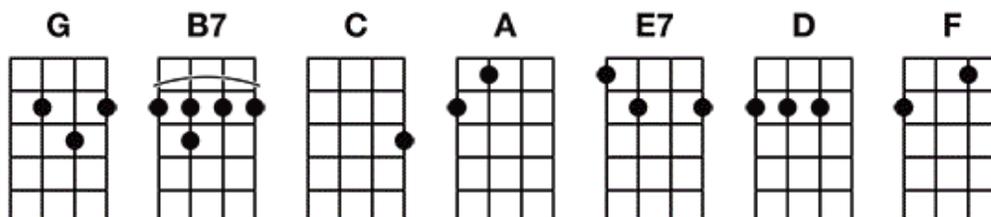
(G)Sittin' here resting my (B7)bones
And this (C)loneliness won't leave me (A)alone
It's (G)two thousand miles I (B7)roamed
Just to (C)make this dock my (A)home

Now, I'm just...

(G)Sittin' on the dock of the (E7)bay
Watching the (G)tide roll a(E7)way
(G)Sittin' on the dock of the (A)bay
Wasting (G)time (E7)

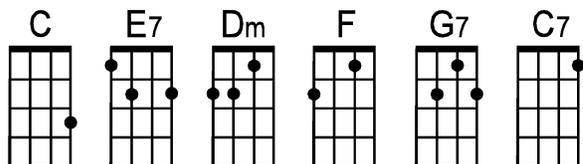
[whistling to fade]

(G) (G) (G) (E7)



On the Road Again

By Willie Nelson (1979)



(to play in original key (E) capo 4th fret.)

Intro: F . G7 . | C . . . | F . G7 . | C . .

On the road a-gain. Just can't wait to get on the road a-gain

The life I love is making music with my friends

And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain.

On the road a-gain, goin' places that I've never been

Seeing things that I may never see a-gain

And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain.

Chorus: On the road a-gain, like a band of gypsies, we go down the high-way

We're the best of friends, in-sisting that the world keep turning our way and our way

Is on the road a-gain. Just can't wait to get on the road again

The life I love is making music with my friends

And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain.

Instr: A-----
 E-----0-0-0-----0-1-0-----0-0-0-----0-1-0-----0-----0-1-111-3-0-00-0-----
 C-----3-----2-0-----3-----2-0-----2-2-1-2-----2-0-----
 G-----0-0-----

Chorus: On the road a-gain, like a band of gypsies, we go down the high-way

We're the best of friends, in-sisting that the world keep turning our way and our way

Is on the road a-gain. Just can't wait to get on the road again

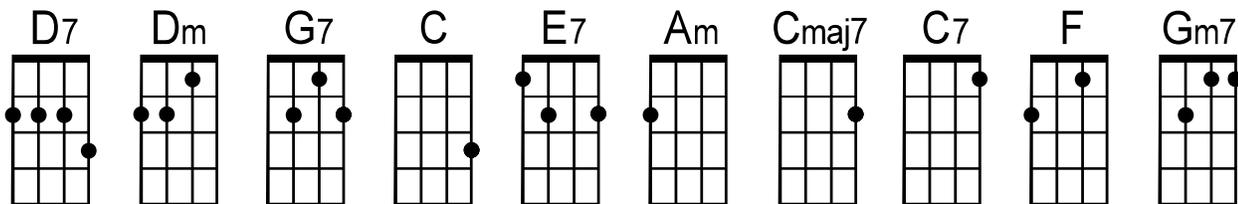
The life I love is making music with my friends

And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain.

And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain

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: C\
 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: C\
 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—

Chorus: A | | F#m | |
 I'm a-walk-ing in the- rain--- Tears are falling and I feel the pain---
 A | | F#m | |
 Wishing you were here by--- me--- to end this miser---y
 . | A | | F#m | |
 And I won-der----- I wa-wa-wa-wa won---der---
 A | | F#m | |
 Why----- why-why-why-why why----- she ran a-way---
 . | D | | E7 | |
 And I won-der----- where she will stay-ay-ay---
 | A | D | A |
 My lit-tle- runa-way----- run, run, run, run runa-way-----
 D | A\
 Run, run, run, run runaway-----

San Jose Ukulele Club
 (v2c - 2/10/19)