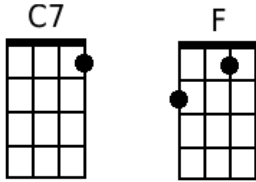


Dream Baby

key:G, artist:Roy Orbison writer:Cindy Walker



[C7] Sweet dream [C7] baby, [C7] sweet dream [C7] baby
[F] Sweet dream [F] baby
[C7] How long must I [F] dream

[C7] Dream baby got me dreaming sweet dreams [C7] the whole day
through
[C7] Dream baby got me dreaming sweet dreams [C7] night time
too

[F] I love you and I'm dreaming of you, [F] but that won't do
[C7] Dream baby make me stop my dreaming
[C7] You can make my dreams come [F] true

[C7] Sweet dream [C7] baby, [C7] sweet dream [C7] baby
[F] Sweet dream baby
[C7] How long must I [F] dream

[C7] Dream baby got me dreaming sweet dreams [C7] the whole day
through
[C7] Dream baby got me dreaming sweet dreams [C7] night time too

[F] I love you and I'm dreaming of you, [F] but that won't do
[C7] Dream baby make me stop my dreaming
[C7] You Can make my dreams come [F] true

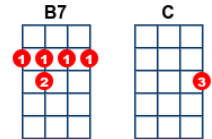
[C7] Sweet dream [C7] baby, [C7] sweet dream [C7] baby
[F] Sweet dream [F] baby
[C7] How long must I [F] dream
[C7] How long must I [F] dream

Handle With Care

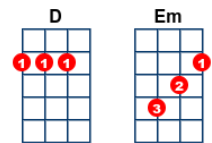
key:G, artist:Traveling Wilburys writer:Bob Dylan, Jeff Lynne, Tom Petty, George Harrison, Roy Orbison

[D] [C] [G] [D] [C] [G]

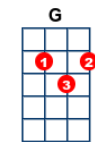
[D] Been beat **[C]** up and **[G]** battered 'round,
[D] been sent **[C]** up, and I've **[G]** been shot down
[C] You're the best thing that **[G]** I've ever **[Em]** found
[C] handle **[D]** me with **[G]** care



[D] Repu-**[C]**tations **[G]** changeable,
[D] situ-**[C]**ations **[G]** tolerable
[C] But baby, you're **[G]** ador-**[Em]**able
[C] handle me with **[D]** care



[G] I'm so **[B7]** tired of **[C]** being **[D]** lonely,
[G] I still **[B7]** have some **[C]** love to **[D]** give
[G] Won't you **[B7]** show me **[C]** that you **[D]** really **[G]** care
Every-**[C]**body's, got somebody, to **[G]** lean on
Put your **[C]** body, next to mine, and **[D]** dream on



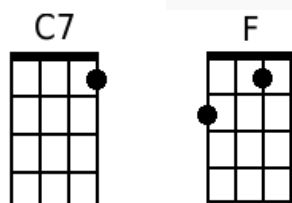
[D] I've been fobbed **[C]** off, and **[G]** I've been fooled,
[D] I've been **[C]** robbed and **[G]** ridiculed
[C] In day care centers and **[G]** night **[Em]** schools
[C] handle **[D]** me with **[G]** care

[D] Been stuck in **[C]** airports, **[G]** terrorized,
[D] sent to **[C]** meetings, **[G]** hypnotized
[C] Overexposed, **[G]** commercial-**[Em]**ized
[C] handle me with **[D]** care

[G] I'm so **[B7]** tired of **[C]** being **[D]** lonely,
[G] I still **[B7]** have some **[C]** love to **[D]** give
[G] Won't you **[B7]** show me **[C]** that you **[D]** really **[G]** care
Every-**[C]**body's, got somebody, to **[G]** lean on
Put your **[C]** body, next to mine, and **[D]** dream on

[D] I've been up-**[C]**tight and **[G]** made a mess,
[D] but I'll **[C]** clean it up my-**[G]**self, I guess
[C] Oh, the sweet **[G]** smell of su-**[Em]**ccess;
[C] handle **[D]** me with **[G]** care **[G][G][G][G]**

JAMBALAYA – Chords Strum where you see the chords



Goodbye, FJoe, me gotta F go, me oh C7 my oh. C7

Me gotta C7go, pole the C7piroque down the F bayou F

My Y- Fvonne, sweetest Fone, me oh C7 my oh. C7

Son of a C7 gun, we'll have big C7 fun on the F bayou. F

[Chorus]

Jamba-Flaya and a crawfish F pie and fillet C7gumbo C7

'Cause to- C7night I'm gonna C7see my ma cher a- Fmio F

Pick gui-F-tar, fill fruit F jar and be C7gayo, C7

Son of a C7 gun, gonna have C7 big fun on the F bayou F

Thibo- Fdeaux, Fontain- Feaux, the place is C7 buzzin', C7

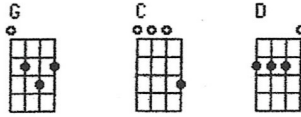
Kinfolk C7come to see Y- C7vonne by the Fdozen. F

Dress in Fstyle, go hog wildF, and be C7gayo. C7

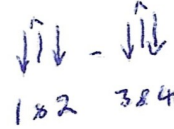
Son of a C7gun, gonna have big C7fun on the Fbayou. F

I'll Tell Me Ma

Traditional Irish song



Strumming:



Intro: G III, C III, G/D I, G II stop

Starting note: D

G III G III D III G III
I'll tell me ma when I get home . . . the boys won't leave the girls alone.

G III G III D III G III
They pulled me hair and they stole me comb . . . but that's all right . . . till I go home.

G III C III G III D III
She is handsome . . . she is pretty . . . she is the belle of Belfast City,

G III C II stop G I D I G III
She is courting one...two...three . . . please won't you tell me who is she?

G III C III G/D I G III

G III G III D III G III
Albert Mooney says he loves her . . . all the boys are fightin' for her,

G III G III D III G III
They rap on her door and ring on the bell . . . will she come out . . . who can tell?

G III C III G III D III
Here she comes as white as snow . . . rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,

G III C III G I D I G III
Oh Jenny Murray she says she'll die . . . if she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

G III C III G/D I G III

G III G III D III G III
I'll tell me ma when I get home . . . the boys won't leave the girls alone.

G III G III D III G III
They pulled me hair and they stole me comb . . . but that's all right . . . till I go home.

G III C III G III D III
She is handsome . . . she is pretty . . . she is the belle of Belfast City,

G III C II stop G I D I G III
She is courting one...two...three . . . please won't you tell me who is she?

G III C III G/D I G III

G III G III D III G III
Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high . . . and the snow come tumbling from the sky.

G III G III D III G III
She's as nice as apple pie . . . she'll get her own lad by and by.

G III C III G III D III
When she gets a lad of her own . . . she won't tell her ma 'til she comes home,

G III C III G I D I G III
Let them all come as they will . . . for it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

G III C III G/D I G III

G III G III D III G III
I'll tell me ma when I get home . . . the boys won't leave the girls alone.

G III G III D III G III
They pulled me hair and they stole me comb . . . but that's all right . . . till I go home.

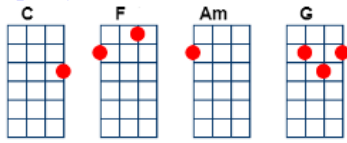
G III C III G III D III
She is handsome . . . she is pretty . . . she is the belle of Belfast City,

G III C II stop G I D I G III
She is courting one...two...three . . . please won't you tell me who is she?

Galway Girl, by Steve Earle, originally in D

Strum: d-D-du-du, or du D-d-d

https://youtu.be/7-PM_4aeE4



4/4 key of C starts on C Introduction C... | C... | C..

VERSE 1:

. | **C** | | | **F** . .
 Well I took a stroll on the old long walk of a day- i- ay- i- ay
 . | **Am** . **G** . | **F** . **C** . | . . **G** . | **C**
 I met a little girl and we stopped to talk, of a fine soft day- i- ay
 | **C** | **F** . | **C** . . . |
 And I ask you, friend what's a fellow to do
 | **Am** . **G** . | **2/4 F** . | **4/4 C** |
 cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue
C . **F** . | **C** . . . | . . **F** . | **C** . . . |
 And I knew right then I'd be takin a whirl
 | **Am** . **G** . | **2/4 F** . | **4/4 C** | |
 round a Salt-hill prom with a Gal-way girl

Instrumental

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

VERSE 2:

. | **C** | | | **F** . .
 We were halfway there when the rain came down, of a day- i- ay- i- ay
 . | **Am** . **G** . | **F** . **C** . | **C** . **G** . | **C**
 She asked me up to her flat down-town, of a fine soft day- i- ay
 | **C** | **F** . | **C** |
 And I ask you, friend what's a fella to do
 . | **Am** . **G** . | **2/4 F** . | **4/4 C** |
 cus her hair is black and her eyes are blue
C . **F** . | **C** . . . | . . **F** . | **C** . . . | . . .
 So I took her hand and I gave her a twirl
 . | **Am** . **G** . | **2/4 F** . | **4/4 C** | |
 And I lost my heart to a Gal-way girl

Instrumental

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

VERSE 3:

. | **C** | | | **F** ..
 Now when I woke up I was all alone of a day-i- ay i- ay
 . | **Am** . **G** . | **F** . **C** . | . . **G** . | **C**
 With a broken heart and a ticket home of a fine soft day- i- ay
 . **F** . | **C** . . . | . . . **F** . | **C** . . . | . . .
 And I ask you, friend what's a fella t do
 . | **Am** . **G** . | **2/4 F** . | **4/4 C** . . . |
 if her hair is black and her eyes are blue
C . **F** . | **C** . . . | . . . **F** . | **C** . . . | . . .
 Cus I've traveled a- round been all over this world
 . | **Am** . **G** . | **2/4 F** . | **4/4 C** . . . | |
 boys I never seen nothin like a Gal- way girl

Instrumental

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

The Orange And The Green

The Irish Rovers

Chorus

C Am G
 Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen
 F C G C
 Me father he was orange, and me mother she was green.

Verse 1

C Am G
 Oh, me father was an Ulsterman, proud Protestant was he
 F C G C
 My mother was a Catholic girl and from county Cork was she.
 C Am G
 They were married in two churches and lived happily enough
 F C G C
 Until the day that I was born and things got rather tough.

Chorus

C Am G
 Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen
 F C G C
 Me father he was orange, and me mother she was green.

Verse 2

C Am G
 Baptized by father Reilly I was rushed away by car
 F C G C
 To be made a little Orangeman, my father's shining star.
 C Am G
 I was christened David Anthony but still inspite of that
 F C G C
 To my father I was William while my mother called me Pat.

Chorus

C Am G
 Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen
 F C G C
 Me father he was orange, and me mother she was green.

Verse 4

C **Am** **G**
With mother every Sunday to mass I'd proudly stroll
F **C** **G** **C**
And after that the orange lodge would try to save my soul.
C **Am** **G**
And both sides tried to claim me, but I was smart because
F **C** **G** **C**
I'd play the flute, or play the harp depending were I was

Chorus

C **Am** **G**
Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen
F **C** **G** **C**
Me father he was orange, and me mother she was green.

Verse 5

C **Am** **G**
Now when I'd sing those rebel songs much to my mother's joy
F **C** **G** **C**
My father would jump up and say "Look here, would you, me boy!
C **Am** **G**
That's quite enough of that lot.", he'd then toss me a coin
F **C** **G** **C**
And he'd have me sing The Orange Flute or the Heroes Of The Boyne.

Chorus

C **Am** **G**
Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen
F **C** **G** **C**
Me father he was orange, and me mother she was green.

Verse 6

C **G**
One day me Ma's relations came round to visit me.
F **C** **G** **C**
Just as my father's kinfolk were all sitting down to tea.
C **Am** **G**
We tried to smooth things over, but they all began to fight.
F **C** **G** **C**
And me, being strictly neutral, I bashed everyone in sight.

Chorus

C **Am** **G**
Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen
F **C** **G** **C**
Me father he was orange, and me mother she was green.

Verse 7

C **Am** **G**
Now my parents never could agree about my type of school.
F **C** **G** **C**
My learning was all done at home, that's why I'm such a fool.
C **Am** **G**
They've both passed on, God rest 'em, but left me caught between.
F **C** **G** **C**
That awful colour problem of the orange and the green.

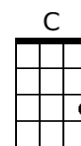
Chorus

C **Am** **G**
Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen
F **C** **G** **C**
Me father he was orange, and me mother she was green
C **Am** **G**
Yes, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen
F **C** **G** **C**
Me father he was orange, and me mother she was green

Black Velvet Band Traditional Irish Folk Song
3/4 TIME Key of C starting note: G MM=150

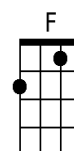
Feb 11, 2020

Intro : C . . | C .



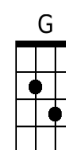
Verse 1

. | C . . | . . . | . . . | . . .
 In a neat lit-tle town they call Bel-fast
 . | . . . | F . . | G . . | G7 .
 Ap-pren- ticed to trade I was bound____



. | C . . | . . . | Am . . | . . .
 And man-y an hour of sweet hap- pi- ness
 . | Dm . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . .
 I spent in that neat lit-tle town____

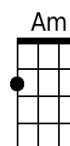
. . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . .
 Till a bad mis- fortune came o' er me
 . | C . . | . . . | G . . | G7 .



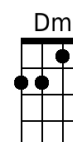
And caused me to stray from the land
 . | C . . | . . . | Am . . | . . .
 Far a-way from me friends and re- la - tions
 . | F . . | G . . | C . . | . . .
 Be-trayed by the black velvet band

CHORUS:

. | C . . | . . . | . . . | . . .
 Her eyes they shone like the dia-monds____
 . | C . . | . . . | G . . | G7



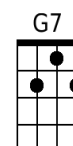
. . | C . . | . . . | Am . . | . . .
 And her hair hung o- ver her shoul- der
 . | F . . | G . . | C . . | . . .
 Tied up with a black vel-vet band



| C \ (ending)

Verse 2

. | C . . | . . . | . . . | . . .
 Well I was out strolling one evening
 . | C . . | . . . | G . . | G7 . .
 Not meaning to go very far



. | C . . | . . . | Am . . | . . .
 When I met with a fickle-some dam - sel
 . | F . . | G . . | C . . | . . .
 She was selling her trade in the bar

. | C . . | . . . | . . . | . . .
 When a watch she took from a customer
 . | C . . | . . . | G . . | G7 .
 And slipped it right into me hand

. | C . . | . . . | Am . . | . . .
 Then the law came and put me in pri- son
 . | F . . | G . . | C . . | . . .
 Bad luck to her black velvet band

Repeat CHORUS:

Verse 3

. | C . . | | . . . | . .
This mornin' be-fore judge and jury
. | C . . | | G . . | G7 .
For trial I had to ap-pear
. | C . . | | Am . . | . .
Then the judge, he says "Me young fel- low
. | F . . | G . . | C . . | . .
The case against you is quite clear
. | C . . | | . . . | . .
And seven long years is your sentence
. | C . . | | G . . | G7 .
You're going to Van Diemen's Land
. | C . . | | Am . . | . .
Far a-way from your friends and re-lat- ions
. | F . . | G . . | C . . | . .
Be-trayed by the black velvet band"

Repeat CHORUS:

Verse 4

. | C . . | | . . . | . .
So come all ye jolly young fellows
. | C . . | | G . . | G7 .
I'll have you take warnin' by me
. | C . . | | Am . . | . .
And when-ever you're out on the liquor me lads
. | F . . | G . . | C . . | . .
Be-ware of the pretty col-leens
. | C . . | | . . . | . .
For they'll fill you with whiskey and porter
. | C . . | | G . . | G7 .
Till you are not a-ble to stand
. | C . . | | Am . . | . .
And the very next thing that you know me lads
. | F . . | G . . | C . . | . .
You've landed in Van Diemen's Land

Repeat CHORUS: ritard the last line and end C\ on last measure

Don't Worry be Happy

Key: C

Bobby McFerrin

Verse

C **Dm**
Here's a little song I wrote, you might want to sing it note-for-note

F **C**
Don't worry, be happy

C
In every life we have some trouble, [Dm]but when you worry, you make it double
F **C**
Don't worry, be happy. Don't worry be happy now

Chorus

C **Dm** **F** **C**
Ooo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo oo-oo-oo-oo-ooo, oo-oo-oo-oo-ooo, oo-oo-oo-oo-oo

Verse

C **Dm**
Ain't got no place to lay your head. Somebody came and took your bed

F **C**
Don't worry, be happy

C **Dm**
The landlord say your rent is late, he may have to litigate

F **C**
Don't worry, be happy (look at me, I'm happy)

Chorus

C **Dm** **F** **C**
Ooo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo oo-oo-oo-oo-ooo, oo-oo-oo-oo-ooo, oo-oo-oo-oo-oo

Verse

C **Dm**
Ain't got no cash, ain't got no style ain't got no gal to make you smile

F **C**
Don't worry, be happy

C **Dm** **F** **F**
'Cause when you're worried, your face will frown and that will bring everybody down
F **C**
So don't worry, be happy. Don't worry be happy now

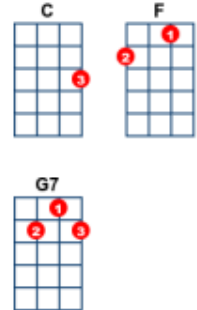
Chorus

Ooo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo oo-oo-oo-oo-ooo, oo-oo-oo-oo-ooo, oo-oo-oo-oo-oo

Wild Rover [C]

key:C, writer:Traditional

I've [C] been a wild rover for many a [F] year
And I [C] spent all me [G7] money on whiskey and [C] beer
But [C] now I'm returning with gold in great [F] store,
And I [C] promise to [G7] play the wild rover no [C] more



And it's [G7] no, nay, never (3 stomps or claps)
[C] No, nay, never, no [F] more, Will I [C] play the wild [F]
rover,
No [G7] never, no [C] more

I [C] went to an ale house I used to fre-[F]quent,
And I [C] told the land[G7]lady me money's all [C] spent,
I [C] asked her for credit, she answered me [F] "Nay...
Sure a [C] custom like [G7] yours I could get any [C] day."

And it's [G7] no, nay, never (3 stomps or claps)
[C] No, nay, never, no [F] more, Will I [C] play the wild [F] rover,
No [G7] never, no [C] more

[C] And from my pocket I took sovereigns [F] bright,
And the [C] landlady's [G7] eyes they lit up with de-[C]light,
She [C] said, "I have whiskeys and wines of the [F] best,
And I'll [C] take you up-[G7]stairs, and I'll show you the [C] rest.

And it's [G7] no, nay, never (3 stomps or claps)
[C] No, nay, never, no [F] more, Will I [C] play the wild [F] rover,
No [G7] never, no [C] more

I'll go [C] home to me parents, confess what I've [F] done,
And I'll [C] ask them to [G7] pardon their prodigal [C] son,
And [C] if they forgive me as oft times be-[F]fore,
Then I [C] promise I'll [G7] play the wild rover no [C] more!

And it's [G7] no, nay, never (3 stomps or claps)
[C] No, nay, never, no [F] more, Will I [C] play the wild [F] rover,
No [G7] never, no [C] more

Repeat Chorus to finish

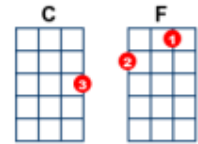


Iko Iko

key:F, artist:"Sugar Boy" James Crawford writer:James Crawford, Barbara Hawkins, Rosa Hawkins and Joan Johnson

Thanks to Ian Blackhouse for this one ! - separated from Jambaliko

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eM7imDuw-pY> But in F (I think)



Shaker: 1, 2, / 1, 2 / (then 2 bars of G)

[F] My grandma and your grandma were sittin' by the **[C]** fire
My grandma told your grandma: "I'm gonna set your flag on **[F]** fire"
[F] Talkin' 'bout Hey now (hey now), Hey now (hey now), iko iko un**[C]**day
Jockamo feeno ai nané Jockamo fee na**[F]**né

[F] Look at my king all dressed in red, Iko iko un**[C]**day
I betcha five dollars he'll kill you dead, Jockamo fee na**[F]**né
[F] Talkin' 'bout Hey now (hey now), Hey now (hey now), iko iko un**[C]**day
Jockamo feeno ai nané, Jockamo fee na**[F]**né

[F] My flag boy and your flag boy, were sittin' by the **[C]** fire
My flag boy told your flag boy: "I'm gonna set your tail on **[F]** fire!"
[F] Talkin' 'bout Hey now (hey now), Hey now (hey now), iko iko un**[C]**day
Jockamo feeno ai nané Jockamo fee na**[F]**né

[F] See that guy all dressed in green? Iko iko un**[C]**day
He's not a man, he's a lovin' machine, Jockamo fee na**[F]**né
[F] Talkin' 'bout Hey now (hey now), Hey now (hey now), iko iko un**[C]**day
Jockamo feeno ai nané Jockamo fee na**[F]**né

[C] Jockamo fee na**[F]**né
[C] Jockamo fee na**[F]**né

YOUR CHEATING HEART

written and recorded by Hank Williams (1952)

DR 09/23

Key: C **Start Note:** G **Time:** 4/4 time **Strum:** D_ du D_ du
(Cowboy Strum)

Intro: F/// G7/// C/// C↓

N/C C C7 F F
Your cheating heart.... will make you weep
 G7 C C /
You'll cry and cry.... and try to sleep
 G7 / C C7 F F
But sleep won't come.... the whole night through
 G7 C C /
Your cheating heart.... will tell on you

Chorus

 C7 / F C C
When tears come down....like falling rain
 D7 G7 G7↓
You'll toss a – round.....and call my name
 N/C C C7 F F
You'll walk the floor the way I do
 G7 C C↓
Your cheating heart..... will tell on you

N/C C C7 F F
Your cheating heart.... will pine some - day
 G7 C C /
And crave the love you threw a - way
 G7 / C C7 F F
The time will come.... when you'll be blue
 G7 C C /
Your cheating heart.... will tell on you

Chorus

 C / F C C
When tears come down....like falling rain
 D7 G7 G7↓
You'll toss a – round.....and call my name
 N/C C C7 F F
You'll walk the floor the way I do
 G7 C C↓
Your cheating heart..... will tell on you

N/C G7 C C↓
Outro: Your cheating heart....will tell... on...you!

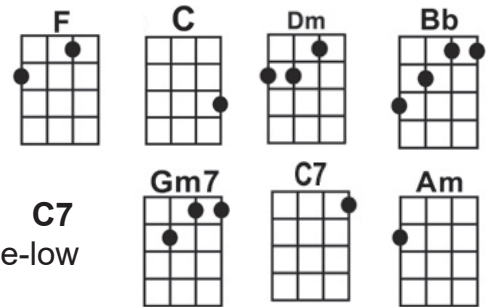
DR 09/23

One Tin Soldier *Dennis Lambert and Brian Potter, 1969*

F C Dm Bb F Bb F F/ Bb F F F/ Bb F

F C Dm

Bb F Gm7 C7 Am



Listen, children, to a story that was written long ago

'Bout a kingdom on a mountain and the valley-folk be-low

On the mountain was a treasure buried deep beneath the stone

And the valley people swore they'd have it for their very own

Go ahead and hate your neighbour, go ahead and cheat a friend
Do it in the name of heaven, you can justify it in the end

There won't be any trumpets blowing, come the judgment day
On the bloody morning after... One tin soldier rides a-way



So the people of the valley sent a message up the hill
Asking for the buried treasure, tons of gold for which they'd kill

Came an answer from the kingdom: With our brothers we will share
All the secrets of our mountain, all the riches buried there

CHORUS

Now the valley cried with anger: "Mount your horses! Draw your sword!"
And they killed the mountain people, so they won their just re-ward

Now they stood be-side the treasure, on the mountain, dark and red
Turned the stone and looked beneath it. "Peace on Earth" was all it said

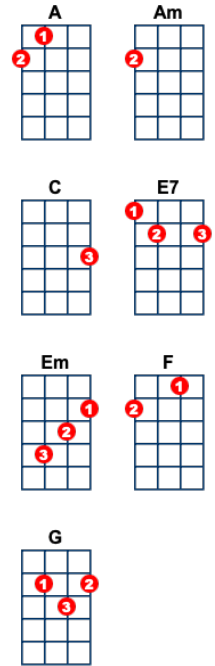
CHORUS x2

Happy Together [Am]

key:Am, artist:The Turtles writer:Garry Bonner and Alan Gordon

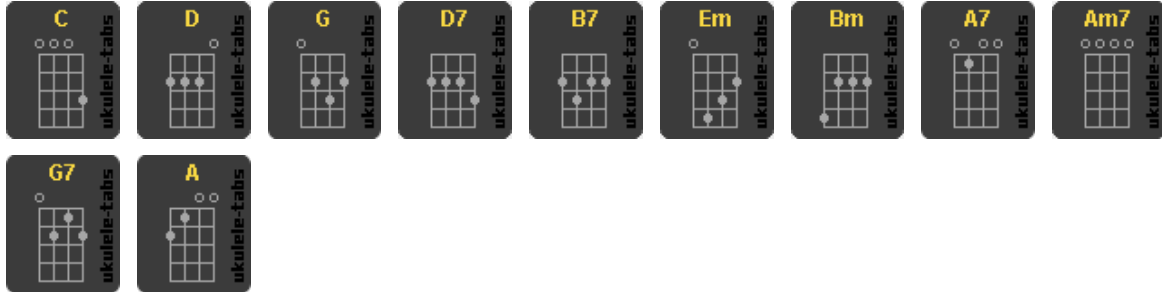
The Turtles - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9ZEURntrQOg> But in Db ?

Imagine [Am] me and you I do
I think about you [G] day and night it's only right
To think about the [F] girl you love and hold her tight
So happy to-[E7]gether
If I should [Am] call you up invest a dime
And you say you be-[G]long to me and ease my mind
Imagine how the [F] world could be so very fine
So happy to-[E7]gether [E7]
[A] I can't see me [Em] lovin' nobody but [A] you for all my [C] life
[A] When you're with me
[Em] Baby the skies'll be [A] blue for all my [C] life
[Am] Me and you and you and me
No matter how they [G] toss the dice it had to be
The only one for [F] me is you and you for me
So happy to-[E7]gether [E7]
[A] I can't see me [Em] lovin' nobody but [A] you for all my [C] life
[A] When you're with me
[Em] Baby the skies'll be [A] blue for all my [C] life
[Am] Me and you and you and me
No matter how they [G] toss the dice it had to be
The only one for [F] me is you and you for me
So happy to-[E7]gether [E7]
[A] Ba-ba-ba-ba [Em] ba-ba-ba-ba ba-ba-[A] ba ba-ba-ba-[C] ba
[A] Ba-ba-ba-ba [Em] ba-ba-ba-ba ba-ba-[A] ba ba-ba-ba-[C] ba
[Am] Me and you and you and me
No matter how they [G] toss the dice it has to be
The only one for [F] me is you and you for me
So happy to-[E7]gether (oo-oo-oo-oo)
[Am] So happy to-[E7]gether (oo-oo-oo-oo) [Am] how is the [E7] weather [Am]
So happy to-[E7]gether [Am] we're happy to-[E7]gether [Am]
So happy to-[E7]gether [Am] happy to-[E7]gether [Am]
So happy to-[E7]gether [Am] so happy to-[E7]gether [A]



GOOD MORNING STARSHINE

UKE TAB BY HAIR



Intro:

C D C D C D C

Verse:

 C D C
Good mornin' starshine,
 D C D C
the earth says hello
 D C D C
You twinkle above us
 D G D7
We twinkle below

 C D C
Good mornin' starshine,
 D C D C
You lead us along
 B7 Em G C Bm
My love and me as we sing
 A7 D7 G
our early mornin' singin' song

Chorus:

 G Bm
Glibby gloop gloopy nibby nabby noopy
 Am7 D7
la la la lo lo
Am7 D7 Am7 D7
Sabba sibby sabba nooby abba nabba
 G G7
le le lo lo
 C B7 Em Am7
Tooby ooby walla nooby abba nabba
 G D7 G
Early mornin' singin' song

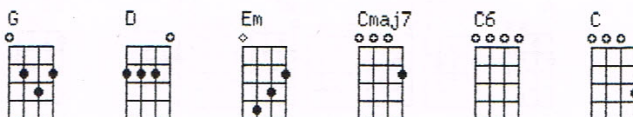
(repeat verse and chorus)

G **Bm** **Am7** **D7**
Singin' a song, hummin' a song, singin' a song
Am7 **D7** **Am7** **D7** **G** **G7**
Lovin' a song, laughin' a song, singin' the song
C **B7** **Em** **Am7**
Sing the song, song the sing
G **Em** **Am7** **D7** **G**
song song song sing, sing sing sing song
G **Em** **Am7** **D7** **G**
song song song sing, sing sing sing song

A D G

Let It Be

By John Lennon and Paul McCartney



Intro: G / D / , Em / Cmaj7 C6 , G / D / , C / G /

Starting note: D

G / D / Em / Cmaj7 C6
When I find myself in times of trouble . . . Mother Mary comes to me,

G / D / C / G /
Speaking words of wisdom . . . let it be,

G / D / Em / Cmaj7 C6
And in my hour of darkness . . . she is standing right in front of me,

G / D / C / G /
Speaking words of wisdom . . . let it be.

Em / D / C / G / G / D / C / G /
Let it be . . . let it be . . . let it be . . . let it be . . . whisper words of wisdom . . . let it be.

G / D / Em / Cmaj7 C6
And when the broken hearted people . . . living in the world a-gree,

G / D / C / G /
There will be an answer . . . let it be.

G / D / Em / Cmaj7 C6
But though they may be parted . . . there is still a chance that they will see,

G / D / C / G /
There will be an answer . . . let it be.

Em / D / C / G / G / D / C / G /
Let it be . . . let it be . . . let it be . . . let it be . . . yeah, there will be an answer . . . let it be.

Em / D / C / G / G / D / C / G /
Let it be . . . let it be . . . let it be . . . let it be . . . whisper words of wisdom . . . let it be.

G / D / Em / Cmaj7 C6
And when the night is cloudy . . . there is still a light that shines on me,

G / D / C / G /
Shine until to-morrow . . . let it be.

G / D / Em / Cmaj7 C6
I wake up to the sound of music . . . Mother Mary comes to me,

G / D / C / G /
Speaking words of wisdom . . . let it be,

Em / D / C / G / G / D / C / G /
Let it be . . . let it be . . . let it be . . . let it be . . . yeah, there will be an answer . . . let it be.

Em / D / C / G / G / D / C / G /
Let it be . . . let it be . . . let it be . . . let it be . . . whisper words of wisdom . . . let it be.

Outro: C / G / , D C G stop

Dirty Old Town

Ewan MacColl (1949)

October 2020

Key of C 4/4 Time start on G Calypso Strumming pattern

Intro: G . . . | | C . . . | C\ or Harmonica instrumental playing verse 1

Verse 1 (---*Tacet*---)|C . . . | | |
I found my love, on the gas works croft
. . . . | F . . . | | C . . . |
Dreamed a dream, by the old can-al
. . . . | | | |
Kissed my girl, by the factory wall
. . . | G . . . | | Am . . . | Am\
Dirty old town, dirty old town

(*tacet*)

Verse 2 | C . . . | | |
I heard a si----ren from the dock
. . . | F . . . | | C . . . |
Saw a train, set the night on fire
. . . . | | | |
Smelled the spring, on the smoky wind
. . . | G . . . | | Am . . . | Am\
Dirty old town, dirty old town

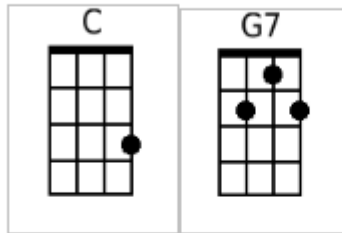
(*tacet*)

Verse 3 | C . . . | | |
Clouds are craw-ling across the sky
. . . | F . . . | | C . . . |
Cats are prow-ling upon their beat
. . . . | | | |
Springs a girl, in the street at night
. . . | G . . . | | Am . . . | Am\
Dirty old town, dirty old town

(*tacet*)

Verse 4 | C . . . | | |
I'm going to make a good sharp axe
. . . | F . . . | | C . . . |
Shining steel, tempered in the fire
. . . . | | | C\ ---- | ----
Will chop you down, like an old dead tree. (*Ritard*)
. . . | G\ ---- | F\ -- -- | Am\ . . . | Am\
Dirty old town, dirty old town

Paperback Writer – The Beatles



Pa - per - back wri - ter pa - per - back wri - ter

Dear [G7] Sir or Madam will you read my book
It took me years to write will you take a look
It's based on a novel by a man named Lear
And I need a job so I want to be a paperback [C] writer
Paper back [G7] writer

It's a dirty story of a dirt-y man and his
clinging wife doesn't un-der-stand
His son is working for the Daily Mail
It's a stead
y job but he wants to be a pa-per-back [C] writ-er
paper-back [G7] writer

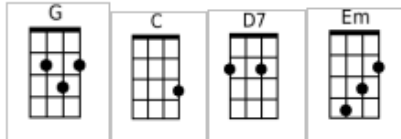
It's a thousand pages give or take a few
I'll be writing more in a week or two
I can make long-er if you like the style
I can change it round and I want to be a pa-per-back [C] writ - er
paper-back [G7] writer

If you really like it you can have the rights
it could make a million for you over-night
If you must return it you can send it here
But I need a break and I want to be a pa-per-back [C] writ - er
pa - per-back [G7] writer

Pa - per-back writ – er, pa-per-back writ - er

Pa - per- back writ – er [G7]

Brown Eyed Girl – Van Morrison



Intro: [G], [C], [G], [D7], [G], [G], [C], [D7], [G] single strums on each

[G] Hey where did [C] we go, [G] days when the [D7] rains came
[G] Down in the [C] hollow, [G] playing a [D7] new game
[G] Laughing, and a [C] running, hey, hey, [G] skipping and a [D7] jumping
[G] In the misty [C] morning fog, [G] with our hearts a [D7] thumpin' and
[C] You, [D7] my brown eyed [G] girl [Em],
[C] you [D7] my brown eyed [G] girl [D7]

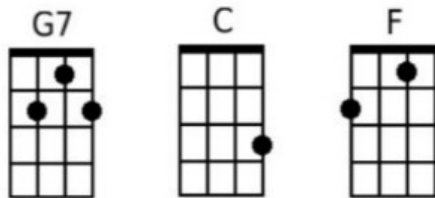
[G] Whatever [C] happened to [G] Tuesday and [D7] so slow
[G] Going down to the [C] old mine with a [G] transistor [D7] radio
[G] Standing in the [C] sunlight laughing, [G] hidin b'hind a [D7] rainbow's wall
[G] Slipping and a [C] sliding, hey, hey, [G] All along the [D7] waterfall with
[C] You, [D7] my brown eyed [G] girl [Em],
[C] You [D7] my brown-eyed [G] girl

[D7] Do you remember when we used to [G] sing
Sha la la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D7] da (Just like that)
[G] Sha la la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D7] da la te [G] da

[G] So hard to [C] find my way, [G] Now that I'm [D7] on my own
[G] I saw you just the [C] other day, [G] my, how [D7] you have grown
[G] Cast my memory [C] back there Lord.
[G] Sometimes I'm [D7] overcome thinkin' 'bout it
[G] Makin' love in the [C] green grass [G] behind the [D7] stadium with
[C] You, [D7] my brown eyed [G] girl. [Em]
[C] You [D7] my brown eyed [G] girl.

[D7] Do you remember when we used to [G] sing
Sha la la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D7] da (Just like that)
[G] Sha la la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D7] da la te [G] da
[G] Sha la la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D7] da
[G] Sha la la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D7] da la te [G] da

Town This Size – John Prine



In a [C] town this size there's [F] no place to hide
Every [C] where you go you meet [G7] someone you know
You can't [C] steal a kiss in a [F] place like this
How the [C] rumors do fly in a [G7] town this [C] size

In a [C] smoky bar in the [F] back seat of your car
In your [C] own little house someone is [G7] sure to find out
What you [C] do and what you think
What you [F] eat and what you drink
If you smoke [C] a cigarette they'll be [G7] talking about your breath

In a [C] town this size there's [F] no place to hide
Every [C] where you go you meet [G7] someone you know
You can't [C] steal a kiss in a [F] place like this
How the [C] rumors do fly in a [G7] town this [C] size

Oh I [C] had a fight with my [F] girlfriend last night
Before the [C] moon went down it was [G7] all over town
How I [C] made her cry how she [F] said goodbye
If it's [C] true or not doesn't [G7] seem to count a lot

In a [C] town this size there's [F] no place to hide
Every [C] where you go you meet [G7] someone you know
You can't [C] steal a kiss in a [F] place like this
How the [C] rumors do fly in a [G7] town this [C] size
In a [G7] town this [C] size
In a [G7] to-----wn this [C] size [G7] [C]