"Back in the Saddle/Seattle Again (NWFL)"

Intro: (Last Line) F-C-Am-C-G7-C-G7

I’m back in the saddle again
F C C7
Out where a friend is a friend
F C Am
Where the longhorn cattle feed on the lowly Jimson weed
D7 G7
Back in the saddle again
C G7 C C7
Riding the range once more
F C C7
Totin’ my old forty-four
F C Am
Where you sleep out every night and the only law is right
C G7 C C7
Back in the saddle again

Whoopi ti yi yo, rockin’ to and fro. Back in the saddle again
F C Am C G7 C G7
Whoopi ti yi yay, I go my way. Back in the saddle again

I’m back in Seattle again
F C C7
Out where a latte’s your friend
F C Am
Where the Boeing airplanes gleam and the Microsofties teem
D7 G7
Back in Seattle again
C G7 C C7
Ridin’ the ferries once more
F C C7
Leavin’ my troubles ashore
F C Am
Where the SUPA members play and the skies are always gray
C G7 C C7
Back in Seattle again

Whoopi ti yi yo, sailin’ to and fro. Back in Seattle again
F C Am C G7 C (F C G7 C)
Whoopi ti yi yay, here I’m gonna stay. Back in Seattle again
King of the Road
Roger Miller, 1965

A Bm7 E7
Trailers for sale or rent
A
Rooms to let...fifty cents.
Bm7 E7
No phone, no pool, no pets
A

Bm7 E7
I ain’t got no cigarettes
A Bm7
Ah, but...two hours of pushin’ broom
E7 A
Buys an eight by twelve four-bit room
A7 D E7
I’m a man of means by no means
A
King of the road.
Bm7 E7
Third boxcar, midnight train
A
Destination...Bangor, Maine.
Bm7 E7
Old worn out suits and shoes,
A Bm7 E7
I don’t pay no union dues,
A
I smoke old stogies I have found
A
Short, but not too big around
A7 D E7
I’m a man of means by no means
A
King of the road.
D
I know every engineer on every train
E7 A
All of their children, and all of their names
D
And every handout in every town
E7
And every lock that ain’t locked when no one’s around. (I sing...)
E Huli Mâkou
David Chung, 1949

F
E huli, e huli mâkou
G7
E huli, e huli mâkou
C7
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e
F    G7-C7-F
E aloha mai

F
I mua, i mua mâkou
G7
I mua, i mua mâkou
C7
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e
F    G7-C7-F
E aloha mai

F
I lalo, i lalo mâkou
G7
I lalo, i lalo mâkou
C7
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e
F    G7-C7-F
E aloha mai

I hope, i hope mâkou
G7
I hope, i hope mâkou
C7
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e
F    G7-C7-F
E aloha mai

Ha‘ina, ha‘ina ho‘i mai
G7
E huli, e huli ho‘i mai
C7
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e
F    G7-C7-F
E aloha mai

Arranged for ukulele for the Seattle Ukulele Players Association, 2006 (www.seattleukulele.org)
Ragtime Cow Boy Joe (NWFL)

Words by Grant Clarke, Music by Lewis Muir & Maurice Abrahams 1912
Popularized post-WWII by Jo Stafford and in the '60s by the Chipmunks

F          Dm                  F           Dm
Out in Arizona where the bad men are,
F                   Dm                  G7
And the only friend to guide you is an Eve’ning star,
F           Dm         F          Dm    G7        C7         F
The roughest toughest man by far, is Ragtime Cowboy Joe.
A7
Got his name from singing to the cows and sheep
D7
Ev’ry night they say he sings the herd to sleep,
F     Dm     F          Dm    C7
In a basso rich and deep, Crooning soft and low.

CHORUS: (Faster!)
F
He always sings, raggy music to the cattle,
G7
As he swings, back and forward in the saddle,
C7
On a horse, that is syncopated, gaited,
F                  Dm              G7               C7
And there’s such a funny meter to the roar of his repeater.
F
How they run, when they hear that fellow’s gun,
G7
Because the Western folks all know,
C7
He’s a high-faluting, scooting, shooting
G7         C7          F
Son-of-a-gun from Arizona, Ragtime Cow Boy Joe.
G7         C7         G7          C7
(last time): Ragtime Cow Boy (Talk about your Cow Boy)
G7         C7          F -C7-F
Ragtime Cow Boy Joe.

F          Dm                  F           Dm
Dressed up ev’ry Sunday in his Sunday clothes,
F                   Dm                  G7
He beats it for the village where he always goes,
F           Dm         F          Dm    G7        C7         F
And ev’ry girl in town is Joe’s, ‘cause he’s a ragtime bear.
A7
When he starts a spieling on the dance hall floor,
D7
No one but a lunatic would start a war,
F     Dm     F          Dm    C7
Wise men know his forty four, Makes men dance for fair. (Chorus)
OBLADI OBLADA

C               G7
Desmond has a barrow in the market place
C
Molly is the singer in a band
F
Desmond says to Molly, “Girl I like your face,”
C       G7         C
And Molly says this as she takes him by the hand

[Chorus 1]:          G7 Am  C          G7       C
“Obladi oblada life goes on  bra   Lala how the life goes on
G7 Am  C          G7       C
Obladi oblada life goes on  bra   (*) Lala how the life goes on”

C               G7
Desmond takes a trolley to the jeweler’s store
C
Buys a twenty-carat golden ring
F
Takes it back to Molly waiting at the door
C       G7         C
And as he gives it to her she begins to sing.           (Chorus 1)

[C2]  C7-F               C       C7
In a couple of years they have built a home sweet home
F
With a couple of kids running in the yard of Desmond & Molly Jones.

C               G7
Happy ever after in the market place
C
Desmond lets the children lend a hand
F
Molly stays at home and does her pretty face
C       G7         C
And in the evening she still sings it with the band.        (Choruses 1 & 2)

C               G7
Happy ever after in the market place
C
Molly lets the children lend a hand
F
Desmond stays at home and does his pretty face
C       G7         C
And in the evening she’s a singer with the band.         (Chorus 1)

(*) = [End of last chorus]  Lala how the life goes on
And if you want some fun,    G7          C/
take Obladi-blada!
Hanalei Moon

Words & Music by Robert Nelson, 1974

Intro vamp: G\(^7\)-C\(^7\)-F (x2)

C\(^7\) F (D\(^7\))

When you see

G\(^7\)

Hanalei by moonlight,

G\(^m7\) C\(^7\) F

You will be in Heaven by the sea.

F (D\(^7\))

Every breeze,

G\(^7\)

Every wave will whisper,

G\(^m7\) C\(^7\) F (C\(^7\) C\(^+\))

“You are mine. Don’t ever go away.”

F (D\(^7\)) G\(^7\)

Hanalei,

Hanalei Moon

C\(^7\) B\(^b\)-B\(^bm\)-F C\(^7\)

Is lighting beloved Kaua‘i.

F (D\(^7\)) G\(^7\)

Hanalei,

Hanalei Moon,

C\(^7\) F (C\(^7\) to top) (D\(^7\) to last)

Aloha no wau ia oe.

Last time:

G\(^7\) C\(^7\) (Break & ritard)

Aloha no wau ia,

B\(^b\) B\(^bm\) F\(^maj7\)

Hana-lei Moon.

Arranged for ukulele for the Seattle Ukulele Players Association, 2007 (www.seattleukulele.org)
Daydream Believer

Words and music by John Stewart, 1967, performed by The Monkees

F                     Gm7
Oh I could hide 'neath the wings
A\(^m\)      B\(^b\)
Of the bluebird as she sings.
F                D\(^m7\)    G\(^7\)    C\(^7\)
The six o’clock alarm would never ring.
F                     Gm7
But it rings and I rise
A\(^m\)      B\(^b\)
Wipe the sleep out of my eyes.
F           D\(^m7\)    G\(^7\)    C\(^7\)    F
My shaving razor’s cold and it stings.

CHORUS (twice):
B\(^b\)       C\(^7\)       A\(^m\)
Cheer up sleepy Jean
B\(^b\)       C\(^7\)       A\(^m\)      B\(^b\)
Oh what can it mean, to a
F            B\(^b\)
Daydream believer and a
F                D\(^m\)    G\(^7\)    C\(^7\)
Homecoming queen.

F                     Gm7
You once thought of me
A\(^m\)      B\(^b\)
As a white knight on his steed.
F           D\(^m7\)    G\(^7\)    C\(^7\)
Now you know how happy I can be.
F                     Gm7
Oh, and our good times start and end
A\(^m\)      B\(^b\)
Without dollar one to spend
F           D\(^m7\)    G\(^7\)    C\(^7\)    F
But how much, baby, do we really need?

Arranged for ukulele for the Seattle Ukulele Players Association, 2006 (www.seattleukulele.org)
Wahine Ilikea

Dennis Kamakahi

[Hui]
F   Bb   F   Bb   F   Bb
Pu__a kalau__nu ma ke kai
F   C7

O Honouliwai
F   Bb   F   Bb
Wahine iblea i ka poli o Moloka‘i,
F   Bb   F   (F7)

No ka heke__________

Bb
Nani wale no, ka wai lele uka
F   F7
‘O Hina, ‘O Haha, ‘O Mo‘oloa
Bb
Na wai ‘ekolu

I ka ulu wehi wehi
F   C7
O Kamalo, i ka malie [hui]

Bb
Nani wale no ka‘aina Halawa
F   F7
Home ho‘okipa a ka malihini
Bb
‘Aina uluwehi

I ka noe ‘ahiahi
F   C7
Ua lawe mai i ka makani Ho‘olua [hui]

Arranged for ukulele for the Seattle Ukulele Players Association, 2006 (www.seattleukulele.org)
Cherry Pink (& Apple Blossom White)
Music by Louiguy (Louis Gugliemi), French lyrics by Jacques Larue/English lyrics by Mack David, 1951

D\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7} C F C /NC

D\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7}

It’s cherry pink and apple blossom white

C /NC

When your true lover comes your way

D\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7}

It’s cherry pink and apple blossom white

C F C /NC

The poets say.

D\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7}

The story goes that once a cherry tree

C /NC

Beside an apple tree did grow,

D\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7}

And there a boy once met his bride to be

C F C

Long, long ago.

G\textsuperscript{7} C

The boy looked into her eyes; It was a sight to enthrall.

G\textsuperscript{7} C

The breezes joined their sighs; The blossoms started to fall.

G\textsuperscript{7} C

And, as they gently caressed, the lovers looked up to find

G\textsuperscript{7} C /NC

The branches of the two trees were intertwined.

D\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7}

And that is why the poets always write

C /NC

When there’s a new moon bright above

D\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7}

It’s cherry pink and apple blossom white

C (F C)

When you’re in love!
Surfin' USA

Music & Lyrics by Brian Wilson with co-writing credit to Chuck Berry, 1963

If everybody had an ocean, across the U.S.A.

(ooooh) (ooooh)

Then everybody'd be surfin' like California.

(ooooh) (ooooh)

You'd see them wearin' their baggies, huarachi sandals too

(ooooh) (ooooh)

A bushy bushy blonde hairdo. Surfin' U.S.A.

(ooooh) (ooooh)

You'll catch 'em surfin' at Del Mar, Ventura County Line

(inside outside U.S.A.) (inside outside U.S.A.)

Santa Cruz and Tressels, Australia's Nirabine

(inside outside U.S.A.) (inside outside U.S.A.)

All over Manhattan, and down Doheny way.

(inside outside U.S.A.) (inside outside)

Everybody's gone surfin', surfin' U.S.A.

(ooooh) (ooooh)

We're waxin' down our surf boards. We can't wait for June.

(ooooh) (ooooh)

We'll all be gone for the summer. We're on safari to stay.

(ooooh) (ooooh)

Tell the teacher we're surfin', surfin' U.S.A.

(ooooh) (ooooh)

At Haggarty's and Swami's, Pacific Palisades

(inside outside U.S.A.) (inside outside U.S.A.)

San Onofre and Sunset, Redondo Beach, L.A.

(inside outside U.S.A.) (inside outside U.S.A.)

All over La Jolla and Waiamea Bay

(inside outside U.S.A.) (inside outside)

Everybody's gone surfin', surfin' U.S.A. (repeat 3 times)
Sweet Pea
Words & Music by Amos Lee, 2006

Intro: F₄ A₇₄ D⁷₄ G⁷₄ F₂ D⁷₂ G⁷₂ C⁷₂ F₄ C⁷₄

F       A⁷
Sweet Pea, apple of my eye
D⁷m     G⁷
Don’t know when and I don’t know why,
F        D⁷        G⁷       C⁷       F   (D⁷ G⁷) C⁷
You’re the only reason I keep on coming home.

F       A⁷
Sweet Pea, what’s all this about?
D⁷m     G⁷
Don’t get your way all you do is fuss and pout.
F        D⁷        G⁷       C⁷       F
You’re the only reason I keep on coming home.

(F)     A⁷
I’m like the Rock of Gibraltar,

I always seem to falter,

And the words just get in the way.

Oh I know I’m gonna crumble,

I’m trying to stay humble,

But I never think before I say...

(Instrumental verse, then bridge and last verse, below)

F       A⁷
Sweet Pea, keeper of my soul,
D⁷m     G⁷
I know sometimes I’m outa control.
F        D⁷        G⁷       C⁷
You’re the only reason I keep on coming...
F        D⁷        G⁷       C⁷
You’re the only reason I keep on coming...
F        D⁷        G⁷       C⁷       F   (C⁷ F)
You’re the only reason I keep on coming home.

(or optional last line)

F        D⁷(2)   G⁷(2)   C⁷(2)   F(2)
You’re the only reason I keep on coming home.
Ukulele Lady

Words by Gus Kahn, Music by Richard A. Whiting, 1925

C  A\textsuperscript{b7}  G\textsuperscript{7}  C
I saw the splendor of the moonlight on Honolu-lu Bay  A\textsuperscript{b7}  G\textsuperscript{7}  C

There’s something tender in the moonlight on Honolu-lu Bay
A\textsuperscript{m} E\textsuperscript{m} A\textsuperscript{m} E\textsuperscript{m}
And all the beaches are full of peaches who bring their ukes along
C D\textsuperscript{7}  G\textsuperscript{7}  G\textsuperscript{7+5}

And in the glimmer of the moonlight, they love to sing this song:

C  E\textsuperscript{m}  A\textsuperscript{m}  E\textsuperscript{m}  C  E\textsuperscript{m}  A\textsuperscript{m}  G\textsuperscript{o}
If you like a ukulele lady, ukulele lady like a you
D\textsuperscript{m}  G\textsuperscript{7}  D\textsuperscript{m}  G\textsuperscript{7}  D\textsuperscript{m}  G\textsuperscript{7}  C  G\textsuperscript{o}  G\textsuperscript{7}
If you want to linger where it’s shady, ukulele lady linger too.
C  E\textsuperscript{m}  A\textsuperscript{m}  E\textsuperscript{m}  C  E\textsuperscript{m}  A\textsuperscript{m}  G\textsuperscript{o}
If you kiss a ukulele lady, while you promise ever to be true
D\textsuperscript{m}  G\textsuperscript{7}  D\textsuperscript{m}  G\textsuperscript{7}  D\textsuperscript{m}  G\textsuperscript{7}  C  C\textsuperscript{maj7}  C\textsuperscript{7}
And she see another ukulele lady fool around with you.

F
Maybe she’ll sigh (an awful lot)
C
Maybe she’ll cry (or maybe not)
D\textsuperscript{7}  G\textsuperscript{7}  G\textsuperscript{7+5}

Maybe she’ll find somebody else by and by
C  E\textsuperscript{m}  A\textsuperscript{m}  E\textsuperscript{m}
To cling to when it’s cool and shady
C  E\textsuperscript{m}  A\textsuperscript{m}  G\textsuperscript{o}
Where the tricky wickie wackies woo
D\textsuperscript{m}  G\textsuperscript{7}  D\textsuperscript{m}  G\textsuperscript{7}  D\textsuperscript{m}  G\textsuperscript{7}  C
If you like a ukulele lady, ukulele lady like a you.

C  A\textsuperscript{b7}  G\textsuperscript{7}  C
She used to sing to me by moonlight on Honolu-lu Bay  A\textsuperscript{b7}  G\textsuperscript{7}  C

Fond mem’ries cling to me by moonlight although I’m far a-way
A\textsuperscript{m}  E\textsuperscript{m}
Someday I’m going where eyes are glowing
A\textsuperscript{m}  E\textsuperscript{m}
And lips were made to kiss
C  D\textsuperscript{7}  G\textsuperscript{7}  G\textsuperscript{7+5}
To see somebody in the moonlight and hear the song I miss.
West Seattle Girls
Brian Wilson/Mike Love/Dan Schindler

Well down town girls are hip, I really dig those styles they wear
And the Burien girls with the way they talk
They knock me out when I’m down there
The south sound farmer’s daughters really make you feel alright
And the Ballard girls with the way they kiss
They keep their boyfriends warm at night

(Chorus)
I wish they all could be West Seattle
I wish they all could be West Seattle
I wish they all could be West Seattle girls

Se-attle has no sunshine, So the girls don’t get too tanned
I dig a Gore-tex parka on a Vashon island doll
By a pine tree in the sand
I been all around this Puget Sound
And I seen all kinds of girls
Yeah, but I couldn’t wait to get over the bridge
Back to the cutest girls in the world

(Chorus)

(Coda (repeat to fade):
I wish they all could be West Seattle girls (X 3)
(wish they all could be West Seattle... X 3)
(Riff fade)