



Salmon Days 2014

SUPA plays Salmon Days 2014

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Back in the Saddle/Seattle Again (NWFL)

Intro: (Last Line) F-C-A^m-C-G⁷-C-G⁷

Soprano Baritone

C G⁷ C C⁷

I'm back in the saddle again

F C C⁷

Out where a friend is a friend

F

C

A^m

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

A^m

Where you sleep out every night and the only law is right

C G⁷ C C⁷

Back in the saddle again

F

C

G⁷

Whoopi ti yi yo, rockin' to and fro. Back in the saddle again

F

C

A^m

C

G⁷

C

G⁷

Whoopi ti yi yay, I go my way. Back in the saddle again

C G⁷ C C⁷

I'm back in Seattle again

F C C⁷

Out where a latte's your friend

F

C

A^m

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

A^m

Where the SUPA members play and the skies are always gray

C G⁷ C C⁷

Back in Seattle again

F

C

G⁷

Whoopi ti yi yo, sailin' to and fro. Back in Seattle again

F

C

A^m

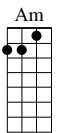
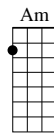
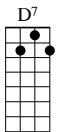
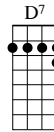
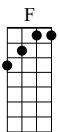
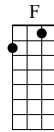
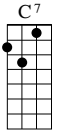
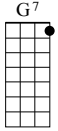
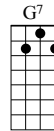
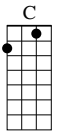
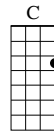
C

G⁷

C

(F C G⁷ C)

Whoopi ti yi yay, here I'm gonna stay. Back in Seattle again



Hanalei Moon

Words & Music by Robert Nelson, 1974

Intro vamp: G⁷-C⁷-F (x2)

C⁷ F (D⁷)

When you see

G⁷

Hanalei by moonlight,

G^{m7} C⁷

F C⁷

You will be in Heaven by the sea.

F (D⁷)

Every breeze,

G⁷

Every wave will whisper,

G^{m7}

C⁷

F

(C⁷ C⁺)

"You are mine. Don't ever go away."

F (D⁷) G⁷

Hanalei,

Hanalei Moon

C⁷

B^b-B^{bm}-F C⁷

Is lighting beloved Kaua'i.

F (D⁷) G⁷

Hanalei,

Hanalei Moon,

C⁷

F (C⁷ to top) (D⁷ to last)

Aloha no wau ia oe.

Last time:

G⁷

C⁷

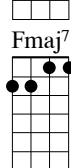
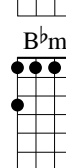
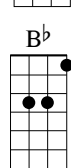
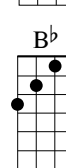
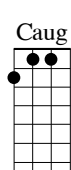
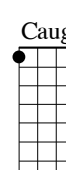
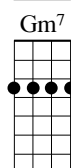
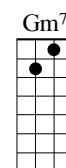
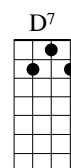
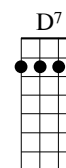
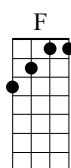
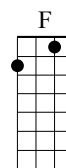
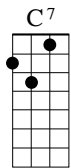
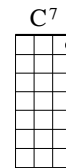
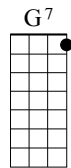
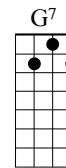
(Break & ritard)

Aloha no wau ia,

B^b B^{bm} F^{maj7}

Hana-lei Moon.

Soprano Baritone



Cherry Pink (& Apple Blossom White)

Music by Louiguy (Louis Gugliemi), Frech lyrics by Jacques Larue/English lyrics by Mack David, 1951

D^m G⁷ C F C /NC

It's cherry pink and apple blossom white

C /NC

When your true lover comes your way

D^m G⁷

It's cherry pink and apple blossom white

C F C /NC

The poets say.

D^m G⁷

The story goes that once a cherry tree

C /NC

Beside an apple tree did grow,

D^m G⁷

And there a boy once met his bride to be

C F C

Long, long ago.

G⁷

C

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

G⁷

C

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

G⁷

C

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

G⁷

C

/NC

The branches of the two trees were intertwined.

D^m

G⁷

And that is why the poets always write

C /NC

When there's a new moon bright above

D^m

G⁷

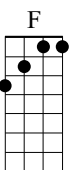
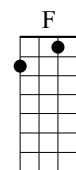
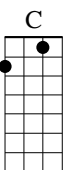
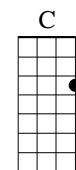
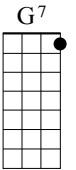
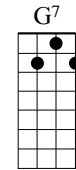
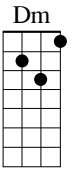
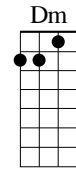
It's cherry pink and apple blossom white

C (F C)

When you're in love!

Soprano

Baritone



Dream a Little Dream of Me

Music by Milton Adolphus & Lyrics by Gus Kahn, 1931

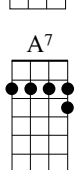
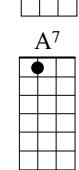
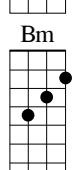
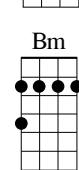
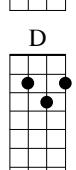
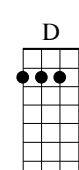
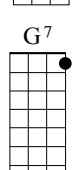
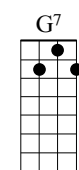
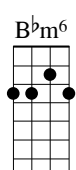
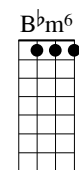
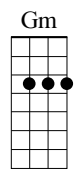
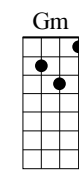
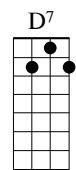
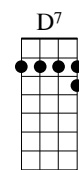
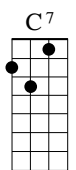
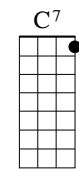
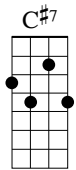
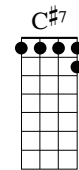
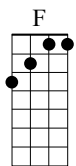
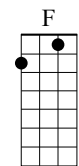
F C#7 C7
Stars shining bright above you.
F D7
Night breezes seem to whisper, "I love you."
Gm Bbm6
Birds singing in the sycamore tree,
F G7 C7
Dream a little dream of me.

F C#7 C7
Say, "Nighty-night," and kiss me.
F D7
Just hold me tight and tell me you'll miss me,
Gm Bbm6
While I'm alone and blue as can be,
F G7 C7 F
Dream a little dream of me.

D Bm A7
Stars fading, but I linger on, dear,
D Bm A7
Still craving your kiss.
D Bm A7
I'm longing to linger till dawn, dear,
D C7
Just saying this...

F C#7 C7
Sweet dreams till sunbeams find you,
F D7
Sweet dreams that leave all worries behind you,
Gm Bbm6
But in your dreams, whatever they be,
F Bbm6 C7 F
Dream a little dream of me.

Soprano Baritone



Everybody Loves A Lover

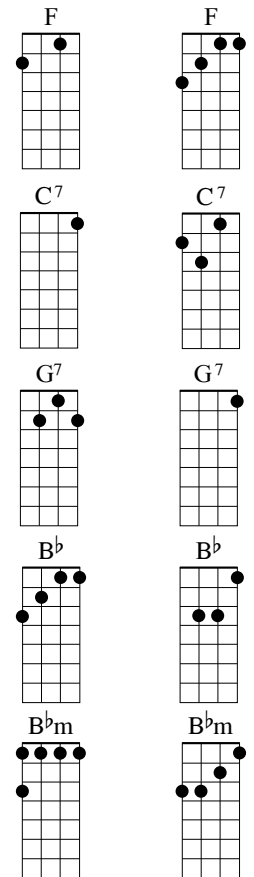
Music & Lyrics by Robert Allen & Richard Adler, 1958. Recorded by Doris Day (#6)

F C⁷
Everybody loves a lover; I'm a lover.
F
Everybody loves me
C
Anyhow, that's how I feel.
G⁷ C⁷
Wow, I feel just like a Pollyana.
F C⁷
I should worry, not for nothing.
F F⁷
Everybody loves me, yes, they do!
B^b B^{bm} F
And I love everybody
C⁷ F
Since I fell in love with you!

F C⁷
Who's the most popular personaltiy?
F
I can't help thinking it's no one else but me!
C G⁷
Gee, I feel just about ten feet tall, havin' a ball,
C⁷
Guess you might call me a Pollyana.
F C⁷
I should worry, not for nothing.
F F⁷
Everybody loves me, yes, they do!
B^b B^{bm} F
And I love everybody
C⁷ F
Since I fell in love with you!

(Last time)
C⁷ F
Since I fell in love with, fell in love with, fell in love with you!

Soprano Baritone



Intro:
Last line
Bb-Bbm-F-C7-F

Duet:
Verse 3 - Sing
Verse 1 and 2
simultaneously in
counterpoint
merging on the
word "Pollyana."

Runaway

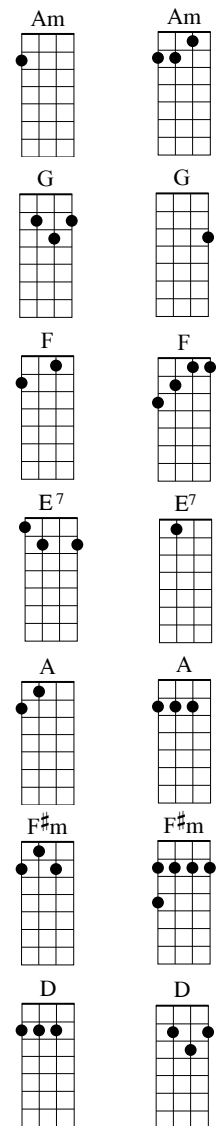
Words and music by Del Shannon and Max Crook, 1961

A^m G
 As I walk along, I wonder
 F
 A what went wrong with our love
 E⁷
 A love that was so strong

 A^m
 And as I still walk on
 G
 I think of the things we've done
 F E⁷
 Together, while our hearts were young

 A
 I'm a walkin' in the rain
 F^{#m}
 Tears are fallin' and I feel a pain
 A
 A wishin' you were here by me
 F^{#m}
 To end this misery
 A F^{#m}
 And I wonder, I wa wa wa wa wonder
 A
 Why~ a why, why, why, why
 F^{#m}
 Why she ran away
 D E⁷
 And I wonder a where will she sta~ay
 A
 My little runaway
 D
 A run, run, run, run
 A E⁷
 Runaway

Soprano Baritone



Optional Solo (repeat to top & strum first 2 verses)

A
 Runaway
 D
 A run, run, run, run
 A
 Runaway
 D
 A run, run, run, run
 A
 Runaway...

Haole Hula (NW Folklife)

Words & Music by R. Alex Anderson, 1928

Intro: G7// -C7// -F////, G7// -C7// -F// -C7// -F/-break

Oh when I hear the strains of that sweet Alekoki,

And stealing from a far off guitar Penei No

When Liliu E makes you sway in the moonlight

I know the reason why fair Hawaii haunts you so.

Vamp : G7// -C7// -F// -C7// -F/-break

The lovely blue of sky and the sapphire of ocean

The flashing white of cloud and of waves foaming crest

The many shades of green from the plain to the mountain

With all the brightest hues of the rainbow we're blessed.

Vamp : G7// -C7// -F// -C7// -F/-break

I hear the swish of rain as it sweeps down the valley

I hear the song of wind as it sighs through the trees

I hear the crash of waves on the rocks and the beaches

I hear the hissing surf and the boom of the seas.

Vamp : G7// -C7// -F// -C7// -F/-break

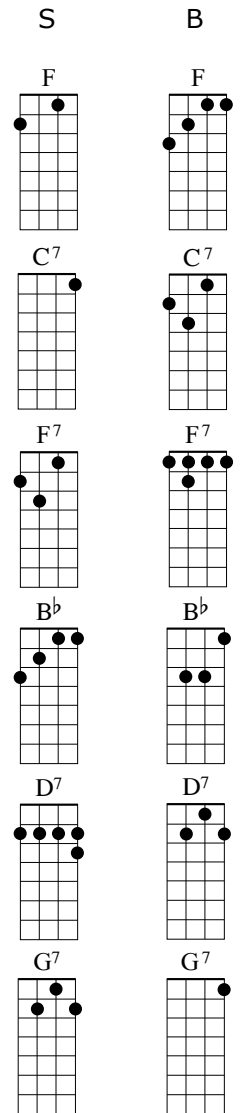
I love to dance and sing of the charms of Hawaii

And from a joyful heart sing Aloha to you.

In every note I'll tell of the spell of my islands

For then I know that you'll be in love with them too.

For then I know that you'll be in love with them too.



House of the Rising Sun

The Animals

Am C D F Am C E7 E7 (2 beats each - slowly)

There ^{Am} is ^C a house in ^D New ^F Or-leans,

They ^{Am} call ^C the rising ^{E7} Sun

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
 1. **C D F Am E7 Am E7**
 2. **C D F Am E7 Am** (fine)

My ^{Am} mother ^C was ^D a tailor ^F

She ^{Am} sewed ^C my new ^{E7} blue jeans

My ^{Am} father ^C was ^D a gambling ^F man

Down ^{Am} in New ^{E7} Orleans ^{Am} **C D F Am E7 Am E7**

And the ^{Am} only ^C things a ^D gambler ^F needs

Is a ^{Am} suitcase and a ^C trunk ^{E7}

And the ^{Am} only ^C time he's ^D satis - fied ^F

Is ^{Am} when he's ^{E7} all a ^{Am} drunk **C D F Am E7 Am E7**

I've ^{Am} got one ^C foot on the ^D platform ^F

The ^{Am} other ^C foot on the ^{E7} train

I'm ^{Am} going ^C back to New ^D Or-leans ^F

To ^{Am} wear the ^{E7} ball and ^{Am} chain **C D F Am E7 Am E7**

So ^{Am} mothers, ^C tell your ^D children ^F

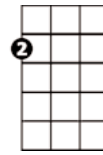
Not to ^{Am} do ^C what I ^{E7} have ^{////} done

Spend ^{Am} your ^C life in ^D sin and ^F misery

in the ^{Am} house of the ^{E7} Rising ^{Am} Sun **C D F Am E7 Am E7**

(Repeat first verse)

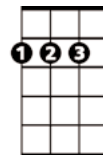
Soprano
G C E A
Am



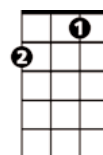
C



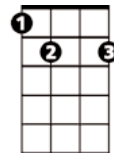
D



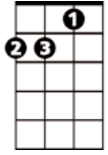
F



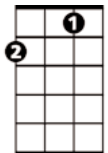
E7



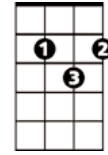
Baritone
D G B E
Am



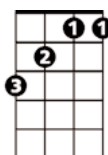
C



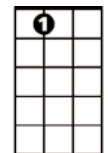
D



F



E7



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

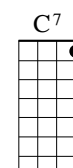
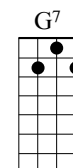
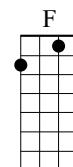
F
I hope, i hope mâkou
G⁷
I hope, i hope mâkou
C⁷
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e
F G⁷-C⁷-F
E aloha mai

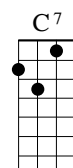
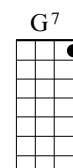
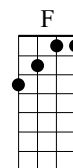
F
Ha'ina, ha'ina ho'i mai
G⁷
E huli, e huli ho'i mai
C⁷
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e
F G⁷-C⁷-F
E aloha mai

Soprano



Baritone



Tip Toe Through the Tulips

Words & Music by Joe Burke and Al Dubin, 1929
 Recorded by Nicholas Lucas, 1929; Tiny Tim, 1968
 Featured in *Gold Diggers of Broadway*, 1929 (Warner Brothers)

Intro: C (x2) G° (x2) G⁷ (x4)

C G° D^{m7} G⁷

Tip toe_____ to the window,

C E⁷

By the window,

F F^m

That is where I'll be.

C G° D^m G⁷ C G° G⁷

Come, tip toe_____ through the tulips_____ with me.

C G° D^{m7} G⁷

Tip toe_____ from your pillow,

C E⁷

To the shadow

F F^m

Of the willow tree.

C G° D^m G⁷ C F C

And tip toe_____ through the tulips_____ with me.

[bridge]

D^{m7} E^m

Knee deep in flowers we'll stray.

B⁷ D^{m7} G⁷

We'll keep the showers away.

C G° D^{m7} G⁷

And if I kiss you_____ in the garden,

C E⁷

In the moonlight,

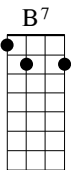
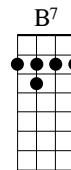
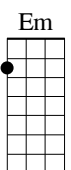
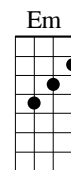
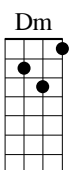
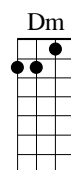
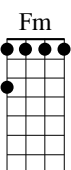
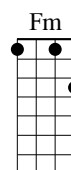
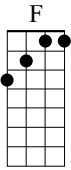
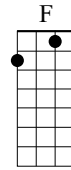
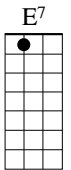
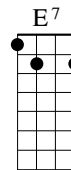
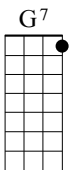
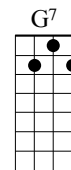
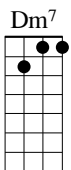
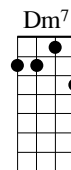
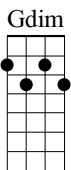
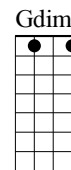
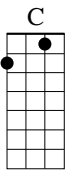
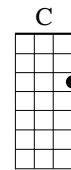
F F^m

Will you pardon me?

C G° D^m G⁷ C

Come, tip toe_____ through the tulips_____ with me.

Soprano Baritone



Jamaica Farwell

Music (Traditional). Words by Irving Louis Burgie (Lord Burgess), 1956

Soprano Baritone

Intro: | C | G⁷ | G⁷ | C | C | D^m | G⁷ | C | G⁷ |

C C⁷ F
Down the way where the nights are gay

G⁷ C
And the sun shines daily on the mountain top

C⁷ F
I took a trip on a sailing ship

G⁷ C
And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop

[CHORUS]

(C) D^m
But I'm sad to say, I'm on my way

G⁷ C
Won't be back for many a day

C⁷ F F^m
My heart is down, my head is turning around

C G⁷ C (G⁷)
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town

C C⁷ F
Sounds of laughter everywhere

G⁷ C
And the dancing girls swaying to and fro

C⁷ F
I must declare that my heart is there

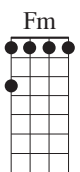
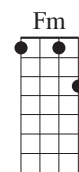
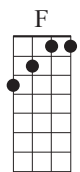
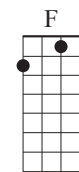
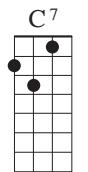
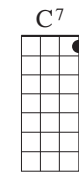
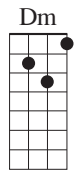
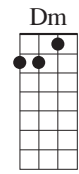
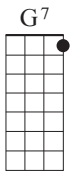
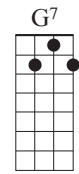
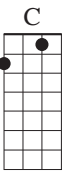
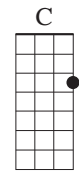
G⁷ C
Though I've been from Maine to Mexico

C C⁷ F
Down at the market you can hear

G⁷ C
Ladies cry out while on their head they bear

C⁷ F
Ackee rice, salt fish are nice

G⁷ C
And the rum is fine any time of year



L-O-V-E

Words & Music: Bert Kaempfert and Milt Gabler

Intro: G //// D7 //// G // Gdim // D7 ////

G D7
L is for the way you look at me

G
O is for the only one I see

G7 C
V is very, very extraordinary

A7 D7 (break) D7 (break)
E is even more than any-one that you a-dore can

G D7
Love is all that I can give to you.

G
Love is more than just a game for two.

G7
Two in love can make it,
C Gdim
Take my heart and please don't break it.

G D7 G // Gdim // D7 ////
Love was made for me and you_____.
[Repeat from top]

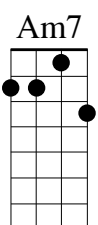
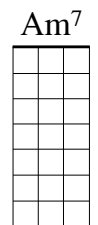
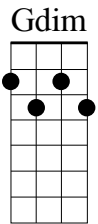
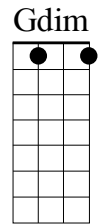
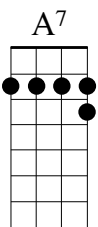
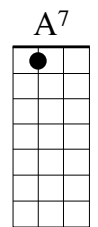
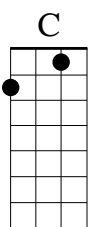
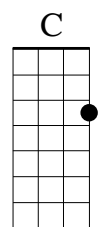
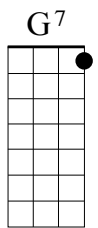
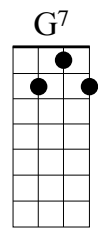
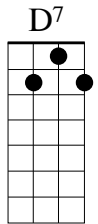
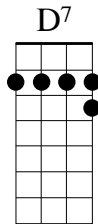
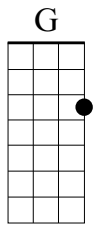
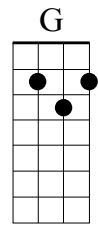
[2nd time]

G D7 G //// Am7 (break)
Love was made for me and you_____.

D7 G //// Am7 (break)
(That's almost true_____.)

D7 G //// C //// G //// / Gdim G
For me and you_____.

Soprano Baritone



Love Potion No. 9

Words & Music by Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller, 1959

Intro: D^m A⁷

D^m G^m
I took my troubles down to Madame Ruth.
D^m G^m
You know the gypsy with the gold-capped tooth.
F D^m
She's got a pad down on 34th and Vine,
B^b A⁷ D^m
She sells little bottles of - Love Potion No. 9.

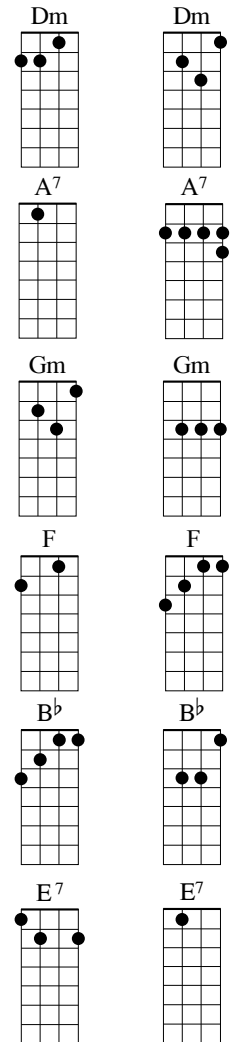
D^m G^m
I told her that I was a flop with chicks.
D^m G^m
I've been this way since 1956.
F D^m
She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign.
B^b A⁷ D^m
She said, "What you need is - Love Potion No. 9."

G^m
She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink.
E⁷
She said, "I'm gonna mix it up right here in the sink."
G^m
It smelled like turpentine and looked like India Ink.
A⁷
I held my nose. I closed my eyes. I took a drink.

D^m G^m
I didn't know if it was day or night.
D^m G^m
I started kissing every thing in sight.
F D^m
But when I kissed a cop down on 34th and Vine,
B^b A⁷ D^m
He broke my little bottle of - Love Potion No. 9.

A⁷ D^m
Love Potion No. 9
A⁷ D^m
Love Potion No. 9

Soprano Baritone



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

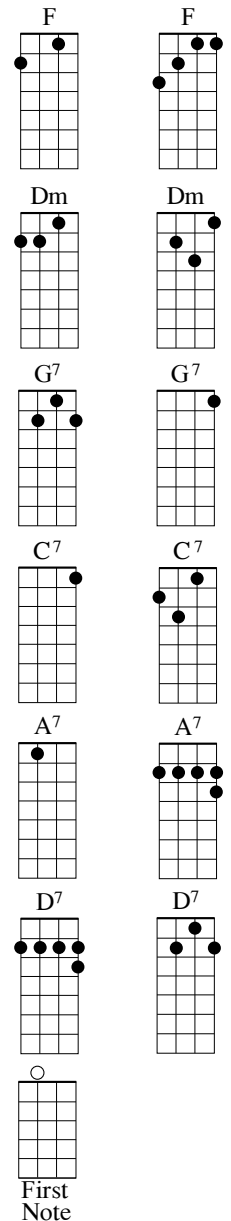
F Dm F Dm
Out in Arizona where the bad men are,
F Dm G7
And the only friend to guide you is an Eve'ning star,
F Dm F Dm G7 C7 F
The roughest toughest man by far, is Ragtime Cowboy Joe.
A7
Got his name from singing to the cows and sheep
D7
Ev'ry night they say he sings the herd to sleep,
F Dm F Dm C7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

Soprano Baritone



Intro:
Slow F-Dm-F-Dm

Margaritaville

Words and music by Jimmy Buffett

Intro: D (x8) G (x4) D (x4)

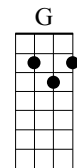
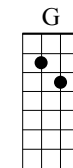
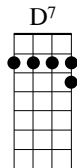
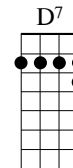
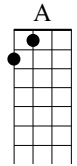
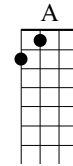
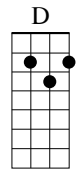
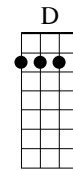
D
Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake,
All of those tourists covered with oil,
Strumming my six string, on my front porch swing,
Smell those shrimp, they're beginning to boil.
Wasting away again in Margaritaville,
Searching for my lost shaker of salt,
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
But I know it's nobody's fault.

D
Don't know the reason that I stayed here all season,
With nothing to show but this brand new tattoo,
But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie,
How it got here I haven't a clue.
Wasting away again in Margaritaville,
Searching for my lost shaker of salt,
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
Now I think, hell, it could be my fault.

D
Blew out my flipflop, stepped on a poptop
Cut my heel, had to cruise on back home,
But there's booze in the blender, and soon it will render,
That frozen concoction that helps me hang on.
Wasting away again in Margaritaville,
Searching for my lost shaker of salt,
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
But I know, it's my own damned fault.
Yes, some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
And I know it's my own damn fault.

Soprano

Baritone



Sway

Words and Music by Pablo Ruiz, English lyrics by Norman Gimbel, 1954

Intro Vamp: A^m //// E⁷ //// A^m //// E⁷ //// A^m / (N.C.)
E⁷

When marimba rhythms start to play

A^m

Dance with me, make me sway.

E⁷

Like a lazy ocean hugs the shore,

A^m

(N.C.)

Hold me close, sway me more.

E⁷

Like a flower bending in the breeze,

A^m

Bend with me, sway with ease.

E⁷

When we dance you have a way with me,

A^m

(N.C.)

Stay with me, sway with me.

[Bridge:]

G⁷

Other dancers may be on the floor,

C

Dear, but my eyes will see only you.

E⁷

Only you have that magic technique.

A^m

(N.C.)

When we sway I go weak.

E⁷

I can hear the sound of violins

A^m

Long before it begins.

E⁷

Make me thrill as only you know how,

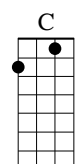
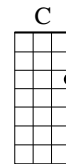
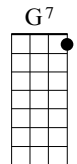
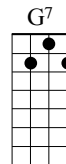
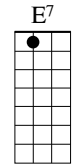
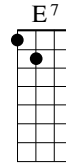
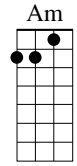
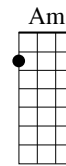
A^m

(N.C. to top)

Sway me smooth, sway me now.

(Last line repeat 3 times and fade)

Soprano Baritone



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]: G Am^{+C} / C G C
"Obladi oblada life goes on bra Lala how the life goes on
G Am^{+C} / C G 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] "Obladi oblada..."

[Chorus2] C7-F

F In a couple of years they have built a home sweet home C7
C G7 ~~~~
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.

[Chorus 1] "Obladi oblada..."

[Chorus2] "In a couple of years..."

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] "Obladi oblada..." - NOTE final ending below!!!

(*) = [End of last chorus] C G Am^{+C}
Lala how the life goes on
G7 C/rings out
And if you want some fun, take Obladi-blada!

WHEN I'M SIXTY FOUR (5/3/11) (Intro: C// Gdim// G// E7// A9// D7// G//~)

G D7
When I get older, losing my hair, many years from now,
/ G/
Will you still be sending me a valentine, birthday greetings, bottle of wine?
G7 C
If I'd been out till quarter to three, would you lock the door?
Gdim G E7 A9 D7 G
Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm sixty-four?

Em [8 beats] D [4 beats] Em [4 beats]
[no lyric here, but play the chords]
Em B7 [8 beats]
You'll be older too
Em (on 5th beat) Am C// D7/ / G/ D7
And if you say the word, I could stay with you.
G D7
I could be handy mending a fuse, when your lights have gone.
/ G/
You can knit a sweater by the fireside, Sunday mornings go for a ride.
G7 C
Doing the garden, digging the weeds, who could ask for more?
Gdim G E7 A9 D7 G
Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm sixty-four?

Em D
Every summer we can rent a cottage in the Isle of Wight
Em B7 [8 beats]
If it's not too dear. We shall scrimp and save.
Em (on 5th beat) Am C// D7/ / G/ D7
Grandchildren on your knee—Vera, Chuck, and Dave.
G D7
Send me a postcard, drop me a line, stating point of view.
/ G/
Indicate precisely what you mean to say, yours sincerely, wasting away.
G7 C
Give me your answer, fill in a form, mine for evermore
Gdim G E7 A9 D7 G Gdim/ G/
Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm sixty-four?

Witch Doctor

Words and music by Ross Bagdasarian, Sr. (aka David Seville), 1958

Soprano Baritone

A
I told the witch doctor I was in love with you

I told the witch doctor I was in love with you
E⁷ A
And then the witch doctor, he told me what to do

He said that... [refrain]

[refrain x2]
A D A E⁷
Ooo eee, ooo ah ah, ting tang, walla walla bing bang
A D B⁷ E⁷ A
Ooo eee, ooo ah ah, ting tang, walla walla bing bang

A
I told the witch doctor you didn't love me true
I told the witch doctor you didn't love me nice
E⁷ A
And then the witch doctor, he gave me this advice

He said that... [refrain + bridge]

[bridge]
D A
Now, you've been keeping love from me just like you were a miser
D A
And I'll admit I wasn't very smart
D A
So I went out and found myself a guy that's so much wiser
B⁷ E⁷
And he taught me the way to win your heart.

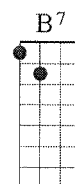
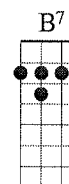
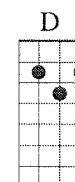
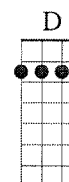
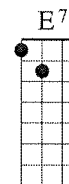
A
My friend the witch doctor, he taught me what to say

My friend the witch doctor, he taught me what to do
E⁷ A
I know that you'll be mine when I say this to you... [refrain + bridge]

A
My friend the witch doctor, he taught me what to say

My friend the witch doctor, he taught me what to do
E⁷ A
I know that you'll be mine when I say this to you,

Oh, baby... [refrain]



Garden Song/Inch by Inch

David Mallett 1975

F// G7// C// Am// Dm// G7// C// G7//

C F C
inch by inch, row by row,
F G7 C
Gonna make this garden grow,
F G7 C Am
All it takes is a rake and a hoe,
Dm G7
and a piece Of fertile ground.

C F C
inch by inch, row by row,
F G7 C
Someone bless these seeds I sow,
F G7 C Am
Someone warm them from below,
Dm G7 C G7
Till the rain comes tumblin down.

C F C
Pullin' weed's and pickin' stones,
F G7 C
man is made of dreams and bones,
F G7 C Am
feel the need to grow my own,
Dm G7
'cause the time is close at hand.

C F C
Grain for grain, sun and rain,
F G7 C
find my way in nature's chain,
F G7 C Am
tune my body and my brain
Dm G7 C G7
to the music from the land.

C F C
inch by inch, row by row,
F G7 C
Gonna make this garden grow,
F G7 C Am
All it takes is a rake and a hoe,
Dm G7
and a piece Of fertile ground.

C F C
inch by inch, row by row,
F G7 C
Someone bless these seeds I sow,
F G7 C Am
Someone warm them from below,
Dm G7 C G7
Till the rain comes tumblin down.

C F C
Plant your rows straight and long,
F G7 C
Temper them with prayer and song,
F G7 C Am
Mother earth will make you strong
Dm G7
If you give her loving care.

C F C
An old crow watching hungrily
F G7 C
From his perch in the yonder tree,
F G7 C Am
In my garden I'm as free
Dm G7 C G7
As the feathered thief up there.

C F C
inch by inch, row by row,
F G7 C
Gonna make this garden grow,
F G7 C Am
All it takes is a rake and a hoe,
Dm G7
and a piece Of fertile ground.

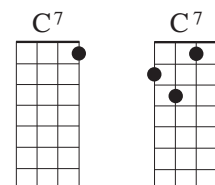
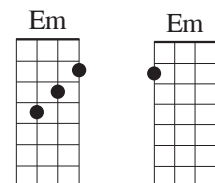
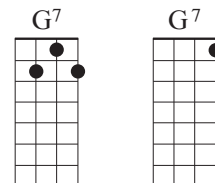
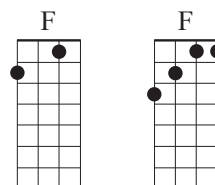
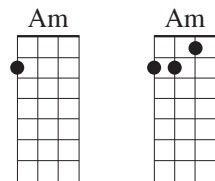
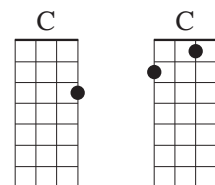
C F C
inch by inch, row by row,
F G7 C
Someone bless these seeds I sow,
F G7 C Am
Someone warm them from below,
Dm G7 C G7 C
Till the rain comes tumblin down.

(All I Have to Do Is) Dream

Boudleaux Bryant, 1958

C A^m F G⁷
 Dream, dream, dream, dream
 C A^m F G⁷
 Dream, dream, dream, dream
 C A^m F G
 When I want you ____ in my arms
 C A^m F G
 When I want you ____ and all your charms
 C A^m F G⁷
 Whenever I want you, all I have to do is
 C A^m F G
 Dream, dream, dream, dream
 C A^m F G
 When I feel blue ____ in the night
 C A^m F G
 And I need you ____ to hold me tight
 C A^m F G⁷
 Whenever I want you, all I have to do is
 C F C C⁷
 Dream
 F E^m
 I can make you mine, taste your lips of wine
 F G⁷ C C⁷
 Anytime ____, night or day
 F E^m
 Only trouble is, ____ gee whiz
 D⁷ G⁷
 I'm dreamin' my life away
 C A^m F G
 I need you so ____ that I could die
 C A^m F G
 I love you so ____ and that is why
 C A^m F G⁷
 Whenever I want you, all I have to do is
 C A^m F G⁷
 Dream, dream, dream, dream [last time, repeat to fade]
 C F C C⁷
 Dream [to bridge]

Soprano Baritone

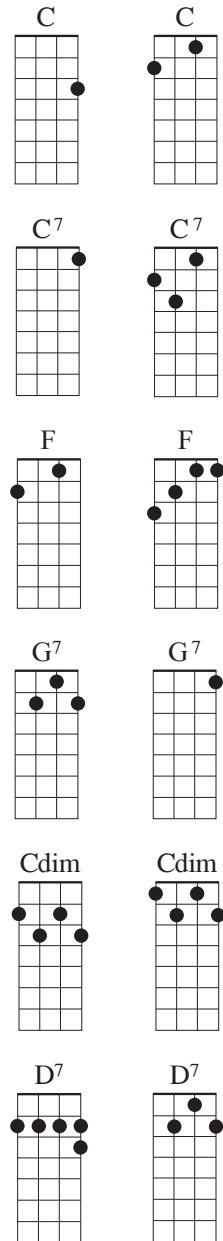


Beautiful Kaua'i

Words & music by Rudolph "Randy" Ferndon, 1968

Soprano Baritone

C C⁷ F C
 There's an island ____ across the sea,
 G⁷
 Beautiful Kaua'i,
 C
 Beautiful Kaua'i.
 C C⁷ F C
 And it's calling ____, yes, calling to me.
 G⁷
 Beautiful Kaua'i,
 C C⁷
 Beautiful Kaua'i.
 F
 In the midst of Fern Grotto,
 C C^o C
 Mother Nature made her home,
 D⁷
 Near the falls of Wailua
 G⁷
 Where lovers often roam.
 C C⁷ F C
 So I'll return to my isle across the sea,
 G⁷
 Beautiful Kaua'i,
 C
 Beautiful Kaua'i.
 C C⁷ F C
 Where my true love ____ is waiting for me,
 G⁷
 Beautiful Kaua'i,
 C
 Beautiful Kaua'i.



Blame it on the Bossa Nova

Music & lyrics by Cynthia Weil & Barry Mann, 1963

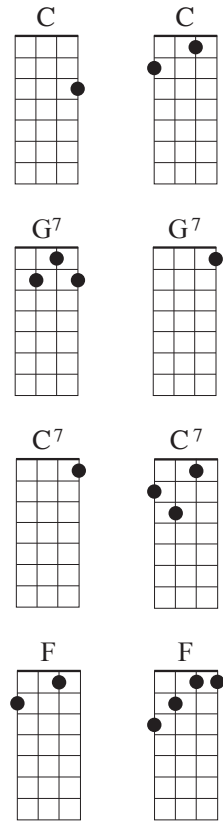
Soprano Baritone

C G⁷
I was at a dance, when s/he caught my eye,
C
Standin' all alone, lookin' sad and shy
C⁷ F
We began to dance, _____ swayin' to and fro,
C G⁷ C
And soon I knew I'd never let her/him go.

(N.C.) G⁷ C
Blame it on the Bossa Nova with its magic spell.
G⁷ C C⁷
Blame it on the Bossa Nova that s/he did so well.
F
Oh it all began with just one little dance,
C
But soon it ended up a big romance.
G⁷ C
Blame it on the Bossa Nova, the dance of love.

(N.C.) G⁷
Now was it the moon? (no, no, the Bossa Nova)
C
Or the stars above? (no, no, the Bossa Nova)
G⁷
Now was it the tune? (yeah, yeah, the Bossa Nova)
C
The dance of love.

C G⁷
Now I'm glad to say, I'm her/his guy/bride to be,
C
And we're gonna raise a family_____,
C⁷ F
And when our kids ask _____ how it came about
C G⁷ C
I'm gonna say to them without a doubt...

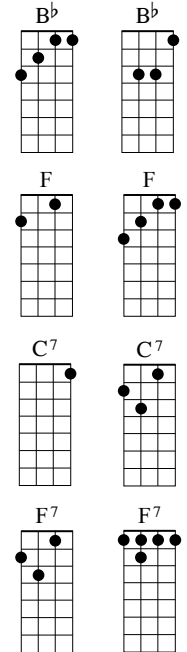


Bye Bye Love

Music & Lyrics by Felice and Boudleaux Bryant, 1957

B^b F B^b F
 Bye bye love. Bye bye happiness.
 B^b F C⁷ F (F⁷)
 Hello loneliness. I think I'm gonna cry.
 B^b F B^b F
 Bye bye love. Bye bye sweet caress.
 B^b F C⁷ F
 Hello emptiness. I feel like I could die.
 (NC) C⁷ F
 There goes my baby with someone new.
 C⁷ F F⁷
 She sure looks happy. I sure am blue.
 B^b C⁷
 She was my baby 'till he stepped in.
 F (F⁷)
 Goodbye to romance that might have been.
 B^b F B^b F
 Bye bye love. Bye bye happiness.
 B^b F C⁷ F (F⁷)
 Hello loneliness. I think I'm gonna cry.
 B^b F B^b F
 Bye bye love. Bye bye sweet caress.
 B^b F C⁷ F
 Hello emptiness. I feel like I could die.
 (NC) C⁷ F
 I'm through with romance. I'm through with love.
 C⁷ F F⁷
 I'm through with counting the stars above.
 B^b C⁷
 And here's the reason that I'm so free:
 F (F⁷)
 My lovin' baby is through with me.
 B^b F B^b F
 Bye bye love. Bye bye happiness.
 B^b F C⁷ F (F⁷)
 Hello loneliness. I think I'm gonna cry.
 B^b F B^b F
 Bye bye love. Bye bye sweet caress.
 B^b F C⁷ F
 Hello emptiness. I feel like I could die.
 C⁷ F
 Goodbye, my love, goodbye. (repeat and fade)

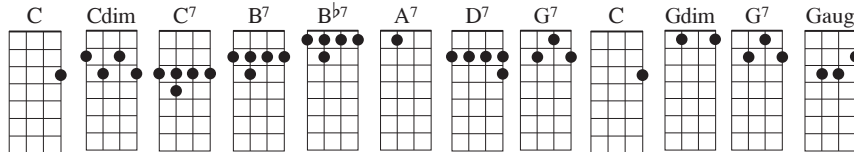
Soprano Baritone



Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue

Has Anybody Seen My Gal?

Music by Ray Henderson, lyrics by Samuel Lewis & Joseph Young, 1925



Intro: C C° C⁷ B⁷ B^{b7} A⁷ D⁷ G⁷ C G° G⁷ G⁺

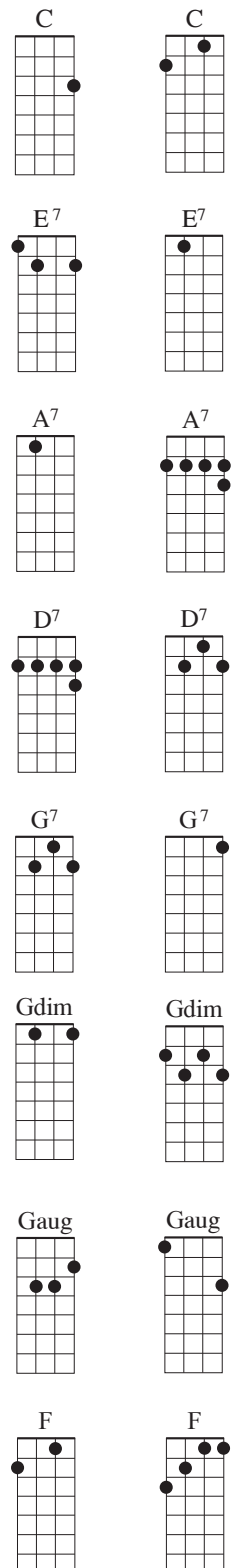
C E⁷
 Five foot two, eyes of blue,
 A⁷
 But oh, what those five feet could do.
 D⁷ G⁷ C (G° G⁷ G⁺)
 Has anybody seen my gal?

C E⁷
 Turned up nose, turned down hose,
 A⁷
 (1) Never had no other beaus,
 (2) Flapper, yes sir, one of those
 D⁷ G⁷ C (F C)
 Has anybody seen my gal?

E⁷
 Now if you run in to a five foot two
 A⁷
 Covered with fur,
 D⁷
 Diamond rings and all those things...
 G⁷ G⁺
 Bet yer life it isn't her!

C E⁷
 Well could she love, could she woo,
 A⁷
 Could she, could she, could she coo?
 D⁷ G⁷ C
 Has anybody seen my gal?

Soprano Baritone



Folsom Prison Blues

Words & Music by Johnny Cash (and Gordon Jenkins), 1955

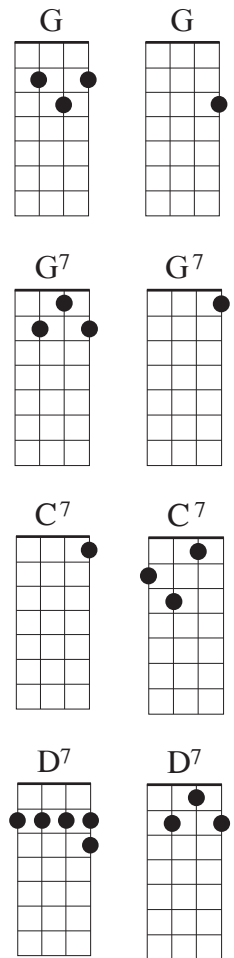
Soprano Baritone

G
I hear the train a-comin', it's rollin' 'round the bend,
(G⁷)
And I ain't seen the sunshine, since I don't know when.
C⁷ G
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, and time keeps draggin' on.
D⁷ G
But that train keeps a rollin' on down to San Antone.

G
When I was just a baby, my mama told me, "Son,
(G⁷)
Always be a good boy. Don't ever play with guns."
C⁷ G
But I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die.
D⁷ G
When I hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and cry.

G
I bet there's rich folk eatin' in a fancy dinin' car.
(G⁷)
They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars.
C⁷ G
But I know I had it comin', know I can't be free.
D⁷ G
But those people keep a-movin', and that's what tortures me.

G
Well if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine,
(G⁷)
I bet I'd move it on a little farther down the line,
C⁷ G
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay.
D⁷ G
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away.



Tiny Bubbles

Words & Music by Leon Pober, 1966

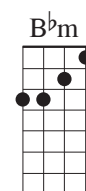
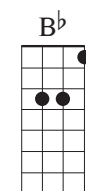
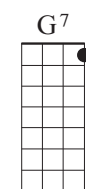
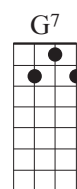
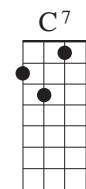
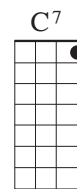
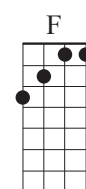
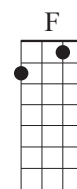
C⁷ F
 Tiny bubbles,
 C
 In the wine

 Make me happy,
 F
 Make me feel fine.
 C⁷ F F⁷
 Tiny bubbles,
 B^b (B^{bm})
 Make me warm all over,
 F
 With the feeling that I'm gonna
 C⁷ F
 Love you 'til the end of time.
 B^b
 So here's to the golden moon,
 F
 And here's to the silvery sea.
 G⁷ C⁷
 But mostly here's a toast to you and me.
 F
 Tiny bubbles (Hua li'i)
 C⁷
 In the wine (I ka waina)

 Make me happy (Au hau'oli)
 F
 Make me feel fine (I ka wa au inu)
 C⁷ F F⁷
 Tiny bubbles,
 B^b (B^{bm})
 Make me warm all over,
 F
 With the feeling that I'm gonna
 C⁷ F
 Love you 'til the end of time.

Soprano

Baritone



Hello Mary Lou

Gene Pitney and Cayet Mangiaracina, 1961

Soprano Baritone

[chorus]

G C
Hello Mary Lou, ____ goodbye heart.

G D⁷
Sweet Mary Lou I'm so in love with you.

G B⁷ E^m
I knew, Mary Lou, ____ we'd never part.

A⁷ D⁷ G
So hello Mary Lou, goodbye heart.

G
Passed me by one sunny day,
C
Flashed those big brown eyes my way,

G D⁷
And ooh, I wanted you forever more.

G
Now, I'm not one that gets around,

C
Swear my feet stuck to the ground,

G D⁷ G
And though I never did meet you before. (I said...)

G
I saw your lips, I heard your voice.

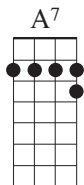
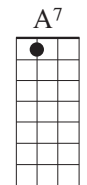
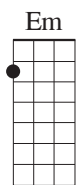
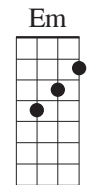
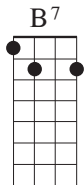
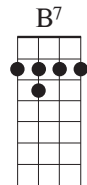
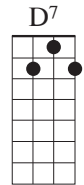
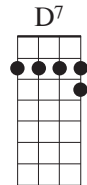
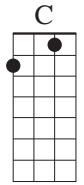
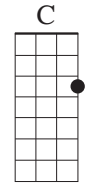
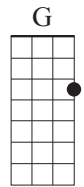
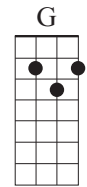
C
Believe me I just had no choice.

G D⁷
Wild horses couldn't make me stay away.

G
I thought about a moonlit night,

C
My arms around you good and tight.

G D⁷ G
That's all I had to see for me to say (Hey, hey...)



Jumbalaya (On the Bayou)

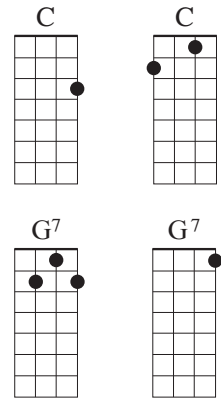
Hank Williams, 1952

C G⁷
Good-bye 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)

G⁷
Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and filé gumbo
C
'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher ami-o
G⁷
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o
C
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou
C G⁷
Thibodeaux, Fontainenot, 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
G⁷
Settle down, far from town, get me a pirogue
C
And I'll catch all the fish in the bayou
G⁷
Swap my mon to buy Yvonne what she need-o
C
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou

Soprano Baritone



King of the Road

Roger Miller, 1965

Soprano Baritone

A B^{m7} E⁷

Trailers for sale or rent

A

Rooms to let...fifty cents.

B^{m7}

E⁷

No phone, no pool, no pets

I ain't got no cigarettes

A

B^{m7}

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.

B^{m7}

E⁷

Third boxcar, midnight train

A

Destination...Bangor, Maine.

B^{m7}

E⁷

Old worn out suits and shoes,

I don't pay no union dues,

A

B^{m7}

E⁷

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

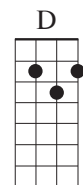
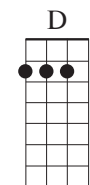
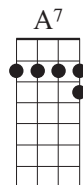
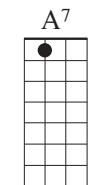
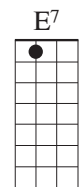
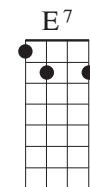
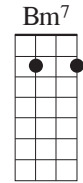
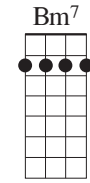
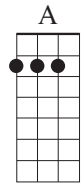
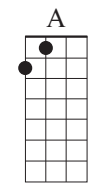
All of their children, and all of their names

D

And every handout in every town

E⁷

And every lock that ain't locked when no one's around. (I sing...)



Singing the Blues

Melvin Endsley, 1956

Soprano Baritone

C F
Well, I never felt more like singin' the blues

C G⁷
'Cause I never thought that I'd ever lose
F G⁷
Your love dear.

C
Why'd you do me that way

F
I never felt more like cryin' all night

C
When everything's wrong,
G⁷ F G⁷
And nothin' ain't right without you

C
Why'd you do me that way

F C
The moon and stars no longer shine

F C
The love is gone I thought was mine

F C
There's nothing left for me to do

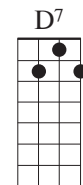
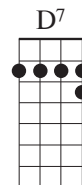
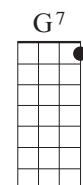
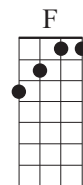
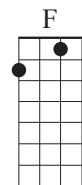
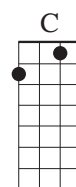
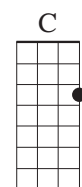
D⁷ G⁷
But cry_____ over you

C F
Well I never felt more like runnin' away

C G⁷
But I couldn't go, 'cause I couldn't stay

F G⁷
Without you

C
You've got me singin' the blues



My Little Grass Shack

Bill Cogswell, Tommy Harrison & Johnny Noble, 1933

F
I want to go back to my little grass shack
(D⁷) G⁷
In Kealakekua, Hawaii.
C⁷
I want to be with all the kanes and wahines
F
That I used to know (so long ago).

A⁷ (A⁺) A⁷
I can hear the old guitars a-playing
D⁷
On the beach at Ho'onaunau.
G⁷
I can hear the old Hawaiians saying,
C⁷
"Komo mai no kâua i ka hale welakahao!"

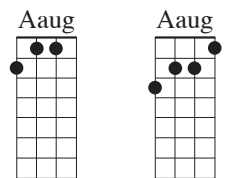
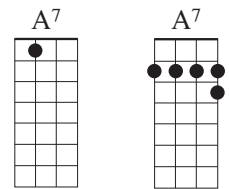
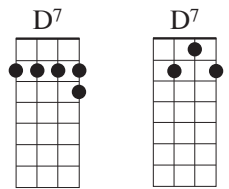
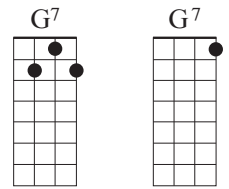
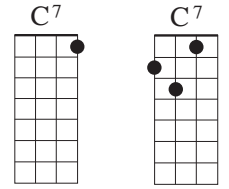
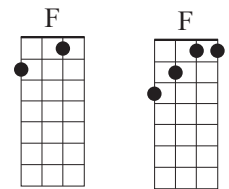
F
It won't be long till my ship will be sailing
(D⁷) G⁷
Back to Kona
C⁷ A⁷
A grand old place that's always fair to see,
(You're telling me)

D⁷
I'm just a little Hawaiian

And a homesick island boy.
G⁷
I want to go back to my fish and poi.

F
I want to go back to my little grass shack
(D⁷) G⁷
In Kealakekua, Hawaii,
C⁷ F
Where the humuhumunukunukuapua'a go swimming by.

Soprano Baritone



Blue Moon

Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, 1934

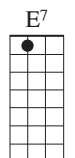
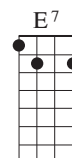
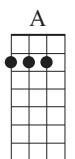
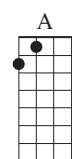
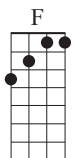
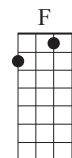
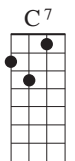
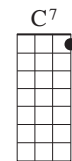
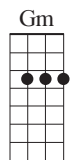
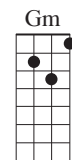
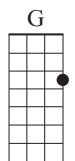
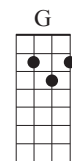
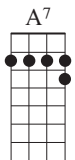
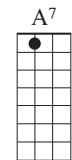
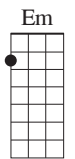
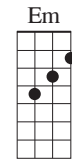
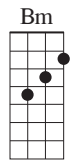
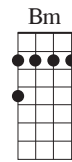
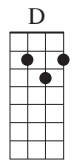
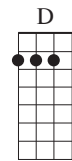
Soprano Baritone

D B^m E^m
 Blue Moon,
 A⁷ D B^m E^m
 You saw me standing alone
 A⁷ D B^m E^m
 Without a dream in my heart
 A⁷ D B^m E^m A⁷
 Without a love of my own

 D B^m E^m
 Blue Moon,
 A⁷ D B^m E^m
 You knew just what I was there for
 A⁷ D B^m E^m
 You heard me saying a prayer for
 A⁷ D G D
 Someone I really could care for

 E^m A⁷ D B^m
 And then there suddenly appeared before me
 E^m A⁷ D
 The only one my arms will ever hold
 G^m C⁷ F
 I heard somebody whisper, "Please adore me"
 A E⁷ A⁷
 And when I looked, the moon had turned to gold

 D B^m E^m
 Blue Moon,
 A⁷ D B^m E^m
 Now I'm no longer alone
 A⁷ D B^m E^m
 Without a dream in my heart
 A⁷ D
 Without a love of my own



Octopus's Garden

Music & lyrics by Ringo Starr, 1969

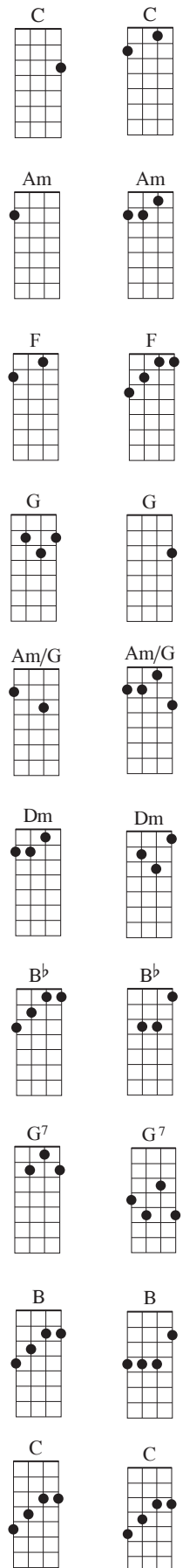
Soprano Baritone

C A^m
I'd like to be ____ under the sea,
F G
In an octopus's garden in the shade.
C A^m
He'd let us in, ____ knows where we've been,
F G
In his octopus's garden in the shade.
A^m (A^m/G)
I'd ask my friends to come and see
F G
An octopus's garden with me.
C A^m
I'd like to be ____ under the sea,
F G C
In an octopus's garden in the shade.
C A^m
We would be warm ____ below the storm
F G
In our little hideaway beneath the waves.
C A^m
Resting our head ____ on the sea bed
F G
In an octopus's garden near a cave.
A^m (A^m/G)
We would sing and dance around,
F G
Because we know we can't be found. [*chorus*]

Solo (4-beat measures):

| F | F | D^m | D^m | B^b | B^b | C | C | F | F | D^m | D^m | B^b | C | F | G⁷ |

C A^m
We would shout ____ and swim about
F G
The coral that lies beneath the waves.
C A^m
Oh what joy for every girl and boy,
F G
Knowing they're happy and their safe.
A^m (A^m/G)
We would be so happy you and me,
F G
No-one there to tell us what to do.
C A^m
I'd like to be ____ under the sea
F G A^m (A^m/G)
In an octopus's garden with you,
F G A^m (A^m/G)
In an octopus's garden with you,
F G C B C⁽²⁾
In an octopus's garden with you.



Surfin' Safari

Music & Lyrics by Brian Wilson and Mike Love, 1962

Soprano Baritone

D C
Let's go surfin' now, ev'rybody's learnin' how,
A⁷ D
Come on a safari with me. (Come on a safari with me.)
G C
Early in the mornin' we'll be startin' out,
D⁷ G
Some honeys will be comin' along.
C
We're loadin' up our woody with the boards inside
D⁷ G
And headin' out singin' our song.
G
Come on baby, wait and see, yes
(Surfer, surfin' safari.)

I'm gonna take you surfin' with me.
(Surfer, surfin' safari.)
C
Come on along, yes, baby, wait and see, yeah,
(Surfer, surfin' safari.)

G
I'm gonna take you surfin' with me.
(Surfer, surfin' safari.)

D C
Let's go surfin' now, ev'rybody's learnin' how,
A⁷ D
Come on a safari with me. (Come on a safari with me.)
[Last time:] G

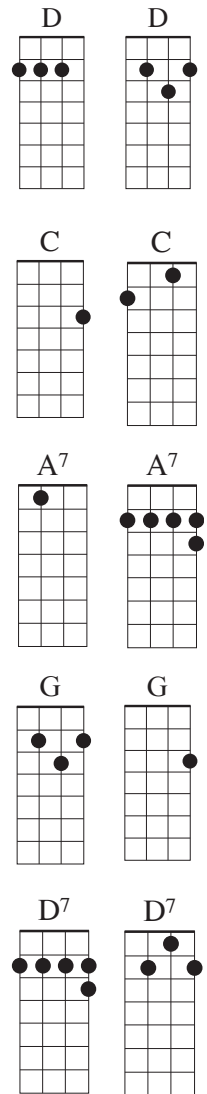
Surfin' safari (fade)
yeah me

G C
In Huntington and Malibu, they're shootin' the pier,
D⁷ G
In Rincon, they're walkin' the nose.

C
We're goin' on safari to the islands this year,
D⁷ G
So if you're comin', get ready to go. [chorus]

G C
They're anglin' in Laguna and Cerro Azul,
D⁷ G
They're kickin' out in Doheny too.

C
I tell you surfin's runnin' wild, it's gettin' bigger ev'ry day
D⁷ G
From Hawaii to the shores of Peru. [chorus]



Slow Boat to China

Frank Loesser, 1947

Soprano Baritone

G E⁷ A^m G^o G

I'd love to get you on a slow boat to China,

B⁷ C E⁷

all to myself, alone.

A^m F^{#7} G E⁷ A⁷

To get you and keep you in my arms evermore,

D⁷

Leave all your lovers weeping on the far away shore.

G E⁷ A^m G^o G

Out on the briny with a moon big and shiny

B⁷ C E⁷ A^m

Melting your heart of stone.

G^o G E⁷ A⁷

I'd love to get you on a slow boat to China,

D⁷ G

All to myself, alone.

G E⁷ A^m G^o G

I'd love to get you on a slow boat to China,

B⁷ C E⁷

all to myself, alone.

A^m F^{#7} G E⁷ A⁷

A twist of the rudder and a rip in the sail,

Drifting and dreaming, honey,

D⁷

Throw the compass over the rail.

G E⁷ A^m G^o G

Out on the ocean, far from all the commotion,

B⁷ C E⁷ A^m

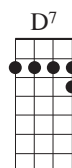
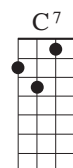
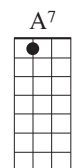
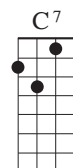
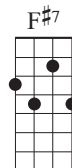
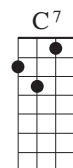
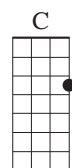
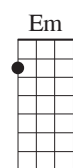
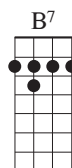
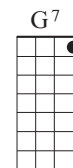
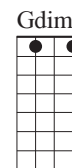
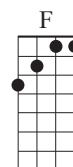
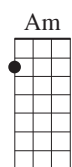
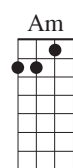
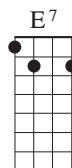
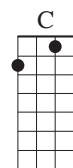
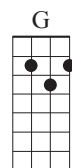
Melting your heart of stone.

G^o G E⁷ A⁷

I'd love to get you on a slow boat to China,

D⁷ G⁷ (F^{#7} F⁷ E⁷) A⁷ D⁷ G

All to myself, alone, oh honey. All to myself, alone.



Hey Good Lookin'

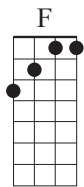
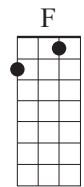
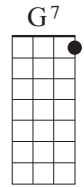
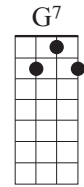
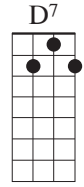
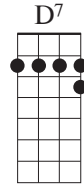
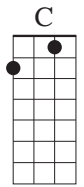
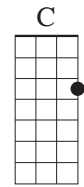
Hank Williams, 1951

Soprano Baritone

C
 Hey, hey, good lookin', whatcha got cookin'?
 D⁷ G⁷ C
 How's about cookin' somethin' up with me?
 C
 Hey, sweet baby, don't you think maybe
 D⁷ G⁷ C
 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 there and the dancin's free,
 D⁷ G⁷
 So if you wanna have fun come along with me.

C
 Hey, good lookin', whatcha got cookin'?
 D⁷ G⁷ C
 How's about cookin' somethin' up with me?
 C
 I'm free and ready, so we can go steady.
 D⁷ G⁷ C
 How's about savin' all your time for me?
 C
 No more lookin', I know I've been taken.
 D⁷ G⁷ C
 How's about keepin' steady company?
 F C
 I'm gonna throw my date-book over the fence
 F C
 And find me one for five or ten cents.
 F C
 I'll keep it 'til it's covered with age
 D⁷ G⁷
 'Cause I'm writin' your name down on every page.

C
 Hey, good lookin', whatcha got cookin'?
 D⁷ G⁷ C
 How's about cookin' somethin' up with me?



Take Me Home, Country Roads

John Denver, Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert, 1971

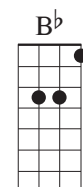
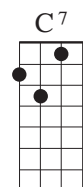
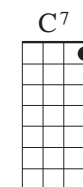
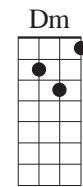
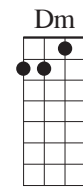
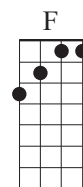
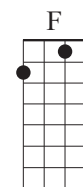
Soprano Baritone

F D^m
Almost heaven, West Virginia
C⁷ B^b F
Blue Ridge Mountains Shenandoah river
D^m
Life is old there, older than the trees
C⁷ B^b F
Younger than the mountains, blowin' like a breeze

[chorus]
F C⁷
Country roads take me home
D^m B^b
To the place I belong
F C⁷
West Virginia, mountain momma
B^b F
Take me home, country roads

F D^m
All my memories gather round her
C⁷ B^b F
Miner's lady stranger to blue water
D^m
Dark and dusty painted on the sky
C⁷ B^b F
Misty taste of moonshine teardrops in my eyes

F C⁷ F D^m
I hear her voice in the morning hours she calls me
B^b F C⁷
The radio reminds me of my home far away
D^m B^b F
And drivin' down the road I get the feelin'
C⁷
That I should been home yesterday, yesterday

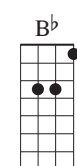
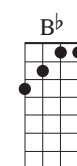
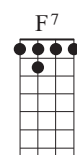
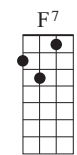
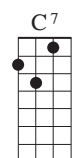
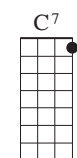
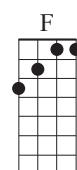
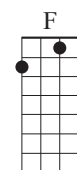


Yellow Bird

Based on the 1883 Haitian lyric poem "Choucounè" by Oswald Duran and 1893 music "Ti Zwazo" by Michel Mauleart Monton. Music adapted by Norman Luboff with English lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman, 1957

F C⁷ F
Yellow bird, up high in banana tree.
F C⁷ F (F⁷)
Yellow bird, you sit all alone like me.
B^b F
Did your lady friend leave the nest again?
C⁷ F (F⁷)
That is very sad, make me feel so bad.
B^b F
You can fly away, in the sky away.
C⁷ F
You more lucky than me!
F B^b
I also have a pretty gal,
C⁷ F
She not with me today.
B^b
They all the same, the pretty gal,
C⁷ F
Make them the nest, then they fly away.
F C⁷ F
Yellow bird, up high in banana tree.
F C⁷ F (F⁷)
Yellow bird, you sit all alone like me.
B^b F
Better fly away in the sky away.
C⁷ F (F⁷)
Picker coming soon, pick from night to noon.
B^b F
Black and yellow you, like banana too.
C⁷ F
They might pick you some day!
F B^b
Wish that I was a yellow bird,
C⁷ F
I fly away with you.
B^b
But I am not a yellow bird,
C⁷ F
So here I sit, nothing else to do.
F
Yellow bird, yellow bird, yellow bird.

Soprano Baritone



Woody Guthrie, 1940

F C

This land is your land, this land is my land

G C

From California to the New York Island

F C

From the Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream waters

G C
This land was made for you and me.

As I went walking that ribbon of highway

I saw above me that endless skyway

I saw below me that golden valley

G C
This land was made for you and me.

I roamed and I rambled and I followed my footsteps

G C

To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts

F C

While all around me a voice was sounding

G C
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling

And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling

F C

A voice was chanting, As the fog was lifting,

G C
This land was made for you and me.

C

