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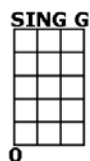


SEPTEMBER
MEETING

UKE

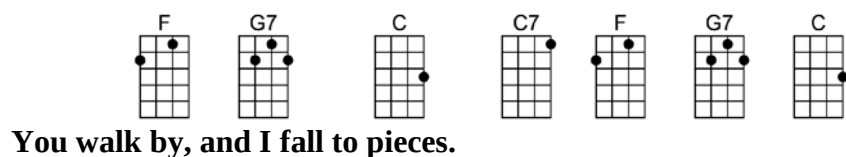
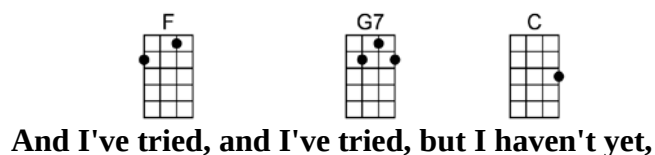
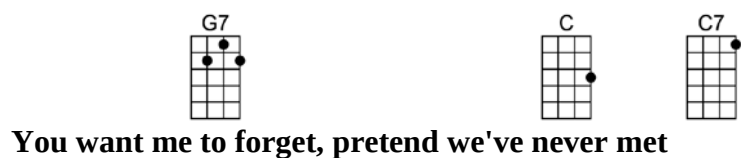
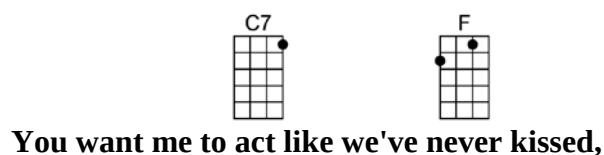
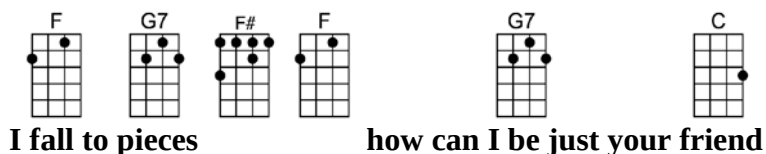
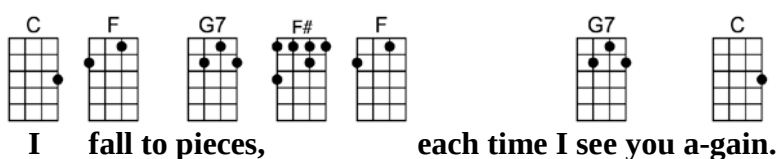
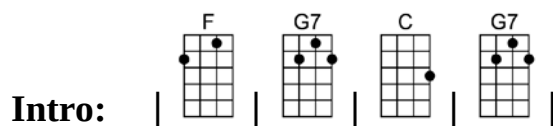
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ESTABLISHED
2004

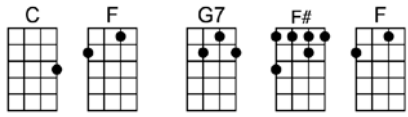


I FALL TO PIECES-Hank Cochran/Harlan Howard

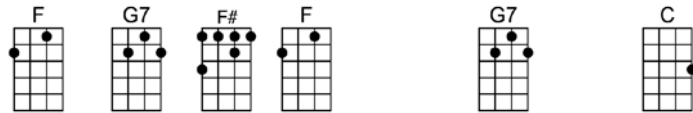
4/4 1...2...1234



p.2. I Fall To Pieces



I fall to pieces, each time some-one speaks your name.



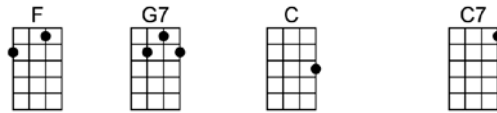
I fall to pieces, time only adds to the flame



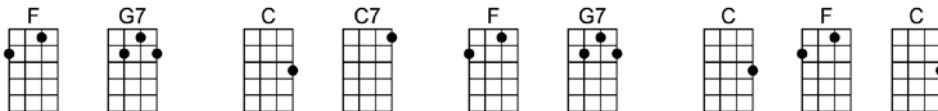
You tell me to find someone else to love,



Someone who'll love me too, the way you used to do



But each time I go out with someone new,



You walk by, and I fall to pieces. You walk by, and I fall to pieces

I FALL TO PIECES

Hank Cochran/Harlan Howard
4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: | F | G7 | C | G7 |

C F G7 F# F G7 C
I fall to pieces, each time I see you a-gain.

F G7 F# F G7 C
I fall to pieces how can I be just your friend

C7 F
You want me to act like we've never kissed,

G7 C C7
You want me to forget, pretend we've never met

F G7 C C7
And I've tried, and I've tried, but I haven't yet,

F G7 C C7 F G7 C
You walk by, and I fall to pieces.

C F G7 F# F G7 C
I fall to pieces, each time some-one speaks your name.

F G7 F# F G7 C
I fall to pieces, time only adds to the flame

C7 F
You tell me to find someone else to love,

G7 C C7
Someone who'll love me too, the way you used to do

F G7 C C7
But each time I go out with someone new,

F G7 C C7 F G7 C F C
You walk by, and I fall to pieces. You walk by, and I fall to pieces

Red River Valley

Traditional American Cowboy Song

FIRST NOTE



Moderately



From this val - ley they say you are go - ing; we will

miss your bright eyes and sweet smile, for they say you are tak - ing the

sun - shine that has bright - ened our path - way a - while.

Additional Lyrics

2. Won't you think of this valley you're leaving?
Oh, how lonely, how sad it will be.
Oh, think of the fond heart you're breaking
and the grief you are causing me.
3. Come and sit by my side if you love me.
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
but remember the Red River Valley
and the cowboy (cowgirl) that loves you so true.

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Big Rock Candy Mountain

Intro: C

(...come with me, we'll go and see, the Big Rock Candy Mountain)

C

One evening as the sun went down

And the jungle fire was burning,

Down the track came a hobo hikin',

And he said, "Boys, I'm not turning.

F C F C

I'm headed for a land that's far away,

F G7

Beside the crystal fountain,

C

So come with me, we'll go and see,

G7 C

The Big Rock Candy Mountains."

C

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

F C

There's a land that's fair and bright,

F C

Where the handouts grow on bushes,

F G7

And you sleep out every night,

C

Where the boxcars all are empty,

F C

And the sun shines every day,

F C

On the birds and the bees

F C

And the cigarette trees,

F C

The lemonade springs

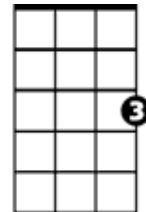
F C

Where the bluebird sings,

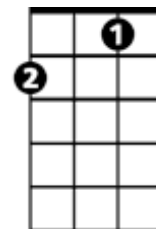
G7 C

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains."

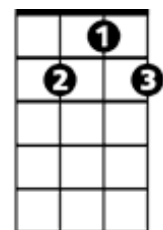
C



F



G7



C
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
 F **C**
 All the cops have wooden legs,
 F **C**
 And the bulldogs all have rubber teeth,
 F **G7**
 And the hens lay soft boiled eggs.
 C
 The farmers' trees are full of fruit
 F **C**
 And the barns are full of hay.
 F **C**
 Oh, I'm bound to go
 F **C**
 Where there ain't no snow,
 F **C**
 Where the rain don't fall
 F **C**
 And the wind don't blow,
 G7 **C**
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains."

C
 "In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
 F **C**
 You never change your socks,
 F **C**
 And the little streams of alcohol
 F **G7**
 Come a-tricklin' down the rocks,
 C
 The brakemen have to tip their hats
 F **C**
 And the railroad bulls are blind.
 F **C**
 There's a lake of stew,
 F **C**
 And of whiskey too,
 F **C**
 You can paddle all around 'em
 F **C**
 In a big canoe,
 G7 **C**
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains."

C
 "In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,
 F **C**
 The jails are made of tin,
 F **C**
 And you can walk right out again,
 F **G7**
 As soon as you are in.
 C
 There ain't no short-handled shovels,
 F **C**
 No axes, saws, or picks,
 F **C**
 I'm a-going to stay,
 F **C**
 Where you sleep all day,
 F **C**
 Where they hung the jerk,
 F **C**
 Who invented work,
 F **C**
 (Play twice)
 F **C**
 I'll see you all
 F **C**
 This coming fall,
 G7 **C** **G7 C**
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains."

Shaving Cream

Benny Bell

C C C C C C G7 G7
I have a sad story to tell you. It may hurt your feelings a bit.

G7 G7 C C F G7
Last night when I walked in my bathroom I stepped in a big pile of

C C C C
Shaving cream, be nice and clean
F C G7 C C
Shave everyday and you'll always look keen

C G7
I think I'll break off with my girlfriend. Her antics are queer I'll admit.

G7 C F G7
Each time I say, "Darling, I love you," she tells me that I'm full of

<Chorus>

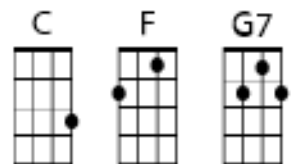
C G7
Our baby fell out of the window. You'd think that her head would be split.

G7 C F G7
But good luck was with her that morning she fell in a barrel of

<Chorus>

C G7
An old lady died in a bathtub. She died from a terrible fit.

G7 C F G7
In order to fulfill her wishes she was buried in six feet of



<Chorus>

C G7
When I was in France with the army, one day I looked into my kit.

G7 C F G7
I thought I would find me a sandwich, but the darn thing was loaded with

<Chorus>

C G7
And now folks my story is ended. I think it is time I should quit.

G7 C F G7
If any of you feel offended, stick your head in a barrel of **<Chorus>**

INTRO: A(4)- D(4)-E7(4)- A(4) CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM CONE

My (A) mother said if (D) I'd be good
She'd (E7) send me to the (A) store
She said she'd bake some (D) ginger bread
If (E7) I would sweep the (A) floor
She (E7) said if I would make the beds and watch the telephone
That she would send me out to get a Chocolate ice cream (A) cone!
And so I (D) did--- the things she (A) said
And then she (E7) made--- some ginger (A) bread! (yummy)
So I went (D) out-----just me (A) alone (yep, all alone) and bought my
(E7) chocolate ice cream (A) cone

(A)While coming back I (D) stubbed my toe UP(E7)on a big ol' (A) stone
And need I (A) tell you (D) that I dropped my
(E7) chocolate ice cream (A) cone
A (E7) little puppy came along and took a great big lick
And so I hit that mean ol' dog with just a little (A) stick
And he bit (D) me (ouch) where I sit (A) down
And he chased (E7) me all over (A) town
So now I'm (D) lost (BOO HOO), can't find my (A) home (BOO HOO)
And all be (E7) cause of that chocolate, chocolate
That CHOC--LATE- ICE--CREAM (A) cone (4) (A-E7-A)



THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE - Harry Dixon Loes

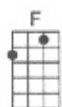
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Intro:

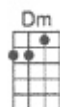
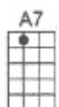


This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine
 Everywhere I go, I'm gonna let it shine
 All around the town, I'm gonna let it shine

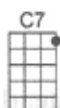
I've got a little uke, I'm gonna let it shine



This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine
 Everywhere I go, I'm gonna let it shine
 All around the town, I'm gonna let it shine

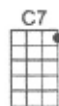


This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine
 Everywhere I go, I'm gonna let it shine
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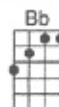
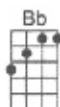


Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine
 Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine
 Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine (repeat 1st verse, then CODA instead of last line)

CODA:



Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine, let it shine



Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

A You're Adorable

artist:Perry Como, with The Fontane Sisters , writer:Sid Lippman, Buddy Kaye, Frec Wise

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Rkk_LhYPk8c

*Thanks to Nikos Voutsinas at <https://ukulele-nick.weebly.com>
Changed a couple of G9 chords to G7 to make a bit easier*

When [C] Johnny Jones was [Em] serenading Mary [C#dim]
He [Dm7] sure could quote a [G7] lot of poet-[Dm7]ry [C#dim] [G7]
But he'd [C] much rather tell her
[Cm] What he [G] learned in his [E7] speller
When they [A7] both attended [D7] PS Thirty [Dm7] Three [G7]

[C] **A** You're adorable [A7] **B** you're so beautiful
[D7] **C** you're a cutie full of [Am7] charms [D7]
[Dm7] **D** you're a darling and [Em7] **E** you're ex-[A7]citing and
[Dm7] **F** you're a [G7] feather in my [C] arms [Dm7] [G7]

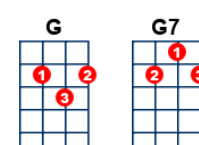
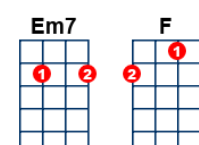
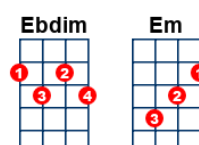
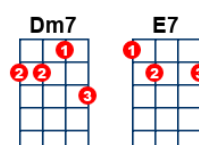
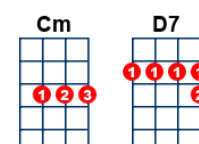
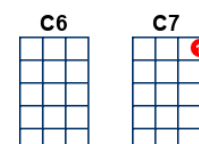
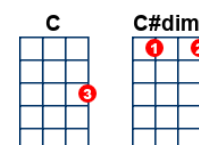
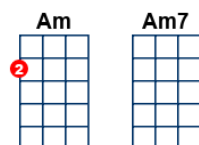
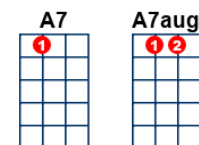
[C] **G** you look good to me [A7] **H** you're so heavenly
[D7] **I** you're the one I idolize [Am7] [D7]
[Dm7] **J** we're like Jack and Jill [Em7] **K** you're so [A7] kissable
[Dm7] **L** is the [G7] love light in your [C] eyes [C7]

[F] **M** [G7] **N** [C] **O** [Am] **P**
[Dm7] I could go [G7] on all [C] day [C7]
[F] **Q** [G7] **R** [C] **S** [Cm] **T**
Alpha-[G]betically [D7] speaking [G7] you're okay

[C] **U** made my life complete [A7] **V** means you're very sweet
[D7] **W X Y** [Am7] **Z** [D7]

It's [Dm7] fun to wander [Ebdim] through
The [C] alphabet with [A7aug] you
To [Dm7] tell you what you [G7] mean to [C] me [C#dim] [Dm7] [G7]

[C6]



SING D



WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING-G

3/4 123 12



When Irish eyes are smiling, sure it's like a morn in Spring



In the lilt of Irish laughter you can hear the angels sing



When Irish hearts are happy, all the world seems bright and gay

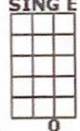


Go on to A

And when Irish eyes are smiling, sure they steal your heart a-way.

123 123 123 123

SING E



WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING-A



When Irish eyes are smiling, sure it's like a morn in Spring



In the lilt of Irish laughter you can hear the angels sing



When Irish hearts are happy, all the world seems bright and gay



And when Irish eyes are smiling, sure they steal your heart a-way.

Son of a Son of a Sailor

By Jimmy Buffett

G
As the son of a son of a sailor
F C G
I went out on the sea for adventure
C G
Expanding the view of the captain and crew
D G
Like a man just released from indenture

As a dreamer of dreams and a traveling man
F C G
I have chalked up many a mile
C G
Read dozens of books about heroes and crooks
D G
And I learned much from both of their styles

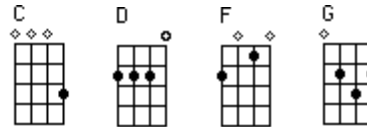
Chorus:

F C
Son of a son, son of a son
G
Son of a son of a sailor
F C
Son of a gun, load the last ton
G
One step ahead of the jailer

G
Now away in the near future
F C G
Southeast of disorder
C G
You can shake the hand of the Mango man
D G
As he greets you at the border

And the lady she hails from Trinidad
F C G
Island of the spices
C G
Salt for your meat and cinnamon sweet
D G
And the rum is for all your good vices

F C
Haul the sheet in as we ride on the wind
G
That our forefathers harnessed before us
F C
Hear the bells ring as the tide rigging sings
G
It's a son of a gun of a chorus



G
When it all ends I can't fathom my friends
F C G
If I knew I might toss out my anchor
C G
So I'll cruise along always searchin' for songs
D G
Not a lawyer a thief or a banker

F C
But a son of a son, son of a son
G
Son of a son of a sailor
F C
Son of a gun, load the last ton
G
One step ahead of the jailer
F C
I'm just a son of a son, son of a son
G
Son of a son of a sailor
F C
The sea's in my veins, my tradition remains
G
I'm just glad I don't live in a trailer

ENDING:

F C C G

The Ash Grove In ¾: (Bolded chords are on the down beat)

D **G** / **Am** **D**
Down yonder green valley where streamlets me-ander,

G **C** **G** **D7 G**
When twilight is fading, I pensive-ly rove.

G / **Am** **D**
Or at the spring noontide in solitude wander

G **C** **G** **D7 G**
A-mid the dark shades of the lonely ash grove.

G / **D7** **G**
Tis there where the black-bird is cheerfully singing

D7 G **G** **D7 G D** **A7 D**
Each warbler en-chants with his notes from the tree

G / **Am** **D**
Ah, then little think I of sorrow or sadness,

G **C** **G** **D7 G**
The ash grove entrancing spells beauty for me.

Each Campfire Lights Anew In 6/8

C **F** **G7** **G7** **C**
Each campfire lights a new, the flame of friendship true

A7 **Dm** **G7** **C**
The joy we had in knowing you, will last the whole year through.

F **G7** **G7** **D**
And as the ember die away, we wish that you my ever stay.

A7 **Dm** **G7** **C**
But since we cannot have or way, We'll come again some other day.

You Are My Sunshine

Words and Music
JIMMIE DA

FIRST NOTE



Moderately



1. The oth - er night dear _____ as I lay sleep - ing,
 2. love you _____ and make you hap - py,
 3. once dear _____ you real - ly loved me,

— I dreamed I held you in my arms.
 — if you will on - ly say the same.
 — and no one else could come be - tween.

When I a - woke dear, _____ I was mis - tak - en
 But if you leave me _____ to love an - oth - er
 But now you've left me _____ and love an - oth - er

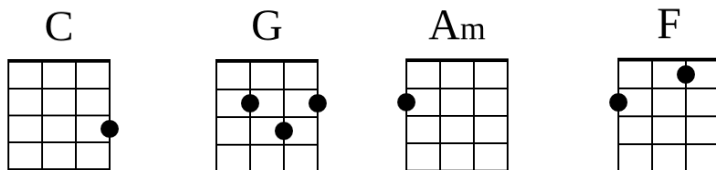
— and I hung my head and cried.
 — you'll re - gret that it all some day.
 — you have shat - tered all my dreams.

You are my sun - shine, _____ my on - ly sun - shine,

— you make me hap - py _____ when skies are gray. _____ You'll nev - er

know dear, _____ how much I love you. _____ Please don't

take my sun - shine a - way. _____ 1. I'll al - ways
 2. I'll al - ways
 3. You told me way. _____



You Never Even Called Me By My Name

C G C
Well it was all that I could do to keep from cryin'

F G C
Sometimes it seemed so useless to remain

F G C Am
But you don't have to call me darlin' darlin'
C G C

You never even call me by my name

G C
You don't have to call me Waylon Jennings

F G C
And you don't have to call me Charley Pride

F G C Am
And you don't have to call me Merle Haggard anymore
D G

Even though you're on my fightin' side

C G C
And I'll hang around as long as you will let me

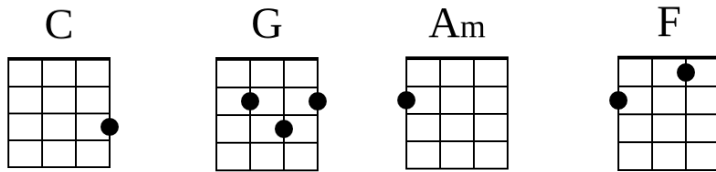
F G C
and I never minded standing in the rain.

F G C Am
But you don't have to call me darlin' darlin'
C G C

you never even call me by my name

G C
Well I've heard my name a few times in your phonebook hello hello

F G C
And I've seen it on signs where I've played

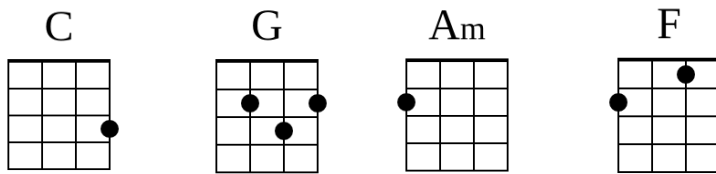


F G C Am
 But the only time I know I'll hear David Allan Coe
 D G
 Is when Jesus has his final judgement day
 C G C
 And I'll hang around as long as you will let me
 F G C
 and I never minded standing in the rain.
 F G C Am
 But you don't have to call me darlin' darlin'
 C G C
 you never even call me by my name

(Spoken)

Well a friend of mine named Steve Goodman wrote that song, and he told me it was the perfect
 country and western song, I wrote him back a letter and told him
 It was not the perfect country and western song Because he hadn't said anything at
 all about mama or trains or trucks or prison or gettin' drunk
 Well he sat down and wrote another verse to the song and he sent it to me
 And after reading it I realized that my friend had written the perfect country and western song
 and I felt at last obliged to include it on this album - last verse goes like this here

C G C
 Well I was drunk the day my mom got out of prison
 F G C
 And I went to pick her up in the rain
 F G C Am
 But before I could get to the station in a pickup truck
 D G
 She got run'd over by a damned old train
 C G C
 And I'll hang around as long as you will let me
 F G C
 and I never minded standing in the rain.
 F G C Am
 But you don't have to call me darlin' darlin'



C G C
 you never even call me by my name

Mairzy Doats

artist:Pied Pipers , writer:Milton Drake, Al Hoffman and Jerry Livingston

Jerry Livingston - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EU2CKQq90E> (But in Eb)

[F] Mairzy doats and dozy doats
And liddle lamzy [Cdim] divey,
A [Gm7] kiddley divey [C7] too, wouldn't [F] you?

[C7] Yes!

[F] Mairzy doats and dozy doats
And liddle lamzy [Cdim] divey,
A [Gm7] kiddley divey [C7] too, wouldn't [F] you?

If the [Cm7] words sound [F7] queer
And [Cm7] funny to your [F7] ear,
A [Bb] little bit jumbled and jivey,
Sing "[Dm7] Mares eat [G7] oats and [Dm7] does eat [G7] oats
And [C] little [Gm7] lambs eat [C7] ivy.
A [Gm7] kid will eat ivy [C7] too wouldn't [F] you?"

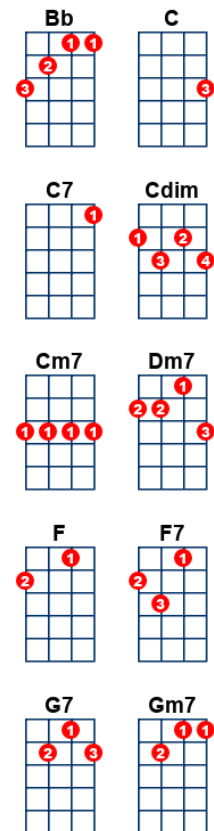
Oh!

[F] Mairzy doats and dozy doats
And liddle lamzy [Cdim] divey,
A [Gm7] kiddley divey [C7] too, wouldn't [F] you?

[C7]

[F] Mairzy doats and dozy doats
And liddle lamzy [Cdim] divey,
A [Gm7] kiddley divey [C7] too, wouldn't [F] you?

A [Gm7] kiddley divey [C7]too, wouldn't [F] you?



Yellow Bird - Irving Burgie

C / G7 C / / G7 C
Yellow Bird, up high in ba-na-na tree. Yellow bird, you sit all a-lone like me.

F C G7 C
Did you lady frien' leave de nest a-gain? Dat is very -y sad, make me feel so bad.

F C G7 N.C. C Dm7 G7 C
You can fly a-way, in the sky a-way. You more luck-y dan me!

C Dm7 G7 C
I al-so have a pretty gal, She not with me to-day.

C Dm7 G7 N.C. C /
Dey all de same, de pret-ty gal. make dem de nest, den dey fly a-way!

C / G7 C / / G7 C
Yellow Bird, up high in ba-na-na tree. Yellow bird, you sit all a-lone like me.

F C G7 C
Better fly away in de sky away Picker comin' soon, Pick from night to noon.

F C G7 N.C. C Dm7G7 C
Black an' yellow you, like banana too. They might pick you some day!

C Dm7 G7 C
Wish dat I was a yellow bird, I fly away with you.

C Dm7 G7 N.C. C /
But I am not a yellow bird. So here I sit. Nothin else to do!

C / G7 C / / G7 C
Yellow Bird, up high in ba-na-na tree. Yellow bird, you sit all a-lone like me.

F C G7 C
Did you lady frien' leave de nest a-gain? Dat is very -y sad, make me feel so bad.

F C G7 N.C. C C
You can fly a-way, in the sky a-way. You more luck-y dan me!