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SET LIST 3

Putting on the Style
Streets of London
Freedom Come, Freedom Go
Ghost Riders in the Sky
Don't Fence Me In
Sloop John B
When You're Smiling
I Walk The Line
Pack up your troubles/
Long Way to Tipperary
Under The Moon of Love
Happy Days

Putting on The Style

Intro: **G7 G7 C C1**

C Sweet sixteen, goes to church just to see the boys;
G7
C Laughs and screams and giggles at every little noise;
C7 **F**
 Turns her face a little and turns her head a while
G7 **C**
C But we know she's only putting on the style.

C Putting on the agony, putting on the style
G7
C That's what all the young folk are doing all the while;
C7 **F**
 And as I look around me I sometimes have to smile
G7 **C**
C Seeing all the young folk, putting on the style.

C Young man in a hot rod car driving like he's mad;
G7
C With a pair of yellow gloves he borrowed from his dad.
C7 **F**
 He makes it roar so loudly just to see his girlfriend smile
G7 **C**
C But we know he's only putting on the style.

C Putting on the agony, putting on the style
G7
C That's what all the young folk are doing all the while;
C7 **F**
 And as I look around me I sometimes have to smile

G7 **C** **C**
 Seeing all the young folk, putting on the style.

C **G7**
 Preacher in the pulpit roars with all his might;
C
 Shouts "Glory! Hallelujah!" puts the folks all in a fright.
C7 **F**
C Now you might think its Satan that's coming down the aisle
G7 **C** **C**
 But it's only our poor preacher that's putting on the style

C **G7**
 Putting on the agony, putting on the style
C
 That's what all the young folk are doing all the while;
C7 **F**
C And as I look around me I sometimes have to smile
G7 **C** **C**
 Seeing all the young folk, putting on the style.

C **G7**
 Putting on the agony, putting on the style
C
 That's what all the young folk are doing all the while;
C7 **F**
C And as I look around me I sometimes have to smile
G7 **C**
 Seeing all the young folk, putting on the style.

_____ **SLOW DOWN** _____

Streets of London

C G Am Em F C G C

C G Am Em
Have you seen the old man in the closed-down market

F C Dm G
Kicking up the paper with his worn-out shoes?

C G Am Em
In his eyes you see no pride, and held loosely at his side

F C G C
Yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news

F Em C G Am
So how can you tell me you're lo - ne - ly

D G
and say for you that the sun don't shine?

C G Am Em
Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London,

F C G C
I'll show you something to make you change your mind

C G Am Em
Have you seen the old girl who walks the streets of London

F C Dm G
Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags?

C G Am Em
She's no time for talking, she just keeps right on walking

F C G C
Carrying her home in two carrier bags

F Em C G Am
So how can you tell me you're lo - ne - ly

D G
and say for you that the sun don't shine?

C G Am Em
Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London,

F I'll show you something to make you change your mind **C**

C In the all-night cafe at a quarter past eleven **G** **Am** **Em**

F Same old man sitting there on his own **C** **Dm** **G**

C Looking at the world over the rim of his tea-cup **G** **Am** **Em**

F Each tea lasts an hour, and he wanders home alone **C** **G** **C**

F So how can you tell me you're lo - ne - ly **Em** **C** **G** **Am**

D Don't say for you that the sun don't shine **G**

C Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London, **G** **Am** **Em**

F I'll show you something to make you change your mind **C** **G** **C**

C Have you seen the old man outside the seaman's mission? **G** **Am** **Em**

F Memory fading with the medal ribbons that he wears **C** **Dm** **G**

C In our winter city the rain cries a little pity **G** **Am** **Em**

F For one more forgotten hero and a world that doesn't care **C** **G** **C**

F So how can you tell me you're lo - ne - ly **Em** **C** **G** **Am**

D and say for you that the sun don't shine? **G**

C Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London, **G** **Am** **Em**

F I'll show you something to make you change your mind **C** **G** **C** **F** **C**

Freedom Come Freedom Go by The Fortunes

C
Freedom come, Freedom go, tell me yes, and then she
F C
tells me no.

C G C
Freedom never stay long, Freedom moving along.

C
Freedom want, Freedom stay, Freedom love and
F C
then she flies away.

C G C
Freedom never stay long, Freedom moving along.

C
Daddy is a doctor, Mother is a debutante, pillars
G
of socie..ty.

G
Living in a mansion somewhere in the country
G7 C
and another in Chel..sea.

C
Freedom is a rich girl, Daddie's little sweet girl,
G
pretty as a sunny day.

G
Freedom never does do what she doesn't want to..
C
Freedom never has to pay.

C
Freedom come, Freedom go, tell me yes, and then she
F C
tells me no.

C G C
Freedom never stay long, Freedom moving along.

C
Freedom want, Freedom stay, Freedom love and
F C
then she flies away.

C G C
Freedom never stay long, Freedom moving along.

C
Freedom is her name and Freedom is her nature,
G
running all around the town.
G *G7*
Everybody wants to and everybody tries to, but nobody
C
can hold her down.
C
Freedom is so kind and Freedom is so gentle,
G
Freedom is a happy day.
G
Freedom what would you do, if I say love you,
G7 C
Freedom would you run away?

C
Freedom come, Freedom go, tell me yes, and then she
F C
tells me no.

C G C
Freedom never stay long, Freedom moving along.

C
Freedom want, Freedom stay, Freedom love and
F C
then she flies away.

C G C
Freedom never stay long, Freedom moving along.

OUTRO:

C F C
Da da da, da da da..Da da da, da da da da da da..
G C
da da da da da da..la la la la la la.

C F C
Da da da, da da da..Da da da, da da da da da da..
G C [Single]
da da da da da da..la la la la la la..

Ghost riders in the sky

Am C
An old cowboy went ridin' in one dark and windy day.
Am
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way.
When all at once a mighty heard of red-eyed cows he saw,
F Dm Am
Plowin' through the ragged skies and up a cloudy draw.
Am C
Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel.
Am
Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath he could feel.
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky,
F Dm Am
For he saw the riders comin' hard, and he heard their mournful cry.
Am C Am
Yippie-yi-yo, yippie-yi-yay.
F Am
Ghost riders in the sky.

Am
Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred,
C
Their shirts all soaked with sweat.
Am
He's ridin' hard to catch that heard but he ain't caught 'em yet,
'Cause they've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky.
F Dm Am
On horses snortin' fire, as they ride on hear their cry.
Am C
As the riders loped on by him, he heard one call his name.
Am
"If you wanna save your soul from hell, a ridin' on our range,
Then cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride,
F Dm Am
Tryin' to catch the devil's herd a-cross these endless skies."
Am C Am
Yippie-yi-yo, yippie-yi-yay.
F Am
Ghost riders in the sky.
F Am
Ghost riders in the sky.
F Am
Ghost riders in the sky.

Blackheath
Ukulele Collective
goes

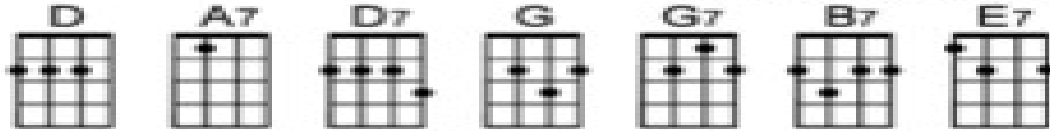


Country & Western

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Don't Fence Me In

By Cole Porter & Robert Fletcher



Intro: D . . . |
(sing a)
 D\ — — — | D . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | A7 . . . |
 Oh give me land, lots of land under starry skies a-bove . . . Don't fence me in . . .
 Let me ride thru the wide open country that I love . . . Don't fence me in . . .
 Let me be by my-self in the eve-nin' bre-eze |
 Listen to the murmur of the cot-ton-wood tree-ees |
 D . . . | B7 . . . | E7 . . . A7 . . . | D . . . |
 Send me off for-ever but I ask you ple-ease Don't— fence me in . . .
 . . . | G . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | D . . . |
 Just turn me loose let me straddle my old saddle under-neath the western skies—
 . . . | G . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | D . . . |
 On my Cay-use let me wander over yonder till I see the mountains rise—
 A7\ — — — | D . . . | D7 . . . |
 I want to ride to the ridge where the west com-men-ces
 And gaze at the moon un-til I lose my sen-ses
 D . . . | B7 . . . | E7 . . . A7 . . . | D . . . |
 I can't look at hobbles and I can't stand fenc-es Don't— fence me in . . .
 . . . | G . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | D . . . |
 Just turn me loose let me straddle my old saddle under-neath the western skies—
 . . . | G . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | D . . . |
 On my Cay-use let me wander over yonder till I see the mountains rise—
 A7\ — — — | D . . . | D7 . . . |
 I want to ride to the ridge where the west com-men-ces
 And gaze at the moon un-til I lose my sen-ses
 D . . . | B7 . . . | E7 . . . A7 . . . | D . . . |
 I can't look at hobbles and I can't stand fenc-es Don't— fence me in . . .
 E7 . . . A7 . . . | D . . . | E7 . . . A7 . . . | D\ A7\ D\
 Don't— fence me in . . . Don't— fence me in . . .

Sloop John B

Beach Boys

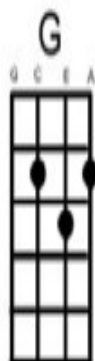
Hear this song at: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=H_KY_d9MQv8

From: Richard G's Ukulele Songbook www.scorpex.net/uke.htm

[G] We come on the sloop John B
 My grandfather and me
 Around Nassau town we did [D7] roam
 Drinking all [G] night [G7] got into a [C] fight [Am]
 Well I [G] feel so broke up [D7] I want to go [G] home

Chorus:

[G] So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the mainsail sets
Call for the captain ashore let me go [D7] home
Let me go [G] home [G7]
I wanna go [C] home yeah [Am] yeah
Well I [G] feel so broke up [D7] I wanna go [G] home

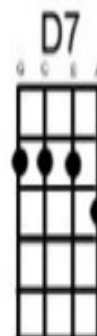


[G] The first mate he got drunk
 And broke in the captain's trunk
 The constable had to come and take him a [D7] way
 Sheriff John [G] Stone [G7]
 Why don't you leave me a [C] lone yeah [Am] yeah
 Well I [G] feel so broke up [D7] I wanna go [G] home

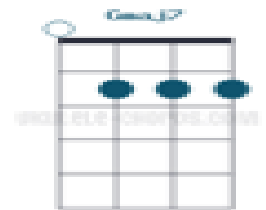
Chorus

[G] The poor cook he caught the fits
 And threw away all my grits
 And then he took and he ate up all of my [D7] corn
 Let me go [G] home [G7]
 Why don't they let me go [C] home [Am]
 This [G] is the worst trip [D7] I've ever been [G] on

Chorus x 2



When you're smiling by Dean Martin



G Gmaj7
When you're smiling when you're smiling
E7 Am
The whole world smiles with you

A7
When you're laughing oh when you're laughing
D7 D G
The sun comes shining through

G7 C
But when you're crying you bring on the rain
A7 D7
So stop your sighing be happy again
G E7
Keep on smiling cause when you're smiling
Am Am7 D7 G
The whole world smiles with you

G Gmaj7
When you're smiling when you're smiling
E7 Am
The whole world smiles with you

A7
When you're laughing oh when you're laughing
D7 D G
The sun comes shining through

G7 C
But when you're crying you bring on the rain
A7 D7
So stop your sighing be happy again
G E7
Keep on smiling cause when you're smiling
Am A7 D7 G
The whole world smiles with you

I walk the line

C G7 G7 C

Introduction

C G7 C
I keep a close watch on this heart of mine
C G7 C
I keep my eyes wide open all the time.
C F C
I keep the ends out for the tie that binds
C G7 C
Because you're mine, I walk the line

C G7 C
I find it very, very easy to be true
C G7 C
I find myself alone when each day is through
C F C
Yes, I'll admit I'm a fool for you
C G7 C
Because you're mine, I walk the line

C G7 G7 C Instrumental (as verse)
C G7 G7 C
C F F C
C G7 G7 C

C G7 C
As sure as night is dark and day is light
C G7 C
I keep you on my mind both day and night
C F C
And happiness I've known proves that it's right
C G7 C
Because you're mine, I walk the line

C G7 C
You've got a way to keep me on your side
C G7 C
You give me cause for love that I can't hide
C F C
For you I know I'd even try to turn the tide
C G7 C
Because you're mine, I walk the line
C G7 C
Because you're mine, I walk the line

It's a long way to Tipperary / Pack up your troubles

It's a ^G long way to Tipperary

It's a ^C long way to ^G go

It's a long way to Tipperary

To the ^A sweetest girl I know ^D

^G Goodbye to Picadilly ^{G7}

^C Farewell Leicester ^B Square

It's a ^G long long way to Tipperary

But my heart's ^D right ^G there.

(It's a) ^G Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
^C and ^G smile, smile, smile

While you've a Lucifer to light your fag

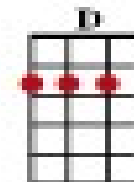
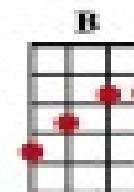
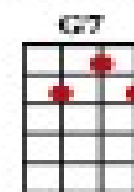
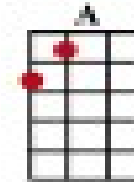
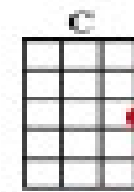
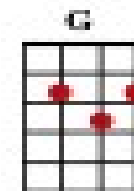
^A smile boys that's the ^D style

^G What's the use of ^{G7} worrying

^C it never was ^B worthwhile so

^G Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and

^D smile, ^G smile, smile



Showaddywaddy

Under the Moon of Love

C Am C Am

C Am
Let's go for a little walk, under the moon of love

C Am
Let's sit down and talk, under the moon of love

F D7
I wanna tell ya (wanna tell ya) that I love ya (that I love ya)

C E7 A7
And I want you to be my girl

F
Little darling let's walk, let's talk,
G C F C G
Under the moon of love (The moon of love)

C Am
You were looking so lovely, under the moon of love

C Am
Your eyes shining so brightly, under the moon of love

F D7
I wanna go (wanna go) All the time (All the time)

C E7 A7
And be my love to - night

F
Little darling let's walk, let's talk,
G C F C C7
Under the moon of love (The moon of love)

F C
I wanna talk sweet talk, and whisper things in your ears
D7

G
I'm gonna tell you lots of thing I know you've been longing to hear

(Come on little darling take my hand) SPOKEN

C Am
Let's go for a little walk, under the moon of love

C Am
Let's sit down and talk, under the moon of love

F D7
I wanna tell ya (wanna tell ya) that I love ya (that I love ya)

C E7 A7
And I want you to be my girl

D7
Little darling let's walk, let's talk,
G C F C G
Under the moon of love (The moon of love)

F D7
I wanna tell ya (wanna tell ya) that I love ya (that I love ya)

C E7 A7
And I want you to be my girl

F
Little darling let's walk, let's talk,
G C F C
Under the moon of love (The moon of love)

Happy Days

C Am
Sunday, Monday, Happy Days,
Dm G
Tuesday, Wednesday, Happy Days,
E Am
Thursday, Friday, Happy Days.
F G F G
Saturday, what a day,
F G
Groovin' all week with you...

C Am
These days are ours,
F G
Happy and free. (Oh Happy Days)

C Am
These days are ours,
F G
Share them with me. (Oh Happy Days)

C C
Goodbye grey sky, hello blue,
F F
'cause nothin' can hold me, when I hold you.
D D
Feels so right, it can't be wrong,
G G
Rockin' and rollin' all week long.

C Am
These days are ours,
F G
Happy and free. (Oh Happy Days)

C Am
These days are ours,
F G
Share them with me. (Oh Happy Days)

