



# **A FALL FARRAGO O' FAVORITES**

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- 13. Neil Young Tunes: Harvest Moon (2 versions), Four Strong Winds, Sugar Mountain**
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- 15. 16 Tons**

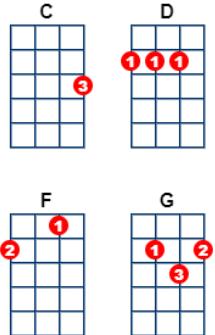
# High On A Mountain [G]

key:G, artist:Ola Belle Reed writer:Ola Belle Reed

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JfpQt78NFC0>

*Thanks to Jim's Ukulele Songbook & Jon Levy*

High on a [F] mountain, [G] wind blowin' [C] free  
[G] Thinking about the [D] days that used to [G] be  
High on a [F] mountain, [G] standin' all a-[C]lone  
[G] Wondering where the [D] years of my life have [G] flown



As I [G] looked at the [D] valleys down [G] below  
They were green just as [D] far as I could [G] see  
As my memory re-[F]turned, oh [G] how my heart did [C] yearn  
For [G] you and the [D] days that used to [G] be

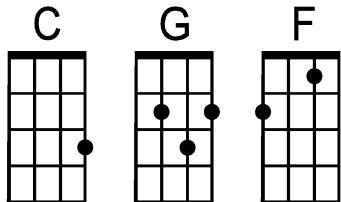
High on a [F] mountain, [G] wind blowin' [C] free  
[G] Thinking about the [D] days that used to [G] be  
High on a [F] mountain, [G] standin' all a-[C]lone  
[G] Wondering where the [D] years of my life have [G] flown

Oh I wonder if you [D] ever think of [G] me  
[G] Or if time has blotted [D] out your memo-[G]ry  
As I listen to that [F] breeze, whisper [G] gently through the [C]  
trees I'll [G] always cherish [D] what you meant to [G] me

High on a [F] mountain, [G] wind blowin' [C] free  
[G] Thinking about the [D] days that used to [G] be  
High on a [F] mountain, [G] standin' all a-[C]lone  
[slower]  
[G] Wondering where the [D] years of my life has [G] flown

# Big Rock Candy Mountain

by Unknown (bef. 1906) (as sung by Harry "Mac" McClintock - 1928)



**Intro:** C . . . . | . . . . G C . .

(sing g c)

|C

One evenin' as the sun went down and the jungle fire was burnin'

| . . . . | . . . . G C . .  
Down the track came a hobo hikin' and he said, "Boys I'm not turnin'

|F\ C\ F\ C\ |F\ C\ G . .  
I'm headed for a land that's far a-way be-sides the crystal fountain

|C . . . . | . . . . G C . .  
So come with me we'll go and see the Big Rock Candy Mountains

|C . . . . |F . . . . C . .  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains there's a land that's fair and bright

|F . . . . C . . . . |F . . . . G . .  
The handouts grow on bushes and you sleep out every night

|C . . . . |F . . . . C . .  
Where the boxcars all are empty and the sun shines every day

|F\ C\ F\ C\ |F\ C\ . .  
On the birds and the bees, the cigarette trees, the lemonade springs

|F\ C\ |G . . |C . . . .  
Where the bluebird sings in the Big Rock Candy Mountains

|C . . . . |F . . . . C . .  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains all the cops have wooden legs

|F . . . . C . . . . |F . . . . G . .  
And the bulldogs all have rubber teeth and the hens lay soft boiled eggs

|C . . . . |F . . . . C . .  
The farmer's trees are full of fruit and the barns are full of hay

|F\ C\ F\ |C\ |F\ C\ . .  
Oh I'm bound to go where there ain't no snow, where there ain't no fall

|F\ C\ |G . . |C . . . .  
And the winds don't blow in the Big Rock Candy Mountains

|C |F |C  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains you never change your socks

|F |C |F |G  
And the little streams of alco-hol come a tricklin' down the rocks

|C |F |C  
The brakemen have to tip their hats and the railroad bulls are blind

|F\ C\ F\ C\ |F\ C\  
There's a lake of stew and of whiskey too. You can paddle all a-round

|F\ C\ |G |C  
Them in a big ca—noe in the Big Rock Candy Mountains

|C |F |C  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains the jails are made of tin

|F |C |F |G  
And you can walk right out a—gain as soon as you are in

|C |F |C  
There ain't no short handle shovels no axes, saws or picks

|F\ C\ F\ C\ |F\ C\  
I'm gonna stay where you sleep all day. Where they hung the jerk

F\ C\ |G |C  
That in-vented work, In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

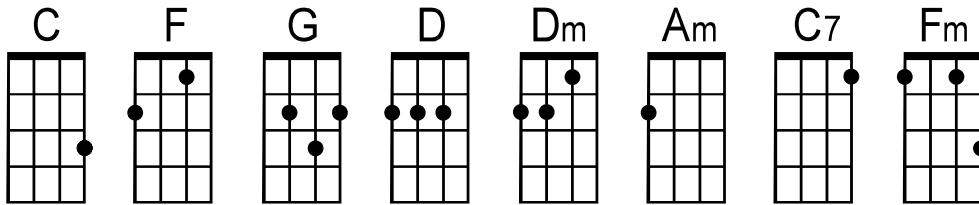
**Whistle:** C . . . |F . C . |F\ C\ F\ C\

|F\ C\ F\ C\ |G |C |C\  
I'll see you all this commin' fall in the Big Rock Candy Mountains"

**San Jose Ukulele Club**  
(v1d - 9/8/20)

# I'll Follow the Sun

by Paul McCartney (1964)



**Intro:** C . G . | F . C . |

(sing d)

G . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D . . .  
One-- day--, you'll-- look--, to see I've gone--

. | C . . . | Am . . | D . . | G . . | C . . . | F . . | C . . |  
For to-morrow may rain so, I'll fol-- low the sun--

G . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D . . .  
Some-- day--, you'll-- know--, I was the one--

. | C . . . | Am . . | D . . | G . . | C . . . | C7  
But to-morrow may rain so, I'll fol-- low the sun--

**Bridge:** . . . | Dm . . . | Fm . . . | C . . . | C7

And now the time has come--, and so my love, I must go--

. . . | Dm . . . | Fm . . . | C . . . | Dm . . . |  
And though I lose a friend--, in the end you will know--, Oh-- oh-oh

G . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D . . .  
One-- day--, you'll-- find--, that I have gone--

. | C . . . | Am . . | D . . | G . . | C . . . | F . . | C . . |  
For to-morrow may rain so, I'll fol-- low the sun--

**Instrumental:** G . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D . . .

A----- 0----- 3----- 2----- 5-----  
E----- 3----- 3-----  
C----- 2----- 3-----  
G-----

. | C . . . | Am . . | D . . | G . . | C . . . | C7  
Yes to-morrow may rain so, I'll fol-- low the sun--

**Bridge:** . . . | Dm . . . | Fm . . . | C . . . | C7

And now the time has come--, and so my love, I must go--

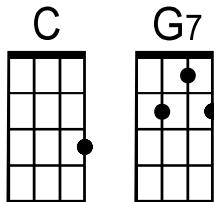
. . . | Dm . . . | Fm . . . | C . . . | Dm . . . |  
And though I lose a friend--, in the end you will know--, Oh-- oh-oh

G . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D . . .  
One-- day--, you'll-- find--, that I have gone--

. | C . . . | Am . . | D . . | G . . | C . . . | F . . | C |  
For to-morrow may rain so, I'll fol-- low the sun--

# Jambalaya On the Bayou

by Hank Williams (1952)



Good-bye |C . . . . | G7 . . .  
Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh—  
me gotta go |C . . . . pole the pirogue down the bayou—  
My Y-vonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh—  
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun, |C . . . .  
on the bayou—

**Chorus:**

Jam-ba-laya, crawfish pie and fillet gumbo |G7 . . .  
'Cause to-night, I'm gonna see my cher a-mi-o |C . . .  
Pick gui-tar, fill fruit jar, and be gay-o |G7 . . .  
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun |C . . .  
on the bayou—

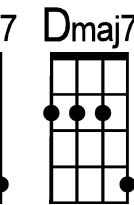
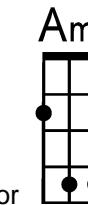
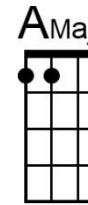
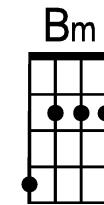
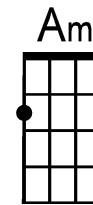
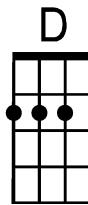
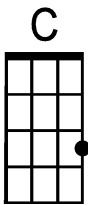
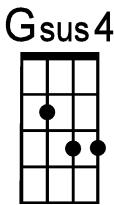
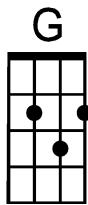
Thibo-daux, Fontain-eaux, the place is buzzin' |G7 . . .  
Kin folk come to see Y-vonne, by the dozen |C . . .  
Dress in style, go hog wild, me oh my oh |G7 . . .  
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun, |C . . .  
on the bayou—

**Chorus:**

Jam-ba-laya, crawfish pie and fillet gumbo |G7 . . .  
'Cause to-night, I'm gonna see my cher a-mi-o |C . . .  
Pick gui-tar, fill fruit jar, and be gay-o |G7 . . .  
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun |C . . . C\ G7\ C\ .  
on the bayou—

# Come Monday

by Jimmy Buffett (1974)



Capo up 2 frets  
for original key

**Intro: G . . . Gsus4 | G . . . Gsus4 | G . . . Gsus4 | G . . . Gsus4 |**

(sing d)

**G** . . . . | **C** . . . . | **D** . . . . | **G** . . . . | . . . .  
Headin' up-- to San Fran-cisco-- for the Labor Day weekend-- show--

|C . . . . |D . . . . |G . . . .  
I've got my Hush Pup-pies on, I guess I never was meant for glitter rock 'n' roll—

|C . . . . |G . . . .  
**Chorus:** Come Mon-day—— it'll be all—— right——

|C . . . |D . . .  
Come Mon-day— I'll be hold-in' you tight

. |G . Bm . |C . D  
I spent four lonely days in a brown L.A. haze

. |C . . D . |G . . Gsus4 |G . . Gsus4 |  
And I just want you back by my side—

**G** . . . | **C** . . . | **D** . . . | **G** . . . | . . .  
Yes--- it's been quite a summer--- Rent-a-cars--- and west-bound--- trains

And now— you're off on— va-cation— somethin'— you tried to ex—plain—

**Am** . . . . . | **C** . . . . . | **D** . . . . . | . . . . .  
And Darlin'— I love you so— that's the reason— I just let you go—

|C . . . . |G . . . .  
**Chorus:** Come Mon-day—— it'll be all—— right——

|C . . . |D . . .  
Come Mon-day— I'll be hold-in' you tight

| G . . Bm . | C . . D  
I spent four lonely days in a brown haze

. |C . . . D . . . |G . . . . Gsus4 |G . . . . Gsus4 |  
And I just want you back by my side—

**Bridge:**

**Amaj7** . . . | **Dmaj7** . . . |  
I can't—— help it honey—

**Amaj7** . . . | **Dmaj7** . . . |  
you're that much a part of me now—

**Amaj7** . . . | **Dmaj7**  
Re-member that night in Mon-tana

. | **C** . . . | **D** . . . |  
When we said there'd be no room for doubt——?

**F** . . . | **C** . . . | **G** . . . | **Gsus4** | **G** . . . | **Gsus4** |

**G** . . . | **C** . . . | **D** . . . | **G** . . . |  
I hope you're en-joyin' the scenery— I know that it's pretty up there—

. . . | **C** . . . | **D** . . . | **G** . . . |  
We can go hikin' on Tuesday— with you I'd— walk an-y-where—

**Am** . . . | **C** . . . | **D** . . . |  
Cali-fornia has worn me quite thin— I— just can't wait to see you a—gain—

**Chorus:** | **C** . . . | **G** . . . |  
Come Mon-day—— it'll be all— right—

| **C** . . . | **D** . . . |  
Come Mon-day—— I'll be hold-in' you tight

. | **G** . . . | **Bm** . . . | **C** . . . | **D**  
I spent four lonely days in a brown L.A. haze

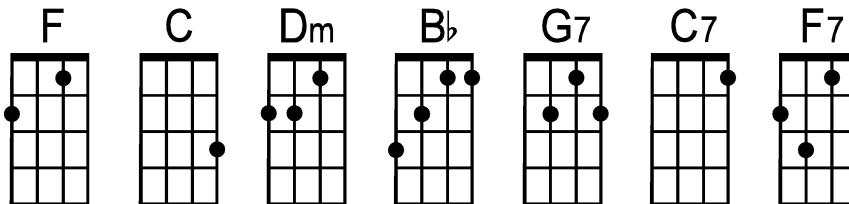
. | **C** . . . | **D** . . . | **G** . . . |  
And I just want you back by my side——

. | **G** . . . | **Bm** . . . | **C** . . . | **D**  
I spent four lonely days in a brown L.A. haze

. | **C** . . . | **D** . . . | **F** . . . | **C** . . . | **G\**  
And I just want you back by my si—— i-i—ide——

# Don't Think Twice, It's Alright (key of F)

by Bob Dylan (1963)



**Intro:** F . C . | Dm . Bb . | F . C . | F . C

(sing f g a)

. | F . C . | Dm . . . |  
An' it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe

Bb . . . | F . C  
If'n you don't know by now

. | F . C . | Dm . . . |  
An' it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe

G7 . . . | C . C7  
It'll never do some-how

. | F . . . | F7 . . . |  
When your rooster--- crows at the break--- of dawn

Bb . . . | G7 . . . |  
Look out--- your window and--- I'll be gone

F . C . | Dm . Bb . |  
You're the reason I'm a travel-in' on

F . C . | F . C . |  
Don't think twice, it's al-right

**Harmonica:** F . C . | Dm . . . | Bb . . . | F . . .

. | F . C . | Dm . . . |  
An' it ain't no use in turnin' on your light, babe

| Bb . . . | F . C  
The light I never knowed

. | F . C . | Dm . . . |  
An' it ain't no use in turnin' on your light, babe

G7 . . . | C . C7  
I'm on the dark side of the road

. | F . . . | F7 . . . |  
But I wish there--- was somethin' you would do or say

| Bb . . . | G7 . . . |  
To try and make me change my mind and stay

F . C . | Dm . Bb . |  
We never did too much talkin' any-way

. | F . C . | F . C . |  
But don't think twice, it's al-right

**Harmonica:** F . C . | Dm . . . | Bb . . . | F . . .

|F . . C . |Dm . . . |

No it ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal

Bb . . . |F . . C

Like you never done be-fore

|F . . C . |Dm . . . |

An'it ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal

G7 . . . |C . . C7

I can't hear you any-more

|F . . . . |F7

I'm a thinkin' and a wonderin', walkin' down the road

|Bb . . . . |G7

I once loved a woman, a child I'm told

|F . . C . |Dm . . Bb

I give her my heart but she wanted my soul

F . . C . |F . . C

Don't think twice, it's al-right

*Harmonica:* F . . C . |Dm . . . |Bb . . . |F . . .

|F . . C . |Dm . . .

So long——ong honey babe

|Bb . . . . |F . . C .

Where I'm bound, I can't tell

F . . C . |Dm . . .

Good-bye's too good a word, babe

G7 . . . . |C . . C7 .

So I'll just say fare thee well

F . . . . |F7

I ain't a sayin' you treated me un-kind

|Bb . . . . |G7

You coulda done better but, I don't mind

F . . C . |Dm . . Bb

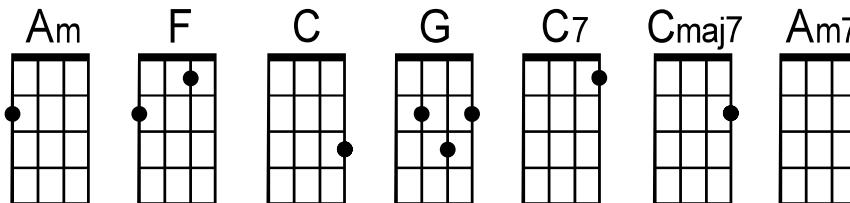
You just kinda wasted my—— precious time

|F . . C . |F . . . |F . . C . |F\

But don't think twice, it's al-right. Don't think twice, it's al-right

# Have You Ever Seen the Rain

By John Fogerty (1971)



C . . . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . | . . . . .  
Someone told me long a--go There's a calm be--fore the storm  
|G . . . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . | . . . . .  
I know and it's been-- comin'-- for some-- time--  
C . . . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . | . . . . .  
When it's o--ver so they say-- It'll rain a sunny-- day  
|G . . . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . | . . . . .  
I know shinin'-- down like wa--ter C7 . |

**Chorus:** F . . . | G . . . | C . C<sub>Maj7</sub> . | Am . Am7 . |  
 I wanna know— Have you ever— seen— the rain—  
 F . . . | G . . . | C . C<sub>Maj7</sub> . | Am . Am7 . |  
 I wanna kno-o-ow Have you ever— seen— the rain—  
 F . . . | G . . . | C . . . | C/ C<sub>Maj7</sub>/ Am7/ G// | C  
 Comin' down on a sunny— day?  
 A 3 2 0  
 E \_\_\_\_\_ 3 3  
 C \_\_\_\_\_ 0

C . . . . | . . . . | . . . . | . . . .  
 Yesterday and days be-fore Sun is cold and rain is— hard  
 . | G . . . . | . . . . | C . . . . | C/ C<sub>Maj7</sub>/ Am7/ G// | C  
 I know been that— way for all my— time— A-3-2-0  
 E————— 3-3  
 C————— 0

C . . . . | . . . . | . . . . | . . . . |  
'Til for-ev---er on it goes thru the cir---cle fast and slow  
. |G . . . . | . . . . | C . . . . | . . . . | C7 . . |  
I know and it can't— stop, I won—der

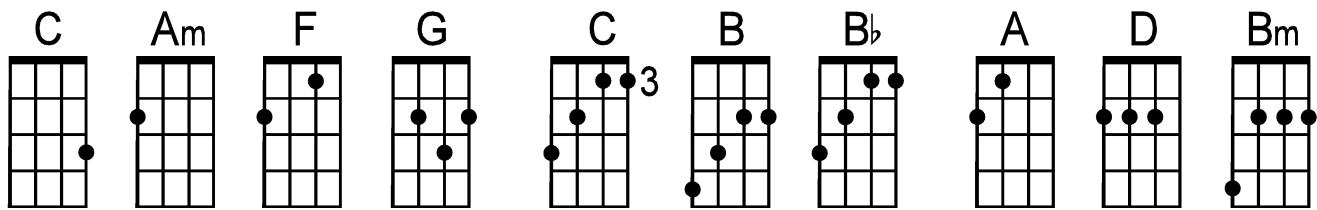
**Chorus:** F . . . | G . . . | C . C<sub>Maj7</sub> . | Am . Am7 . |  
 I wanna know— Have you ever— seen— the rain—  
 F . . . | G . . . | C . C<sub>Maj7</sub> . | Am . Am7 . |  
 I wanna kno-o-ow Have you ever— seen— the rain—  
 F . . . | G . . . | C . . . | C/ C<sub>Maj7</sub>/ Am7/ G// | F  
 Comin' down on a sunny— day?  
 A—3—2—0  
 E—————3—3—1—  
 C—————

F . . . |G . . . |C . CMaj7 . |Am . Am7 . |  
I wanna know Have you ever— seen— the rain—  
F . . . |G . . . |C . CMaj7 . |Am . Am7 . |  
I wanna kno-o-ow Have you ever— seen— the rain—  
F . . . |G . . . |C . . . |G . . . |C\  
Comin' down on a sunny— day?  
A-0-----  
E-3-0-0-----  
C-----0-----  
Low G-----0-----

**San Jose Ukulele Club**  
(v2e- 9/26/20)

# Lookin' Out My Back Door (Key of C)

by John Fogerty (Creedence Clearwater Revival) (1970)



(mute strum) D D U D U D U

**Intro:** x x x x | x x x |

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

A-0-0  
E-3-0-0-0  
C-0-2-0  
G-

(sing g)

C . . . | Am . . . |  
Just got home from Ili-nois, lock the front door, oh boy—

F . . C . | G . . . |  
Got to— sit down, take a rest on the porch

| C . . . | Am . . . |  
I-magin-ation sets in— pretty soon I'm singin'

F . . C . | G . . C . |  
Doo doo doo, lookin' out my—back door—

| C . . . | Am . . . |  
There's a giant doing cartwheels— statue wearin' high heels—

F . . C . | G . . . |  
Look at all the happy creatures dancin' on the lawn!

C . . . | Am . . . |  
Dino-saur Vic-trola— listenin' to Buck Owens—

F . . C . | G . . C . |  
Doo doo doo, lookin' out my—back door—

**Bridge:** G . . . | F . . . C . . . |  
Tambour-ines and elephants are playin' in the band

| Am . . . | G . . . |  
Won't you take a ride on the flying spoon— doo-doo doo

C . . . | Am . . . |  
Wondrous appa-ri-tion pro-vided by ma-gician

F . . C . | G . . C . |  
Doo doo doo, lookin' out my—back door—

**Instr:** C . . . | Am . . . | F . C . | G . . . |

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

**G** **F** **C**  
**Bridge:** Tambour-ines and elephants are playin' in the band

|**Am** | **G** |  
Won't you take a ride on the flying spoon— doo-doo doo

**C** |**Am** |  
Bother me to-morrow— to-day I'll find no sorrow—

**F** . **C** . |**G** . **C** . |  
Doo doo doo, lookin' out my—back door—

(mute strum) **C**\ x x x | x x x **C**<sup>2</sup>\ **B**\ **Bb**\ |

(key change) **A** . . . | **G** . . | **D** . . | **Bm** . . . | **A** . . . |

**D** |**Bm** |  
Forward troubles illi—nois, lock the front door, oh boy—

**G** |**D** | **A** |  
Look at all the happy creatures dancin' on the lawn!

(slow tempo)

**D** |**Bm** |  
Bother me to—morrow— to—day I'll find no sorrow—

**G** |**D** | **A** | **D**\ **A**\ **D**\ |  
Doo doo doo, lookin' out my— back door

(faster)

(mute strum) x x x x | **G** . **D** . | **A** . | **D**\ **A**\ **D**\ |  
A—2—2—0—————  
E—————2—2—2—0—————  
C—————2—————2—1—2—  
G—————

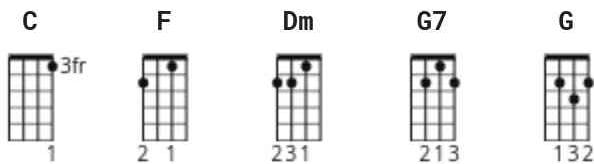
# Cracklin Rosie chords by Neil Diamond

Tuning: E A D G B E

Capo: 1st fret

Key: Db

## CHORDS



Neil Diamond  
Cracklin' Rosie  
Capo 1st fret

**C**  
Cracklin' Rosie, get on board

**F**  
We're gonna ride till there ain't no more to go

Taking it slow, Lord don't you know

**Dm** **G7**  
Have me a time with a poor man's lady

**C**  
Hitchin' on a twilight train

**F**  
Ain't nothing there that I care to take along

Maybe a song, to sing when I want

**Dm** **G7** **C**  
Don't need to say please to no man for a happy tune

**C** **F** **G** **C**  
Oh, I love my Rosie child

**C** **F** **G** **C**  
She got the way to make me happy

**C** **F** **G** **C**  
You and me, we go in style

**Dm**  
Cracklin' Rosie you're a store-bought woman

You make me sing like a guitar hummin'

So hang on to me, girl

**G**  
Our song keeps runnin' on

Play it now

Play it now  
Play it now, my baby

**C**  
Cracklin' Rosie, make me a smile

**F**  
Girl if it lasts for an hour, that's all right

We got all night to set the world right

**Dm** **G7** **C**  
Find us a dream that don't ask no questions, yeah

**C** **F** **G** **C**  
Oh, I love my Rosie child

**C** **F** **G** **C**  
She got the way to make me happy

**C** **F** **G** **C**  
You and me, we go in style

**Dm**  
Cracklin' Rosie, you're a store-bought woman

You make me sing like a guitar hummin'

So hang on to me, girl

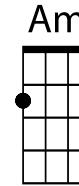
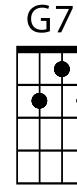
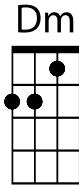
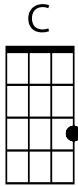
**G**  
Our song keeps runnin' on

Play it now  
Play it now my baby

## I Just Called To Say I Love You

Stevie Wonder

Strum Pattern: D xU-UxU or D DU-UDU



### Intro: C C C C(break)

### Verse 1

No New Year's (**C**)Day to celebrate  
No chocolate covered candy hearts to give (**Dm**)away  
No first of (**Dm**)spring, No song to sing  
In fact it's (**Dm**)just another (**G7**)ordinary (**C**)day (**C/**)

No April (**C**)rain, No flowers bloom  
No wedding Saturday within the month of (**Dm**)June  
But what it (**Dm**)is, is something true  
Made up of (**Dm**)these three words that (**G7**)I must say to (**C**)you (**C/**)

### Chorus

I just (**Dm**)called to (**G7**)say I (**C**)love you  
I just (**Dm**)called to (**G7**)say how much I (**Am**)care  
I just (**Dm**)called to (**G7**)say I (**Am**)love you  
And I (**Dm**)mean it from the (**G7**)bottom of my (**C**)heart (**C/**)

### Verse 2

No summer's (**C**)high, No warm July  
No harvest moon to light one tender August (**Dm**)night  
No autumn (**Dm**)breeze, No falling leaves  
Not even (**Dm**)time for birds to (**G7**)fly to southern (**C**)skies (**C/**)

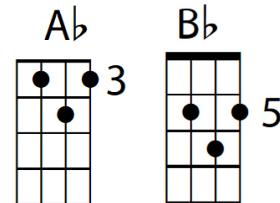
No Libra (**C**)sun, No Halloween  
No giving thanks to all the Christmas joy you (**Dm**)bring  
But what it (**Dm**)is, though old so new  
To fill your (**Dm**)heart like no three (**G7**)words could ever (**C**)do (**C/**)

### Chorus

I just (**Dm**)called to (**G7**)say I (**C**)love you  
I just (**Dm**)called to (**G7**)say how much I (**Am**)care  
I just (**Dm**)called to (**G7**)say I (**Am**)love you  
And I (**Dm**)mean it from the (**G7**)bottom of my (**C**)heart (**C/**)

### Final Chorus (Optional Instrumental)

I just (**Dm**)called to (**G7**)say I (**C**)love you  
I just (**Dm**)called to (**G7**)say how much I (**Am**)care  
I just (**Dm**)called to (**G7**)say I (**Am**)love you  
And I (**Dm**)mean it from the (**G7**)bottom of my (**C**)heart



(**Ab**)Of my (**Bb**)heart, (**Bb**)of my (**C**)heart (**C**) (**C**) (**C/** **C///**)

## **U-Bass Line (Learn these phrases and use the original chord chart)**

<b>C</b>	<b>Dm</b>	<b>G7</b>
G----- ----- -----		
D-----5---5--- -----7---7--- -----		
A-3---3----- -----5----- -----5---5---		
E----- -----3-----3-----		

<b>Am</b>	<b>Am</b>
G----- -----	
D----- -----	
A-----7---7--- -----3---4---	
E-5---5----- -----7-----	

<b>Ab</b>	<b>Bb</b>	<b>C</b>
G----- ----- -----		
D----- ----- -----5---5---		
A-----6---6--- -----8---8--- -----3---3--- -----3---3-3-3-		
E-4---4----- -----6---6----- ----- -----		

## **Chorus Melody**

A-3-3---0-----3-2-----2---3--- -----3-3---0-----3-2---0-----0-----		
E-----3----- ----- -----3-----0-----		
C----- ----- ----- ----- -----		
G----- ----- ----- ----- -----		
A-3-3---0-----3-2-----5---3--- -----3-2---0----- -----		
E-----3----- ----- -----3-1---0-----0---0-----		
C----- ----- -----2-----2-----0-----		
G----- ----- ----- ----- -----		

## **Chorus BG 1**

A-7-7---3-----3-5-----5-5---7--- -----7-7---3-----3-5---5-5---7---7-----		
E----- ----- ----- ----- -----		
C----- ----- ----- ----- -----		
G----- ----- ----- ----- -----		
A-7-7---3-----3-5-----5-5---7--- -----7-5---3---2-0----- -----		
E----- ----- -----3-3---3---3---3---0-----		
C----- ----- ----- ----- -----		
G----- ----- ----- ----- -----		

## **Chorus BG 2**

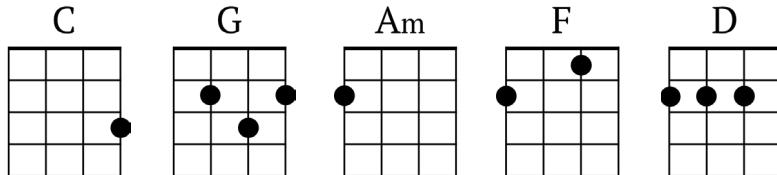
A----- -----0---0----- -----		
E-3-3---1-----1-3-----3-3---3--- -----3-3---1-----1-3---3-3-----		
C----- ----- ----- ----- -----		
G----- ----- ----- ----- -----		
A-----0---0----- ----- -----		
E-3-3---1-----1-3-----3-3----- -----3---1---0----- -----		
C----- -----2---0----- ----- -----		
G----- -----4---4---4---4---0----- -----		

**PIANO MAN**

By: **Billy Joel**

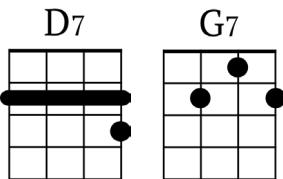
Tabbed by **Caroline & Kris**

**Waltzing rhythm 6/8**



**[Intro]**

C G Am C F C D G  
C G Am C F G C C F F



**[Verse 1]**

C G Am C F C D G  
It's nine o'clock on a Saturday  
The regular crowd shuffles in  
C G Am C  
There's an old man sitting next to me  
F G C C  
Making love to his tonic and gin

**[Instrumental]**

C G Am C F G C C F F

**[Verse 2]**

C G Am C  
He says son can you play me a memory  
F C D G  
I'm not really sure how it goes  
C G Am C  
But it's sad and its sweet and I knew it complete  
F G C C  
when I wore a younger man's clothes

## [Interlude]

**Am C** D7 D7 Am  
 La da da de de Da  
**C D7 D7** G G7 G\* G7\*  
 da da de de Da da DA

## [Chorus]

**C**                 **G**                         **Am**                 **C**  
Sing us a song you're the piano man  
**F**                 **C**                 **D**                 **G**  
Sing us a song tonight  
                 **C**                 **G**                         **Am**                 **C**  
Well we're all in the mood for a melody  
                 **F**                         **G**                 **C**                 **C**  
and you've got us feeling all right

[Instrumental]

C G Am C F G C C F F C C C F F

[Verse 3]

**C G Am C**  
Now John at the bar is a friend of mine  
**F C D G**  
He gets me my drinks for free  
**C G Am C**  
And he's quick with a joke or to light up your smoke  
**F G C C**  
But there's someplace that he'd rather be

C G Am C  
He says, "Bill, I believe this is killing me."  
F C D G  
As the smile ran away from his face  
C G Am C  
"well I'm sure that I could be a movie star  
F G C C  
If I could get out of this place"

**[Interlude]**

**A<sub>m</sub> C** D<sub>7</sub> D<sub>7</sub> **A<sub>m</sub>**  
La da da de de Da  
**C** D<sub>7</sub> D<sub>7</sub> **G G<sub>7</sub> G\* G<sub>7</sub>\***  
da da de de Da da DA

**[Verse 5]**

**C G A<sub>m</sub> C**  
Now Paul is a real estate novelist  
**F C D G**  
Who never had time for a wife  
**C G A<sub>m</sub> C**  
And he's talkin' with Davy who's still in the Navy  
**F G C C**  
And probably will be for life

**C G A<sub>m</sub> C**  
And the waitress is practicing politics  
**F C D G**  
As the businessmen slowly get stoned  
**C G A<sub>m</sub> C**  
Yes, they're sharing a drink they call loneliness  
**F G C C**  
But it's better than drinkin' alone

**[Chorus]**

**C G A<sub>m</sub> C**  
Sing us a song you're the piano man  
**F C D G**  
Sing us a song tonight  
**C G A<sub>m</sub> C**  
Well we're all in the mood for a melody  
**F G C C**  
and you've got us feeling all right

**[Verse 6]**

C G Am C  
It's a pretty good crowd for a Saturday  
F C D G  
And the manager gives me a smile  
C G Am C  
'cause he knows that it's me they've been comin' to see  
F G C C  
To forget about life for a while

C G Am C  
And the piano, it sounds like a carnival  
F C D G  
And the microphone smells like a beer  
C G Am C  
And they sit at the bar and put bread in my jar  
F G C C  
And say, "Man, what are you doin' here?"

**[Interlude]**

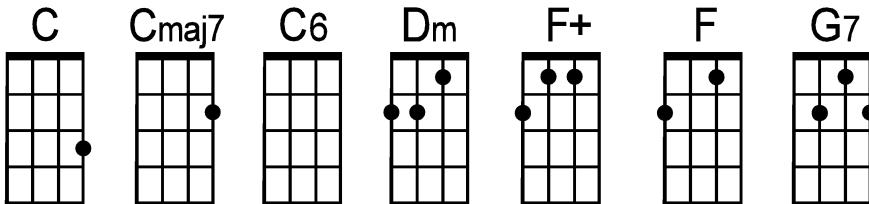
Am C D7 D7 Am  
La da da de de Da  
C D7 D7 G G7 G\* G7\*  
da da de de Da da DA

**[Chorus]**

C G Am C  
Sing us a song you're the piano man  
F C D G  
Sing us a song tonight  
C G Am C  
Well we're all in the mood for a melody  
F G C C  
and you've got us feeling all right

# Gentle on My Mind

by John Hartford (1967)



**Intro:** C . . .

(sing e g)

|C . . . Cmaj7 . . |C6 . . Cmaj7  
It's knowin' that your door is always open and your path is  
. |Dm . F+ . |F . F+ .  
Free to walk—

|Dm . F+ . |F  
That makes me tend to leave my sleepin' bag rolled up and  
G7 . |C . Cmaj7 . |C6 . Cmaj7  
Stashed be-hind your couch—

. |C . Cmaj7 . |C6 . Cmaj7  
And it's knowin' I'm not shackled by for-gotten words and bonds  
. |C . Cmaj7 . |Dm . F+ . |F . F+ .  
And the ink stains that have dried up-on some lines—

|Dm . |F+ . |F . F+ .  
That keeps you in the backroads by the rivers of my memory  
|Dm . G7 . |C . Cmaj7 . |C6 . Cmaj7  
That keeps you ever gentle on my mind—

. |C . Cmaj7 . |C6 . Cmaj7  
It's not clingin' to the rocks and ivy planted on their columns  
. |Dm . F+ . |F . F+ .  
Now that binds me—

|Dm . F+ . |F  
Or somethin' that some-body said be- cause they  
. |G7 . |C . Cmaj7 . |C6 . Cmaj7  
Thought we fit to- gether walkin'

. |C . Cmaj7 . |C6 . Cmaj7  
It's just knowin' that the world will not be cursin' or for- givin'  
. |C . Cmaj7 . |Dm . F+ . |F . F+ .  
when I walk a-long some railroad track and find—  
. |Dm . F+ . |F . F+ .  
That you're wavin' from the backroads by the rivers of my memory  
|Dm . G7 . |C . Cmaj7 . |C6 . Cmaj7  
for hours you're just gentle on my mind—

|C Cmaj7 |C6  
Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines and the junkyards

Cmaj7 |Dm F+ |F F+  
And the highways come be- tween us—

|Dm F+ |F  
And some other woman cryin' to her mother 'cause she

G7 |C Cmaj7 |C6 Cmaj7  
turned and I was gone—

|C Cmaj7 |C6 Cmaj7 |  
I still might run in silence, tears of joy might stain my face and the

C Cmaj7 |Dm F+ |F F+ |  
Summer sun might burn me 'til I'm blind—

|Dm F+ |F F+ |  
But not to where I cannot see you walkin' on the backroads, by the

Dm G7 |C Cmaj7 |C6 Cmaj7 |  
rivers flowin' gentle on my mind—

|C Cmaj7 |C6 Cmaj7 |  
I dip my cup of soup back from the gurglin', cracklin', cauldron

|Dm F+ |F F+ |  
In some train yard—

|Dm F+ |F |  
My beard a rough'nin' coal pile and a dirty hat pulled

G7 |C Cmaj7 |C6 Cmaj7  
low a-cross my face—

|C Cmaj7 |C6 Cmaj7 |  
Thru cupped hands, 'round a tin can I pre-tend to hold you to my

|Dm F+ |F F+ |  
breast and find—

|Dm F+ |F F+ |  
That you're wavin' from the backroads by the rivers of my memory

|Dm G7 |C Cmaj7 |C6 Cmaj7 |C  
ever smilin', ever gentle on my mind—

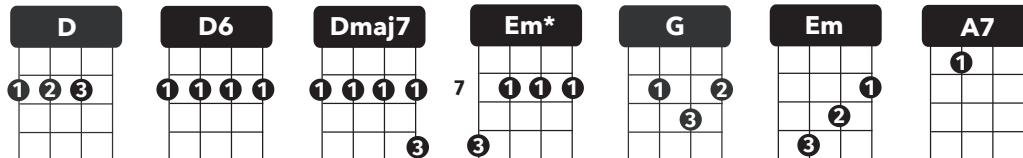
# HARVEST MOON

by Neil Young, 1992

Link to YouTube Cover: <http://bit.ly/HarvestMoonYT>

Link to Patreon Lesson: <http://bit.ly/HarvestMoonPatreon>

Ukulele arrangement by Cynthia Lin, <http://cynthialin.com/ukulele>



shuffle island strum + riffs

1 2 3 4      1 2 3 4  
d du - dudu - U -U -udu

INTRO - D riff x 4

[ D - D6 ] Dmaj7

**Em\* riff (hi G)**

A | -7----- |  
E | -----7--- |  
C | -----7--- |  
C | -----7-9- |

**Em\* riff (low G)**

A | -7----- |  
E | -----7--- |  
C | -----7--- |  
C | -----7-9- |

VERSE

**Em\* riff**

**Em\* riff**

**D riff x 2**

Come a little bit closer      Hear what I have to say

**Em\* riff**

**Em\* riff**

**D riff x 2**

Just like children sleepin'      We could dream this night away

**G**

**G**

**G**

**G**

**D riff x 2**

But there's a full moon risin'      Let's go dancin' in the light

**G**

**G**

**G**

**G**

**D riff x 2**

We know where the music's playin'      Let's go out and feel the night

CHORUS

**Em**

**Em**

**A7**

**A7**

Because I'm still in love with you      I want to see you dance

**Em**

**Em**

**A7**

**A7/**

a-gain      Because I'm still in love with you      on this harvest moon

BREAK

**D riff x 4**

VERSE

**Em\* riff**

**Em\* riff**

**D riff x 2**

When we were strangers      I watched you from afar

**Em\* riff**

**Em\* riff**

**D riff x 2**

When we were lovers      I loved you with all my heart

**G**

**G**

**G**

**G**

**D riff x 2**

But now it's gettin late      and the moon is climbin' high

**G**

**G**

**G**

**G**

**D riff x 2**

I want to celebrate      see it shinin' in your eye

REPEAT CHORUS

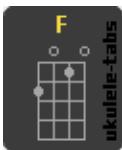
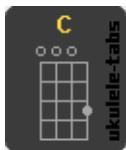
BREAK      **D riff x 2**

REPEAT CHORUS

OUTRO      **D riff x 3** END D/

# FOUR STRONG WINDS

UKE TAB BY NEIL YOUNG



Chorus:

C                    F                    G                    C  
Four Strong Winds That Blow Lonley, Seven Seas That Run High,

C                    F                    G  
All These Things That Don't Change, Come What May.

C                    F                    G                    C  
But Our Good Times Are All Gone, And I'm Bound For Moving On.

F                    C                    G  
I'll Look For You If I'm Ever Back This Way.

Verse 1:

C                    F                    G                    C  
Think I'll Go Out To Alberta, Weather's Good There In The Fall.

C                    F                    G  
Got Some Friends That I Can Go Workin' For,

C                    F                    G                    C  
Still I Wish You'd Change Your Mind, If I Asked You One More Time,

F                    C                    G  
But We've Been Through That A Hundred Times Or More.

(Chorus)

Verse 2:

C                    F                    G                    C  
If I get there before the snow flies, And if things are going good,

C                    F                    G  
You could meet me if I send you down the fare.

C                    F                    G                    C  
But if you wait until it's winter, Not Too Much For You To Do

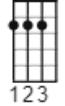
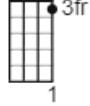
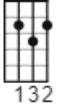
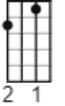
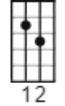
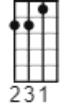
F                    C                    G  
'Cause that wind sure can blow way out there.

(Chorus)

# Sugar Mountain Ukulele by Neil Young



## CHORDS

D	C	G	F	Dsus4	Dm
					

[Intro]

D C G F D Dsus4 C G

[Verse]

G F

Oh, to live on Sugar Mountain,

G F

with the barkers and the colored balloons

G F

You can't be twenty on Sugar Mountain,

Dm G

though you're thinking that you're leaving there too soon;

Dm G

you're leaving there too soon.

[Verse]

G F

It's so noisy at the fair,

G

but all your friends are there

F

And the candy floss you had,

G

and your mother and your dad.

[Chorus]

G F

Oh, to live on Sugar Mountain,

G F

with the barkers and the colored balloons

**G** **F**

You can't be twenty on Sugar Mountain,

**Dm** **G**

though you're thinking that you're leaving there too soon;

**Dm** **G**

you're leaving there too soon.

[Interlude]

**D C G F D Dsus4 C G**

[Verse]

**G** **F**

There's a girl just down the aisle,

**G**

oh, to turn and see her smile.

**F**

You can hear the words she wrote,

**G**

as you read the hidden note.

[Chorus]

**G** **F**

Oh, to live on Sugar Mountain

**G** **F**

with the barkers and the colored balloons

**G** **F**

You can't be twenty on Sugar Mountain,

**Dm** **G**

though you're thinking that you're leaving there too soon;

**Dm** **G**

you're leaving there too soon.

Interlude: **D C G F D Dsus4 C G**

[Verse]

**G** **F**

Now you're underneath the stairs,

**G**

and you're giving back some glares

F

To the people who you met,  
G  
and it's your first cigarette.

[Chorus]

G F  
Oh, to live on Sugar Mountain,  
G F  
with the barkers and the colored balloons  
G F  
You can't be twenty on Sugar Mountain,  
Dm G  
though you're thinking that you're leaving there too soon;  
Dm G  
you're leaving there too soon.

[Verse]

G F  
Now you say you're leaving home,  
G  
'cause you want to be alone.  
F  
Ain't it funny how you feel,  
G  
when you're finding out it's real?

[Chorus]

G F  
Oh, to live on Sugar Mountain,  
G F  
with the barkers and the colored balloons  
G F  
You can't be twenty on Sugar Mountain,  
Dm G  
though you're thinking that you're leaving there too soon;  
Dm G  
you're leaving there too soon.

**G**                   **F**

Oh, to live on Sugar Mountain,

**G**                   **F**

with the barkers and the colored balloons

**G**                   **F**

You can't be twenty on Sugar Mountain,

**Dm**   **G**

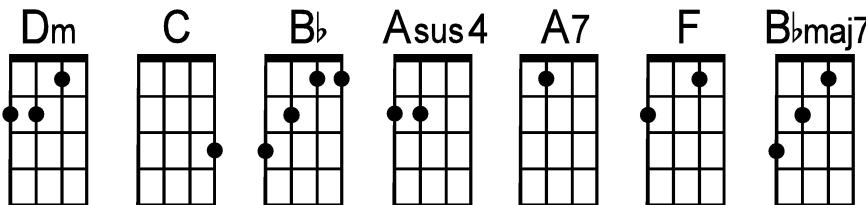
though you're thinking that you're leaving there too soon

[Outro]

**D** **C** **G** **F** **D** **Dsus4** **C**      **G**

# California Dreamin'

by John and Michelle Phillips (1965)



**Intro (arpeggio):** Dm . . . | . . . | A7 . . . | A7\ ---

--- --- | Dm . . C . . | Bb . . C . . | Asus4 . . . . | A7 . .  
All the leaves are brown—— and the sky is grey——  
(all the leaves are bro——own) (and the sky is grey——)

. . . | F . . A7 . | Dm . . Bb . | Asus4 . . . . | A7 . .  
I've been for a walk—— on a winter's day——  
(I've been for a— wa——alk——) (on a winter's day——)

. . . | Dm . . C . . | Bb . . C . . | Asus4 . . . . | A7 . .  
I'd be safe and wa——arm—— If I was in L. A.——  
(I'd be safe and wa——arm) (if I was in L. A.——)

. . . | Dm . . C . . | Bb . . C . . | Asus4 . . . . | A7 . .  
Cali-fornia dream—— in' on such a winter's day——  
(Cal—i—forn—ia dream-in' on such a winter's day——)

. . . | Dm . . C . . | Bb . . C . . | Asus4 . . . . | A7 . .  
Stopped in-to a church I passed a-long—— the way——

. . . | F . . A7 . | Dm . . Bb . | Asus4 . . . .  
Well, I got down on my knees—— And I pre-tend to pray——  
(got down on my— knee——ees)

. . . | A7 . . . . | Dm . . C . . |  
You know the preacher likes the cold——  
(I pre-tend to pray——) (preach-er likes the

Bb . . . . | C . . | Asus4 . . . . | A7 . . . .  
He knows I'm gon—na stay——  
co——old) (knows I'm gon—na stay——)

. . . | Dm . . C . . | Bb . . C . . | Asus4 . . . . | A7 . . . .  
Cali-fornia dream—— in' on such a winter's day——  
(Cal—i—forn—ia dream-in' on such a winter's day——)

## Instrumental:

Dm . . . . | . . . . | . . . . | . . . . | Bb . . |  
Doo—— do-do Doo do-do Doo—— do-do Doo do-do

F . . A7 . . | Dm . . Bb . | Asus4 . . . . | A7 . . . . |  
Doo— doo— doo— Doo— Do-oo—— da-da Da

Dm . C . | Bb . C . | A<sub>sus4</sub> . . . | A7 . . . . |  
Da da daa--- Da da daa--- da-  
Da--- da Da--- da Da--- da Daa--- Da--- da-da da

Dm . C . | Bb . C . | A<sub>sus4</sub> . . . | A7 . . . |  
Da--- da Da--- da Da--- da Da--- da Daa--- Da---

All the leaves are brown----- and the sky is grey----- | A7 . . . . . |  
(all the leaves are bro-----own) (and the sky is grey---)

I've been for a walk----- on a winter's day----- | A7 . . . . . |  
(I've been for a wa-----alk---) (on a winter's day---)

If I didn't tell her--- I could leave to--day--- | A7 . . . . . |  
(If I did-n't tell her---er) (I could leave to--day---)

Cali--for--nia dream----- in'----- on such a winter's day----- |  
(Cali---i---forn---ia dream-in' on such a winter's--- Cali---for---nia dream-in')

C . . | Dm . C . | Bb . . .  
On such a winter's day-----  
(on such a winter's--- Cali---for---nia dream-in')

C . . | Bbmaj7 . . . . . | Dm \  
On such a winter's day-----  
(on such a winter's day-----)

**San Jose Ukulele Club**  
(v5b - 1/8/21)

# "16 Tons", by Merle Travis

E7

Am G F E7  
Some people say a man is made out of mud

Am G F E7  
A poor man's made out of muscle and blood

Am Dm  
Muscle and blood and skin and bone

Am E7  
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong.

Am G F E7  
You load sixteen tons, what do you get?

Am G F E7  
Another day older and deeper in debt

Am Dm  
Saint Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go

F E7 Am  
I owe my soul to the company store.

Am G F E7  
I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine

Am G F E7  
I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine

Am Dm  
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal

Am E7  
And the straw boss said, "Well, a-bless my soul!"

Am G F E7  
You load sixteen tons, what do you get?

Am G F E7  
Another day older and deeper in debt

Am Dm  
Saint Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go

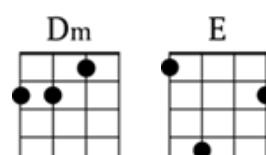
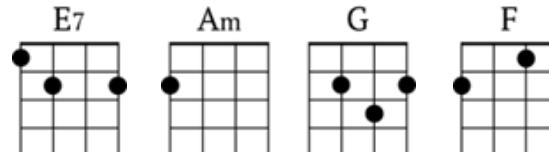
F E7 Am  
I owe my soul to the company store.

Am G F E7  
I was born one morning, it was drizzling rain

Am G F E7  
Fightin' and trouble are my middle name

Am Dm  
I was raised in the canebrake by an ol' mama lion

Am E7  
Ain't no a-high-toned woman make me walk the line



Am G F E7

You load sixteen tons, what do you get?

Am G F E7

Another day older and deeper in debt

Am Dm

Saint Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go

F E7 Am

I owe my soul to the company store.

Am G F E7

If you see me coming better step aside

Am G F E7

A lot of men didn't, a lot of men died

Am Dm

With one fist of iron, the other of steel

Am E7

If the right one don't get you then the left one will.

Am G F E7

You load sixteen tons, what do you get?

Am G F E7

Another day older and deeper in debt

Am Dm

Saint Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go

F E7 Am

I owe my soul to the company store.