



# **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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# 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*

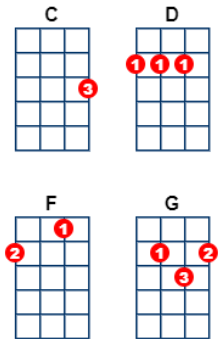
High on a [F] mountain, [G] wind blowin' [C] free  
[G] Thinking about the [D] days that used to [G] be  
High on a [F] mountain, [G] standin' all a-[C]lone  
[G] Wondering where the [D] years of my life have [G] flown

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

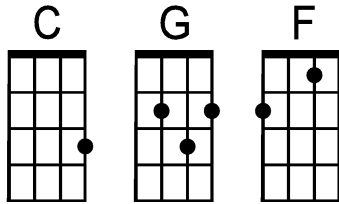
Oh I wonder if you [D] ever think of [G] me  
[G] Or if time has blotted [D] out your memo-[G]ry  
As I listen to that [F] breeze, whisper [G] gently through the [C]  
trees I'll [G] always cherish [D] what you meant to [G] me

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 . . . | . G 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

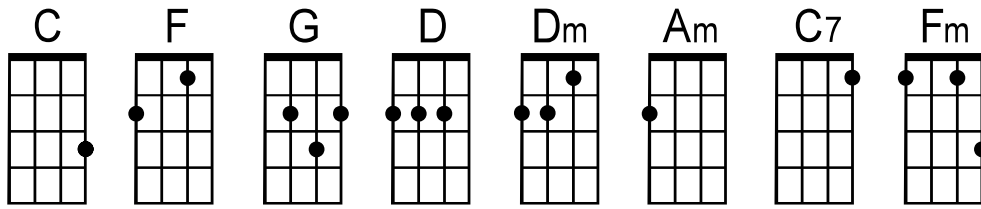
|C . . . |F . C .  
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains the jails are made of tin  
 |F . C . |F . G .  
 And you can walk right out a—gain as soon as you are in  
 |C . . . |F . C .  
 There ain't no short handle shovels no axes, saws or picks  
 |F\ C\ F\ C\ |F\ C\  
 I'm gonna stay where you sleep all 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"

# 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—

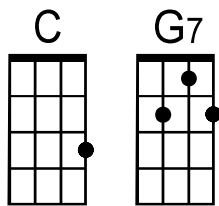
. | C . . Am . | D . G . | C . . . | C7  
 Yes to-morrow may rain so, I'll fol— low the sun—

**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 Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh—  
me gotta go 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, on the bayou—

## Chorus:

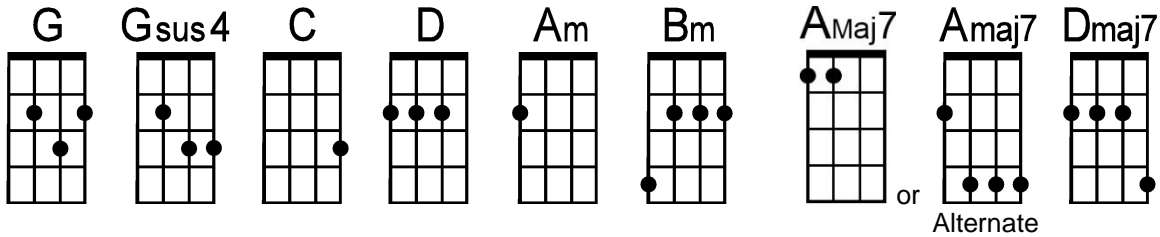
Jam-ba-laya, crawfish pie and fillet gumbo—  
'Cause to-night, I'm gonna see my cher a-mi-o—  
Pick gui-tar, fill fruit jar, and be gay-o—  
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou—  
Thibo-daux, Fontain-eaux, the place is buzzin'—  
Kin folk come to see Y-vonne, by the dozen—  
Dress in style, go hog wild, me oh my oh—  
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun, on the bayou—

## Chorus:

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

# 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—  
Am . . | C . . | D . . |  
And Honey— I did-n't know— that I'd be missin' you so—

**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 . . 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  
C . . | D . . | G . . |  
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—

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

**Bridge:**      **A**<sub>major</sub>7 . . . | **D**<sub>major</sub>7 . . . |  
                          I can't----- help it honey-----

**A**<sub>major</sub>7 . . . | **D**<sub>major</sub>7 . . . |  
                          you're that much a part of me now-----

**A**<sub>major</sub>7 . . . | **D**<sub>major</sub>7 . . .  
                          Re-mem-ber that night in Mon-tana

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

**F** . . . | **C** . . . | **G** . . . **G**<sub>sus4</sub> | **G** . . . **G**<sub>sus4</sub> |

**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-----

**A**<sub>minor</sub> . . . | **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** . . . **B**<sub>minor</sub> . . . | **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-----

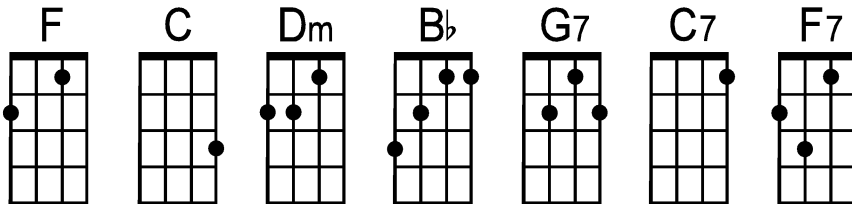
                 | **G** . . . **B**<sub>minor</sub> . . . | **C** . . . **D**  
                  I spent four lonely days in a brown L.A. haze

                 | **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 . . .

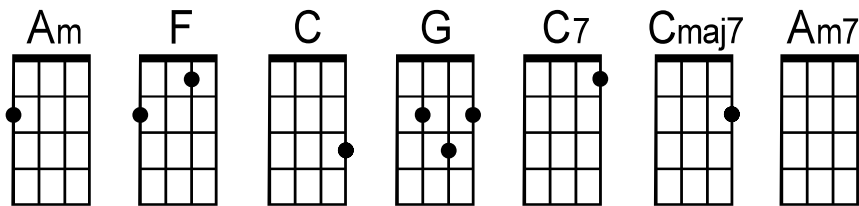
. | **F** . . **C** . | **Dm** . . . |  
 No it ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal  
**Bb** . . . | **F** . **C** .  
 Like you never done be-fore  
 . | **F** . . **C** . | **Dm** . . . |  
 An' it ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal  
**G7** . . . | **C** . **C7** .  
 I can't hear you any- 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)



**Intro:** Am . . . | F . . . | C . . . | G . . . | C . . . | . Cmaj7/ Am7/ G | **C**

A 0 3 2 0  
E 3 0 0 3 3  
C 0 0  
Low G 0

C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . .  
Someone told me long a—go There's a calm be—fore the storm  
G . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . .  
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 . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . . C7 . |  
I know shinin'— down like wa—ter

**Chorus:** 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 . . . | C/ Cmaj7/ Am7/ G// | **C**

A 3 2 0  
E 3 3  
C 0

C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . .  
Yester-day and days be-fore Sun is cold and rain is— hard  
G . . . | . . . | C . . . | C/ Cmaj7/ Am7/ G// | **C**

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 . 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 . . . | C/ Cmaj7/ Am7/ G// | **F**

A 3 2 0  
E 3 3 1  
C 0

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?

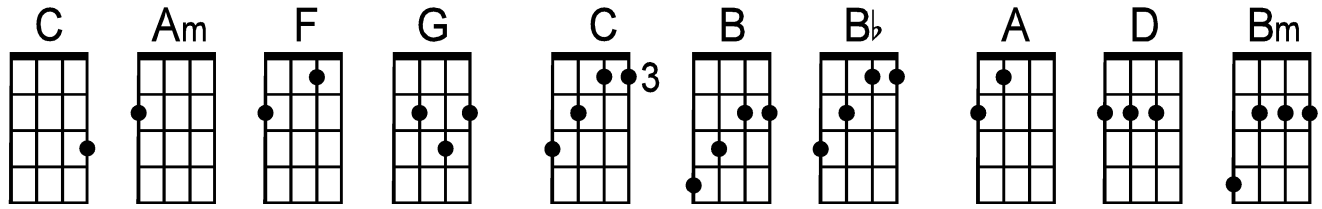
A 0—  
 E 3—0—0—  
 C ———0—  
 Low G ———0—

**San Jose Ukulele Club**

(v2e- 9/26/20)

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

by John Fogarty (Creedence Clearwater Revival) (1970)



(mute strum) D D U D U D U

**Intro:** X 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 Illi—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-rition 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 . |

**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** . . . |  
 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—

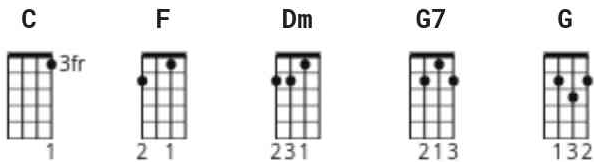
# Cracklin Rosie chords by Neil Diamond

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

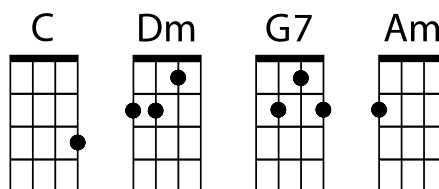
Play it now my baby



# 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/)

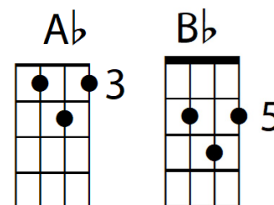
No Libra (C)sun, No Halloween  
No giving thanks to all the Christmas joy you (Dm)bring  
But what it (Dm)is, though old so new  
To fill your (Dm)heart like no three (G7)words could ever (C)do (C/)

### 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)

C	Dm	G7
G-----	-----	-----
D-----5---5---	-----7---7---	-----
A-3-----3-----	-5-----5-----	-----5---5---
E-----	-----	-3-----3-----

Am	Am
G-----	-----
D-----	-----
A-----7---7---	-----3---4---
E-5-----5-----	-5---7-----

Ab	Bb	C
G-----	-----	-----
D-----	-----	-----5---5---
A-----6---6---	-----8---8---	-3-----3-----
E-4-----4-----	-6-----6-----	-----3-3-3-3-

## 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-----	-----

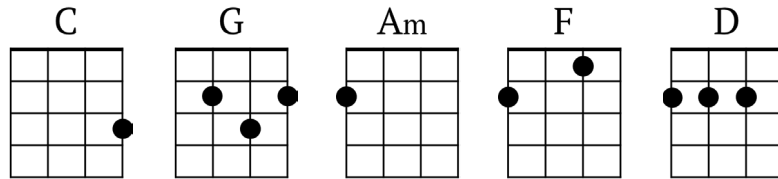
A-----0---	-0-----
E-3-3---1-----1-3-----3-3-----	---3---1---0-----
C-----	-----2---0-----
G-----	-----4---4---4---4---0---

# PIANO MAN

By: Billy Joel

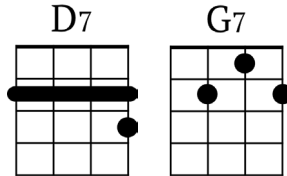
Tabbed by Caroline & Kris

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  
It's nine o'clock on a Saturday  
          F          C          D          G  
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 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]

<b>Am</b>	<b>C</b>				<b>D7</b>	<b>D7</b>	<b>Am</b>
La	da	da		de	de	Da	
<b>C</b>				<b>D7</b>	<b>D7</b>		<b>G G7 G* G7*</b>
da	da		de	de	Da	da	DA

[Verse 5]

**C** **G** **Am** **C**  
 Now Paul is a real estate novelist  
**F** **C** **D** **G**  
 Who never had time for a wife  
**C** **G** **Am** **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 Am C  
 And the waitress is practicing politics  
 F C D G  
 As the businessmen slowly get stoned  
 C G Am C  
 Yes, they're sharing a drink they call loneliness  
 F G C C  
 But it's better than drinkin' alone

[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

**[Verse 6]**

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

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

**[Interlude]**

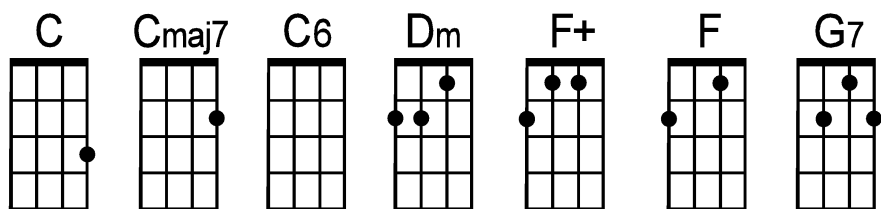
La da da de de Da  
da da de de Da da DA

**[Chorus]**

Sing us a song you're the piano man  
Sing us a song tonight  
Well we're all in the mood for a melody  
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 between 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——



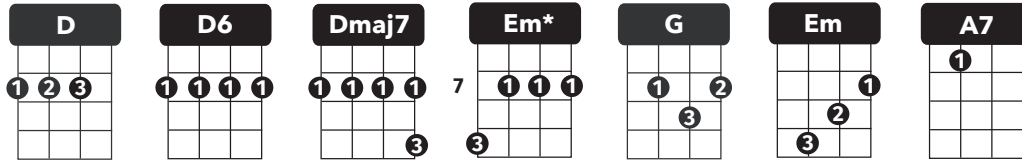
# HARVEST MOON

by Neil Young, 1992

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

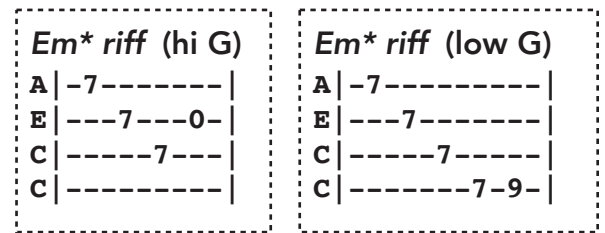
Link to Patreon Lesson: <http://bit.ly/HarvestMoonPatreon>

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



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

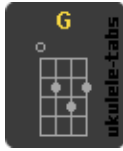
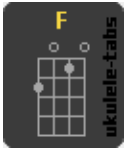
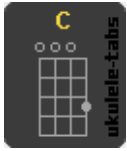
BREAK D riff x 2

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:

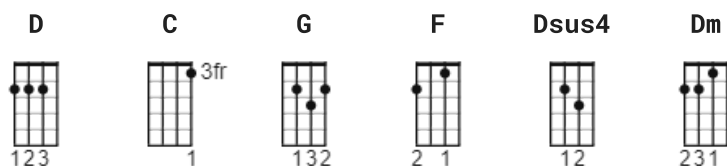
C F G C  
If I get there before the snow flies, And if things are going good,  
C F G  
You could meet me if I send you down the fare.  
C F G C  
But if you wait until it's winter, Not Too Much For You To Do  
F C G  
'Cause that wind sure can blow way out there.

(Chorus)

# Sugar Mountain Ukulele by Neil Young



## CHORDS



[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



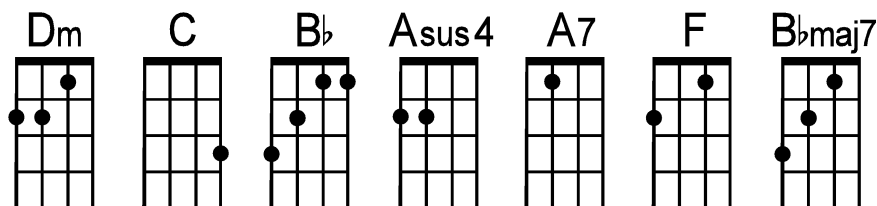
**G** **F**  
Oh, to live on Sugar Mountain,  
**G** **F**  
with the barkers and the colored balloons  
**G** **F**  
You can't be twenty on Sugar Mountain,  
**Dm** **G**  
though you're thinking that you're leaving there too soon

[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-----  
-ey) (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 . | Asus4 . . . | A7 . . . |**  
*Da da daa— Da da daa— da-Da da da-da da-da Daa— da-da da*

**Dm . C . | Bb . C . | Asus4 . . . | A7 .**  
*Da— da Da— da Da— da Da— da Daa— Da—*

**. . | 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—*  
*-ey) (I've been for a wa—alk—) (on a winter's day—)*

**. . | Dm . C . | Bb . C . | Asus4 . . . | A7 .**  
*If I didn't tell her— I could leave to—day—*  
*(If I did-n't tell her—er) (I could leave to—day—)*

**. . | Dm . C . | Bb . C . | Dm . C . | Bb .**  
*Cali-fornia dream— in'— on such a winter's day—*  
*(Cal— 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—)*



# "16 Tons", by Merle Travis

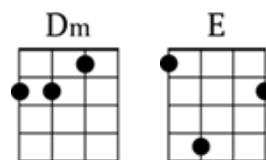
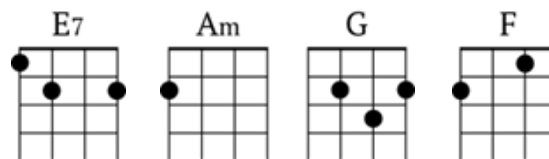
E7

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

Am                      G                      F                      E7

Am Dm

**F** **E7** **Am**

Am G F E7

Am G F E7

Am Dm

Am E7

Am G F E7

Am G F E7

Am Dm

F E7 Am