



Salmon Days 2017

## SUPA Salmon Days 2017

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# Back in the Saddle/Seattle Again (NWFL)

Intro: (Last Line) F-C-A<sup>m</sup>-C-G<sup>7</sup>-C-G<sup>7</sup>

Soprano Baritone

C G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup>

I'm back in the saddle again

F C C<sup>7</sup>

Out where a friend is a friend

F C A<sup>m</sup>

Where the longhorn cattle feed on the lowly Jimson weed

D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

Back in the saddle again

C G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup>

Riding the range once more

F C C<sup>7</sup>

Totin' my old forty-four

F C A<sup>m</sup>

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

C G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup>

Back in the saddle again

F C G<sup>7</sup>

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

F C A<sup>m</sup> C G<sup>7</sup> C G<sup>7</sup>

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

C G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup>

I'm back in Seattle again

F C C<sup>7</sup>

Out where a latte's your friend

F C A<sup>m</sup>

Where the Boeing airplanes gleam and the Microsofties teem

D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

Back in Seattle again

C G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup>

Ridin' the ferries once more

F C C<sup>7</sup>

Leavin' my troubles ashore

F C A<sup>m</sup>

Where the SUPA members play and the skies are always gray

C G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup>

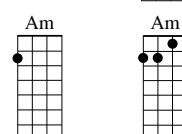
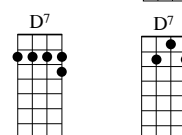
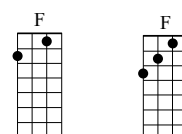
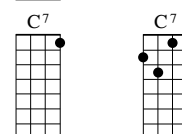
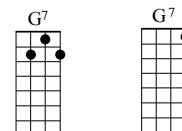
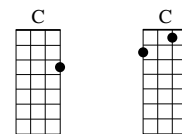
Back in Seattle again

F C G<sup>7</sup>

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

F C A<sup>m</sup> C G<sup>7</sup> C (F C G<sup>7</sup> C)

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



# Hanalei Moon

Words & Music by Robert Nelson, 1974

Soprano Baritone

Intro vamp: G<sup>7</sup>-C<sup>7</sup>-F (x2)

C<sup>7</sup> F (D<sup>7</sup>)

When you see  
G<sup>7</sup>

Hanalei by moonlight,

G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup>

You will be in Heaven by the sea.

F (D<sup>7</sup>)

Every breeze,

G<sup>7</sup>

Every wave will whisper,

G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F (C<sup>7</sup> C<sup>+</sup>)

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

F (D<sup>7</sup>) G<sup>7</sup>

Hanalei,

Hanalei Moon

C<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>-B<sup>bm</sup>-F C<sup>7</sup>

Is lighting beloved Kaua'i.

F (D<sup>7</sup>) G<sup>7</sup>

Hanalei,

Hanalei Moon,

C<sup>7</sup> F (C<sup>7</sup> to top) (D<sup>7</sup> to last)

Aloha no wau ia oe.

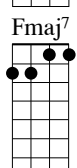
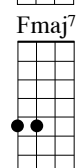
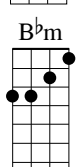
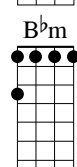
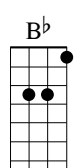
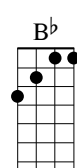
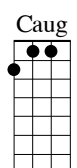
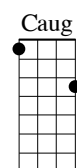
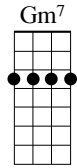
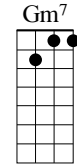
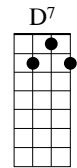
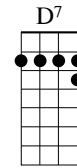
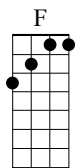
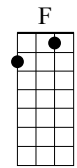
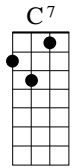
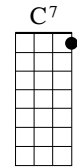
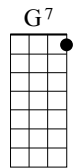
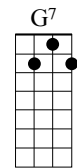
Last time:

G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> (Break & ritard)

Aloha no wau ia,

B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>bm</sup> F<sup>maj7</sup>

Hana-lei Moon.



# Cherry Pink (& Apple Blossom White)

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

D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C F C /NC

It's cherry pink and apple blossom white

When your true lover comes your way

It's cherry pink and apple blossom white

The poets say.

The story goes that once a cherry tree

Beside an apple tree did grow,

And there a boy once met his bride to be

Long, long ago.

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

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

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

The branches of the two trees were intertwined.

And that is why the poets always write

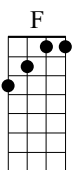
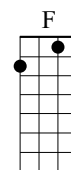
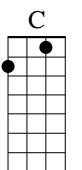
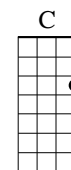
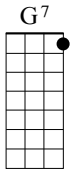
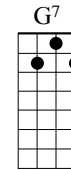
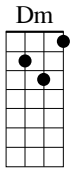
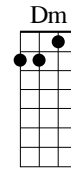
When there's a new moon bright above

It's cherry pink and apple blossom white

When you're in love!

Soprano

Baritone



D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

C /NC

D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

C F C

G<sup>7</sup> C

G<sup>7</sup> C

G<sup>7</sup> C

G<sup>7</sup> C /NC

D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

C /NC

D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

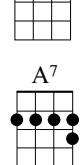
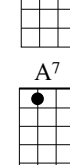
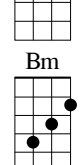
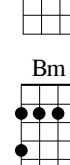
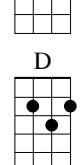
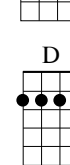
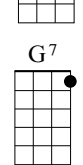
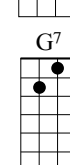
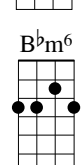
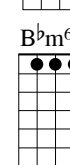
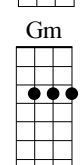
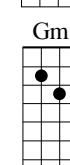
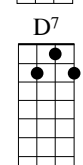
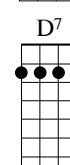
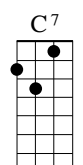
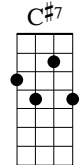
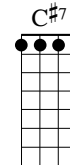
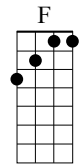
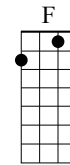
C (F C)

# Dream a Little Dream of Me

Music by Milton Adolphus & Lyrics by Gus Kahn, 1931

Soprano    Baritone

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



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

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

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

# Haole Hula (NW Folklife)

Words & Music by R. Alex Anderson, 1928

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

Oh when I hear the strains of that sweet Alekoki,

And stealing from a far off guitar Penei No

When Liliu E makes you sway in the moonlight

I know the reason why fair Hawaii haunts you so.

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

The lovely blue of sky and the sapphire of ocean

The flashing white of cloud and of waves foaming crest

The many shades of green from the plain to the mountain

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

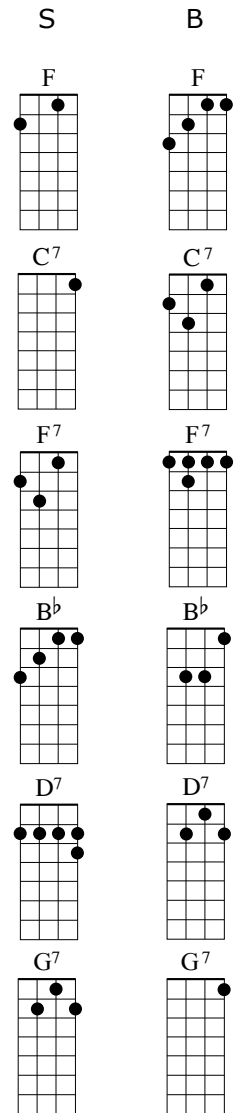
I love to dance and sing of the charms of Hawaii

And from a joyful heart sing Aloha to you.

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

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

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

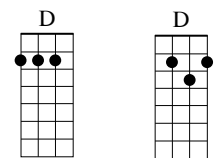
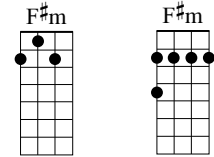
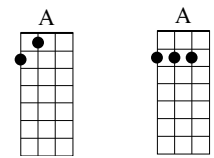
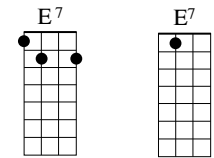
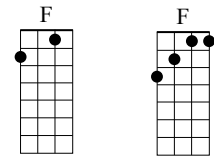
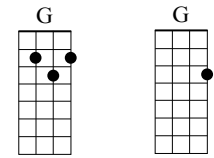
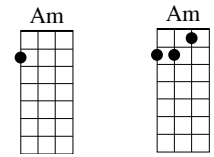


# Runaway

Words and music by Del Shannon and Max Crook, 1961

Am G  
 As I walk along, I wonder  
 F  
 A what went wrong with our love  
 E7  
 A love that was so strong  
  
 Am  
 And as I still walk on  
 G  
 I think of the things we've done  
 F E7  
 Together, while our hearts were young  
  
 A  
 I'm a walkin' in the rain  
 F#m  
 Tears are fallin' and I feel a pain  
 A  
 A wishin' you were here by me  
 F#m  
 To end this misery  
 A F#m  
 And I wonder, I wa wa wa wa wonder  
 A  
 Why~ a why, why, why, why  
 F#m  
 Why she ran away  
 D E7  
 And I wonder a where will she sta~ay  
 A  
 My little runaway  
 D  
 A run, run, run, run  
 A E7  
 Runaway

Soprano Baritone



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

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



# E Huli Mâkou

David Chung, 1949

F  
E huli, e huli mâkou  
G<sup>7</sup>  
E huli, e huli mâkou  
C<sup>7</sup>  
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e  
F G<sup>7</sup>-C<sup>7</sup>-F  
E aloha mai

F  
I mua, i mua mâkou  
G<sup>7</sup>  
I mua, i mua mâkou  
C<sup>7</sup>  
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e  
F G<sup>7</sup>-C<sup>7</sup>-F  
E aloha mai

F  
I lalo, i lalo mâkou  
G<sup>7</sup>  
I lalo, i lalo mâkou  
C<sup>7</sup>  
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e  
F G<sup>7</sup>-C<sup>7</sup>-F  
E aloha mai

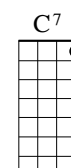
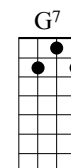
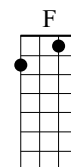
F  
I hope, i hope mâkou  
G<sup>7</sup>  
I hope, i hope mâkou  
C<sup>7</sup>  
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e  
F G<sup>7</sup>-C<sup>7</sup>-F  
E aloha mai

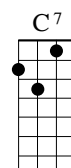
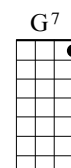
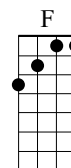
F  
Ha'ina, ha'ina ho'i mai  
G<sup>7</sup>  
E huli, e huli ho'i mai  
C<sup>7</sup>  
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e  
F G<sup>7</sup>-C<sup>7</sup>-F  
E aloha mai

Soprano



Baritone



# Tip Toe Through the Tulips

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

Intro: C (x2) G° (x2) G<sup>7</sup> (x4)

C G° D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

Tip toe\_\_\_\_\_ to the window,

C E<sup>7</sup>

By the window,

F F<sup>m</sup>

That is where I'll be.

C G° D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C G° G<sup>7</sup>

Come, tip toe\_\_\_\_\_ through the tulips\_\_\_\_\_ with me.

C G° D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

Tip toe\_\_\_\_\_ from your pillow,

C E<sup>7</sup>

To the shadow

F F<sup>m</sup>

Of the willow tree.

C G° D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C F C

And tip toe\_\_\_\_\_ through the tulips\_\_\_\_\_ with me.

[bridge]

D<sup>m7</sup> E<sup>m</sup>

Knee deep in flowers we'll stray.

B<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

We'll keep the showers away.

C G° D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

And if I kiss you\_\_\_\_\_ in the garden,

C E<sup>7</sup>

In the moonlight,

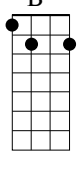
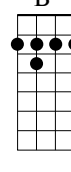
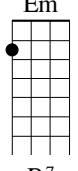
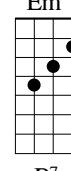
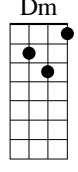
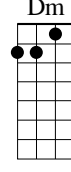
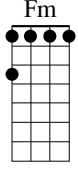
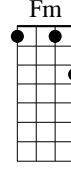
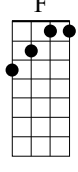
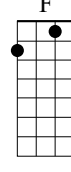
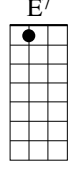
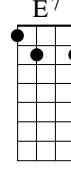
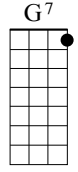
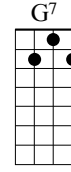
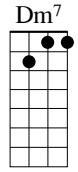
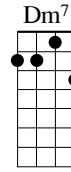
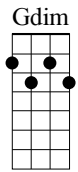
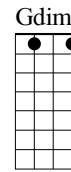
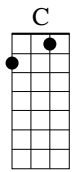
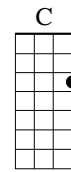
F F<sup>m</sup>

Will you pardon me?

C G° D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C

Come, tip toe\_\_\_\_\_ through the tulips\_\_\_\_\_ with me.

Soprano Baritone



# Jamaica Farwell

Soprano Baritone

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

Intro: | C | G<sup>7</sup> | G<sup>7</sup> | C | C | D<sup>m</sup> | G<sup>7</sup> | C | G<sup>7</sup> |

C C<sup>7</sup> F  
Down the way where the nights are gay

G<sup>7</sup> C  
And the sun shines daily on the mountain top

C<sup>7</sup> F  
I took a trip on a sailing ship

G<sup>7</sup> C  
And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop

[CHORUS]

(C) D<sup>m</sup>  
But I'm sad to say, I'm on my way

G<sup>7</sup> C  
Won't be back for many a day

C<sup>7</sup> F F<sup>m</sup>  
My heart is down, my head is turning around

C G<sup>7</sup> C (G<sup>7</sup>)  
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town

C C<sup>7</sup> F  
Sounds of laughter everywhere

G<sup>7</sup> C  
And the dancing girls swaying to and fro

C<sup>7</sup> F  
I must declare that my heart is there

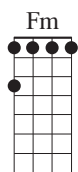
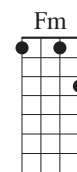
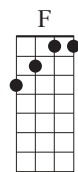
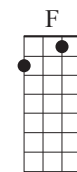
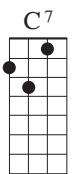
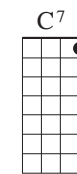
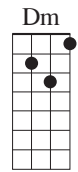
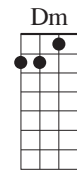
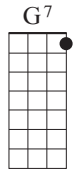
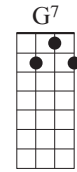
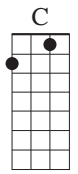
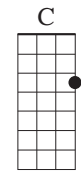
G<sup>7</sup> C  
Though I've been from Maine to Mexico

C C<sup>7</sup> F  
Down at the market you can hear

G<sup>7</sup> C  
Ladies cry out while on their head they bear

C<sup>7</sup> F  
Ackee rice, salt fish are nice

G<sup>7</sup> C  
And the rum is fine any time of year



# Love Potion No. 9

Words & Music by Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller, 1959

Soprano Baritone

Intro: D<sup>m</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

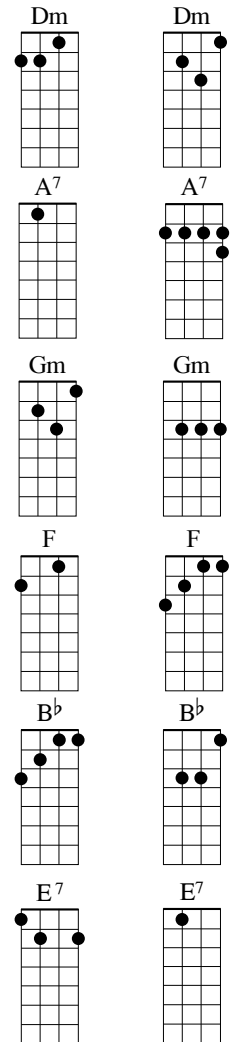
D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>m</sup>  
I took my troubles down to Madame Ruth.  
D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>m</sup>  
You know the gypsy with the gold-capped tooth.  
F D<sup>m</sup>  
She's got a pad down on 34th and Vine,  
B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup>  
She sells little bottles of - Love Potion No. 9.

D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>m</sup>  
I told her that I was a flop with chicks.  
D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>m</sup>  
I've been this way since 1956.  
F D<sup>m</sup>  
She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign.  
B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup>  
She said, "What you need is - Love Potion No. 9."

G<sup>m</sup>  
She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink.  
E<sup>7</sup>  
She said, "I'm gonna mix it up right here in the sink."  
G<sup>m</sup>  
It smelled like turpentine and looked like India Ink.  
A<sup>7</sup>  
I held my nose. I closed my eyes. I took a drink.

D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>m</sup>  
I didn't know if it was day or night.  
D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>m</sup>  
I started kissing every thing in sight.  
F D<sup>m</sup>  
But when I kissed a cop down on 34th and Vine,  
B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup>  
He broke my little bottle of - Love Potion No. 9.

A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup>  
Love Potion No. 9  
A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup>  
Love Potion No. 9



# Margaritaville

Words and music by Jimmy Buffett

Soprano Baritone

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

D

Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake,

All of those tourists covered with oil,

Strumming my six string, on my front porch swing,

Smell those shrimp, they're beginning to boil.

Wasting away again in Margaritaville,

Searching for my lost shaker of salt,

Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,

But I know it's nobody's fault.

D

Don't know the reason that I stayed here all season,

With nothing to show but this brand new tattoo,

But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie,

How it got here I haven't a clue.

Wasting away again in Margaritaville,

Searching for my lost shaker of salt,

Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,

Now I think, hell, it could be my fault.

D

Blew out my flipflop, stepped on a poptop

Cut my heel, had to cruise on back home,

But there's booze in the blender, and soon it will render,

That frozen concoction that helps me hang on.

Wasting away again in Margaritaville,

Searching for my lost shaker of salt,

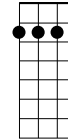
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,

But I know, it's my own damned fault.

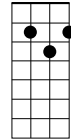
Yes, some people claim that there's a woman to blame,

And I know it's my own damn fault.

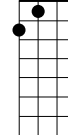
D



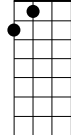
D



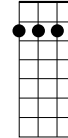
A



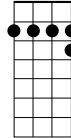
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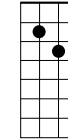
D7



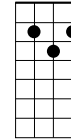
D7



G



G



# Ragtime Cow Boy Joe (NWFL)

Words by Grant Clarke, Music by Lewis Muir & Maurice Abrahams 1912  
 Popularized post-WWII by Jo Stafford and in the '60s by the Chipmunks

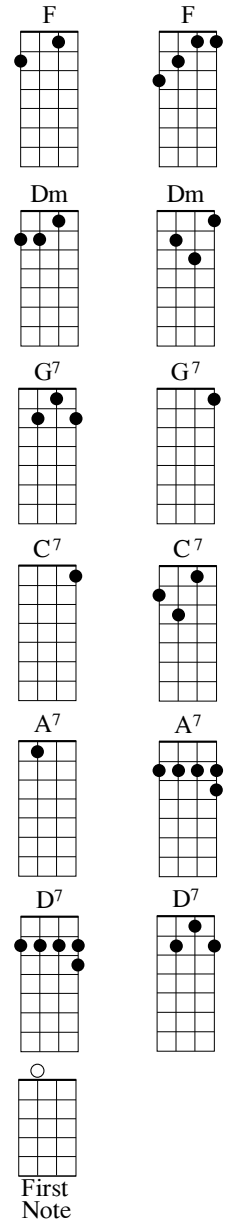
F Dm F Dm  
 Out in Arizona where the bad men are,  
 F Dm G7  
 And the only friend to guide you is an Eve'ning star,  
 F Dm F Dm G7 C7 F  
 The roughest toughest man by far, is Ragtime Cowboy Joe.  
 A7  
 Got his name from singing to the cows and sheep  
 D7  
 Ev'ry night they say he sings the herd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

## CHORUS: (Faster!)

F  
 He always sings, raggy music to the cattle,  
 G7  
 As he swings, back and forward in the saddle,  
 C7  
 On a horse, that is syncopated, gaited,  
 F Dm G7 C7  
 And there's such a funny meter to the roar of his repeater.  
 F  
 How they run, when they hear that fellow's gun,  
 G7  
 Because the Western folks all know,  
 C7  
 He's a high-faluting, scooting, shooting  
 G7 C7 F  
 Son-of-a-gun from Arizona, Ragtime Cow Boy Joe.  
 G7 C7 G7 C7  
 (last time): Ragtime Cow Boy (Talk about your Cow Boy)  
 G7 C7 F -C7-F  
 Ragtime Cow Boy Joe.

F Dm F Dm  
 Dressed up ev'ry Sunday in his Sunday clothes,  
 F Dm G7  
 He beats it for the village where he always goes,  
 F Dm F Dm G7 C7 F  
 And ev'ry girl in town is Joe's, 'cause he's a ragtime bear.  
 A7  
 When he starts a spieling on the dance hall floor,  
 D7  
 No one but a lunatic would start a war,  
 F Dm F Dm C7  
 Wise men know his forty four, Makes men dance for fair. (Chorus)

Soprano Baritone



Intro:  
 Slow F-Dm-F-Dm

# Pearly Shells (Medley)

Pearly Shells: English lyrics by Webley Edwards & Leon Pober, 1962

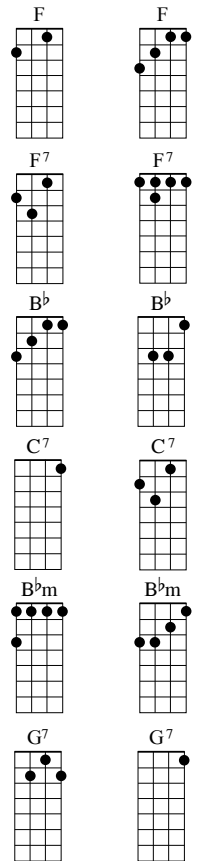
Pupu A O 'Ewa (hui): traditional

'O 'Āinahau (hui): Princess Miriam Kapili Kekauluohi Likelike, before 1887

Ka Inu Wai (hui): Words by William Sheldon, music by David Nape, 1899

Soprano Baritone

F F<sup>7</sup>  
Pearly shells (pearly shells), from the ocean (from the ocean),  
B<sup>b</sup>  
Shining in the sun (shining in the sun),  
C<sup>7</sup>  
Covering the shore (covering the shore),  
F F<sup>7</sup>  
When I see them, (when I see them)  
B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>bm</sup>  
My heart tells me that I love you,  
F C<sup>7</sup> F  
More than all those little pearly shells.  
C<sup>7</sup>  
For every grain of sand upon the beach,  
F  
I've got a kiss for you.  
C<sup>7</sup>  
And I've got more left over for each star  
G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>  
That twinkles in the blue.  
F F<sup>7</sup>  
Pupu (a'o 'Ewa) i ka nu'a (nâ kânakā)  
B<sup>b</sup> C<sup>7</sup>  
E naue mai (a e 'ike), i ka mea hou (o ka 'âina)  
F B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>bm</sup>  
Ahe 'âina (ua kaulana) mai nâ kûpuna mai  
F C<sup>7</sup> F  
Alahula Pu'uloa he ala hele no Ka'ahupahau  
F F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>  
Nani wale ku'u home, 'o 'Āinahau i ka 'iu  
C<sup>7</sup> F  
I ka holunape a ka lau o ka niu.  
F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>  
I ka uluwehiwehi, i ke 'ala o nâ^pua  
C<sup>7</sup> F  
Ku'u home, ku'u home i ka 'iu'iu.  
C<sup>7</sup> F  
Ko aloha, ko aloha ka'u mea nui  
C<sup>7</sup> F  
He makana, he makana na ka pu'uwai.



# Beautiful Kaua'i

Words & music by Rudolph "Randy" Ferndon, 1968

Soprano Baritone

C C<sup>7</sup> F C  
There's an island \_\_\_ across the sea,

G<sup>7</sup>  
Beautiful Kaua'i,

C  
Beautiful Kaua'i.

C C<sup>7</sup> F C  
And it's calling \_\_\_, yes, calling to me.

G<sup>7</sup>  
Beautiful Kaua'i,

C C<sup>7</sup>  
Beautiful Kaua'i.

F  
In the midst of Fern Grotto,

C C<sup>o</sup> C  
Mother Nature made her home,

D<sup>7</sup>  
Near the falls of Wailua

G<sup>7</sup>  
Where lovers often roam.

C C<sup>7</sup> F C  
So I'll return to my isle across the sea,

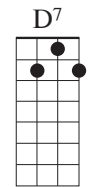
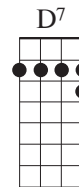
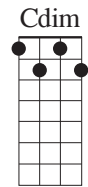
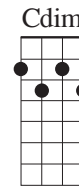
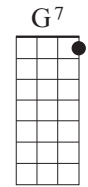
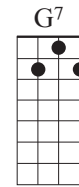
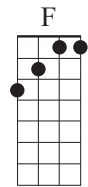
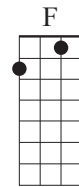
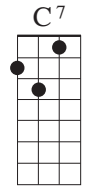
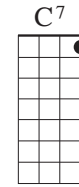
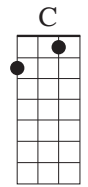
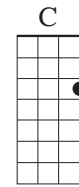
G<sup>7</sup>  
Beautiful Kaua'i,

C  
Beautiful Kaua'i.

C C<sup>7</sup> F C  
Where my true love \_\_\_ is waiting for me,

G<sup>7</sup>  
Beautiful Kaua'i,

C  
Beautiful Kaua'i.





# Blame it on the Bossa Nova

Music & lyrics by Cynthia Weil & Barry Mann, 1963

Soprano Baritone

I was at a dance, when s/he caught my eye,

Standin' all alone, lookin' sad and shy

We began to dance, \_\_\_\_\_ swayin' to and fro,

And soon I knew I'd never let her/him go.

(N.C.) Blame it on the Bossa Nova with its magic spell.

Blame it on the Bossa Nova that s/he did so well.

Oh it all began with just one little dance,

But soon it ended up a big romance.

Blame it on the Bossa Nova, the dance of love.

(N.C.) Now was it the moon? (no, no, the Bossa Nova)

Or the stars above? (no, no, the Bossa Nova)

Now was it the tune? (yeah, yeah, the Bossa Nova)

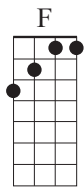
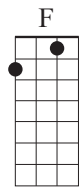
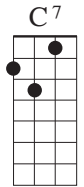
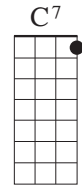
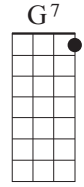
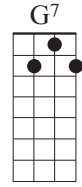
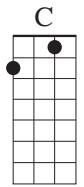
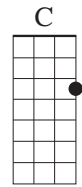
The dance of love.

Now I'm glad to say, I'm her/his guy/bride to be,

And we're gonna raise a family \_\_\_\_\_,

And when our kids ask \_\_\_\_\_ how it came about

I'm gonna say to them without a doubt...

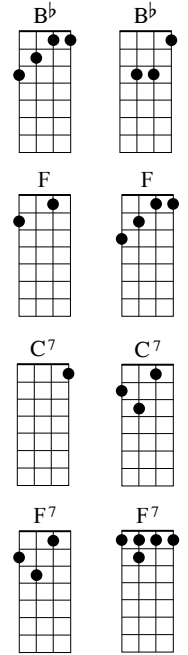


# Bye Bye Love

Music & Lyrics by Felice and Boudleaux Bryant, 1957

B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F  
 Bye bye love. Bye bye happiness.  
 B<sup>b</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F (F<sup>7</sup>)  
 Hello loneliness. I think I'm gonna cry.  
 B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F  
 Bye bye love. Bye bye sweet caress.  
 B<sup>b</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F  
 Hello emptiness. I feel like I could die.  
 (NC) C<sup>7</sup> F  
 There goes my baby with someone new.  
 C<sup>7</sup> F F<sup>7</sup>  
 She sure looks happy. I sure am blue.  
 B<sup>b</sup> C<sup>7</sup>  
 She was my baby 'till he stepped in. F (F<sup>7</sup>)  
 Goodbye to romance that might have been.  
 B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F  
 Bye bye love. Bye bye happiness.  
 B<sup>b</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F (F<sup>7</sup>)  
 Hello loneliness. I think I'm gonna cry.  
 B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F  
 Bye bye love. Bye bye sweet caress.  
 B<sup>b</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F  
 Hello emptiness. I feel like I could die.  
 (NC) C<sup>7</sup> F  
 I'm through with romance. I'm through with love.  
 C<sup>7</sup> F F<sup>7</sup>  
 I'm through with counting the stars above.  
 B<sup>b</sup> C<sup>7</sup>  
 And here's the reason that I'm so free:  
 F (F<sup>7</sup>)  
 My lovin' baby is through with me.  
 B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F  
 Bye bye love. Bye bye happiness.  
 B<sup>b</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F (F<sup>7</sup>)  
 Hello loneliness. I think I'm gonna cry.  
 B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F  
 Bye bye love. Bye bye sweet caress.  
 B<sup>b</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F  
 Hello emptiness. I feel like I could die.  
 C<sup>7</sup> F  
 Goodbye, my love, goodbye. (repeat and fade)

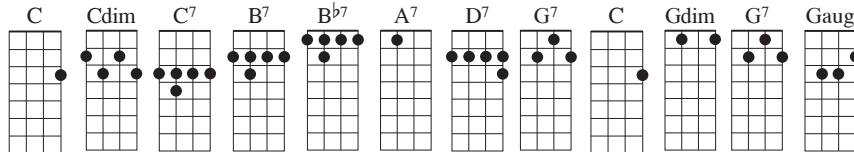
Soprano Baritone



# Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue

*Has Anybody Seen My Gal?*

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



Intro: C C<sup>o</sup> C<sup>7</sup> B<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C G<sup>o</sup> G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>+</sup>

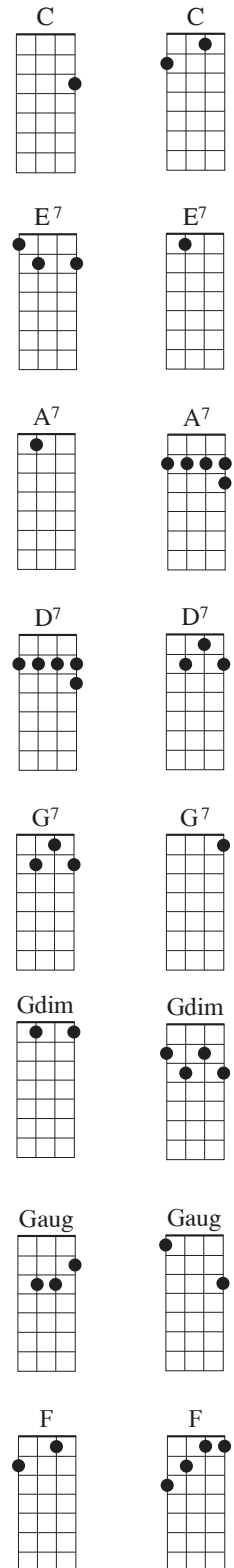
C E<sup>7</sup>  
 Five foot two, eyes of blue,  
 A<sup>7</sup>  
 But oh, what those five feet could do.  
 D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C (G<sup>o</sup> G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>+</sup>)  
 Has anybody seen my gal?

C E<sup>7</sup>  
 Turned up nose, turned down hose,  
 A<sup>7</sup>  
 (1) Never had no other beaus,  
 (2) Flapper, yes sir, one of those  
 D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C (F C)  
 Has anybody seen my gal?

E<sup>7</sup>  
 Now if you run in to a five foot two  
 A<sup>7</sup>  
 Covered with fur,  
 D<sup>7</sup>  
 Diamond rings and all those things...  
 G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>+</sup>  
 Bet yer life it isn't her!

C E<sup>7</sup>  
 Well could she love, could she woo,  
 A<sup>7</sup>  
 Could she, could she, could she coo?  
 D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
 Has anybody seen my gal?

Soprano Baritone

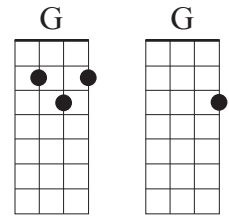


# Folsom Prison Blues

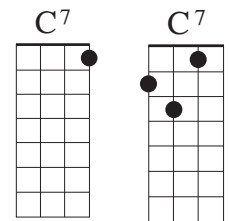
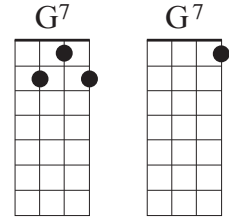
Words & Music by Johnny Cash (and Gordon Jenkins), 1955

Soprano Baritone

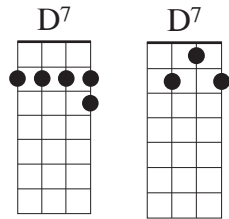
G  
I hear the train a-comin', it's rollin' 'round the bend,  
(G<sup>7</sup>)  
And I ain't seen the sunshine, since I don't know when.  
C<sup>7</sup> G  
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, and time keeps draggin' on.  
D<sup>7</sup> G  
But that train keeps a rollin' on down to San Antone.



G  
When I was just a baby, my mama told me, "Son,  
(G<sup>7</sup>)  
Always be a good boy. Don't ever play with guns."  
C<sup>7</sup> G  
But I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die.  
D<sup>7</sup> G  
When I hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and cry.



G  
I bet there's rich folk eatin' in a fancy dinin' car.  
(G<sup>7</sup>)  
They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars.  
C<sup>7</sup> G  
But I know I had it comin', know I can't be free.  
D<sup>7</sup> G  
But those people keep a-movin', and that's what tortures me.



G  
Well if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine,  
(G<sup>7</sup>)  
I bet I'd move it on a little farther down the line,  
C<sup>7</sup> G  
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay.  
D<sup>7</sup> G  
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away.

# Tiny Bubbles

Words & Music by Leon Pober, 1966

C<sup>7</sup> F  
Tiny bubbles,  
C  
In the wine

Make me happy,  
F

Make me feel fine.

C<sup>7</sup> F F<sup>7</sup>  
Tiny bubbles,  
B<sup>b</sup> (B<sup>bm</sup>)

Make me warm all over,  
F

With the feeling that I'm gonna

C<sup>7</sup> F  
Love you 'til the end of time.  
B<sup>b</sup>

So here's to the golden moon,

F  
And here's to the silvery sea.

G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>  
But mostly here's a toast to you and me.  
F

Tiny bubbles (Hua li'i)  
C<sup>7</sup>

In the wine (I ka waina)

Make me happy (Au hau'oli)  
F

Make me feel fine (I ka wa au inu)

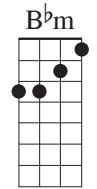
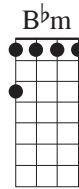
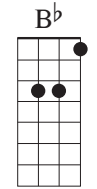
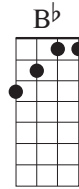
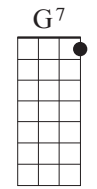
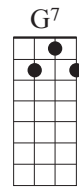
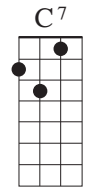
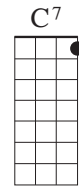
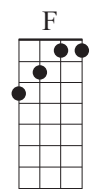
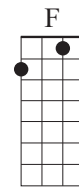
C<sup>7</sup> F F<sup>7</sup>  
Tiny bubbles,  
B<sup>b</sup> (B<sup>bm</sup>)

Make me warm all over,  
F

With the feeling that I'm gonna

C<sup>7</sup> F  
Love you 'til the end of time.

Soprano Baritone



# Hello Mary Lou

Gene Pitney and Cayet Mangiaracina, 1961

Soprano Baritone

[chorus]

G C  
Hello Mary Lou, \_\_\_ goodbye heart.

G D<sup>7</sup>  
Sweet Mary Lou I'm so in love with you.

G B<sup>7</sup> E<sup>m</sup>  
I knew, Mary Lou, \_\_\_ we'd never part.

A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G  
So hello Mary Lou, goodbye heart.

G  
Passed me by one sunny day,

C  
Flashed those big brown eyes my way,

G D<sup>7</sup>  
And ooh, I wanted you forever more.

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

C  
Swear my feet stuck to the ground,

G D<sup>7</sup> G  
And though I never did meet you before. (I said...)

G  
I saw your lips, I heard your voice.

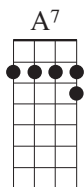
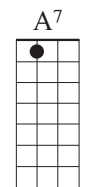
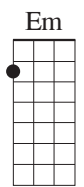
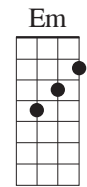
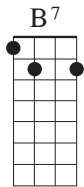
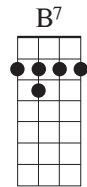
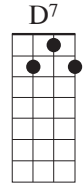
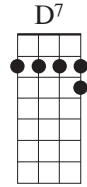
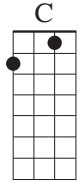
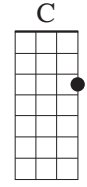
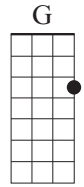
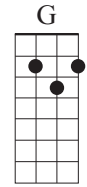
C  
Believe me I just had no choice.

G D<sup>7</sup>  
Wild horses couldn't make me stay away.

G  
I thought about a moonlit night,

C  
My arms around you good and tight.

G D<sup>7</sup> G  
That's all I had to see for me to say (Hey, hey...)

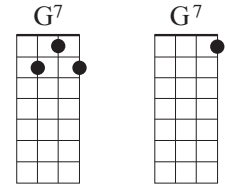
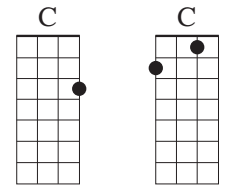


# Jumbalaya (On the Bayou)

Hank Williams, 1952

Soprano Baritone

C G<sup>7</sup>  
 Good-bye Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh  
 C  
 Me gotta go pole the pirogue down the bayou  
 G<sup>7</sup>  
 My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh  
 C  
 Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou



(Chorus)

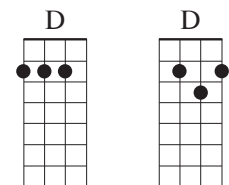
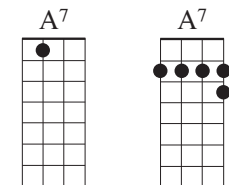
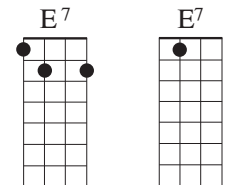
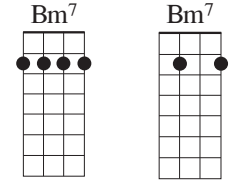
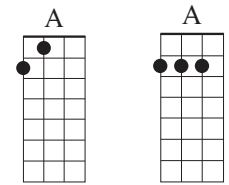
G<sup>7</sup>  
 Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and filé gumbo  
 C  
 'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher ami-o  
 G<sup>7</sup>  
 Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o  
 C  
 Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou  
 C G<sup>7</sup>  
 Thibodeaux, Fontainenot, the place is buzzin'  
 C  
 Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen  
 G<sup>7</sup>  
 Dress in style and go hog wild, me oh my oh  
 C  
 Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou  
 G<sup>7</sup>  
 Settle down, far from town, get me a pirogue  
 C  
 And I'll catch all the fish in the bayou  
 G<sup>7</sup>  
 Swap my mon to buy Yvonne what she need-o  
 C  
 Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou

# King of the Road

Roger Miller, 1965

Soprano Baritone

A B<sup>m7</sup> E<sup>7</sup>  
Trailers for sale or rent  
A  
Rooms to let...fifty cents.  
B<sup>m7</sup> E<sup>7</sup>  
No phone, no pool, no pets  
I ain't got no cigarettes  
A B<sup>m7</sup>  
Ah, but...two hours of pushin' broom  
E<sup>7</sup> A  
Buys an eight by twelve four-bit room  
A<sup>7</sup> D E<sup>7</sup>  
I'm a man of means by no means  
A  
King of the road.  
B<sup>m7</sup> E<sup>7</sup>  
Third boxcar, midnight train  
A  
Destination...Bangor, Maine.  
B<sup>m7</sup> E<sup>7</sup>  
Old worn out suits and shoes,  
I don't pay no union dues,  
A B<sup>m7</sup> E<sup>7</sup>  
I smoke old stogies I have found  
A  
Short, but not too big around  
A<sup>7</sup> D E<sup>7</sup>  
I'm a man of means by no means  
A  
King of the road.  
D  
I know every engineer on every train  
E<sup>7</sup> A  
All of their children, and all of their names  
D  
And every handout in every town  
E<sup>7</sup>  
And every lock that ain't locked when no one's around. (I sing...)



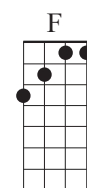
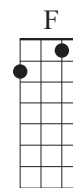


# My Little Grass Shack

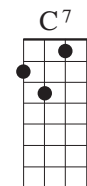
Bill Cogswell, Tommy Harrison & Johnny Noble, 1933

Soprano Baritone

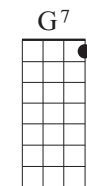
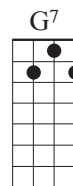
F  
I want to go back to my little grass shack  
(D<sup>7</sup>) G<sup>7</sup>  
In Kealakekua, Hawaii.



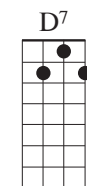
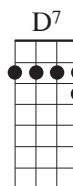
C<sup>7</sup>  
I want to be with all the kanes and wahines  
F  
That I used to know (so long ago).



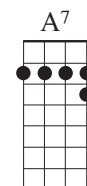
A<sup>7</sup> (A<sup>+</sup>) A<sup>7</sup>  
I can hear the old guitars a-playing  
D<sup>7</sup>  
On the beach at Ho'onaunau.



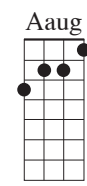
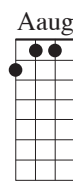
G<sup>7</sup>  
I can hear the old Hawaiians saying,  
C<sup>7</sup>  
"Komo mai no kâua i ka hale welakahao!"



F  
It won't be long till my ship will be sailing  
(D<sup>7</sup>) G<sup>7</sup>  
Back to Kona  
C<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>  
A grand old place that's always fair to see,  
(You're telling me)



D<sup>7</sup>  
I'm just a little Hawaiian  
  
And a homesick island boy.  
G<sup>7</sup>  
I want to go back to my fish and poi.



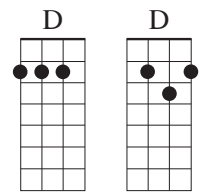
F  
I want to go back to my little grass shack  
(D<sup>7</sup>) G<sup>7</sup>  
In Kealakekua, Hawaii,  
C<sup>7</sup> F  
Where the humuhumunukunukuapua'a go swimming by.

# Surfin' Safari

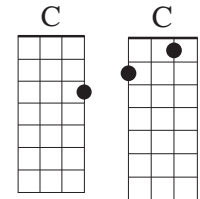
Music & Lyrics by Brian Wilson and Mike Love, 1962

Soprano Baritone

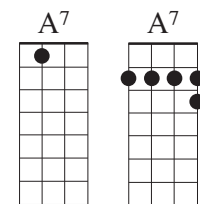
D C  
Let's go surfin' now, ev'rybody's learnin' how,  
A<sup>7</sup> D  
Come on a safari with me. (Come on a safari with me.)



G C  
Early in the mornin' we'll be startin' out,  
D<sup>7</sup> G  
Some honeys will be comin' along.

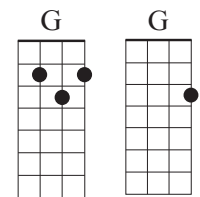


C  
We're loadin' up our woody with the boards inside  
D<sup>7</sup> G  
And headin' out singin' our song.



G  
Come on baby, wait and see, yes  
(Surfer, surfin' safari.)

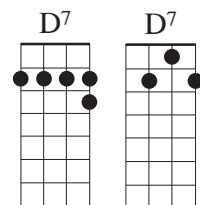
I'm gonna take you surfin' with me.  
(Surfer, surfin' safari.)



C  
Come on along, yes, baby, wait and see, yeah,  
(Surfer, surfin' safari.)

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

D C  
Let's go surfin' now, ev'rybody's learnin' how,  
A<sup>7</sup> D  
Come on a safari with me. (Come on a safari with me.)  
[Last time:] G



Surfin' safari (fade)  
yeah me

G C  
In Huntington and Malibu, they're shootin' the pier,  
D<sup>7</sup> G  
In Rincon, they're walkin' the nose.

C  
We're goin' on safari to the islands this year,  
D<sup>7</sup> G  
So if you're comin', get ready to go. [chorus]

G C  
They're anglin' in Laguna and Cerro Azul,  
D<sup>7</sup> G  
They're kickin' out in Doheny too.

C  
I tell you surfin's runnin' wild, it's gettin' bigger ev'ry day  
D<sup>7</sup> G  
From Hawaii to the shores of Peru. [chorus]

# Slow Boat to China

Frank Loesser, 1947

Soprano Baritone

G E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>m</sup> G<sup>o</sup> G

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

B<sup>7</sup> C E<sup>7</sup>

all to myself, alone.

A<sup>m</sup> F<sup>#7</sup> G E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

To get you and keep you in my arms evermore,

D<sup>7</sup>

Leave all your lovers weeping on the far away shore.

G E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>m</sup> G<sup>o</sup> G

Out on the briny with a moon big and shiny

B<sup>7</sup> C E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>m</sup>

Melting your heart of stone.

G<sup>o</sup> G E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

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

D<sup>7</sup> G

All to myself, alone.

G E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>m</sup> G<sup>o</sup> G

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

B<sup>7</sup> C E<sup>7</sup>

all to myself, alone.

A<sup>m</sup> F<sup>#7</sup> G E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

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

Drifting and dreaming, honey,

D<sup>7</sup>

Throw the compass over the rail.

G E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>m</sup> G<sup>o</sup> G

Out on the ocean, far from all the commotion,

B<sup>7</sup> C E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>m</sup>

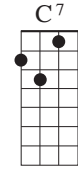
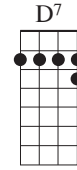
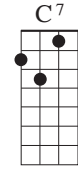
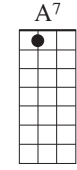
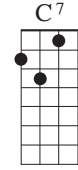
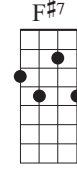
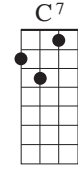
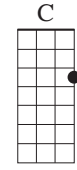
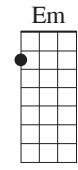
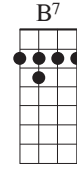
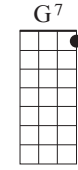
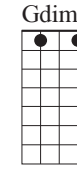
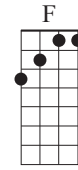
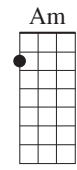
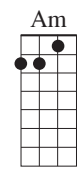
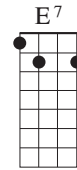
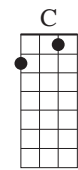
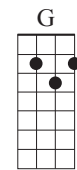
Melting your heart of stone.

G<sup>o</sup> G E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

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

D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> (F<sup>#7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup>) A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G

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

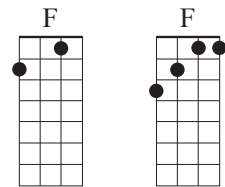
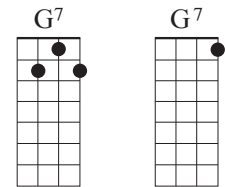
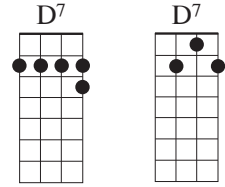
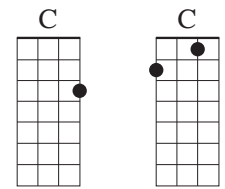


# Hey Good Lookin'

Hank Williams, 1951

Soprano Baritone

C  
Hey, hey, good lookin', whatcha got cookin'?  
D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
How's about cookin' somethin' up with me?  
C  
Hey, sweet baby, don't you think maybe  
D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
We could find us a brand new recipe?  
F C  
I got a hot-rod Ford and a two-dollar bill  
F C  
And I know a spot right over the hill.  
F C  
There's soda pop there and the dancin's free,  
D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>  
So if you wanna have fun come along with me.



C  
Hey, good lookin', whatcha got cookin'?  
D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
How's about cookin' somethin' up with me?  
C  
I'm free and ready, so we can go steady.  
D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
How's about savin' all your time for me?  
C  
No more lookin', I know I've been taken.  
D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
How's about keepin' steady company?  
F C  
I'm gonna throw my date-book over the fence  
F C  
And find me one for five or ten cents.  
F C  
I'll keep it 'til it's covered with age  
D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>  
'Cause I'm writin' your name down on every page.

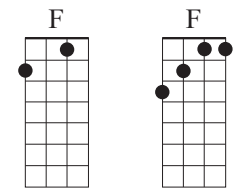
C  
Hey, good lookin', whatcha got cookin'?  
D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
How's about cookin' somethin' up with me?

# Take Me Home, Country Roads

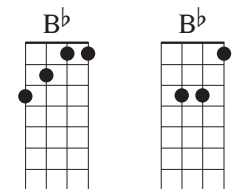
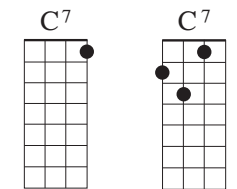
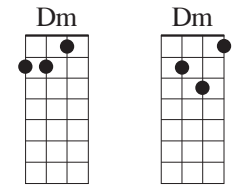
John Denver, Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert, 1971

Soprano Baritone

F D<sup>m</sup>  
Almost heaven, West Virginia  
C<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F  
Blue Ridge Mountains Shenandoah river  
D<sup>m</sup>  
Life is old there, older than the trees  
C<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F  
Younger than the mountains, blowin' like a breeze



[chorus]  
F C<sup>7</sup>  
Country roads take me home  
D<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup>  
To the place I belong  
F C<sup>7</sup>  
West Virginia, mountain momma  
B<sup>b</sup> F  
Take me home, country roads



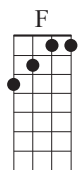
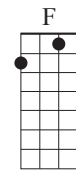
F D<sup>m</sup>  
All my memories gather round her  
C<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F  
Miner's lady stranger to blue water  
D<sup>m</sup>  
Dark and dusty painted on the sky  
C<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F  
Misty taste of moonshine teardrops in my eyes

F C<sup>7</sup> F D<sup>m</sup>  
I hear her voice in the morning hours she calls me  
B<sup>b</sup> F C<sup>7</sup>  
The radio reminds me of my home far away  
D<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F  
And drivin' down the road I get the feelin'  
C<sup>7</sup>  
That I should been home yesterday, yesterday

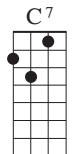
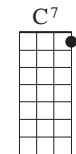
# Yellow Bird

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

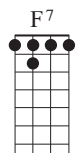
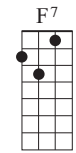
Soprano Baritone



F C<sup>7</sup> F  
Yellow bird, up high in banana tree.  
F C<sup>7</sup> F (F<sup>7</sup>)  
Yellow bird, you sit all alone like me.



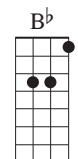
B<sup>b</sup> F  
Did your lady friend leave the nest again?



C<sup>7</sup> F (F<sup>7</sup>)  
That is very sad, make me feel so bad.

B<sup>b</sup> F  
You can fly away, in the sky away.

C<sup>7</sup> F  
You more lucky than me!



F B<sup>b</sup>  
I also have a pretty gal,

C<sup>7</sup> F  
She not with me today.

B<sup>b</sup>  
They all the same, the pretty gal,  
C<sup>7</sup> F  
Make them the nest, then they fly away.

F C<sup>7</sup> F  
Yellow bird, up high in banana tree.  
F C<sup>7</sup> F (F<sup>7</sup>)  
Yellow bird, you sit all alone like me.

B<sup>b</sup> F  
Better fly away in the sky away.  
C<sup>7</sup> F (F<sup>7</sup>)  
Picker coming soon, pick from night to noon.

B<sup>b</sup> F  
Black and yellow you, like banana too.

C<sup>7</sup> F  
They might pick you some day!

F B<sup>b</sup>  
Wish that I was a yellow bird,

C<sup>7</sup> F  
I fly away with you.

B<sup>b</sup>  
But I am not a yellow bird,

C<sup>7</sup> F  
So here I sit, nothing else to do.

F  
Yellow bird, yellow bird, yellow bird.

# This Land is Your Land

Woody Guthrie, 1940

Soprano Baritone

[chorus]

F C  
This land is your land, this land is my land

G C  
From California to the New York Island

F C  
From the Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream waters

G C  
This land was made for you and me.

F C  
As I went walking that ribbon of highway

G C  
I saw above me that endless skyway

F C  
I saw below me that golden valley

G C  
This land was made for you and me.

F C  
I roamed and I rambled and I followed my footsteps

G C  
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts

F C  
While all around me a voice was sounding

G C  
This land was made for you and me.

F C  
When the sun came shining, and I was strolling

G C  
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling

F C  
A voice was chanting, As the fog was lifting,

G C  
This land was made for you and me.

