

# 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

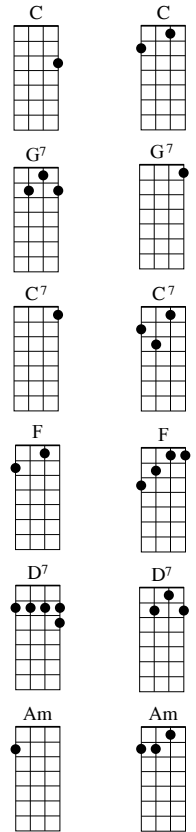
F C C<sup>7</sup>  
Leavin' my troubles ashore

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

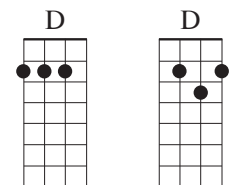
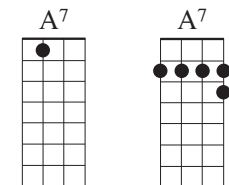
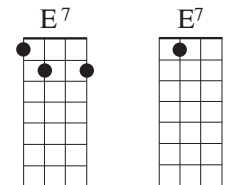
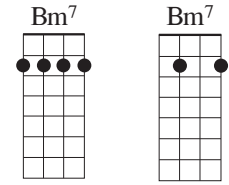
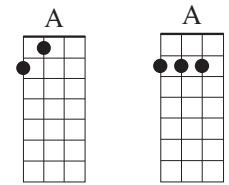


# King of the Road

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...)



# 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

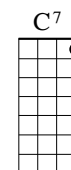
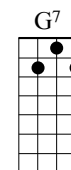
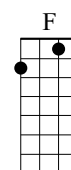
F  
I hope, i hope mâkou  
G<sup>7</sup>  
I hope, i hope mâkou  
C<sup>7</sup>  
Kou maka, kou lima,

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

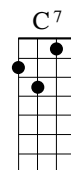
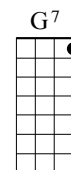
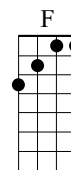
F  
Ha'ina, ha'ina ho'i mai  
G<sup>7</sup>  
E huli, e huli ho'i mai  
C<sup>7</sup>  
Kou maka, kou lima,

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

Soprano



Baritone



# 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

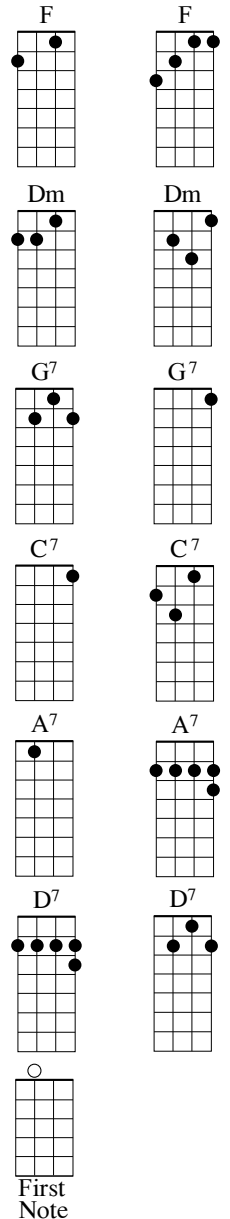
F Dm F Dm  
 Out in Arizona where the bad men are,  
 F Dm G7  
 And the only friend to guide you is an Eve'ning star,  
 F Dm F Dm G7 C7 F  
 The roughest toughest man by far, is Ragtime Cowboy Joe.  
 A7  
 Got his name from singing to the cows and sheep  
 D7  
 Ev'ry night they say he sings the herd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

# OBLADI OBLADA

(Intro: C chord ride)

C G7  
Desmond has a barrow in the market place

C  
Molly is the singer in a band

F  
Desmond says to Molly, "Girl I like your face,"

C G7 C  
And Molly says this as she takes him by the hand

[Chorus 1]: G7 Am C G7 C  
"Obladi oblada life goes on bra Lala how the life goes on  
G7 Am C G7 C  
Obladi oblada life goes on bra (\*) Lala how the life goes on"

C G7  
Desmond takes a trolley to the jeweler's store

C  
Buys a twenty-carat golden ring

F  
Takes it back to Molly waiting at the door

C G7 C  
And as he gives it to her she begins to sing. (Chorus 1)

[C2] C7-F C C7  
In a couple of years they have built a home sweet home  
F C G7  
With a couple of kids running in the yard of Desmond & Molly Jones.

C G7  
Happy ever after in the market place

C  
Desmond lets the children lend a hand

F  
Molly stays at home and does her pretty face

C G7 C  
And in the evening she still sings it with the band. (Choruses 1 & 2)

C G7  
Happy ever after in the market place

C  
Molly lets the children lend a hand

F  
Desmond stays at home and does his pretty face

C G7 C  
And in the evening she's a singer with the band. (Chorus 1)

C G7 Am  
(\*) = [End of last chorus] Lala how the life goes on

G7 C/  
And if you want some fun, take Obladi-blada!

# 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.

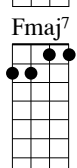
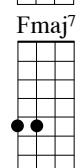
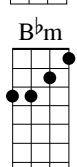
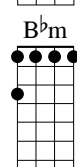
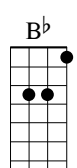
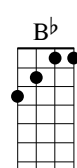
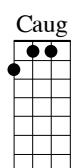
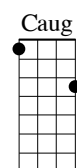
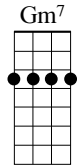
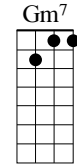
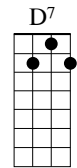
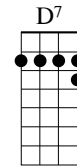
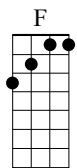
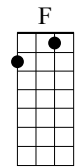
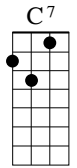
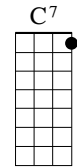
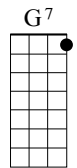
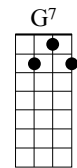
Last time:

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.



# Daydream Believer

Words and music by John Stewart, 1967, performed by The Monkees

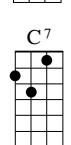
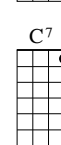
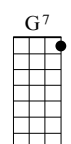
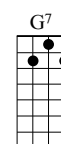
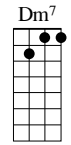
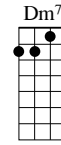
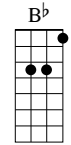
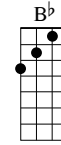
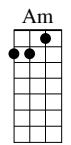
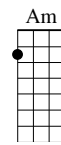
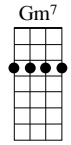
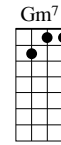
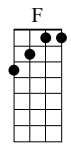
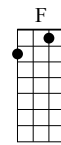
Soprano Baritone

F Gm7  
 Oh I could hide 'neath the wings  
 Am Bb  
 Of the bluebird as she sings.  
 F Dm7 G7 C7  
 The six o'clock alarm would never ring.  
 F Gm7  
 But it rings and I rise  
 Am Bb  
 Wipe the sleep out of my eyes.  
 F Dm7 G7 C7 F  
 My shaving razor's cold and it stings.

CHORUS (twice):

Bb C7 Am  
 Cheer up sleepy Jean  
 Bb C7 Am Bb  
 Oh what can it mean, to a  
 F Bb  
 Daydream believer and a  
 F Dm G7 C7  
 Homecoming queen.

F Gm7  
 You once thought of me  
 Am Bb  
 As a white knight on his steed.  
 F Dm7 G7 C7  
 Now you know how happy I can be.  
 F Gm7  
 Oh, and our good times start and end  
 Am Bb  
 Without dollar one to spend  
 F Dm7 G7 C7 F  
 But how much, baby, do we really need?



# Wahine Ilikea

Dennis Kamakahi

Soprano Baritone

[Hui]

F B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup>  
Pu\_\_a kalau\_\_nu ma ke kai  
F C<sup>7</sup>

O Honouliwai

F B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup>  
Wahine ilikea i ka poli o Moloka'i,  
F B<sup>b</sup> F (F<sup>7</sup>)

No ka heke\_\_\_\_\_

B<sup>b</sup>

Nani wale no, ka wai lele uka

F

F<sup>7</sup>

'O Hina, 'O Haha, 'O Mo'oloa

B<sup>b</sup>

Na wai `ekolu

I ka ulu wehi wehi

F

C<sup>7</sup>

O Kamalo, i ka malie [hui]

B<sup>b</sup>

Nani wale no ka'aina Halawa

F

F<sup>7</sup>

Home ho'okipa a ka malihini

B<sup>b</sup>

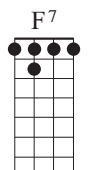
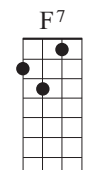
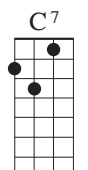
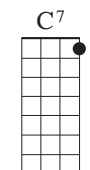
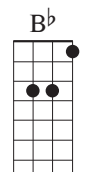
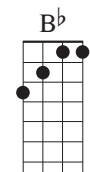
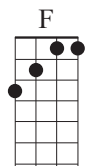
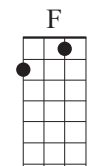
`Aina uluwehi

I ka noe `ahiahi

F

C<sup>7</sup>

Ua lawe mai i ka makani Ho'olua [hui]





# 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

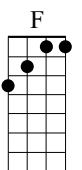
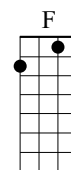
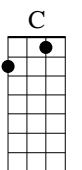
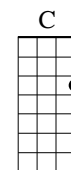
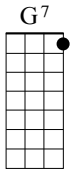
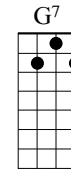
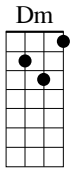
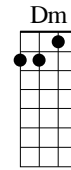
When there's a new moon bright above

It's cherry pink and apple blossom white

When you're in love!

Soprano

Baritone

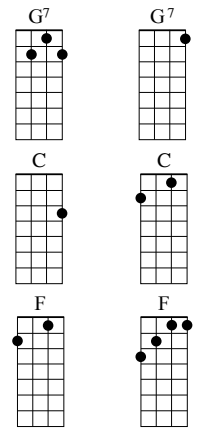


# Surfin' USA

Music & Lyrics by Brian Wilson with co-writing credit to Chuck Berry, 1963

Soprano Baritone

G<sup>7</sup> (NC) C (NC)  
 If everybody had an ocean, across the U.S.A.  
 (ooooh) (ooooh)  
 G<sup>7</sup> (NC) C (NC)  
 Then everybody'd be surfin' like California.  
 (ooooh) (ooooh)  
 F (NC) C (NC)  
 You'd see them wearin' their baggies, huarachi sandals too  
 (ooooh) (ooooh)  
 G<sup>7</sup> (NC) C  
 A bushy bushy blonde hairdo. Surfin' U.S.A.  
 (ooooh) (ooooh)



First Note:  
A  
If...

G<sup>7</sup> C  
 You'll catch 'em surfin' at Del Mar, Ventura County Line  
 (inside outside U.S.A.) (inside outside U.S.A.)  
 G<sup>7</sup> C  
 Santa Cruz and Tressels, Australia's Nirabine  
 (inside outside U.S.A.) (inside outside U.S.A.)  
 F C  
 All over Manhattan, and down Doheny way.  
 (inside outside U.S.A.) (inside outside)  
 G<sup>7</sup> (NC) C (NC)  
 Everybody's gone surfin', surfin' U.S.A.  
 G<sup>7</sup> (NC) C (NC)  
 We'll all be plannin' out a route we're gonna take real soon  
 (ooooh) (ooooh)  
 G<sup>7</sup> (NC) C (NC)  
 We're waxin' down our surf boards. We can't wait for June.  
 (ooooh) (ooooh)  
 F (NC) C (NC)  
 We'll all be gone for the summer. We're on safari to stay.  
 (ooooh) (ooooh)  
 G<sup>7</sup> (NC) C  
 Tell the teacher we're surfin', surfin' U.S.A.  
 (ooooh) (ooooh)  
 G<sup>7</sup> C  
 At Haggarty's and Swami's, Pacific Palisades  
 (inside outside U.S.A.) (inside outside U.S.A.)  
 G<sup>7</sup> C  
 San Onofre and Sunset , Redondo Beach, L.A.  
 (inside outside U.S.A.) (inside outside U.S.A.)  
 F C  
 All over La Jolla and Waiamea Bay  
 (inside outside U.S.A.) (inside outside)  
 G<sup>7</sup> (NC) C (NC)  
 Everybody's gone surfin', surfin' U.S.A. (repeat 3 times)

# Sweet Pea

Words & Music by Amos Lee, 2006

Intro: F<sub>4</sub> A<sup>7</sup><sub>4</sub> D<sup>m</sup><sub>4</sub> G<sup>7</sup><sub>4</sub> F<sub>2</sub> D<sup>7</sup><sub>2</sub> G<sup>7</sup><sub>2</sub> C<sup>7</sup><sub>2</sub> F<sub>4</sub> C<sup>7</sup><sub>4</sub>

F A<sup>7</sup>  
Sweet Pea, apple of my eye  
D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup>  
Don't know when and I don't know why,  
F D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F (D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>) C<sup>7</sup>  
You're the only reason I keep on coming home.

F A<sup>7</sup>  
Sweet Pea, what's all this about?  
D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup>  
Don't get your way all you do is fuss and pout.  
F D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F  
You're the only reason I keep on coming home.

(F) A<sup>7</sup>  
I'm like the Rock of Gibraltar,  
I always seem to falter,  
D<sup>m</sup>  
And the words just get in the way.  
G<sup>7</sup>  
Oh I know I'm gonna crumble,  
I'm trying to stay humble,  
C<sup>7</sup>  
But I never think before I say...

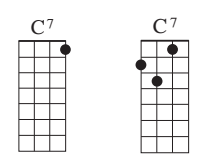
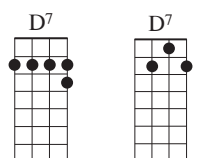
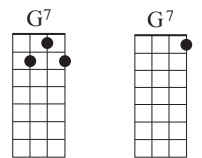
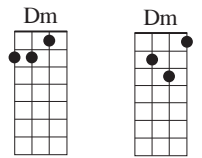
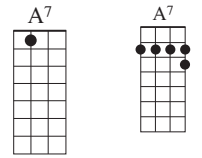
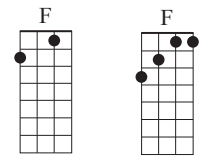
(Instrumental verse, then bridge and last verse, below)

F A<sup>7</sup>  
Sweet Pea, keeper of my soul,  
D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup>  
I know sometimes I'm outa control.  
F D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>  
You're the only reason I keep on coming...  
F D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>  
You're the only reason I keep on coming...  
F D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F (C<sup>7</sup> F)  
You're the only reason I keep on coming home.

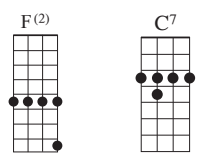
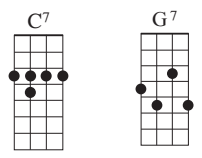
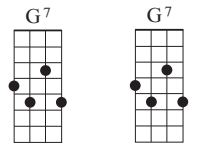
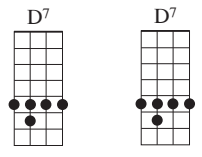
(or optional last line)

F D<sup>7(2)</sup> G<sup>7(2)</sup> C<sup>7(2)</sup> F<sup>(2)</sup>  
You're the only reason I keep on coming home.

Soprano Baritone



Optional 2nd position ending

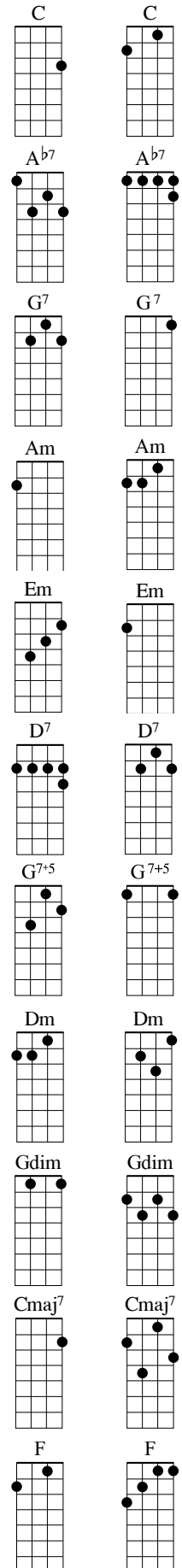


# Ukulele Lady

Soprano Baritone

Words by Gus Kahn, Music by Richard A. Whiting, 1925

C A<sup>b7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
 I saw the splendor of the moonlight on Honolu-lu Bay  
 A<sup>b7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
 There's something tender in the moonlight on Honolu-lu Bay  
 A<sup>m</sup> E<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup> E<sup>m</sup>  
 And all the beaches are full of peaches who bring their ukes along  
 C D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7+5</sup>  
 And in the glimmer of the moonlight, they love to sing this song:



C E<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup> E<sup>m</sup> C E<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup> G<sup>o</sup>  
 If you like a ukulele lady, ukulele lady like a you  
 D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C G<sup>o</sup> G<sup>7</sup>  
 If you want to linger where it's shady, ukulele lady linger too.  
 C E<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup> E<sup>m</sup> C E<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup> G<sup>o</sup>  
 If you kiss a ukulele lady, while you promise ever to be true  
 D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>maj7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>  
 And she see another ukulele lady fool around with you.  
 F  
 Maybe she'll sigh (an awful lot)  
 C  
 Maybe she'll cry (or maybe not)  
 D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7+5</sup>  
 Maybe she'll find somebody else by and by  
 C E<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup> E<sup>m</sup>  
 To cling to when it's cool and shady  
 C E<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup> G<sup>o</sup>  
 Where the tricky wickie wackies woo  
 D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
 If you like a ukulele lady, ukulele lady like a you.

C A<sup>b7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
 She used to sing to me by moonlight on Honolu-lu Bay  
 A<sup>b7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
 Fond mem'ries cling to me by moonlight although I'm far a-way  
 A<sup>m</sup> E<sup>m</sup>  
 Someday I'm going where eyes are glowing  
 A<sup>m</sup> E<sup>m</sup>  
 And lips were made to kiss  
 C D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7+5</sup>  
 To see somebody in the moonlight and hear the song I miss.

# West Seattle Girls

Brian Wilson/Mike Love/Dan Schindler

**(Riff)**

Well down town girls are hip, I really dig those styles they wear  
 And the Burien girls with the way they talk  
 They knock me out when I'm down there  
 The south sound farmer's daughters really make you feel alright  
 And the Ballard girls with the way they kiss  
 They keep their boyfriends warm at night

**(Chorus)**

I wish they all could be West Seattle  
 I wish they all could be West Seattle  
 I wish they all could be West Seattle girls

Se-attle has no sunshine, So the girls don't get too tanned  
 I dig a Gore-tex parka on a Vashon island doll  
 By a pine tree in the sand  
 I been all around this Puget Sound  
 And I seen all kinds of girls  
 Yeah, but I couldn't wait to get over the bridge  
 Back to the cutest girls in the world

**(Chorus)**

**(Riff)**

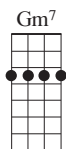
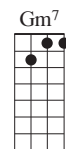
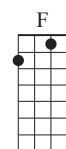
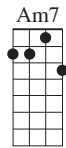
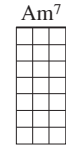
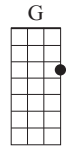
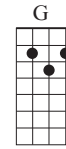
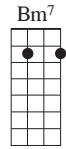
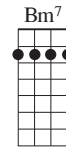
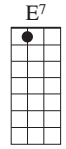
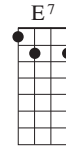
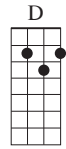
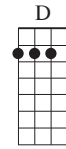
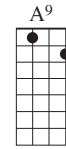
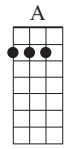
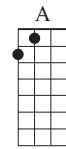
Coda (repeat to fade):

I wish they all could be West Seattle girls (X 3)  
 (wish they all could be West Seattle... X 3)

**(Riff fade)**

Soprano

Baritone



**Beach boy Riff --**



Hold the 1 and the 3 count an extra half beat