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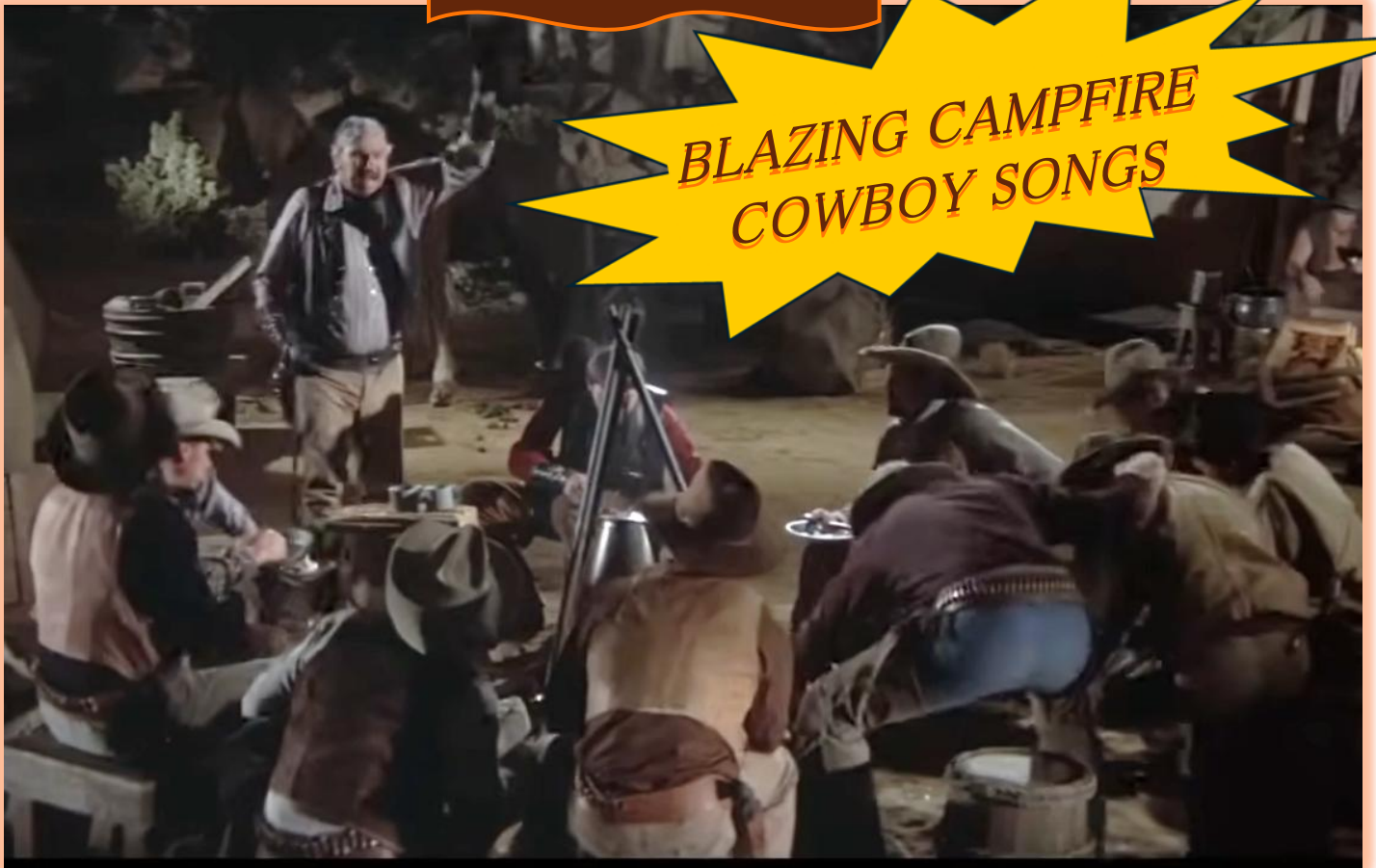
# DENVER UKE COMMUNITY



JAN 2026



*BLAZING CAMPFIRE  
COWBOY SONGS*



UKE

DENVER UKE COMMUNITY

ESTABLISHED  
2004

# Back Home Again [A]

key:A, artist:John Denver writer:John Denver

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PgSHHziz0LE> (But in E)

Intro : [A] [A]

There's a [A] storm across the [A7] valley, [D] clouds are rollin' in the [E7] afternoon is heavy on your [A] shoulders.

There's a [A] truck out on the [A7] four lane, a [D] mile or more away

the [E7] whinin' of his wheels just makes it [A] colder.

He's an [A] hour away from [A7] ridin' on your [D] prayers up in the sky

and [E7] ten days on the road are barely [A] gone.

There's a [A] fire softly [A7] burning; [D] supper's on the stove but it's the [E7] light in your eyes that makes him [A] warm. [A7]

[D] Hey, it's good to [E7] be back home a-[A]gain [A7]

[D] Sometimes [E7] this old farm [A] feels like a long lost [D] friend

Yes, 'n, [E7] hey it's good to be back home [A] again

After [A] all the news to [A7] tell him: [D] how you spent your time;

and [E7] what's the latest thing the neighbors [A] say;

and your [A] mother called last [A7] friday; [D] "sunshine" made her cry;

and you [E7] felt the baby move just yester-[A] day.

[D] Hey, it's good to [E7] be back home a[A]gain [A7]

[D] Sometimes [E7] this old farm [A] feels like a long lost [D] friend

Yes, 'n, [E7] hey it's good to be back home [A] again

And [D] oh, the time that [E7] I can lay this tired [A] old body [D] down

and feel your fingers [E7] feather soft up-[A]on me [A7] ;

the [D] kisses that I [E7] live for; the [A] love that lights my way [D] ;

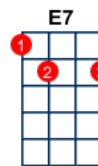
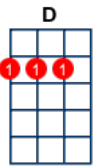
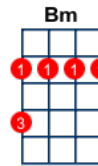
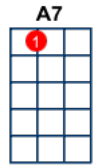
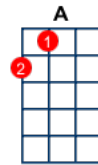
the [Bm] happiness that [D] livin' with you [E7] brings me.

It's the [A] sweetest thing I [A7] know of, just [D] spending time with you

It's the [E7] little things that make a house a [A] home.

Like a [A] fire softly [A7] burning and [D] supper on the stove.

And the [E7] light in your eyes that makes me [A] warm.



[D] Hey, it's good to [E7] be back home a[A]gain [A7]  
[D] Sometimes [E7] this old farm [A] feels like a long lost [D] friend  
Yes, 'n, [E7] hey it's good to be back home a-[A]gain  
Yes, 'n, [E7] hey it's good to be back home -a[D]ga-[A]in

# Boomer Johnson

*D* *A7* *D*  
Oh, Mister Boomer Johnson was a-gettin' old in spots  
*G* *D*  
But you don't expect a bad man to go 'rasslin' pans and pots.  
*G* *D* *A7*  
He'd done his share of killin', but his draw was gettin' slow  
*D* *A7* *D*  
So he quits a-punchin' cattle and he takes to punchin' dough.

*D* *A7* *D*  
Our foreman up an hires him thinkin' age had rode him tame  
*G* *D*  
But a snake don't get no sweeter by the changin' of his name.  
*G* *D* *A7*  
Boomer knew his business, he could cook to make you smile  
*D* *A7* *D*  
But say, he wrangled fodder in a most peculiar style.

*D* *A7* *D*  
He didn't use no matches, left 'em layin' on the shelf  
*G* *D*  
Just some kerosene and cussin', and the kindlin' lit itself  
*G* *D* *A7*  
Pardner, I will tell you, it would give a man a jolt  
*D* *A7* *D*  
Just to see him stir frijoles with the barrel of his Colt.

*D* *A7* *D*  
He built his doughnuts solid, and it sure would curl your hair  
*G* *D*  
Just to see him plug the holes when he tossed them in the air,  
*G* *D* *A7*  
He drilled the holes plumb center every time his pistol spoke,  
*D* *A7* *D*  
'Til the can was full of doughnuts and the shack was full of smoke.

*D* *A7* *D*  
We was all a-gettin' jumpy but he couldn't understand  
*G* *D*  
How his shootin' made us nervous when his shootin' was so grand.  
*G* *D* *A7*  
He kept right on performin' and it weren't no surprise  
*D* *A7* *D*  
When he took to markin' tombstones on the covers of his pies.

*D* *A7* *D*  
They didn't look no better nor they didn't taste no worse  
*G* *D*  
But settin' at the table was like ridin' in a hearse.

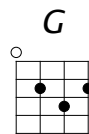
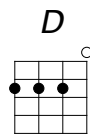
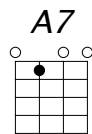
*G* *D* *A7*  
We didn't do no talkin' and we took just what we got  
*D* *A7* *D*  
We et 'til we was foundered just to keep from gettin' shot.

*D* *A7* *D*  
It was early one bright mornin', I was feelin' kinda low  
*G* *D*  
When Boomer passed the doughnuts, I answered, "Plenty, no  
*G* *D* *A7*  
Coffee's all this trip I'm takin', 'cause my stomach is a wreck."  
*D* *A7* *D*  
You could see the lust for killin' swell the wattles of his neck.

*D* *A7* *D*  
Scorn his grub! He strung some doughnuts on the barrel of his gun  
*G* *D*  
He shoved it in my gizzard and he says, "You're takin' some."  
*G* *D* *A7*  
He was set to start a graveyard but for once he was mistook  
*D* *A7* *D*  
Me not wantin' any doughnuts, well I up and 'saults the cook.

*D* *A7* *D*  
Did they fire him? Listen, pardner, there was nothin' left to fire  
*G* *D*  
Just a row of smilin' faces and another cook to hire,  
*G* *D* *A7*  
If he found another outfit and is cookin', what I mean,  
*D* *A7* *D*  
It's where they don't need matches and they don't use kerosene.

*From Harmonious Companions, Myers*  
*Transcribed from singing of Margaret McArthur*





Bridge:

B

Big 35's whinin' on the asphalt

A

Grabbin' mud, and slingin' up some red dirt

E

Cause I'm a country boy

E

D

A

My muffler's loud, dual Thrush tubes

E

D

A

I crank the music, the tone gets real good

E

D

A

Let me know when we're gettin' close

E

G

A

You can slide on out, or we can head on down the road

Chorus

B

Bucket seats, soft as baby's new butt

A

Lockin' hubs, that'll take ya through a deep rut

Chorus (talked, light strumming)

Chorus x2

E

D

A

I'm a country boy, I've got a 4 wheel drive

E

D

A

Pile in my bed, I can take ya for a ride

E

D

A

Up city streets, down country roads

E

D

A

I can get ya where you need to go

E

D A

'Cause I'm a country boy

## **Guitars, Cadillacs [G]***Dwight Yoakam*

### **Intro**

**G G**

### **Verse 1**

**G** Girl, you taught me how to hurt real bad and **D7** cry myself to sleep;

**D7** You showed me how this town can shatter **G** dreams.

**G** Another lesson 'bout a naive fool that **D7** came to Babylon

**D7** And I found out that the pie don't taste so sweet **G** ... and it's

### **Chorus**

**G** Guitars, Cadillacs, **D7** hillbilly music

**D7** The lonely-lonely streets that I call **G** home.

**G** Yeah, my guitars, Cadillacs, **D7** hillbilly music,

**D7** The only thing that keeps me holding **G** on.

### **Instrumental + Kazoo**

**G G D7 D7 D7 D7 G**

### **Verse 2**

**G** Ain't no glamour in this tinselled land of **D7** lost and wasted lives;

And painful scars are all that's left of **G** me.

But thank you girl for teaching me brand **D7** new ways to be cruel

If I can find my mind, now I guess I'll just **G** leave ... and its

### **Chorus x2**

**G** Guitars, Cadillacs, **D7** hillbilly music

**D7** The lonely-lonely streets that I call **G** home.

**G** Yeah, my guitars, Cadillacs, **D7** hillbilly music,

**D7** The only thing that keeps me holding **G** on.

### **Outro**

**D7** The only thing that keeps me holding **G** on

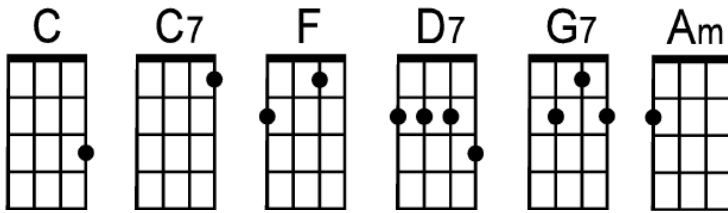
**D7** The only thing that keeps me holding **G** on

**D7** The only thing that keeps me holding **G** on

**D7\* G\***

# Home on the Range

by Brewster M. Higley (1873)



3/4 (waltz)time

(sing g)

C . . | C7 . . | F . . | . .  
Oh, give me a home— where the buff-a---lo roam—

. | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .  
And the deer— and the ant---e---lope play-----

. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | F . .  
Where sel-dom is heard--- a dis-cour-ag---ing word---

. | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . |  
and the skies--- are not clou-dy all day---

C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . .  
**Chorus:** Home----- home on the range-----

. | Am . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .  
Where the deer---- and the ant---e---lope play-----

. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | F . .  
Where sel-dom is heard— a dis-cour-ag---ing word---

. | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . .  
and the skies---- are not clou-dy all day-----

. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | . .  
Oh, give me a land--- where the bright dia-mond sand---

. | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .  
throws its light--- from the glit--ter---ing streams-----

. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | F . .  
Where glid-eth a-long--- the grace-ful white swan---

. | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . .  
like the maid in her hea-ven-ly dreams---

. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | . .  
How of-ten at night--- when the hea-vens are bright---

. | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .  
with the light--- of the twink-el---ling stars-----

. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | F . .  
Have I stood there a---mazed--- and asked as I gazed---

. | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . |  
if their glor-y ex---ceeds that of ours-----

C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . .  
**Chorus:** Home—— home on the range——  
 . | Am . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .  
 Where the deer—— and the ant—e—lope play——  
 . | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | F . .  
 Where sel-dom is heard— a dis-cour-ag—ing word—  
 . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . .  
 and the skies—— are not clou-dy all day——

. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | . .  
 The air is so pure—— and the bree-zes so fine——  
 . | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .  
 The ze-phyrs so balm-y and light——  
 . | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | F . .  
 That I would not ex—change— my home here to range——  
 . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . | . . |  
 for—ev—er in az—ures so bright——

C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . .  
**Chorus:** Home—— home on the range——  
 . | Am . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .  
 Where the deer—— and the ant—e—lope play——  
 . | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | F . .  
 Where sel-dom is heard— a dis-cour-ag—ing word—  
 . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . .  
 and the skies—— are not clou-dy all day——  
 . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | C\

**(slow)** And the skies are not cloud—y all day——

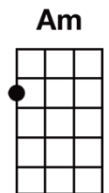
# I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry - Hank Williams

REV 1.08.2026

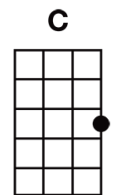
(From the 1964 movie "Your Cheatin' Heart" starring George Hamilton) WALTZ TIME

*Intro: 1<sup>st</sup> verse played instrumentally*

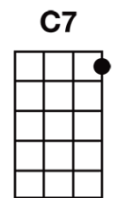
Did you (C) hear that (Em) lonesome (Am) whip-poor-(C)will,  
He (C) sounds too (Em) blue to (C7) fly, (C7)  
That (F) midnight (F) train is (C) whinin' (Am) low,  
I'm so (C) lonesome (G) I could (C) cry, (C)



I've (C) never (Em) seen a (Am) night so (C) long,  
When (C) time's just (Em) crawlin' (C7) by, (C7)  
The (F) moon just (F) went be-(C)hind a (Am) cloud,  
To (C) hide it's (G) face and (C) cry, (C)



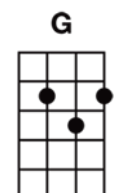
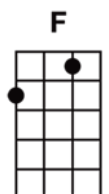
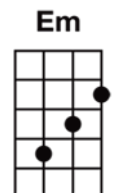
Have you (C) ever (Em) seen a (Am) robin (C) weep,  
When (C) leaves be-(Em)gin to (C7) die, (C7)  
That (F) means he's (F) lost the (C) will to (Am) live,  
I'm so (C) lonesome (G) I could (C) cry, (C)



*Instrumental/Whistling/Kazoo: verse played instrumentally*

*Slower & quieter*

The (C) silence (Em) of a (Am) fallin' (C) star,  
Lights (C) up a (Em) purple (C7) sky, (C7)  
And (F) as I (F) wonder (C) where you (Am) are,  
I'm so (C) lonesome (G) I could (C) cry. (C)  
I'm so (C) lonesome (G) I could (C) cry. (C/)



# It's Hard To Be Humble (D)

key:D, artist:Mac Davis writer:Mac Davis

<http://www.kanikapila.us/lyrics.html>

Mac Davis: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Pq6hLda3zPk>

[A7] Oh, [D] Lord it's hard to be humble  
when you're perfect in every [A7] way  
I can't wait to look in the mirror  
'cause I get better lookin' each [D] day  
To know me is to love me.

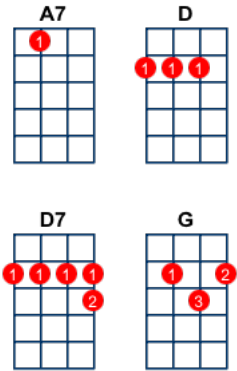
I [D7] must be a hell of a [G] man  
Oh, Lord it's hard to be [D] humble  
but I'm [A7] doing the best that I [D] can

I [D] used to [G] have a [D] girlfriend  
but I guess she just couldn't com[A7]pete  
With all of these love starved women  
who keep clamoring at my [D] feet  
Well I prob'ly could find me another  
but I [D7] guess they're all in awe of [G] me  
Who cares I never get [D] lonesome  
'cause I [A7] treasure my own compa[D]ny

[A7] Oh, [D] Lord it's hard to be humble  
when you're perfect in every [A7] way  
I can't wait to look in the mirror  
'cause I get better lookin' each [D] day  
To know me is to love me.

I [D7] must be a hell of a [G] man  
Oh, Lord it's hard to be [D] humble  
but I'm [A7] doing the best that I [D] can

I [D] guess you [G] could say [D] I'm a loner,  
a cowboy outlaw tough and [A7] proud  
Oh I could have lots of friends if I wanna  
but then I wouldn't stand out in a [D] crowd



Some folks say that I'm egotistical,  
hell I [D7] don't even know what that [G] means  
I guess it has something [D] to do with  
the way I [A7] fill out my skin tight blue [D] jeans

[A7] Oh, [D] Lord it's hard to be humble  
when you're perfect in every [A7] way  
I can't wait to look in the mirror  
'cause I get better lookin' each [D] day  
To know me is to love me.

I [D7] must be a hell of a [G] man  
Oh, Lord it's hard to be [D] humble  
but I'm [A7] doing the best that I [D] can

[A7] Oh, [D] Lord it's hard to be humble  
when you're perfect in every [A7] way  
I can't wait to look in the mirror  
'cause I get better lookin' each [D] day  
To know me is to love me.

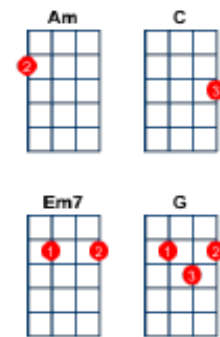
I [D7] must be a hell of a [G] man  
Oh, Lord it's hard to be [D] humble  
but I'm [A7] doing the best that I [D] can

# Jolene

key:Am, artist:Dolly Parton writer:Dolly Parton

Dolly Parton - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=f6H4r1kWqSM>  
Capo on 3rd fret

Jo-[Am]lene Jo-[C]lene Jo-[G]lene Jo-[Am]lene  
I'm [G] begging of you [Em7] please don't take my [Am] man  
Jo-[Am]lene Jo-[C]lene Jo-[G]lene Jo-[Am]lene  
[G] Please don't take him [Em7] just because you [Am] can



[Am] Your beauty is be[C]yond compare  
With [G] flaming locks of [Am] auburn hair  
With [G] ivory skin and [Em7] eyes of emerald [Am] green  
[Am] Your smile is like a [C] breath of spring  
Your [G] voice is soft like [Am] summer rain  
And [G] I cannot com-[Em7]pete with Jo-[Am]lene

[Am] He talks about you [C] in his sleep  
And there's [G] nothing I can [Am] do to keep  
From [G] crying when he [Em7] calls your name Jo-[Am]lene  
[Am] And I can easily [C] understand  
How [G] you could easily [Am] take my man  
But [G] you don't know what he [Em7] means to me Jo-[Am]lene

Jo-[Am]lene Jo-[C]lene Jo-[G]lene Jo-[Am]lene  
I'm [G] begging of you [Em7] please don't take my [Am] man  
Jo-[Am]lene Jo-[C]lene Jo-[G]lene Jo-[Am]lene  
[G] Please don't take him [Em7] just because you [Am] can

[Am] You can have your [C] choice of men  
But [G] I could never [Am] love again  
[G] He's the only [Em7] one for me Jo-[Am]lene  
[Am] I had to have this [C] talk with you  
My [G] happiness de[Am]pends on you  
And what-[G]ever you de-[Em7]cide to do Jo-[Am]lene

Jo-[Am]lene Jo-[C]lene Jo-[G]lene Jo-[Am]lene  
I'm [G] begging of you [Em7] please don't take my [Am] man  
Jo-[Am]lene Jo-[C]lene Jo-[G]lene Jo-[Am]lene

[G] Please don't take him [Em7] just because you [Am] can  
[Am] Jolene Jolene

**Long White Cadillac** Recorded by Dwight Yoakam, Written by Dave Alvin

C  
Night wolves moan, winter hills are black  
F C  
I'm all alone, sitting in the back  
G7 C  
Of a long white Cadillac

Train whistle cries, lost on its own track  
F C  
I close my eyes, sitting in the back  
G7 C  
Of a long white Cadillac

F C  
Sometimes I blame it on a woman  
F C  
The one that made my poor heart bleed  
F C  
Sometimes I blame it on the money  
D7 G7  
Sometimes I blame it all on me

C  
Headlights shine, highway fades to black  
F C  
It's my last ride, sitting in the back  
G7 C  
Of a long white Cadillac

F C  
Sometimes I blame it on a woman  
F C  
The one that made my poor heart bleed  
F C  
Sometimes I blame it on the money  
D7 G7  
Sometimes I blame it all on me

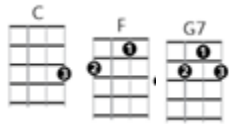
C  
Train whistle cries, lost on its own track  
F C  
I close my eyes, sitting in the back  
G7 C  
In a long white Cadillac

G7 C  
In a long white Cadillac  
G7 C  
In a long white Cadillac  
G7 C  
In a long white Cadillac

# Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys

recorded by Willie Nelson

written by Ed and Patsy Bruce



C F  
Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys  
G7  
Don't let them pick guitars and drive in old trucks  
C  
Make 'em be doctors and lawyers and such  
F  
Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys  
G7  
They'll never stay home and they're always alone  
C  
Even with someone they love  
F  
Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold  
G7 C  
And they'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold  
Lone Star belt buckles and old faded Levis  
F  
And each night begins a new day  
G7  
And if you don't understand him and he don't die young  
C  
He'll probably just ride away  
C F  
Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys  
G7  
Don't let them pick guitars and drive in old trucks  
C  
Make 'em be doctors and lawyers and such  
F  
Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys  
G7  
They'll never stay home and they're always alone  
C  
Even with someone they love

A cowboy loves smokey old pool rooms and clear mountain mornings  
G7 F  
Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night C

Them that don't know him won't like him

F  
And them that do sometimes won't know how to take him  
G7

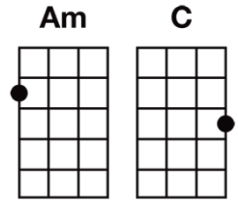
He's not wrong he's just different and his pride won't let him

C  
Do things to make you think he's right

NIGHT RIDER'S LAMENT by Michael Burton

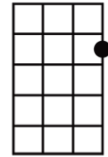
(as sung by Nanci Griffith) Waltz time

Intro: G D G



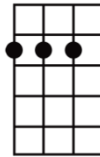
D G G C C\\ \\ G G  
 ,,While I was out a-ridin' The graveyard shift midnight till  
 D\\ Dsus\ D\\ \\ C C G G  
 Dawn. The moon was as bright as a re—eading light  
 D C G  
 For a letter from an old friend back home.

Cmaj7

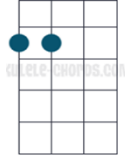


G C D G G  
 He asked me, Why— do you ride for your money?  
 C D G  
 Why do you rope for short pay?

D

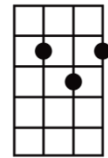


Dsus



G C D  
 ,You ain't gettin' no-where  
 G C CMaj7 Am  
 And you're losin' your sha—hare—hare,  
 Am D D G  
 ,Oh you must've gone crazy out there.

G



G G G C C G G  
 ,He said last night I ran into Jenny. They married and have a good  
 D\\ Dsus\ D\\ \\ C C G  
 Life. Oh, you sure missed the track when you never came back,  
 G D C G D  
 She made the perfect pro-fessional's wife And she asked me

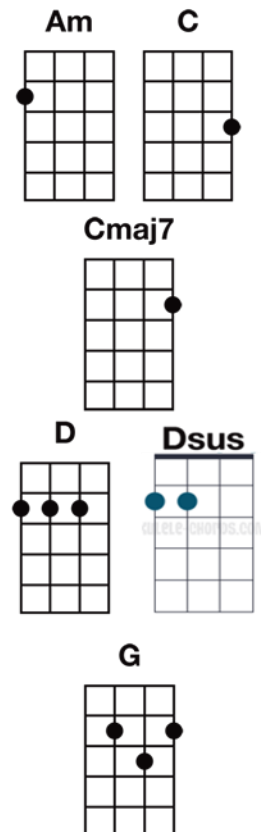
C D G  
 Why does he ride for his money?  
 C D G  
 Why— does he rope for short pay?  
 G C D  
 ,You ain't gettin' no-where  
 G C CMaj7 Am  
 And you're losin' your sha—hare—hare,  
 Am D D G  
 ,Oh you must've gone crazy out there.

G C D G G  
 But— they've never seen the northern lights  
 C D G G  
 Never seen a hawk on the wing  
 C D G C CMaj7 Am  
 Never seen the spring hit the Great Divi—i — ide  
 Am D D G  
 , And they ain't ever heard old Camp Cookie sing

G G G C C G  
 , Now, I read up the last of my letter, ,, And tore off the stamp for  
 D\\ Dsus\ D\\\ C C G  
 Black Jim. Little Dougie rode up to re-lieve me  
 G D C G  
 ,, He just looked at my letter and grinned  
 G C D G G  
 He asked me, Why— do they ride for their money?  
 C D G  
 Why do they rope for short pay?

G C D  
 ,They ain't gettin' no-where  
 G C CMaj7 Am  
 And they're losin' their sha—hare—hare,  
 Am D D G  
 ,Oh they must've gone crazy out there.

G C D G G  
 But— they've never seen the northern lights  
 C D G G  
 Never seen a hawk on the wing  
 C D G C CMaj7 Am  
 Never seen the spring hit the Great Divi—i — ide  
 ( S l o w D o w n )  
 Am D D G G (arp)  
 , And they ain't ever heard old Camp Cookie sing.



# No Shoes No Shirt No Problem – Kenny Chesney

Intro

1~2-1-0-----  
-----2-1-0-----  
1~2-1-0-----  
-----2-1-0-----

Intro: 1: G Em G Em (x3)

G Em  
I've been up to my neck

G Em  
Working six days a week

G Em  
Wearin' holes in the soles

G Em  
Of the shoes on my feet

Am7 D Am7 D  
Been dreamin' of gettin' away

G Em G Em  
Since I don't know

C D (STOP)  
Ain't no better time than now, For Mexico

(CHORUS:)

C D G Em G Em  
No shoes, no shirt, and no problems

C D G Em G Em  
Blues, what blues? Hey, I forgot 'em

C  
The sun and the sand

D  
And a drink in my hand

G D Em  
With no bottom

C D G Em G Em  
No shoes, no shirt, and no problems

G Em  
No problems

G Em  
Want a towel on a chair  
G Em  
And the sand by the sea  
G Em  
Wanna look through my shades  
G Em  
And see you there with me  
C D (STOP)  
Wanna soak up life for a while, In laid-back mode

C D  
No boss, no clock, no stress, No dress code

(CHORUS:)

C D G Em G Em  
No shoes, no shirt, and no problems

C D G Em G Em  
Blues, what blues? Hey, I forgot 'em

C  
The sun and the sand

D  
And a drink in my hand

G D Em  
With no bottom

C D G Em G Em  
No shoes, no shirt, and no problems

C  
Babe, lets get packed

D  
Take tops and flip flops

G D Em  
If you've got 'em

C D G Em G Em  
No shoes, no shirt, and no problems

G Em  
No problems

Outro: G Em G Em (until fades, end on a G )

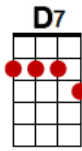
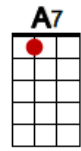
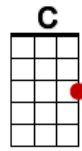
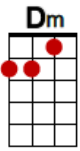
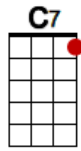
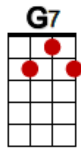
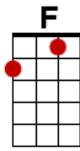
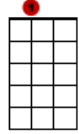
# Ragtime Cowboy Joe

Grant Clarke / Lewis F Muir / Maurice Abrahams (Bob Roberts), 1912

*This follows the cover from The Sons of the Pioneers, 1960 (mostly)*

YouTube video tutorial: [https://youtu.be/P\\_9wi\\_EJvYE](https://youtu.be/P_9wi_EJvYE)

1st Note



## CHORUS:

**F**

He always sings - raggedy music to the cattle

**G7**

As he swings - back and forward in his saddle

**C7**

On a horse - that is syncopated, gaited

**F**

**Dm**

**G7**

**C7**

There is such a funny meter to the roar of his repeater

**F**

How they run - when they hear the fella's gun because the

**G7**

Western folks all know

**Dm**

**G7**

**Dm**

**G7**

He's a high-falutin, rootin-tootin son-of-a-gun from Arizona

**C**

**C7**

**F**

Ragtime Cowboy Joe

## VERSE 1:

**F** **Dm** **F** **Dm**

Out in Arizona where the bad men are

**F**

**Dm**

**G7** **C7**

The only thing to guide you is an evenin star

**F**

**Dm**

**F**

**Dm**

The roughest - toughest - man by far

**G7**

**C7**

**F**

Is Ragtime Cowboy Joe

**A7**

He got his name from singin to the cows and sheep

**D7**

Ev'ry night they say he sings the herd to sleep

**F**

**Dm**

**F**

**Dm**

**C7**

In - a bass voice rich and deep - crooning soft and low

**CHORUS:**

**F**  
 He always sings - raggedy music to the cattle  
**G7**  
 As he swings - back and forward in his saddle  
**C7**  
 On a horse - that is syncopated, gaited  
**F**            **Dm**            **G7**            **C7**  
 There is such a funny meter to the roar of his repeater

**F**  
 How they run - when they hear the fella's gun because the  
**G7**  
 Western folks all know  
**Dm**            **G7**            **Dm**            **G7**  
 He's a high-falutin, rootin-tootin son-of-a-gun from Arizona  
**C**            **C7**            **F**  
 Ragtime Cowboy Joe

**VERSE 2:**

**F**            **Dm**            **F**            **Dm**  
 When he has a date he always makes em wait  
**F**            **Dm**            **G7**            **C7**  
 Ridin and singin till the hour's late, he's the  
**F**            **Dm**            **F**            **Dm**  
 Ridenist, singinist man in the state  
**G7**            **C7**            **F**  
 He's Ragtime Cowboy Joe

**A7**

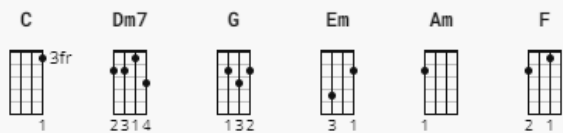
Rattlesnakes couldn't even scratch his hide  
**D7**  
 Scorpions bite him and go off and die, he's the  
**F**            **Dm**            **F**            **Dm**            **C7**  
 Roughest toughest man alive, he's Ragtime Cowboy Joe

**REPEAT CHORUS****OUTRO:**

**G7**            **C7**            **G7**            **C7**  
 Ragtime Cowboy - talk about yer cowboy  
**C**            **C7**            **F**  
 Ragtime Cowboy Joe

# River of No Return (1954)

– as sung by Marilyn Monroe in the movie of the same name.



**C** (*arp*) (*tacet*) **C** / **F** **C**  
 If you listen you can hear it call  
**Dm7** **G**  
 (Wail-a-ree) (Wail-a-ree)  
**C** **C** **Dm** **C**  
 There is a river called the river of no return  
**C** **Em** **Am** / **C** **Dm/G**  
 Sometimes it's peaceful and sometimes wild and free  
**C** **C** **F** **C**  
 Love is a traveler on the river of no return  
**C** **Em** **Dm** / **F** **C**  
 Swept on forever to be lost in the stormy sea  
  
**C** **C**  
 (Wail-a-ree) I can hear the river call  
**C** **C**  
 (no return, no return) No return, no return  
**C**  
 (Wail-a-ree)  
**Am** **Dm/F** **G**  
 I can hear my lover call , "come to me"  
  
**C** **C**  
 I lost my love on the river  
**Dm** **C**  
 And forever my heart will yearn  
**C** **Em**  
 Gone, gone forever  
**Dm** / **F** **C**  
 Down the river of no return  
  
**C** **Am** / **C** (*arp*)  
 Wail-a-ree, wail-a-ree..ee  
  
*(tacet)* **Dm** / **F** **C**  
 He'll never return to me  
**C** **C**  
 (no return, no return) (no return, no return)  
**C**  
 (no return, no return) (*pause* 2,3,4)  
 (Marilyn whispers) "Never"



Marilyn Monroe  
Kay Weston



Robert Mitchum  
Matt Calder

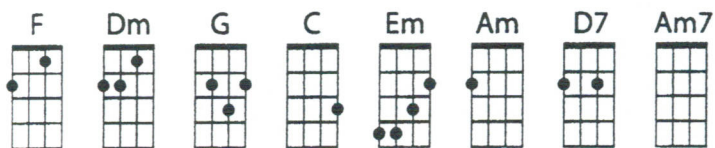


Tommy Rettig  
Mark Calder



Rory Calhoun  
Harry Weston

# Sweet Baby James by James Taylor (1970)



Key: C; Pub Key: D; capo2  
3/4 (waltz) time; 142 bpm  
Tuning: GCEA

Intro: F . . | C . . | G . . | . .  
D d d D d d D d d D d d

## Verse 1

. | C . . . | G . . | F . . | Em . . | . .  
There is a young cow-boy, he lives on the range.  
. | Am . . . | F . . . | C . . | Em . . | . .  
His horse and his cattle are his on-ly com-pan-ions.  
. | Am . . . | F . . . | C . . | Em . . |  
He works in the saddle and he sleeps in the can - yon.  
F . . . | C . . . | G . . . | Dm . . . | . . . | G . . . | . .  
Wait-ing for sum-mer, his pas-tures to change—

## Verse 2

. | F . . . | . . . | G . . . | C . . . |  
And as the moon ris-es, he sits by his fire.  
Am . . . | F . . . | C . . . | G . . . |  
Think-ing 'bout wo-men and glass-es of beer.  
F . . . | . . . | G . . . | C . . . |  
Clos-ing his eyes as the do - gies re--- tire.  
. | Am . . . | F . . . . | C . . . | . . . |  
He sings out a song which is soft but it's clear.  
. | Am7 . . . | D7 . . . | G . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |  
As if may-be some-one could hear-----

## Chorus:

C . . . | F . . . | G . . | C . . |  
Good-night, you moon----- light la----- dies-----  
Am . . . | F . . . | C . . . | . . . |  
Rock-a---- bye sweet ba--- by James.  
Am . . . | F . . . | C . . . | . . . |  
Deep greens and blues are the col-ors I choose.  
. | Am7 . . . | D7 . . . | G . . . | . . . |  
Won't you let me go down in my dreams---  
. | F . . . | G . . . | C . . . | . . . |  
And rock-a---- bye sweet ba--- by James.

### Verse 3

. | C . . | G . . | F . . | Em . . | . .  
 Now the first of De-cem-ber was co-vered with snow.

. | Am . . | F . . | C . . | Em . . | . .  
 And so was the turn-pike from Stock-bridge to Bos--- ton.

. | Am . . | F . . | C . . | Em . .  
 Though, the Berk-shires seemed dream-like on ac-count of that frost-ing.

. | F . . | C . . | G . . | Dm . . | . . | G . . | . .  
 With ten miles be-- hind me and ten thou-sand more to go-----

### Verse 4

. | F . . | . . | G . . | C . .  
 There's a song that they sing when they take to the high-way.

. | Am . . | F . . | C . . | G . .  
 A song that they sing when they take to the sea.

. | F . . | . . | G . . | C . .  
 A song that they sing of their home in the sky.

. | Am . . | F . . | C . . | . .  
 Maybe you can be-lieve it if it helps you to sleep.

. | Am7 . . | D7 . . | G . . | . . | . . | . . | . .  
 But sing-ing works just fine for me-----

### Chorus:

. | C . . | F . . | G . . | C . . |  
 So, good-night, you moon---- light la---- dies-----

Am . . | F . . | C . . | . . | . . |  
 Rock-a---- bye sweet ba-- by James.

Am . . | F . . | C . . | . . | . .  
 Deep greens and blues are the col-ors I choose.

. | Am7 . . | D7 . . | G . . | . .  
 Won't you let me go down in my dreams---

. | F . . | G . . | C . . | C\  
 And rock-a---- bye sweet ba---- by James.

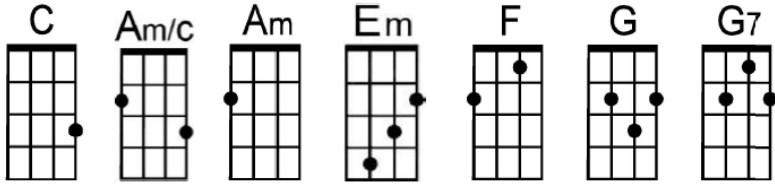
San Jose Ukulele Club  
 wf3 1/14/18

### Baratone Ukulele and Tenor Guitar – DGBE tuning

F	Dm	G	C	Em	Am	D7	Am7	pitch-2, capo0 Or pitch0, capo2

# They Call The Wind Maria(h)

by Alan J. Lerner and Frederick Loewe (1951)



C . Am/c . | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c .

| C . Am/c . | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c  
A-way out west they've got a name for wind and rain and fi—ire—

. | Am . . . | Em . . . | F . G . | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c  
The rain is Tess, the fi—ire's Joe and they call the wind Ma-riah—

. | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c . | Em . . . | . . .  
Ma--ri--ah blows the stars a--round and sets the clouds a--fly--in'—

. | Am . . . | Em . . . | F . G . | C . . . | . . .  
Ma--ri--ah makes the moun-tains sound like folks were up there dy--in'—

. | Am . . . | . . . | Em . . . | . . .  
Ma--ri—ah— Ma--ri—ah—

. | F . . . | G . . . | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c  
They call— the wind— Ma--ri—ah—

. | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c  
Be-fore I knew Ma--ri--ah's name and heard her wail and whi-nin'—

. | Am . . . | Em . . . | F . G . | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c  
I had a gal and she had me and the sun was al--ways shi-nin'

. | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c . | Em . . . | . . .  
But then one day I left my gal, I left her far be-hind me—

. | Am . . . | Em . . . | F . G . | C . . . | . . .  
And now I'm so lost, so gall-dern lost not e--ven God can find--- me—

. | Am . . . | . . . | Em . . . | . . .  
Ma--ri—ah— Ma--ri—ah—

. | F . . . | G . . . | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c  
They call— the wind— Ma--ri—ah—

. | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c  
Out here they've got a name for rain, for wind and fi—ire on--ly—

. | Am . . . | Em . . . | F . G . | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c  
But when you're lost and all a—lone there ain't no word but lone—ly—

. | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c . | C . Am/c . | Em . . . | . . .  
And I'm a lost and lone-ly man with-out a star to guide me—

. | Am . . . | Em . . . | F . G . | C . . . | . . .  
Ma--ri--ah blow my love to me, I need my gal be--side me—

. | **Am** . . . | . . . . | **Em** . . . . | . . . .  
Ma--ri-----ah----- Ma--ri-----ah-----

. | **F** . . . . | **G** . . . . | **C** . **Am/c** . | **C** . **Am/c**  
They call----- the wind----- Ma--ri-----ah-----

. | **Am** . . . . | . . . . | **Em** . . . . | . . . . . |  
Ma--ri-----ah----- Ma--ri-----ah-----

**F** . . . . | **G7** . . . . | **C\**  
Blow----- my love----- to me-----  
(--*Slow*-----)

**San Jose Ukulele Club**

(v3a - 9/8/20)



C                      G                      C  
I've heard my name a few times in your phone book  
F    C  
I've seen it on signs where I've played  
F    C                      Am  
But the only time I know, I'll hear David Allan Coe  
D    G  
Is when Jesus has his final judgement day.

CHORUS...

C                      G                      C  
Well, I was drunk the day my Mom got outta prison.  
C                      G                      C  
And I went to pick her up in the rain.  
F    C                      Am  
But, before I could get to the station in my pickup truck  
D    G  
She got runned over by a damned old train.

CHORUS:

F    C  
So I'll hang around as long as you will let me  
C                      G                      C  
And I never minded standin' in the rain. No,  
F    C  
You don't have to call me darlin', darlin'  
C                      G                      C    F  
You never even call me, I wonder why you don't call me  
C                      G                      C F C  
Why don't you ever call me by my name.