

DENVER UKE COMMUNITY

January Meeting

COWPOKE CROON



1+ 2+ 3+ 4+

BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN - Gene Autry/Ray Whitley

4/4 1...2...1234 (slow count)

Intro: | F | C A7 | D7 G7 | C G7 |

starts on
E

C G7 C C7 F C C7
I'm back in the saddle a-gain, out where a friend is a friend

F C A7 D7 G7
Where the longhorn cattle feed on the lowly jimson weed, I'm back in the saddle a-gain.

C G7 C C7 F C C7
Riding the range once more, totin' my old forty-four

F C A7 D7 G7 C
Where you sleep out every night and the only law is right, I'm back in the saddle a-gain.

F C G7
Whoopi ti-yi-yo, rocking to and fro, back in the saddle a-gain

F C D7 G7 C
Whoopi ti-yi-yay, I go my way, back in the saddle a-gain.

Instrumental: first 2 lines

C G7 C C7 F C C7
I'm back in the saddle a-gain, out where a friend is a friend

F C A7 D7 G7
Where the longhorn cattle feed on the lowly jimson weed, I'm back in the saddle a-gain.

C G7 C C7 F C C7
Riding the range once more, totin' my old forty-four

F C A7 D7 G7 C
Where you sleep out every night and the only law is right, I'm back in the saddle a-gain.

F C G7
Whoopi ti-yi-yo, rocking to and fro, back in the saddle a-gain

F C D7 G7 C A7 D7 G7 C
Whoopi ti-yi-yay, I go my way, back in the saddle a-gain, back in the saddle a-gain

Waltzing Matilda - Jimmie Rodgers

[C] Once a jolly [G] swagman [Am] camped by a [F] billabong
[C] Under the [Am] shade of a [F] coolibah [G7] tree
And he [C] sang as he [E7] watched and [Am] waited till his [F] billy boiled
[C] You'll come a-[Am] Waltzing Ma[G7]tilda with [C] me

[C] Waltzing Matilda, [F] Waltzing Matilda
[C] You'll come a-[Am] Waltzing Ma[F] tilda with [G7]me
And he [C] sang as he [E7] watched and [Am] waited till his [F] billy boiled
[C] You'll come a-[Am] Waltzing Ma[G7]tilda with [C] me

[C] Down came a [G] jumbuck to [Am] drink at the [F] billabong
[C] Up got the [Am] swagman and [F] grabbed him with [G7] glee
And he [C] sang as he [E7] stowed that [Am] jumbuck in his [F] tucker-bag
[C] You'll come a-[Am] Waltzing Ma[G7]tilda with [C] me

[C] Waltzing Matilda, [F] Waltzing Matilda
[C] You'll come a-[Am] Waltzing Ma[F] tilda with [G7]me
And he [C] sang as he [G7] stowed that [Am] jumbuck in his [F] tucker-bag
[C] You'll come a-[Am] Waltzing Ma[G7]tilda with [C] me

[C] Down came the [G] squatter [Am] mounted on his [F] thoroughbred
[C] Up came the [Am] troopers [F] One Two [G7] Three
[C] Who's the jolly[E7] jumbuck [Am] you've got in your [F] tucker-bag?
[C] You'll come a-[Am] Waltzing Ma[G7]tilda with [C] me

[C] Waltzing Matilda, [F] Waltzing Matilda
[C] You'll come a-[Am] Waltzing Ma[F] tilda with [G7]me
[C] Who's the jolly [E7] jumbuck [Am] you've got in your [F] tucker-bag?
[C] You'll come a-[Am] Waltzing Ma[G7]tilda with [C] me.

[C] Up got the [G] swagman and [Am] jumped into the [F] billabong
[C] You'll never [Am] catch me [F] alive said [G7] he
And his [C] ghost may be [E7] heard as [Am] you pass by that [F] billabong
[C] You'll come a-[Am] Waltzing Ma[G7]tilda with [C] me

[C] Waltzing Matilda, [F] Waltzing Matilda
[C] You'll come a-[Am] Waltzing Ma[F] tilda with [G7]me
And his [C] ghost may be [E7] heard as [Am] you pass by that [F] billabong
[C] You'll come a-[Am] Waltzing Ma[G7]tilda with [C] me

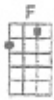
Intro C G C

3/4



HOME ON THE RANGE

3/4 123 12



Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam, where the deer and the antelope play



Where seldom is heard a discouraging word, and the skies are not cloudy all day.

CHORUS:



Home, home on the range, where the deer and the antelope play



Where seldom is heard a discouraging word, and the skies are not cloudy all day.

ending



How often at night when the heavens are bright with the light of the glittering stars



Have I stood there a-mazed and asked as I gazed if their glory ex-ceeds that of ours.

CHORUS

Walkin' After Midnight (Patsy Cline)

Intro: G Cm D G D

I go out walkin' after midnight
Out in the moonlight just like we used to do
I'm always walkin' after midnight searching for you

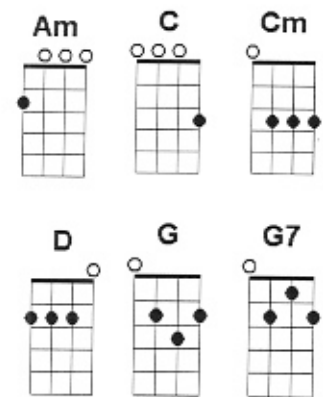
I walk for miles along the highway
Well that's just my way of saying I love you
I'm always walkin' after midnight searching for you

I stopped to see a weeping willow, cryin' on his pillow
Maybe he's crying for me
And as the skies turn gloomy, night winds whisper to me
I'm lonesome as I can be

I go out walkin' after midnight
Out in the moonlight just hoping you may be
Somewhere walkin' after midnight searching for me

I stopped to see a weeping willow, cryin' on his pillow
Maybe he's crying for me
And as the skies turn gloomy, night winds whisper to me
I'm lonesome as I can be

I go out walkin' after midnight
Out in the moonlight just hoping you may be
Somewhere walkin' after midnight searching for me
Somewhere walkin' after midnight searching for me



Diamantina Drover, The

artist:John Williamson , writer:Hugh McDonald

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GfVlGFVKZw0> Capo 1

[C] [G] [Am] [C] [G] [Am]

The [C] faces in the [G] photograph have [Am] faded
And I [Am] can't believe he [C] looks so much like [F] me
For it's [Am] been ten years to-[Em]day
Since I [Dm] left for Old Cork [Am] Station
Sayin' [Dm] I won't be [F] back till the [G] drovin's [Am] done.

For the [F] rain never [C] falls on the [G] dusty Diaman-[Am]tina
And a [Am] drover finds it [C] hard to change his [F] mind [G]
For the [Am] years have surely [Em] gone
Like the [F] drays from Old Cork [Am] Station
[Dm] And I won't be [F] back till the [G] drovin's [Am] done

Well it [C] seems like the [G] sun comes up each [Am] mornin'
[Am] Sets me up and [C] takes it all a-[F]way
For the [Am] dreaming by the [Em] light
Of the [Dm] camp fire at [Am] night
[Dm] Ends with the [F] burning [G] by the [Am] day

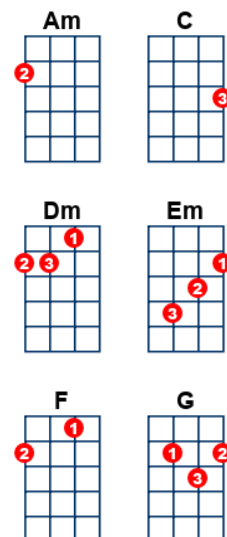
For the [F] rain never [C] falls on the [G] dusty Diaman-[Am]tina
And a [Am] drover finds it [C] hard to change his [F] mind [G]
For the [Am] years have surely [Em] gone
Like the [F] drays from Old Cork [Am] Station
[Dm] And I won't be [F] back till the [G] drovin's [Am] done.

[C] [G] [Am] [C] [G] [Am]

Some-[C]times I think I'll [G] settle back in [Am] Sydney
But it's [Am] been so long it's [C] hard to change my [F] mind
For the [Am] cattle trail goes [Em] on and on
And the [Dm] fences roll for-[Am]ever
[Dm] And I won't be [F] back till the [G] drovin's [Am] done.

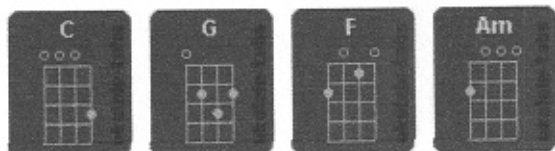
For the [F] rain never [C] falls on the [G] dusty Diaman-[Am]tina
And a [Am] drover finds it [C] hard to change his [F] mind [G]
For the [Am] years have surely [Em] gone
Like the [F] drays from Old Cork [Am] Station
[Dm] I won't be [F] back till the [G] drovin's [Am] done

For the [F] rain never [C] falls on the [G] dusty Diaman-[Am]tina
And a [Am] drover finds it [C] hard to change his [F] mind [G]
For the [Am] years have surely [Em] gone
Like the [F] drays from Old Cork [Am] Station
[Dm] And I won't be [F] back till the [G] drovin's [Am] done.



PANCHO AND LEFTY

UKE TAB BY WILLIE NELSON



No comment yet :(

Need help, a tip to share, or simply want to talk about this song? Start the discussion!

C

Livin' on the road, my friend

G

Was gonna keep us free and clean

F

But now you wear your skin like iron

C

G

And your breath's as hard as kerosene

F

You weren't your mama's only boy

C

F

But her favorite one, it seems

Am

She began to cry

F

G

When you said good bye

F

Am

And sank into your dreams

Pancho was a bandit, boys

Rode a horse fast as polished steel

Wore his guns outside his pants

For all the honest world to feel

Pancho met his match, you know

On the deserts down in Mexico

No one heard his dyin' words

But that's the way it goes

F

And all the federales say

C

F

They could have had him any day

Am

F

G

They only let him slip away

F

Am

Out of kindness, I suppose

Now Lefty he can't sing the blues

All night long like he used to

The dust that Pancho bit down South

It ended up in Lefty's mouth

The day they laid old Pancho low

Lefty split for Ohio

Where he got the bread to go

Well there ain't nobody 'knows

But all the federales say
They could have had him any day
They only let him slip away
Out of kindness, I suppose

Now poets sing how Pancho fell
Lefty's livin' in a cheap hotel
The desert's quiet and Cleveland's cold
And so the story ends, we're told
Pancho needs your prayers, it's true
But save a few for Lefty, too
He only did what he had to do
And now he's growin' old

And all the federales say
They could have had him any day
They only let him go so long
Out of kindness, I suppose

Yes a few old gray federales still say
They could have had him any day
They only let him go so wrong
Out of kindness, I suppose

Red River Valley (in D)



Plucking pattern: T I $\frac{3}{4}$ I

Intro: D₄ A7₄ D₆ First sung note A (on 3rd (7th) beat)

From this [D] valley they [A7] say you are [D] going;
we will miss your bright eyes and sweet [A7] smile.
For they [D] say you are [D7] taking the [G] sunshine
that has [D] brightened our [A7] pathway a-[D] while.

Won't you [D] think of this [A7] valley you're [D] leaving?

Oh, how lonely, how sad it will [A7] be.

Oh, and [D] think of the [D7] fond heart you're [G] breaking
and the [D] grief that [A7] you are causing [D] me.

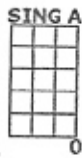
Come and [D] sit by my [A7] side if you [D] love me.

Do not hasten to bid me a[A7] dieu,

but re[D]member the [D7] Red River [G] Valley

and the [D] cowboy that [A7] loves you so [D] true.

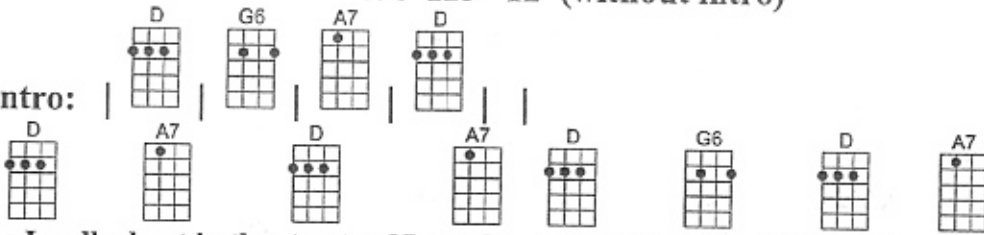
Repeat Verse 1



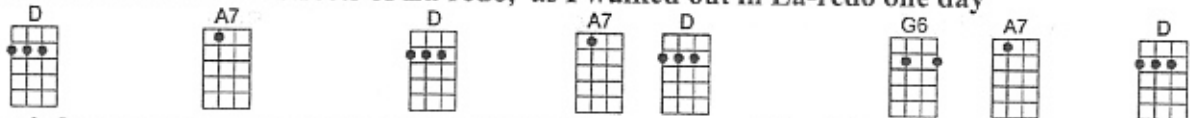
STREETS OF LAREDO

3/4 123 12 (without intro)

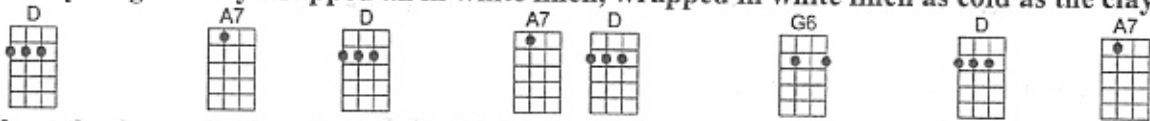
Intro:



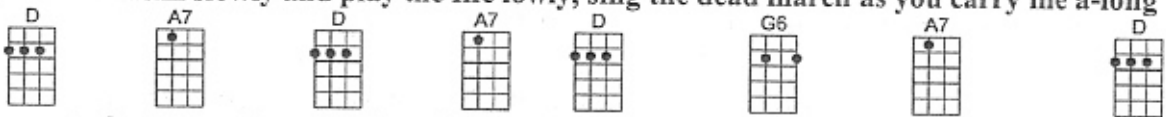
As I walked out in the streets of La-redo, as I walked out in La-redo one day



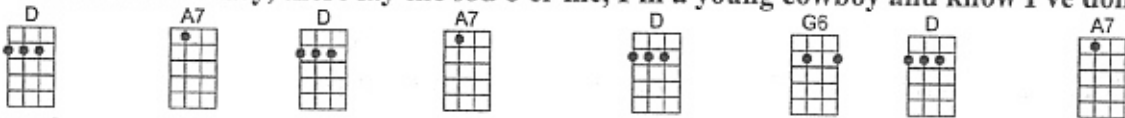
I spied a young cowboy wrapped all in white linen, wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay



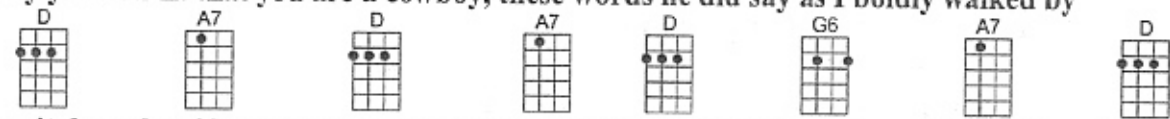
Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly, sing the dead march as you carry me a-long



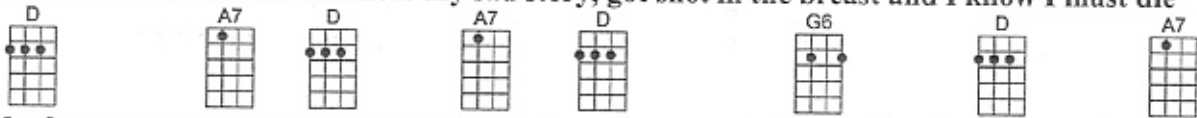
Take me to the valley, there lay the sod o'er me, I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong



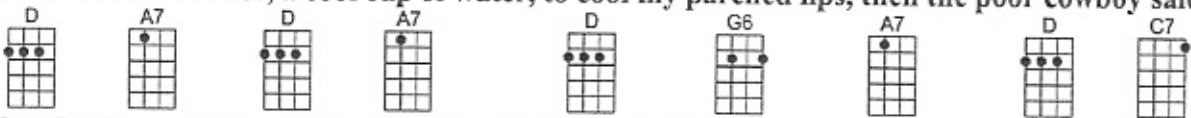
I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy, these words he did say as I boldly walked by



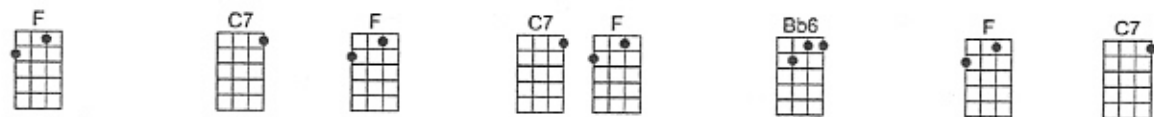
Come sit down be-side me and hear my sad story, got shot in the breast and I know I must die



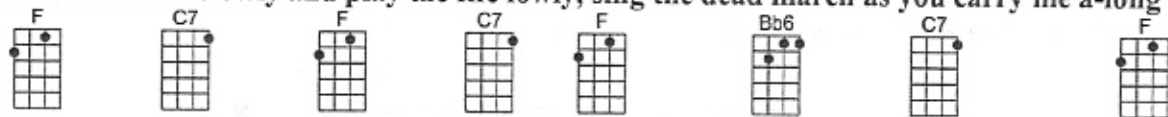
Go fetch me some water, a cool cup of water, to cool my parched lips, then the poor cowboy said



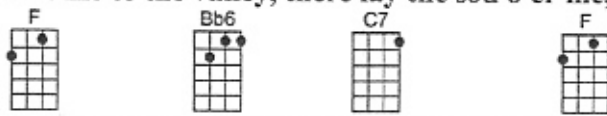
Be-fore I re-turned his spirit had left him, had gone to his maker, the cowboy was dead



Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly, sing the dead march as you carry me a-long



Take me to the valley, there lay the sod o'er me, I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong



I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong

C G7 C C

BUFFALO GALS

4/4 1...2...123

C G7 C
As I was walking down the street, down the street, down the street

starts
on
G

G7 C
A pretty girl I chanced to meet, under the silvery moon.

REFRAIN:

G7 C
Buffalo gals, won't you come out tonight, come out tonight, come out tonight,

G7 C
Buffalo gals, won't you come out tonight and dance by the light of the moon.

G7 C
I asked her if she'd stop and talk, stop and talk, stop and talk,

G7 C
Her feet covered up the whole sidewalk, she was fair to view.

REFRAIN

G7 C
I asked her if she'd be my wife, be my wife, be my wife

G7 C
Then I'd be happy all my life, if she'd marry me.

REFRAIN

Wagon Wheel (Old Crow Medicine Show)**Intro (verse):** C G Am F C G F

C G
Headed down south to the land of the pines
Am F

C G F
And I'm thumbin' my way into North Carolina
C G F
Starin' up the road I pray to God I see headlights

C G
I made it down the coast in seventeen hours
Am F
Pickin' me a bouquet of dogwood flowers
C G F
And I'm a hopin' for Raleigh I can see my baby tonight

Chorus:

C G
So rock me mama like a wagon wheel
Am F
Rock me mama any way you feel
C G F
Hey, mama rock me
C G
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain
Am F
Rock me mama like a South-bound train
C G F
Hey, mama rock me (Play 3 times at the end of the song)

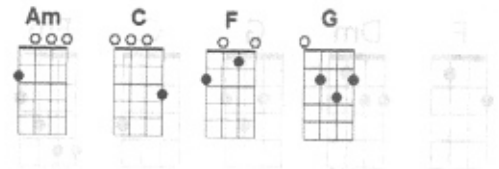
C G
Runnin' from the cold up in New England
Am F
I was born to be a fiddler in an old-time string band
C G F
My baby plays the guitar, I pick the banjo now

C G
Oh, the North country winters keep a-gettin' me now
Am F
Lost my money playin' poker so I had to up and leave
C G F
But I ain't a-turnin' back to livin' that old life no more

Chorus

C ↓ G ↓ (Note: ↓ = One Down Strum)
Walkin' to the South out of Roanoke
Am ↓ F ↓
I caught a trucker out of Philly, had a nice long toke
C ↓ G ↓
But he's a-headed West from the Cumberland Gap
Am ↓ F
To Johnson City, Tennessee

C G
And I gotta get a move on before the sun
Am F
I hear my baby callin' my name and I know that he's the only one
C G F
And if I die in Raleigh, at least I will die free

Chorus

The drover's cook -Slim Dusty

- G**
1. Now the drover's cook weighed fifteen stone
D
and he had one blood shot eye,
G
he had no laces in his boots and no buttons on his fly.
C
His pants hung loosely 'round his hips, hitched by a piece of wire,
D **D7** **G**
and they concertinaed 'round his boots in a way that you'd admire.
- G** **D**
2. Well, he stuck the billy on the boil and then emptied out his pipe,
G
and with his greasy shirt sleeve, he gave his nose a wipe
C
And with pipe in mouth he mixed a sod and a drip hung from his chin,
D **D7** **G**
and as he mixed the damper up the drip kept dripping in.
- G** **D**
3. I walked quietly over to him and said, "Toss that mixture out,
G
and in future when you're working keep your pipe out of your mouth!"
C
Oh, he stood erect and eyed me with such a dirty look,
D **D7** **G**
and said in choice Australian, "Get another bloody cook!"
- G** **D**
4. "A cook, I said, you call yourself, you greezy slop made lout,
G
well, you should be jailed for taking work that you cannot carry out."
C
Oh, he then uncorked some language and I felt a thrill of fear,
D **D7** **G**
as he swung his hairy paws about and said, "Trott your frame out here."

Amarillo By Mornin'

Intro: F / Am / Bb / C

Verse 1:

F Am Bb F
Amarillo by Mornin' Up from San Antone
Am Bb F

Everything that I got is just what I've got on.

Bb C
When that sun is high in that Texas sky,
F C Bb

I'll be buckin' at the county fair.

F C Bb C F F - Am - Bb - C
Amarillo by Mornin' Amarillo I'll be there.

Verse 2:

F Am Bb F
They took my saddle in Houston, Broke my leg in Santa Fe.
Am Bb F

Lost my wife and a girlfriend, somewhere along the way.

Bb C
I'll be lookin' for eight when they pull that gate
F C Bb

And I hope that judge ain't blind.

F C Bb C F (Modulate): G - Bm - C - D
Amarillo By Mornin' Amarillo's on my mind.

Verse 3:

G Bm C G
Amarillo By Mornin' Up from San Antone
G Bm C G

Everything that I got is just what I've got on.

C D G D C
I ain't got a dime, but what I got is mine. I ain't rich, but Lord I'm free.

G Bm C D7 G
|: Amarillo by Mornin' Amarillo's where I'll be. :|

George Strait



Bb:3211
Bm:4222