

**WOLVERHAMPTON
UKULELE BAND**



**ST PATRICK'S DAY
CELEBRATION**



MONDAY 18TH MARCH 2024

THE BRADMORE CLUB

60 CHURCH ROAD

BRADMORE

WV3 7ER

7.30 – 10.00



By a [F] lonely prison wall
I [Bb] heard a young girl [F] call-[C7]ing
[F] Michael they are [Bb] taking you a-[C7]way
For you [F] stole Trevelyn's [Bb] corn
So the [F] young might see the [C7] morn
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the [F] bay

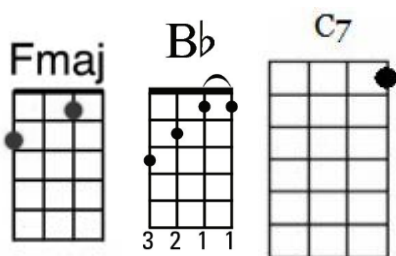
[F] Low [Bb] lie the [F] Fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds [C7] fly
Our [F] love was on the [Bb] wing we had [F] dreams and songs to [C7]sing
It's so lonely 'round the Fields of Athen-[F]ry

By a lonely prison wall
I [Bb] heard a young man [F] call-[C7]ing
[F] Nothing matters [Bb] Mary when you're [C7] free
'Gainst the [F] famine and the [Bb] Crown
I re-[F]belled they ran me [C7] down
Now you must raise our child with digni-[F]ty

[F] Low [Bb] lie the [F] Fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds [C7] fly
Our [F] love was on the [Bb] wing we had [F] dreams and songs to [C7]sing
It's so lonely 'round the Fields of Athen-[F]ry

By a lonely harbour wall
She [Bb] watched the last star [F] fall-[C7]ing
As that [F] prison ship sailed [Bb] out against the [C7] sky
Sure she'll [F] wait and hope and [Bb] pray
For her [F] love in Botany [C7] Bay
It's so lonely 'round the Fields of Athen-[F]ry

[F] Low [Bb] lie the [F] Fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds [C7] fly
Our [F] love was on the [Bb] wing we had [F] dreams and songs to [C7]sing
It's so lonely 'round the Fields of Athen-[F]ry
{SLOWLY} It's so lonely 'round the Fields of Athen-[Bb x 6]ry [F]



Ack: Bridgnorth Ukulele Band 2013

Black Velvet Band Wolverhampton Ukulele Band 2020

In a [F] neat little town they call Belfast, [Bb] apprenticed to trade I was [C] bound
And [F] may an hour of sweet happiness, I [C] spent in that neat little [F] town
Till [F] bad misfortune came over me, that [Bb] caused me to stray from the [C] land
Far a-[F]way from my friends and relations, to [C] follow the black velvet [F] band

CHORUS [F] Her eyes they shone like diamonds
You'd [Bb] think she was queen of the [C] land
And her [F] hair hung over her shoulder
Tied [C] up with a black velvet [F]band.

Well [F] I was out strolling one evening, not [Bb] meaning to go very [C] far
When I [F]met with a pretty young damsel, who was [C] selling her trade in the [F]bar
When a [F]watch she took from a customer, and [Bb] slipped it right into my [C]hand
Then the [F] law came put me in prison, bad [C] luck to the black velvet [F] band

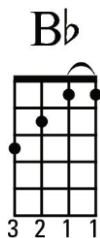
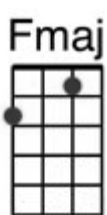
CHORUS

[F] Next morning before judge and jury, for a [Bb] trial I had to ap-[C]pear
And the [F]judge he said 'you young fellow, the [C] case against you is quite [F] clear
And [F]seven long years is your sentence, you're [Bb] going to Van Dieman's [C] Land
Far a-[F]way from my friends and relations, to [C] follow the black velvet [F] band

CHORUS

So [F] come all you jolly young fellows, I'd [Bb] have you take warning by [C] me
When-[F]ever you're out on the liquor me lads, be-[C]ware of the pretty coll-[F]een
She'll [F] fill you with whiskey and porter, un-[Bb]til you're not able to [C] stand
And the [F]very next thing that you'll know me lads,
You're [C]landed in Van Dieman's [F] Land

CHORUS X 2 [F] Her eyes they shone like diamonds
You'd [Bb] think she was queen of the [C] land
And her [F] hair hung over her shoulder
Tied [C] up with a black velvet [F]band.



Ack: Bridgnorth Ukulele Band 2016

{Single Strums}[Am] Once upon a time there was a [Am7] tavern, [A7]
Where we used to raise a glass or [Dm]two
[Dm] Remember how we laughed away the [Am] hours
And [B7] dreamed of all the great things we would [E7]do

CHORUS:

Those were the [Am] days my friend we thought they'd [Dm] never end
We'd sing and [G] dance for[G7]ever and a [C] day
We'd live the [Dm] life we choose we'd fight and [Am] never lose
For we were [E7] young and sure to have our [Am] way
[Am] La la la la la la [Dm] la la la,
Those were the [E7] days oh yes those were the [Am] days

{Single Strums}[Am] Then the busy years went rushing[Am7] by us,
We [A7] lost our starry notions on the [Dm] way
[Dm] If by chance I'd see you in the [Am] tavern
We'd [B7] smile at one another and we'd [E7] say:

CHORUS:

Those were the [Am] days my friend we thought they'd [Dm] never end
We'd sing and [G] dance for[G7]ever and a [C] day
We'd live the [Dm] life we choose we'd fight and [Am] never lose
For we were [E7] young and sure to have our [Am] way
[Am] La la la la la la [Dm] la la la,
Those were the [E7] days oh yes those were the [Am] days

{Single Strums}[Am] Just tonight I stood before the [Am7] tavern,
[A7] Nothing seemed the way it used to [Dm] be
[Dm] In the glass I saw a strange re[Am]flection [B7]
Was that lonely person really [E7] me?

CHORUS:

Those were the [Am] days my friend we thought they'd [Dm] never end
We'd sing and [G] dance for[G7]ever and a [C] day
We'd live the [Dm] life we choose we'd fight and [Am] never lose
For we were [E7] young and sure to have our [Am] way
[Am] La la la la la la [Dm] la la la,
Those were the [E7] days oh yes those were the [Am] days

{Single Strums} [Am] Through the door there came familiar [Am7] laughter,
I [A7] saw your face and heard you call my [Dm] name
[Dm] Oh my friend we're older but no [Am] wiser
For [B7] in our hearts the dreams are still the [E7] same

On the [G] fourth of July, eighteen hundred and [C] six
We set [G] sail from the [Em] sweet cobh of [D] Cork
We were [G] sailing away with a cargo of [C] bricks
For the [G] grand City [D] Hall in New [G] York
'Twas an [G] wonderful craft, she was [D] rigged fore and aft
And [G] oh, how the wild wind [D] drove her
She could [G] stand a great blast, she had twenty seven [C] masts
And they [G] called her The [D] Irish [G] Rover

We had [G] one million bags of the best Sligo [C] rags
We had [G] two million [Em] barrels of [D] stones
We had [G] three million sides of old blind horses [C] hides
We had [G] four million [D] barrels of [G] bones
We had [G] five million hogs, and [D] six million dogs, [G] seven million barrels of [D] porter
We had [G] eight million bails of old nanny-goats' [C] tails
In the [G] hold of The [D] Irish [G] Rover

There was [G] awl' Mickey Coote, who played hard on his [C] flute
when the [G] ladies lined [Em] up for a [D] set
He was [G] tootin' with skill for each sparkling quad- [C] rille
Though the [G] dancers were [D] fluther'd and [G] bet
With his [G] smart witty talk, he was [D] cock of the walk
and he [G] rolled the dames under and [D] over
They all [G] knew at a glance when he took up his [C] stance
That he [G] sailed in The [D] Irish [G] Rover

There was [G] Barney McGee from the banks of the [C] Lee
There was [G] Hogan from [Em] County Ty-[D]rone
There was [G] Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of [C] work
and a [G] chap from West [D]meath called [G] Malone
There was Slugger O'Toole, who was [D] drunk as a rule,
[G] Fighting Bill Treacy from [D] Dover
And your [G] man, Mick McCann from the banks of the [C] Bann
Was the [G] skipper of The [D] Irish [G] Rover

We had [G] sailed seven years when the measles broke [C] out
and our [G] ship lost its [Em] way in the [D] fog
And that [G] whole of a crew was reduced down to [C] two
just my- [G] self and the [D] Captain's old [G] dog
Then the [G] ship struck a rock {STOP}
{SLOW SINGLE STRUMS} Oh [D] Lord what a shock
The [G] boat it was flipped right [D] over
It turned [G] nine times around, and the [G] poor old dog was [C] drowned STOP2,3,4
I'm the [G] last of the The [D] Irish [G] Rover

I Recall A Gypsy Woman - Don Williams Wolverhampton Ukulele Band 2020

Intro: Instrumental first verse

{tacet} Silver [C]coins that [F]jingle [C]jangle,
Dancing shoes that dance in [G7]time.
All the [C]secrets [F]of her [C]dark eyes,
They did [G7]sing in gypsy [C]rhyme.

{tacet} Yellow [C]clover, in [F]tangled [C]blossoms,
In a meadow, silky [G7]green.
Where she [C]held me [F]to her [C]bosom,
Just a [G7]boy of seven[C]teen.

Chorus: I re[F]call a gypsy [C]woman,
Silver spangles in her [G7]eyes.
Ivory [C]skin a[F]gainst the [C]moonlight,
And a [G7]taste of life's sweet [C]wine. [F] [C]

{tacet}Soft breezes [C]blow from [F]fragrant [C]meadows,
Stir the darkness in my [G7]mind.
Oh, gentle [C]woman, who [F]sleeps be[C]side me,
Little [G7] knowing who haunts my [C]mind.

Chorus: I re[F]call a gypsy [C]woman,
Silver spangles in her [G7]eyes.
Ivory [C]skin a[F]gainst the [C]moonlight,
And a [G7]taste of life's sweet [C]wine. [F] [C]

{tacet}Gypsy [C]lady, I [F]hear your [C]laughter,
And it dances in my [G7]head.
While my [C]tender [F]wife and [C]babies,
Slumber [G7]softly in their [C]beds.

Chorus: I re[F]call a gypsy [C]woman,
Silver spangles in her [G7]eyes.
Ivory [C]skin a[F]gainst the [C]moonlight,
And a [G7]taste of life's sweet [C]wine. [F] [C]

REPEAT CHORUS

...and a [G7]taste of life's sweet [C]wine. [F] [C]
...and a [G7]taste of life's sweet [C]wine. [F] [C] [G7] [C]

Maggie Mae (Traditional) Wolverhampton Ukulele Band 2020

Intro: Ds

Now [D] gather round my sailor boys and [G] listen to my plea
And [D] when you hear my tale pity [A] me
For I [D] was a ruddy fool in the [G] port of Liverpool
The [D] first time [A] I came home from [D] sea [D7]

I was [G] paid off at the Home, from a [D] voyage to S'err' Leone
Two pounds ten and sixpence was my [A] pay
With a [D] pocket full of tin I was [G] very soon took in
By a [A] girl with the name of Maggie [D] Mae [D7]

CHORUS: Oh [G] Maggie Maggie Mae, they have [D] taken her away
She'll never walk down Lime Street any [A] more
She [D] robbed so many sailors and [G] captains of the whalers
That [D] dirty robbing [A] no good Maggie [D] Mae [D7]

Oh [G] well do I remember when I [D] first met Maggie Mae
She was cruising up and down Old Canning [A] Place,
With a [D] figure so divine, like a [G] frigate of the line...
And [A] me being a sailor I gave [D] chase [D7]

Next [G] morning I awoke, I was [D] flat and stoney broke,
No jacket, trousers, waistcoat could I [A] find
When I [D] asked her where they were,
She [G] said' oh my very good Sir,
They're [A] down in Kelly's pawnshop number [D] nine!' [D7]

CHORUS: Oh [G] Maggie Maggie Mae, they have [D] taken her away
She'll never walk down Lime Street any [A] more
She [D] robbed so many sailors and [G] captains of the whalers
That [D] dirty robbing [A] no good Maggie [D] Mae [D7]

To the [G] pawnshop I did go but no [D] clothes there did I find,
And the policeman came and took that girl a-[A]way,
The [D] judge he guilty found her of [G] robbing a homeward bounder...
And [A] paid her passage back to Botany [D] Bay [D7]

CHORUS: Oh [G] Maggie Maggie Mae, they have [D] taken her away
She'll never walk down Lime Street any [A] more
She [D] robbed so many sailors and [G] captains of the whalers
That [D] dirty robbing [A] no good Maggie [D] Mae [D7]

CHORUS: Oh [G] Maggie Maggie Mae, they have [D] taken her away
She'll never walk down Lime Street any [A] more
She [D] robbed so many sailors and [G] captains of the whalers
That [D] dirty robbing [A] no good Maggie [D] Mae [D7]
That [D] dirty robbing [A] no good Maggie [D] Mae [A] [D]

The Leaving Of Liverpool Wolverhampton Ukulele Band 2020

[C][F][C][G][C] (Last 2 lines of verse)

Fare [C]thee well to you, my [F]own true [C]love,
I am going far, far aw-[G]ay
I am [C]bound for Cali[F]forn-i-[C]a,
And I know that I'll re[G]turn some[C]day

So [G]fare thee well, my [F]own true [C]love,
For when I return, united we will [G]be
It's not the [C]leaving of Liverpool that [F]grieves [C]me,
But my darling when I [G]think of [C]thee

I have shipped on a Yankee [F]sailing [C]ship,
Davy Crockett is her [G]name,
And her [C]Captain's name was [F]Bur-[C]gess,
And they say that she's a [G]floating [C]hell

So [G]fare thee well, my [F]own true [C]love,
For when I return, united we will [G]be
It's not the [C]leaving of Liverpool that [F]grieves [C]me,
But my darling when I [G]think of [C]thee

Oh the sun is on the [F]harbour, [C]love,
And I wish that I could re-[G]main,
For I [C]know that it will be a [F]long, long [C]time,
Before I [G]see you [C]again

So [G]fare thee well, my [F]own true [C]love,
For when I return, united we will [G]be
It's not the [C]leaving of Liverpool that [F]grieves [C]me,
But my darling when I [G]think of [C]thee

So [G]fare thee well, my [F]own true [C]love,
For when I return, united we will [G]be
It's not the [C]leaving of Liverpool that [F]grieves [C]me,
But my darling when I [G]think of [C]thee

All For Me Grog (Trad) Wolverhampton Ukulele Band

[Chorus, repeated after each verse]

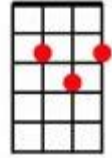
INTRO: And it's [G]all for me grog, me [C]jolly jolly [G]grog

All for me beer and to[D]bacco

Well I've [G]spent all me tin with the [C]lassies drinking [G]gin

Far across the western [D]ocean I must **[PAUSE]** wan-[G]de

Gmaj



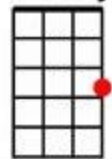
I'm [G]sick in the head and I [C]haven't been to [G]bed

Since first I came ashore with me [D]plunder

I've seen [G]centipedes and snakes and my [C]head is full of [G]aches

And I'll have to make a [D]path for way out **[PAUSE]** yon-[G]der

Cmaj



CHORUS

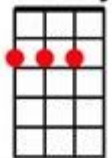
[G]Where are me boots, me [C]noggin' noggin' [G]boots

They're all gone for beer and to[D]bacco

You see the [G]soles were getting thin and the [C]uppers letting [G]in

And the heels are looking [D]out for better **[PAUSE]** wea-[G]ther

Dmaj



CHORUS

[G]Where is me shirt, me [C]noggin' noggin' [G]shirt

It's all gone for beer and to[D]bacco

You see the [G]sleeves they got worn out and the [C]collar's turned ab[G]out

And the tail is looking [D]out for better **[PAUSE]** wea-[G]ther

CHORUS

[G]Where is me wife, me [C]noggin' noggin' [G]wife

She's all gone for beer and to[D]bacco

You see her [G]front's all worn out and her [C]tail's been kicked ab[G]out

And I'm sure she's looking [D]out for better **[PAUSE]** wea-[G]ther

CHORUS

[G]Oh, where is me bed, me [C]noggin' noggin' [G]bed

It's all gone for beer and to[D]bacco

You see I [G]sold it to the girls and the [C]springs they got all [G]twirls

And the sheets they're looking [D]out for better **[PAUSE]** wea-[G]ther

CHORUS SLOW DOWN ON LAST LINE

Brown Eyed Girl – Van Morrison

Wolverhampton Ukulele Band/Cool and Uke

Intro: [G] [C] [G] [D7]

[G] [C] [G] [D7]

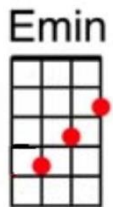
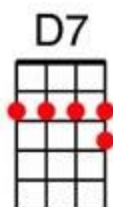
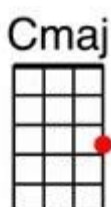
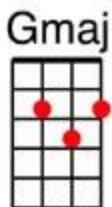
[G] Hey where did [C] we go ... [G] days when the [D7] rains came
[G] Down in the [C] hollow ... [G] we were playin' a [D7] new game
[G] Laughing and a [C] running hey hey [G] skipping and a [D7] jumping
[G] In the misty [C] morning fog with
[G] Our [D7] hearts a thumping and [C] you...
[D7] My brown-eyed [G] girl [Em] [C] You my [D7] brown-eyed [G] girl [D7]

[G] Whatever [C] happened [G] to ... Tuesday and [D7] so slow
[G] Going down the [C] old mine ... with a [G] transistor [D7] radio
[G] Standing in the [C] sunlight laughing
[G] Hiding behind a [D7] rainbow's wall [G] slipping and a [C] sliding
[G] All along the [D7] waterfall with [C] you ... [D7] My brown-eyed [G] girl [Em]
[C] You my [D7] brown-eyed [G] girl [D7] Do you remember when [Stop]

... we used to [G] Sing sha la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D7] da
[G] Sha la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D7] da la te [G] da [G] [D7]

[G] So hard to [C] find my way ... [G] now that I'm all [D7] on my own
[G] I saw you just the [C] other day ... [G] my how [D7] you have grown
[G] Cast my memory [C] back there, lord
[G] Sometimes I'm [D7] overcome thinking 'bout
[G] Making love in the [C] green grass
[G] Behind the [D7] stadium with [C] you [D7] My brown-eyed [G] girl [Em] [C]
you my [D7] brown-eyed [G] girl [D7] Do you remember when [Stop] ...

we used to [G] Sing, sha la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D7] da
[G] Sha la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D7] da
[G] Sha la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D7] da
[G] Sha la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D7] da ... La te [G] da



DIRTY OLD TOWN The Pogues
Wolverhampton Ukulele Band 2019

INTRO: [D] [G] [D] [Em] [Bm/]

TACET I met my [G] love by the gasworks wall
Dreame[d] a [C] dream by the old ca-[G]nal
I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old [D] town, dirty old [Em] town. STOP

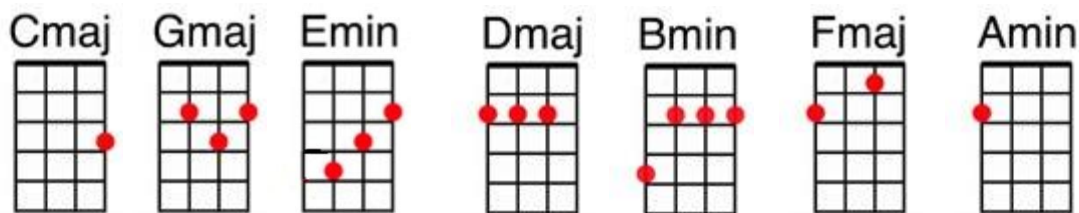
Clouds are [G] drif-ting across the moon
Cats are [C] prow-ling on their [G] beats
Springs a girl on the street at night
Dirty old [D] town, dirty old [Em] town. STOP

INSTRUMENTAL: [C] [F] [C] [G] [Am/] STOP

Heard a [G] si-ren from the docks
Saw a [C] train cut the night on [G] fire
Smelt the breeze on the smoky wind
Dirty old [D] town, dirty old [Em] town. STOP

I'm gonna [G] make me a big sharp axe
Shining [C] steel tempered in the [G] fire
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree
Dirty old [D] town, dirty old [Em] town. STOP

I met my [G] love by the gasworks wall
Dreame[d] a [C] dream by the old ca-[G]nal
I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old [D] town, dirty old [Em] town.
Dirty old [D] town, [SLOW] dirty old [Em] town.



Fisherman's Blues

The Waterboys

From: Richard G's Ukulele Songbook www.scorpex.net/uke.htm

Intro: [G] [F] [Am] [C] [G] [F] [Am] [C]

I [G] wish I was a fisherman [F] tumbling on the seas
[Am] Far away from dry land and its [C] bitter memories
[G] Casting out my sweet line with a [F] bandonment and love
[Am] No ceiling bearing down on me save the [C] starry sky above

With light in my [G] head.....you in my [F] arms
[Am] Wooh [G] [F] [Am] [C]

I [G] wish I was the brakeman on a [F] hurtling fevered train
Crashing [Am] headlong into the heartland like a [C] cannon in the
rain

With the [G] beating of the sleepers and the [F] burnin' of the coal
[Am] Counting the towns flashing by in a [C] night that's full of soul

With light in my [G] head.....you in my [F] arms
[Am] Wooh [G] [F] [Am] [C] [G] [F] [Am] [C]

Oh I [G] know I will be loosened from [F] bonds that hold me fast
And the [Am] chains all hung around me [C] will fall away at last
And on that [G] fine and fateful day I will [F] take thee in my hands
I will [Am] ride on the train I will [C] be the fisherman

With light in my [G] head...you in my [F] arms Woo hoo [Am] ooh [C]
With light in my [G] head...you in my [F] arms Woo hoo [Am] ooh [C]

Galway Girl Steve Earle Wolverhampton Ukulele Band 2019

INTRO: [D]s

Well I [D] took a stroll on the old long walk of a day I-ay I-[G]ay [G]~~~~
I [Bm] met a little [A] girl and we [G] stopped to [D] talk of a
Fine soft [A] day I-[D] ay and I [G] ask you [D] friend [D]~~~~
What's a [G] fella to [D] do [D]~~~~
Because her [Bm] hair was [A] black and her [G] eyes were [D] blue [D]~~~~
And I [G] knew right [D] then [D] ~~~~
I'd be [G] taking a [D] whirl [D] ~~~~
Round the [Bm] Salthill [A] prom with a [G] Galway [D] girl [D] ~~~~

[D] [D] [D] [D] [G] [G] [G] [D] [G] [D] [G] [D] [A] [A] [A] [D] ~~~~~~

We were [D] half way there when the rain came down of a day I-ay I-[G]ay [G]~~~~
And she [Bm] took me [A] up to her [G] flat down[D]town on a
Fine soft [A] day I-[D] ay and I [G] ask you [D] friend [D]~~~~
What's a [G] fella to [D] do [D]?~~~~
Because her [Bm] hair was [A] black and her [G] eyes were [D] blue [D]~~~~
So I [G] took her [D] hand [D] ~~~~
And I [G] gave her a [D] twirl [D] ~~~~
And then I [Bm] lost my [A] heart to a [G] Galway [D] girl [D] ~~~~

[D] [D] [D] [D] [G] [G] [G] [D] [G] [D] [G] [D] [A] [A] [A] [D]
[D] [D] [D] [D] [G] [G] [G] [D] [G] [D] [G] [D] [A] [A] [A] [D]

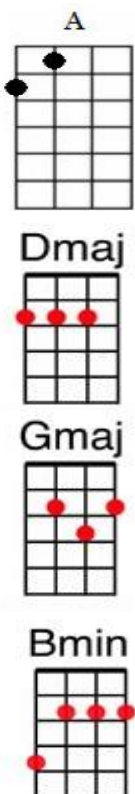
[G] [G] [G] [G] [D] [D] [A] [A] [G] [D] [G] [D] [A] [A] [A] [D] ~~~~

When [D] I woke up I was [D]all alone
~~Of a [D] day I-[D]ay I-[G]ay [G]~~~~~~
With a [Bm] broken [A] heart and a [G] ticket [D] home
~~On a [D] fine soft [A] day I-[D]ay~~

And I [G] ask you [D] friend [D]~~~~
Oh what [G] would you to [D] do [D]~~~~
If her [Bm] hair was [A] black and her [G] eyes were [D] blue ?[D]~~~~
See I've [G] travelled a-[D]round [D] ~~~~
Been all [G] over this [D] world [D]boys
And [Bm] never seen [A] nothing like a [G] Galway [D] girl [D] ~~~~

[D] [D] [D] [D] [G] [G] [G] [D] [G] [D] [G] [D] [A] [A] [A] [D]
[D] [D] [D] [D] [G] [G] [G] [D] [G] [D] [G] [D] [A] [A] [A] [D]

[G] [G] [G] [G] [D] [D] [A] [A] [G] [D] [G] [D] SLOWING [A] [A] [A] [D]



Gypsy Queen Chris Norman

Wolverhampton Ukulele Band 2019

INTRO: [Am] [Am] [Dm] [Dm] [E7] [E7] [Am] [Am]

[Am] Raven hair and [Dm] auburn eyes
[E7] Have you ever seen my gypsy [Am] queen?
She's an angel [Dm] in disguise, [E7] the sweetest girl I've ever [Am] seen.
[Dm] She's got her own kind of [Am] magic
[Dm] She's got her own special [E7] way

There's a [Am] cold wind blows in the dead of the night
When she [Dm] looks at me and I hear her sigh
[E7] Where do you go my gypsy [Am] queen?
And I [Am] hear her voice as she starts to sing
With a [Dm] haunting tune of a lover's ring
[E7] Oh play that song my gypsy [Am] queen.

[Am] [Am] [Dm] [Dm] [E7] [E7] [Am] [Am]

[Am] In the distance [Dm] far away
[E7] Castles in the [Am] air
And in the shadows [Dm] of the wood, [E7] I could see her [Am] there;
[Dm] And as I watched in the [Am] moonlight, [Dm] I saw her dancing a-[E7]lone.

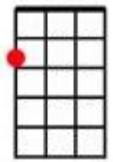
There's a [Am] cold wind blows in the dead of the night
When she [Dm] looks at me and I hear her sigh
[E7] Where do you go my gypsy [Am] queen?
And I [Am] hear her voice as she starts to sing
With a [Dm] haunting tune of a lover's ring
[E7] Oh play that song my gypsy [Am] queen.

[Dm] She'll always be my gypsy [Am] queen
[Dm] The only love of my [E7] dreams

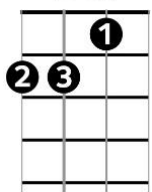
[Am] Raven hair and [Dm] auburn eyes
[E7] Have you ever seen my gypsy [Am] queen?
In the shadows [Dm] of the wood, [E7] I can see her [Am] there;
[Dm] And as I watch in the [Am] moonlight, [Dm] I see her dancing a-[E7]lone.

There's a [Am] cold wind blows in the dead of the night
When she [Dm] looks at me and I hear her sigh
[E7] Where do you go my gypsy [Am] queen?
And I [Am] hear her voice as she starts to sing
With a [Dm] haunting tune of a lover's ring
SLOW LAST LINE [E7] Oh play that song my gypsy [Am] queen.

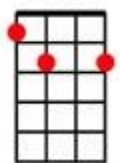
Amin



Dm



E7



Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye Wolverhampton Ukulele Band 2020

While [Am] goin' the road to sweet Athy, hur-[C]roo, hurroo
While [Am] goin' the road to sweet Athy, hur-[C]roo, hur-[E7]roo
While [C] goin' the road to [G]sweet Athy
A [Am] stick in me hand and a [E7] tear in me eye
A [Am] doleful [G] damsel [F] I heard [E7] cry (2,3,4 ...)
[Am] Johnny I [Am7] hardly [Am] knew ye (1,2,3,4)

Your drums and guns and guns and drums, hur-[C]roo, hurroo
Your [Am] drums and guns and guns and drums, hur-[C]roo, hur-[E7]roo
Your [C] drums and guns and [G] guns and drums
The [Am] enemy nearly [E7] slew ye
Oh my [Am] darling [G] dear, Ye [F] look so [E7] queer (2,3,4...)
[Am] Johnny I [Am7] hardly [Am] knew ye (1,2,3,4)

Where are the eyes that looked so mild, hur-[C]roo, hurroo
Where [Am] are the eyes that looked so mild, hur-[C]roo, hur-[E7]roo
Where [C] are the eyes that [G] looked so mild,
When [Am] my poor heart you [E7] first beguiled
Why [Am] did ye skee-[G]daddle from [F] me and the [E7] child (2,3,4...)
Oh [Am] Johnny I [Am7] hardly [Am] knew ye (1,2,3,4)

Where are your legs that used to run. Hur-[C]roo, hurroo
Where [Am] are your legs that used to run. Hur-[C]roo, hurr-[E7]roo
Where [C] are your legs that [G] used to run
When [Am] you went off to [E7] carry a gun
In-[Am]deed your[G] dancing [F] days are [E7] done 2,3,4...
Oh [Am] Johnny I [Am7] hardly [Am] knew ye (1,2,3,4)

I'm happy for to see ye home, hur-[C]roo, hurroo
I'm [Am] happy for to see ye home, hur-[C]roo, hur-[E7]roo
I'm [C] happy for to [G] see ye home,
All [Am] from the island [E7] of Sulloon
So [Am] low in the [G] flesh, so [F] high in the [E7] bone 2,3,4...
Oh [Am] Johnny I [Am7] hardly [Am] knew ye (1,2,3,4)

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hur-[C]roo, hurroo
Ye [Am] haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hur-[C]roo, hur-[E7]roo
Ye [C] haven't an arm, ye [G] haven't a leg,
Ye're an [Am] armless, boneless, [E7] chickenless egg
Ye'll [Am] have to be [G] put with a [F] bowl out to [E7] beg 2,3,4...
Oh [Am] Johnny I [Am7] hardly [Am] knew ye (1,2,3,4)

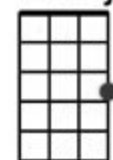
They're rollin' out the guns again, hur-[C]roo, hurroo
They're [Am] rollin' out the guns again, hur-[C]roo, hur-[E7]roo
They're [C] rollin' out the [G] guns again,
They [Am] never will take my [E7] sons again 2,3,4
(Slow single hits)They [Am/] never will [G/] take my [F/] sons a-[E7/]gain 2,3,4
[Am] Johnny I'm [Am7] swearin' [Am/] to [Am/]ye...(hang)

Based on: Bridgnorth Ukulele Band 2012

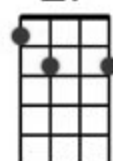
Amin



Cmaj



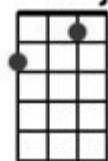
E7



Gmaj



Fmaj



Am7

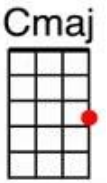


New York Girls

Wolverhampton Ukulele Band

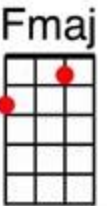
Intro: [C] Oh you [F] New York Girls [G] can't you [G7] dance the [C] polka [C] Oh you
[F] New York Girls [G] can't you [G7] dance the [C] polka

[C] As I walked down through [F] New York town, a [G] fair maid I did [C] meet
[C] She asked me to [F] see her home, she [G] lived in Bleeker [C] Street
And when we got to [F] Bleeker Street, we [G] stopped at forty-[C] four
Her mother and her [F] sister there, to [G] greet us at the [C] door

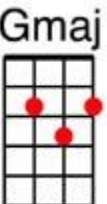


[C] And a-[C] way you [F] Santee, [G] my [G7] dear [C] Annie
[C] Oh you [F] New [F] York [F] girls, [G] can't you [G7] dance the [C] polka? [C]
[F///] [G/] [G7/] [C]

And [C] when I got in-[F] side the house, the [G] drinks were passed a-[C] round
The liquor was so [F] awful strong, my [G] head went round and [C] round
And then we had a-[F] nother drink be[G] fore we sat to [C] eat
The liquor was so [F] awful strong, I [G] quickly fell a-[C] sleep



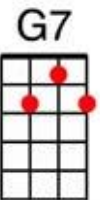
[C] And a-[C] way you [F] Santee, [G] my [G7] dear [C] Annie
[C] Oh you [F] New [F] York [F] girls,
[G] can't you [G7] dance the [C] polka?
[C] [F///] [G/] [G7/] [C]



When [C] I awoke next [F] morning, I [G] had an aching [C] head
There was I Jack, [F] all alone, stark [G] naked in me [C] bed
My gold watch and my [F] pocket book and [G] lady friend were [C] gone
And there was I, Jack, [F] all alone, stark [G] naked in the [C] room

And a-[C] way you [F] Santee, [G] my [G7] dear [C] Annie
[C] Oh you [F] New [F] York [F] girls, [G] can't you [G7] dance the [C] polka?
[C] [F///] [G/] [G7/] [C]

On [C] looking round this [F] little room, there's [G] nothing I could [C] see
But a [C] woman's shift and [F] apron, that [G] were no use to [C] me
With a barrel for a [F] suit of clothes, down [G] Cherry Street for-[C] lorn
Where Martin Churchill [F] took me in and [G] sent me round Cape [C] Horn



[C] And a-[C] way you [F] Santee, [G] my [G7] dear [C] Annie
[C] Oh you [F] New [F] York [F] girls, [G] can't you [G7] dance the [C] polka?
[C] [F///] [G/] [G7/] [C]

So [C] sailor lads take [F] warning, when you [G] land on New York [C] shore
You'll have to get up [F] early to be [G] smarter than a [C] whore
Your hard-earned cash will [F] disappear, your [G] hat and boots as [C] well,
For New York girls are [F] tougher than the [G] [Stop] other side of hell.

[n/c] And [C] away you, [F] Santee, [G] my [G7] dear [C] Annie
[C] Oh you [F] New [F] York [F] girls, [G] can't you [G7] dance the [C] polka?
And [C] away you, [F] Santee, [G] my [G7] dear [C] Annie [C]
Oh you [F] New [F] York [F] girls, [G] can't you [G7] dance the [C] polka?
[C] Oh you [F] New [F] York [F] girls, [G] can't you [G7] dance the [C///] polka?

Star of the County Down Wolverhampton Ukulele Band 2019

In [Dm]Banbridge Town in the [F]County [C]Down
One [Dm]morning last Ju-[C]ly
From a [Dm]boreen green came a [F]sweet coll-[C]een
And she [Dm]smiled as she [C]passed me [Dm]by
She [F]looked so sweet from her [C]two bare feet
To the [Dm]sheen of her nut brown [C]hair
Such a [Dm]winsome elf, sure I [F]shook my-[C]self
For to [Dm]see I was [C]really [Dm]there

CHORUS From [F]Bantry Bay to [C]Derry Quay and
 From [Dm]Galway to Dublin [C]Town
 No [Dm]maid I've seen like the [F]sweet coll-[C]een
 That I [Dm]met in the [C]County [Dm]Down

As she [Dm]onward sped, sure I [F]scratched my [C]head
And I [Dm]looked with a feelin' [C]rare
[Dm] And says I, to a [F]passer-[C]by
"Whose the [Dm]maid with the [C] nut brown [Dm]hair"?
He [F]smiled at me and with [C]pride says he
"That's the [Dm]gem of Ireland's [C]crown
It's [Dm]Rosie McCann from the [F]banks of the [C] Bann
She's the [Dm]star of the [C]County [Dm]Down"

CHORUS

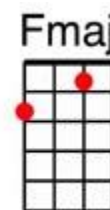
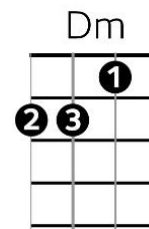
She'd [Dm]soft brown eyes with a [F]look so [C]shy
And a [Dm]smile like a rose in [C]June
And she [Dm]sang so sweet what a [F]lovely [C]treat
As she [Dm]lilted an [C]Irish [Dm]tune
At the [F]Lammas dance I was [C]in the trance
As she [Dm]whirled with the lads in [C]town
And it [Dm]broke my heart just to [F]be a-[C]part
From the [Dm]star of the [C]County [Dm]Down

CHORUS

At the [Dm]Harvest Fair she'll be [F]surely [C]there
And I'll [Dm]dress in my Sunday [C]clothes
With my [Dm]shoes shone bright and my [F]head up-[C]right
With a [Dm]smile from my [C]nut brown [Dm]rose
No [F]pipe I'll smoke, no [C]horse I'll yoke
Till my [Dm]plough turns a rust-coloured [C]brown
Till a [Dm]smiling bride, by my [F]own fire-[C]side,
Sits the [Dm]star of the [C]County [Dm]Down

CHORUS

CHORUS WITH LAST LINE SLOW



Tell Me Ma Intro: 4 bars [G]

CHORUS: I'll [G] tell me ma when[C] I get [G] home
The [D7] boys won't leave the [G] girls alone
They pulled me hair and they [C] stole me [G] comb
But [D7] that's all right till [G] I go home
[G] She is handsome [C] she is pretty
[G] She is the Belle of [D7] Belfast city
[G] She is a-courtin' [C/] one [C/] two [C/] three
[G] Please won't you [D7] tell me [G] who is she

[G] Albert Mooney [C] says he [G] loves her
[D7] All the boys are [G] fightin' for her
[G] They rap on her door and [C] ring on the [G] bell
[D7] Will she come out [G] who can tell?
[G] Out she comes as [C] white as snow
[G] Rings on her fingers and [D7] bells on her toes
[G] Old Jenny Murray says that [C] she will die
If she [G] doesn't get the [D7] fella with the [G] roving eye

CHORUS: I'll [G] tell me ma when[C] I get [G] home
The [D7] boys won't leave the [G] girls alone
They pulled me hair and they [C] stole me [G] comb
But [D7] that's all right till [G] I go home
[G] She is handsome [C] she is pretty
[G] She is the Belle of [D7] Belfast city
[G] She is a-courtin' [C/] one [C/] two [C/] three
[G] Please won't you [D7] tell me [G] who is she

[G] Let the wind and the rain and the [C] hail blow [G] high
And the [D7] snow come travellin' [G] through the sky
[G] She's as nice as [C] apple [G] pie
She'll [D7] get her own lad [G] by and by
[G] When she gets a [C] lad of her own
She [G] won't tell her ma when [D7] she gets home
[G] Let them all come [C] as they will
It's [G] Albert [D7] Mooney [G] she loves still

CHORUS: I'll [G] tell me ma when[C] I get [G] home
The [D7] boys won't leave the [G] girls alone
They pulled me hair and they [C] stole me [G] comb
But [D7] that's all right till [G] I go home
[G] She is handsome [C] she is pretty
[G] She is the Belle of [D7] Belfast city
[G] She is a-courtin' [C/] one [C/] two [C/] three
[G] Please won't you [D7] tell me [G] who is she

REPEAT CHORUS TO FINISH

The Wild Rover Wolverhampton Ukulele Band 2019

INTRO: [D] [D] [D] [D]

I've [D] been a wild rover for many a [G] year [G]

And I've [D] spent all me [G] money on [A] whiskey and [D] beer [D]

But now I'm returning with gold in great [G] store [G]

And I [D] never will [G] play the wild [A] rover no [D] more [D]

CHORUS And it's [A]no, nay, never,

[D] No, nay, never no [G] more [G]

Will I [D] play the wild [G] rover [G]

No [A] never no [D] more [D]

I [D] went to an alehouse I used to fre-[G]quent [G]

And I [D] told the land-[G]lady my [A] money was [D] spent [D]

I asked her for credit, she answered me [G] nay [G]

Such a [D] custom as [G] yours I can [A] have any [D] day [D]

CHORUS And it's [A] no, nay, never,

[D] No, nay, never no [G] more [G]

Will I [D] play the wild [G] rover [G]

No [A] never no [D] more [D]

I [D] took from my pocket ten sovereigns [G] bright [G]

And the [D] landlady's [G] eyes opened [A] wide with de-[D]light [D]

She said 'I have whiskeys and wines of the [G] best [G]

And the [D] words that I [G] spoke, they were [A] only in [D] jest' [D]

CHORUS And it's [A] no, nay, never,

[D] No, nay, never no [G] more [G]

Will I [D] play the wild [G] rover [G]

No [A] never no [D] more [D]

I'll go [D] home to my parents, confess what I've [G] done [G]

And I'll [D] ask them to [G] pardon their [A] prodigal [D] son [D]

And if they forgive me as oft times be-[G]fore [G]

I [D] never will [G] play the wild [A] rover no [D] more [D]

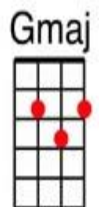
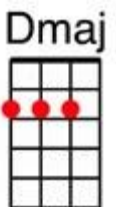
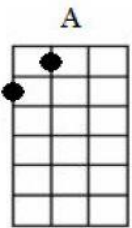
CHORUS And it's [A] no, nay, never,

[D] No, nay, never no [G] more [G]

Will I [D] play the wild [G] rover [G]

No [A] never no [D] more [D]

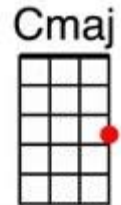
REPEAT CHORUS



Whiskey in the Jar Wolverhampton Ukulele Band

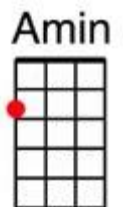
As [C] I was goin' over the [Am] Cork and Kerry mountains
I [F] saw Captain Farrell and his [C] money he was [Am] counting
I [C] first produced my pistol and [Am] then produced my rapier
I said [F] 'Stand and deliver or the [C] devil he may [Am] take you'

Musha [G] rim sham-a-doo sham-a-da
[C] Wack for my daddy-o, [F] Wack for my daddy-o
There's [C] whiskey [G] in the [C] jar



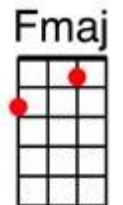
I [C] took all of his money which [Am] was a pretty penny.
I [F] took all of his money and I [C] brought it home to [Am] Molly
She [C] swore that she loved me, [Am] never would she leave me
But the [F] devil take that woman for you [C] know she tricked me [Am] easy

Musha [G] rim sham-a-doo sham-a-da
[C] Wack for my daddy-o, [F] Wack for my daddy-o
There's [C] whiskey [G] in the [C] jar



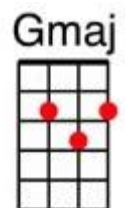
[C] Being drunk and weary I [Am] went to Molly's chamber
[F] takin' Molly with me and I [C] never knew the [Am] danger
[C] At six or maybe seven, [Am] in walked Captain Farrell.
I [F] jumped up, fired my pistols and I [C] shot him with both [Am] barrels

Musha [G] rim sham-a-doo sham-a-da
[C] Wack for my daddy-o, [F] Wack for my daddy-o
There's [C] whiskey [G] in the [C] jar



Now [C] some men like the fishin' and [Am] some men like the fowlin',
and [F] some men like ta hear, the [C] cannonballs a-[Am]roarin'.
[C] Me? I like a-sleepin' [Am] in my Molly's chamber.
But [F] here I am in prison, here I [C] am with ball and [Am] chain, oh

Musha [G] rim sham-a-doo sham-a-da
[C] Wack for my daddy-o, [F] Wack for my daddy-o
There's [C] whiskey [G] in the [C] jar



Musha [G] rim sham-a-doo sham-a-da
[C] Wack for my daddy-o, [F] Wack for my daddy-o
(SLOWLY) There's [C] whiskey [G] in the [C] jar

Worried Man Paolo Nutini Wolverhampton Ukulele Band 2019

INTRO :[Em]

[Em] Oh worries are about and [G] heavy on his gut
He [Em] feels he's being punished for the [G] bad things he has done
[Am] Help him, Jesus, help him, [Em] send him down a sign
'Cause he [Am] feels he is getting [D] old before his [Em] time

[Em] And he is sitting at the table, the [G] table he has set
He is [Em] begging for the courage to re-[G] deem some self respect
[Am] Help him, Jesus, help him, [Em] walk along the line
'Cause he [Am] feels he is getting [D] old before his [Em] time.

He says it [G] takes a worried man to [Em] sing a worried song
It [G] takes a worried man to [Em] sing a worried song
It [G] takes a worried man to [Em] sing a worried song
He is worried [Am] now but he [D] won't be worried [Em] long

[Em] Oh he broke her heart on a warm and sunny [G] day
He [Em] broke her heart on a warm and sunny [G] day
When she [Am] heard what he had to say
All that [Em] sun soon went away
He [Am] broke her heart on a [D] cold and windy [Em] day

He says it [G] takes a worried man to [Em] sing a worried song
It [G] takes a worried man to [Em] sing a worried song
It [G] takes a worried man to [Em] sing a worried song
He is worried [Am] now but he [D] won't be worried [Em] long

And so he [Em] moves towards his sweet redeeming [G] light
[Em] Shadows cast but none obscure his [G] sight
And they [Am] wonder where he is going
While he is [Em] knelt before her throat
Re-[Am] fusing to go [D] down without a [Em] fight

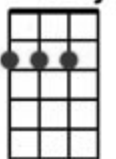
He says it [G] takes a worried man to [Em] sing a worried song
It [G] takes a worried man to [Em] sing a worried song
It [G] takes a worried man to [Em] sing a worried song
He is worried [Am] now but he [D] won't be worried [Em] long

He is worried [Am/] now but he [D/] won't be worried [Em] long [Em] [Ebm] [Em]

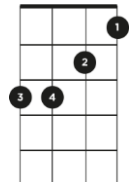
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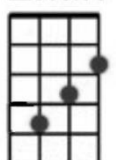
Dmaj



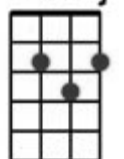
Ebm



Emin



Gmaj



Spanish Lady (Trad.) Wolverhampton Ukulele Band 2021

As [G] I came down through [Em] Dublin city [Am] at the hour of [D] twelve at night
[G] Who should I see but a [Em] Spanish Lady, [Am] washing her feet by [D7]
candlelight

[G] First she washed them [Em] then she dried them [G] over a fire of [D] Damber coals
In [G] all my life I [Em] ne'er did see a [Am] maid so sweet a-[D7]bout the soul

[Chorus] [G] Whack for the toora [Em] loora laddy
[Am] Whack for the toora [D] loora lay
[G] Whack for the toora [Em] loora laddy
[Am] Whack for the toora [D7] loora lay

As [G] I came back through [Em] Dublin city [Am] at the hour of [D] half past eight
[G] Who should I see but the [Em] Spanish lady [Am] brushing her hair in [D7] broad
daylight

[G] First she tossed it [Em] then she combed it, [G] on her lap was a [D] silver comb
In [G] all my life I [Em] ne'er did see a [Am] maid so fair since [D7] I did roam

[Chorus] [G] Whack for the toora [Em] loora laddy
[Am] Whack for the toora [D] loora lay
[G] Whack for the toora [Em] loora laddy
[Am] Whack for the toora [D7] loora lay

As [G] I came back through [Em] Dublin city [Am] as the sun be-[D]gan to set
[G] Who should I see but the [Em] Spanish lady [Am] catching a moth in a
[D7] golden net

[G] When she saw me [Em] then she fled me [G] lifting her petticoat [D] over her
knee

In [G] all my life I [Em] ne'er did see a [Am] maid so shy as the [D7] Spanish Lady

[Chorus] [G] Whack for the toora [Em] loora laddy
[Am] Whack for the toora [D] loora lay
[G] Whack for the toora [Em] loora laddy
[Am] Whack for the toora [D7] loora lay

I've [G] wandered north and I've [Em] wandered south through [Am] Stoney Barter
and [D] Patrick's Close

[G] Up and around by the [Em] Gloucester Diamond; and [Am] back by Napper
[D7] Tandy's house

[G] Old age has laid her [Em] hand on me as [G] cold as a fire of [D] ashy coals
In [G] all my life I [Em] ne'er did see a [Am] maid so sweet as the [D7] Spanish Lady

[Chorus] [G] Whack for the toora [Em] loora laddy
[Am] Whack for the toora [D] loora lay
[G] Whack for the toora [Em] loora laddy
[Am] Whack for the toora [D7] loora lay

REPEAT CHORUS FINISH WITH [G/]