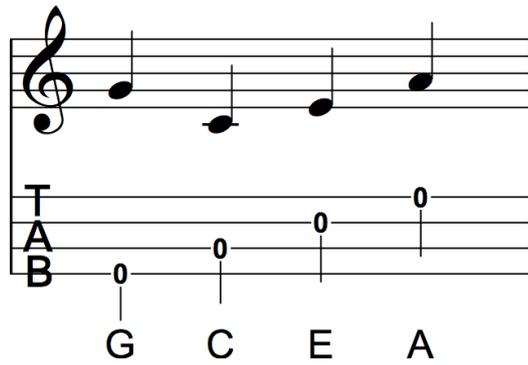


TUNING THE UKULELE



G C E A
My dog's got fleas

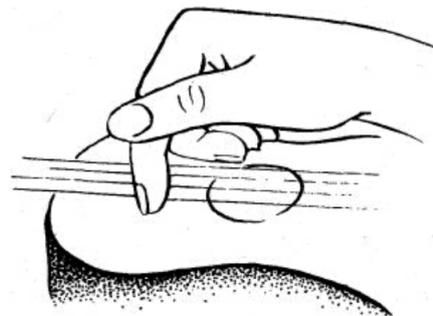
C E G A
And did those feet

HOLDING



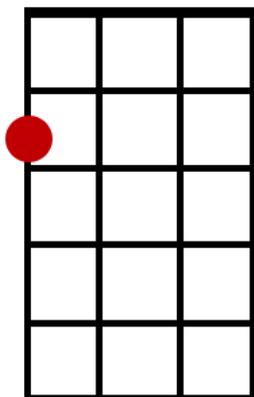
Website: ukestroud.co.uk
Song sheets → Folkulele

STRUMMING



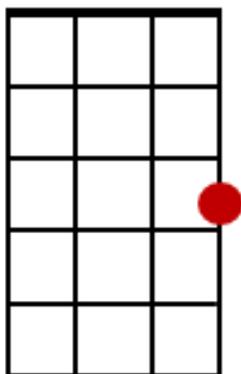
FIRST CHORDS

Am



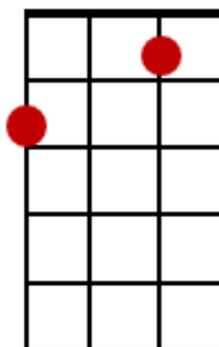
My paddle's keen and bright
Flashing with silver
Follow the wild goose flight
Dip dip and swing
Dip dip and swing it back
Flashing with silver
Swift as the wild goose flies
Dip dip and swing

C



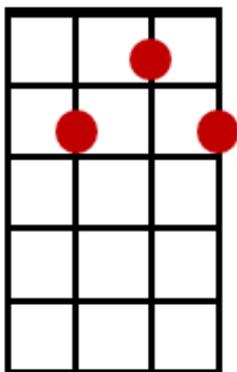
Frere Jacques

F

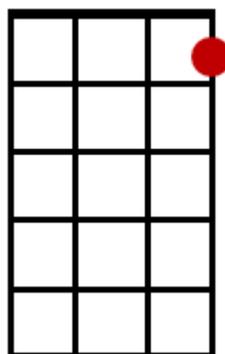


London's burning
Ten in a bed

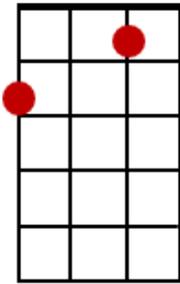
G7



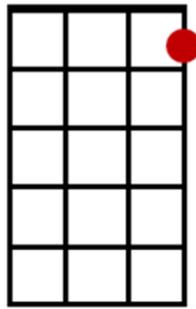
C7



F



C7



TOM DOOLEY (4 BEAT TUNE)

F

Chorus: Hang down your head Tom Dooley

C7

Hang down your head and cry

Hang down your head Tom Dooley

F

Poor boy you're bound to die

F

C7

1. I met her on the mountain, There I took her life

F

Met her on the mountain; Stabbed her with my knife.....Chorus

F

C7

2. This time tomorrow, reckon where I'll be

F

Hadn't a-been for Grayson, I'd a-been in Tennessee.....Chorus

F

C7

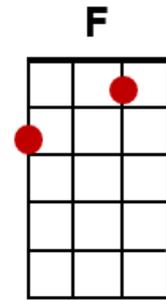
3. This time tomorrow, reckon where I'll be

F

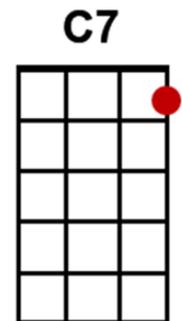
Down in some lonesome valley, hanging from a white oak tree.



F
 1. There was an old man called **MICHAEL FINNIGAN**
 C7 C7
 He grew whiskers on his chin
 F F
 The wind came up and blew them in
 C7 F
 Poor old Michael Finnegan, Beginin



F F F
 2. There was an old man called Michael Finnigan
 C7 C7
 He kicked up an awful dinnigan
 F F
 Because they said he must not singin
 C7 F
 Poor old Michael Finnegan, Beginin



F F F
 3. There was an old man called Michael Finnigan
 C7 C7
 He went fishing with a pinnigan
 F F
 Caught a fish but dropped it in
 C7 F
 Poor old Michael Finnegan, Beginin

F F F
 2. There was an old man called Michael Finnigan
 C7 C7
 He got drunk through drinking ginigan
 F F
 Thus he wasted all his tinigan
 C7 F
 Poor old Michael Finnegan, Beginin



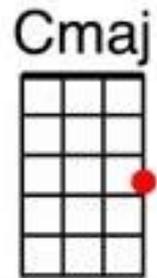
F F F
 4. There was an old man called Michael Finnigan
 C7 C7
 He grew fat and then grew thinin
 F F
 Then he died and had to beginin
 C7 F
 Poor old Michael Finnegan. STOP

SKIP TO MY LOU

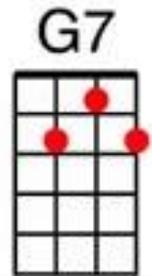
C G7
1. Be my partner skip to my lou, Be my partner skip to my lou,
C G7 C
Be my partner skip to my lou, Skip to my lou my darling

C G7
Chorus: Lou Lou skip to my lou, Lou Lou skip to my lou,
C G7 C
Lou Lou skip to my lou, Skip to my lou my darling.

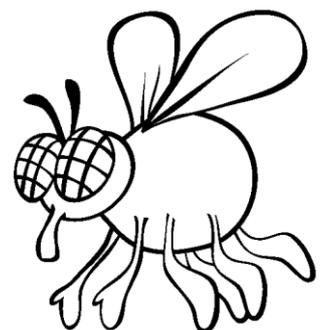
C
2. (BOYS) Lost my girl, what'll I do,
G7
Lost my girl, what'll I do
C
Lost my girl, what'll I do,
G7 C
Skip to my lou my darling. CHORUS



C
3. (GIRLS) I'll find another one better than you,
G7
I'll find another one better than you,
C
I'll find another one better than you,
G7 C
Skip to my lou my darling. CHORUS



C
4. Flies in the buttermilk, shoo shoo shoo,
G7
Flies in the buttermilk, shoo shoo shoo
C
Flies in the buttermilk, shoo shoo shoo.
G7 C
Skip to my lou my darling. . CHORUS



Pay me my money down

C

I thought I heard the captain say

G7

Pay me my money down

Tomorrow is our sailing day

C

Pay me my money down

Chorus:

C

Pay me, pay me

G7

Pay me my money down

Pay me or go to jail

C

Pay me my money down

C

Soon as the boat was clear of the bar

C **G7**

Pay me money down

G7

He knocked me down with a spar

C

Pay me my money down

chorus

C

Well if I'd been a rich man's son

G7

Pay me my money down

I'd sit on the river and watch 'er run

C

Pay me my money down

C

Well I wish I was Mr Gates

G7

Pay me my money down

They'd haul my money round in crates

C

Pay me my money down

CHORUS

C

Well forty nights, nights at sea

G7

Pay me my money down

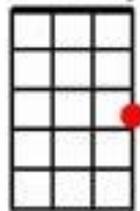
Captain worked every last dollar out of me

C

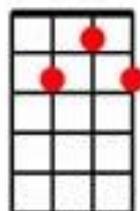
Pay me my money down

Chorus.....

Cmaj



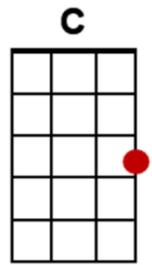
G7



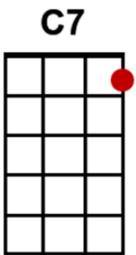
Worried Man Blues

(Traditional)

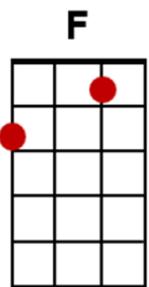
CHORUS: It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
 It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
 It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
 I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.



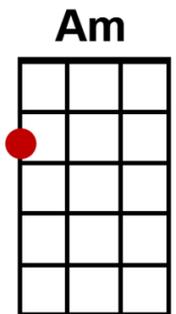
I went across the river, and I laid down to sleep,
 Went across the river, and I laid down to sleep,
 I went across the river, and I laid down to sleep,
 When I woke up, there were shackles on my feet.



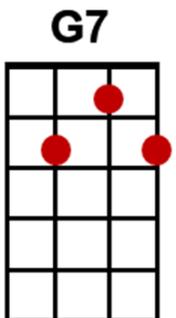
The shackles on my feet had twenty-one links of chain,
 Shackles on my feet had twenty-one links of chain,
 The shackles on my feet had twenty-one links of chain,
 And on each link, the initials of my name.



CHORUS:
 I asked of that judge, "Now what might be my fine"
 Asked of that judge, "Now what might be my fine"
 I asked of that judge, "Now what might be my fine"
 Twenty-one years on the Rocky Mountain line.



If anyone should ask you, who composed this song,
 Anyone should ask you, who composed this song,
 If anyone should ask you, who composed this song,
 Tell 'em it was me, and I sing it all day long.



CHORUS: