



*Oxford Ukuleles*

## **Songbook 6**

May 2023 to

1. They Don't Know
2. Now and Then
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11. Budapest
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13. St James Infirmary Blues
14. Too Sweet

# They Don't Know – Kirsty MacColl/Tracey Ullman

Intro: C F C F

C F Dm G  
You've been around for such a long time now, oh maybe I could leave you, but I don't know how.

C F Dm G  
And why should I be lonely every night, when I can be with you? Oh yes, you make it right.

F G C F  
And I don't listen to the guys who say, that you're bad for me and I should turn you away.

Chorus: | C Dm | Em G | F Bb | C  
'Cause they don't know 'bout us, they've never heard of love.

C F Dm G  
I get a feeling when I look at you, wherever you go now, I wanna be there too.

C F Dm G  
They say we're crazy but I just don't care, and if they keep on talkin', still they get nowhere.

F G C F  
So, I don't mind if they don't understand, when I look at you when you hold my hand.

Chorus: | C Dm | Em G | F Bb | C  
'Cause they don't know 'bout us, they've never heard of love.

Bridge: Am Bb F G  
Why should it matter to us if they don't approve?

Am Bb F G N/C  
We should just take our chances while we've got nothing to lose...

Solo: C F C F C F G N/C  
B-a-b-y!

C F Dm G  
There's no need for living in the past, now I found good loving, gonna make it last.

C F Dm G  
I tell the others, "Don't bother me," 'Cause when they look at you, they don't see what I see.

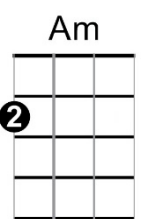
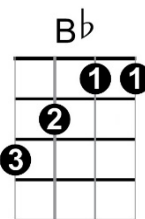
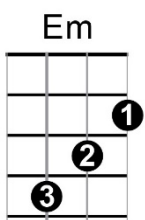
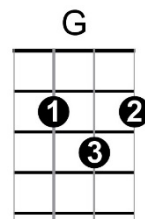
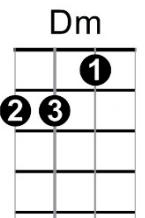
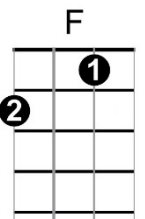
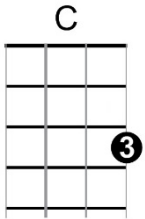
F G C F  
No, I don't listen to their wasted lines, got my eyes wide open and I see the signs.

Chorus: | C Dm | Em G | F Bb | C  
'Cause they don't know 'bout us, they've never heard of love.

F G C F  
No, I don't listen to their wasted lines, got my eyes wide open and I see the signs.

Chorus: | C Dm | Em G | F Bb | C  
'Cause they don't know 'bout us, they've never heard of love.

Outro: | F Bb | C | F Bb | C | F Bb Bb Bb | C  
Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah,



# They Don't Know - Lead Parts

Kirsty MacColl/Tracey Ullman

Tabbed by John Caudrey

## Intro

Musical notation for the Intro section, measures 1-4. The key signature has one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the guitar tablature is on a six-string staff below. Chords C, F, C, and F are indicated above the staff.

Measure 1: Treble clef, C chord, notes G4, Bb4, D5. Tab: 3 3 3 3 3 3.

Measure 2: Treble clef, F chord, notes A4, C5, D5. Tab: 3 1 0 3 1 0.

Measure 3: Treble clef, C chord, notes G4, Bb4, D5. Tab: 3 3 3 3 3 3.

Measure 4: Treble clef, F chord, notes A4, C5, D5. Tab: 3 1 0 3 1 0.

## Guitar Solo

Musical notation for the Guitar Solo section, measures 5-8. The key signature has one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the guitar tablature is on a six-string staff below. Chords C, F, C, and F are indicated above the staff.

Measure 5: Treble clef, C chord, notes G4, Bb4, D5. Tab: 3 3 3 3 3 3.

Measure 6: Treble clef, F chord, notes A4, C5, D5. Tab: 0 1 0 3 1 0.

Measure 7: Treble clef, C chord, notes G4, Bb4, D5. Tab: 0 1 3 0 0 0.

Measure 8: Treble clef, F chord, notes A4, C5, D5. Tab: 0 0 1 0 3 1.

Musical notation for the final section of the lead parts, measures 9-12. The key signature has one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the guitar tablature is on a six-string staff below. Chords C, F, and G are indicated above the staff.

Measure 9: Treble clef, C chord, notes G4, Bb4, D5. Tab: 3 3 5 7 5 3.

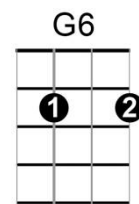
Measure 10: Treble clef, F chord, notes A4, C5, D5. Tab: 8 7 5 3 8 8 5 3.

Measure 11: Treble clef, G chord, notes Bb4, D5, F5. Tab: 2 2 2 2 2 2.

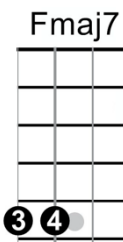
Measure 12: Treble clef, G chord, notes Bb4, D5, F5. Tab: 3 3 3 3 3 3.

# Now And Then – The Beatles

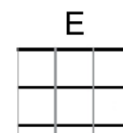
Intro: | Am | G6 | Am | G6 |



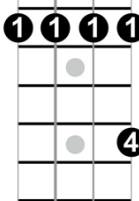
Am G6 Am G6  
I know it's true, it's all because of you  
Am F(maj7) | E E7 | E | Asus2sus4 Am  
And, if I make it through, it's all because.... of you



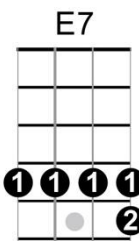
Am G6 Am G6  
And, now and then, if we must start again  
Am F(maj7) | E E7 | E | Asus2sus4 Am  
Well, we will know for sure, that I... will love you



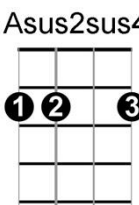
Chorus: G Bm  
Now and then, I miss you  
Em Am D  
Oh, now and then, I want you to be there for me  
Am D  
Always to return to me



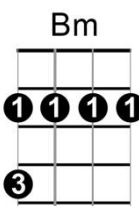
Am G6 Am G6  
I know it's true, it's all because of you  
Am F(maj7) | E E7 | E | Asus2sus4 Am  
And, if you go away, I know you'll never... stay



Chorus: G Bm  
Now and then, I miss you  
Em Am D  
Oh, now and then, I want you to be there for me



Solo: | Dm | Dm | C | C |  
Dm	Dm	C	C
Em	Em	Am	Am
D	D	Dm	G



Am G6 Am G6  
I know it's true, it's all because of you  
Am F(maj7) | E E7 | E | Asus2sus4 Am  
And, if I make it through, it's all because.... of you

Outro: | G6 | E7 | Am | G6 | E7 | 3/4 Am | G6 F E | Am

# The Leaving of Liverpool – Traditional/The Pogues

Intro: | C | C |

C F C G  
Fare thee well to you, my own true love, there were many fare thee wells.

C F C G7 C  
I'm bound for Cal – i – for – ni - a, a place, I know right well.

Chorus:

G F C G7  
So fare thee well, my own true love, when I return united we will be.

C F C G7 C  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me, but my darling when I think of thee.

C F C G  
I am bound on a Yankee clipper ship, Davy Crockett is her name.

C F C G7 C  
And her captain's name it is Bur - gess, and they say that she's a floating Hell.

Chorus:

C F C G  
I sailed with Burgess once before, and I think I know him well,

C F C G7 C  
If a man is a sailor he will get along, if he's not then he's sure in Hell.

Chorus:

Solo: Verse & Chorus

C F C G  
Oh the ship is in the harbour love, and you know that I can't remain,

C F C G7 C  
I know it will be a long, long time, before I see you again.

Double Chorus:

Then, outro line below: (single strum chords)

C C7 F Fm C G7 C  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me, but my darling when I think of thee.

# The Leaving of Liverpool - Solo

## Traditional/The Pogues



### Verse

**C**

1 2 3 1 0 2 0 3 0 4

0 2 ① 3 1 0 2 0 3 0 4 ③ 0 2

Fair thee well to you my own true love, there were

**G**

5 6 7 8

① ③ ① ③ ② (2) 0 2

ma- ny fair thee wells. I'm

**C** **F** **C**

9 10 11 12

① 3 1 0 2 0 ③ 0 2

bound for Ca- li- for- ni- a, a

**G7** **C**

13 14 15 16

① 3 0 ② ② ① (0) 2 3

place I know right well. So

### Chorus

**G** **F** **C**

17 18 19 20

⑤ 2 ③ 2 5 ③ 0 ③ 0

fair thee well my own true love, when

**G7**

21 22 23 24

0 0 0 0 0 3 1 0 ② (2) 3 1 3

I re- turn un- i- ted we will be. it's not the

**C** **F** **C**

25 26 27 28

① 0 3 1 0 2 0 ③ 0 ③ 0 2

lea- ving of Li- ver- pool that grie- ves me, but my

**G7** **C**

29 30 31 32

0 0 3 0 ② ② ① (0)

dar- ling when I think of thee

# Whiskey On A Sunday (The Ballad of Old Seth Davy) - Glyn Hughes

**G** **Am** **D** **G**  
He sat on the corner of Bevington Bush, 'stride of an old packing case.

**G** **Am** **D** **G**  
And the dolls at the end of the plank were dancing, and he crooned with a smile on his face.

Chorus: **Em** **Am** **D** **G**  
Come day, go day, wishing me heart it was Sunday  
**Em** **Am** **D** **G** **G**  
Drinking buttermilk all the week, whiskey on a Sunday

**G** **Am** **D** **G**  
His tired old hands banged the wooden plank, and the dolls, they danced the gear.  
**G** **Am** **D** **G**  
'Twas a far better show than you'd ever see, at The Pivvy or the New Brighton Pier

Chorus: **Em** **Am** **D** **G**  
Come day, go day, wishing me heart it was Sunday  
**Em** **Am** **D** **G** **G**  
Drinking buttermilk all the week, whiskey on a Sunday

Instrumental Solo: Verse & Chorus

**G** **Am** **D** **G**  
But in nineteen-o-two old Seth Davy died, and his song it was heard no more.  
**G** **Am** **D** **G**  
The three dancing dolls, they got lashed in the bin, and the plank went to mend a back door.

Chorus: **Em** **Am** **D** **G**  
Come day, go day, wishing me heart it was Sunday  
**Em** **Am** **D** **G** **G**  
Drinking buttermilk all the week, whiskey on a Sunday

**G** **Am** **D** **G**  
Now on some stormy nights down Scotty Road way, with the wind blowing in from the sea.  
**G** **Am** **D** **G**  
You can still hear the song of old Seth Davy, as he sings to his dancing dolls three.

Chorus: **Em** **Am** **D** **G**  
Come day, go day, wishing me heart it was Sunday  
**Em** **Am** **D** **G**  
Drinking buttermilk all the week, whiskey on a Sunday  
**Em** **Am** **D** **G**  
Come day, go day, wishing me heart it was Sunday  
**Em** **Am** **D** **G**  
Drinking buttermilk all the week, whiskey on a Sunday

# Whiskey On A Sunday - Melody

Glyn Hughes

Tabbed by John Caudrey

## Intro

3/4

G Am

D G

G Am

D G

Em Am

D G

Em Am

D G



# Stuck In the Middle with You – Stealers Wheel

Intro: | D | D | D | D | D | D | D | D |

Well, I don't know why I came here tonight, I got the feeling that something ain't right,  
I'm so scared in case I fall off my chair, and I'm wondering how I'll get down the stairs.  
Clowns to the left of me, jokers to the right, here I am, stuck in the middle with you.

Yes, I'm stuck in the middle with you, and I'm wondering what it is I should do,  
It's so hard to keep this smile from my face, losing control, yeah, I'm all over the place.  
Clowns to the left of me, jokers to the right, here I am, stuck in the middle with you.

Chorus:  
Well, you started out with nothing and you're proud that you're a self-made man,  
And your friends they all come crawlin', slap you on the back and say,  
Please.... Please.....

Intro: | D | D | D | D |

Trying to make some sense of it all, but I can see that it makes no sense at all,  
Is it cool to go to sleep on the floor, 'cause I don't think that I can take any more  
Clowns to the left of me, jokers to the right, here I am, stuck in the middle with you.

Solo: | D | D | D | D | G7 | G7 | D | D | A7 | C G | D | D |

Chorus:

Intro: | D | D | D | D |

Well, I don't know why I came here tonight, I got the feeling that something ain't right,  
I'm so scared in case I fall off my chair, and I'm wondering how I'll get down the stairs.  
Clowns to the left of me, jokers to the right, here I am, stuck in the middle with you.

Yes, I'm stuck in the middle with you, stuck in the middle with you,  
Here I am, stuck in the middle with you.

# Stuck In The Middle With You - Opening Riff

## Stealers Wheel

D 1st Ukulele

1 5 5 3 0 3 2 (3) 3 3 2 2 3 3 3 3 5 5 3 0 3 2 (3) 3 3 2 2 3 3 5

D 2nd Ukulele

5 9 9 7 7 5 6 (5) 3 3 2 2 3 3 3 7 9 9 7 7 5 8 (5) 3 3 2 2 3 3 5

# As Tears Go By – The Rolling Stones

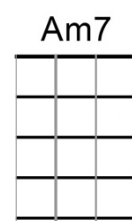
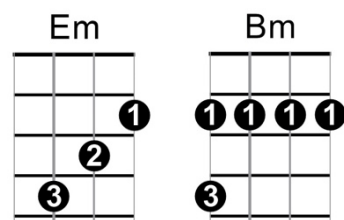
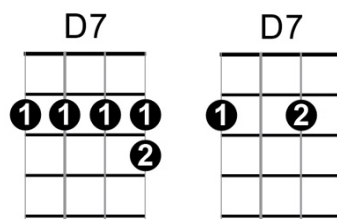
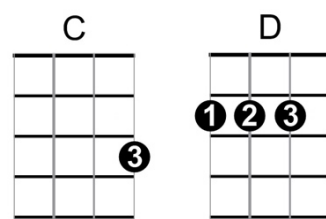
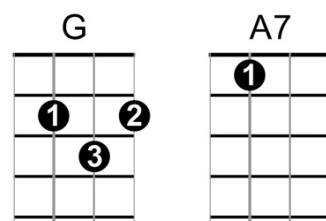
Intro: G A7 C D x 2

G A7 C D7  
It is the evening of the da-a-a-y  
G A7 C D7  
I sit and watch the children pla-a-a-y  
C D7  
Smiling faces I can see  
G Em  
But not for me  
C Bm Am7 D7  
I sit and watch, as tears go by

G A7 C D7  
My riches can't buy ev'ry thi-i-ng  
G A7 C D7  
I want to hear the children si-i-i-ng  
C D7  
All I hear, is the sound  
G Em  
Of rain falling on the ground  
C Bm Am7 D7  
I sit and watch, as tears go by

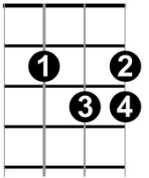
Solo:

G A7 C D7  
It is the evening of the da-a-a-y  
G A7 C D7  
I sit and watch the children pla-a-a-y  
C D7  
Doing things I used to do  
G Em  
They think are new  
C Bm Am7 D7  
I sit and watch, as tears go by



# The Letter – The Box Tops

Gsus4



Am F Gsus4 D  
Gimme a ticket for an aeroplane, ain't got time to take a fast train .

Am F E7 Am  
Lonely days are gone, I'm a-goin' home, 'cause my baby, just-a wrote me a letter.

Am F Gsus4 D  
I don't care how much money I gotta spend, got to get back to my baby again.

Am F E7 Am Am  
Lonely days are gone, I'm a-goin' home, 'cause my baby, just-a wrote me a letter.

Chorus: C G F C G G  
Well, she wrote me a letter, said she couldn't live without me no more  
C G F C G  
Listen mister, can't you see I got to get back to my baby once-a more  
E7 (stop)  
Anyway, yeah!

Am F Gsus4 D  
Gimme a ticket for an aeroplane, ain't got time to take a fast train .

Am F E7 Am Am  
Lonely days are gone, I'm a-goin' home, 'cause my baby, just-a wrote me a letter.

Chorus: C G F C G G  
Well, she wrote me a letter, said she couldn't live without me no more  
C G F C G  
Listen mister, can't you see I got to get back to my baby once-a more  
E7 (stop)  
Anyway, yeah!

Am F Gsus4 D  
Gimme a ticket for an aeroplane, ain't got time to take a fast train .

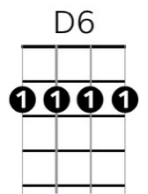
Am F E7 Am  
Lonely days are gone, I'm a-goin' home, 'cause my baby, just-a wrote me a letter.

E7 Am  
'Cause my baby, just-a wrote me a letter.

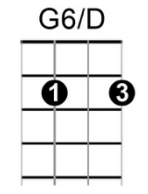
E7 (stop) Am (stop)  
'Cause my baby, just-a wrote me a letter.

# The Fool On The Hill – Lennon & McCartney

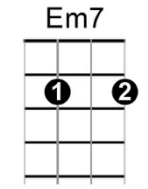
Intro: D6



D6 G6/D D6 G6/D  
Day after day, alone on a hill, the man with the foolish grin is keeping perfectly still

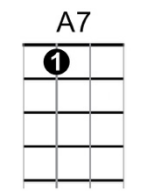


Em7 A7 D6 Bm7  
But nobody wants to know him, they can see that he's just a fool



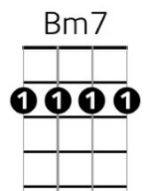
And he never gives an answer

Dm Bb/D Dm Bb/D  
But the fool on the hill sees the sun going down



Gm6 Dm Dm7 Dm6 D6  
And the eyes in his head see the world spinning round

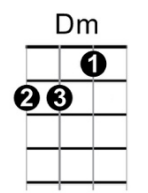
D6 G6/D D6 G6/D  
Well on the way, his head in a cloud, the man of a thousand voices talking perfectly loud



Em7 A7 D6 Bm7  
But nobody ever hears him, or the sound he appears to make

And he never seems to notice

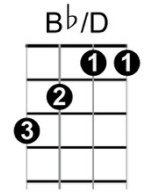
Dm Bb/D Dm Bb/D  
But the fool on the hill sees the sun going down



Gm6 Dm Dm7 Dm6 D6  
And the eyes in his head see the world spinning round

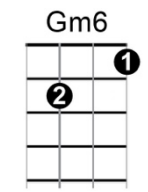
Solo: D6 G6/D D6 G6/D

Em7 A7 D6 Bm7  
And nobody seems to like him, they can tell what he wants to do



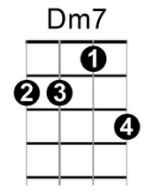
And he never shows his feelings

Dm Bb/D Dm Bb/D  
But the fool on the hill sees the sun going down



Gm6 Dm Dm7 Dm6 D6  
And the eyes in his head see the world spinning round

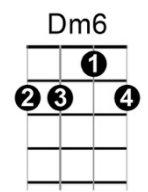
D6 G6/D D6 G6/D  
oh\_\_\_\_\_ oh\_\_\_\_\_ round, round, round, round, round



Em7 A7  
And he never listens to them, he knows that they're the fool

They don't like him

Dm Bb/D Dm Bb/D  
But the fool on the hill sees the sun going down



Gm6 Dm Dm7 Dm6 D6  
And the eyes in his head see the world spinning round

D6 G6/D D6 G6/D D6  
oh\_\_\_\_\_ round, round, round, oh\_\_\_\_\_ round, round, round

Arrangement for:

[www.oxfordukuleles.co.uk](http://www.oxfordukuleles.co.uk)

# Learn to Fly – Foo Fighters

Intro: B F#m E E x 2

B F#m E  
Run and tell all of the angels, this could take all night  
B F#m E  
Think I need a devil to help me get things right  
B F#m E  
Hook me up a new revolution, 'cause this one is a lie  
B F#m E  
We sat around laughing, and watching the last one die

Chorus: B F#m E  
I'm looking to the sky to save me, looking for a sign of life  
B F#m E  
Looking for something to help me burn out bright  
B F#m E  
I'm looking for a complication, looking 'cause I'm tired of trying  
G A B (this is the 1<sup>st</sup> chord of the instrumental below)  
Make my way back home and learn to fly

Instrumental: B F#m E E B F#m E E

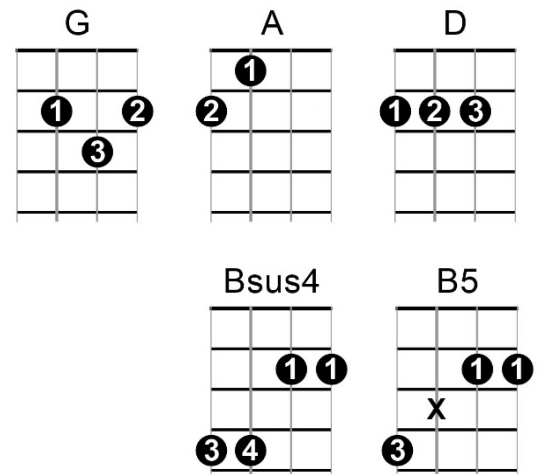
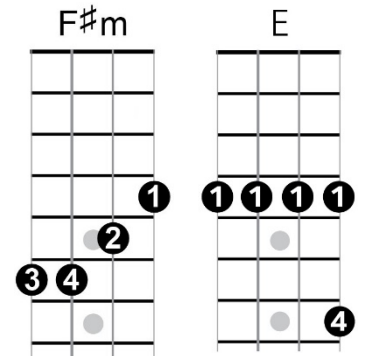
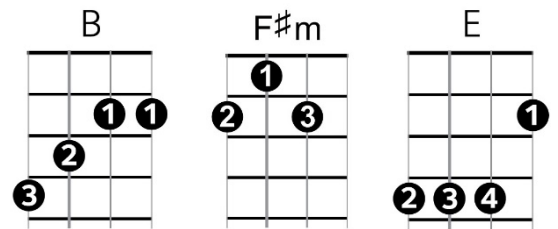
B F#m E  
Think I'm done nursing the patience, it could wait one night.  
B F#m E  
Give it all away if you give me one last try  
B F#m E  
We'll live happily ever trapped if you just save my life.  
B F#m E  
Run and tell the angels that everything's alright.

Chorus: (last chord is an E instead of a B)

Bridge: G A B G D E  
Make my way back home and learn to fly ....along with me I can't quite make it alone.  
G A B G D E  
Try to make this life my own. Fly.....along with me I can't quite make it alone.  
G A  
Try to make this life my own.

Chorus: x 2 (the last chord B, is the first chord of the chorus second time around)  
(The final chord is an E instead of a B on the second time around)

G A E  
Make my way back home and learn to fly,  
G A B B B | B Bsus4 B5 |  
Make my way back home and learn to fly



# Maggie May (or Maggie Mae) – Traditional

Well, gather round all you sailor lads and listen to my plea, and once you've heard my tale you'll pity me  
You see I was a goddamned fool in the port of Liverpool, the first time, that I came home from sea

I was paid off at the Home, from a voyage to Sierra Leone:

For three pounds ten a month, that was me pay.

And the jingle in my tin, meant I was taken in

By a young girl, they called her Maggie May

Chorus:  
Oh, Maggie, Maggie May they have taken her away

And she'll never walk down Lime Street any more.

She robbed those lime juice sailors and captains of the whalers

That dirty, robbing, no-good Maggie May

Well the first time I met Maggie, she took my breathe away

She was cruising up and down Old Canning Place,

She had a figure finer, than the greatest ocean liner,

And me being a sailor I gave chase.

Chorus:

In the morning I awoke, I was flat and stony broke,

No jacket, trousers, waistcoat could I find.

When I asked her where they were, she said 'Oh my dear sir,

They're down in Kelly's, locker number nine!'

To the pawnshop I did go but no clothes there did I find,

And the policeman came and took that girl away,

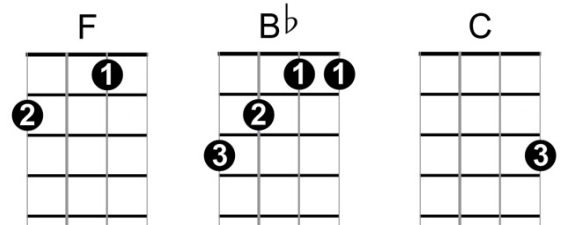
The judge he guilty found her of robbing a homeward bounder,

And he paid her passage off to Botany Bay

Chorus:

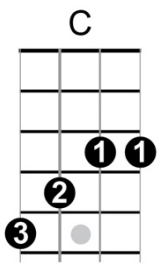
# Budapest – George Ezra

Intro: F x 4



F  
My house in Budapest; my, my hidden treasure chest;

F Bb F  
Golden grand piano; my beautiful Castillo: You, ooh, you, ooh, I'd leave it all



F  
My acres of a land, I have achieved,

F  
It may be hard for you to, stop and believe

Bb F Bb F  
But for you, ooh, you, ooh, I'd leave it all, oh, for you, ooh, you, ooh, I'd leave it all

Chorus: C Bb F  
Give me one good reason why I should never make a change

C Bb F  
Baby, if you hold me then all of this will go away

F  
My many artefacts, the list goes on,

F  
If you just say the words I, I'll up and run

Bb F Bb F  
Oh, to you, ooh, you, ooh, I'd leave it all, oh, for you, ooh, you, ooh, I'd leave it all

Chorus: x 2

Instrumental Verse:

F  
My friends and family, they... don't understand

F  
They fear they'd lose so much if, you take my hand

Bb F Bb F  
But for you, ooh, you, ooh, I'd lose it all, oh for you, ooh, you, ooh I'd lose it all

Chorus: x 2

F  
My house in Budapest; my, my hidden treasure chest;

F  
Golden grand piano; my beautiful Castillo:

Bb F Bb F  
You, ooh, you, ooh, I'd leave it all, oh, for you, ooh, you, ooh, I'd leave it all



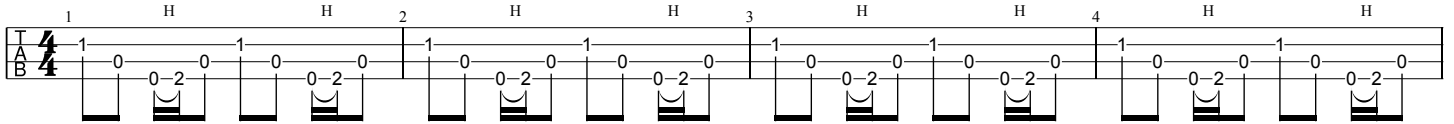
# Budapest - Extra Parts

## George Ezra

Tabbed by John Caudrey

### Ukulele Picking Pattern - Shown over short verse

**F**



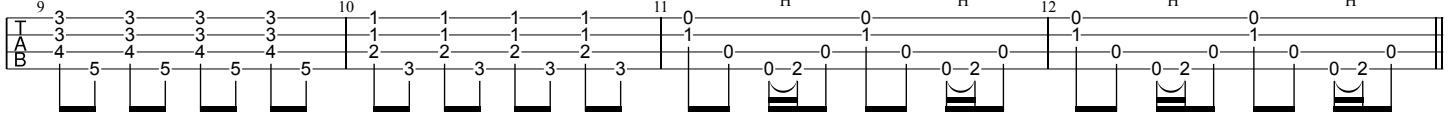
1 H 2 H 3 H 4 H

5 **Bb** 6 **F** 7 H 8 H

Detailed description: This block shows two lines of ukulele tablature. The first line is for the F chord and consists of 12 measures. The second line is for the Bb and F chords and consists of 8 measures. The picking pattern is indicated by 'H' above the notes. The first line has measures 1-4 with notes 1-0, 0-2, 0-1, 0-2, 0-1, 0-2, 0-1, 0-2, 0-1, 0-2, 0-1, 0-2. The second line has measures 5-8 with notes 1-1, 1-1, 1-1, 1-1, 2-3, 2-3, 2-3, 2-3, 1-0, 0-2, 0-1, 0-2, 0-1, 0-2, 0-1, 0-2, 0-1, 0-2.

### Ukulele Picking Pattern - Shown over one line of chorus

**C** **Bb** **F**



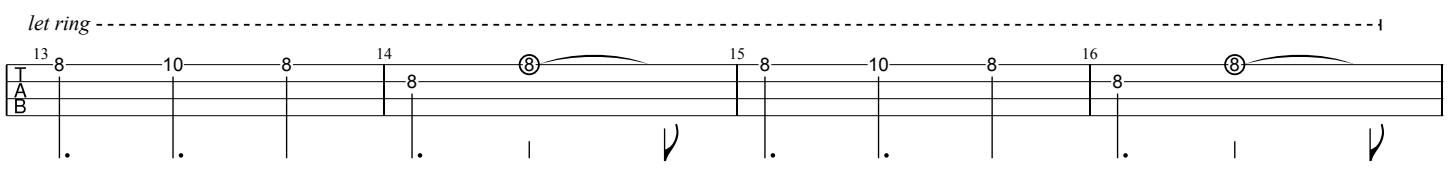
9 10 11 12

Detailed description: This block shows one line of ukulele tablature for the chorus, consisting of 12 measures. The first four measures are for the C chord (notes 3-3, 3-3, 3-3, 3-3, 4-5, 4-5, 4-5, 4-5). The next four measures are for the Bb chord (notes 1-1, 1-1, 1-1, 1-1, 2-3, 2-3, 2-3, 2-3). The last four measures are for the F chord (notes 0-0, 0-2, 0-1, 0-2, 0-0, 0-2, 0-1, 0-2). The picking pattern is indicated by 'H' above the notes.

### Keyboard Part - Shown over short verse

**F**

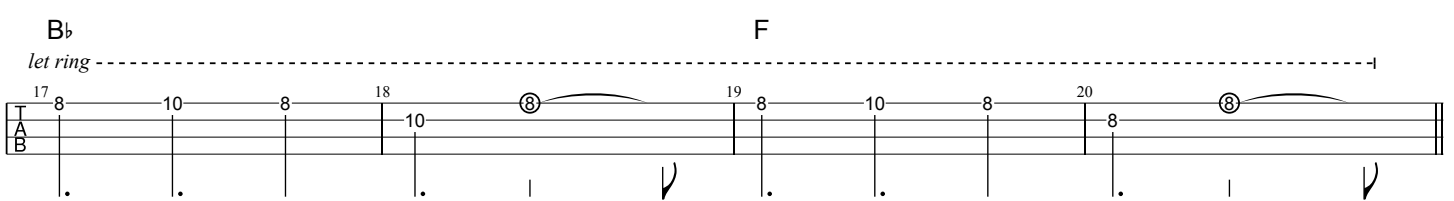
*let ring*-----



13 14 15 16

**Bb** **F**

*let ring*-----

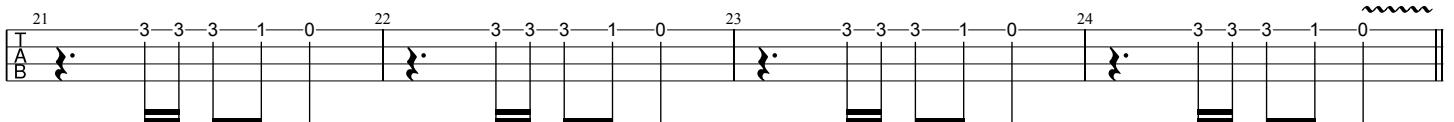


17 18 19 20

Detailed description: This block shows two lines of keyboard tablature. The first line is for the F chord and consists of 12 measures. The second line is for the Bb and F chords and consists of 8 measures. The notes are indicated by numbers on the strings. The 'let ring' instruction is shown as a dashed line above the notes. The first line has measures 13-16 with notes 8-10, 8-14, 8-15, 8-16. The second line has measures 17-20 with notes 8-10, 8-18, 8-19, 8-20.

### Chorus Guitar Riff - Shown over one line of chorus

**C** **Bb** **F**




21 22 23 24

Detailed description: This block shows one line of guitar tablature for the chorus riff, consisting of 12 measures. The first four measures are for the C chord (notes 3-3, 3-3, 3-3, 1-0). The next four measures are for the Bb chord (notes 3-3, 3-3, 1-0). The last four measures are for the F chord (notes 3-3, 3-3, 1-0). The riff is indicated by a wavy line above the notes.

### Guitar Riff played over the 'You, ooh' lines of Verse 3 and All of the Instrumental Verse - Shown over one line

**Bb** **F**

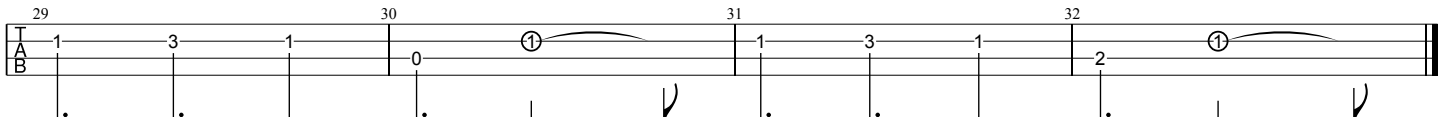


25 26 27 28

Detailed description: This block shows one line of guitar tablature for the guitar riff, consisting of 12 measures. The first six measures are for the Bb chord (notes 1-1, 0-1, 0-1). The next six measures are for the F chord (notes 1-1, 0-1, 0-1). The riff is indicated by a wavy line above the notes.

### Guitar Solo over instrumental verse - Shown over F & Bb chords. This can be doubled with the keyboard part.

**F** **Bb**



29 30 31 32

Detailed description: This block shows one line of guitar tablature for the guitar solo, consisting of 12 measures. The first four measures are for the F chord (notes 1-3, 1-0). The next four measures are for the Bb chord (notes 1-3, 1-0). The last four measures are for the Bb chord (notes 1-3, 1-0, 2-0). The solo is indicated by a wavy line above the notes.

# The Monster Mash – Bobby ‘Boris’ Pickett and The Crypt Kickers

Drum Intro: 4 bars

<sup>G</sup>  
I was working in the lab late one night, <sup>Em</sup>  
When my eyes beheld an eerie sight.

<sup>C</sup>  
For my monster from his slab began to rise, and suddenly to my surprise.

<sup>G</sup> (He did the mash) He did the monster mash, <sup>Em</sup> (The monster mash), it was a graveyard smash.

<sup>C</sup> (He did the mash) It caught on in a flash, <sup>D</sup> (He did the mash) he did the monster mash.

<sup>G</sup> From my laboratory in the castle east, to the master bedroom where the vampires feast.

<sup>C</sup> The ghouls all came from their humble abodes, to catch a jolt from my electrodes.

<sup>G</sup> (They did the mash) They did the monster mash, <sup>Em</sup> (The monster mash), it was a graveyard smash.

<sup>C</sup> (They did the mash) It caught on in a flash, <sup>D</sup> (They did the mash) They did the monster mash.

Bridge: <sup>C</sup> The zombies were having fun, <sup>D</sup> the party had just begun.

<sup>C</sup> The guests included Wolf Man, <sup>D (stop)</sup> Dracula and his son.

<sup>G</sup> The scene was rockin', all were digging the sounds, <sup>Em</sup> Igor on chains, backed by his baying hounds.

<sup>C</sup> The Coffin-Bangers were about to arrive, with their vocal group, 'The Crypt-Kicker Five'.

<sup>G</sup> (They played the mash) They played the monster mash, <sup>Em</sup> (The monster mash) it was a graveyard smash.

<sup>C</sup> (They played the mash) It caught on in a flash, <sup>D</sup> (They played the mash) They played the monster mash.

<sup>G</sup> Out from his coffin, Drac's voice did ring, seems he was troubled by just one thing.

<sup>C</sup> He opened the lid and shook his fist, and said, 'Whatever happened to my Transylvanian Twist?'

<sup>G</sup> (It's now the mash) It's now the monster mash, <sup>Em</sup> (The monster mash), and it's a graveyard smash.

<sup>C</sup> (It's now the mash) It caught on in a flash, <sup>D</sup> (It's now the mash) It's now the monster mash.

<sup>G</sup> Now everything's cool, Drac's a part of the band, and my monster mash is the hit of the land.

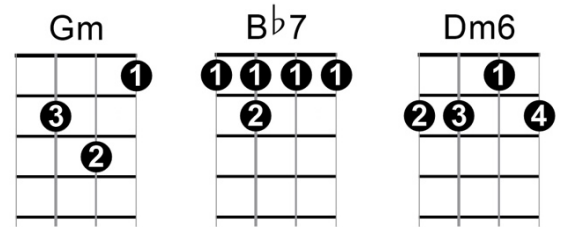
<sup>C</sup> For you, the living, this mash was meant too, when you get to my door, tell them Boris sent you.

<sup>G</sup> (Then you can mash) Then you can monster mash, <sup>Em</sup> (The monster mash), and do my graveyard smash.

<sup>C</sup> (Then you can mash) You'll catch on in a flash, <sup>D</sup> (Then you can mash) Then you can monster mash.

One more chorus with 'aah ooo's' and monster noises, to end on a single <sup>G</sup>

# St. James Infirmary Blues – 1928



Intro: Dm A7 Dm A7

| Dm A7 | Dm (A7) | (Dm) Gm (Bb7) | A7 |  
 It was down by Old Joe's bar room, on the corner of the square.  
 | Dm A7 | Dm (Dm6) | Bb7 A7 | Dm A7 |  
 The usual crowd was assembled, and Big Joe McKenney was there.

| Dm A7 | Dm (A7) | (Dm) Gm (Bb7) | A7 |  
 He was standing at my shoulder, and his eyes were blood - shot red,  
 | Dm A7 | Dm (Dm6) | Bb7 A7 | Dm A7 |  
 He turned to the crowd around him, these are the very words he said.

| Dm A7 | Dm (A7) | (Dm) Gm (Bb7) | A7 |  
 "I went down to St. James Infirmary, saw my ba - by there,  
 | Dm A7 | Dm (Dm6) | Bb7 A7 | Dm A7 |  
 She was stretched out on a long, white table, so cold, so sweet, so fair".

| Dm A7 | Dm (A7) | (Dm) Gm (Bb7) | A7 |  
 "Let her go, let her go, God bless her, wherever she may be,  
 | Dm A7 | Dm (Dm6) | Bb7 A7 | Dm A7 |  
 She can look this wide world over, but she'll never find a sweet man like me'.

| Dm A7 | Dm (A7) | (Dm) Gm (Bb7) | A7 |  
 "Oh when I die, please bury me, in my high top Stet - son hat,  
 | Dm A7 | Dm (Dm6) | Bb7 A7 | Dm A7 |  
 Twelve men are going to the graveyard, only eleven are coming back'.

| Dm A7 | Dm (A7) | (Dm) Gm (Bb7) | A7 |  
 "Now I've told my story, I'll take another shot of booze,  
 | Dm A7 | Dm (Dm6) | Bb7 A7 | Dm A7 |  
 And if anyone should happen to ask you well, I've got those gamblers blues,  
 Bb7 A7 | Dm (Dm6)  
 I've got those gamblers blues".

# Too Sweet - Hozier

Intro: | Gm | | Bb | | Eb | | F | D7 |

Gm Bb Eb  
It can't be said I'm an early bird, it's 10 o'clock before I say a word

F D7  
Baby, I can never tell, how do you sleep so well?

Gm Bb  
You keep tellin' me to live right, to go to bed before the day - light

Eb Bb  
But then you wake up for the sun - rise, you know you don't gotta pretend

D7/A  
Baby, now and then.

Pre Chorus: Gm Bb  
Don't you just wanna wake up, dark as a lake, smellin' like a bon - fire, lost in a haze?

Eb F  
If you're drunk on life, babe, I think it's great, but while in this world

Chorus: D7 Gm Bb  
I think I'll take my whiskey neat, my coffee black and my bed at three

Eb Bb  
You're too sweet for me, you're too sweet for me

D7 Gm Bb  
I take my whiskey neat, my coffee black and my bed at three

Eb F D7  
You're too sweet for me, you're too sweet for me

Instrumental: | Gm | | Bb | | Eb | | Bb | D7/A |

Gm Bb Eb  
I aim low, I aim true, and the ground's where I go, I work late where I'm free from the phone

F D7 Gm  
And the job gets done, but you worry some, I know, but who wants to live for - ever, babe?

Bb Eb  
You treat your mouth as if it's Heaven's gate, the rest of you like you're the TSA

Bb D7/A  
I wish that I could go along, babe, don't get me wrong

Pre-Chorus Gm Bb  
You know you're bright as the morning, as soft as the rain, pretty as a vine

Eb F  
As sweet as a grape. If you can sit in a barrel, maybe I'll wait, until that day

Chorus: D7 Gm Bb  
I'd rather take my whiskey neat, my coffee black and my bed at three

Eb Bb  
You're too sweet for me, you're too sweet for me

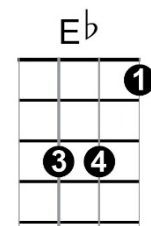
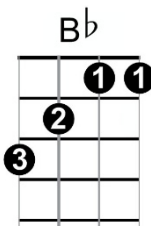
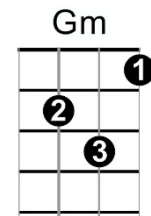
D7/A Gm Bb  
I take my whiskey neat, my coffee black and my bed at three

Eb F D7  
You're too sweet for me, you're too sweet for me

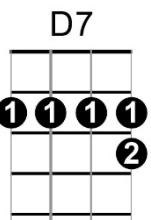
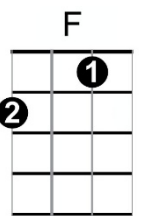
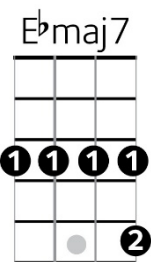
Instrumental: | Gm | | Bb | | Eb | | Bb | D7/A | Gm | | Bb | | Eb | | F |

D7 Gm Bb  
I'll take my whiskey neat, my coffee black and my bed at three

Eb Bb D7/A  
You're too sweet for me, you're too sweet for me



Optional



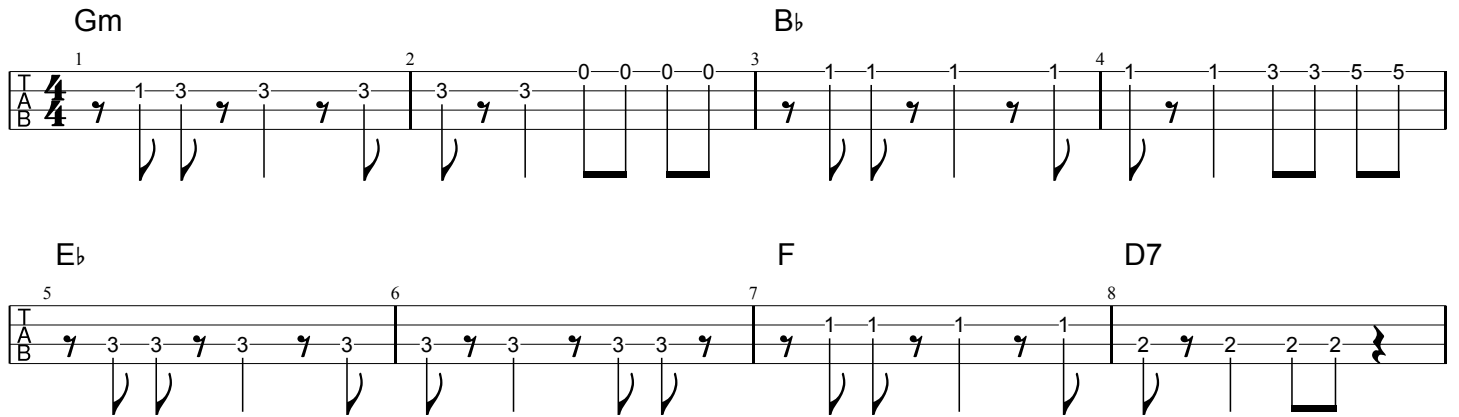
# Too Sweet - Riffs - For Ukulele

Hozier

Tabbed by John Caudrey

## Riff 1

Gm B $\flat$

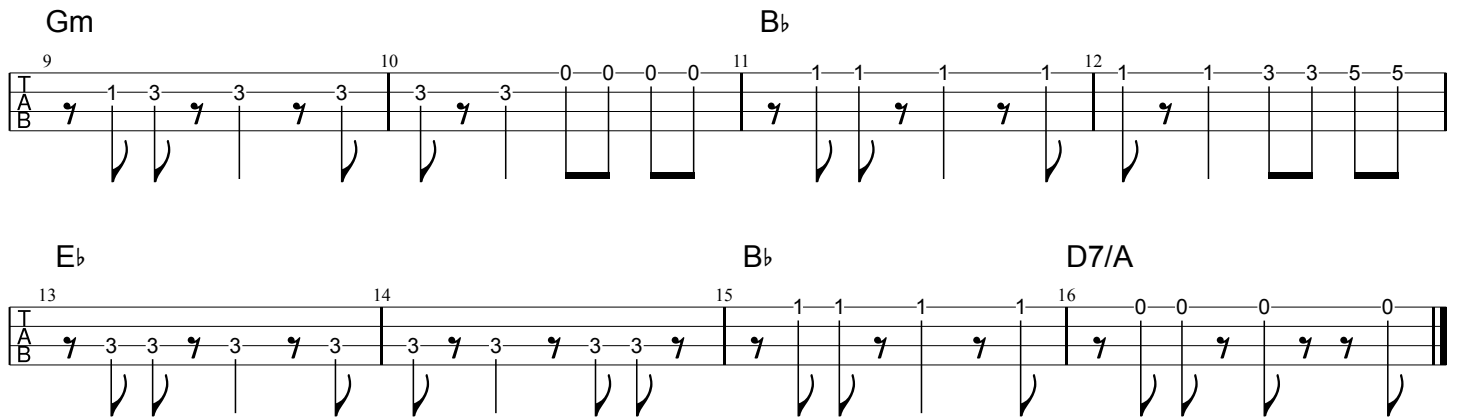


1 2 3 4

5 6 7 8

## Riff 2

Gm B $\flat$



9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16