



Stuttgarter Ukulele-Kollektiv

Liedersammlung 2023



Der Stuttgarter Ukulele-Stammtisch im



Inhaltsverzeichnis

Stand Weihnachten 2023



A

A Horse with No Name
Ain't She Sweet | Mir gehts gut
All My Loving
Alt wie ein Baum
Always Look on the Bright Side of Life
Am Ende denk ich immer nur an dich
Amarillo
Am Tag, als Conny Kramer starb ⇨
 They Night They Drove Old Dixie Down
Andre, die das Land so sehr nicht liebten
At the Close of a Long, Long Day

B

Bad Moon Rising
Banks of the Ohio
Bella Ciao
Blueberry Hill

C

City of New Orleans |
 Wann wirds mal wieder richtig Sommer
Country Roads ⇨
 Take me Home, Country Roads
Crazy Words, Crazy Tune
Crocodile Rock

D

Das Meer ⇨ La Mer
Daydream
Daydream Believer
Der Deserteur ⇨ Le Déserteur
Der perfekte Moment
Die Moritat von Mackie Messer
Die Stroßaboh
Dirty Old Town
Don't Look Back in Anger
Don't This Road Look Rough and Rocky
Don't Worry, Be Happy
Dos Kelbl
Dream a Little Dream of Me
Du entschuldige, i kenn di
Du hast den Farbfilm vergessen

E

Early Morning Rain
Eight Days a Week
Ermutigung

Es wollt ein Bauer früh aufstehn
Every Breath You Take

F

Fisherman's Blues
Fly Me to the Moon
Folsom Prison Blues
Frankreich, Frankreich
Freight Train
Fürstenfeld

G

Goodnight, Irene
Gut, wieder hier zu sein
Gute Nacht, Freunde

H

Have You Ever Seen the Rain
Heart of Gold
Hello, Mary-Lou
Herbstlied (Feinslieb...)
Herr Ober, zwei Mokka
Heute hier, morgen dort
Hey Jude
Hit the Road, Jack
Hotel California
House of The Rising Sun

I | J

I Can See Clearly Now
I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing
I'm Gonna Be (500 Miles)
I'm Yours
Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuß auf Liebe eingestellt
Ich brauch für Sonntag eine neue Braut
Ich wünsch mir ne kleine Miezekatze
If You Want The Rainbow
Imagine
In the Summertime
Irgendwo auf der Welt
Island in the Sun
Island Style

K

Keep on the Sunny Side
Kling Klang
Küss mich, Schnucki-Putzi ⇨
 Yes Sir, That's My Baby



L

L-O-V-E

La Ballade Des Gens Heureux

La Mer | Das Meer

La Vie en Rose

Le Déserteur | Der Deserteur

Les Champs-Élysées | Oh Champs-Élysées

Les Feuilles Mortes | Autumn Leaves

Let It Be

Let Your Love Flow

Lily The Pink

Louie Louie

M

Marina

Matilda

Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder

Mein kleiner, grüner Kaktus

Michelle

Mir gehts gut ⇒ Ain't She Sweet

Mistakes

Molly Malone

Morning Has Broken

Muppet Show Theme

N

No Surrender

Norwegian Wood

O | P | Q

Octopus's Garden

Oh Champs-Élysées ⇒ Les Champs-Élysées

Oh Susanna

On the Road Again

On the Sunny Side of the Street

Over The Rainbow

Pearly Shells

Puff the Magic Dragon

Que Sera, Sera

S

Save Me Now

Scarborough Fair

Schuld war nur die Ukulele

Singin' in the Rain

Singin' the Blues

Sog nischt kejn mol

Something Stupid

Sous Le Ciel de Paris | Under Paris Skies

Stand By Me

Streets of London

Summer Dreaming

Summer in the City

Summer of '69

Summertime

Summer Wine

Sunny

Sunny Afternoon

Surfen aufm Baggersee

Sweet Caroline

Sweet Georgia Brown

Sylvia's Mother

Sympathique (Je ne veux pas travailler)

T

Take it Easy

Take Me Home, Country Roads

Thank You for the Music

That's Amore

The Green Fields of France

The Hukilau Song

The Lion Sleeps Tonight

The Mighty Quinn

They Night They Drove Old Dixie Down |

Am Tag, als Conny Kramer starb

The Rose

The Sound of Silence

The Times They Are A-Changing

The Wellerman | Kartoffelsalat

This Is The Life

This Land is Your Land

Those Were The Days

Tonight You Belong to Me

Top of the World

U - Z

Über den Wolken

Ukulele Lady

Under Paris Skies ⇒ Sous Le Ciel de Paris

Valerie

Wann wirds mal wieder richtig Sommer

⇒ City of New Orleans

Wayfaring Stranger

When I'm Sixty-Four

Where Do You Go To, My Lovely

Wild Rover

Wind of Change

Yes Sir, That's My Baby |

Küss mich, Schnucki-Putzi

You Ain't Goin' Nowhere

You Are My Sunshine



Im Winterwunderland

Blue Christmas
 Es schneielet, es beielet
 Fairytale of New York
 Feliz Navidad
 Frosty der Schneemann
 Frosty the Snowman
 Grandma got Run Over by a Reindeer
 Happy Xmas
 Jingle Bells

Let It Snow
 Liabs Christkindl, host mi vergessen
 Mele Kalikimaka
 Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer
 Run Rudolph Run
 Santa Claus is Coming to Town
 What Will Santa Claus Say
 White Christmas
 Winter Wonderland

Ukulele C Stimmung

G-C-E-A

C	C6	C7	C9	Cmaj7	Cm	Cm6	Cm7	Cm9	Csus2	Csus4	C+	Cdim
C#	C#6	C#7	C#9	C#maj7	C#m	C#m6	C#m7	C#m9	C#sus2	C#sus4	C#+	C#dim
D	D6	D7	D9	Dmaj7	Dm	Dm6	Dm7	Dm9	Dsus2	Dsus4	D+	Ddim
Eb	Eb6	Eb7	Eb9	Ebmaj7	Ebm	Ebm6	Ebm7	Ebm9	Ebsus2	Ebsus4	Eb+	Ebdim
E	E6	E7	E9	E:maj7	Em	Em6	Em7	Em9	Esus2	Esus4	E+	Edim
F	F6	F7	F9	F:maj7	Fm	Fm6	Fm7	Fm9	Fsus2	Fsus4	F+	Fdim
F#	F#6	F#7	F#9	F#maj7	F#m	F#m6	F#m7	F#m9	F#sus2	F#sus4	F#+	F#dim
G	G6	G7	G9	G:maj7	Gm	Gm6	Gm7	Gm9	Gsus2	Gsus4	G+	Gdim
Ab	Ab6	Ab7	Ab9	Abmaj7	Abm	Abm6	Abm7	Abm9	Absus2	Absus4	Ab+	Abdim
A	A6	A7	A9	A:maj7	Am	Am6	Am7	Am9	Asus2	Asus4	A+	Adim
Bb	Bb6	Bb7	Bb9	Bbmaj7	Bbm	Bbm6	Bbm7	Bbm9	Bbsus2	Bbsus4	Bb+	Bbdim
B	B6	B7	B9	B:maj7	Bm	Bm6	Bm7	Bm9	Bsus2	Bsus4	B+	Bdim

A Horse With No Name

Dewey Bunnell 1971

On the (em) first part of the (D6) journey
I was (em) looking at all the (D6) life
There were (em) plants and birds and (D6) rocks and things
There was (em) sand and hills and (D6) rings

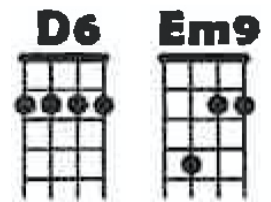


The (em) first thing I met was a (D6) fly with a buzz
And the (em) sky with no (D6) clouds
The (em) heat was hot, and the (D6) ground was dry
But the (em) air was full of (D6) sound

chorus

I've (em9) been through the desert
On a (D) horse with no name
It felt (em9) good to be out of the (D) rain
In the (em9) desert, you can re(D)member your name
'Cause there (em9) ain't no one for to (D) give you no pain
La (em9) laa laa (D) lala la la, lala (em9) laa laa (D) la
La (em9) laa laa (D) lala la la, lala (em9) laa laa (D) la

After (em) two days in the (D6) desert sun
My (em) skin began to turn (D6) red
After (em) three days in the (D6) desert fun
I was (em) looking at a river (D6) bed
And the (em) story it told of a (D6) river that flowed
Made me (em) sad to think it was (D6) dead



chorus

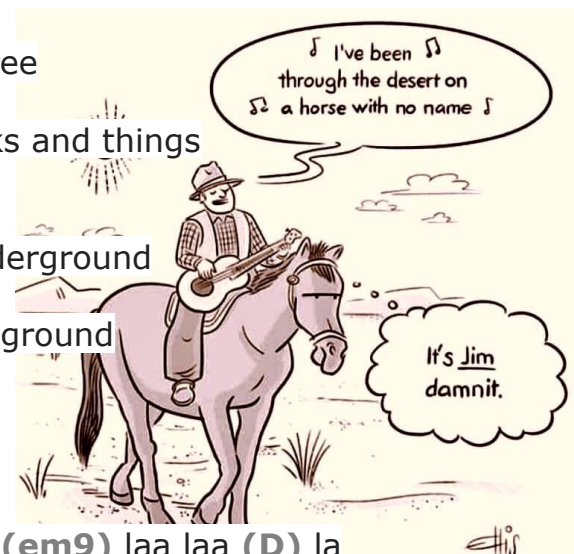
After (em) nine days, I let the (D6) horse run free
'Cause the (em) desert had turned to (D6) sea
There were (em) plants and birds and (D6) rocks and things
There was (em) sand and hills and (D6) rings

The (em) ocean is a desert with its (D6) life underground
And a (em) perfect disguise a(D6)bove
Under the (em) cities lies a (D6) heart made of ground
But the (em) humans will give no (D6) love

chorus

...

La (em9) laa laa (D) lala la la, lala (em9) laa laa (D) la
La (em9) laa laa (D) lala la la, lala (em9) laa laa (D) la



Ain't She Sweet

Music: Milton Ager | Lyrics: Jack Yellen | 1927



g

(C) There she is! (G7) There she is!
(C) There's what keeps me up at night
(am) Oh gee whiz! (E7) Oh gee whiz!
(am) There's why I can't eat a bite.
(G7) Those flaming eyes! (C) That flaming (A7) youth!
(G) Oh, Mister! (em7) Oh, sister!
(am) Tell (D7) me the (G7) truth:

Refrain

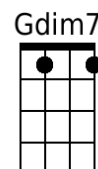
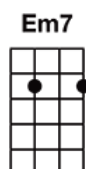
(am) Ain't (Gdim) she (G7) sweet?
See her (am) coming (Gdim) down the (G7) street.
Now I (C) ask you (E7) very (A7) confidentially:
(D7) Ain't (G7) she (C) sweet? (G7)

(am) Ain't (Gdim) she (G7) nice?
Look her (am) over (Gdim) once or (G7) twice.
Now I (C) ask you (E7) very (A7) confidentially,
(D7) Ain't (G7) she (C) nice? (C7)

Just cast an (F7) eye in her di(C)rection (C7)
Oh, me! Oh, (F7) my! Ain't that per(C)fection? (Gdim - G7)

(am) I (Gdim) re(G7)peat:
Don't you (am) think that's (Gdim) kind of (G7) neat?
And I (C) ask you (E7) very (A7) confidentially,
(D7) Ain't (G7) she (C) sweet? (G7)

(C) Tell me where, (G7) tell me where
(C) Have you seen one just like that
(am) I declare, (E7) I declare
(am) That sure is worth looking at
(G7) Oh boy how sweet (C) those lips must (A7) be!
(G) Gaze on it! (em7) Doggon it!
(am) Now (D7) answer (G7) me:



Refrain

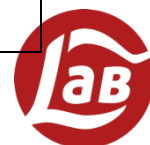
Zwei echte Perlen:

+ Paul, George & Ringo www.youtube.com/watch?v=v5k-OE0-fWs

+ Für Fans von Swing und alten Cartoons:

Max Fleischer präsentiert in der Reihe „Screen songs with the famous bouncing ball“ die „inimitable Lillian Roth“ www.youtube.com/watch?v=cFM5YHVMEZs

Gene Austin 1927 www.youtube.com/watch?v=1xpSeaxRpCc
The Beatles 1961 www.youtube.com/watch?v=e1FSRMfNtLU



Mir geht's gut (Ain't She Sweet)

Music: Milton Ager | Dt. Text: Arthur Rebner | 1927

g

(C) Jeden Tag, (G7) jede Stund'
(C) fragt mich jemand ohne Grund
(am) Na wie geht's? (E7) Na, wie steht's?
(am) Oder etwas ähnlich Blöd's.
(G7) Auf diese Frag' (C) ich immer (A7) sag:
(G) Ich danke, (em7) Herr Franke,
(am) kein (D7) Grund zur (G7) Klag'.

(am) Mir (Gdim) geht's (G7) gut!
Ich ver(am)liere (Gdim) nicht den (G7) Mut!
Ob ich (C) Geld hab (E7) oder (A7) grade pleite bin
(D7) mir (G7) geht's (C) gut! (G7)

(am) Mir (Gdim) geht's (G7) fein!
Besser (am) kann es (Gdim) gar nicht (G7) sein!
Ob ich (C) mit Braut (E7) oder (A7) ohne Bräute bin:
(D7) mir (G7) geht's (C) fein! (C7)

So bin ich (F7) jetzt, so war ich (C) früher. (C7)
Ich sag selbst (F7) dem Gerichtsvoll(C)zieher: (Gdim - G7)

(am) Mir (Gdim) geht's (G7) gut!
Ich be(am)wahre (Gdim) kaltes (G7) Blut!
Klebe (C) wohl, mein (E7) Freund, auch (A7) wenn ich pleite bin:
(D7) Mir (G7) geht's (C) gut! (G7)

(C) Heute früh (G7) um acht Uhr
(C) mich ein Auto niederfuhr.
(am) Unterm Rad (E7) lag ich platt
(am) bis 'nen Arzt geholt man hat.
(G7) Der fragt sofort (C) ob mir was (A7) fehl'.
(G) Drauf hust' ich (em7) ganz lustig
(am) und (D7) kreuzfi(G7)del:

(am) Mir (Gdim) geht's (G7) gut!
Ich ver(am)liere (Gdim) nicht den (G7) Mut!
Meine (C) Rippen (E7) scheinen (A7) nicht ganz heil zu sein.
(D7) Mir (G7) geht's (C) gut! (G7)

(am) Mir (Gdim) geht's (G7) fein!
Besser (am) kann es (Gdim) gar nicht (E7) sein!
Und der (C) Kühler (E7) drückt so (A7) schön aufs Nasenbein!
(D7) mir (G7) geht's (C) fein! (C7)

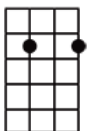
Ich fühl mich (F7) wohl, ich fühl mich (C) bene, (C7)
weg ist der (F7) Schmerz und weg die (C) Zähne (Gdim - G7)
(am) Mir (Gdim) geht's (G7) gut!

Von der (am) Stirne (Gdim) rinnt das (G7) Blut!
Bitte (C) schreiben (E7) Sie auf (A7) meinen Totenschein:
(D7) Mir (G7) geht's (C) gut! (F7 - C)

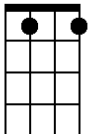


Schall & Hauch 1998
www.youtube.com/watch?v=61unQHO8Vwc

Em7



Gdim7



All My Loving – The Beatles

[intro – first three lines]

Close your **(Dm)**eyes and I'll **(G7)**kiss you
To**(C)**morrow I'll **(Am)**miss you
Re**(F)**member I'll **(Dm)**always be **(Bb)**true **(G7)**

And then **(Dm)**while I'm a**(G7)**way
I'll write **(C)**home ev'ry **(Am)**day
And I'll **(F)**send all my **(G7)**loving to **(C)**you

I'll pre**(Dm)**tend that I'm **(G7)**kissing
The **(C)**lips I am **(Am)**missing
And **(F)**hope that my **(Dm)**dreams will come **(Bb)**true **(G7)**

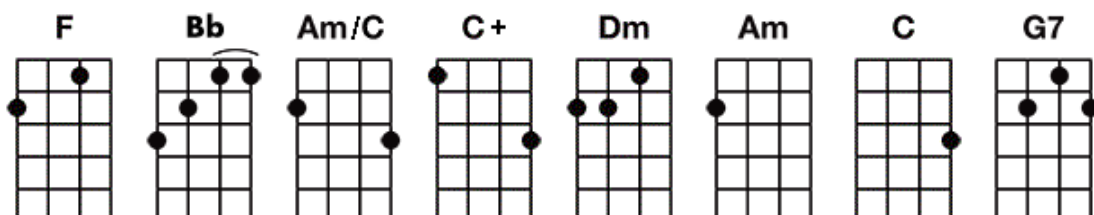
And then **(Dm)**while I'm a**(G7)**way
I'll write **(C)**home ev'ry **(Am)**day
And I'll **(F)**send all my **(G7)**loving to **(C)**you

All my **(Am/C)**loving... **(C+)**I will send to **(C)**you
(C) All my **(Am/C)**loving... **(C+)**darling I'll be **(C)**true

Close your **(Dm)**eyes and I'll **(G7)**kiss you
To**(C)**morrow I'll **(Am)**miss you
Re**(F)**member I'll **(Dm)**always be **(Bb)**true **(G7)**

And then **(Dm)**while I'm a**(G7)**way
I'll write **(C)**home ev'ry **(Am)**day
And I'll **(F)**send all my **(G7)**loving to **(C)**you

All my **(Am/C)**loving... **(C+)**I will send to **(C)**you
All my **(Am/C)**loving... **(C+)**darling I'll be **(C)**true
All my **(Am/C)**loving... a-a-all my **(C)**loving ooh
All my **(Am/C)**loving... I will send to **(C)**you



Alt wie ein Baum

Musik: Puhdys/Text: Burkhard Lasch 1976

Puhdys

C G/B Am F C G

Alt wie ein Baum möchte ich werden, genau wie der Dichter es beschreibt

C G/B Am F C G/B Am F C G7 C

Alt wie ein Baum mit einer Krone, die weit, weit, weit, weit, die weit über Felder zeigt

C G/B Am F C G

Alt wie ein Baum möchte ich werden, mit Wurzeln, die nie ein Sturm bezwingt

C G/B Am F C G/B Am F C G7 C

Alt wie ein Baum, der alle Jahre so weit, weit, weit, weit kühlende Schatten bringt

Refrain

F C G F C G

Alle meine Träume, yeah, fang ich damit ein, yeah

F C G C F C G F

Alle meine Träume, yeah zwischen Himmel und Erde zu sein

C G7 C

zwischen Himmel und Erde zu sein

Nochmal erste Strophe und nochmal Refrain

/



Always Look on the Bright Side of Life

Eric Idle 1979

h

Some **(am)** things in life are **(D7)** bad, they can **(G)** really make you **(em)** mad
And **(am)** other things just **(D7)** make you swear and **(G)** curse **(em)**
When you're **(am)** chewing on life's **(D7)** gristle
Don't **(G)** grumble – give a **(em)** whistle
And **(A7)** this'll help things turn out for the **(D7)** best ... and ...

Chorus 1

(G) Always **(em)** look on the **(am)** bright **(D7)** side of **(G)** life
(whistle) **(em)** **(am)** **(D7)**
(G) Always **(em)** look on the **(am)** light **(D7)** side of **(G)** life
(whistle) **(em)** **(am)** **(D7)**

If **(am)** life seems jolly **(D7)** rotten there's **(G)** something you've for**(em)**gotten
And **(am)** that's to laugh and **(D7)** smile and dance and **(G)** sing **(em)**
When you're **(am)** feeling in the **(D7)** dumps
(G) Don't be silly **(em)** chumps
Just **(A7)** purse your lips and whistle – that's the **(D7)** thing ... and ...

Chorus 1

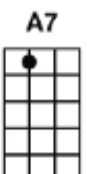
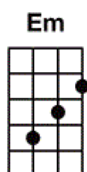
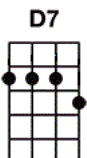
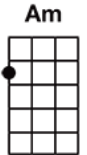
For **(am)** life is quite ab**(D7)**surd and **(G)** death's the final **(em)** word
You must **(am)** always face the **(D7)** curtain with a **(G)** bow **(em)**
For**(am)**get about your **(D7)** sin, give the **(G)** audience a **(em)** grin
En**(A7)**joy it, it's your last chance any**(D7)**how ... so ...

Chorus 2

(G) Always **(em)** look on the **(am)** bright **(D7)** side of **(G)** death
(whistle) **(em)** **(am)** **(D7)**
(G) Just be**(em)**fore you **(am)** draw your **(D7)** terminal **(G)** breath
(whistle) **(em)** **(am)** **(D7)**

(am) Life's a piece of **(D7)** shit **(G)** when you look at **(em)** it
(am) Life's a laugh and **(D7)** death's a joke – it's **(G)** true **(em)**
You'll **(am)** see it's all a **(D7)** show
Keep 'em **(G)** laughing as you **(em)** go
Just re**(A7)**member that the last laugh is on **(D7)** you ... and ...

2 x Chorus 1, then **(G)**



Am Ende denk ich immer nur an dich

Sven Regener | 2009

am | am | C | C | am | am | C | C |

g

Auf einem (am) Spielplatz ruft ein Kind nach seiner (C) Mutter,
Damit die (am) sieht, wie hoch das Kind schon schaukeln (C) kann.
Und es (em) wirft die Beine vor und hoch zum (F) Himmel,
Bis ein (G) Schuh davonfliegt, und der landet (C) dann

Auf einem (am) Auto, das am Straßenrand ge(C)parkt ist,
Auf dessen (am) Windschutzscheibe 'Schwein' geschrieben (C) steht.
Und das, me(em)tallicbraun und glatt wie deine (F) Haare,
Genau wie (G) du sein wahres Alter nicht ver(C)rät.

(F) Ganz egal, wo(G)ran ich grade (C) denke,
Am (F) Ende denk' ich (G) immer nur an (C) dich.

am | am | C | C | am | am | C | C |

Die deutsche (am) Mutter stürmt nach vorn in frischer (C) Panik
Und über(am)sieht dabei ein Kindesbein im (C) Sand
Und schlägt lang (em) hin. Da lacht der Kindesbeinbe(F)sitzer,
Der hat ein (G) Erdbeereis in seiner rechten (C) Hand.

Das hängt be(am)denklich schräg nach vorn in seiner (C) Waffel,
Und tropft sich (am) selbstverschwendend auf die Haute Cou(C)ture
Am Leib des (em) ganzen Stolzes seiner schönen (F) Eltern
Und wird zu (G) Dreck dort genau wie ich bei (C) dir.

(F) Ganz egal, wo(G)ran ich grade (C) denke,
Am (F) Ende denk' ich (G) immer nur an (C) dich.

am | am | C | C | am | am | C | C | em | em | F | F | G | G | C | C |

(am) Warum blutet Mutter aus der (C) Nase?
(am) Warum ist ihr Kind so dumm wie (C) klein?
Darf ein me(em)tallicbraunes Auto denn da (F) parken?
Und warum (G) kann ich ohne dich nicht glücklich (C) sein?

Wie viele (am) Erdbeereise muss der Mensch noch (C) essen,
Bevor er (am) endlich einmal sagt: Ich bin da(C)für,
Die böse (em) Tat des Beinestellens zu unter(F)lassen.
Und darf ich (G) irgendwann nochmal zurück zu (C) dir?

2x (F) Ganz egal, wo(G)ran ich grade (C) denke,
Am (F) Ende denk' ich (G) immer nur an (C) dich.



(Is this the Way to) Amarillo

Neil Sedaka & Howard Greenfield | 1971



cis

(A) Sha la la la (D) la lala la (D-A)
(A) Sha la la la (E7) la lalala (E7-D)
(D) Sha la la la (A) la lala la
(E7) (A)

(A) When the day is (D) dawning (A) on a Texas (E7) Sunday morning
(A) How I long to (D) be there
(A) with Marie who's (E7) waiting for me there
(F) Every lonely (C) city (F) where I hang my (C) hat
(F) Ain't as half as (C) pretty as (E7) where my baby's at

chorus

(A) Is this the way to (D) Amarillo?
(A) Every night I've been (E7) hugging my pillow,
(A) Dreaming dreams of (D) Amarillo,
(A) And sweet (E7) Marie who (A) waits for me.
Show me the way to (D) Amarillo
(A) I've been weeping (E7) like a willow
(A) Crying over (D) Amarillo,
(A) And sweet Ma(E7)rie who (A) waits for me.

(A) Sha la la la (D) la lala la (D-A)
(A) Sha la la la (E7) la lalala (E7-D)
(D) Sha la la la (A) la lala
(E7) And Marie who (A) waits for me

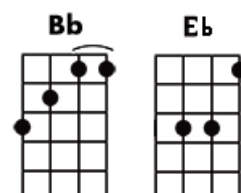
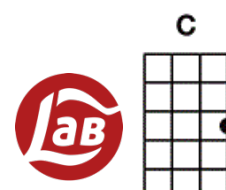
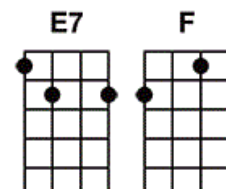
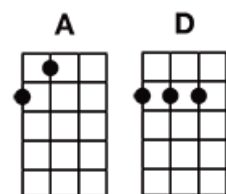
(A) There's a church bell (D) ringing
(A) hear the song of (E7) joy that it's singing
(A) For the sweet (D) Maria (A) and the guy who's (E7) coming to see her
(F) Just beyond the (C) highway (F) there's an open (C) plain
(F) And it keeps me (C) going (E7) through the wind and rain

chorus

(A) Sha la la la (D) la lala la (D-A)
(A) Sha la la la (E7) la lalala (E7-D)
(D) Sha la la la (A) la lala
(E7) And Marie who (A) waits for me

[key change]

(Bb) Sha la la la (Eb) la lala la (Eb-Bb)
(Bb) Sha la la la (F) la lalala (F-Eb)
(Eb) Sha la la la (Bb) la lala
(F) And Marie who (Bb - cha-cha-cha) waits for me



Andre, die das Land so sehr nicht liebten



Text: Theodor Kramer 1938 | Musik: Erich Schmeckenbecher

e'

(C) Andre, die das Land so sehr nicht (G) liebten,
(am) warn von Anfang (F) an gewillt zu (C) gehn. (G)
(am) Ihnen – manche (F) sind schon fort – ist (C) besser,
ich doch müsste mit dem eignen (G) Messer
(am) meine Wurzeln (F) aus der (G) Erde (C) drehn.

(C) Keine Nacht hab ich seither ge(G)schlafen,
(am) und es ist mir (F) mehr als weh zu (C) Mut. (G)
(am) Viele Wochen (F) sind seither ver(C)strichen,
alle Kraft ist längst aus mir ge(G>wichen
(am) und ich fühl, dass (F) ich da(G)ran ver(C)blut.

(C) Und doch müsst ich mich von hinnen (G) heben,
(am) sei's auch nur zu (F) bleiben, was ich (C) war. (G)
(am) Nimmer kann ich, (F) wo ich bin, ge(C)deihen;
draußen braucht ich wahrlich nicht zu (G) schreien,
(am) denn mein leises (F) Wort war (G) immer (C) wahr.

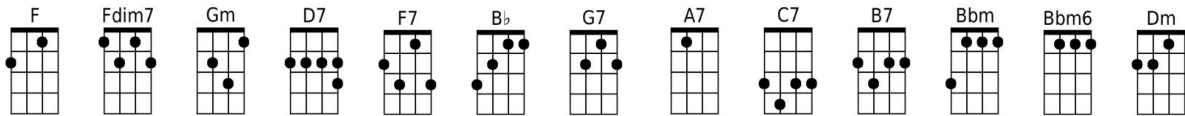
(C) Seiner wär ich wie in alten (G) Tagen sicher;
(am) schluchzend (F) wider mich ge(C>wand, (G)
(am) hätt ich Tag und (F) Nacht mich nur zu (C) heißen,
mich samt meinen Wurzeln auszu(G)reißen
(am) Und zu setzen (F) in ein (G) andres (C) Land.

(C) Andre, die das Land so sehr nicht (G) liebten,
(am) warn von Anfang (F) an gewillt zu (C) gehn. (G)
(am) Ihnen – manche (F) sind schon fort – ist (C) besser,
ich doch müsste mit dem eignen (G) Messer
(am) meine Wurzeln (F) aus der (G) Erde (C) drehn.



At The Close of a Long, Long Day

Words: Billy Moll | Music: Johnny Marvin 1932



C

(F) When the busy (Fdim) day is (gm) en(C7)ding
(F) Evening sings a (F7) song I long to (Bb) hear (D7)
(gm) As I watch the (D7) sun de(G7)scending
This is all I ask of you, my (C7↓↓ dear gm↓) (C7↓)

chorus

Wait for (F) me at the (A7) close of a (Bb) long, long (F) day
When the (gm↓ night C7↓ comes B7↓) in (C7) view
I'll (Bb↓ hurF↓ry Fdim↓) to (F) you
In your arms all my (A7) worries will (Bb) fade a(F)way
At the (gm↓ close C7↓ of B7↓) a (C7) long, long (F↓ day Bb↓ Bbm↓) (F)
(am) Sweetheart (dm) when the twilight falls
(G7) My heart calls for (Bbm6) you (C7) dear
All I (F) want are your (A7) kisses when (Bb) skies turn (F) grey
At the (gm↓ close C7↓ of B7↓) a (C7) long, long (F) day (C7)

(F) Down the lane each (Fdim) night at (gm) sev(C7)en
(F) Ev'ry night is (F7) like the night be(Bb)fore (D7)
(gm) It' s the nearest (D7) thing to (G7) heaven
When I reach a little cottage (C7↓↓ door gm↓) (C7)↓

2x chorus

...

All I (F) want are your (A7) kisses when (Bb) skies turn (F) grey
At the (gm↓ close C7↓ of B7↓) a (C7) long, long (F↓ day Bb↓ Bbm↓) (F↓)



Bad Moon Rising

John Fogerty | 1969

Intro

| G | D - C | G |

h

(G) I see the (D) bad (C) moon a-(G)rising
(G) I see (D) trouble (C) on the (G) way
(G) I see (D) earth(C)quakes and (G) lightnin'
(G) I see (D) bad (C) times (G) today

chorus

(C) Don't go around tonight
Well, it's (G) bound to take your life
(D) There's a (C) bad moon on the (G) rise

(G) I hear (D) hurri(C)canes a-(G)blowing
(G) I know the (D) end is (C) coming (G) soon
(G) I fear (D) rivers (C) over(G)flowing
(G) I hear the (D) voice of (C) rage and (G) ruin

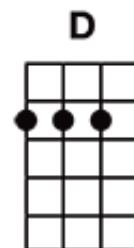
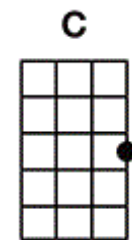
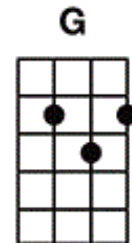
chorus

(C) Don't go around tonight
Well, it's (G) bound to take your life
(D) There's a (C) bad moon on the (G) rise

(G) Hope you (D) got your (C) things to(G)gether
(G) hope you are (D) quite pre(C)pared to (G) die
(G) Looks like we're (D) in for (C) nasty (G) weather
(G) One eye is (D) taken (C) for an (G) eye

2 x chorus

(C) Don't go around tonight
Well, it's (G) bound to take your life
(D) There's a (C) bad moon on the (G) rise



Banks of the Ohio

trad.

d

I asked my (G) love to take a (D) walk
To take a walk just a little (G) way
And as we walked along we (C) talked
About our (G) co--(D)ming wedding (G) day

Chorus

So only (G) say that you'll be (D) mine
In no others arms en(G)twine
Down beside where the waters (C) flow
Down by the (G) banks (D) of the Ohi(G)o

I asked her (G) if she'd marry (D) me
And my wife forever (G) be
She only turned her head a(C)way
And had no (G) o--(D)ther words to (G) say

Chorus

I held a (G) knife against her (D) breast
As in my arms she gently (G) pressed
She cried "Willie, don't you murder (C) me!
I'm not pre(G)pared (D) for eterni(G)ty."

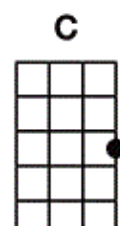
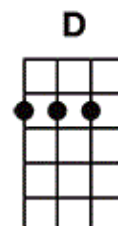
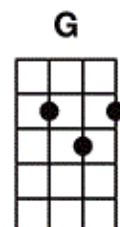
Chorus

I took her (G) by her golden (D) curls
And drug her down to the river (G) side
And there I threw her into (C) drown
And watched her (G) as (D) she floated (G) down

Chorus

I wandered (G) home 'tween twelve and (D) one
I cried, "My God, what have I (G) done?"
I've killed the only girl I (C) love
Because she (G) would (D) not marry (G) me

Chorus



Bill Monroe & Doc Watson 1963 www.youtube.com/watch?v=7C3r9PnoNTw

Joan Baez 1981 www.youtube.com/watch?v=hM6l6mkj2Vc

Gangstagrass feat. Alexa Dirks 2014 www.youtube.com/watch?v=llzXMDKtg9o

Bella Ciao

tradizionale italiano

| **dm** |

a

Una mattina mi sono alzato,
o bella, ciao, bella, ciao, bella, **(A)** ciao, ciao, ciao!
Una mat**(gm)**tina mi sono al**(dm)**zato,
e ho tro**(A7)**vato l'inva**(dm)**sor.



Eines Morgens, in aller Frühe,
o bella, ciao, bella, ciao, bella, **(A)** ciao, ciao, ciao!
Eines **(gm)** Morgens, in aller **(dm)** Frühe,
trafen **(A7)** wir auf unsern **(dm)** Feind.

Ihr Partisanen, kommt, nehmt mich mit euch,
o bella, ciao, bella, ciao, bella, **(A)** ciao, ciao, ciao!
Ihr Parti**(gm)**sanen, kommt, nehmt mich **(dm)** mit euch,
denn ich **(A7)** fühl', der Tod ist **(dm)** nah.

Und wenn ich sterbe, oh, ihr Genossen,
o bella, ciao, bella, ciao, bella, **(A)** ciao, ciao, ciao!
Und wenn ich **(gm)** sterbe, oh, ihr Ge**(dm)**nossen,
bringt mich **(A7)** dann zur letzten **(dm)** Ruh'.

In den Schatten der kleinen Blume,
o bella, ciao, bella, ciao, bella, **(A)** ciao, ciao, ciao!
in den **(gm)** Schatten der kleinen **(dm)** Blume,
in die **(A7)** Berge bringt mich **(dm)** dann.

Und die Leute, die geh'n vorüber,
o bella, ciao, bella, ciao, bella, **(A)** ciao, ciao, ciao!
Und die **(gm)** Leute, die geh'n vor**(dm)**über,
Seh'n die **(A7)** kleine Blume **(dm)** ste'hn.

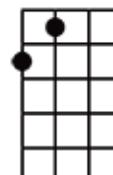
Und diese Blume, so sagen alle,
o bella, ciao, bella, ciao, bella, **(A)** ciao, ciao, ciao!
ist die **(gm)** Blume des Parti**(dm)**sanen
Der für **(A7)** uns're Freiheit **(dm)** starb.

È questo il fiore del partigiano,
o bella, ciao, bella, ciao, bella, **(A)** ciao, ciao, ciao!
2 x È questo il **(gm)** fiore del parti**(dm)**giano,
morto **(A7)** per la liber**(dm)**tà!

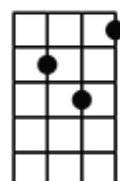
Dm



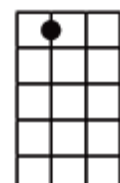
A



Gm



A7



Yves Montand 1962 www.youtube.com/watch?v=mv3iY4v9EOc

Zupfgeigenhansel 1984 www.youtube.com/watch?v=jqB4F0yuJuU

Chumbawamba 2005 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZaomLvwS8Rw>

Blueberry Hill

Music: Vincent Rose | Lyrics: Al Lewis, Larry Stock 1940



c

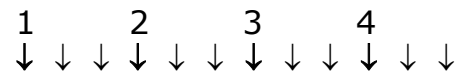
I found my **(F)** thrill
On Blueberry **(C)** Hill
On Blueberry **(G7)** Hill
When I found **(C)** you

The moon stood **(F)** still
On Blueberry **(C)** Hill
It lingered un**(G7)**til
My dreams came **(C true F) (C 1 strum)**

The **(G)** wind in the **(C)** willow played
Love's **(G7)** sweet melo**(C)**dy
But **(B7)** all of those **(em)** vows you made
Were **(B7)** never to **(G7)** be **(G7 1 strum)**

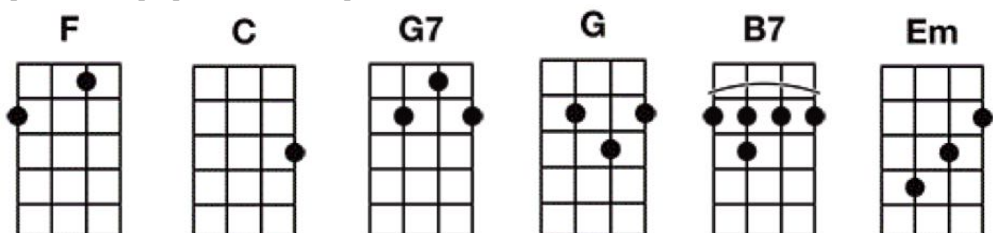
Though we're a**(F)**part
You thought of me **(C)** still
For you were my **(G7)** thrill
On Blueberry **(C Hill F) (C 1 strum)**

Strumming pattern



The **(G)** wind in the **(C)** willow played
Love's **(G7)** sweet melo**(C)**dy
But **(B7)** all of those **(em)** vows you made
Were **(B7)** never to **(G7)** be **(G7 1 strum)**

Though we're a**(F)**part
You thought of me **(C)** still
For you were my **(G7)** thrill
On Blueberry **(C Hill F) (C 1 strum)**



City of New Orleans

Steve Goodman | 1971



e

(C) Riding on the (G) City of New (C) Orleans
(am) Illinois Central (F) Monday morning (C) rail (G)
(C) Fifteen cars and (G) fifteen restless (C) riders
(am) Three conductors and (G) twenty-five sacks of (C) mail
All a(am)long the southbound odyssey
The (em) train pulls out of Kankakee
(G) Rolls along past houses farms and (D) fields
(am) Passing towns that have no name
And (em) freight yards full of old black men
And (G) graveyards of (F) rusted automo(C)biles

chorus

(F) Good morning A(G)merica how (C) are you?
Say (am) don't you know me (F) I'm your native (C) son (G 1 strum)
I'm the (C) train they call the (G) City of New (am) Orleans (D7)
I'll be (Bb) gone five (F) hundred (G) miles when the day is (C) done

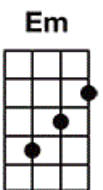
(C) Dealing card games with the (G) old men in the (C) club car
(am) Penny a point ain't (F) no one keeping (C) score (G)
(C) Pass the paper (G) bag that holds the (C) bottle
(am) Feel the wheels (G) rumbling 'neath the (C) floor
And the (am) sons of Pullman porters
And the (em) sons of engineers
(G) Ride their father's magic carpets made of (D) steel
(am) Mothers with their babes asleep
(em) Rocking to the gentle beat
And the (G) rhythm of the (F) rails is all they (C) feel

chorus

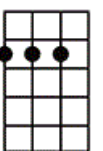
(C) Night time on the (G) City of New (C) Orleans
(am) Changing cars in (F) Memphis, Tennes(C)see (G)
(C) Half way home, (G) we'll be there by (C) morning
Through the (am) Mississippi darkness (G) rolling down to the (C) sea
But (am) all the towns and people seem
To (em) fade into a bad dream
And the (G) steel rail still ain't heard the (D) news
The con(am)ductor sings his songs again
The (em) passengers will please refrain
This (G) train's got the disap(F)pearing railroad (C) blues

chorus

Steve Goodman 1972 www.youtube.com/watch?v=2SfPyg-mGhU
Arlo Guthrie 1972 www.youtube.com/watch?v=qSeqrkRT1t0



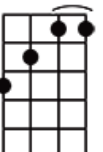
D



D7



Bb



Wann wird's mal wieder richtig Sommer

Musik: Steve Goodman 1971 (The City of New Orleans) |

Deutscher Text: Thomas Woitkewitsch 1975



e

Wir (C) brauchten früher (G) keine große (C) Reise,
wir (am) wurden braun auf (F) Borkum und auf (C) Sylt. (G)
Doch (C) heute sind die (G) Braunen nur noch (C) Weiße,
denn (am) hier wird man ja (G) doch nur tiefge(C)kühlt.
Ja, (am) früher gab's noch Hitzefrei, das (em) Freibad war schon auf im Mai,
ich (G) saß bin in die Nacht vor unsrem (D) Haus.
Da (am) hatten wir noch Sonnenbrand und (em) Riesenquallen an dem Strand
und (G) Eis, und jeder (F) Schutzmann zog die Jacke (C) aus.

Refrain

(F) Wann wird's mal (G) wieder richtig (C) Sommer,
(am) ein Sommer, wie er (F) früher einmal (C) war? (G)
Ja, mit (C) Sonnenschein von (G) Juni bis Sept(am)ember
und nicht so (F) nass und so si(G)birisch wie im letzten (C) Jahr.

Und (C) was wir da für (G) Hitzewellen (C) hatten!
Pull(am)overfabri(F)kanten gingen (C) ein. (G)
Da (C) gab es bis zu (G) vierzig Grad im (C) Schatten.
Wir (am) mussten mit dem (G) Wasser sparsam (C) sein.
Die (am) Sonne knallte ins Gesicht, da (em) brauchte man die Sauna nicht.
Ein (G) Schaf war damals froh, wenn man es (D) schor.
Es (am) war hier wie in Afrika, wer (em) durfte machte FKK,
doch (G) heut', heut' summen (F) alle Mücken laut im (C) Chor:

Refrain

Der (C) Winter war der (G) Reifall des Jahr(C)hunderts!
Nur (am) über tausend (F) Meter gab es (C) Schnee. (G)
Mein (C) Milchmann sagt: „Dies (G) Klima hier –wen (C) wundert's?
Denn (am) Schuld daran ist (G) nur die SP(C)D!“
Ich (am) find, das geht ein bisschen weit, doch (em) bald ist wieder Urlaubszeit,
und (G) wer von uns denkt da nicht dauernd (D) dran?
Trotz (am) allem glaub ich unbeirrt, dass (em) unser Wetter besser wird,
nur (G) wann?! Und diese (F) Frage geht uns alle (C) an!

Refrain

...
und nicht so (F) nass und so si(G)birisch wie im letzten (C) Jahr.
und nicht so (F) nass und so si(G)birisch wie im letzten (C) Jahr.



Crazy Words, Crazy Tune

Crazy tune by Milton Ager | Crazy words by Jack Yellen | 1927

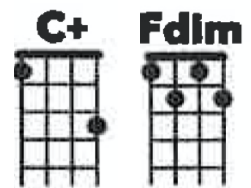


(F) There's a guy I'd (C7) like to kill
(F) If he doesn't (C7) stop I will
(F) Got a (Fdim u - F ku - Bb e- F) le
(F) And a voice that's (C7) loud and (F shrill F7)
(Bb) Cause he lives next (F7) door to me
(Bb) And he keeps me (F7) up till three
(Bb) With his ukule(F)le and a (G7) funny melo(C7)dy

Refrain

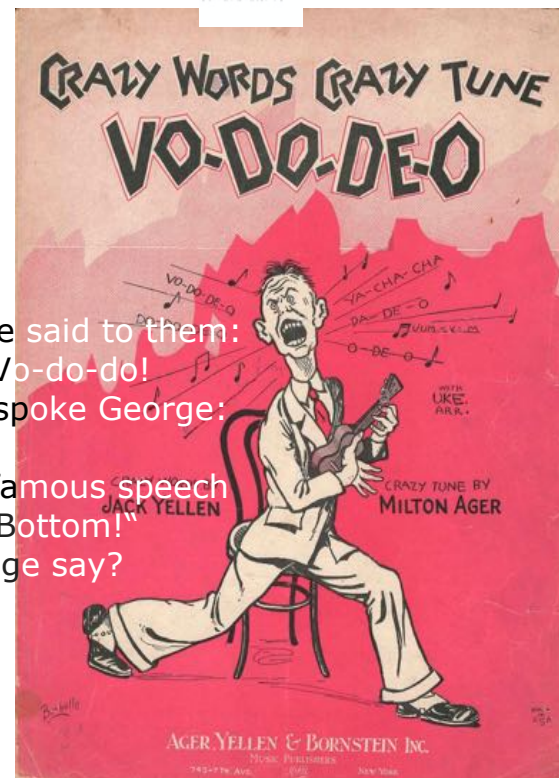
(F) Crazy words, crazy tune, all that you ever hear him croon:
(G7) Vo-do-de-o, (C7) vo-do-do-de-o-(F)do. (C+) Vo-do-do!
(F) Sits around all night long, sings the same words to every song:
(G7) Vo-do-de-o, (C7) vo-do-do-de-o-(F)do.
His uku(A7)lele daily (D7) how he'll strum. Vum vum vum!
(G7) Vampin' and stampin', (C7) then he hollers: „Black bottom!”
(F) Crazy words, crazy tune, he'll be driving me crazy soon
(G7) Vo-do-de-o, (C7) vo-do-do-de-o-(F)do.

(F) I have begged that (C7) guy to stop
(F) I have even (C7) called a cop
(F) Told my (Fdim dog F go Bb sic F) him!”
But the dern dog (C7) wouldn't (F go. F7)
(Bb) But tonight will (F7) be the end!
(Bb) Yes, siree, cause (F7) I intend
(Bb) To go up and (F) kick him
In the (G7) vo-do-do-do-(C7)do



Refrain

(F) Napoleon marched his men, turned around and he said to them:
(G7) Vo-do-de-o, (C7) vo-do-do-de-o-(F)do. (C+) Vo-do-do!
(F) Washington, Valley Forge, gee, twas cold but up spoke George:
(G7) Vo-do-de-o, (C7) vo-do-do-de-o-(F)do.
Remember (A7) Patrick Henry (D7) in that speech, famous speech
(G7) Cried: „Give me, give me (C7) liberty or Black Bottom!”
(F) You all heard yesterday what did President Coolidge say?
(G7) Vo-do-de-o, (C7) vo-do-do-de-o-
(G7) Vo-do-de-o, (C7) vo-do-do-de-o-
(G7) Vo-do-de-o, (C7) vo-do-do-de-o-(F)do!



Aufnahmen von 1927, alle mit Ukulele:

Johnny Marvin www.youtube.com/watch?v=Zh7nF_XKvzY || Savoy Havana Band
www.youtube.com/watch?v=Lx6hEHXalwg || California Ramblers
www.youtube.com/watch?v=wSLvtHGmazE || Frank Crumit
www.youtube.com/watch?v=6wS-XBg-eGw || Irving Aaronson and His Commanders
www.youtube.com/watch?v=hSnIxVnRj1A&list=RDhSnIxVnRj1A&start_radio=1 ||
Marek Weber Tanzorchester www.youtube.com/watch?v=LABmRDwUKh8

Crocodile Rock – Elton John

[intro]

(G) (G) (Em) (Em) (C) (C) (D) (D)
(G) (G) (Em) (Em) (C) (C) (D) (D)

I rem(G)ember when rock was young
Me and (Bm)Susie had so much fun
Holding (C)hands and skimmin' stones
Had an (D)old gold Chevy and a place of my own
But the (G)biggest kick I ever got
Was doin' a (Bm)thing called the Crocodile Rock
While the (C)other kids were rockin' 'round the clock
We were (D)hoppin' and boppin' to the Crocodile Rock, well

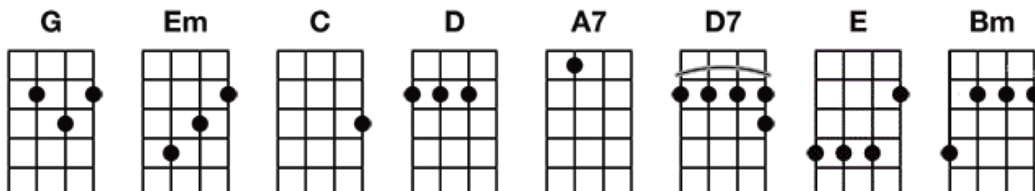
[chorus]

(Em)Croc Rockin' is something shockin'
When your (A7)feet just can't keep still
I (D7)never had me a better time and I (G)guess I never will
Oh (E)Lawdy mamma those Friday nights
When (A7)Susie wore her dresses tight and
The (D7)Crocodile Rockin' was out of (C)sight...

(G) (G) (Em) (Em) (C) (C) (D) (D)
(G) (G) (Em) (Em) (C) (C) (D) (D)

But the (G)years went by and rock just died
(Bm)Susie went and left me for some foreign guy
(C)Long nights cryin' by the record machine
(D)Dreamin' of my Chevy and my old blue jeans
But they'll (G)never kill the thrills we've got
Burnin' (Bm)up to the Crocodile Rock
Learning (C)fast till the weeks went past
We really (D)thought the Crocodile Rock would last, well

[chorus]



Daydream

John Sebastian | 1966



e

(C) What a day for a (A7) daydream
(dm) What a day for a (G7) daydreamin' boy
(C) And I'm lost in a (A7) daydream
(dm) Dreaming 'bout my (G7) bundle of joy

(F) And even if (G7) time ain't really (C) on my (A7) side
(F) It's one of those (G7) days for taking a (C) walk out(A7)side
(F) I'm blowing the (G7) day to take a (C) walk in the (A7) sun
(D7) And fall on my face on somebody's (G7) new-mown lawn

(C) I've been having a (A7) sweet dream
(dm) I've been dreaming since I (G7) woke up today
(C) It starred me and my (A7) sweet thing
(dm) Cause she's the one makes me (G7) feel this way

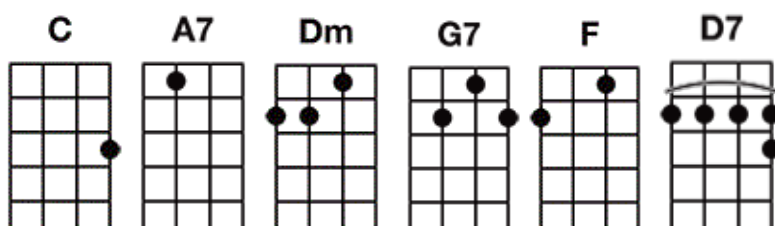
(F) And even if (G7) time is passing me (C) by a (A7) lot
(F) I couldn't care (G7) less about the (C) dues you say I (A7) got
(F) Tomorrow I'll (G7) pay the dues for (C) dropping my (A7) love
(D7) A pie in the face for being a (G7) sleepin' bull dog

Pfeifen | C | A7 | dm | G7 | C | A7 | dm | G7 |

(F) And you can be (G7) sure that if you're (C) feeling (A7) right
(F) A daydream will (G7) last along (C) into the (A7) night
(F) Tomorrow at (G7) breakfast you may (C) prick up your (A7) ears
(D7) Or you may be daydreaming for a (G7) thousand years

(C) What a day for a (A7) daydream
(dm) Custom made for a (G7) daydreamin' boy
(C) And I'm lost in a (A7) daydream
(dm) Dreaming 'bout my (G7) bundle of joy

Pfeifen | F-G7 | C-A7 | F-G7 | C-A7 |
| F-G7 | C-A7 | D7 | G7 | C one strum |



Daydream Believer

John Stewart | 1967



| G |

d

Oh, I could (G) hide 'neath the (am) wings
Of the (bm) bluebird as she (C) sings
The (G) the six o'clock a(em7)larm would never (A7) ring (D7)
But it (G) rings and I (am) rise
Wipe the (bm) sleep out of my (C) eyes
My (G shaving em7) razor's (am cold D) and it (G) stings

chorus

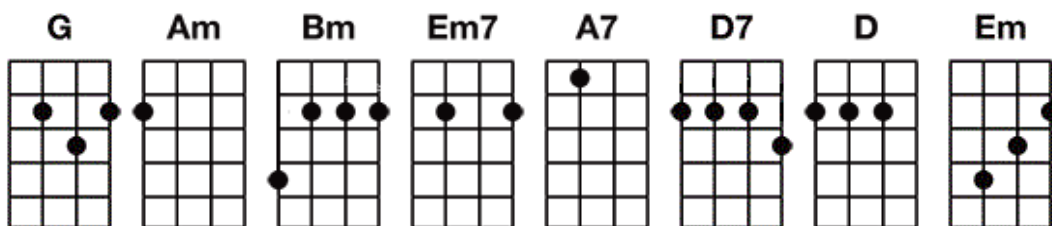
(C) Cheer up, (D) sleepy (bm) Jean
(C) Oh, what (D) can it (em) mean (C) to a
(G) Daydream be(C)liever and a
(G) Home(em)coming (A7) queen? (D7)

(G) You once thought of (am) me
As a (bm) white knight on his (C) steed
(G) Now you know how (em7) happy I can (A7) be (D7)
Whoa, and our (G) good times start and (am) end
Without (bm) dollar one to (C) spend
But (G how much, em7) baby, (am do we D) really (G) need?

2 x chorus

(C) Cheer up, (D) sleepy (bm) Jean
(C) Oh, what (D) can it (em) mean (C) to a
(G) Daydream be(C)liever and a
(G) Home(em)coming (A7) queen? (D7)

(G↓)



Der perfekte Moment

Musik und Text: Max Raabe



Heut mach ich **(C)** gar nichts, **(F)** keinen Finger krumm
(am) Ich bleib zuhaus' und **(F)** liege hier einfach nur so **(C)** rum
Telefonieren **(F)** – wird nicht passieren
(am) Das, was ich tu: **(F)** Kühlschrank auf und wieder **(C)** zu

Mir geht's gut, wo ich bin
(F) Die Sonne scheint, Wolken ziehn
Der per**(am)**fekte Moment
Wird heut' ver**(F)**pennt

Refrain

Ich dreh mich nochmal **(C)** um
Dann deck ich mich **(F)** zu
Heut steh' ich nicht **(am)** auf
Ich wüsst auch nicht wo**(F)**zu
Ich dreh mich noch mal **(C)** um
Weil ich das gern **(F)** tu
Ich hab' alles, was ich **(am)** brauch'
Augen auf und wieder **(F)** zu

(C) Stecker raus, keine Daten
(F) Die Welt bleibt draußen und muss warten
Was ich **(am)** heut besorgen kann
Fang ich nicht **(F)** an
(C) Darin liegt ein tiefer Sinn
(F) Dass ich heut so träge bin
Es **(am)** bleibt dabei
Ich mach heut **(F)** frei

Refrain

Heut mach ich **(C)** gar nichts, **(F)** keinen Finger krumm
(am) Ich bleib zuhaus' und **(F)** liege hier einfach nur so **(C)** rum

(C) Dadada, dada-dada-da-da
(F) Dadada, dada-dada-da-da
(am) Dadada, dada-dada-da-da**(F)**da

Die Moritat von Mackie Messer

Text: Bertold Brecht | Musik: Kurt Weill | 1928



e

Und der (C6) Haifisch, der hat (dm) Zähne
Und die (G7) trägt er im Ge(C6)sicht
Und Mac(am)heath, der hat ein (dm) Messer
doch das (G7) Messer sieht man (C6) nicht.

An 'nem (C6) schönen blauen (dm) Sonntag
Liegt ein (G7) toter Mann am (C6) Strand*
Und ein (am) Mensch geht um die (dm) Ecke
Den man (G7) Mackie Messer (C6) nennt.

* Strand
(ausgesprochen „stränd“):
Straße in London

Und Schmul (C6) Meier bleibt ver(dm)schwunden
Und so (G7) mancher reiche (C6) Mann
Und sein (am) Geld hat Mackie (dm) Messer
Dem man (G7) nichts beweisen (C6) kann.

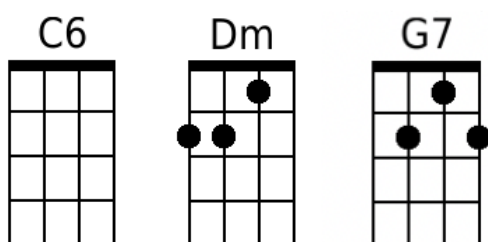
Jenny (C6) Towler ward ge(dm)funden
Mit 'nem (G7) Messer in der (C6) Brust
Und am (am) Kai geht Mackie (dm) Messer
Der von (G7) allem nichts ge(C6)wusst.

Und das (C6) große Feuer in (dm) Soho
Sieben (G7) Kinder und ein (C6) Greis –
In der (am) Menge Mackie (dm) Messer, den
Man nicht (G7) fragt und der nichts (C6) weiß.

Und die (C6) minderjährige (dm) Witwe
Deren (G7) Namen jeder (C6) weiß
Wachte (am) auf und war ge(dm)schändet –
Mackie, (G7) welches war dein (C6) Preis?

Denn die (C6) einen sind im (dm) Dunkeln,
und die (G7) andern sind im (C6) Licht.
Und man (am) siehet die im (dm) Lichte,
die im (G7) Dunkeln sieht man (C6) nicht.

Und man (am) siehet die im (dm) Lichte,
die im (G7) Dunkeln sieht man (C6) nicht.



Die Stroßaboh

Wolle Kriwanek 1980



(C) I muß di Stroßaboh no krieaga, bloß dr Fünfer bringt me hoim
I muß di Stroßaboh no (F) krieaga, bloß dr Fünfer bringt me (C) hoim
I muß di Stroßaboh no (G) krieaga, denn laufa will i (C) net

(C) I kann kaum no schnaufa und renn scho, was i kaa
und alles wega dera Stroßaboh

(C) I muß di Stroßaboh no krieaga, bloß dr Fünfer bringt me hoim
I muß di Stroßaboh no (F) krieaga, bloß dr Fünfer bringt me (C) hoim
I muß di Stroßaboh no (G) krieaga, denn laufa will i (C) net

(C) I häng vollr Beidl und hopf uff oina zu
I kommr fascht vor wie a Känguruhhh

(C) I muß di Stroßaboh no krieaga, bloß dr Fünfer bringt me hoim
I muß di Stroßaboh no (F) krieaga, ... (C) hoim will e
Krieaga musse (G) se, denn laufa will i (C) net

(C) I stand an dr Ampel und Zunga hängt mr raus
Hilflos guck i zu, mei Fünfer got naus.

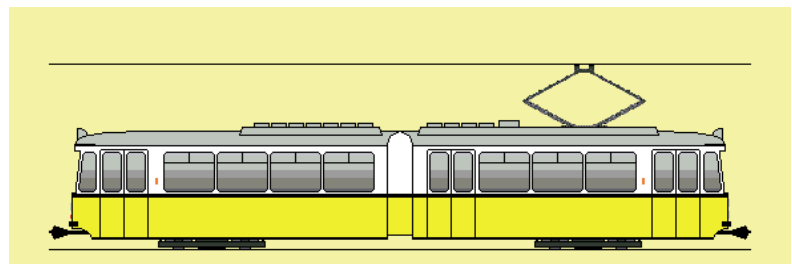
(C) I muß di Stroßaboh no krieaga, bloß dr Fünfer bringt me hoim
I muß di Stroßaboh no (F) krieaga, hoim will e, (C) hoim will e
Krieaga musse se, denn laufa will i (C) net

(C) I muß di Stroßaboh no krieaga, bloß dr Fünfer bringt me hoim
I muß di Stroßaboh no (F) krieaga, ... (C) hoim will e
Krieaga musse (G) se, denn laufa will i (C) net

(C) I renn los bei Rot, als allerletzte Chance
Da macht der mir hui Dier zu, der Dinger, vor dr Noas

(C) I muß di Stroßaboh no krieaga, bloß dr Fünfer bringt me hoim
I muß di Stroßaboh no (F) krieaga, ... (C) hoim will e
Krieaga musse (G) se, Denn laufa will i (C) net

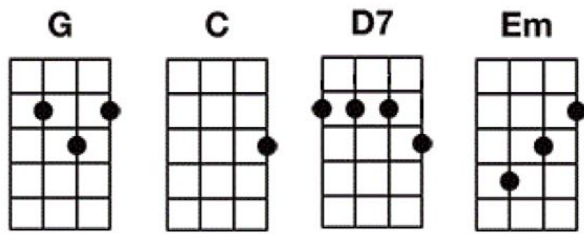
(C) I han koin Pfennig für a Daxxi en dr Dasch
Da lauf i hald hoim
LECK MI AM ARSCH!



Dirty Old Town

Ewan McColl | 1940

The Pogues' Version



d

I met my (**G**) love
by the gas works wall
Dreamed a (**C**) dream
by the old ca(**G**)nal
I kissed my girl
by the factory wall
Dirty old (**am**) town,
(**D7**) dirty old (**em**) town

Clouds are (**G**) dri-i-ifting
across the moon
Cats are (**C**) pro-o-owling
on their (**G**) beat
Springs a girl
from the streets at night
Dirty old (**am**) town,
(**D7**) dirty old (**em**) town

I heard a (**G**) siren
coming from the docks
Saw a (**C**) train
set the night on (**G**) fire
I smelled the spring
on the smoky wind
Dirty old (**am**) town,
(**D7**) dirty old (**em**) town

I'm gonna (**G**) make
me a big sharp axe
Shining (**C**) steel
tempered in a (**G**) fire
I'll chop you down
like an old dead tree
Dirty old (**am**) town,
(**D7**) dirty old (**em**) town

I met my (**G**) love
by the gas works wal
Dreamed a (**C**) dream
by the old ca(**G**)nal
I kissed my girl
by the factory wall
Dirty old (**am**) town,
(**D7**) dirty old (**em**) town



Don't Look Back in Anger

Noel Gallagher | 1995



| C | G | am | E | F | G | C | am-G |

(C) Slip inside the (G) eye of your (am) mind
Don't you (E) know you might (F) find
(G) A better place to (C) play (am-G)
(C) You said that (G) you'd never (am) been
But all the (E) things that you've (F) seen
(G) Slowly fade a(C)way (am-G)

(F) So I start a revo(fm)lution from my (C) bed
'Cause you (F) said the brains I (fm) had went to my (C) head
(F) Step outside, the (fm) summertime's in (C) bloom
(G) Stand up beside the fireplace (E) take that look from off your face
'Cause (am) you ain't never (G) gonna burn my (F) heart out (G)

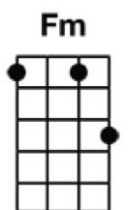
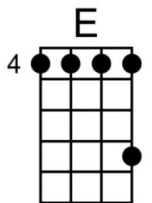
(C) So (G) Sally can (am) wait she (E) knows it's too (F) late
As we're (G) walking on (C) by (am-G)
Her (C) soul (G) slides a(am)way, (E) but don't look (F) back in anger
(G) I heard you (C) say (G) (am) (E) (F) (G) (C) (am-G)

(C) Take me to the (G) place where you (am) go
Where (E) nobody (F) knows (G) if it's night or (C) day (am-G)
(C) Please don't put your (G) life in the (am) hands
Of a (E) rock and roll (F) band (G) who'll throw it all a(C)way (am-G)

(F) Gonna start a revo(fm)lution from my (C) bed
'Cause you (F) said the brains I (fm) had went to my (C) head
(F) Step outside the (fm) summertime's in (C) bloom
(G) Stand up beside the fireplace, (E) take that look from off your face
'Cause (am) you ain't never (G) gonna burn my (F) heart out (G)

(C) So (G) Sally can (am) wait, she (E) knows it's too (F) late
As we're (G) walking on (C) by (am-G)
Her (C) soul (G) slides a(am)way, (E) but don't look (F) back in anger
(G) I heard you (C) say (am-G)

(C) So (G) Sally can (am) wait, she (E) knows it's too (F) late
As we're (G) walking on (C) by (am-G)
Her (C) soul (G) slides a(am - single strum)way
Don't look (F - single strum) back in anger
Don't look (fm - single strum) back in anger
I heard you (C) say... (G) (am) (E) (F) (G) at least not to(C)day



Don't This Road Look Rough and Rocky

Earl Scruggs & Lester Flatt | 1954



g
(G) Darling, I have (C) come to tell (G) you
Though it almost breaks my (D) heart
(G) But before the (C) morning, (G) darling
(D) We'll be many miles a(G)part (G7)

chorus

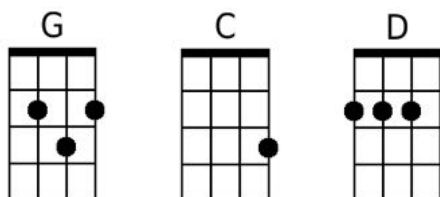
(C) Don't that road look rough and (G) rocky
Don't that sea look wide and (D) deep
(G) Don't my baby (C) look the (G) sweetest
(D) When she's in my arms a(G)sleep

(G) Can't you hear the (C) nightbirds (G) crying
Far across the deep blue (D) sea
(G) While of others (C) you are (G) thinking
(D) Won't you sometimes think of (G) me (G7)

chorus

(G) One more kiss be(C)fore I (G) leave you
One more kiss before we (D) part
(G) You have caused me (C) lots of (G) trouble
(D) Darling, you have broke my (G) heart (G7)

2x chorus



Earl Scruggs, Lester Flatt & The Foggy Mountain Boys 1962
www.youtube.com/watch?v=h_c3G00-zH0

The Zolla Boys 2016 www.youtube.com/watch?v=IgyYSc0MDnk

Don't Worry, Be Happy – Bobby McFerrin

[intro]

(C) (Dm) (F) (C)

[chorus]

(C)La... (Dm)La... (F)La... (C) don't worry... be happy

(C)La... (Dm)La... (F)La... (C) don't worry... be happy

(C) Here's a little song I wrote... you (Dm) might want to sing it note for note

Don't (F) worry... be (C) happy

(C) In every life we have some trouble... (Dm) when you worry you'll make it double

Don't (F) worry... be (C) happy

[chorus]

(C) Ain't got no place to lay your head... (Dm) somebody came and took your bed

Don't (F) worry... be (C) happy

The (C) landlord say your rent is late... (Dm) he may have to litigate

Don't (F) worry... be (C) happy

[chorus]

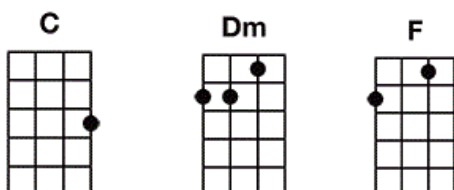
(C) Ain't got no cash, ain't got no style... (Dm) ain't got no gal to make you smile

Don't (F) worry... be (C) happy

Cause (C) when you worry your face will frown... (Dm) and that will bring everybody down

Don't (F) worry... be (C) happy

[chorus]



Dos Kelbl - דאָס קעלבֿל

Text: Aaron Zeitlin | Musik: Sholom Secunda 1940



a'

(dm) Ojfn (A7) Forel (dm) ligt a (A7) Kelbl,
(dm) ligt ge(gm)bundn (dm) mit a (A7) Schtrick,
(dm) hojch in (A7) Himl (dm) fligt a (A7) Fojgl,
(dm) fligt un (gm) drejt sich (dm) hin (A7) un (dm) ts'rick

Refrain

(C) Lacht der Wind in (F) Korn, (C) lacht und lacht un (F) lacht,
(C) lacht er op a (F) Tog, a (dm) gantsn, (A7) un a halbe (dm) Nacht.
(A7) Donaj, donaj, donaj, (dm) do-o-naj
(C) Donaj, donaj, donaj (F) daj
(A7) Donaj, donaj, donaj, (dm) do-o-naj
(A7) Donaj, donaj, donaj (dm) daj

(dm) Schrejt dos (A7) Kelbl, (dm) sogt der (A7) Pojer:
(dm) "Wer-ssche (gm) hejst dich (dm) sajn a (A7) Kalb?
(dm) Wolst ge(A7)kennt doch (dm) sajn a (A7) Fojgl,
(dm) wolst ge(gm)kennt doch (dm) sajn (A7) a (dm) Schwalb."

Refrain

(dm) Bidne (A7) Kelblech (dm) tut men (A7) bindn,
(dm) un men (gm) schlept sej (dm) un men (A7) schecht.
(dm) Wer's hot (A7) Fligl, (dm) fligt a(A7)rojf tsu,
(dm) ist bej (gm) keinem (dm) nischt (A7) kejn (dm) Knecht.

Refrain

Auf dem Wagen liegt ein Kälbchen, liegt gefesselt mit einem Strick.
Hoch im Himmel fliegt ein Vogel, fliegt und flitzt hin und her.

Das Kälbchen schreit, der Bauer sagt: "Wer hat dich geheißt, ein Kalb zu sein? Du hättest doch auch ein Vogel werden können. Du hättest doch auch eine Schwalbe werden können."

Die armen Kälbchen, sie werden gefesselt und verschleppt und geschlachtet. Wer Flügel hat, fliegt aufwärts, ist niemandes Knecht.

Lacht der Wind im Korn, lacht und lacht und lacht,
lacht den ganzen Tag über und noch die halbe Nacht. Donaj...



Zupfgeigenhansel 1979 www.youtube.com/watch?v=nZN80LDku2A
Aviva Semadar 2002 www.youtube.com/watch?v=vSi8-bGRUnw
Les Yeux Noirs 2014 www.youtube.com/watch?v=eW0-3XIWJnI
Joan Baez 2018 www.youtube.com/watch?v=dQrsSvms8Kw

Dream a Little Dream of Me

Lyrics: Gus Kahn | Music: Wilbur Schwandt, Fabian Andre | 1931



| D | Bb7 – A7 |

d'

(D) Stars shining bright a(Bb7)bove (A7) you
 (D) Night breezes seem to (B7) whisper "I love you"
 (em7) Birds singing in the (gm) sycamore tree
 (D) Dream a little (E7) dream of (A7) me

(D) Say "Nighty night" and (Bb7) kiss (A7) me
 (D) Just hold me tight and (B7) tell me you'll miss me
 (em7) While I'm alone and (gm) blue as can be
 (D) Dream a little (gm7) dream (A7) of (D) me

Bridge

Bb'

(Bb) Stars fading but (F7) I linger on, dear
 (Bb) Still craving your (F7) kiss
 (Bb) I'm longing to (F7) linger till dawn, dear
 (Bb) Just saying (A7) this

(D) Sweet dreams till sunbeams (Bb7) find (A7) you
 (D) Sweet dreams that leave all (B7) worries behind you
 (em7) But in your dreams, what(gm)ever they be
 (D) Dream a little (gm7) dream (A7) of (D) me

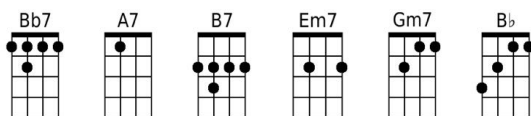
Bridge

(D) Sweet dreams till sunbeams (Bb7) find (A7) you
 (D) Sweet dreams that leave all (B7) worries behind you
 (em7) But in your dreams, (gm) whatever they be
 (D) Dream a little (gm7) dream (A7) of me (D me – B7)

(G) Dream a little (gm7) dream (A7) of (D me – gm7) (A7 – D)



(D – B7)
 +
 (D – gm7) (A7 – D)
 jeder Akkord ½ Takt
 = 2 Schläge



Du entschuldige, i kenn di

Peter Cornelius | 1980



(G) Wann i oft a bisserl ins Narrnkast'l schau,
da siech i a Madl mit Aug'n, so blau,
a Blau, des lasst sich mit gar nix andern ver(D)gleichen.
Sie war in da Schul' der erklärte Schwarm
von mir und von all' meine Freund, doch dann,
am letzten Schultag, da stellte das Leb'n seine (G) Weich'n.
Wir ham uns sofort aus die Aug'n verlorn.
I hab' mi oft g'fragt, was is aus ihr worn.
Die Wege, die wir beide 'gangen san, (G7) war'n net die (C) gleichen.
Und (cm) vorgestern sitz i a'm Lokal,
i (G) schau in zwa Aug'n und waß auf eimal,
des (D) is dieses Blau, des (C) lasst sich mit gar nix ver(G)gleich'n. (D7)

Refrain

Du ent(G)schuldige, i kenn di, bist du net die Klane,
die i schon als Bua gern g'habt (D) hab.
Die mit dreizehn schon kokett war, mehr, als was erlaubt war
und die enge Jeans ang'habt (G) hat.
I hab (C) Nächte lang net g'schlafen, nur weil du im Schulhof
einmal mit di Aug'n zwinkert (G) hast.
Komm, wir streich'n fünfzehn Jahr, (bm) hol'n jetzt alles nach
als (C) ob dazwischen (D) einfach nix (G) war.

Sie (G) schaut mi a halbe Minut'n lang an,
sie schaut, dass i gar nix mehr sagen kann.
I sitz wie gelähmt gegenüber und kann 's garnet (D) fass'n.
I hör ka Musik mehr und wart' nur drauf,
dass sie endlich sagt: „Du, jetzt wach i a auf,
der Peter, der zehn Häuser weiter g'wohnt hat in da (G) Gass'n.“
Sie zwinkert ma zua wie vor fünfzehn Jahr.
Sie sagt: „Na, wie geht 's dir, mei Peterl? Na klar,
du hast a scho sehr lang nix (G7) mehr von dir hören (C) lassen.
I (cm) nick nur. Ja, sehr lang, ja, viel zu lang.
Sie (G) meint: „Komm, probier'n mas halt jetzt miteinand.“
Und (D) später sag i lachend no (C) amoi zu ihr auf da (G) Straßen: (D7)

Refrain

Du hast den Farbfilm vergessen

Musik: Michael Heubach | Text: Kurt Demmler | 1974



e

(am) Hoch stand der Sanddorn am Strand von Hidden(G)see.
(am) Micha, mein Micha, und alles tat so (G) weh,
(C) dass die Kaninchen scheu (E7) schauten aus dem (am) Bau,
(D) so laut entlud sich mein (D7) Leid ins Himmel(G)blau. (E7↓)
(am) So böse stampfte mein nackter Fuß den (G) Sand,
(am) und schlug ich von meiner Schulter deine (G) Hand.
(C) Micha, mein Micha, und (E7) alles tat so (am) weh.
(D) Tu' das noch einmal, (D7) Micha und ich (G) geh'. (G7↓)

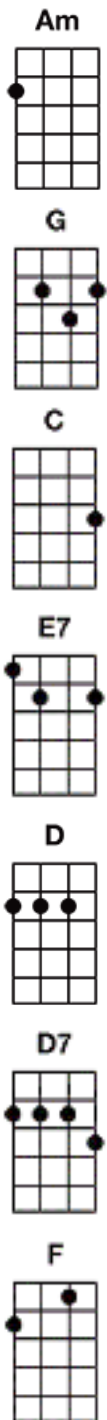
Du hast den
(C) Farbfilm vergessen, (E7) mein Micha(am)el,
(F) nun glaubt uns kein (C) Mensch,
wie schön's hier (G) war, ha, ha, ha, (G7) ha.

Du hast den
(C) Farbfilm vergessen, (E7) bei meiner (am) Seel',
(F) alles blau und (C) weiß und grün
und (G) später nicht mehr (C) wahr. (E7↓)

(am) Nun sitz' ich wieder bei dir und mir zu(G)haus'
(am) und such' die Fotos fürs Fotoalbum (G) aus.
(C) Ich im Bikini und (E7) ich am FK(am)K.
(D) Ich frech im Mini, (D7) Landschaft ist auch (G) da. (E7↓) Ja.
(am) Aber wie schrecklich, die Tränen kullern (G) heiß.
(am) Landschaft und Nina und alles nur Schwarz-(G)Weiß.
(C) Micha, mein Micha, und (E7) alles tut so (am) weh.
(D) Tu' das noch einmal, (D7) Micha und ich (G) geh'. (G7↓)

Du hast den
(C) Farbfilm vergessen, (E7) mein Micha(am)el,
(F) nun glaubt uns kein (C) Mensch,
wie schön's hier (G) war, ha, ha, ha, (G7) ha.

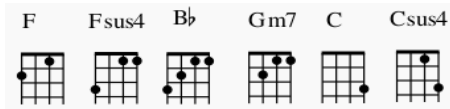
Du hast den
(C) Farbfilm vergessen, (E7) bei meiner (am) Seel',
(F) alles blau und (C) weiß und grün
und (G) später nicht mehr (am) wahr.
(F) alles blau und (C) weiß und grün
und (G) später nicht mehr (C↓) wahr.



Early Morning Rain – Gordon Lightfoot

1 2 3 & 4 1 2 3 4

Standard Tuning G C E A , 4/4 Takt, Strumming-Vorschlag |D D|D U D| oder |D D|D D|



[Intro]

| F | Bb | C | Bb | F | Bb |

[Verse 1]

| F | F | C | Csus4 |
 In the early morning rain
 | C | Bb | F | Bb |
 With a dollar in my hand
 | F | F | Gm7 | |
 With an aching in my heart
 | Gm7 | Gm7 | F | Fsus4 |
 And my pockets full of sand
 | F | F | Bb | |
 I'm a long way from home
 | C | C | F | Fsus4 |
 And I miss my loved ones so
 | F | F | C | Csus4 |
 In the early morning rain
 | C | Bb | F | Fsus4 |
 With no place to go

[Verse 2]

| F | F | C | Csus4 |
 Out on runway number nine
 | C | Bb | F | Bb |
 Big 707's set to go
 | F | F | Gm7 | |
 And I'm stuck here in the grass
 | Gm7 | Gm7 | F | Fsus4 |
 With a pain that ever grows
 | F | F | Bb | |
 Now, the liquor tasted good
 | C | C | F | Fsus4 |
 And the women all were fast
 | F | F | C | Csus4 |
 Well there she goes my friend
 | C | Bb | F | |
 She'll be rolling down at last

[Interlude]

| (F) | Bb | C | Bb | F | Fsus4 |

[Verse 3]

| F | F | C | Csus4 |
 Hear the mighty engines roar
 | C | Bb | F | Bb |
 See the silver wings on high

| F | F | Gm7 | |
 She's away and westward bound
 | Gm7 | Gm7 | F | Fsus4 |
 Far above the clouds she'll fly
 | F | F | Bb | |
 There the morning rain don't fall
 | C | C | F | Fsus4 |
 And the sun always shines
 | F | F | C | Csus4 |
 She'll be flying over my home
 | C | Bb | F | |
 In a-bout three hours time

[Interlude]

| (F) | Bb | C | Bb | F | Fsus4 |

[Verse 4]

| F | F | C | Csus4 |
 This old airport's got me down
 | C | Bb | F | Bb |
 It's no earthly good to me
 | F | F | Gm7 | |
 And I'm stuck here on the ground
 | Gm7 | Gm7 | F | Fsus4 |
 As cold and drunk as I can be
 | F | F | Bb | |
 You can't jump a jet plane
 | C | C | F | Fsus4 |
 Like you can a freight train
 | F | F | C | Csus4 |
 So I'd best be on my way
 | C | Bb | F | Fsus4 |
 In the early morning rain
 | F | F | Bb | |
 You can't jump a jet plane
 | C | C | F | Fsus4 |
 Like you can a freight train
 | F | F | C | Csus4 |
 So I'd best be on my way
 | C | Bb | F | Fsus4 |
 In the early morning rain

[Outro]

| F | Bb | C | Bb | F | Fsus4 | F |

Eight Days A Week

Paul McCartney & John Lennon | 1964



| C | D7 | F | C | or | Cadd9 | D | F6 | Cadd9 |

e

Ooh, I need your (D7) love, babe, (F) guess you know it's (C) true.
(C) Hope you need my (D7) love, babe, (F) just like I need (C) you.

(am) Hold me, (F) love me, (am) hold me, (D7) love me.
(C) I ain't got nothing but (D7) love, babe, (F) eight days a (C) week.

(C) Love you every (D7) day, girl, you're (F) always on my (C) mind.
(C) One thing I can (D7) say, girl, (F) love you all the (C) time.

(am) Hold me, (F) love me, (am) hold me, (D7) love me.
(C) I ain't got nothing but (D7) love, babe, (F) eight days a (C) week.

Single Strums

(G↓) Eight days a (G↓) week, I (am↓) loo-oo-(am↓)ve you.
(D7↓) Eight days a (D7↓) week
is (F) not enough to (G7) show I care.

(C) Ooh, I need your (D7) love, babe, (F) guess you know it's (C) true.
(C) Hope you need my (D7) love, babe, (F) just like I need (C) you.

(am) Hold me, (F) love me, (am) hold me, (D7) love me.
(C) I ain't got nothing but (D7) love, babe, (F) eight days a (C) week.

Single Strums

(G↓) Eight days a (G↓) week, I (am↓) loo-oo-(am↓)ve you.
(D7↓) Eight days a (D7↓) week
is (F) not enough to (G7) show I care.

(C) Love you every (D7) day, girl, you're (F) always on my (C) mind.
(C) One thing I can (D7) say, girl, (F) love you all the (C) time.

(am) Hold me, (F) love me, (am) hold me, (D7) love me.
(C) I ain't got nothing but (D7) love, babe, (F) eight days a (C) week.

(F) Eight days a (C) week.

(F) Eight days a (C) week. | D7 | F | C | or | Cadd9 | D | F6 | Cadd9 |



Strumming pattern chorus 1st line

1 u 2 u 3 u 4 u	1 u 2 u 3 u 4 u
↓ ↑ ↓	↓ ↑ ↓
Hold me	Love me

Ermutigung

Text & Musik: Wolf Biermann 1968



a'

(am) Du, lass dich nicht ver(dm)härten
(G) In dieser harten (C Zeit E7)
(am) Die allzu hart sind, (dm) brechen
Die allzu (G7) spitz sind, stechen
(C) Und brechen (E) ab so(am)gleich
(dm) Und brechen (E7) ab so(am)gleich

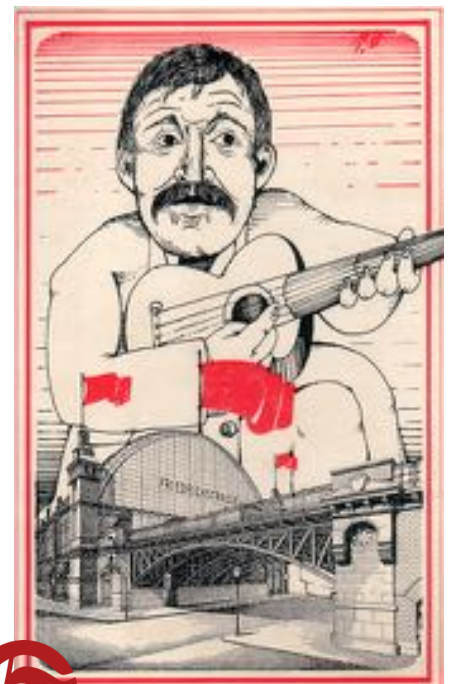
(am) Du, lass dich nicht ver(dm)bittern
(G) In dieser bittren (C Zeit E7)
(am) Die Herrschenden er(dm)zittern
Sitzt du erst (G7) hinter Gittern
(C) Doch nicht vor (E) deinem (am) Leid
(dm) Doch nicht vor (E7) deinem (am) Leid

(am) Du, lass dich nicht er(dm)schrecken
(G) In dieser Schreckens(C zeit E7)
(am) Das wolln sie doch be(dm)zwecken
Dass wir die (G7) Waffen strecken
(C) Schon vor dem (E) großen (am) Streit
(dm) Schon vor dem (E7) großen (am) Streit

(am) Du, lass dich nicht ver(dm)brauchen
(G) Gebrauche deine (C Zeit E7)
(am) Du kannst nicht unter(dm)tauchen
Du brauchst uns (G7) und wir brauchen
(C) Grad deine (E) Heiter(am)keit
(dm) Grad deine (E7) Heiter(am)keit

d'

(dm) Wir wolln es nicht ver(gm)schweigen
(C) In dieser Schweige(F zeit A7)
(dm) Das Grün bricht aus den (gm) Zweigen
Wir wolln das (C7) allen zeigen
(F) Dann wissen (A) sie Be(dm)scheid
(gm) Dann wissen (A7) sie Be(dm)scheid



Es wollt ein Bauer früh aufstehn (Zupfgeigenhansel, Original in A Dur)

F F
1. Es wollt ein Bauer früh aufstehn,
F F Gm
es wollt ein Bauer früh aufstehn,
C7 F
wollt 'naus in seinen Acker gehen.
C F C7 F F

Refrain: **Falterieta rallala, falterieta-ra.**

F F F
2. Und als der Bauer nach Hause kam,
F F Gm
und als der Bauer nach Hause kam,
C7 F
da wollt' er was zu fressen ha'm.

F F F
3. "Ach, Lieschen, koch mir Hirsebrei,
F F Gm
ach, Lieschen, koch mir Hirsebrei,
C7 F
mit Bratkartoffeln, Spiegelei."

F F F
4. Und als der Bauer saß und fraß,
F F Gm
und als der Bauer saß und fraß,
C7 F
da rumpelt in der Kammer was.

F F F
5. "Ach, liebe Frau, was ist denn das?
F F Gm
Ach, liebe Frau, was ist denn das?
C7 F
Da rumpelt in der Kammer was."

F F F
6. "Ach, lieber Mann, das ist der Wind.
F F Gm
Ach, lieber Mann, das ist der Wind.
C7 F
Der raschelt da am Küchenspind."

F F F
7. Der Bauer sprach: "Will selber sehn."
F F Gm
Der Bauer sprach: "Will selber sehn,
C7 F
will selber 'naus in d'Kammer gehn."

F F F
8. Und als der Bauer in d'Kammer kam,
F F Gm
und als der Bauer in d'Kammer kam
C7 F
Stand der Pfaff da, zog sein Hosen an.

F F
9. "Ei Pfaff, was machst in meinem Haus?
F F Gm
Ei Pfaff, was machst in meinem Haus?
C7 F
Ich werf dich ja so-gleich hinaus."

F F F
10. Der Pfaff, der sprach: »Was ich verricht?«
F F Gm
Der Pfaff, der sprach: »Was ich verricht?
C7 F
Dein' Frau, die kann die Beicht' noch nicht."

F F F
11. Da nahm der Bauer ein Ofenscheit,
F F Gm
da nahm der Bauer ein Ofenscheit,
C7 F
und schlug den Pfaffen, daß er schreit.

F F F
12. Der Pfaffe schrie: "O Schreck, o Graus!",
F F Gm
Der Pfaffe schrie: "O Schreck, o Graus!",
C7 F
und hielt den Arsch zum Fenster raus.

F F F
13. Da kamen die Leut' von nah und fern,
F F Gm
da kamen die Leut' von nah und fern,
C7 F
und dachten, es sei der Morgenstern.

F F F
14. Der Morgenstern, der war es nicht,
F F Gm
der Morgenstern, der war es nicht,
C7 F
es war des Pfaffen Arschgesicht.

F F F
15. So soll es allen Pfaffen gehen,
F F Gm
so soll es allen Pfaffen gehen,
C7 F
die nachts zu fremden Weibern gehn.

F F F
16. Und die Moral von der Geschicht,
F F Gm
Und die Mo-ral von der Geschicht,
C7 F
trau nicht des Pfaffen Arschgesicht!

Refrain zum Schluss noch einmal langsamer werdend wiederholen!

Every Breath You Take

Sting | 1983



h

Every breath you **(G)** take
Every move you **(em)** make
Every bond you **(C)** break, every step you **(D)** take
I'll be watching **(em)** you

Every single **(G)** day
And every word you **(em)** say
Every game you **(C)** play, every night you **(D)** stay
I'll be watching **(G)** you

Oh, can't you **(C)** see
(Bb) You belong to **(G)** me
How my poor heart **(A)** aches
With every step you **(D)** take

And every move you **(G)** make
And every vow you **(em)** break
Every smile you **(C)** fake, every claim you **(D)** stake
I'll be watching **(em)** you

g **(Eb)** Since you've gone, I've been lost without a **(F)** trace
I dream at night, I can only see your **(Eb)** face
I look around but it's you I can't re**(F)**place
I feel so cold and I long for your em**(Eb)**brace
I keep crying, baby, baby... **(G)** please

| **em** | **em** | **C** | **D** | **em** | **em** | **G** | **G** |

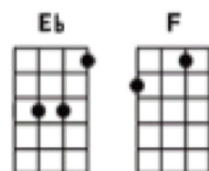
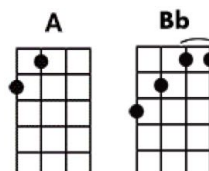
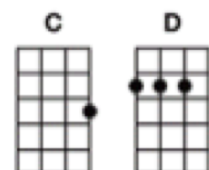
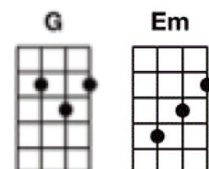
Oh can't you **(C)** see
(Bb) You belong to **(G)** me
How my poor heart **(A)** aches
With every step you **(D)** take

Every move you **(G)** make
Every vow you **(em)** break
Every smile you **(C)** fake, every claim you **(D)** stake
I'll be watching **(em)** you
Every move you **(C)** make, every step you **(D)** take
I'll be watching **(em)** you

I'll be watching **(G)** you *...every breath you take, every move you
(em) make, every bond you (C) break...*

I'll be watching **(G)** you *...every single day, every word you (em) say,
every game you (C) play...*

I'll be watching **(G↓)** you



Fisherman's Blues

Mike Scott & Steve Wickham | 1986



| G | G | F | F | am | am | C | C |
| G | G | F | F | am | am | C | C |

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 (F) abandonment and love
(am) No ceiling bearing down on me, save the (C) starry sky above
With light in my (G) head, with you in my (F) arms, (am) whoo (am)

| G | G | F | F | am | am | C | C |

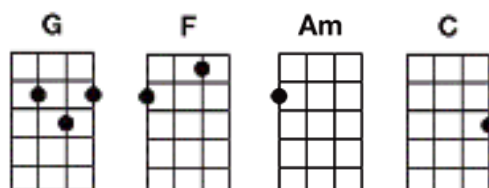
I (G) wish I was the brakeman, on a (F) hurtling fevered train
Crashing a (am) headlong into the heartland, like a (C) cannon in the rain
With the (G) beating of the sleepers, and the (F) burning of the coal
(am) Counting towns flashing by, in a (C) night that's full of soul
With light in my (G) head, with you in my (F) arms, (am) whoo (am)

| G | G | F | F | am | am | C | C |
| G | G | F | F | am | am | C | 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 hand
I will (am) ride on a train, I will (C) be the fisherman
With light in my (G) head, with you in my (F) arms, woohoo(am)hoo (am)

| G | G | F | F | am | am | C | C |
| G | G | F | F | am | am | C | C |

Light in my (G) head, you in my (F) arms, light in my (am) head, you! (C)
Light in my (G) head, you in my (F) arms, light in my (am) head, you! (C)



Fly Me to the Moon

(In Other Words)

Bart Howard | 1954



c

(am7) Fly me to the (dm7) moon
And let me (G7) play among the (Cmaj7 stars C7)
(F) Let me see what (dm) spring is like
On (E7) Jupiter and (am7 Mars A7)

In (dm7) other words: (G7) hold my (Cmaj7) hand (A7)
In (dm7) other words: (G7) darling (Cmaj7) kiss me (E7)

(am7) Fill my heart with (dm7) song
And let me (G7) sing forever (Cmaj7 more C7)
(F) You are all I (dm) long for
All I (E7) worship and (am7) adore (A7)

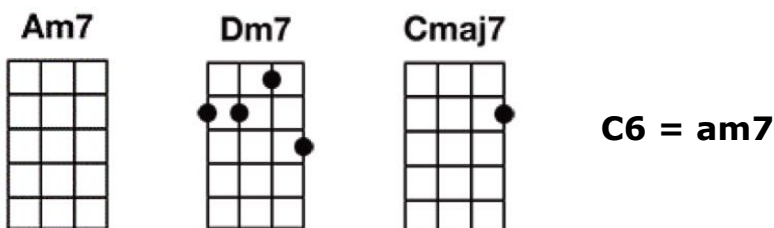
In (dm7) other words: (G7) please be (em7) true (A7)
In (dm7) other words: (G7) I love (C6) you (dm - E7)

(am7) Fly me to the (dm7) moon
And let me (G7) play among the (Cmaj7 stars C7)
(F) Let me see what (dm) spring is like
On (E7) Jupiter and (am7 Mars A7)

In (dm7) other words: (G7) hold my (Cmaj7) hand (A7)
In (dm7) other words: (G7) darling (Cmaj7) kiss me (E7)

(am7) Fill my heart with (dm7) songs
And let me (G7) sing forever (Cmaj7 more C7)
(F) You are all I (dm) long for
All I (E7) worship and (am7) adore (A7)

In (dm7) other words: (G7) please be (em7) true (A7)
In (dm7) other words: (G7) I love (C6) you



Folsom Prison Blues

Johnny Cash | 1955



| G |

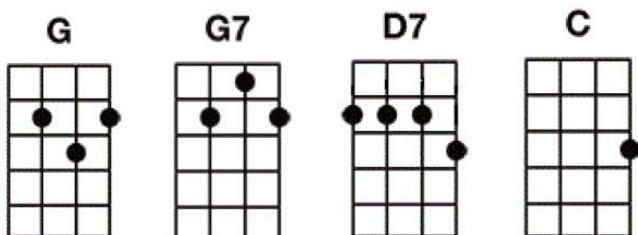
c

I (**G**) hear the train a-comin', it's rollin down the bend
And I ain't see the sunshine since (**G7**) I don't know when
I'm (**C**) stuck in Folsom prison and time keeps draggin' (**G**) on
But that (**D7**) train keeps a-rollin' down to Sant An(**G**)ton

When (**G**) I was just a baby my mother told me son (*son*)
Always be a good boy, don't (**G7**) ever play with guns
But I (**C**) shot a man in Reno just to watch him (**G**) die
When I (**D7**) I hear that whistle blowin' I hang my head and (**G**) cry

I (**G**) bet there's rich folks eating in a fancy dining car
They're probably drinkin' coffee and (**G7**) smoking big cigars
Well I (**C**) know I had it comin', I know I can't be (**G**) free
But those (**D7**) people keep a-movin' and that's what tortures (**G**) me

Well if they'd (**G**) free me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move it on a little (**G7**) farther down the line
(**C**) Far from Folsom prison that's where I want to (**G**) stay
And I'd (**D7**) let that lonesome whistle blow my blues a(**G**)way



Frankreich Frankreich

Bläck Fööss

Musik & Text: Rainer Hömig, Hartmut Prieß, Thomas R. Engel, Ernst Stoklosa, Peter Schütten, Günter Schnitzer, Wilhelm Schmitzer



Ich kauf mir ein Baguette^C
und treff mich mit Jeannette
Da kommt auch noch Claudette^F
Claudette ist auch sehr nett^C
Baguette, Jeannette, Claudette^{G F}
So nett, et moi, oh là là là là là là^C

Wir gehen dann zum Strand^C
und liegen dort im Sand.
Ich rauch ein Cigarette^F
mit Jeannette und Claudette^C
Baguette, Jeannette, Claudette,^{G F}
Une Cigarette, et moi, oh là là là là là là^C

Chorus

Frankreich, Frankreich,^F
Frankreich, Frankreich,^C
Frankreich, Frankreich, Frankreich^{G C}

Ich werde wach mit Schreck^C
meine Cigarettes sind weg
Und auch noch das Baguette^F
Wo sind Jeannette und Claudette?^C
Cigarettes, Baguette, Jeannette,^{G F}
Claudette sind weg, oh là là là là là là^C

Bon soir, Herr Kommissar^C
Oh là là, Sie sind schon da^F
Wissen Sie schon, wer es war?^F
Aha, dann ist ja alles klar^C
Hey Kommissar, schon da, aha,^{G F}
alles klar, et moi, oh là là là là là là^C

Chorus

Hey, hallo Monsieur Voyeur^C
Allez, wir machen ein Verhör
Gibst Du die Sachen wieder her?^F
Dann ist alles kein Malheur (S'il vous plaît)^C
Baguette, Jeannette, Claudette,^{G F}
une Cigarette, Kommissar, alles klar?^G
Voyeur, Verhör, et moi, oh là là là là là là^{F C}

Frankreich, Frankreich,^F
Frankreich, Frankreich,^C
Frankreich, Frankreich, Frankreich^{G C}
Oh, Frankreich, oh, oh Frankreich^{cm fm}
Oh, Frankreich, oh, oh Frankreich^{cm fm}
Frankreich, Frankreich,^F
Frankreich, Frankreich,^C
Frankreich, Frankreich, Frankreich^{G C}

Freight Train F

(ca. 1909, Elizabeth Cotton)

R.) (F) Freight train, freight train (C) run so fast
(C7) freight train, freight train (F) run so fast
(A7) please don't tell what (Bb) train I'm on
so they (F) won't know, what (C7) route I have (F) gone

(A7) huu hu huu, uh (Bb) huu hu huhuhu, (F) hu huhu (C7) hu huu (F) huu

1.) (F) When I die, Lord (C) bury me deep
(C7) down at the end of old (F) Chestnut Street
(A7) so I can hear old (Bb) Number Nine
as (F) it goes a (C7) rolling on (F) by

(A7) ohh ho hoo, oh (Bb) hoo ho hoho ho-ohh , (F) ho hoho (C7) ho ohh (F) hoo

Solo (Melodie Refrain) : F C C7 F , A7 Bb F C7 F

2.) (F) When I'm dead and (C) in my grave
(C7) no more good times (F) here I'll crave
(A7) place the stones at my (Bb) head and feet
and (F) tell them all, that (C7) I've gone to (F) sleep

(A7) huu hu huu, uh (Bb) huu hu huhuhu, (F) hu huhu (C7) hu huu (F) huu

R.) (F) Freight train, freight train (C) run so fast (C7)...

(A7) ohh ho hoo, oh (Bb) hoo ho hoho ho-ohh , (F) ho hoho (C7) ho ohh (F) hooo

(A7) huu hu huu, uh (Bb) huu hu huhuhu, (F) hu huhu (C7) hu huu (F) huuu.

Fürstenfeld

Musik: Joseph Jandrisits | Text: Schiffkowitz | 1984

Intro

(C) Langsam find't der (G) Tog sei End und die (F) Nocht be(C)ginnt
(am) In der Kärtnerstraß'n (em) do singt aner (F) „Blowing In The (G) Wind“
(C) Hot a grianes (G) Röckerl an, (F) steht da ganz ver(C)lornt
(am) Und der Steffl, der schaut (em) owi auf den (F) oarmen (G) Steirer(C)buam

(C) Der hot woll'n sei (G) Glück probiern in der (F) großen, fremden (C) Stadt
(am) Hot glaubt, sei Mu(em)sik bringt eam aufs (F) Rennbahnexpress-Titel(G)blatt
(C) Aus der Traum, zer(G)platzt wia Seifen(F)blösn, nix is (C) blieb'n
(am) Ois wia a poar (em) Schülling in seim (F) Gitarren(G)koffer (C) drin

Strophen

(G) Wochen(F)lang steh i scho (C) do	(G) Do geht den (F) ganzen Tag der (C) Wind
(G) Wochen(F)lang plog i mi (C) o	(G) Nix ois (F) Baustelln, dass ka (C) Mensch
(G) I spüll (F) mia die Finger (C) wund	was find
(F) Und sing so(G)goar „Do kummt die (C)	(G) Die Buren(F)heit'In san ein (C) Graus
Sunn“	(F) Und im Kaf(G)feehaus brennst di (C) aus
(G) Doch es (F) is zum narrisch (C) wern	
(G) Kaner (F) will mi singen (C) hearn	
(G) Langsam (F) krieg i wirklich (C) gnua	
(F) I frog (G) mi, wos i do (C) dua	

Refrain

(G) I wüll wieder (C) ham, (G) fühl mi do so all(C)aan
(G) I brauch ka große (C) Welt, (F) i wüll (G) ham nach Fürsten(C)feld

Strophen

(G) In der (F) Zeitung, do hom's (C) gschriem	(G) Do geh i (F) gestern ins U(C)4
(G) Do gibt's a (F) Szene, do muaßt (C) hin	(G) Fangt a (F) Diandl a zum (C) redn mit mir
(G) Was die (F) wuin, des suin sie (C) schreim	(G) Schwoarze (F) Lipp'n, grüne (C) Hoar
(F) Mia ka de (G) Szene g'stuin (C) bleim	(F) Do kannst ja (G) Angst krieg'n, wirklich (C)
	woahr

Refrain

Strophen

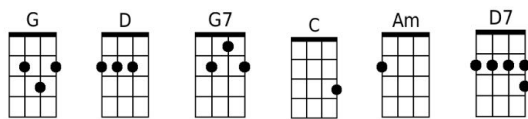
(G) Niemals (F) spüll i mehr in (C) Wien	(G) I brauch kan (F) Gürt'l, I brauch kan (C) Ring
(G) Wien hot (F) mi gor ned ver(C)dient	(G) I wüll (F) z'ruck hintern Semme(C)ring
(G) I spüll (F) höchstens no in (C) Graz	(G) I brauch (F) nur des bisserl (C) Geld
(F) Sinabel(G)kirchen und Sti(C)natz	(F) Für die (G) Foahrt noch Fürsten(C)feld.

2 x Refrain



Goodnight, Irene

Huddie William "Leadbelly" Ledbetter 1933



g

(G) Irene good(D)night
Irene good(G)night
Goodnight I(G7)rene, good(C)night I(am)rene
I'll (D7) see you in my (G) dreams

Last (G) Saturday night I got (D) married
Me and my wife settled (G) down
Now me and my (G7) wife have (C) parted (am)
I'm gonna (D7) take another stroll down (G) town

(G) Irene good(D)night
Irene good(G)night
Goodnight I(G7)rene, good(C)night I(am)rene
I'll (D7) see you in my (G) dreams

Some(G)times I live in the (D) country
sometimes I live in the (G) town
Sometimes I (G7) have a great (C) notion (am)
To (D7) jump into the river and (G) drown

(G) Irene good(D)night
Irene good(G)night
Goodnight I(G7)rene, good(C)night I(am)rene
I'll (D7) see you in my (G) dreams

Stop (G) ramblin' and stop your (D) gamblin'
Stop stayin' out late at (G) night
Go home to your (G7) wife and (C) family (am)
Stay (D7) there by your fireside (G) bright

2x

(G) Irene good(D)night
Irene good(G)night
Goodnight I(G7)rene, good(C)night I(am)rene
I'll (D7) see you in my (G) dreams



The Weavers 1950 www.youtube.com/watch?v=MSDyiUBrUSk
Leadbelly 1935 www.youtube.com/watch?v=xn50JSI0W-E
Ry Cooder 1987 www.youtube.com/watch?v=gASQ1_HEEHA



Gut, wieder hier zu sein

(It's Good To See You)

Allan Taylor | Dt. Text Hannes Wader



Refrain

c

Nun Freunde, (F) lasst es (Bb) mich einmal (F) sagen:
Gut wieder (C) hier zu sein, (Bb) gut, euch zu (F) seh'n.
Mit meinen (F) Wünschen, (Bb) mit meinen (F) Fragen,
Fühl ich mich (C) nicht allein, (Bb) gut, euch zu (F) seh'n.

Wer daran (F) glaubt, (Bb) alle Ge(F)fahren
Nur auf sich (C) selbst gestellt (Bb) zu über(F)stehen,
Muss einsam (F) werden (Bb) und mit den (F) Jahren
Auch an sich (C) selbst (Bb) zugrunde (F) geh'n.

Refrain

Und soll mein (F) Denken (Bb) zu etwas (F) taugen
Und sich nicht (C) nur (Bb) im Kreise (F) dreh'n,
Will ich ver(F)suchen, (Bb) mit euren (F) Augen
Die Wirklich(C)keit (Bb) klarer zu (F) seh'n.

Refrain

Und weiß ich (F) heute (Bb) auf meine (F) Sorgen
und Ängste (C) keine (Bb) Antwort (F) mehr,
dann seid ihr (F) da, (Bb) schon trag ich (F) morgen
an allem (C) nur (Bb) noch halb so (F) schwer.

Refrain

Nun Freunde, (F) lasst es (Bb) mich einmal (F) sagen:
Gut wieder (C) hier zu sein, (Bb) gut, euch zu (F) seh'n.
Mit meinen (F) Wünschen, (Bb) mit meinen (F) Fragen,
Fühl ich mich (C) nicht allein, (Bb) gut, euch zu (F) seh'n.

It's good to (F) see you, (Bb) so good to (F) see you.
Oh, how I've (C) missed you (Bb) since I've been (F) gone.
I've crossed the (F) oceans, (Bb) travelled through (F) many lands,
And it's good (C) to see you, (Bb) to be in your (F) home.
And it's good (C) to see you, (Bb) to be in your (F) home.

Gute Nacht, Freunde

Reinhard Mey 1972



Refrain

e

(C) Gute Nacht, (dm) Freunde
(G) Es wird Zeit für mich zu (C) geh'n
(F) Was ich noch zu sagen (em) hätte
Dauert eine Ziga(dm)rette
(G) Und ein letztes Glas im (C) Steh'n

Für den Tag, für die (dm) Nacht unter eurem Dach habt (G) Dank
Für den Platz an eurem (C) Tisch, für jedes Glas, das ich trank
Für den Teller, den ihr (dm) mir zu den euren (G) stellt
Als sei selbstver(C)ständlicher (F) nichts auf der (G) Welt

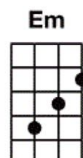
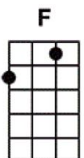
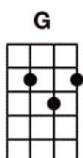
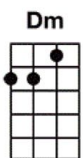
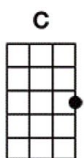
Refrain

Habt dank für die (dm) Zeit, die ich mit euch verplaudert (G) hab'
Und für eure Ge(C)duld, wenn's mehr als eine Meinung gab
Dafür, dass ihr nie (dm) fragt, wann ich komme oder (G) geh'
Und für die stets offene (C) Tür, in (F) der ich jetzt (G) steh'

Refrain

Für die Freiheit, die (dm) als steter Gast bei euch (G) wohnt
Habt Dank, dass ihr nie (C) fragt, was es bringt, ob es lohnt
Vielleicht liegt es (dm) daran, dass man von draußen (G) meint
Dass in euren Fens(C)tern das (F) Licht wärmer (G) scheint

2 x Refrain



Have You Ever Seen The Rain

John Fogerty | 1970



g

(C) Someone told me long ago
There's a calm before the storm, I (G) know
And it's been coming (C) for some time

(C) When it's over so they say
It'll rain a sunny day, I (G) know
Shinin' down like (C) water

chorus

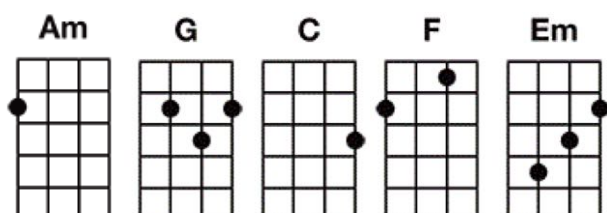
(F) I wanna (G) know
Have you (C ever em) seen the (am) rain?
(F) I wanna (G) know
Have you (C ever em) seen the (am) rain?
(F) Coming (G) down on a sunny (C) day

(C) Yesterday and days before,
Sun is cold and rain is hot, I (G) know,
Been that way for (C) all my time

(C) Til forever on it goes
Through the circle fast and slow, I (G) know
And it can't stop, I (C) wonder

2 x chorus

(F) I wanna (G) know
Have you (C ever em) seen the (am) rain?
(F) I wanna (G) know
Have you (C ever em) seen the (am) rain?
(F) Coming (G) down on a sunny (C) day



Heart of Gold

Neil Young 1971



2 x

em D em
 ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓
 1 2 3 4 | 1 2 3 4 | 1 2 3 4 | Pause |

g

(em) I wanna (C) live, (D) I wanna (G) give
 (em) I've been a (C) miner for a (D) heart of (G) gold.
 (em) It's these (C) expressions (D) I never (G) give
 (em) That keep me searchin' for a (G) heart of gold
 (C) And I'm getting' old (C↓ Cmaj7↓ C6↓ G↓) (G)

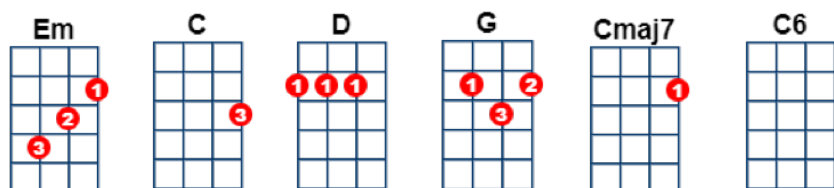
(em) Keep me searchin' for a (G) heart of gold
 (C) And I'm getting' old (C↓ Cmaj7↓ C6↓ G↓) (G)

em D em
 ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓
 1 2 3 4 | 1 2 3 4 | 1 2 3 4 | Pause |

(em) I've been to (C) Hollywood, (D) I've been to (G) Redwood
 (em) I crossed the (C) ocean for a (D) heart of (G) gold
 (em) I've been in (C) my mind, (D) it's such a (G) fine line
 (em) That keeps me searchin' for a (G) heart of gold
 (C) And I'm getting' old (C↓ Cmaj7↓ C6↓ G↓)(G)

(em) Keep me searchin' for a (G) heart of gold
 (C) And I'm getting' old (C↓ Cmaj7↓ C6↓ G↓) (G)

(em) Keep me searchin' for a (D) heart of (em) gold
 You keep me searchin' and I'm (D) growin' (em) old
 Keep me searchin' for a (D) heart of (em) gold
 I've been a miner for a (G) heart of (C) gold.
 (C↓ Cmaj7↓ C6↓ G↓)



Hello Mary Lou

Text & Musik: Gene Pitney, Cayet Mangiaracina | 1960



chorus

b

I said, Hel(G)lo Mary Lou, (C) goodbye heart
Sweet (G) Mary Lou I'm so in love with (D) you (D7)
I (G) knew, Mary Lou, (B7) we'd never (em) part
So, hel(A)lo, Mary (D) Lou, goodbye (G heart C) (G)

d

(G) You passed me by one sunny day
(C) Flashed those big brown eyes my way
And (G) ooo, I wanted you forever (D) more
Now (G) I'm not one that gets around
I (C) swear my feet stuck to the ground
And (G) though I never (D) did meet you be(G fore C) (G)

chorus

I (G) saw your lips, I heard your voice
be(C)lieve me, I just had no choice
Wild (G) horses couldn't make me stay (D) away
I (G) thought about a moonlit night
My (C) arms around you good and tight
That's (G) all I had to (D) to see, for me to (G say C) (G)

2 x chorus

end:

...

So, hel(A)lo, Mary (D) Lou, goodbye (G heart C) (G)
So, hel(A)lo, Mary (D) Lou, goodbye (G heart C) (G)
Yes, hel(A)lo, Mary (D) Lou, goodbye (G heart C) (G)



Hello Mary Lou

Text & Musik: Gene Pitney, Cayet Mangiaracina | 1960

Dt. Text: Carl Ulrich Blecher



Refrain

b

Hey hey Hel**(G)**lo Mary Lou, **(C)** sieh mal an
Dein **(G)** Kleid ist schick, und schick sind deine **(D)** Schuh **(D7)**
Und **(G)** du, Mary Lou, **(B7)** du lachst da**(em)**zu
So wie **(A)** ein Sonnen**(D)**schein, Mary **(G Lou C) (G)**

d

(G) Aus dem Hause vis-à-vis
(C) Sieht man jeden Morgen früh
Die **(G)** Mary Lou ein Stück die Straße **(D)** gehn
(G) Und schaut sie so nett daher
(C) Grüßt so freundlich, bitte sehr
Das **(G)** finden alle **(D)** an ihr wunder**(G schön C) (G)**

Refrain

So **(G)** viele Mädchen kann man sehn
(C) Die in Nietenhosen gehn
Doch **(G)** Mary Lou hat sowas nicht im**(D)** Sinn
In **(G)** ihrem Teen-Teen-Teenage-Kleid
(C) Ja, da ist sie jederzeit
Für **(G)** alle Boys und **(D)** Girls die Köni**(G gin C) (G)**

2 x Refrain

Schluss:

...

Für **(G)** alle Boys und **(D)** Girls die Köni**(G gin C) (G)**
Für **(G)** alle Boys und **(D)** Girls die Köni**(G gin C) (G)**
Für **(G)** alle Boys und **(D)** Girls die Köni**(G gin C) (G)**



Herbstlied

(Feinslieb, du lachst dazu)

Musik und Text: Hans-Eckardt Wenzel 1982



h

Feins(**G**)lieb, nun ist das Blätter(**am**)braun
Schon (**D**) wieder in den Spit(**G**)zen,
Wann wir unterm Kastanien(**am**)baum
Am (**D**) Abend fröstelnd sit(**G**)zen.
Das Jahr geht fort mit schwerer (**am**) Fracht,
Es bindet sich die (**G**) Schuh.
Ich (**em**) bin so traurig heute nacht,
Und (**D**) du, du lachst da(**C**)zu. (**G**)

Feins(**G**)lieb, die schwarze Jacke (**am**) hängt
Die (**D**) Schultern ab mir wie(**G**)der,
Wann schon so früh das Dunkel (**am**) fängt
Uns (**D**) und die Kält die Glie(**G**)der.
In deinen Augen glimmt noch (**am**) leis
Der Sommer voller (**G**) Ruh.
Ich (**em**) wein, weil ich nicht weiter weiß,
Und (**D**) du, du lachst da(**C**)zu. (**G**)

Feins(**G**)lieb, das war es also (**am**) schon,
Der (**D**) Sommer ist vertrie(**G**)ben,
Die Vögel sind auf und da(**am**)von,
Und (**D**) wir sind hier geblie(**G**)ben.
Fremd zieh ich ein, fremd zieh ich (**am**) aus,
Ich weiß nicht was ich (**G**) tu
Heut (**em**) nacht, verwelkt ist mein Zuhause,
Und (**D**) du, du lachst da(**C**)zu. (**G**)

Feins(**G**)lieb, komm stirb mit mir ein (**am**) Stück,
Sieh, (**D**) müd die Blätter schon(**G**)keln,
Wir drehn das Jahr doch nicht zu(**am**)rück,
Und (**D**) sehn uns nicht im Dun(**G**)keln.
Laß in dem Kommen, Bleiben, (**am**) Gehn
Zertanzen uns die (**G**) Schuh!
Ich (**em**) will noch soviel Himmel sehn,
Und (**D**) du, du lachst da(**C**)zu. (**G**)
Ich (**em**) will noch soviel Himmel sehn,
Und (**D**) du, du lachst da(**C**)zu. (**G**)



Herr Ober, zwei Mokka!

Musik: Jim Cowler | Text: Willy Rosen | 1930



h

(G) In die Mas(D7)kottchen-Bar
(G) Kam jüngst ein (D7) Liebespaar
(G) Es war so (E7) gegen dreizehn (am) Uhr.
Sie war vom (E7) Wein sehr froh
(am) Und ihm war (E7) auch schon so
(A7) Sie sagte nichts, er sagte (D7) nur:

Refrain

„Herr (G) Ober, zwei Mokka
Für (D7) Baby und für mich
Dazu ein Stückchen Streusel(G)kuchen
(D7) Mein (G) Geld sitzt heut' locker
Für (A7) Baby und für (D) mich
Ich (em7) will mein Glück bei (A7) Baby ver(D7)suchen!
Darum rufe ich: Herr (G) Ober, zwei Mokka
Für (D7) Baby und für mich
Dazu von Baby ein(C7)en (B7) Kuss
Dann (am) spare ich den (D7) Zucker
Ich (G) bin ein armer (em) Schlucker -
Herr (G) Ober, zwei Mokka
Und (D7) dann für heute (G) Schluss!"

(G) Doch nach dem (D7) Mokka dann
(G) Kam wieder (D7) Cognac dran
(G) Und nach dem (E7) Cognac Wein und (am) Bier
Sie hat schon (E7) wieder 'n Schwips
(am) Ihm war ver(E7)rutscht der Schlips
(A7) Und wieder rief er gegen (D7) vier:

Refrain

(G) So ging's die (D7) ganze Nacht
(G) Man trank bis (D7) früh um acht
(G) Und war beim (E7) zwölften Mokka (am) schon
Sogar der (E7) Schlagzeugmann
(am) Fing schon zu (E7) singen an
(A7) Und brüllte durch das Mega(D7)phon:

Refrain



Heute hier, morgen dort

Musik: Gary Bolstad | Text: Hannes Wader | 1972



e

Heute **(C)** hier, morgen dort
Bin kaum **(F)** da, muss ich **(C)** fort
Hab' mich niemals des**(am)**wegen be**(G7)**klagt
Hab' es **(C)** selbst so gewählt
Nie die **(F)** Jahre ge**(C)**zählt
Nie nach **(am)** gestern und **(G7)** morgen **(C)** gefragt **(F-C)**

Refrain

Manchmal **(G7)** träume ich schwer,
und dann **(F)** denk' ich, es **(C)** wär'
Zeit zu **(G7)** bleiben und nun
was ganz **(F)** And'res zu **(C)** tun
So vergeht Jahr um Jahr,
und es **(F)** ist mir längst **(C)** klar
Dass nichts **(am)** bleibt, dass nichts **(G7)** bleibt,
wie es **(C)** war **(F-C)**

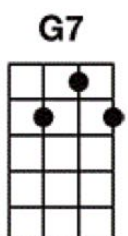
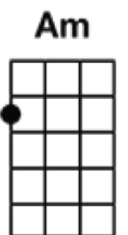
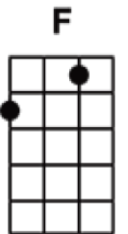
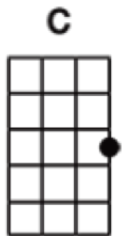
Dass man **(C)** mich kaum vermisst
Schon nach **(F)** Tagen ver**(C)**gisst
Wenn ich längst wieder **(am)** anderswo **(G7)** bin
Stört und **(C)** kümmert mich nicht
Vielleicht **(F)** bleibt mein Ge**(C)**sicht
Doch dem **(am)** Ein' oder **(G7)** Anderen im **(C)** Sinn **(F-C)**

Refrain

Fragt mich **(C)** einer, warum
Ich so **(F)** bin, bleib ich **(C)** stumm
Denn die Antwort dar**(am)**auf fällt mir **(G7)** schwer
Denn was **(C)** neu ist wird alt
Und was **(F)** gestern noch **(C)** galt
Stimmt schon **(am)** heut' oder **(G7)** morgen nicht **(C)** mehr **(F-C)**

Refrain

So ver**(C)**geht Jahr um Jahr, und es **(G7)** ist mir längst **(F)** klar
Dass nichts **(C)** bleibt, dass nichts **(G7)** bleibt, wie es **(C)** war **(F-C)**



Hey Jude

Paul McCartney | 1968



g

Hey (C) Jude, don't make it (G) bad
Take a (G7) sad song and make it (C) better
Re(F)member to let her into your (C) heart
Then you can sta-(G -art to G7) make it (C) better

Hey (C) Jude, don't be a(G)fraid,
You were (G7) made to go out and (C) get her
The (F) minute you let her under your (C) skin
Then you be(G -gin to G7) make it (C better – Cmaj7)

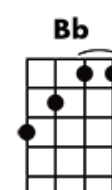
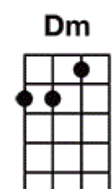
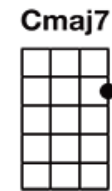
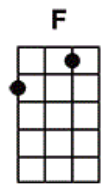
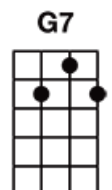
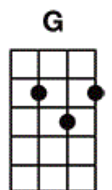
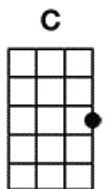
(C7) And anytime you feel the (F) pain, hey Jude, re(dm)frain
Don't carry the (G7) world upon your (C) shoulders – Cmaj7
(C7) For well you know that it's a (F) fool who plays it (dm) cool
By making his (G7) world a little (C) colder
Na na na (C7 na na G7) na na na (G7) naaa

Hey (C) Jude, don't let me (G) down,
You have (G7) found her, now go and (C) get her.
Re(F)member to let her into you (C) heart
Then you can sta-(G-art to G7) make it (C better – Cmaj7)

(C7) So let it out and let it (F) in, hey Jude, be(dm)gin
You're waiting for (G7) someone to per(C form with – Cmaj7)
(C7) And don't you know that it's just (F) you, hey Jude, you'll (dm) do
The movement you (G7) need is on your (C) shoulder
Na na na (C7 na na G7) na na na (G7) naaa yeah

Hey (C) Jude, don't make it (G) bad
take a (G7) sad song and make it (C) better.
Re(F)member to let her under your (C) skin
Then you be(G gin to G7) make it (C) better
Better, better, better, better, better, oh

(C) Na___ na na (Bb) na na na na___ (F) na na na na___ hey (C) Jude
(C) Na___ na na (Bb) na na na na___ (F) na na na na___ hey (C) Jude
...



Hit The Road Jack

(Percy Mayfield)

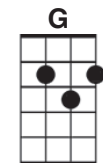
Ray Charles

Intro: [Am] [G] [F] [E7]

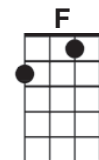
Hit the [Am] road [G] Jack and [F] don't you come [E7] back
No [Am] more no [G] more no [F] more no [E7] more
Hit the [Am] road [G] Jack and [F] don't you come [E7] back no [Am] more [G]
[F] What you [E7] say?
Hit the [Am] road [G] Jack and [F] don't you come [E7] back
No [Am] more no [G] more no [F] more no [E7] more
Hit the [Am] road [G] Jack and [F] don't you come [E7] back no [Am] more [G] [F] [E7]



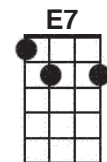
Whoa! [Am] woman oh [G] woman don't [F] treat me so [E7] mean
You're the [Am] meanest [G] woman that I've [F] ever [E7] seen
I [Am] guess if [G] you said [F] so... [E7]
I'll [Am] have to pack my [G] things and [F] go (That's [E7] right!)



Hit the [Am] road [G] Jack and [F] don't you come [E7] back
No [Am] more no [G] more no [F] more no [E7] more
Hit the [Am] road [G] Jack and [F] don't you come [E7] back no [Am] more [G]
[F] What you [E7] say?
Hit the [Am] road [G] Jack and [F] don't you come [E7] back
No [Am] more no [G] more no [F] more no [E7] more
Hit the [Am] road [G] Jack and [F] don't you come [E7] back no [Am] more [G] [F] [E7]



Now [Am] baby listen [G] baby don't [F] treat me this [E7] way
For [Am] I'll be [G] back on my [F] feet some [E7] day
Don't [Am] care if you [G] do cause it's [F] under[E7]stood,
You ain't [Am] got no [G] money you [F] just ain't no [E7] good
Well I [Am] guess if [G] you say [F] so [E7]
I'll [Am] have to pack my [G] things and [F] go (That's [E7] right!)



Hit the [Am] road [G] Jack and [F] don't you come [E7] back
No [Am] more no [G] more no [F] more no [E7] more
Hit the [Am] road [G] Jack and [F] don't you come [E7] back no [Am] more [G]
[F] What you [E7] say?
Hit the [Am] road [G] Jack and [F] don't you come [E7] back
No [Am] more no [G] more no [F] more no [E7] more
Hit the [Am] road [G] Jack and [F] don't you come [E7] back no [Am] more [G] [F] [E7]

[F] Don't you come [E7] back no [Am] more [G] [F] [E7]
[Am] – single strum

Hotel California

Don Felder, Glenn Frey & Don Henley



Je zwei Takte | **am** | **E7** | **G** | **D** | **F** | **C** | **dm** | **E7** |

e

(**am**) On a dark desert highway (**E7**) cool wind in my hair
(**G**) Warm smell of colitas (**D**) rising up through the air
(**F**) Up ahead in the distance (**C**) I saw a shimmering light
(**dm**) My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim
(**E7**) I had to stop for the night

(**am**) There she stood in the doorway (**E7**) I heard the mission bell
(**G**) And I was thinking to myself this could be (**D**) heaven or this could be hell
(**F**) Then she lit up a candle (**C**) and she showed me the way
(**dm**) There were voices down the corridor (**E7**) I thought I heard them say

(**F**) Welcome to the Hotel Cali(**C**)fornia
Such a (**E7**) lovely place (*such a lovely place*), such a (**am**) lovely face
There's (**F**) plenty of room at the Hotel Cali(**C**)fornia
Any (**dm**) time of year (*any time of year*) you can (**E7**) find it here

(**am**) Her mind is Tiffany twisted (**E7**) she got the Mercedes Benz
(**G**) She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys (**D**) she calls friends
(**F**) How they dance in the courtyard (**C**) sweet summer sweat
(**dm**) Some dance to remember (**E7**) some dance to forget

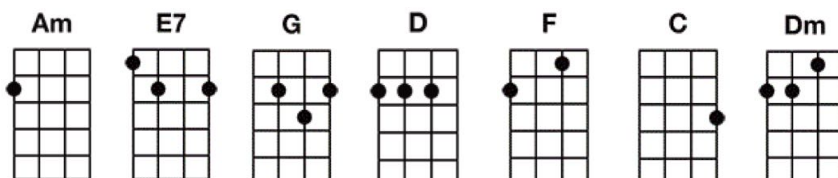
(**am**) So I called up the captain, (**E7**) "Please bring me my wine" (*He said*)
(**G**) "We haven't had that spirit here since (**D**) 1969"
(**F**) And still those voices are calling from (**C**) far away
(**dm**) Wake you up in the middle of the night (**E7**) just to hear them say

(**F**) Welcome to the Hotel Cali(**C**)fornia
Such a (**E7**) lovely place (*such a lovely place*), such a (**am**) lovely face
They're (**F**) livin' it up at the Hotel Cali(**C**)fornia
What a (**dm**) nice surprise (*what a nice surprise*), bring your (**E7**) alibis

(**am**) Mirrors on the ceiling (**E7**) pink champagne on ice (*and she said*)
(**G**) "We are all just prisoners here (**D**) of our own device"
(**F**) And in the master's chambers they (**C**) gathered for the feast
(**dm**) They stab it with their steely knives but they (**E7**) just can't kill the beast

(**am**) Last thing I remember I was (**E7**) running for the door
(**G**) I had find the passage back to the (**D**) place I was before
(**F**) "Relax" said the night man, "we are (**C**) programmed to receive
(**dm**) You can check out any time you like but (**E7**) you can never leave..."

Je zwei Takte | **am** | **E7** | **G** | **D** | **F** | **C** | **dm** | **E7** | **am** single strum |



House of the Rising Sun (abridged) – The Animals†

[intro]

(Am) (C) (D) (F)
(Am) (E7) (Am) (E7)

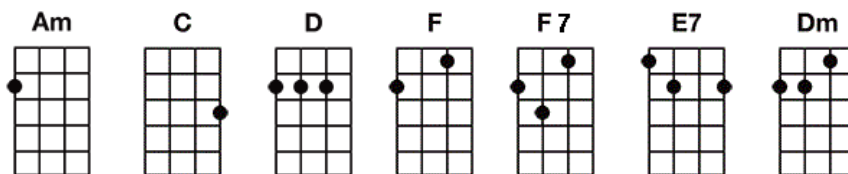
There (Am)is a (C)house in (D)New Orleans (F)
They (Am)call the (C)Rising (E7)Sun (E7)
And it's (Am)been the (C)ruin of (D)many a poor boy (F)
And (Am)God I (E7)know I'm
(Am)one (C) (D) (F)
(Am) (E7) (Am) (E7)

My (Am)mother (C)was a (D)taylor (F7)
She (Am)sewed my (C)new blue (E7)jeans (E7)
My (Am)father (C)was a (D)gambling (F)man
(Am)Down in (E7)New Or(Am)leans (E7)

Oh (Am)mother (C) tell your chil(D)dren (F7)
Not to (Am)do what (C)I have (E7)done (E7)
(Am)Spend your (C)lives in (D)sin and mise(F)ry
In the (Am)house of the (E7)Rising (Am)Sun (E7)

Well I got (Am)one foot (C) on the (D)platform (F7)
And the (Am)other (C)foot on the (E7)train (E7)
I'm (Am)going (C)back to (D)New Orleans (F7)
To (Am)wear that (E7)ball and
(Am)chain (C) (D) (F7)
(Am) (E7) (Am) (E7)

There (Am)is a (C)house in (D)New Orleans (F7)
They (Am)call the (C)Rising (E7)Sun (E7)
And it's (Am)been the (C)ruin of (D)many a poor (F7)boy
And (Am)God I (E7)know I'm
(Am)one (C) (D) (F7)
(Am) (E7) (Am) (Dm)
(Am) (Dm) – for four bars
(Am – single strum)



(If F7 is tricky, play F instead)

I Can See Clearly Now

Johnny Nash | 1972



| D |

d

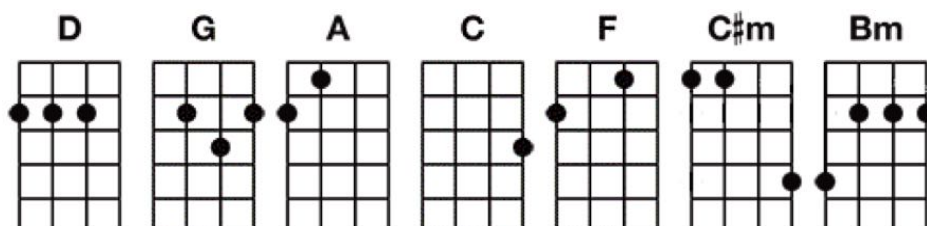
(D) I can see (G) clearly now the (D) rain has gone
I can see (G) all obstacles (A) in my way
(D) Gone are the (G) dark clouds that (D) had me blind
It's going to be a (C) bright... (G) bright... sunny (D) day
It's going to be a (C) bright... (G) bright... sunny (D) day

(D) I think I can (G) make it now the (D) pain has gone
All of the (G) bad feelings have (A) disappeared
(D) Here is the (G) rainbow I've been (D) praying for
It's gonna be a (C) bright... (G) bright... sunny (D) day

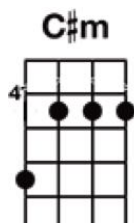
(F) Look all around... there's nothing but (C) blue skies
(F) Look straight ahead.... nothing but (A) blue
ski-i-i-(c#m)-i-i-(G)-i-i-(c#m) -i-i-(G)-i-i-(C)-i-i-(bm)-i-i-ies (A)

(D) I can see (G) clearly now the (D) rain has gone
I can see (G) all obstacles (A) in my way
(D) Gone are the (G) dark clouds that (D) had me blind
It's going to be a (C) bright... (G) bright... sunny (D) day

It's going to be a (C) bright... (G) bright... sunny (D) day
It's going to be a (C) bright... (G) bright... sunny
(D - rapid strumming) day



Alternative c#m, on 4th fret, in case you want to slide about



I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing

(In Perfect Harmony)

Roger Cook & Roger Greenaway | Billy Davis | 1972

g

I'd (C) like to build a world a home
And (D7) furnish it with love
Grow (G7) apple trees and honey bees
And (F) snow white turtle (C) doves

I'd (C) like to teach the world to sing
In (D7) perfect harmony
I'd (G7) like to hold it in my arms
And (F) keep it compa(C)ny

I'd (C) like to see the world for once
All (D7) standing hand in hand
And (G7) hear them echo through the hills
For (F) peace throughout the (C) land

I'd (C) like to build a world a home
And (D7) furnish it with love
Grow (G7) apple trees and honey bees
And (F) snow white turtle (C) doves

That's the song I hear

I'd (C) like to teach the world to sing
let the world sing today

In (D7) perfect harmony
hand in hand

I'd (G7) like to hold it in my arms
And (F) keep it compa(C)ny

That's the song I hear

I'd (C) like to see the world for once
let the world sing today

All (D7) standing hand in hand
hand in hand

And (G7) hear them echo through the hills
For (F) peace throughout the (C) land

That's the song I hear

I'd (C) like to teach the world to sing
let the world sing today

In (D7) perfect harmony
hand in hand

I'd (G7) like to hold it in my arms
And (F) keep it compa(C)ny
(G7) la da da (C) daa

The New Seekers' version



The New Seekers
www.youtube.com/watch?v=CLwqz_ccDMM
The Hillside Singers
www.youtube.com/watch?v=ASe7ioPis6I
Coca Cola commercial 1971
www.youtube.com/watch?v=1VM2eLhvsSM

I'm Gonna Be (500 Miles)

The Proclaimers
(Craig & Charlie Reid) 1988

When I (**D**) wake up, yeah I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna (**G**) be the man who (**A**) wakes up next to (**D**) you
When I (**D**) go out, yeah I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna (**G**) be the man who (**A**) goes along with (**D**) you
If I (**D**) get drunk, well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna (**G**) be the man who (**A**) gets drunk next to (**D**) you
And if I (**D**) haver, yeah I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna (**G**) be the man who's (**A**) havering to (**D**) you

chorus

But (**D**) I would walk 500 miles and (**G**) I would walk five(**A**)hundred more
Just to (**D**) be the man who walked a 1000 (**G**) miles to fall down (**A**) at your door

When I'm (**D**) working, yeah I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna (**G**) be the man who's (**A**) working hard for (**D**) you
And when the (**D**) money, comes in for the work I do
I'll pass (**G**) almost every (**A**) penny on to (**D**) you
When I (**D**) come home, oh I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna (**G**) be the man who (**A**) comes back home to (**D**) you
And if I (**D**) grow old, well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna (**G**) be the man who's (**A**) growing old with (**D**) you

chorus

(**D**) Ta la la ta - ta la la ta (**D**) Ta la la ta - ta la la ta
(**G**) Talalalala (**A**) Talalala (**D**) La la [2x]

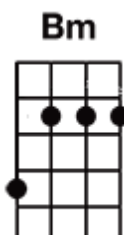
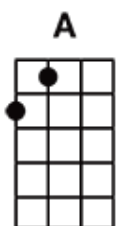
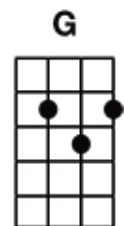
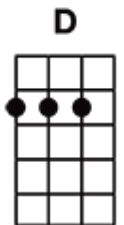
When I'm (**D**) lonely, well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna (**G**) be the man who's (**A**) lonely without (**D**) you
And when I'm (**D**) dreaming, well I know I'm gonna dream
I'm gonna (**G**) dream about the (**A**) time when I'm with (**D**) you
When I (**D**) go out, well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna (**G**) be the man who (**A**) goes along with (**D**) you
And when I (**D**) come home, well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna (**G**) be the man who (**A**) comes back home to (**bm**) you
I'm gonna (**G**) be the man who's (**A**) coming home to (**D**) you

chorus

(**D**) Ta la la ta - ta la la ta (**D**) Ta la la ta - ta la la ta
(**G**) Talalalala (**A**) Talalala (**D**) La la [2x]

chorus

letzte Zeile: ...a 1000 (**G**) miles to fall down (**A**) at your do-o-(**D**)or



I'm Yours

Jason Mraz | 2008



| C | C | G | G | am | am | F | F |

Well, you **(C)** done done me and you bet I felt it
I **(G)** tried to be chill but you're so hot that I melted
I **(am)** fell right through the cracks
now I'm **(F)** trying to get back

Before the **(C)** cool done run out I'll be giving it my bestest
And **(G)** nothing's gonna stop me but divine intervention
I **(am)** reckon it's again my turn
to **(F)** win some or learn some

chorus

But **(C)** I won't hesi**(G)**tate no more, no **(am)** more
It cannot **(F)** wait, I'm yours

| C | C | G | G | am | am | F | F |

Well **(C)** open up your mind and see like me
(G) Open up your plans and damn you're free
(am) Look into your heart and you'll find
(F) Love love love love

(C) Listen to the music of the moment people dance
And **(G)** sing we're just one big fami**(am)**ly
And it's our godforsaken right to be
(F) Loved loved loved loved **(G7)** loved

chorus

So **(C)** I won't hesi**(G)**tate no more, no **(am)** more
It cannot **(F)** wait, I'm sure
There's no **(C)** need to compli**(G)**cate, our time is **(am)** short
This is our **(F)** fate, I'm yours

Bridge

D-d-**(C)**do do you, but do you, **(G)** d-d-do
But do you want to come **(am)** on
Scooch on over clo**(F)**ser dear
And I will nibble your **(G7)** ear



I've been **(C)** spending way too long checking my tongue in the mirror
And **(G)** bending over backwards just to try to see it clearer
But my **(am)** breath fogged up the glass
and so I **(F)** drew a new face and I laughed

I **(C)** guess what I'd be sayin' is there ain't no better reason
To **(G)** rid yourself of vanities and just go with the seasons
It's **(am)** what we aim to do
our **(F)** name is our virtue

chorus

But **(C)** I won't hesi**(G)**tate no more, no **(am)** more
It cannot **(F)** wait, I'm yours

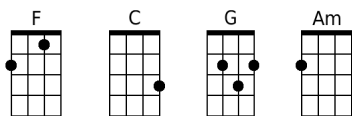
Well **(C)** open up your mind and see like me
(G) Open up your plans and damn you're free
(am) Look into your heart and you'll find that
(F) The sky is yours

But **(C)** I won't hesi
(G)tate no more, no
(am) more, it cannot
(F) wait, I'm yours

So **(C)** please don't please don't please don't,
There's no **(G)** need to complicate
Cause our time is **(am)** short
This oh, this oh, this is our **(F)** fate
I'm **(C)** yours

So **(C)** please don't com
(G)plicate because our
(am) time is short this
(F) is our fate
I'm **(C)** yours

| C | G | am | F | C (1 strum)



Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuß auf Liebe eingestellt

Text & Musik: Friedrich Holländer | 1930

e'

(C) Ein rätselhafter Schimmer,
(G7) ein "je ne sais pas quoi"
liegt in den Augen immer
(C) bei einer (G7) schönen Frau.
(C) Doch wenn sich meine Augen
(G) bei einem Vis-à-vis
(am) ganz tief in seine (G) saugen,
(D7) was sprechen dann (G7) sie?

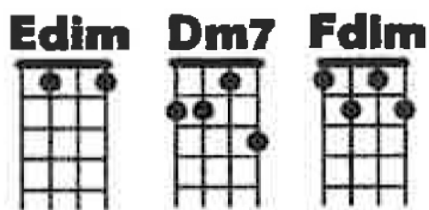


Refrain

(C) Ich bin von (F) Kopf bis Fuß auf (C) Liebe einge(Edim)stellt
denn (dm7) das ist meine (G7) Welt und sonst (C) gar nichts. (G7)
(C) Das ist, was (F) soll ich machen, (C) meine Na(am)tur,
ich (dm7) kann halt lieben(G7) nur und sonst (C) gar nichts.
(E7) Männer umschwirrn mich wie (am) Motten um das Licht,
und (D7) wenn sie verbrennen, ja (G) dafür kann ich (G7) nichts.
(C) Ich bin von (Fdim) Kopf bis Fuß auf (C) Liebe einge(A7)stellt
denn (dm) das ist meine (G7) Welt und sonst (C) gar nichts.

(C) Was bebt in meinen Händen,
(G7) in ihrem heißen Druck?
Sie möchten sich verschwenden,
(C) sie haben (G7) nie genug.
(C) Ihr werdet mir verzeihen,
(G) ihr müsst es halt verstehn,
(am) es lockt mich stets von (G) neuem,
(D7) ich find es so (G7) schön.

Refrain



Marlene Dietrich 1930 www.youtube.com/watch?v=ahyLLX0tmD8

Marlene Dietrich in „Der blaue Engel“ 1930 www.youtube.com/watch?v=8gAo2aR_tUw

Bryan Ferry 1999 (Falling in love again) www.youtube.com/watch?v=C-3kKCiA63M

Ich brauch für Sonntag eine neue Braut

Musik: Austin Egen / Text: Kurt Schwabach 1928

a

(F) Gestern Nacht um (C+) Viertel vier
 (F) Klingelt's an der (C+) Wohnungstür,
 (F) Und vor mir steht (C+) zitternd mein Freund (F) Kraus,
 (gm) Fällt mir weinend (C7) um den Hals,
 (gm) Und ich denk' mir: (C7) Jedenfalls
 (G7) Will er wieder Geld. Doch er rief (C7) aus:

Refreng

Ich brauch' für (F) Sonntag eine neue (C7) Braut,
 Die mir recht lang und tief ins Auge (F) schaut,
 Die mich sehr (D7) gut versteht, mit mir ins (G7) Kino geht
 Und außerdem noch weiß, um was sich's (C7) dreht.
 Ich brauch' für (F) Sonntag eine neue (C7) Braut,
 Denn meine alte haben sie mir ge(D7)klaut,
 Drum lauf' ich (gm) überall ver(C#dim)zweifelt 'rum
 und (F) rufe (D7) laut:
 Ich brauch' für (gm) Sonntag eine (C7) neue (F) Braut! - C7) (F)

(F) Onkel Fritz aus (C+) Neuruppin
 (F) Kam im Schnellzug (C+) nach Berlin,
 (F) Weil Berlin ihn (C+) riesig interes(F)siert.
 (gm) Gleich am Bahnhof (C7) sprach er dann
 (gm) Einen Auskunfts(C7)schupo an:
 (G7) Bitte schön, Sie sind doch orien(C7)tiert:

Refreng

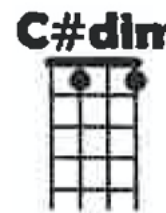
(F) Müller ging ins (C+) Warenhaus.
 (F) Der Verkäufer (C+) fragt ihn aus:
 (F) Bitte sehr, was (C+) soll's denn Schönes (F) sein?
 (gm) Einen Schrank mit (C7) Reißverschluss
 (gm) Oder einen (C7) Autobus?
 (G7) Müller wurde rot und sagte: (C7) Nein!

Refreng

(F) Wegen Tobsucht (C+) und Gewalt
 (F) bracht' man in die (C+) Heilanstalt
 (F) einen Mann, der (C+) grad' sich hat ver(F)mählt;
 (gm) der Professor (C7) dachte, er
 (gm) sei ein Epi(C7)leptiker,
 (G7) doch der Mann rief: Wissen's was mir (C7) fehlt?!

2x Refreng

Paul Westermeier & Tanzorchester Dajos Béla 1928
www.youtube.com/watch?v=jvWyL574BQ8 (mit Ukulelebanjo)
 Austin Egen 1928 www.youtube.com/watch?v=BLgOFsC68Qk



Ich wünsch' mir ne kleine Miezekatze

Text: Loriot | Musik: Bert Claus, Jean Thomé, Elvira Ochoa | 1972

Musik! Eins zwei drei vier!

(G-C) (G-D7) (G-C) (G-D7)
Wouuuuuuuuuuuuu

(G) Ich wünsch' mir ne kleine Mieze(G7)katze
(C) für mein Wochenendhaus
(A7) Der schenk' ich eine Luftmatratze
(D7) Und eine Spielzeugmaus

(G) Ihr singt dauernd solche Liebes(G7)lieder
(C) Vorne und hinten mit Schmalz
(A7) Ach, die häng' mir immer wieder
(D7) so aus'm Hals

(G-C) (G-D7) (G-C) (G)
Wouuuuuuuuuuuuu

(G) Heute fand ich einen Suppen(G7)knochen
(C) leider mitten im Dreck!
(A7) Den werd' ich mir zu Mittag kochen
(D7) oder schmeiße ihn weg!

(G) Ich habe ein paar kleine Haa(G7)re
(C) an meinem Hinterkopf!
(A7) Und wenn ich die Geduld bewahre
(D7) wird es vielleicht ein Zopf!

(G-C) (G-D7) (G-C) (G)
Wouuuuuuuuuuuuu

(G) Heute sitze ich im Staatsthea(G7)ter
(C) ganz weit vorne im Parkett!
(A7) Denn da singt mein Urgroßvater
(D7) ganz alleine ein Duett.

(G) Manchmal möchte ich in Bonn re (G7)gieren,
(C) frisch gewaschen und rasiert!
(A7) Dann gehör ich zu den großen Tieren
(D7) auch wenn's nicht funktioniert!

(G-C) (G-D7) (G-C) (G) (G-C) (G-D7) (G-C) (G)
Wouuuuuuuuuuuuu



If You Want The Rainbow (You Must Have The Rain)

Music: Oscar Levant | Lyrics: Billy Rose | 1928



a

(C) What does it (dm) matter (G7) if (C) rain comes your (F) way
(am) And raindrops (dm) patter (G7) all (C) day (C)
(em) The rain descending should (A7) not make you blue
(am) The (C+) happy (am) ending is (D7) waiting for (G7) you

chorus (C) Take your (Cmaj7) share of (C7) trouble
(F) Face it and (fm) don't com(C)plain
(am) If you want the (D7) rainbow
You (F) must have (G7) the (C) rain

(C) Happi(Cmaj7)ness comes (C7) double
(F) After a (fm) little (C) pain
(am) If you want the (D7) rainbow
You (F) must have (G7) the (C) rain

What if (C7) your (F) love affair should break up
(fm) As they sometimes will
(C) When you kiss and (am) make up
(D7) Oh what a (G7) thrill

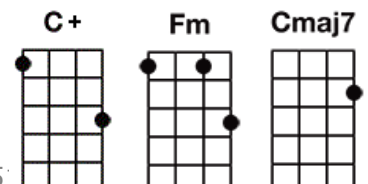
(C) Sadness (Cmaj7) ends in (C7) gladness
(F) Showers are (fm) not in (C) vain
(am) If you want the (D7) rainbow
You (F) must have (G7) the (C rain G7)

(C) Before the (dm) dawning (G7) the (C) sky is in (F) tears
(am) And then the (dm) morning (G7) ap(C)pears (C)
(em) A field of clover will (A7) nod in the rain
(am) But (C+) when it's (am) over it's (D7) "heads up" a(G7)gain

chorus ...
(am) If you want the (D7) rainbow
You (F) must have (G7) the (C) rain
ritardando
(am) If you want the (D7) rainbow
You (F) must have (G7) the (C) rain



Annette Hanshaw 1928 www.youtube.com/watch?v=AKc1dS71bEc
Norah Jones 2014 www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZzXmpV03tQU
Lee Morse 1928 www.youtube.com/watch?v=GRUfHhp9YPA
Ben Selvin & His Orchestra 1928 www.youtube.com/watch?v=WWFE55



Imagine

John Lennon | 1971



Intro | C | F | C | F |

g

(C) Imagine there's no (F) heaven
(C) It's easy if you (F) try
(C) No hell be(F)low us
(C) Above us only (F) sky

(F/C) Imagine (am/C) all the peo(dm)ple (F)
(G) Living for to(G7)day... (a-ahh-ahh)

(C) Imagine there's no (F) countries
(C) It isn't hard to (F) do
(C) Nothing to kill or (F) die for
(C) And no religion (F) too

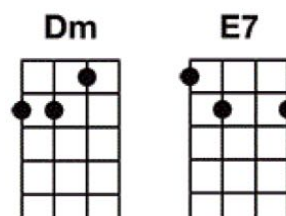
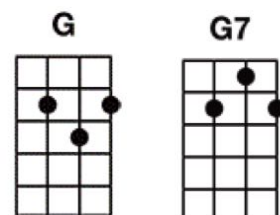
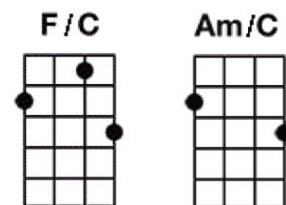
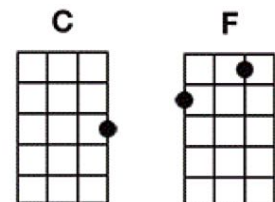
(F/C) Imagine (am/C) all the peo(dm)ple (F)
(G) Living life in (G7) peace... (you-oo-oo)

(F) You may (G7) say I'm a (C) dreamer (E7)
(F) But I'm (G7) not the only one (C) (E7)
(F) I hope some (G7) day you'll (C) join us (E7)
(F) And the (G7) world will (C) be as one

(C) Imagine no pos(F)sessions
(C) I wonder if you (F) can
(C) No need for greed or (F) hunger
(C) A brotherhood of (F) man

(F/C) Imagine (am/C) all the peo(dm)ple (F)
(G) Sharing all the (G7) world... (you-oo-oo)

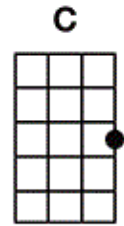
(F) You may (G7) say I'm a (C) dreamer (E7)
(F) But I'm (G7) not the only one (C) (E7)
(F) I hope some (G7) day you'll (C) join us (E7)
(F) And the (G7) world will (C) live as one



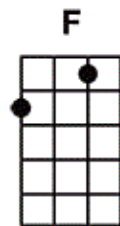
In the Summertime – Mungo Jerry

[intro] (C)

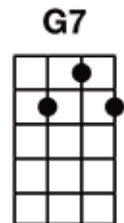
In the **(C)**summertime when the weather is high
You can stretch right up and touch the sky
When the **(F)**weather is fine
You got women, you got women on your **(C)**mind
Have a **(G7)**drink, have a drive
(F)Go out and see what you can **(C)**find



If her **(C)**daddy's rich take her out for a meal
If her daddy's poor just do what you feel
Speed a**(F)**long the lane
Do a ton or a ton an' twenty-**(C)**five
When the **(G7)**sun goes down
You can **(F)**make it, make it good in a lay-**(C)**by



We're no **(C)**threat, people
We're not dirty, not mean
We love everybody but we do as we please
When the **(F)**weather is fine
We go fishin' or go swimmin' in the **(C)**sea
We're always **(G7)**happy
Life's for **(F)**livin' yeah that's our phi-los-o-**(C)**phy



(C)Sing along with us
Dee-dee dee-dee dee dee
Dah-dah dah-dah dah
Yeah we're hap-happy
Dah dah-**(F)**dah
Dee-dah-do dee-dah-do dah-do-**(C)**dah
Dah-do-**(G7)**dah-dah-dah
Dah-dah-**(F)**dah do-dah-**(C)**dah

(C)When the winter's here, yeah it's party time
Bring your bottle wear your bright clothes it'll soon be summertime
And we'll **(F)**sing again
We'll go drivin' or maybe we'll settle **(C)**down
If she's **(G7)**rich, if she's nice
Bring your **(F)**friends and we'll all go into **(C)**town

In the **(C)**summertime when the weather is high
You can stretch right up and touch the sky
When the **(F)**weather is fine
You got women, you got women on your **(C)**mind
Have a **(G7)**drink, have a drive
(F)Go out and see what you can **(C)**find

Irgendwo auf der Welt

Musik: Werner Richard Heymann | Text: Robert Gilbert | 1932
Aus dem UFA-Film „Ein blonder Traum“



g

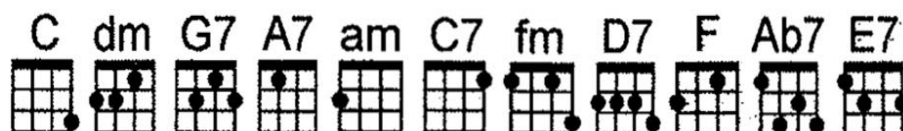
(C) Ich hab' so (dm) Sehn(G7)sucht,
(C) ich träum' so (G7) oft:
(C) Einst wird das Glück mir (A7) nah sein.
(dm) Ich hab' so (A7) Sehnsucht,
(dm) ich hab' ge(A7)hofft,
(dm) bald wird die Stunde (am) da (C7) sein!
(fm) Tage und (C) Nächte
(fm) wart' ich da(C)rauf.
(A7) Ich geb' die (D7) Hoffnung niemals (G7) auf!

Refrain

Irgend(C)wo auf der (G7) Welt
gibt's ein (C) kleines (F) bisschen (C) Glück,
(D7) und ich (C) träum' davon in (G7) jedem Augen(C)blick. (F-C)
Irgend(C)wo auf der (G7) Welt
gibt's ein (C) bisschen (F) Selig(C)keit
(D7) Und ich (C) träum' davon schon (G7) lange, lange (C) Zeit. (F-C)
Wenn ich (F) wüsst', wo das (fm) ist,
ging ich (F) in die Welt hin(C)ein
Denn ich (am) möcht' einmal (Ab7) recht
so von (G7) Herzen glücklich sein.
Irgend(C)wo auf der (G7) Welt
fängt mein (C) Weg zum (E7) Himmel (am) an.
(F) Irgend(C)wo, (A7) irgend(dm)wie, (G7) irgend(C)wann! (F-C)

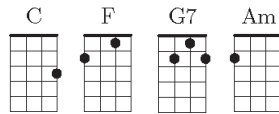
(C) Von all den (dm) Stern(G7)en
(C) in dunkler (G7) Nacht
(C) muss auch für mich ein (A7) Stern sein.
(dm) Wenn er aus (A7) Fernen
(dm) mir tröstend (A7) lacht,
(dm) dann kann mein Tag nicht (am) fern (C7) sein.
(fm) Wenn mich das (C) Schicksal (fm) einmal (C) verwöhnt
(A7) Ich hab' mich (D7) nicht umsonst ge(G7)sehnt

Refrain



Island in the sun (Harry Belafonte)

[4], [d du udu], Island Strum, Verse Single Strum, oder [d-dud-du]

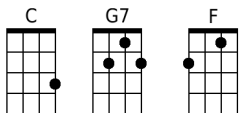


- 1 **Single Strum**
2 [C] This is my island [F] in the sun
3 Where my [G7] people have toiled since [C] time begun
4 [Am] I may sail on [F] many a sea
5 Her [G7] shores will always be [C] home to me
- 6 **Chorus** [C] Oh, island [F] in the sun
7 [G7]. Willed to me by my [C] father`s hand
8 [Am] All my days I will [F] sing in praise
9 Of your [G7] forest, waters, your [C] shining sand [C]^{SS}
- 10 As [C] morning breaks the [F] heaven on high
11 [G7] I lift my heavy load [C] to the sky
12 [Am] Sun comes down with a [F] burning glow
13 [G7] Mingles my sweat with the [C] earth below
- 14 **Repeat Chorus**
- 15 [C] I see woman on [F] bended knee
16 [G7] Cutting cane for her [C] family
17 [Am] I see man at the [F] waterside
18 [G7] Casting nets at the [C] surging tide
- 19 **Repeat Chorus**
- 20 I [C] pray the day will [F] never come
21 When [G7] I can't wake to the [C] sound of drum
22 [Am] Never let me miss [F] carnival
23 With ca-[G7]lypso songs phi-[C]ilosophical
- 24 **Repeat Chorus**
- 25 [Am]^{SS} All my days I will [F]^{SS} sing in praise
26 Of your [G7]^{SS} forest, waters, your [C]^{SS} shining sand



Island Style

John Cruz



C G7 C

Chorus 2x

F **C**
On the island, we do it island style

From the mountain to the ocean,
G7 **C** beim 1.mal: **(C7)**
from the windward to the leeward side

1st verse

C **F** **C**
Mama's in the kitchen cooking dinner real nice
G7 **C**
Beef stew on the stove, lomi salmon with the ice
F **C**
We eat and drink and we sing all day
G7 **C**
Kani ka pila in the old Hawaiian way

Chorus

C **F** **C**
We go grandma`s house on the weekend clean yard `cause
G7 **C**
If we no go grandma gotta work hard
F **C**
You know my grandma she like poi real sour
G7 **C**
I love my grandma every minute every hour

Chorus

1st Verse

Chorus

C
From the mountain to the ocean,
G7 **C** **C / G7 / C**
from the windward to the leeward side



Keep on the Sunny Side

Lyrics: Ada Blenkhorn | Music: J. Howard Entwisle | 1899



g

There's a **(C)** dark and a **(F)** troubled side of **(C)** life
There's a bright and a sunny side **(G)** too
Though we meet with the darkness and **(C)** strife
This **(G)** sunny side we also may **(C)** view

Chorus

(C) Keep on the sunny side, **(F)** always on the sunny **(C)** side
Keep on the sunny side of **(G)** life
It will **(C)** help us every day, it will **(F)** brighten all the **(C)** way
If we keep on the **(G)** sunny side of **(C)** life

The **(C)** storm and its **(F)** fury break to**(C)**day
Crushing hopes that we cherish so **(G)** dear
Clouds and storms will in time pass a**(C)**way
The **(G)** sun again will shine bright and **(C)** clear

Chorus

(C) Keep on the sunny side, **(F)** always on the sunny **(C)** side
Keep on the sunny side of **(G)** life
It will **(C)** help us every day, it will **(F)** brighten all the **(C)** way
If we keep on the **(G)** sunny side of **(C)** life

Let us **(C)** greet with a **(F)** song of hope each **(C)** day
Though the moments be cloudy or **(G)** fair
Let us trust in our Savior al**(C)**ways
To **(G)** keep us, every one, in His **(C)** care

Chorus

(C) Keep on the sunny side,
(F) always on the sunny **(C)** side
Keep on the sunny side of **(G)** life
It will **(C)** help us every day,
It will **(F)** brighten all the **(C)** way
If we keep on the **(G)** sunny side of **(C)** life



The Carter Family 1928 www.youtube.com/watch?v=VnQyaiGkUm0

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band feat. Maybelle Carter 1972 www.youtube.com/watch?v=MzJR0DD46TQ

Kling Klang

Norbert Leisegang, Bernd Wefelmeyer



h

(G) Steck dir die halbe Tüte (am) Erdnusschips
(F) in deinen zuckersüßen (G) Mund.
(G) Find dich in einem (am) Comic-Heft wieder,
(F) fotografier dich (G) bunt.
(G) Graffitis machen graue (am) Wände lebendig,
ich (F) wünschte, ich könnt das (G) auch.
(G) Und wie ich überleg, was ich denn (am) wirklich kann,
seh ich, (F) dass ich zu nichts (G) taug.

Refrain

(G) Kling klang, du und ich
(am) die Straßen ent(G)lang.
(am) Kling (G) klang, du und ich
(am) die Straßen ent(G)lang.

(G) Für diesen Augenblick dich in die (am) Kamera zu kriegen
(F) haut mal wieder nicht (G) hin.
(G) Komm und lass uns heute noch nach (am) England fliegen.
(F) God save the (G) Queen.
(G) An der Westküste dann die Prome(am)nade runter,
(F) wo schon der Kapitän (G) wartet.
(G) "Guten Tag, zweimal bis nach (am) Feuerland bitte!"
(F) Das Schiff ist leicht ent(G)artet.

Refrain

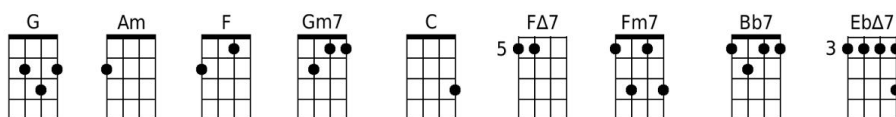
Bridge

(gm7) Bloß von hier (C) weg, so (F7maj) weit wie möglich.
(fm7) Bis du (Bb7) sagst, es ist (Eb7maj) Zeit, wir müssen
(D) aus Feuerland (G) zurück, nach (am) Hause,
(F) im Wiener-Walzer(G)schritt.
(G) Dadadap dadapda (am) dadadam,
(F) dedödemda (G) daum.

Refrain

Bridge

Refrain



L-O-V-E

Musik: Bert Kaempfert 1964, Text: Milt Gabler 1965



| F | dm | gm | C7 | F | dm | gm | C7 |

f

F dm gm C7 gm C7 F
„L“ is for the way you look at me, „O“ is for the only one I see,

F7 Bb
„V“ is very, very extraordinary,

G7 C7 G7 C7
„E“ is even more than anyone that you adore can.

F dm gm C7 gm C7 F
Love is all that I can give to you, love is more than just a game for two.

F7 Bb Bbm7
Two in love can make it, take my heart and please don't break it.

F C7 F C7
Love was made for me and you! (2x)

F dm gm C7 gm C7 F
„L“ heißt lieb mich und die Welt ist mein, „I“ heißt immer möcht' ich bei dir sein,

F7 Bb
„E“ heißt ewig denken, „B“ heißt Blumen schenken,

G7 C7 G C7
„E“ als letztes bliebe, denn das ganze Wort heißt Liebe.

F dm gm C7 gm C7 F
Liebe steht seit vielen Jahren schon unter „L“ in meinem Lexikon.

F7 Bb Bbm7
Doch seit ein paar Tagen brauch' ich nicht mehr nachzuschlagen,

F C7 F C7
denn ich lieb nur dich allein! (2x)

F dm gm C7 gm C7 F
Toi, qui n'as peut-être pas compris quand je t'ai dis en quittant Paris.

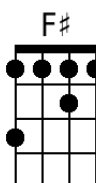
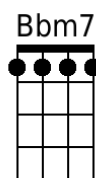
F7 Bb
Je m'en vais le cœur lourd, mais je sais bien qu'un jour,

G7 C7 G7 C7
dès que je le pourrai dans ton pays je reviendrai.

F dm gm C7 gm C7 F
Toi, qui ne m'avait rien répondu, je sais que tu ne m'avait pas cru,

F7 Bb Bbm7
et pourtant me voilà, tu peux avoir confiance en moi,

F C7 F C7 F C7 (F - F - F# - F)
je ne repartirai pas, je ne repartirai pas!



La Ballade des Gens Heureux

Gérard Lenorman | Pierre Delanoë 1975



C **dm** **G7**
Notre vieille terre est une étoile, où toi aussi tu brilles un peu
dm **G7** **C** **am** **dm** **G7** **C**
|: Je viens te chanter la ballade, la ballade des gens heureux :|

C **dm** **G7**
Tu n'as pas de titre ni de grade, mais tu dis "TU" quand tu parles à Dieu
dm **G7** **C** **am** **dm** **G7** **C**
|: Je viens te chanter la ballade, la ballade des gens heureux :|

C **dm** **G7**
Journaliste, pour ta première page, tu peux écrire tout ce que tu veux
dm **G7** **C** **am** **dm** **G7** **C**
|: Je t'offre un titre formidable, la ballade des gens heureux :|

C **dm** **G7**
Toi qui as planté un arbre, dans ton petit jardin de banlieue
dm **G7** **C** **am** **dm** **G7** **C**
|: Je viens te chanter la ballade, la ballade des gens heureux :|

C **dm** **G7**
Il s'endort et tu le regardes, c'est ton enfant, il te ressemble un peu
dm **G7** **C** **am** **dm** **G7** **C**
|: Je viens lui chanter la ballade, la ballade des gens heureux :|

C **dm** **G7**
Toi, la star du haut de ta vague, descends vers nous, tu nous verras mieux
dm **G7** **C** **am** **dm** **G7** **C**
|: On vient te chanter la ballade, la ballade des gens heureux :|

C **dm** **G7**
Roi de la drague et de la rigolade, rouleur, flambeur ou gentil petit vieux
dm **G7** **C** **am** **dm** **G7** **C**
|: On vient te chanter la ballade, la ballade des gens heureux :|

C **dm** **G7**
Comme un coeur dans une cathédrale, comme un oiseau qui fait ce qu'il peut
dm **G7** **C** **am** **dm** **G7** **C**
|: Tu viens de chanter la ballade, la ballade des gens heureux :|



La mer

musique: Charles Trenet, Albert Lasry | paroles: Charles Trenet | 1945



c **F dm gm**

La mer

C7 F dm gm C7 F A7 dm

Qu'on voit danser le long des golfes clairs

C7 F F+

A des reflets d'argent

Bb D7 gm

La mer

C7 dm Bb G7 gm7

Des reflets changeants sous la pluie — e

C7 F dm gm

La mer

C7 F dm gm C7 F A7 dm

Au ciel d'été con — fond ses blancs moutons

C7 F F+

Avec les anges si purs

Bb D7 gm

La mer

C7 dm Bb gm7 C7 F

Bergère d'azur infini — — e

E7 A f#m bm

Voyez

E7 A

Près des étangs

bm E7 A

Ces grands roseaux mouillés

G7 C am dm

Voyez

G7 C

Ces oiseaux blancs

dm G7 C7

Et ces maisons rouillées

C7 F dm gm

La mer

C7 F dm gm C7 F A7 dm

Les a bercés le long des golfes clairs

C7 F F+

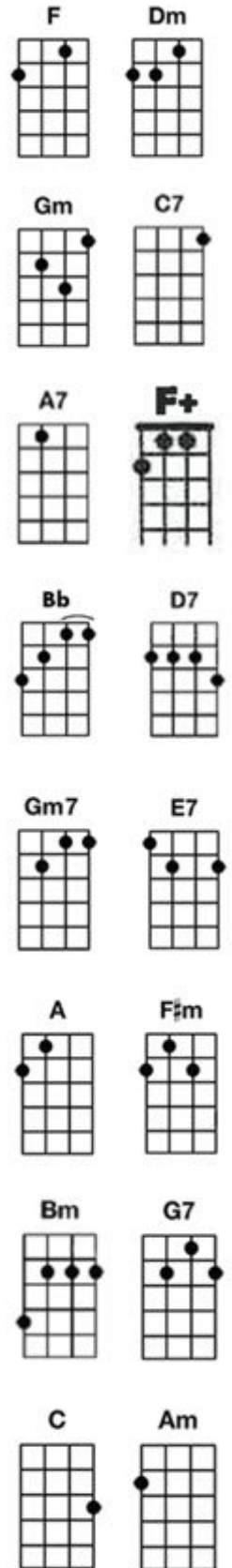
Et d'une chanson d'amour

Bb D7 gm

La mer

C7 dm Bb gm7 C7 F

A bercé mon cœur pour la vie — — e



Das Meer

Musik: Charles Trenet, Albert Lasry | 1943 | Dt. Text: Hans Fitz Beckmann



c **F dm gm**

Das Meer

C7 F dm gm C7 F A7 dm

Wiegt sich im Tanz und rauscht hin zu dem Strand

C7 F F+

Zu seinem ew'gen Ziel

Bb D7 gm

Das Meer

C7 dm Bb G7 gm7

Um dort wie im Spiel hin zu glei - ten

C7 F dm gm

Das Meer

C7 F dm gm C7 F A7 dm

Funkelt im Glanz der Nacht wie ein Diamant

C7 F F+

Spiegelt des Himmels Dom

Bb D7 gm

Das Meer

C7 dm Bb gm7 C7 F

Im endlosen Strom der Gezei - ten

E7 A f#m bm

Wie schön

E7 A

Ist diese Nacht

bm E7 A

Die Welt ist wie ein Traum

G7 C am dm G7 C

Wir se - h'n all ihre Pracht

dm G7 C7

Vereint schwebend im Raum

C7 F dm gm

Das Meer

C7 F dm gm C7 F A7 dm

wiegt sich im Tanz und trägt schwankend zum Land

C7 F F+

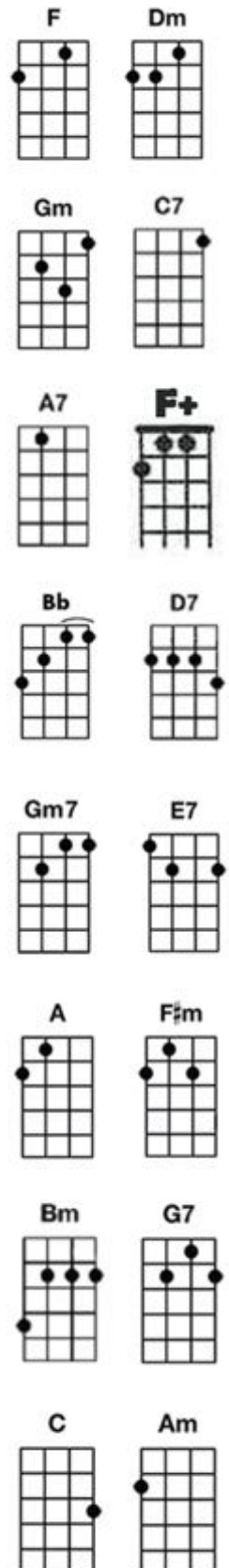
Wieder das Boot zurück

Bb D7 gm

Das Meer

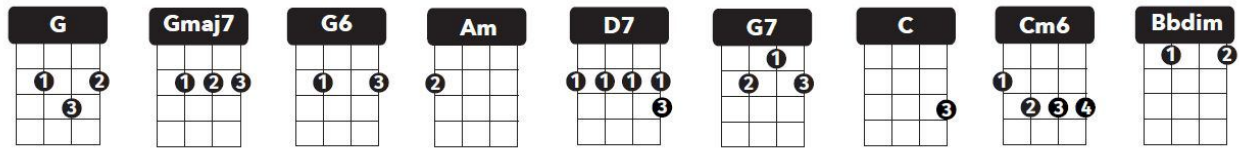
C7 dm Bb gm7 C7 F

Als wollt es ins Glück uns gelei - ten



La Vie En Rose

Edith Piaf



[G] Quand il me prend dans ses [Gmaj7] bras
Il me parle tout [G6] bas
Je vois la [Bbdim] vie en [Am7] ro-[D7]se
[Am7] Il me dit des mots d'a-[D7]mour
Des mots de tous les [Am7] jours
Et [D7] ça me [D7+5] fait quelque [G] chose [Am7][D7]

[G] Il est entré dans mon [Gmaj7] cœur
Une part de bon-[G6]heur
Dont [G7] je connais la [C] cause
[Cm6] C'est lui pour moi, moi pour [G] lui dans la vie
[A7] Il me l'a dit, l'a ju-[Am7]ré pour la [D7] vie [D7-5]

[G] Et dès que je l'aper-[Gmaj7]çois
Alors je sens en [Am7] moi
Mon [D7] cœur qui [Gmaj7] bat [D7]

[G] Hold me close and hold me [Gmaj7] fast
The magic spells you [G6] cast
This is la [Bbdim] vie en [Am7] ro-[D7]se
[Am7] When you kiss me heaven [D7] sighs
And though I close my [Am7] eyes
I [D7] see la [D7+5] vie en [G] rose [Am7][D7]

[G] When you press me to your [Gmaj7] heart
I'm in a world a-[G6]part
A [G7] world where roses [C] bloom
[Cm6] And when you speak angels [G] sing from above
[A7] Everyday words seem to [Am7] turn into [D7] love [D7-5] songs

[G] Give your heart and soul to [Gmaj7] me
And life will always [Am7] be
La [D7] vie en [Gmaj7] rose

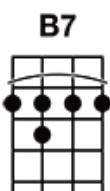
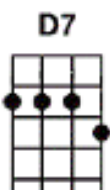
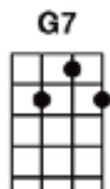
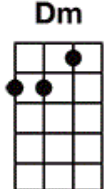
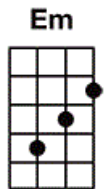
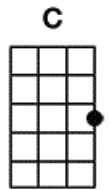
Le Déserteur

Text: Boris Vian 1954, Musik: Harold Berg

C **em** **Edim** **dm**
Monsieur le président, je vous fais une lettre
G7 **C** **D7** **G7**
Que vous lirez peut-être si vous avez le temps.
C **em** **Edim** **dm**
Je viens de recevoir mes papiers militaires
G7 **C** **D7** **G7** **C**
Pour partir à la guerre avant mercredi soir.
F **B7** **em7**
Monsieur le président, je ne veux pas la faire
Edim **dm** **D7** **G7**
Je ne suis pas sur terre pour tuer de pauvres gens.
C **em** **Edim** **dm**
C'est pas pour vous fâcher, il faut que je vous dise,
G7 **C** **D7** **G7** **C**
Ma décision est prise: je m'en vais déserteur.

C **em** **Edim** **dm**
Depuis que je suis né, j'ai vu mourir mon père,
G7 **C** **D7** **G7**
J'ai vu partir mes frères et pleurer mes enfants.
C **em** **Edim** **dm**
Ma mère a tant souffert, elle est dedans sa tombe
G7 **C** **D7** **G7** **C**
Et se moque des bombes et se moque des vers.
F **B7** **em7**
Quand j'étais prisonnier on m'a volé ma femme,
Edim **dm** **D7** **G7**
On m'a volé mon âme et tout mon cher passé.
C **em** **Edim** **dm**
Demain de bon matin je fermerai ma porte
G7 **C** **D7** **G7** **C**
Au nez des années mortes j'irai sur les chemins.

C **em** **Edim** **dm**
Je mendierai ma vie sur les routes de France
G7 **C** **D7** **G7**
De Bretagne en Provence et je dirai aux gens:
C **em** **Edim** **dm**
«Refusez d'obéir, refusez de la faire,
G7 **C** **D7** **G7** **C**
N'allez pas à la guerre, refusez de partir.»
F **B7** **em7**
S'il faut donner son sang, allez donner le vôtre,
Edim **dm** **D7** **G7**
Vous êtes bon apôtre, Monsieur le président.
C **em** **Edim** **dm**
Si vous me poursuivez, prévenez vos gendarmes
G7 **C** **D7** **G7** **C**
Que je n'aurai pas d'armes et qu'ils pourront tirer.



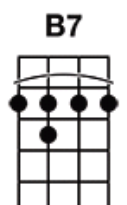
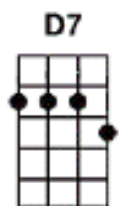
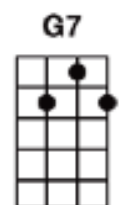
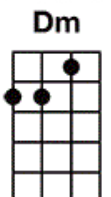
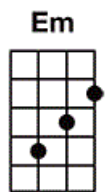
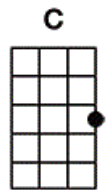
Der Deserteur

Text: Boris Vian 1954, Musik: Harold Berg, dt. Text: Wolf Biermann

C **em** **Edim** **dm**
Monsieur le Président, ob Sie sich wohl bequemen,
G7 **C** **D7** **G7**
Ob Sie die Zeit sich nehmen und lesen meinen Brief?
C **em** **Edim** **dm**
Mich hat's erwischt, ich hab' die Musterungspapiere,
G7 **C** **D7** **G7** **C**
Ich muss in' Krieg marschieren, schon Mittwoch geht es ab.
F **B7** **em7**
Monsieur, ich geh' nicht hin, ich will nicht diese Merde.
Edim **dm** **D7** **G7**
Ich leb' nicht auf der Erde, damit ich Mörder bin.
C **em** **Edim** **dm**
Was alle Welt längst weiß, Sie soll'n es endlich wissen:
G7 **C** **D7** **G7** **C**
Monsieur, Sie sind beschissen, die Kriege sind ein Scheiß.

C **em** **Edim** **dm**
Von klein auf sah ich das: sah Väter, die krepieren,
G7 **C** **D7** **G7**
Sah Söhne losmarschieren, sah Kinder tränennass,
C **em** **Edim** **dm**
Der Mütter Schmerz und Wut, sah and're fröhlich prassen,
G7 **C** **D7** **G7** **C**
Hurra! Und hoch die Tassen! Ahoi! im Meer von Blut.
F **B7** **em7**
Sah gute Kerls im Knast, gebrochen und verbogen,
Edim **dm** **D7** **G7**
Um ihre Frau'n betrogen, um all ihr bisschen Glück.
C **em** **Edim** **dm**
Bevor die Hähne kräh'n, verrammel ich die Türen.
G7 **C** **D7** **G7** **C**
Ich will mein Leben spüren und mach' mich auf den Weg

C **em** **Edim** **dm**
Und schnorr' mir meinen Fraß – so komm' ich durch ganz France,
G7 **C** **D7** **G7**
Bretagne bis Provence, und all'n erzähl' ich das:
C **em** **Edim** **dm**
«Sagt nein, wenn sie euch zieh'n! Sagt nein zum Exerzieren,
G7 **C** **D7** **G7** **C**
Sagt nein zum Kriegeführen. Sagt nein, und geht nicht hin!»
F **B7** **em7**
Monsieur le Président, Ihr seid fürs Blutvergießen?
Edim **dm** **D7** **G7**
Allez! Lasst Eures fließen, das wär' 'ne gute Tat!
C **em** **Edim** **dm**
Und steckt den Bull'n Bescheid: Ich geh' erst mal alleine,
G7 **C** **D7** **G7** **C**
Und Waffen trag' ich keine – mich knallt man lässig ab.



Les Champs-Élysées

Joe Dassin, Mike Deighan, Mike Wilsh | 1969



| dm - G7 | C - am | dm - G7 | C - G7 |

Je (C) m'baladais sur (E7) l'avenue
le (am) cœur ouvert à (C7) l'inconnu
J'a(F)vais envie de (C) dire bonjour à (D) n'importe (G7) qui
N'im(C)porte qui et (E7) ce fut toi
(am) je t'ai dit n'im(C7)porte quoi
Il (F) suffisait de (C) te parler pour (F) t'appri(G7)voï(C)ser

Refrain (C) Aux (E7) Champs-Ély(am)sées (C7)
(F) Aux (C) Champs-Ély(D)sées (G7)
(C) Au soleil, (E7) sous la pluie
(am) à midi ou (C7) à minuit
Il (F) y a tout ce que (C) vous voulez
Aux (F) Champs-(G7)Ély(C)sées

| dm - G7 | C - am | dm - G7 | C - G7 |

(C) Tu m'as dit "J'ai (E7) rendez-vous
dans (am) un sous-sol (C7) avec des fous
Qui (F) vivent la (C) guitare à la main, du (D) soir au ma(G7)tin"
A(C)lors je t'ai ac(E7)compagnée
on (am) a chanté, on (C7) a dansé
Et (F) l'on n'a même (C) pas pensé à (F) s'em(G7)bras(C)ser

Refrain

| dm - G7 | C - am | dm - G7 | C - G7 |

(C) Hier soir deux (E7) inconnus
et (am) ce matin sur (C7) l'avenue
Deux (F) amoureux tout (C) étourdis par (D) la longue (G7) nuit
Et (C) de l'Étoile à (E7) la Concorde
un (am) orchestre à (C7) mille cordes
Tous (F) les oiseaux du (C) point du jour (F) chantent (G7) l'a(C)mour

Refrain

| dm - G7 | C - am | dm - G7 | C - G7 |



Joe Dassin 1969 www.youtube.com/watch?v=woFTMwLJilI

Joe Dassin 1969 engl, Originalversion www.youtube.com/watch?v=rzqjSDKZHsU

Oh Champs-Élysées

Joe Dassin, Mike Deighan, Mike Wilsh | 1969



| dm – G7 | C – am | dm – G7 | C – G7 |

Ich (C) ging allein durch (E7) diese Stadt
Die (am) allerhand zu (C7) bieten hat
Da (F) sah ich dich vor(C)übergeh'n und (D) und sagte „Bon(G7)jour“
Ich (C) ging mit dir in (E7) ein Café
Wo (am) ich erfuhr, du (C7) heißt Renée
Wenn (F) ich an diese (C) Stunde denke, (F) singe (G7) ich (C) nur

Refrain (C) Oh (E7) Champs-Ély(am)sées (C7)
(F) Oh (C) Champs-Ély(D)sées (G7)
(C) Sonne scheint, (E7) Regen rinnt,
(am) Ganz egal, wir (C7) beide sind
So (F) froh, wenn wir uns (C) wiederseh'n
Oh (F) Champs-(G7)Ély(C)sées

| dm – G7 | C – am | dm – G7 | C – G7 |

Wie (C) wunderschön der (E7) Abend war
Da (am) drüben in der (C7) kleinen Bar
Wo (F) Joe auf der (C) Gitarre spielte (D) nur für uns (G7) zwei
Da (C) habe ich die (E7) ganze Nacht
Mit (am) dir getanzt, mit (C7) dir gelacht
Und (F) als wir wieder (C) gingen, war es (F) zehn (G7) nach (C) drei

Refrain

| dm – G7 | C – am | dm – G7 | C – G7 |

Wir (C) kennen uns seit (E7) gestern erst
Doch (am) wenn du jetzt nach (C7) Hause fährst
Dann (F) sagen zwei Ver(C)liebte leise (D) „Au re(G7)voir“
Von (C) La Concorde bis (E7) zum Étoile
Er(am)klingt Musik von (C7) überall
Ja, (F) das ist eine (C) Liebe, die hält (F) hun(G7)dert (C) Jahr

Refrain

| dm – G7 | C – am | dm – G7 | C – G7 |



Les feuilles mortes

Autumn Leaves

Paroles: Jacques Prévert | Musique: Joseph Kosma | 1945
Lyrics: Johnny Mercer



d

C'est une chan(**gm7**)son (**C7**) qui nous res(**F**)semble
Toi tu m'ai(**gm6**)mais, (**A7**) et je t'ai(**dm**)mais
Et nous vi(**gm7**)vions (**C7**) tous deux en(**F**)semble
Toi qui m'ai(**gm6**)mais, (**A7**) moi qui t'ai(**dm**)mais
Mais la (**A7**) vie sépare ceux qui s'ai(**dm**)ment
Tout douce(**C7**)ment, sans faire de (**F**) bruit
Et la (**Edim**) mer efface (**A7**) sur le (**dm**) sable
Les (**G**) pas (**gm**) des a(**A7**)mants dés(**dm**)unis

The falling (**gm7**) leaves (**C7**) drift by the (**F**) window
The autumn (**gm6**) leaves (**A7**) of red and (**dm**) gold
I see your (**gm7**) lips, (**C7**) the summer (**F**) kisses
The sunburnt (**gm6**) hands (**A7**) I used to (**dm**) hold
Since you (**A7**) went away the days grow (**dm**) long
And soon I (**C7**) hear old winter's (**F**) song
But I (**Edim**) miss you most of (**A7**) all, my (**dm**) darling
When (**G**) au(**gm**)tumn (**A7**) leaves start to (**dm**) fall



Let It Be

John Lennon | Paul McCartney | 1970



Intro 1 2 3 4 | 1 2 3 4 | 1 2 3 4 | 1...
F em dm⁷ | C B^b am | G F | C...

g

When I (C) find myself in (G) times of trouble

(am) Mother Mary (F) comes to me

(C) Speaking words of (G) wisdom

Let it (F) be (C-dm-C)

And (C) in my hour of (G) darkness

she is (am) standing right in (F) front of me

(C) Speaking words of (G) wisdom – Let it (F) be (C-dm-C)

Let it (am) be, let it (G) be, let it (F) be, let it (C) be

Speaking words of (G) wisdom – Let it (F) be (C-dm-C)

And (C) when the broken (G) hearted people

(am) Living in the (F) world agree

(C) There will be an (G) answer – Let it (F) be (C-dm-C)

But (C) though they may be (G) parted

There is (am) still a chance that (F) they may see

(C) There will be an (G) answer – Let it (F) be (C-dm-C)

Let it (am) be, let it (G) be, let it (F) be, let it (C) be

There will be an (G) answer – Let it (F) be (C-dm-C)

And (C) when the night is (G) cloudy

There is (am) still a light that (F) shines on me

(C) Shine on till (G) tomorrow – Let it (F) be (C-dm-C)

I (C) wake up to the (G) sound of music

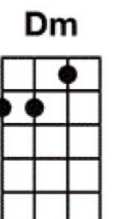
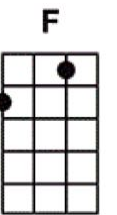
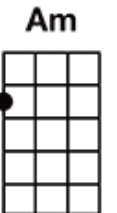
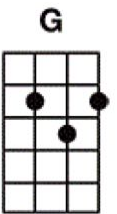
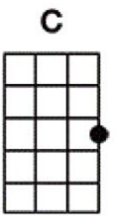
(am) Mother Mary (F) comes to me

(C) Speaking words of (G) wisdom – Let it (F) be (C-dm-C)

Let it (am) be, let it (G) be, let it (F) be, let it (C) be

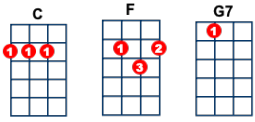
There will be an (G) answer – Let it (F) be (C-dm-C)

Outro 1 2 3 4 | 1 2 3 4 | 1 2 3 4 | 1...
F em dm⁷ | C B^b am | G F | C



Let Your Love Flow

Bellamy Brothers Larry E Williams



[C] There's a reason for the sunny sky
[C] There's a reason why I'm feeling so high
Must be the [G7] season when that love light shines all [C] around us

[C] So let that feeling grab you deep inside
[C] And send you reeling where your love can't hide
And then go [G7] stealing through the moonlit night with your [C] lover

Just let your [F] love flow like a mountain stream
And let your [C] love grow with the smallest of dreams
And let your [G7] love show and you'll know what I mean, it's the [C] season

Let your [F] love fly like a bird on the wind
And let your [C] love bind you to all living things
And let your [G7] love shine and you'll know what I mean, that's the [C] reason

[C] There's a reason for the warm sweet nights
[C] And there's a reason for the candle lights
Must be the [G7] season when those love lights shine all [C] around us

[C] So let that wonder take you into space
[C] And lay you under its loving embrace
Just feel the [G7] thunder as it warms your face you can't hold [C] back

Just let your [F] love flow like a mountain stream
And let your [C] love grow with the smallest of dreams
And let your [G7] love show and you'll know what I mean, it's the [C] season

Let your [F] love fly like a bird on the wind
And let your [C] love bind you to all living things
And let your [G7] love shine and you'll know what I mean, that's the [C] reason

Just let your [F] love flow like a mountain stream
And let your [C] love grow with the smallest of dreams
And let your [G7] love show and you'll know what I mean, it's the [C] season

(Fading) Let your [F] love fly like a bird on the wind
And let your [C] love bind you to all living things
And let your [G7] love shine and you'll know what I mean, that's the [C] reason

Lily the Pink

trad. | bearb. Mike McGear, John Gorman, Roger McGough | 1968



chorus

g

(G7) We'll (C) drink a drink, a drink
To Lily the (G7) Pink, the Pink, the Pink,
The saviour of the human (C) race.
For she invented medicinal (G7) compound,
Most efficacious in every (C) case

Mr. (C) Freers had sticky out (G7) ears, and it made him awful (C) shy,
And so they gave him medicinal (G7) compound, and now he's learning how to (C) fly.

Brother (C) Tony was notably (G7) bony, he would never eat his (C) meal.
And so they gave him medicinal (G7) compound, now they move him round on
(C) wheels.

chorus

Old Ebe(C)nezer thought he was Julius (G7) Caesar, and so they put him in a (C) home.
Where they gave him medicinal (G7) compound, and now he's emperor of (C) Rome.

Johnny (C) Hammer, had a terrible st-st-st-st-(G7) stammer,
he could hardly s-s-say a (C) word,
And so they gave him medicinal (G7) compound, now he's seen, but never (C) heard.

chorus

Auntie (C) Milly ran willy (G7) nilly, when her legs they did re(C)cede,
And so they rubbed on medicinal (G7) compound, now they call her milli(C)pede.

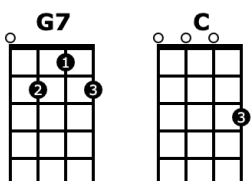
Jennifer (C) Eccles had terrible (G7) freckles, and the boys all called her (C) names.
But she changed with medicinal (G7) compound, now he joins in all their (C) games.

chorus

Lily the (C) Pink she turned to (G7) drink, she filled up with paraffin in(C)side
And despite her medicinal (G7) compound, sadly pickled Lily (C) died.

Up to (C) heaven her soul as(G7)cended, all the church bells they did (C) ring
She took with her medicinal (G7) compound, Hark! The herald angels (C) sing.

chorus (slowing on last line)



Louie Louie

The Kingsmen

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3EqzTiDc-1k>

Schlagmuster Refrain: /// // /// //
 A D Em D (A und Em Akkorde abstoppen)
Schlagmuster Verse: // // // //
 A D Em D

Intro: A D Em D (Schlagmuster wie Refrain)

Refrain:

A D Em D A D Em D
Louie Louie, oh no, we gotta go.
A D Em D A D Em D
Louie Louie, oh baby, we gotta go.

Vers:

A D Em D
A fine girl, who waited for me.
A D Em D
I catch a ship across the sea.
A D Em D
I sailed the ship all alone.
A D Em D
I wondered when I'm gonna make it home.

Refrain

Vers

A D Em D
Three nights and days I sailed the sea.
A D Em D
I think of the girl constantly.
A D Em D
On the ship, I dream she there.
A D Em D
I smell the rose that's in her hair.

Refrain

Vers

A D Em D
I see Jamaican moon above.
A D Em D
See the girl I'm thinking of.
A D Em D
I take her in my arms and then
A D Em D
Say I'll never leave again.

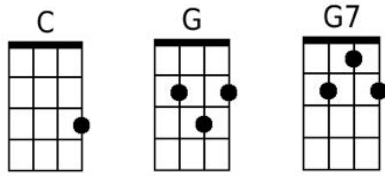
Refrain

Outro

A D Em D
I said, we gotta go now.
A D Em D
Let's go outa here..
A
Let's go!

Marina

Rocco Granata | 1959



Bei **(C)** Tag und Nacht denk ich an dich, Marina,
Du kleine, zauberhafte Balle**(G)**rina.
Oh, **(G7)** wärst du mein, du süße cara mia,
Aber du gehst ganz kalt an mir vor**(C)**bei.

Doch **(C)** eines Tages traf ich sie im Mondschein,
ich lud sie ein zu einem Glase **(G)** Rotwein.
Und **(G7)** als ich fragte: Liebling, willst du mein sein?
gab sie mir einen Kuss, und das hieß: **(C)** Ja!

Refrain

Ma**(C)**rina, Marina, Ma**(G7)**rina,
Dein Chic und dein Charme, der ge**(C)**fällt.
Marina, Marina, Ma**(G7)**rina,
Du bist ja die schönste der **(C)** Welt.

2x

Wunderbares **(G7)** Mädchen,
bald sind wir ein **(C)** Pärchen,
Komm und lass mich nie all**(G7)**eine,
Oh no, no, no, no, **(C)** no.

Ma**(C)** rina, Marina, Ma**(G7)**rina
ti voglio al più presto spo**(C)**sar.
Marina, Marina, Ma**(G7)**rina
ti voglio al più presto spo**(C)**sar.

2x

O mia bella **(G7)** mora
no, non mi la**(C)**sciare
non mi devi rovi**(G7)**nare
oh, no, no, no, no, **(C)** no
halb so schnell
oh, no, no, no, no, **(C)** noooo



Matilda

Trad./ Text Norbert Span 1938



chorus

c

(C) Matilda, (F) Matilda, (G) Matilda,
She (C) take me money and run Vene(G7)zue(C)la
(C) Matilda, (F) Matilda, (G) Matilda,
She (C) take me money and run Vene(G7)zue(C)la

(C) Five hundred dollars, friends, I lost
Woman even (F) take me cat and hoss
(G) Matilda, she (C) take me money and run Vene(G7)zue(C)la

chorus

(C) Well, the money was to buy me house an' lan'
Then she (F) got a serious plan,
(G) Matilda, she (C) take me money and run Vene(G7)zue(C)la

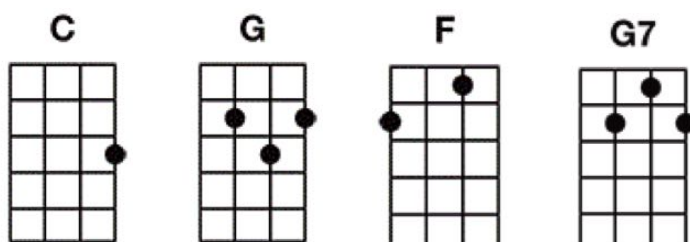
chorus

(C) Well, the money was just inside me bed,
Stuck up in a (F) pillow beneath me head
(G) Matilda, she (C) take me money and run Vene(G7)zue(C)la

chorus

(C) Well, me friends, never to love again
All me (F) money gone in vain
(G) Matilda, she (C) take me money and run Vene(G7)zue(C)la

chorus



Mein Kinder, wir waren Kinder

Text: Heinrich Heine 1827 | Musik: Thomas Friz 1972

c

Mein (F) Kind, wir waren (dm) Kinder,
Zwei (gm) Kinder, klein und (C) froh,
Wir (F) krochen in's Hühner(dm)häuschen
Ver(gm)steckten uns (C) unter das (F) Stroh.

Wir krächten (A7) wie die (D) Hähne,
Und (gm) kamen Leute vor(C)bei –
(F) Kikereküh! Sie (dm) glaubten,
Es (gm) wäre (C) Hahnen(F)schrei.

Die (F) Kisten auf unserem (dm) Hofe,
Die (gm) tapezirten wir (C) aus,
Und (F) wohnten drin bei(dm)sammen,
Und (gm) machten ein (C) vornehmes (F) Haus.

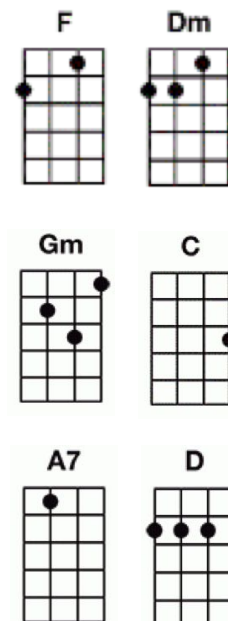
Des Nachbars (A7) alte (D) Katze
Kam (gm) öfters zum Be(C)such.
Wir (F) machten ihr Bückling' und (dm) Knixe
Und (gm) Compli(C)mente ge(F)nug.

Wir (F) haben nach ihrem Be(dm)finden
Be(gm)sorglich und freundlich ge(C)fragt;
Wir (F) haben seitdem das(dm)selbe
Mancher (gm) alten (C) Katze ge(F)sagt.

Wir saßen auch (A7) oft und (D) sprachen
Ver(gm)nünftig, wie alte (C) Leut',
Und (F) klagten, wie Alles (dm) besser
Ge(gm)wesen zu (C) unserer (F) Zeit;

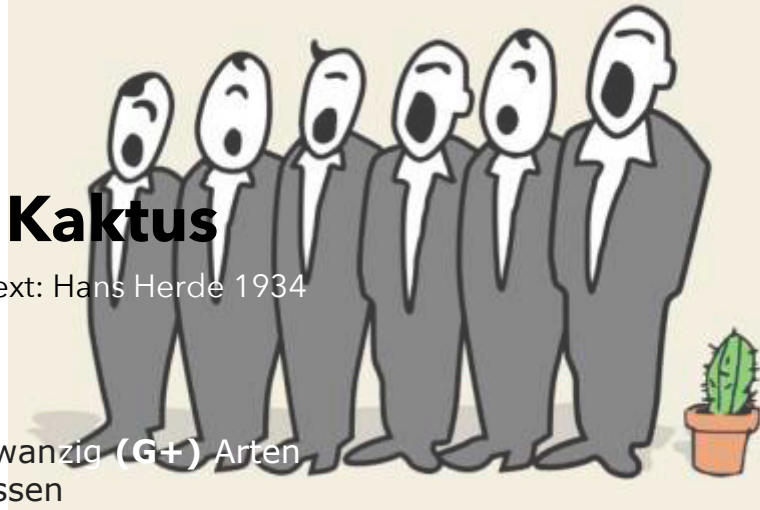
Wie (F) Lieb' und Treu' und (dm) Glauben
Ver(gm)schwunden aus der (C) Welt,
Und (F) wie so theuer der (dm) Kaffee,
Und (gm) wie so (C) rar das (F) Geld.

Vorbei sind die (A7) Kinder(D)spiele
Und (gm) Alles rollt vor(C)bei.
Das (F) Geld und die Welt und die (dm) Zeiten,
Und (gm) Glauben und (C) Lieb' und (F) Treu'.
Das (F) Geld und die Welt und die (dm) Zeiten,
Und (gm) Glauben und (C) Lieb' und (F) Treu'.



Mein kleiner grüner Kaktus

Musik: Bert Reisfeld & Albrecht Marcuse, Text: Hans Herde 1934



e

(C) Blumen im (G+) Garten, (C) so zwanzig (G+) Arten
(C) Von Rosen, Tulpen und Nar(A7)zissen
(dm) Leisten sich (A7) heute (dm) die kleinsten (A7) Leute
(D7) Das will ich alles gar nicht (G7) wissen

Refrain

Mein (C) kleiner grüner Kaktus steht draußen am Bal(G7)kon
Hollari, hollari, holla(C)ro
Was brauch' ich rote Rosen, was brauch' ich roten (G7) Mohn?
Hollari, hollari, holla(C)ro (C7)
Und (F) wenn ein Bösewicht was (C) Ungezogenes spricht
Dann (D7) hol' ich meinen Kaktus und der (G7) sticht, sticht, sticht
Mein (C) kleiner grüner Kaktus steht draußen am Bal(G7)kon
Hollari, hollari, holla(C)ro

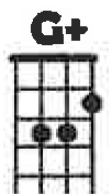
(C) Man find't ge(G+)wöhnlich (C) die Frauen (G+) ähnlich
(C) Den Blumen, die sie gerne (A7) tragen
(dm) Doch ich sag' tä(A7)glich (dm) das ist nicht mög(A7)lich
(D7) Was soll'n die Leut' sonst von mir sa(G7)gen?

Refrain

(C) Heute um (G+) viere (C) klopft's an die (G+) Türe
(C) Nanu, Besuch so früh am (A7) Tage!
(dm) Es war Herr (A7) Krause (dm) vom Nachbar(A7)hause
(D7) Der sagt: „Verzeih'nse, wenn ich (G7) frage



Sie (C) ham doch einen Kaktus auf Ihrem klein' Bal(G7)kon
Hollari, hollari, holla(C)ro
Der fiel soeben runter, was halten Sie da(G7)von?
Hollari, hollari, holla(C)ro (C7)
Er (F) fiel mir aufs Gesicht, ob's (C) glauben oder nicht
Jetzt (D7) weiß ich, dass Ihr kleiner grüner (G7) Kaktus sticht
Be(C)wahr'n Se Ihren Kaktus jefälligst anders(G7)wo
Hollari, hollari, holla(C)ro



Michelle

Paul McCartney | 1965



a

(D) Michelle, (gm7) ma belle
(C) These are words that (Bb) go together (A) well
(Bb) My Mi(A)chelle

(D) Michelle, (gm7) ma belle
(C) Sont des mots qui (Bb) vont très bien en(A)semble
(Bb) Très bien en(A)semble

I (dm) love you, I love you, I love you
(cm) That's all I want (F7) to (Bb) say
(A) Until I (dm) find a (gm) way
I will (dm) say the (C#+) only (dm7) words
I (dm6) know that (gm7) you'll under(A)stand

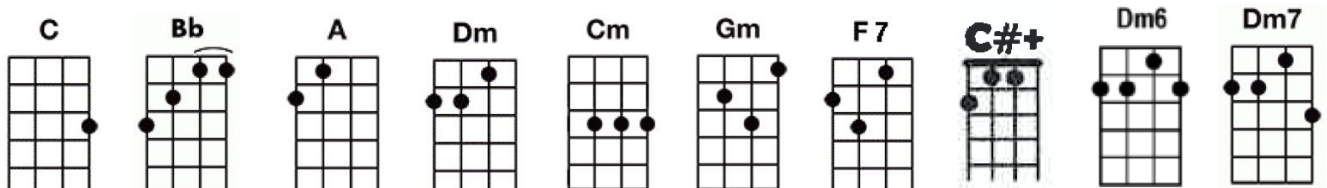
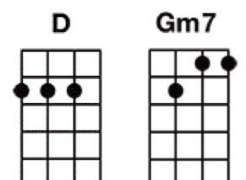
(D) Michelle, (gm7) ma belle
(C) Sont des mots qui (Bb) vont très bien en(A)semble
(Bb) Très bien en(A)semble

I (dm) need to, I need to, I need to
(cm) I need to make (F7) you (Bb) see
(A) Oh, what you (dm) mean to (gm) me
Un(dm)til I (C#+) do I'm (dm7) hoping (dm6) you will (gm7) know
what I (A) mean

I (dm) want you, I want you, I want you
(cm) I think you know (F7) by (Bb) now
(A) I'll get to (dm) you some(gm)how
Un(dm)til I (C#+) do I'm (dm7) telling (dm6) you so (gm7) you'll
under(A)stand

(D) Michelle, (gm7) ma belle
(C) Sont des mots qui (Bb) vont très bien en(A)semble
(Bb) Très bien en(A)semble

And I will (Bb) say the only (dm) words I know
that (gm) you'll under(A)stand
My Mi(D)chelle (gm - D)



Mistakes (schwerere Version)

Everett Lynton / Edgar Leslie 1928

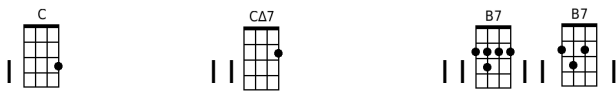
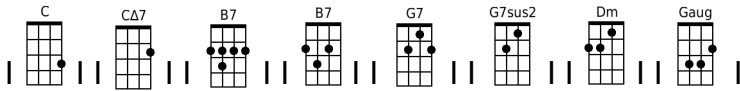
3/4-Takt, Shuffle, die „1“ betonen, erste Melodienote: C (3. Bund A-Saite).

Zwischen zwei „|“ = 1 Takt = 3 Viertel, Akkordwechsel innerhalb eines Taktes = rote „|“.

Die schwerere Version sollte auch im Zusammenspiel mit der leichteren Version harmonisch klingen.

Intro – 2 x Durchspielen – Outro

Intro:



We make mis - takes when we wor - ry



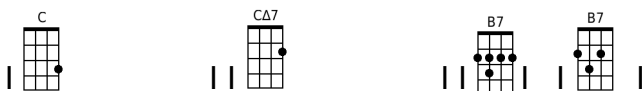
all over nothing at all.



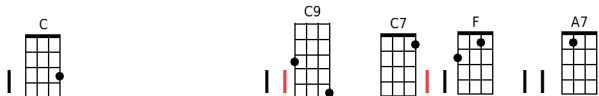
We make mis - takes that bring heart - aches, and the



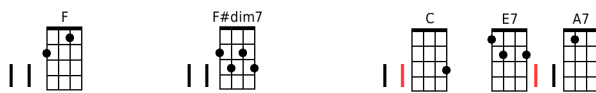
tear - drops fall like rain - drops.



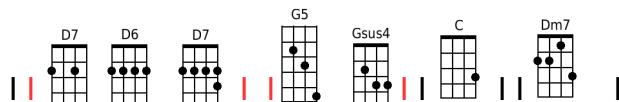
We make mis - takes and feel sor - ry,



when we've made some-one blue.

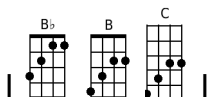


But I made the greatest mis - take of all



when I said good - bye to you.

Outro:



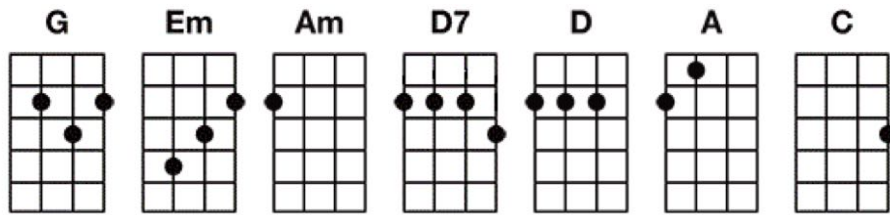
Peters Playalong-Video

https://youtu.be/foiKyKkdZ_w



Molly Malone

Traditional Irish



d

In (G) Dublin's fair (em) city where the (am) girls are so (D7) pretty
I (G) first set my (em) eyes on sweet (A) Molly Ma(D)lone.
As she (G) wheeled her wheel(em)barrow,
Through (am) streets broad and (D7) narrow,
Crying (G) cockles (C) and (G) mussels,
(C) A(G)live, a(D)live, (G) oh.



Chorus

A(G)live, alive (em) oh, a(am)live, alive (D7) oh,
Crying (G) cockles (C) and (G) mussels,
(C) A(G)live, a(D)live, (G) oh.

She (G) was a fish(em)monger and (am) sure twas no (D7) wonder
For (G) so were her (em) father and (A) mother be(D)fore.
And they (G) both wheeled their (em) barrows
Through (am) streets broad and (D7) narrow,
Crying (G) cockles (C) and (G) mussels,
(C) A(G)live, a(D)live, (G) oh.

Chorus

She (G) died of a (em) fever and (am) no one could (D7) grieve her
And (G) that was the (em) end of sweet (A) Molly Ma(D)lone.
But her (G) ghost wheels her (em) barrow
Through (am) streets broad and (D7) narrow,
Crying (G) cockles (C) and (G) mussels,
(C) A(G)live, a(D)live, (G) oh.

Chorus 2 x



Morning Has Broken

Music: trad. Gälisch | Lyrics: Eleanor Farjeon 1931



Prelude

| D | G | A | F# | bm | G | C | F | C |

c

Morning has (C) bro(dm)ken (G) like the first (F) morn(C)ing
Blackbird has (em) spo(am)ken (D7) like the first (G) bird
(C) Praise for the (F) singing, (C) praise for the (am) morn(D7)ing
(G) Praise for them (C) spring(F)ing (G) fresh from the (C) world

Interlude

| F | G | E | am | G | C | G7 |

Sweet the rain's (C) new (dm) fall, (G) sunlit from (F) hea(C)ven
Like the first (em) dew (am) fall (D7) on the first (G) grass
(C) Praise for the (F) sweetness (C) of the wet (am) gar(D7)den
(G) Sprung in com(C)plete(F)ness (G) where his feet (C) pass

Interlude

| F | G | E | am | F# | bm | G | D | A7 | D |

Mine is the (D) sun(em)light, (A) mine is the (G) morn(D)ing
Born of the (f#m) one (bm) light (E7) Eden saw (A) play
(D) Praise with e(G)lation, (D) praise every (bm) morn(E7)ing
(A) God's re(D)crea(G)tion (A) of the new (D) day

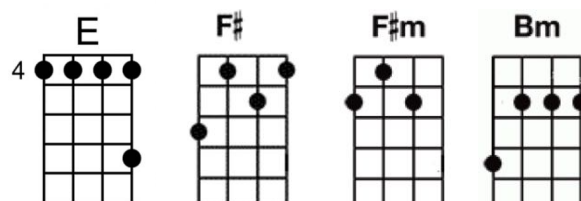
Interlude

| G | A | F# | bm | G | C | F | C |

Morning has (C) bro(dm)ken (G) like the first (F) morn(C)ing
Blackbird has (em) spo(am)ken (D7) like the first (G) bird
(C) Praise for the (F) singing, (C) praise for the (am) morn(D7)ing
(G) Praise für them (C) spring(F)ing (G) fresh from the (C) world

Postlude

| F | G | E | am | F# | bm | G | D | A7 | D |



Muppet Show Theme

Jim Henson & Sam Pottle 1976 | Peter Kreuder 1939

Girls

(C) It's (Cdim) time to (G7) play the music
(C) It's (Cdim) time to (G7) light the lights
(C) It's (C7) time to (F) meet the (fm) Muppets
On the (C) Muppet Show (G7) tonight.

Boys

(C) It's (Cdim) time to (G7) put on make up
(C) It's (Cdim) time to (G7) dress up right
(C) It's (C7) time to (F) get things (fm) started
(C) Why (C7) don't you (F) get things (fm) started?

All

On the (C) most sensational
(am) inspirational
(F) celebrational, (F/C) muppetstational
(dm7) This is what we (G7) call the Muppet (C) Show!

Frauen

(C) Jetzt (Cdim) tanzen (G7) alle Puppen,
(C) macht (Cdim) auf der (G7) Bühne Licht.
(C) Macht (C7) Musik, (F) bis der (fm) Schuppen
wackelt (C) und (G7) zusammen(C)bricht

Männer

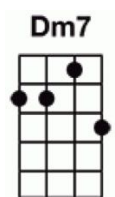
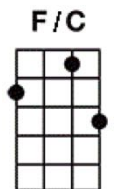
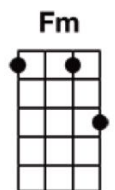
(C) Schmeißt (Cdim) euch in (G7) Frack und Fummel,
(C) und (Cdim) Vorhang (G7) auf: Hallo!
(C) Freut (C7) euch auf (F) Spaß und (fm) Rummel
(C) In der heut'gen Muppet (G7) Show

Alle

(C) Schmeißt (Cdim) euch in (G7) Frack und Fummel,
(C) und (Cdim) Vorhang (G7) auf: Hallo!
(C) Jetzt (C7) woll'n wir (F) aber (fm) starten.
(C) Wie (C7) lang soll'n (F) wir noch (fm) warten?

Auf die (C) sensationellste
(am) fabelhaftellste
(F) blödelhaftellste, (F/C) muppetionellste
(dm7) ja, jetzt kommt die (G7) super Muppet (C) Show!
(Cdim) (fm6) (C)

[youtube.com/watch?v=hIYEcf0BI3Q](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hIYEcf0BI3Q)



No Surrender (Bruce Springsteen)

Well, we [G] busted out of class
Had to get a [D] way from those fools
We learned [C] more from a three-minute record, babe
Than we [G] ever learned in [D] school
Tonight I [G] hear that neighborhood drummer sound
I can [D] feel my heart begin to pound
You say you're [C] tired and you just want to close your eyes
And [G] follow your dreams [D] down

Well, we [G] made a [D] promise
We swore we'd [C] always re-[G]member
No re-[C]treat, baby, [D] no sur-[G]render
Like [G] soldiers in a [D] winter's night
With a [C] vow to de-[G]fend
No re-[C]treat, baby, [D] no sur-[G]render

Well [G] now young faces grow sad and old
And [D] hearts of fire grow cold
We [C] swore blood brothers against the wind
Now I'm [G] ready to grow [D] young again
And [G] hear your sister's voice calling us home
A-[D]cross the open yard
Maybe [C] we'll cut someplace of our own
With these [G] drums and these gui-[D]tars

Cause we [G] made a [D] promise
We swore we'd [C] always re-[G]member
No re-[C]treat, baby, [D] no sur-[G]render
Blood[G]brothers in the [D] stormy night
With a [C] vow to de-[G]fend
No re-[C]treat, baby, [D] no sur-[G]render

Now [G] on the streets tonight, the light's growing dim
The [D] walls of my room are closing in
There's a [C] war outside still raging
You say it ain't [G] ours anymore to [D] win,
I want to [G] sleep beneath the
Peaceful skies [D] in my lover's bed
With that [C] wild open country in our eyes and
Those ro-[G]mantic dreams in my [D] head

Cause we [G] made a [D] promise
We swore we'd [C] always re-[G]member
No re-[C]treat, baby, [D] no sur-[G]render
Blood[G]brothers in the [D] stormy night
With a [C] vow to de-[G]fend
No re-[C]treat, baby, [D] no sur-[G]render
No re-[C]treat, baby, [D] no sur-[G]render
3 x [G] Oooh [D] Oooh [C] Oooh

Norwegian Wood

John Lennon | Paul McCartney | 1965



a

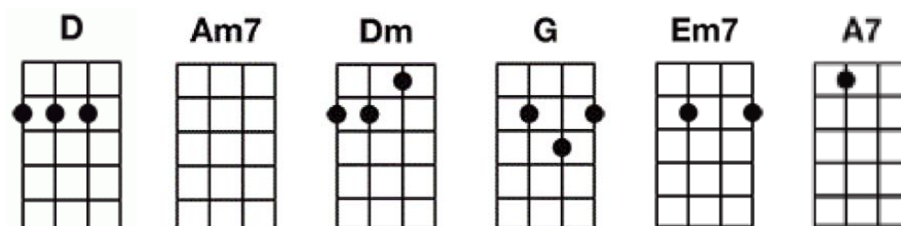
(D) I once had a girl, or should I say
(am7) she once had (D) me.
(D) She showed me her room, isn't it good?
(am7) Norwegian (D) wood.

She (dm) asked me to stay and she told me to sit any(G)where,
So (dm) I looked around and I noticed there wasn't a (em7) chair. (A7)

(D) I sat on a rug, biding my time,
(am7) drinking her (D) wine.
(D) We talked until two, and then she said,
(am7) It's time for (D) bed.

She (dm) told me she worked in the morning and started to (G) laugh,
I (dm) told her I didn't, and crawled off to sleep in the (em7) bath. (A7)

(D) And when I awoke, I was alone,
(am7) this bird has (D) flown.
(D) So I lit a fire, isn't it good?
(am7) Norwegian (D) wood.



Octopus's Garden

Ringo Starr 1969



2 x | C | C | am | am | F | F | G | G |

g

(C) I'd like to be (am) under the sea
In an (F) octopus's garden in the (G) shade
(C) He'd let us in (am) knows where we've been
In his (F) octopus's garden in the (G) shade
(am) I'd ask my friends to come and (am see G)
(F) An octopus's (G) ↓gar↓den ↓with ↓me 1 ↓2 ↓3 4

chorus

(C) I'd like to be (am) under the sea
In an (F) octopus's (G) garden in the (C) shade

(C) We would be warm (am) below the storm
In our (F) little hideaway beneath the (G) waves (aaah-aaah-aaah...)
(C) Resting our head (am) on the sea bed
In an (F) octopus's garden near a (G) cave (aaah-aaah-aaah...)
(am) We would sing and dance (am aG)round
(F) Because we know we (G) ↓can't ↓be ↓found 1 ↓2 ↓3 4

chorus

(C) I'd like to be (am) under the sea
In an (F) octopus's (G) garden in the (C) shade

| F | F | dm | dm | Bb | Bb | C | C || F | F | dm | dm | Bb | C | F | G7 |
Aaah-aaah-aaah...

(C) We would shout (aaah) (am) and swim about
The (F) coral that lies beneath the (G) waves (...lies beneath the ocean waves...)
(C) Oh what joy for (aaah) (am) every girl and boy
(F) Knowing they're happy and they're (G) safe (...happy and they're safe...)
(am) We would be... so happy, you and (am me G)
(F) No one there to tell us what to (G) ↓do↓↓↓ 1 ↓2 ↓3 4

chorus

(C) I'd like to be (am) under the sea
In an (F) octopus's (G) garden with (am) you
In an (F) octopus's (G) garden with (am) you
In an (F) octopus's (G) garden with (C) you (C↓ G↓ C↓)



Oh Susanna

Stephen Foster | 1848



c

I (C) came from Alabama
With my banjo on my (G7) knee.
I'm (C) going to Louisiana,
My true love (G7) for to (C) see.

It (C) rained all night the day I left
The weather it was (G7) dry.
The (C) sun so hot I froze to death
Susanna (G7) don't you (C) cry.

chorus

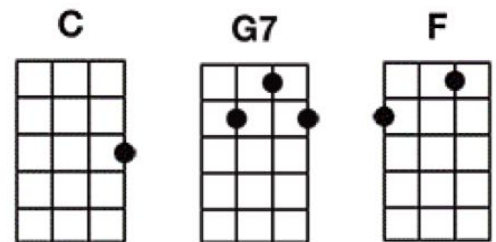
(F) Oh, Susanna,
Oh, (C) don't you cry for (G7) me.
I've (C) come from Alabama
With my banjo (G7) on my (C) knee.

I (C) had a dream the other night
When everything was (G7) still
I (C) thought I saw Susanna
A-coming (G7) down the (C) hill.

A (C) buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
A tear was in her (G7) eye
Says (C) I, "I'm coming from the south,
Susannah, (G7) don't you (C) cry."

2x chorus

(F) Oh, Susanna,
Oh, (C) don't you cry for (G7) me.
I've (C) come from Alabama
With my banjo (G7) on my (C) knee.



On the Road Again

Willie Nelson | 1979



d

On the **(G)** road again **(G)**
Just can't wait to get on the **(B7)** road again **(B7)**
The life I love is makin' **(am)** music with my friends
And **(C)** I can't wait to get **(D7)** on the road a**(G)**gain **(G↓)**

On the **(G)** road again **(G)**
Goin' places that I've **(B7)** never been **(B7)**
Seein' things that I may **(am)** never see again
And **(C)** I can't wait to get **(D7)** on the road a**(G)**gain **(G↓)**

Bridge

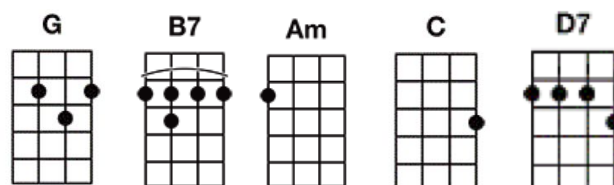
On the **(C)** road again
Like a band of gypsies we go down the **(G)** highway
We're the **(C)** best of friends
Insisting that the world be turnin' **(G)** our way
And our **(D7)** way **(D7↓)**

On the **(G)** road again **(G)**
Just can't wait to get on the **(B7)** road again **(B7)**
The life I love is makin' **(am)** music with my friends
And **(C)** I can't wait to get **(D7)** on the road a**(G)**gain **(G↓)**

Bridge

On the **(C)** road again
Like a band of gypsies we go down the **(G)** highway
We're the **(C)** best of friends
Insisting that the world be turnin' **(G)** our way
And our **(D7)** way **(D7↓)**

On the **(G)** road again **(G)**
Just can't wait to get on the **(B7)** road again **(B7)**
The life I love is makin' **(am)** music with my friends
And **(C)** I can't wait to get **(D7)** on the road a**(G)**gain
And **(C)** I can't wait to get **(D7)** on the road a**(G)**gain **(G↓)**



On the Sunny Side of the Street

Lyrics: Dorothy Fields | Music: Jimmy McHugh | 1930



| C | E7 | F | fm-E7 | am | D7 | dm | G7 |

e

Grab your (C) coat and get your (E7) hat
Leave your (F) worry on (fm) the (G7) door step
(am) Just direct your (D7) feet
To the (dm) sunny side of the (C) street (G7)

Can't you (C) hear a pitter (E7) pat?
And that (F) happy tune (fm) is (G7) your step
(am) Life can be so (D7) sweet
On the (dm) sunny side of the (C) street

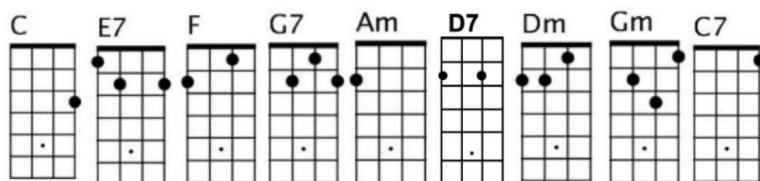
c

I (gm) used to walk in the shade
(C7) With those (F) blues on parade
But (am) I'm not a(D7)fraid
This (dm) Rover crossed (G7) over

If I (C) never have a (E7) cent
I'll be (F) rich as Rock(fm)e(G7)feller
(am) Gold dust at my (D7) feet
On the (dm) sunny side of the (C) street

I (gm) used to walk in the shade
(C7) With those (F) blues on parade
But (am) I'm not a(D7)fraid
This (dm) Rover crossed (G7) over

If I (C) never have a (E7) cent
I'll be (F) rich as Rock(fm)e(G7)feller
(am) Gold dust at my (D7) feet
On the (dm) sunny side of the (C) street



Ted Lewis and his Band 1930 www.youtube.com/watch?v=hEd7g_gc6No
Billie Holiday 1944 www.youtube.com/watch?v=cr73nqSBHTo
Tony Bennett & Willie Nelson www.youtube.com/watch?v=NosKQSkzh54



Over the Rainbow

Music: Harold Arlen | Lyrics: E.Y. Harburg | 1938



c

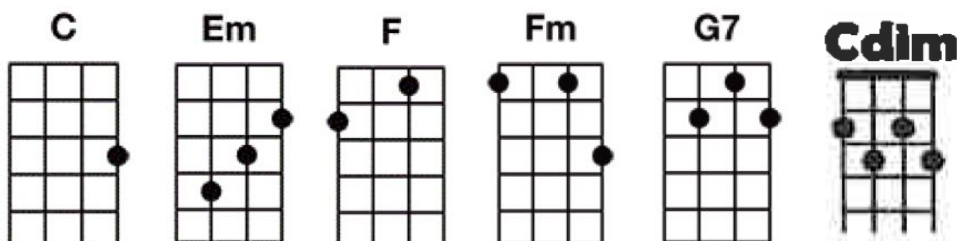
(C) Somewhere (em) over the rainbow
(F) Way up (C) high
(F) There's (fm) a (C) land that I heard of
(G7) Once in a lulla(C)by

(C) Somewhere (em) over the rainbow
(F) Skies are (C) blue
(F) And (fm) the (C) dreams that you dare to
(G7) Dream really do come (C) true

Some (C) day I'll wish upon a star
And (G7) wake up where the clouds are far be(F)hind me
Where (C) troubles melt like lemondrops
A(Cdim)way above the chimney tops
That's (em) where you'll (G7) find me

(C) Somewhere (em) over the rainbow
(F) Bluebirds (C) fly
(F) Birds (fm) fly (C) over the rainbow
(G7) Why then, oh why can't (C) I? (C)

If (C) happy little bluebirds fly
Be(G7)yond the rainbow ...
Why, oh (F) why (G7) can't (C) I?



Pearly Shells

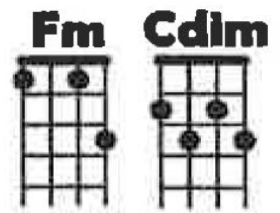
Music trad. Hawaiian

Lyrics: Webley Edwards & Leon Pober



e

Pearly (C) shells from the ocean
Shining in the (F) sun
Covering the (D7) shore (G7)
When I (C) see them
My heart (F) tells me that I love you
(fm) More than (C) all the (G7) little pearly (C) shells



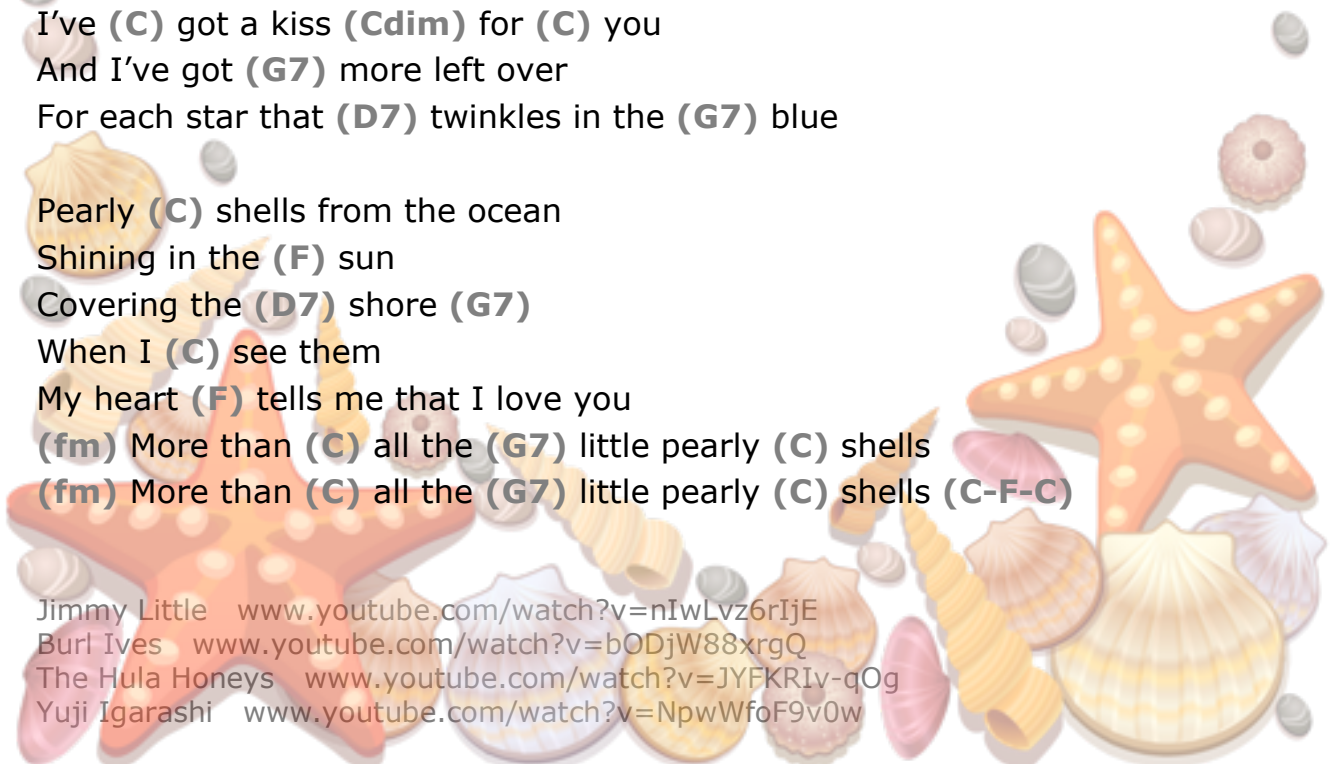
For ev'ry (G7) grain of sand upon the beach
I've (C) got a kiss (Cdim) for (C) you
And I've got (G7) more left over
For each star that (D7) twinkles in the (G7) blue

Pearly (C) shells from the ocean
Shining in the (F) sun
Covering the (D7) shore (G7)
When I (C) see them
My heart (F) tells me that I love you
(fm) More than (C) all the (G7) little pearly (C) shells

For ev'ry (G7) grain of sand upon the beach
I've (C) got a kiss (Cdim) for (C) you
And I've got (G7) more left over
For each star that (D7) twinkles in the (G7) blue

Pearly (C) shells from the ocean
Shining in the (F) sun
Covering the (D7) shore (G7)
When I (C) see them
My heart (F) tells me that I love you
(fm) More than (C) all the (G7) little pearly (C) shells
(fm) More than (C) all the (G7) little pearly (C) shells (C-F-C)

Jimmy Little www.youtube.com/watch?v=nIwLvz6rIjE
Burl Ives www.youtube.com/watch?v=bODjW88xrgQ
The Hula Honeys www.youtube.com/watch?v=JYFKRiv-qOg
Yuji Igarashi www.youtube.com/watch?v=NpwWfoF9v0w



PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON (Peter, Paul and Mary)

(F)Puff, the magic (Am)dragon (Bb)lived by the (F)sea
And (Bb)frolicked in the (F)autumn (Dm)mist
in a (G7)land called Honah (C7)Lee,
(F)Little Jackie (Am)Paper (Bb)loved that rascal (F)Puff,
And (Bb)brought him strings and (F)sealing (Dm)wax
and (G7)other (C7)fancy (F)stuff. (C7)Oh

CHORUS

(F)Puff, the magic (Am)dra-gon (Bb)lived by the (F)sea
And (Bb)frolicked in the (F)autumn (Dm)mist
in a (G7)land called Honah (C7)Lee,
(F)Puff, the magic (Am)dra-gon (Bb)lived by the (F)sea
And (Bb)frolicked in the (F)autumn (Dm)mist
in a (G7)land called (C7)Honah (F)Lee (C)

To-(F)-gether they would (Am)travel, on a (Bb)boat with billowed (F)sail
And (Bb)Jackie kept a (F)lookout (Dm)perched
on (G7)Puff's gigantic (C7)tail,
(F)Noble kings and (Am)princes, would (Bb)bow whene'er they
(F)came,
(Bb)Pirate ships would (F)lower their (Dm)flags
when (G7)Puff roared (C7)out his (F)name (C7)Oh!

Chorus

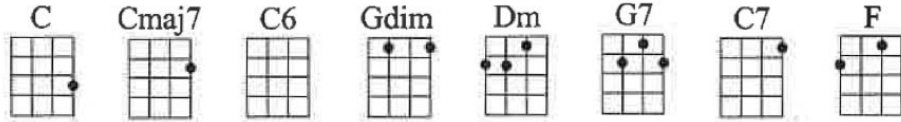
A (F)dragon lives for-(Am)-ever but (Bb)not so little (F)boys
(Bb)Painted wings and (F)giants' (Dm)rings
make (G7)way for other (C7)toys.
(F)One grey night it (Am)happened, Jackie (Bb)Paper came no
(F)more
And (Bb)Puff that mighty (F)dragon (Dm) -
he (G7)ceased his (C7)fearless (F)roar (C7)

His (F)head was bent in (Am)sorrow, (Bb)green scales fell like (F)rain,
(Bb)Puff no longer (F)went to (Dm)play
a-(G7)-long the cherry (C7)lane.
With-(F)-out his lifelong (Am)friend, (Bb)Puff could not be (F)brave,
So (Bb)Puff that mighty (F)dragon (Dm)
sadly (G7)slipped in-(C7)-to his (F) cave (C7)Oh **Chorus**

Que Sera Sera

Jay Livingston & Ray Evans | 1956

Waltz tempo



When I was (C) just a (Cmaj7) little (C6) girl
(Cmaj7) I asked my (C) mother (Gdim) "What will I (dm) be?
Will I be pretty? Will I be (G7) rich?
(dm) Here's what she (G7) said to (C) me: (C7)

Chorus

"Que (F) sera, sera. Whatever will (C) be, will be
The future's not (G7) ours to see. Que sera, se(C)ra.
What will (G7) be, will (C) be."

(G) When I was (C) just a (Cmaj7) child in (C6) school,
(Cmaj7) I asked my (C) teacher (Gdim) "What should I (dm) try?
Should I paint pictures? Should I sing (G7) songs?
(dm) This was her (G7) wise rep(C)ly: (C7)

Chorus

(G) When I grew (C) up and (Cmaj7) fell in (C6) love,
(Cmaj7) I asked my (C) sweetheart (Gdim) "What lies a(dm)head?
Will we have rainbows day after (G7) day?"
(dm) Here's what my (G7) sweetheart (C) said: (C7)

Chorus

(G) Now I have (C) children (Cmaj7) of my (C6) own,
(Cmaj7) They ask their (C) mother (Gdim) "What will I (dm) be?
Will I be handsome? Will I be (G7) rich?"
(dm) I tell them (G7) tender(C)ly: (C7)

Chorus

"Que (F) sera, sera. Whatever will (C) be, will be
The future's not (G7) ours to see. Que sera, se(C)ra.
What will (G7) be, will (C) be.
Que se(G7)ra, se(C)ra!"



Jeff Lynne: Save Me Now



Intro: Fingerpicking a D chord

D
One day the earth woke up, said
G D
"Boy I feel half dead
D F#m
Somebody's turning up the poison
G A
And It's getting in my head
D A
Sometimes I wish my guests
G D
would move away somewhere
D G
Yes I'm burning up all over
A D
I can't even breathe the air."

Chorus: G D A Bm
„Save me now, Save me now, Save me now come on and
G D A D
Save me now, Save me now, Save me now"

D
One day the earth woke up, said
G D
"Boy it's getting hot
D F#m
And remember all those trees I had
G A
Well now there ain't a lot
D A
And my eyes kept slowly trickling
G D
Down to where the party's at
D G
And if everybody's going there, well
A D
That's the end of that."

Chorus

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UQmj37ckByg> (Album Version 1990)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-0oCCI8Nlho> (Electric Version 2013)

Scarborough Fair

Trad. England | 16th century



a

(am) Are you going to (G) Scarbourough (am) fair?
(C) Parsley, (am) sage, rose(D)mary and (am) thyme.
Remember (C) me to one who lived (G) there.
(am) She once (G) was a true love of (am) mine.

(am) Tell her to make me a (G) cambric (am) shirt.
(C) Parsley, (am) sage, rose(D)mary and (am) thyme.
Without any (C) seam or fine needle(G)work.
(am) Then she'll (G) be a true love of (am) mine.

(am) Tell her to wash it in (G) yonder dry (am) well.
(C) Parsley, (am) sage, rose(D)mary and (am) thyme.
Where water never (C) sprung nor drop of rain (G) fell.
(am) Then she'll (G) be a true love of (am) mine

(am) Tell her to dry it on (G) yonder (am) thorn,
(C) Parsley, (am) sage, rose(D)mary and (am) thyme.
Which never bore (C) blossom since Adam was (G) born,
(am) Then she'll (G) be a true love of (am) mine.

(am) Ask her to do me this (G) courte(am)sy,
(C) Parsley, (am) sage, rose(D)mary and (am) thyme.
And ask for (C) a like favour from (G) me,
(am) Then she'll (G) be a true love of (am) mine.

(am) Have you been to (G) Scarborough (am) Fair?
(C) Parsley, (am) sage, rose(D)mary and (am) thyme.
Remember (C) me from one who lives (G) there,
For (am) once he (G) was a true love of (am) mine.

(am) Ask him to find me an (G) acre of (am) land,
(C) Parsley, (am) sage, rose(D)mary and (am) thyme.
Between the salt (C) water and the sea (G) strand,
(am) Then he'll (G) be a true love of (am) mine.

(am) Ask him to plough it (G) with a sheep's (am) horn,
(C) Parsley, (am) sage, rose(D)mary and (am) thyme.
And sow it all (C) over with one pepper(G)corn,
(am) Then he'll (G) be a true love of (am) mine.

(am) Ask him to reap it with a (G) sickle of (am) leather,
(C) Parsley, (am) sage, rose(D)mary and (am) thyme.
And tie it all (C) up with a peacock's (G) feather,
(am) Then he'll (G) be a true love of (am) mine.

(am) When he has done and (G) finished his (am) work,
(C) Parsley, (am) sage, rose(D)mary and (am) thyme.
Ask him to (C) come for his cambric (G) shirt,
(am) Then he'll (G) be a true love of (am) mine.

(am) If you say that you can't, then (G) I shall rep(am)ly,
(C) Parsley, (am) sage, rose(D)mary and (am) thyme.
Oh, let me (C) know that at least you will (G) try,
(am) Or you never will (G) be a true love of (am) mine.



Simon & Garfunkel
www.youtube.com/watch?v=-BakWVXH5ug

Live in Central Park
www.youtube.com/watch?v=G06a154nLpM

Schuld war nur die Ukulele

Cynthia Weill & Barry Mann | Dt. Text Georg Buschor | 1963

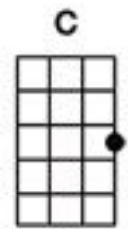


g

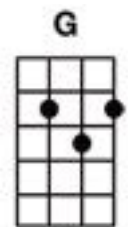
Als die kleine (C) Jane grade 18 (G) war,
führte sie der Jim in die Ukulele (C) Bar.
Doch am nächsten Tag (C7) fragte die Ma(F)ma:
„Kind, (C) warum warst du (G) erst heut morgen (C) da?“

Refrain

Schuld war nur die Uku(G)lele, was kann ich da(C)für?
Schuld war nur die Uku(G)lele, bitte glaube (C) mir!
Denn wenn einer Uku(F)lele spielen kann,
fängt für mich die (C) große Liebe an.
Schuld war nur die Uku(G)lele, die war schuld da(C)ran.

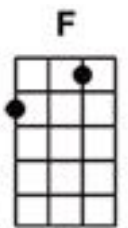


Doch die kleine (C) Jane blieb nicht immer (G) klein.
Erst bekam sie Jim, dann ein Töchter(C)lein.
Und die Tochter fragt (C7) heute die Ma(F)ma:
„Seit (C) wann habt ihr euch (G) gern, du und Pa(C)pa?“



ab hier 2 x

Schuld war nur die Uku(G)lele, was kann ich da(C)für?
Schuld war nur die Uku(G)lele, bitte glaube (C) mir!
Denn wenn einer Uku(F)lele spielen kann,
fängt für mich die (C) große Liebe an.
Schuld war nur die Uku(G)lele, die war schuld da(C)ran.



War's der Monden(G)schein? No no, die Ukulele!
Oder war's der (C) Wein? No no, die Ukulele!
Kann das möglich (G) sein? Yeah yeah, die Ukulele
(C) war (F) schuld da(C)ran.



Singin' in The Rain

Music: Nacio Herb Brown | Lyrics: Arthur Freed | 1929
The sheet music version 1932



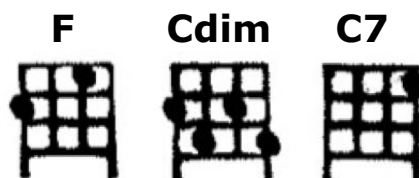
c
I'm (F) singing in the rain
Just singing in the rain
What a glorious feeling
(Cdim) I'm (C7) happy again.

I'm (C7) laughing at clouds
So dark up above
The sun's in my heart
And I'm (F) ready for love

(C7) Let the (F) stormy clouds chase
Ev'ryone from the place,
Come on with the rain
I've (Cdim) a (C7) smile on my face

I'll (C7) walk down the lane
With a happy refrain
And singin', just singin'
In the (F) rain

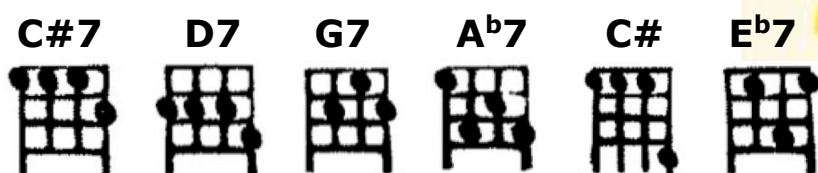
BRIDGE (C#7) Why am I smilin' and (F) why do I sing? (F)
(C#7) Why does December seem (F) sunny as spring? (F)
(C7) Why do I get up each (F) morning to start (F)
(D7) Happy and het up with (G7) joy in my heart? (G7)
(A^b7) Why is each new task a (C#) trifle to do?
Be(E^b7)cause I am living a (C#7) life full of (C7) you (C7)



I'm (F) singing in the rain...
...
(C7) And singin', just singin'
In the (F) rain (F↓)



Akkorde Bridge



Singing the Blues D

(1956, Guy Mitchell)

Intro (pfeifen): ^A D D G G , D D G-G#-A , G G A7 A7 , D G D A7

- 1.) (A7) Well, I (D)never felt more like (G)singin' the blues
'cause (D) I never thought, that (G) I'd e-(G#)ver (A)lose
your (G)love dear, (A7)why'd you do me this (D)way (D G D A7)

- 2.) Well, I (D)never felt more like (G)cryin' all night
'cause (D)everythin's wrong, and (G)nothin' (G#)ain't (A)right
with-(G)out you, (A7)you got me singin' the (D)blues (D G D D7)

- B.) (D7) Well, the (G)moon and stars no (D)longer shine
the (G)dream is gone I (D)thought was mine
there's (G)nothin' left for (D)me to do
but (D!)cry – i – i - iy , over you (Chor: (A7)Cry over you !)

- 3.) (A7) Well, I (D)never felt more like (G)runnin' away
but (D)why should I go, 'cause (G) I (G#)couldn't (A)stay
with-(G)out you, (A7)you got me singin' the (D)blues (D G D A7)

komplett wiederholen: Intro gepfiffen, dann Strophen 1.) - 3.)

Sog nischt kejnmol - זאָג נישט קיינמאָל

Text: Hirsch Glik 1943 | Musik: Dmitri Jakowlewitsch Pokrass 1937



a

Sog nischt (A7) kejnmol as du gejst dem letstn (dm) Weg,
chotsch Himlen (C) blajene farschteln bloje (F) Teg.

2 x Kumen (D7) wet noch undser (gm) ojsge(D7)benkte (gm) schoh,
's wet a (dm) Pojk ton undser (A7) trot, mir senen (dm) do!

Fun grinem (A7) Palmenland bis wajtn Land fun (dm) Schnej,
wir kumen (C) on mit undser Pajjn, mit undser (F) Wej.

2 x Un wu (D7) gefaln is a (gm) Schprints fun (D7) undser (gm) Blut,
schprotsn (dm) wet dort undser (A7) Gwure, undser (dm) Mut.

's wet di (A7) Morgensun bagildn unds dem (dm) Hajnt,
un der (C) Nechtn wet farschwindn mitn (F) Fajnt.

2 x Nor ojb (D7) farsamen wet di (gm) Sun un (D7) der (gm) Kajor,
wi a (dm) Parol soll gejn dos (A7) Lid fun Dor tsu (dm) Dor.

Dos Lid ge(A7)schribn is mit Blut un nischt mit (dm) Blaj,
's is nit kejn (C) Lidl fun a Fojgl ojf der (F) Fraj.

2 x Dos hot a (D7) Folk tswischn (gm) faln(D7)dike (gm) Went
Dos Lid ge(dm)sungn mit (A7) Naganes in di (dm) Hent.

To, sog nischt (A7) kejnmol as du gejst dem letstn (dm) Weg...

זאָג נישט קיינמאָל, אַז דו גייסט דעם לעצטן וועג
כאַטש הימלען בלייענע פאַרשטעלן בלויע טעג
קומען וועט נאָך אונדזער אויסגעבענקטע שעה
ס'וועט אַ פּוּיק טאָן אונדזער טראַט: מיר זיינען דאָ

Sag nie du gehst den letzten Weg, wenn auch bleierner Himmel blaue Tage verdeckt.
Kommen wird noch unsere ersehnte Stunde, dröhnen werden unsere Schritte: Wir sind da!
Vom grünen Palmenland bis zum weiten Land voller Schnee, wir kommen mit unserem Leid,
mit unserer Not. Und wo ein Tropfen unseres Blutes hinfiel, wird unsere Kraft, unser Mut
wachsen.

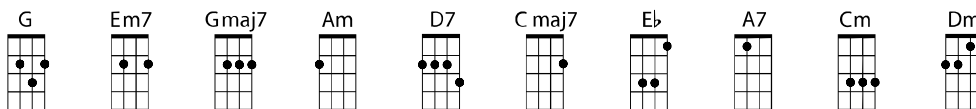
Es wird die Morgensonne uns das Heute vergolden, und das Gestern wird mit dem Feind
verschwinden. Und wenn sich Sonne und Tagesanbruch verzögern, wird dieses Lied wie eine
Parole von Generation zu Generation gehen.

Dies Lied ist mit Blut und nicht mit Blei geschrieben, es ist kein Lied eines Vogels in der
Freiheit. Dies Lied hat ein Volk zwischen einstürzenden Wänden mit Pistolen in den Händen
gesungen.

So sage nie, du gehst den letzten Weg...



Something Stupid (Nancy Sinatra)



[G] I know I stand in [Em7] line until you [Gmaj7] think
You have the [G] time to spend an [Am] evening with [D7] me [Cmaj7] [D7]
And [Am] if we go some [D7] place to dance
I [Cmaj7] know that there's a [D7] chance
You won't be [Gmaj7] leaving with me [Em7] [Gmaj7]

*And [G] afterwards we [Dm] drop into a [G7] quiet little place
And have a [Cmaj7] drink or two [Cm]
And [Am] then I go and [D7] spoil it all by [Cmaj7] saying
Something [D7] stupid like I [G] love you*

*I can [G7] see it in your [Dm] eyes that you de [G7] spise
The same old lines you heard the [Cmaj7] night before
And [A7] though it's just a [Em7] line to you for [A7] me it's true
And never seemed so [Cmaj7] right be [D7] fore [Am]*

[G] I practise every [Em7] day to find some [Gmaj7] clever lines
To [G] say to make the [Am] meaning come [D7] true [Cmaj7] [D7]
But [Am] then I think I'll [D7] wait until the [Cmaj7] evening gets [D7] late
And I'm a [Gmaj7] lone with you [Em7] [Gmaj7]

*The [G] time is right your [Dm] perfume fills my [G7] head
The stars get red and oh the [Cmaj7] night's so blue [Cm]
And [Am] then I go and [D7] spoil it all by [Cmaj7] saying
Something [D7] stupid like I [G] love you*

*The [G] time is right your [Dm] perfume fills my [G7] head
The stars get red and oh the [Cmaj7] night's so blue [Cm]
And [Am] then I go and [D7] spoil it all by [Cmaj7] saying
Something [D7] stupid like I [G] love you [Eb]
I [G] love you [Eb] I [G] love you [Eb] I [G] love you [Cm] [G]*

Sous le Ciel de Paris

Paroles: Jean Drejac | Musique: Hubert Giraud | 1951



a

(dm) Sous le ciel de Paris s'envole une chan(gm7)son, hum (gm6) hum (gm7)
(A7) Elle est née d'aujourd'hui dans le cœur d'un gar(dm)çon (gm) (dm) (A7)
(dm) Sous le ciel de Paris marchent des amour(gm7)eux, hum (gm6) hum (gm7)
(A7) Leur bonheur se construit sur un air fait pour (dm) eux (gm7) (dm)

Sous le pont (gm7) de Bercy (C7) un philo(F6)sophe assis
(Gmaj7) Deux musi(Bb)ciens quel(gm7)ques ba(gm6)dauds
Puis les gens par mil(A)liers (A7) (dm) (A7)

(dm) Sous le ciel de Paris jusqu'au soir vont chan(gm7)ter, hum (gm6) hum (gm7)
(A7) L'hymne d'un peuple épris de sa vieille ci(D)té

(tacet) Près de Notre (Dmaj7) Dame (tacet) parfois couve un (am7) drame (D7)
(tacet) Oui mais à Pa(G)name (tacet) tout peut s'arran(gm)ger (gm6)
(tacet) Quelques ray(D)ons du (F#7) ciel d'é(bm)té
L'ac(F#7)cordé(bm)on d'un (A7) marin(D)ier
(em7) L'espoir fleu(D)rit (D#dim) (tacet) au ciel de Pa(A)ris (A7) (dm) (A7)

(dm) Sous le ciel de Paris coule un fleuve joy(gm7)eux, hum (gm6) hum (gm7)
(A7) Il endort dans la nuit les clochards et les (dm) gueux (gm) (dm) (A7)
(dm) Sous le ciel de Paris les oiseaux du Bon (gm7) Dieu, hum (gm6) hum (gm7)
(A7) Viennent du monde entier pour bavarder entre (dm) eux (gm7) (dm)

Et le ciel (gm7) de Paris (C7) a son se(F6)cret pour lui
(Gmaj7) Depuis vingt (Bb) siècles il (gm7) est é(gm6)pris de notre Île Saint (A) Louis
(A7) (dm) (A7)
(dm) Quand elle lui sourit il met son habit (gm7) bleu, hum (gm6) hum (gm7)

(A7) Quand il pleut sur Paris c'est qu'il est malheur(dm)eux (gm) (dm) (A7)
(dm) Quand il est trop jaloux de ses millions d'a(gm7)mants, hum (gm6) hum (gm7)
(A7) Il fait gronder sur nous son tonnerre éclat(dm)ant (gm7) (dm) (A7)
(dm) Mais le ciel de Paris n'est pas longtemps cru(gm7)el, hum (gm6) hum (gm7)
(A7) Pour se faire pardonner il offre un arc en (D) ciel



Under Paris Skies

Lyrics: Kim Gannon | Music: Hubert Giraud 1951



dm **gm7 gm6 gm7**
Stranger beware, there's love in the air under Paris skies
A7 **dm gm dm A7**
Try to be smart and don't let your heart catch on fire
dm **gm7 gm6 gm7**
Love becomes king the moment it's spring under Paris skies
A7 **dm gm7 dm**
Lonely hearts meet somewhere on the street of desire
gm7 C7 F6
Parisian love can bloom high in a skylight room
Bb gm7 gm6 A A7 dm A7
Or in a gay café where hundreds of people can see

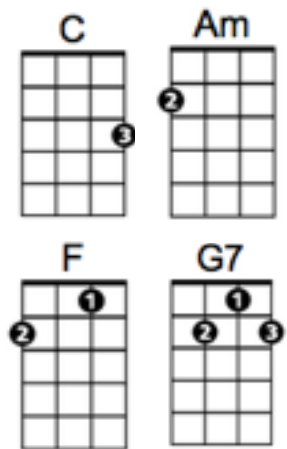
dm **gm7 gm6 gm7**
I wasn't smart and I lost my heart under Paris skies
A7 **D**
Don't ever be a heartbroken stranger like me
(tacet) **Dmaj7** (tacet) **am7 D7**
Oh, I fell in love Yes, I was a fool
(tacet) **G** (tacet) **gm gm6**
For Paris can be so beautifully cruel
(tacet) **D F#7 bm**
Paris is just a gay coquette
F#7 bm A7 D
who wants to love and then forget
em7 D D#dim (tacet) **A A7 dm A7**
Stranger beware, there's love in the air

dm **gm7 gm6 gm7**
Just look and see what happened to me under Paris skies
A7 **dm gm dm**
Watch what you do, the same thing can happen to you



Beginner Ukulele Lesson #4: STAND BY ME by Ben E. King
 Beginner Uke arrangement by Cynthia Lin, <http://cynthialin.com/ukulele>
 Tutorial video at <http://youtube.com/cynthialinmusic>

island strum: 1 2 3 4
 d - | d u | * u | d u
 *remember to drop your hand so you can come back up!
 timing: one island strum per chord shown



VERSE:

C C Am Am
 When the night has come, And the land is dark
F G7 C C
 And the moon is the only light we'll see

C C Am Am
 No I won't be afraid, no I won't be afraid
F G7 C C
 Just as long as you stand, stand by me, And darlin', darlin'

CHORUS:

C C Am Am
Stand by me, oh stand by me
F G7 C C
 oh stand Stand by me, stand by me

*practice singing just the underlined syllables on the first downbeat to build your singing-while-playing skills

VERSE:

C C Am Am
 If the sky that we look upon, Should tumble and fall
F G7 C C
 And the mountains should crumble to the sea

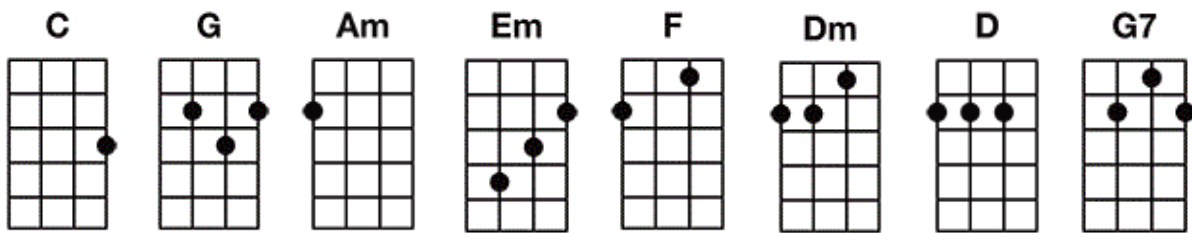
C C Am Am
 I won't cry, I won't cry, no I won't shed a tear
F G7 C C
 Just as long as you stand, stand by me, And darlin', darlin'

CHORUS x2:

C C Am Am
Stand by me, oh stand by me
F G7 C C
 oh stand Stand by me, stand by me

Streets of London

Ralph McTell | 1969



e

(C) Have you seen the (G) old man in the (am) closed-down (em) market,
 (F) Kicking up the (C) paper with his (dm) worn-out (G) shoes.
 (C) In his eyes you (G) see no pride, (am) and held loosely (em) at his side
 (F) Yesterday's (C) paper telling (G) yesterday's (C) news

chorus

So (F) how can you (em) tell me you're (G) lone(am)ly
 (D) And say for you that the sun don't (G) shine (G7)
 (C) Let me take you (G) by the hand
 And (am) lead you through the (em) streets of London
 (F) I'll show you (C) something
 To (G) make you change your (C) mind

(C) Have you seen the (G) old girl who (am) walks the streets of (em) London
 (F) Dirt in her (C) hair and her (dm) clothes in (G) rags
 (C) She's no time for (G) talking, she (am) just keeps (em) right on walking
 (F) Carrying her (C) home in (G) two carrier (C) bags

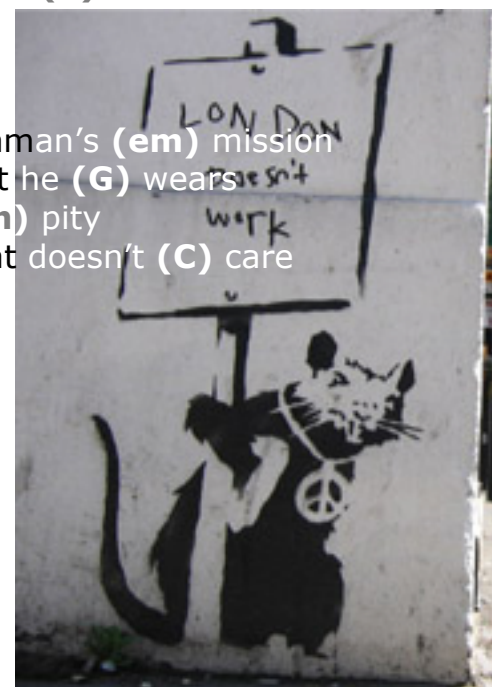
chorus

(C) In the all-night (G) café at a (am) quarter past (em) eleven
 (F) Same old (C) man sitting (dm) there on his (G) own
 (C) Looking at the (G) world over the (am) rim of his (em) teacup
 (F) Each tea lasts an (C) hour and he (G) wanders home a(C)lone

chorus

(C) Have you seen the (G) old man out(am)side the seaman's (em) mission
 (F) Memory fading (C) with the medal (dm) ribbons that he (G) wears
 (C) In our winter (G) city the rain (am) cries a little (em) pity
 (F) For one more forgotten (C) hero and a (G) world that doesn't (C) care

chorus



SUMMER DREAMING

Intro [C] [Em] [F] [G]

Strophe 1

[C] Come on over [Em] have some fun,
[F] dancing in the [G] morning sun.
[Em] Looking to the [Am] bright blue sky,
[Dm] come on let your [G] spirit fly.

Strophe 2

[C] Living it up this [Em] brandnew day,
[F] summer sun it's [G] time to play.
[Em] Doin things that [Am] feel so good.
[Dm] Get into the [G] motion.

Refrain

What I'm [Em] fee-[Am] ling.
It's [F] never been so [G] easy.
When I'm [Em] drea-[Am] ming.
[Dm] Summer dreaming [G] when you're with me
[C] [Em] [F] [G]

Strophe 3

[C] Just another [Em] lucky day.
[F] No one makes me [G] feel this way.
[Em] Watch the waves and [Am] feel the sand,
[Dm] kiss me now and [G] take my hand.

Strophe 4

[C] Hear the laughter [Em] in the street.
[F] Smiling in the [G] summer heat.
[Em] Cool touch of your [Am] hand in mine.
[Dm] We can be to-[G] gether.

Refrain

Strophe 5

Now [C] loving you just [Em] feels so right,
[F] lighting up the [G] darkest night.
[Em] Go turn up the [Am] radio.
[Dm] Don't ever [G] let me go.

Strophe 6

[C] All the years I've [Em] cried before,
[F] they can't touch me [G] anymore.
[Em] Now that you are [Am] by my side,
[Dm] it's all I need to [G] know.

Refrain

Strophe 7

[C] Come on over [Em] have some fun,
[F] dancing in the [G] morning sun.
[Em] We can keep this [Am] dream alive,
[Dm] will you try [G]

Refrain

What I'm [Em] fee-[Am] ling.
It's [F] never been so [G] easy.
When I'm [Em] drea-[Am] ming.
[Dm] Summer dreaming [G] when you're with me
[C] [Em] [F] [G]

[C] ^{END}

Summer in the City

John Sebastian | Marc Sebastian | Steve Boone 1966

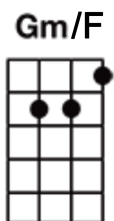


b

(gm) Hot town, (gm/F) summer in the city
(gm) Back of my neck getting' (Eb) dirty an' (D) gritty
(gm) Been down, (gm/F) isn't it a pity?
(gm) Doesn't seem to be a (Eb) shadow in the (D) city
All around, (D7) people looking half-dead
(gm) Walkin' on the sidewalk, (G7) hotter than a match head

Chorus

(C) But at night it's a (F) different world
(C) Go out and (F) find a girl
(C) Come on, come on and (F) dance all night
(C) Despite the heat it'll (F) be alright
And (am) babe, don't you (D) know it's a pity
The (am) days can't (D) be like the nights
In the (am) summer, in the (D) city
In the (am) summer, in the (D) city



(gm) Cool town, (gm/F) evenin' in the city
(gm) Dressed so fine and (Eb) lookin' so (D) pretty
(gm) Cool cat (gm/F) lookin' for a kitty
(gm) Gonna look in every (Eb) corner of the (D) city
'Til I'm (D7) wheezin' like a bus stop
(gm) Runnin' up the stairs, gonna (G7) meet you on the rooftop

Chorus

(gm) Hot town, (gm/F) summer in the city
(gm) Back of my neck getting' (Eb) dirty an' (D) gritty
(gm) Been down, (gm/F) isn't it a pity?
(gm) Doesn't seem to be a (Eb) shadow in the (D) city
All around, (D7) people looking half-dead
(gm) Walkin' on the sidewalk, (G7) hotter than a match head

Chorus

Summer of 69

Bryan Adam & Jim Vallance | 1984



2 x | C | G |

verse 1

(C) I got my first real six-string
(G) Bought it at the Five and Dime
(C) Played it till my fingers bled
(G) It was the summer of sixty-nine

verse 2

(C) Me and some guys from school
(G) Had a band and we tried real hard
(C) Jimmy quit, Jody got married
(G) Shoulda known we'd never get far

chorus 1

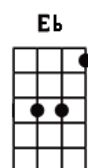
(am) Oh, when I (G) look back now
(C) That summer seemed to (F) last forever
(am) And if I (G) had the choice
(C) Yeah, I'd always (F) wanna be there
(am) Those were the (G) best days of my (C) life (G)

verse 3

(C) Ain't no use in complainin'
(G) When you've got a job to do
(C) Spent my evenings down at the drive-in
(G) And that's when I met you

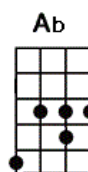
chorus 2

(am) Standing on your (G) mama's porch
(C) You told me that you'd (F) wait forever
(am) Oh, and when you (G) held my hand
(C) I knew that it was (F) now or never
(am) Those were the (G) best days of my (C) life
oh (G) yeah ... back in the summer of (C) 69 (G)



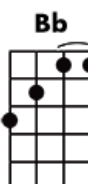
Bridge

(Eb) Man we were (Ab) killin' time
We were (B) young and restless, we (Ab) needed to unwind
(Eb) I guess (Ab) nothing can last for (B) ever... forever... no
2 x | C | G |



verse 4

(C) And now the times are changing'
(G) Look at everything that's come and gone
(C) Sometimes when I play that old six-string
(G) I think about you, wonder what went wrong



chorus 3

(am) Standin' on your (G) mama's porch
(C) You told me that it'll (F) last forever
(am) Oh and when you (G) held my hand
(C) I knew that it was (F) now or never
(am) Those were the (G) best days of my (C) life...
oh (G) yeah... back in the summer of (C) 69 (G)

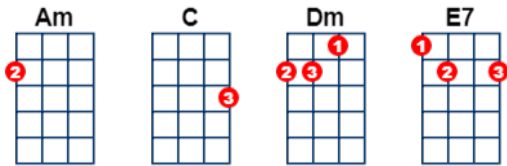
outro

2 x | C | G | then (C ↓)



Summertime

George and Ira Gershwin



[C] [Am] [E7] [Am]

Summer [Am] time... [E7] and the livin' is [Am] easy.
Fish are [Dm] jumpin'... and the cotton is [E7] high.
Your daddy's [Am] rich... and your [E7] mamma's good [Am] lookin', So [C] hush
little [Am] baby, [E7] don't you [Am] cry.

[Am] One of these mornings [E7], You're going to rise up [Am] singing. Then you'll
[Dm] spread your wings, And you'll take to the [E7] sky.

But till that [Am] morning, [E7] There's a' nothing can [Am] harm you, With [C]
daddy and [Am] mamma [E7] Standing [Am] by.

Summer [Am] time... [E7] and the livin' is [Am] easy.
Fish are [Dm] jumpin'... and the cotton is [E7] high.
Your daddy's [Am] rich... and your [E7] mamma's good [Am] lookin', So [C] hush
little [Am] baby, [E7] don't you [Am] cry.

[Am] One of these mornings [E7], You're going to rise up [Am] singing. Then you'll
[Dm] spread your wings, And you'll take to the [E7] sky.

But till that [Am] morning, [E7] There's a' nothing can [Am] harm you, With [C]
daddy and [Am] mamma [E7] Standing [Am] by.

With [C] daddy and [Am] mamma [E7] Standing [Am] by.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UkKo-jXl2CQ>

Summer Wine

Lee Hazlewood 1966



a

(am) Strawberries, cherries and an **(G)** angel's kiss in spring
(am) My summer wine is really **(G)** made from all these things

Male: **(am)** I walked in town on silver **(G)** spurs that jingled to
(am) A song that I had only **(G)** sang to just a few
(dm) She saw my silver spurs and **(am)** said, Let's pass some time
(dm) And I will give to you **(am)** summer wine
(dm) Ohhh-oh-oh summer **(am)** wine

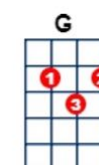
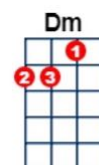
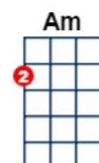
Female: **(am)** Strawberries, cherries and an **(G)** angel's kiss in spring
(am) My summer wine is really **(G)** made from all these things
(dm) Take off your silver spurs and **(am)** help me pass the time
(dm) And I will give to you **(am)** summer wine
(dm) Ohhh-oh-oh summer **(am)** wine

Male: **(am)** My eyes grew heavy and my **(G)** lips they could not speak
(am) I tried to get up but I **(G)** couldn't find my feet
(dm) She reassured me with an **(am)** unfamiliar line
(dm) And then she gave to me **(am)** more summer wine
(dm) Ohhh-oh-oh summer **(am)** wine

Female: **(am)** Strawberries, cherries and an **(G)** angel's kiss in spring
(am) My summer wine is really **(G)** made from all these things
(dm) Take off your silver spurs and **(am)** help me pass the time
(dm) And I will give to you **(am)** summer wine
(dm) Ohhh-oh-oh summer **(am)** wine

Male: **(am)** When I woke up the sun was **(G)** shining in my eyes
(am) My silver spurs were gone, my **(G)** head felt twice its size
(dm) She took my silver spurs, a **(am)** dollar and a dime
(dm) And left me cravin' for **(am)** more summer wine
(dm) Ohhh-oh-oh summer **(am)** wine

All: **(am)** Strawberries, cherries and an **(G)** angel's kiss in spring
(am) My summer wine is really **(G)** made from all these things
(dm) Take off your silver spurs and **(am)** help me pass the time
(dm) And I will give to you **(am)** summer wine
(dm) Ohhh-oh-oh summer **(am)** wine



Sunny

(Bobby Hepp 1965)

Am F D7 C Hm7 E7 Fm

H7sus4

AT: e e / BPM: 110 (Orig 130)

Intro / Zwischenspiel:			
II: Am	F	D7 F :II	
Strophe: C mit 4.Finger greifen			
Am	C	F	Hm7 E7
Am	C	F	Hm7 E7
Am	C	F\c	Fm
H7sus4	E7	4 Takte Zwischensp	

Intro: II: **Am F / D7 F / :II** Country Strum geschuffelt

1. **(Am)** Sunny, **/(C)** • yesterday my **/(F)** life was filled with **/(Hm7)** rain **(E7)/**
(Am) Sunny, **/(C)** • you smiled at me and **/(F)** really eased the **/(Hm7)** pain **(E7)**
 The **/(Am)** dark days are gone, and the **/(C)** bright days are here
 My **/(F\c)** Sunny one shines **/(Fm)** so sincere
 Oh **/(H7sus4)** Sunny one so **/(E7)** true, I love **/(Am)** you **(F) / (D7) (F) /**
(Am) (F) / (D7) (F) /

2. **(Am)** Sunny, **/(C)** • thank you for the **/(F)** sunshine bou**/(Hm7)**quet**(E7) /**
(Am) Sunny, **/(C)** • thank you for the **/(F)** love you brought my **/(Hm7)** way **(E7)**
 You **/(Am)** gave to me your **/(C)** all and all /
(F\c) Now I feel **/(Fm)** ten feet tall
 Oh, **/(H7sus4)** Sunny one so **/(E7)** true, I love **/(Am)** you **(F) / (D7) (F) /**
(Am) (F) / (D7) (F) /

3. **(Am)** Sunny, **/(C)** • thank you for the **/(F)** truth you let me **/(Hm7)** see **(E7)/**
(Am) Sunny, **/(C)** • thank you for the **/(F)** facts from A to **/(Hm7)** Z **(E7)/**
(Am) My life was torn like a **/(C)** windblown sand
 A **/(F\c)** rock was formed when **/(Fm)** we held hands
 Oh, **/(H7sus4)** Sunny one so **/(E7)** true, I love **/(Am)** you **(F) / (D7) (F) /**
(Am) (F) / (D7) (F) /

4. **(Am)** Sunny, **/(C)** • thank you for the **/(F)** smile upon your **/(Hm7)** face **(E7)/**
(Am) Sunny, **/(C)** • thank you for the **/(F)** gleam that shows its **/(Hm7)** grace **(E7)/**
(Am) You're my spark of **/(C)** nature's fire /
(F\c) You're my sweet com**/(Fm)**plete desire
 Oh, **/(H7sus4)** Sunny one so **/(E7)** true, I love **/(Am)** you **(F) / (D7) (F) /**
(Am) (F) / (D7) (F) /

1. Strophe wiederholen Schlussakkord **(Am)**

Sunny Afternoon – The Kinks

[intro]

(Dm) (Dm) (A) (A) (Dm) (Dm) (A) (A)

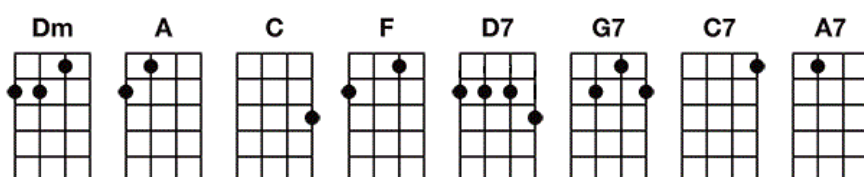
The (Dm)taxman's taken (C)all my dough
And (F)left me in my (C)stately home
(A)Lazin' on a sunny after(Dm)noon
And I can't (C)sail my yacht
He's (F)taken every(C)thing I've got
(A)All I've got's this sunny after(Dm)noon

(D7)Save me, save me, save me from this (G7)squeeze
I got a (C7)big fat mama tryin' to break (F)me (A7)
And I (Dm)love to live so (G7)pleasantly
(Dm)Live this life of (G7)luxur(C7)y
(F)Lazin' on a (A7)sunny after(Dm)noon
In the (A)summertime
In the (Dm)summertime
In the (A)summertime

My (Dm)girlfriend's run off (C)with my car
And (F)gone back to her (C)ma and pa
(A)Tellin' tales of drunkenness and (Dm)cruelty
Now I'm (C)sittin' here
(F)Sippin' at my (C)ice-cold beer
(A)All I've got's this sunny after(Dm)noon

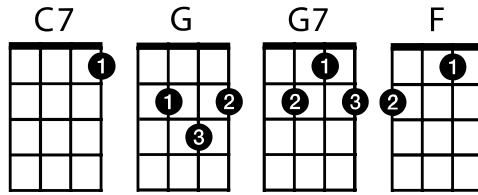
(D7)Help me, help me, help me sail a(G7)way
Or give me (C7)two good reasons why I oughta (F)stay (A7)
Cos I (Dm)love to live so (G7)pleasantly
(Dm)Live this life of (G7)luxur(C7)y
(F)Lazin' on a (A7)sunny after(Dm)noon
In the (A)summertime
In the (Dm)summertime
In the (A)summertime

(D7)Save me, save me, save me from this (G7)squeeze
I got a (C7)big fat mama tryin' to break (F)me (A7)
And I (Dm)love to live so (G7)pleasantly
(Dm)Live this life of (G7)luxur(C7)y
(F)Lazin' on a (A7)sunny after(Dm)noon
In the (A)summertime
In the (Dm)summertime
In the (A)summertime (Dm – single strum)



Surfen auf'm Baggersee

Musik: C. Berry
Dt. Text: G. Feuerstein



1. Sie warten auf den Sommer und woll'n die Sonne sehn.
Sie haben alle ein Surfbrett in der Garage stehn.
- Sie wollen keinen Regen, sie mögen keinen Schnee,
denn sie wollen alle surfen auf'm Baggersee.
2. Sie kommen aus Wanne-Eickel* und aus Paderborn,
und auch die Leute aus KÖlle* die sind beim Surfen vorn.
- So lernen auch die Kleinen das Surfer A-B-C,
denn sie wollen alle surfen auf'm Baggersee.
3. Und jedes Wochenende, da fahr'n sie alle raus,
auf jedem Auto ein Surfbrett in kilometerlangen Staus.
- Frag sie mal nach Fußball, da sag'n sie alle: „Nee“,
denn sie wollen surfen auf'm Baggersee.

* Setzt in der 2. Strophe Orte aus eurer Region ein, die einen Baggersee haben!

Sweet Caroline

Music & Lyrics: Neil Diamond | 1969



Intro

| F | F | F | F || F | F-G | em-dm |

e

(C) Where it began (F) I can't begin to know it
(C) But then I know it's growin' (G) strong (G)
(C) Was in the spring (F) and spring became a summer
(C) Who'd have believed you'd come a(G)long? (G)

(C) Hands (am) touching hands
(G) Reaching out (F) touching me... touching
(G) You-ou-ou (G7-F-G)

(C) Sweet Caro(F)line (F-C-F)
Good times never seemed so (G) good (G7-F-G)
(C) I've been inc(F)lined (F-C-F) to believe they never
(G) Would (F)↓ but (em)↓ now (dm)↓ I'm

(C) Look at the night (F) and it don't seem so lonely
(C) We fill it up with only (G) two (G)
(C) And when I hurt (F) hurtin' runs off my shoulders
(C) How can I hurt when holding (G) you?

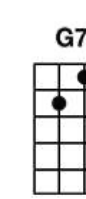
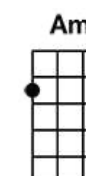
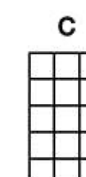
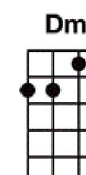
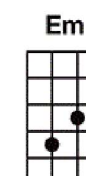
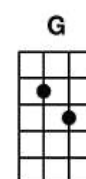
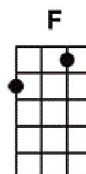
(C) Warm (am) touching warm
(G) Reaching out (F) touching me... touching
(G) You-ou-ou (G7-F-G)

(C) Sweet Caro(F)line (F-C-F)
Good times never seemed so (G) good (G7-F-G)
(C) I've been inc(F)lined (F-C-F) to believe they never
(G) Would (F)↓ no (em)↓ no (dm)↓ no

| F | F | F | F || F | F-G | em-dm |

(C) Sweet Caro(F)line (F-C-F)
Good times never seemed so (G) good (G7-F-G)
(C) I've been inc(F)lined (F-C-F) to believe they never
(G) Would (F)↓ (em)↓ (dm)↓

(C) Sweet Caro(F)line (F-C-F)
Good times never seemed so (G) good (G7-F-G)
(C) I've been inc(F)lined (F-C-F) to believe they never
(G) Would (F) Sweet (em) Ca(dm) ro(C)li-i-i-i-ine [tremolo]



Sweet Georgia Brown

Music: Ben Bernie, Maceo Pinkard |

Lyrics: Kenneth Casey | 1925

Intro

| dm | A7 | dm | A7 || dm7 | A7 | dm | am |

a

(dm) She just got here (A7) yesterday
(dm) Things are hot here (A7) now they say
(dm) There's (A7) a big change in (dm) town (am)
(dm) Gals are jealous (A7) there's no doubt
(dm) Still the fellows (A7) rave about
(G7) Sweet, sweet Georgia (C7) Brown (C7)↓ (G7)↓ (C7)↓
And (C7) ever since she came
The common folks all (C7)↓ claim (A7)↓ Say



d

(D7) No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown
(G7) Two left feet but oh so neat has Sweet Georgia Brown
(C7) They all sigh and wanna die for Sweet Georgia Brown
(C7) I'll tell you just (F) why (C7) you know I don't (F) lie
(dm7) not (A7) much
(D7) It's been said she knocks 'em dead when she lands in town
(G7) Since she came why it's a shame how she's cools 'em down (A7)
(dm) Fellers (A7) she can't get are (dm) fellers (A7) she ain't met
(F) Georgia claimed her (D7) Georgia named her
(G7) Sweet (C7) Georgia (F) Brown

D7	D7	D7	D7-Db7-D7		G7	G7	G7	G7-Gdim-G7
C7	C7	C7	C7		F	F-C7	F	A7
D7	D7	D7	D-Db7-D7		G7	G7	G7	G7-Gdim-G7
dm	A7	dm	A7		F	D7	G7-C7	F

(D7) No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown
(G7) Two left feet but oh so neat has Sweet Georgia Brown
(C7) They all sigh and wanna die for Sweet Georgia Brown
(C7) I'll tell you just (F) why (C7) you know I don't (F) lie
(dm7) not (A7) much
(D7) All those tips the porter slips to Sweet Georgia Brown
(G7) They buy clothes at fashion shows with one dollar down (A7)
(dm) Oh Boy, (A7) tip your hats, (dm) oh joy, (A7) she's the "cat's"
(F) Who's that mister? (D7) Tain't her sister
(G7) Sweet (C7) Georgia (F) Brown
(F) Georgia claimed her (D7) Georgia named her
(G7) Sweet (C7) Georgia (F) Brown



Sylvia s Mother

Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show

[D] Sylvia's mother says Sylvia's busy, too busy to come to the [A] phone
Sylvia's mother says Sylvia's tryin' to start a new life of her [D] own
[G] Sylvia's mother says [D] Sylvia's happy so [A] why don't you leave her a [D] lone
And the [A] operator says forty cents more for the next three minutes

[G] Please Mrs. Avery, I [D] just gotta talk to her,
[A] I'll only keep her a w [D] hile
[G] Please Mrs. Avery, I just [D] wanna tell her good [A] bye

[D] Sylvia's mother says Sylvia's packin' she's gonna be leavin' to [A] day
Sylvia's mother says Sylvia's marryin' a fella down Galveston [D] way
[G] Sylvia's mother says [D] please don't say nothin' to [A] make her start cryin' and
[D] stay
And the [A] operator says forty cents more for the next three minutes

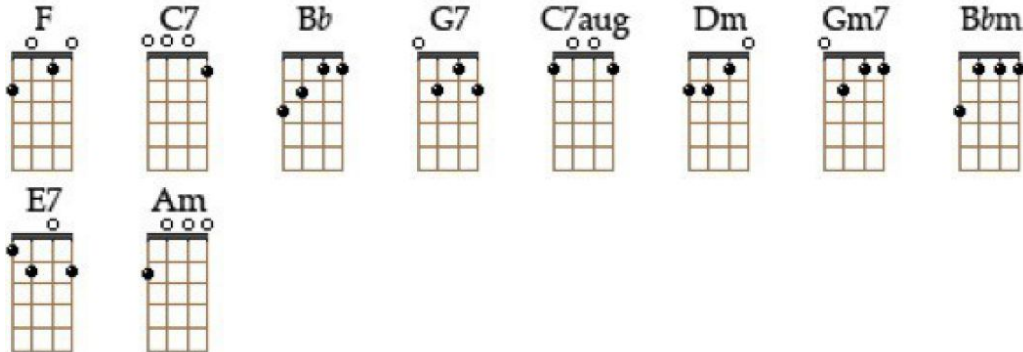
[G] Please Mrs. Avery, I [D] just gotta talk to her,
[A] I'll only keep her a w [D] hile
[G] Please Mrs. Avery, I just [D] wanna tell her good [A] bye

[D] Sylvia's mother says Sylvia's hurryin' she's catchin' the nine o'clock [A] train
Sylvia's mother says take your umbrella cause Sylvie, it's startin' to [D] rain
And [G] Sylvia's mother says [D] thank you for callin' and [A] sir won't you call back
a [D] gain
And the [A] operator says forty cents more for the next three minutes

[G] Please Mrs. Avery, I [D] just gotta talk to her,
[A] I'll only keep her a w [D] hile
[G] Please Mrs. Avery, I just [D] wanna tell her good [A] bye
[G] Tell her good [A] bye...
Please... [G] tell her good [A] bye..

Sympathique (Je ne veux pas travailler)

Thomas M. Lauderdale China Forbes (d'après Guillaume Apollinaire)



<p>F C7 F</p> <p>Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage</p> <p>Bb C7 F</p> <p>Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre</p> <p>F</p> <p>Les chasseurs à ma porte</p> <p> G7</p> <p>comme les ptits soldats</p> <p> C7 C7aug</p> <p>Qui veulent me prendre</p>	<p>F C7 F</p> <p>déjà j'ai connu le parfum de l'amour</p> <p>Bb C7</p> <p>un million de roses n'embaumeraient</p> <p>F</p> <p>pas autant</p> <p>F</p> <p>maintenant une seule fleur</p> <p> G7</p> <p>dans mes entourages</p> <p> C7 C7aug</p> <p>me rend malade</p>
--	--

REFRAIN:

F Dm Gm7 C7
 Je ne veux pas travailler
 F Dm Gm7 C7
 je ne veux pas déjeuner
 F A7 Dm Bbm
 je veux seulement l'oublier
 F C7 F
 et puis, je fume

REFRAIN

Bbm F
 je ne suis pas fière de sa
 Bbm F
 vie qui veut me tuer
 E7
 c'est magnifique
 Am
 être sympathique
 Bbm C7 C7aug
 mais je ne le connais jamais

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nLaY4aksfRo>

REFRAIN

Take it Easy – The Eagles

[intro] (G)

Well I'm a-(**G**)runnin' down the road try'n to loosen my load
I've got seven women (**D**)on my (**C**)mind
(**G**)Four that wanna own me (**D**)two that wanna stone me
(**C**)One says she's a friend of (**G**)mine

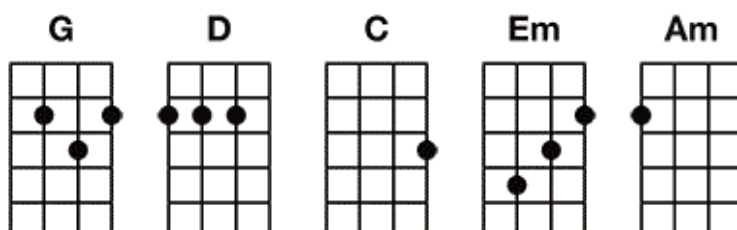
Take it eaaa-(**Em**)sy
Take it (**C**)eaaa-(**G**)sy
Don't let the (**Am**)sound of your own (**C**)wheels drive you (**Em**)cra(**D**)zy
Lighten (**C**)up while you still (**G**)can
Don't even (**C**)try to under(**G**)stand
Just find a (**Am**)place to make your (**C**)stand and take it (**G**)easy

Well I'm a-(**G**)standing on a corner in Winslow, Arizona
Such a fine (**D**)sight to (**C**)see
It's a (**G**)girl my Lord in a (**D**)flat-bed Ford
Slowin' (**C**)down to take a look at (**G**)me
Come on (**Em**)baby, don't say (**C**)may(**G**)be
I gotta (**Am**)know if your sweet (**C**)love is gonna (**Em**)save (**D**)me
We may (**C**)lose and we may (**G**)win
Though we may (**C**)never be here a(**G**)gain
So open (**Am**)up I'm climbin' (**C**)in, so take it ea(**G**)sy

Well I'm a (**G**)runnin' down the road tryin' to loosen my load
Got a world of trouble (**D**)on my (**C**)mind
(**G**)Lookin' for a lover who (**D**)won't blow my cover
She's (**C**)so hard to (**G**)find

Take it eaaa-(**Em**)sy
Take it (**C**)eaaa-(**G**)sy
Don't let the (**Am**)sound of your own (**C**)wheels drive you (**Em**)cra(**D**)zy
Come on (**C**)ba(**G**)by
Don't say (**C**)may(**G**)be
I gotta (**Am**)know if your sweet (**C**)love is gonna (**G**)save me(**C**)

Oh you've got it (**C**)eaaaa(**G**)sy
You oughta take it (**C**)eaaaaa(**G** – **single strum**)sy



Take Me Home, Country Roads

Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert, John Denver | 1971



g

- (C) Almost heaven (am) West Virginia
- (G) Blue Ridge Mountains, (F) Shenandoah (C) River (C)
- (C) Life is old there, (am) older than the trees
- (G) Younger than the mountains (F) growin' like a (C) breeze

Chorus

Country (C) roads take me (G) home
To the (am) place I be(F)long
West Vir(C)ginia, mountain (G) momma
Take me (F) home, country (C) roads

- (C) All my memories (am) gather 'round her
- (G) Miner's lady (F) stranger to blue (C) water (C)
- (C) Dark and dusty (am) painted on the sky
- (G) Misty taste of moonshine (F) teardrop in my (C) eye

Chorus

Country (C) roads take me (G) home
To the (am) place I be(F)long
West Vir(C)ginia, mountain (G) momma
Take me (F) home, country (C) roads

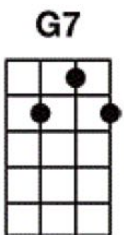
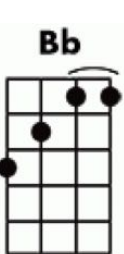
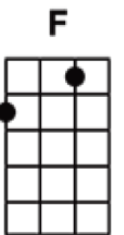
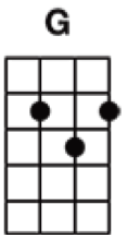
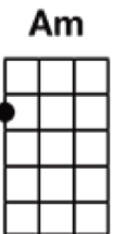
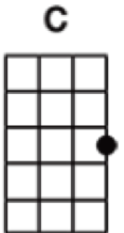
Bridge

(am↓) I hear her (G↓) voice in the (C↓) morning hour she (C↓) calls me
The (F↓) radio re(C↓)minds me of my (G↓) home far a(G↓)way
And (am↓) drivin' down the (Bb) road I get a (F↓) feelin'
That I (C↓) should have been home (G↓) yesterday
(strumming back in) Yester(G7)day

2x Chorus

Country (C) roads take me (G) home
To the (am) place I be(F)long
West Vir(C)ginia, mountain (G) momma
Take me (F) home, country (C) roads

Take me (G) home, country (C) roads
Take me (G) home, country (C) roads



Thank You for the Music

Benny Anderson | Björn Ulvaeus | 1977



g

(C) I'm nothing (Cdim) special
in (dm7) fact I'm a (G7) bit of a (C) bore (gm7-C7)
If (F) I tell a joke, you've (A7) probably heard it be(dm)fore (dm7-G7)
But (C) I have a talent, a (G) wonderful thing
'Cause (C) everyone (E7) listens when (F) I start to (fm) sing
I'm so (am) grateful and proud
All I (dm) want is to (dm7) sing it out (G7) loud

Chorus

So I say (C) Thank you for the (dm) music, the (G7) songs I'm (C) singing
(am) Thanks for (am7) all the (D7) joy they're (G7) bringing
(C) Who can live with(dm)out it, I (E7) ask in all hones(am)ty
What would life (fm) be?
Without a (C) song or a (gm) dance what are (A7) we?
So I say (dm) thank you for the (F) music
For (G7) giving it to (C) me (Cdim dm7 G7)

C – Cdim – dm7 – G7
jeder Akkord 1/2 Takt
= 2 Schläge

(C) Mother says (Cdim) I was a (dm7) dancer
be(G7)fore I could (C) walk (gm7-C7)
She says (F) I began to (A7) sing long before I could (dm) talk (dm7-G7)
And (C) I've often wondered, how (G) did it all start?
Who (C) found out that (E7) nothing can (F) capture a (fm) heart
Like a (am) melody can?
Well, who(dm)ever it was, (dm7) I'm a (G7) fan

Chorus

Brigde

(fm) I've been so (C) lucky, I am the (fm) girl with golden (C) hair
I want to (fm) sing it (E7) out to (am) every(am7)body
(dm7) What a joy, what a life, (G7) what a chance!

Chorus – die letzten zwei Zeilen wiederholen

...

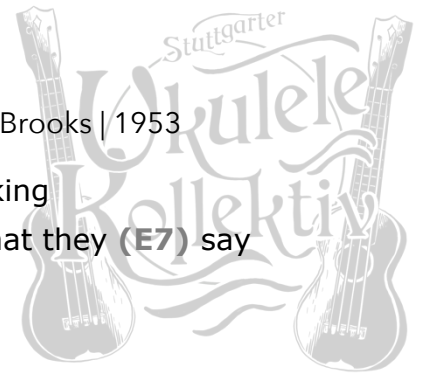
So I say (dm) thank you for the (F) music
For (G7) giving it to (C) me (Cdim Fm6 C)

C – Cdim – Fm6 – C
jeder Akkord 1/2 Takt
= 2 Schläge



That's Amore

Music: Harry Warren | Lyrics: Jack Brooks | 1953



Intro (Tremolo) f# In **(am)** Napoli where love is **(dm)** king
When boy meets **(am)** girl here's what they **(E7)** say

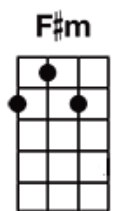
d#

When the **(A)** moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie
That's a **(E7)**more
When the world seems to shine like you've had too much wine
That's a **(A)**more

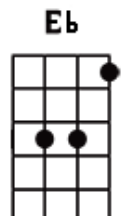
Bells will ring ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling
And you'll sing "Vi----ta **(E7)** bella"
Hearts will play tippy-tippy-tay, tippy-tippy-tay
Like a gay taran**(A)**tella

(E7) When the **(A)** stars make you drool just like a pasta e fasul
That's a **(E7)**more
When you dance down the street with a cloud at your feet
You're in **(f#m)** love

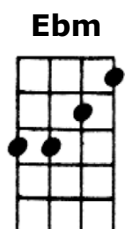
When you **(D)** walk in a dream but you **(dm)** know
You're not dreaming, si**(A)**gno----re
Scusa **(E7)** mi, but you see, back in old Napoli
That's **(A)** amore



(F7) Whe----en the----e **(Bb)** moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie
That's a **(F7)**more (that's amore)
When the world seems to shine like you've had too much wine
That's a **(Bb)**more (that's amore)



(F7) Bells will **(Bb)** ring ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling
And you'll sing "Vita **(F7)** bella"
Hearts will play tippy-tippy-tay, tippy-tippy-tay
Like a gay taran**(Bb)**tella (lucky fella)



(F7) Whe----en the----e **(Bb)** stars make you drool just like a pasta e fasul
That's a **(F7)**more
When you dance down the street with a cloud at your feet
You're in **(gm)** love

(langsam, Tremolo) When you **(Eb)** walk in a dream but you **(Ebm)** know
You're not dreaming, si**(Bb)**gnore
(normales Tempo) Scusa **(F7)** mi, but you see, back in old Napoli
That's **(Bb)** amore
(F7) Amore – That's **(Bb)** amore!

Dean Martin www.youtube.com/watch?v=OnFlx2Lnr9Q

The Green Fields of France

(No Man's Land)

Eric Bogle 1976



| C | Csus4 | C | Csus4 |

g

Well (C) how do you do now young (F) Willie Mc(dm)Bride (dmsus4) (dm) (dmsus4)
 Do you (G) mind if I sit down be(F)side your grave(C)side (Csus4) (C) (Csus4)
 And (C) rest for a while 'neath (F) warm summer (dm) sun (dmsus4) (dm) (dmsus4)
 I've been (G) walking all day and (F) I'm nearly (C) done (Csus4) (C) (Csus4)
 Well, I (C) see by your gravestone you were (F) only nine(dm)teen (dmsus4) (dm) (dmsus4)
 When you (G) joined the great fallen of (F) nineteen six(C)teen (Csus4) (C) (Csus4)
 Well I (C) hope you died well and I (F) hope you died (dm) clean (dmsus4) (dm) (dmsus4)
 Or (G) Willie McBride was it (F) slow and ob(C)scene

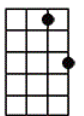
chorus



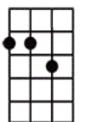
Did they (dm) beat the drum slowly and (F) play the fife (C) lowly
 Did they (dm) sound the death march as they (F) lowered you (G) down
 Did the (C) band sound the Last Post and (F) cho - (dm)rus
 Did they (C) pipe the Flowers of the (G) Fo - (C)rest

Did you (C) leave a young wife or a (F) sweetheart be(dm)hind
 In (G) some faithful heart are your (F) memories en(C)shrined
 For al(C)though you died back in (F) nineteen six(dm)teen
 In (G) that faithful heart you're for(F)ever nine(C)teen
 Or are you a stranger without (F) even a (dm) name
 En(G)closed forever be(F)hind a glass (C) frame
 In an (C) old photograph torn, (F) battered and (dm) stained
 (G) Faded to yellow with (F) brown leather (C) frame

Csus4



Dm sus4



chorus



As the (C) sun beats down on the (F) green fields of (dm) France
 There's a (G) soft summer breeze makes the (F) red poppies (C) dance
 And (C) see how the sun shines from (F) under the (dm) clouds
 There's no (G) gas, there's no barbed wire no (F) guns firing (C) now
 Oh, but (C) here in this graveyard it's (F) still no man's (dm) land
 The (G) countless white crosses stand (F) mute in the (C) sand
 And through (C) man's blind indifference to (F) his fellow (dm) man
 To a (G) whole generation who were (F) butchered and (C) damned

chorus



Now (C) Willie McBride I can't (F) help wonder (dm) why
 Do (G) those that lie here know (F) why did they (C) die
 And (C) did they believe when they (F) answered the (dm) call
 Did they (G) really believe that this (F) war could end (C) wars
 Oh, the (C) sorrow, the suffering, the (F) glory, the (dm) pain
 The (G) killing and dying t'was all (F) done in (C) vain
 For young (C) Willie McBride oh it (F) happened (dm) again
 And (G) again, and again, and a(F)gain, and a(C)gain

chorus



Empfohlenes Schlagmuster für dieses Lied im ¾-Takt

↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓
 1 2 3 1 2 3

Well how do you
 ↓ ↓ ↓
 do now young Willie McBride
 ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓

Die in der 1. Strophe angegebenen sus4-Akkorde gelten für alle Strophen. Sie werden jeweils ein Schlagmuster lang gespielt

C Csus4 C Csus4
 ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓

Aber es gilt wie immer:
 Alles kann, nix muss. Man kann auch einfach nur 4x C und dm ohne die sus4-Variante spielen.

The Hukilau Song

Music & Lyrics Jack Owens | 1948



d

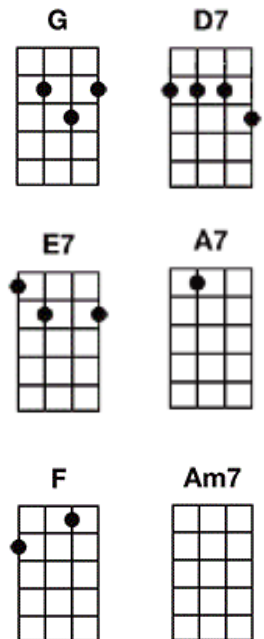
Oh, we're **(G)** going to a hukilau
Huki huki huki huki **(D7)** hukilau
Ev'rybody loves the hukilau
Where the lau lau is the kau kau at **(G)** the luau
We'll **(E7)** throw our nets out into the sea
And **(A7)** all the ama ama come swimming to me
We are **(G)** going to a **(E7)** hukilau
(am7) Huki huki huki **(D7)** huki huki**(G)**lau

Oh, we're **(G)** going to a hukilau
Huki huki huki huki **(D7)** hukilau
There's a romance 'neath Hawaiian skies
Where the lovely hula hula maidens **(G)** roll their eyes
The **(E7)** silvery moon is shining above
The **(A7)** kanes and wahines sing a song about love
We are **(G)** going to a **(E7)** hukilau
(am7) Huki huki huki **(D7)** huki huki**(G)**lau

bridge

What a **(G)** beautiful day for fishing
The old Hawaiian **(D7)** way
All the hukilau net are swishing
Down in old Laie **(G)** Bay

Oh, we're **(G)** going to a hukilau
Huki huki huki huki **(D7)** hukilau
Ev'rybody loves the hukilau
Where the lau lau is the kau kau at **(G)** the luau
We'll **(E7)** throw our nets out into the sea
And **(A7)** all the ama ama come swimming to me
We are **(G)** going to a **(E7)** hukilau
(am7) Huki huki **(D7)** huki
(am7) A huki huki **(D7)** huki
(am7) A huki huki **(D7)** huki huki(1 strum **G**)lau



*Letzter Akkord: nur ein strum und mit Hand abstoppen,
eins zwei drei zählen,
auf die Drei im 10. Bund A-Saite G spielen:*

...
(am7) A huki huki **(D7)** huki huki**(G)**lau - 1 - 2 - pling!



The Lion Sleeps Tonight – The Tokens

[intro – no chords]

We-de-de-de, de-de-de-de-de, we-um-um-a-way

We-de-de-de, de-de-de-de-de, we-um-um-a-way

A **(F)**wimoweh, a-wimoweh, a-**(Bb)**wimoweh, a-wimoweh

A **(F)**wimoweh, a-wimoweh, a-**(C)**wimoweh, a-wimoweh

A **(F)**wimoweh, a-wimoweh, a-**(Bb)**wimoweh, a-wimoweh

A **(F)**wimoweh, a-wimoweh, a-**(C)**wimoweh, a-wimoweh

(F)In the jungle, the **(Bb)**mighty jungle

The **(F)**lion sleeps to**(C)**night

(F)In the jungle, the **(Bb)**quiet jungle

The **(F)**lion sleeps to**(C)**night

[chorus]

[the women sing]

Wee-ooo-eee-ooo, we-um-um-a-way

Wee-ooo-eee-ooo, we-um-um-a-way

[while the men sing]

A **(F)**wimoweh, a-wimoweh, a-**(Bb)**wimoweh, a-wimoweh

A **(F)**wimoweh, a-wimoweh, a-**(C)**wimoweh, a-wimoweh

A **(F)**wimoweh, a-wimoweh, a-**(Bb)**wimoweh, a-wimoweh

A **(F)**wimoweh, a-wimoweh, a-**(C)**wimoweh, a-wimoweh

(F)Near the village, the **(Bb)**peaceful village

The **(F)**lion sleeps to**(C)**night

(F)Near the village, the **(Bb)**peaceful village

The **(F)**lion sleeps to**(C)**night

[chorus]

(F)Hush my darling, don't **(Bb)**fear my darling

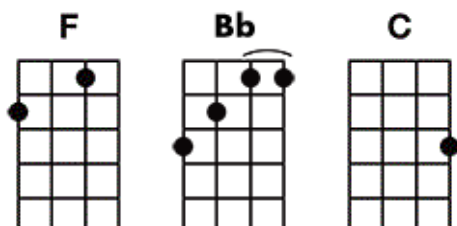
The **(F)**lion sleeps to**(C)**night

(F)Hush my darling, don't **(Bb)**fear my darling

The **(F)**lion sleeps to**(C)**night

[chorus]

[fade out]



The Mighty Quinn

Bob Dylan | 1967



g

(G) Come all without, (D) come all with(G)in.
You'll not see (D) nothing like the (C) Mighty (G) Quinn
(G) Come all without, (D) come all with(G)in.
You'll not see (D) nothing like the (C) Mighty (G) Quinn.

(G) Everybody's (C) building (G) the big ships and the (C) boats.
(G) Some are building (C) monuments, (G) others jotting down (C) notes.
(G) Everybody's (C) in despair, every (G) girl and (C) boy.
But when (G) Quinn the Eskimo (D) gets here,
every(C)body's gonna jump for (G) joy.

(G) Come all without, (D) come all with(G)in.
You'll not see (D) nothing like the (C) Mighty (G) Quinn
(G) Come all without, (D) come all with(G)in.
You'll not see (D) nothing like the (C) Mighty (G) Quinn.

(G) I like to do just (C) like the rest, I (G) like my sugar (C) sweet.
But (G) guarding fumes and (C) making haste, it (G) ain't my cup of (C) meat.
(G) Everybody's (C) 'neath the trees, feeding (G) pigeons on a (C) limb.
But when (G) Quinn the Eskimo (D) gets here,
all the (C) pigeons gonna run to (G) him.

(G) Come all without, (D) come all with(G)in.
You'll not see (D) nothing like the (C) Mighty (G) Quinn
(G) Come all without, (D) come all with(G)in.
You'll not see (D) nothing like the (C) Mighty (G) Quinn.

(G) A cat's miaow and a (C) cow's moo, (G) I can recite 'em (C) all.
Just (G) tell me where it (C) hurts ya honey and I'll (G) tell you who to (C) call.
(G) Nobody can (C) get no sleep, there's (G) someone on everyone's (C) toes.
But when (G) Quinn the Eskimo (D) gets here,
every(C)body's gonna wanna (G) doze.

(G) Come all without, (D) come all with(G)in.
You'll not see (D) nothing like the (C) Mighty (G) Quinn
(G) Come all without, (D) come all with(G)in.
You'll not see (D) nothing like the (C) Mighty (G) Quinn.

Manfred Man Top of the Pops 1968 www.youtube.com/watch?v=STV9u3b-g7k
Bob Dylan 1967 www.youtube.com/watch?v=-UwMvE-rdZw
www.youtube.com/watch?v=VXDrEeS52vk |

Bob Dylan Experience

www.youtube.com/watch?v=2k4Op8Hmqog&list=RD2k4Op8Hmqog&start_radio=1



The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down

Music & Lyrics: Robbie Robertson & Levon Helm | 1969



e

(em) Virgil Caine (G) is the name
And I (C) served on the Danville (em) train.
(G) Til Stoneman's (em) cavalry came
And (C) tore up the tracks a(em)gain.
(C) In the winter of (G) '65
We were (em) hungry, just (C) barely alive.
By (em) May the tenth, (C) Richmond had fell.
It's a (G) time I re(em)member oh so (A) well

chorus

The (G) night they (em) drove old (C) Dixie (G) down
And the (em) bells were ringing
The (G) night they (em) drove old (C) Dixie (G) down
And the (em) people were singing
They went, (G) „Naa naa na na (em) na na naa
(A) na na na na (C) na na na naaaa.

(em) Back with my wife in (G) Tennessee
When (C) one day she called to (em) me
(G) "Virgil, (em) quick, come see,
(C) There goes Robert E. (em) Lee."
Now (C) I don't mind (G) chopping wood
And I (em) don't care if the (C) money's no good
You (em) take what you need and (C) leave the rest
But they should (G) never have (em) taken the very (A) best

chorus

(em) Like my father be(G)fore me
(C) I will work the (em) land
And (G) like my brother a(em)bove me
Who (C) took a rebel (em) stand
He was (C) just eighteen, (G) proud and brave
But a (em) Yankee laid him (C) in his grave
I (em) swear by the mud be(C)low my feet
You can't (G) raise a Caine back (em) up when he's in de(A7)feat

chorus (end on em)



Am Tag, als Conny Kramer starb

Musik: Robbie Robertson 1969 | Text: Ulli Weigel 1972



e

(em) Wir lagen (G) träumend im Gras,
die (C) Köpfe voll verrückter I(em)deen.
(G) Da sagte er (em) nur zum Spaß:
„Komm, (C) lass uns auf die Reise (em) geh'n.“
(C) Doch der Rauch schmeckte (G) bitter,
aber (em) Conny sagte mir, (C) was er sah.
Ein (em) Meer von Lichter und (C) Farben.
Wir ahnten (G) nicht, was (em) bald darauf ge(A)schah.

Refrain

Am (G) Tag, als (em) Conny (C) Kramer (G) starb,
und alle (em) Glocken klangen.
Am (G) Tag, als (em) Conny (C) Kramer (G) starb,
und alle (em) Freunde weinten um ihn.
(G) Das war ein (em) schwerer Tag,
(am) weil in mir eine (C) Welt zerbrach.

(em) Er versprach oft: „Ich (G) lass es sein.“
Das (C) gab mir wieder neuen (em) Mut.
(G) Und ich rede(em)te mir ein:
„Mit (C) Liebe wird alles (em) gut.“
Doch (C) aus den Joints, da (G) wurden Trips,
es gab (em) keinen Halt auf der (C) schiefen Bahn.
Die (em) Leute fingen an zu (C) reden.
Doch (G) keiner bot (em) Conny Hilfe (A) an.

Refrain

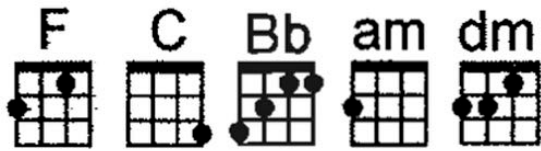
(em) Beim letzten Mal, da (G) sagte er:
(C) Nun kann ich den Himmel (em) seh'n.“
(G) Ich schrie ihn an: „Nein! Oh, (em) komm zurück!“
Er (C) konnte mich nicht mehr (em) versteh'n.
(C) Ich hatte nicht einmal mehr (G) Tränen,
ich hatte (em) alles verloren, (C) was ich hab.
Doch das (em) Leben geht einfach (C) weiter.
Mir bleiben (G) nur noch die (em) Blumen auf seinem (A) Grab.

Refrain



The Rose

Bette Midler | 1979



f

Some say (**F**) love it is a (**C**) river
That (**B^b**) drowns the (**C**) tender (**F**) reed
Some say love it is a (**C**) razor
That (**B^b**) leaves your (**C**) soul to (**F**) bleed
Some say (**am**) love it is a (**dm**) hunger
An (**B^b**) endless aching (**C**) need
I say (**F**) love it is a (**C**) flower
And (**B^b**) you its (**C**) only (**F**) seed

It's the (**F**) heart afraid of (**C**) breaking
That (**B^b**) never (**C**) learns to (**F**) dance
It's the dream afraid of (**C**) waking
That (**B^b**) never (**C**) takes the (**F**) chance
It's the (**am**) one who won't be (**dm**) taken
Who (**B^b**) cannot seem to (**C**) give
And the (**F**) soul afraid of (**C**) dying
That (**B^b**) never (**C**) learns to (**F**) live

When the (**F**) night has been too (**C**) lonely
And the (**B^b**) road has (**C**) been too (**F**) long
And you think that love is (**C**) only
For the (**B^b**) lucky (**C**) and the (**F**) strong
Just re(**am**)ember in the (**dm**) winter
Far be(**B^b**)neath the bitter (**C**) snow
Lies the (**F**) seed that with the (**C**) sun's love
In the (**B^b**) spring be(**C**)comes a (**F**) rose



The Sound of Silence

Paul Simon | 1964



| em |

e

Hello darkness my old (D) friend
I've come to talk with you a(em)gain
Because a vision soft(C)ly creep(G)ing
Left its seeds while I (C) was sleep(G)ing
And the (C) vision that was planted in my (G) brain
Still re(em)mains
Within the (D) sound... of (em) silence (em↓)

In restless dreams I walked a(D)lone
Narrow streets of cobbled (em) stone
'Neath the halo of (C) a street (G) lamp
I turned my collar to the (C) cold and (G) damp
When my (C) eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon (G) light
That split the (em) night
And touched the (D) sound... of (em) silence (em↓)

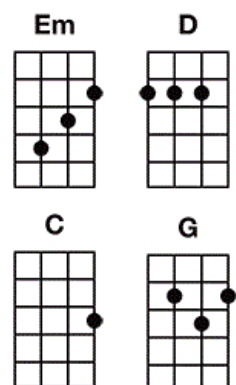
And in the naked light I (D) saw
Ten thousand people maybe (em) more
People talking with(C)out speak(G)ing
People hearing with(C)out listen(G)ing
People writing (C) songs that voices never (G) share
And no one (em) dared
Disturb the (D) sound... of (em) silence (em↓)

"Fools!" said I, you do not (D) know
Silence like a cancer (em) grows
Hear my words that I (C) might teach (G) you
Take my arms that I (C) might reach (G) you
But my (C) words like silent raindrops (G) fell
(em) (*extra bar*)
And e(em)choed
In the (D) wells of (em) silence (em↓)

And the people bowed and (D) prayed
To the neon God they (em) made
And the sign flashed (C) its warn(G)ing
In the words that it (C) was form(G)ing
And the sign said, the (C) words of the prophets are written on the subway
And tenement (em) halls (G) walls
And (em) whispered

ritardando

In the (D) sounds... of (em) silence



The Times they are A-Changin' F

(1963, Bob Dylan)

F Dm Bb F Gm Bb C
Come gather 'round people wherever you roam, and admit that the waters around you have grown
F Dm Bb F Gm C
and accept it that soon you'll be drenched - to the bone, if your time to you is worth savin'
C7 C6 C F C F
then you better start swimmin' or you'll sink like a stone, for the times they are a - changin'

Harp 1: F Dm Bb F , F--

F Dm Bb F Gm Bb C
F Dm Bb F Gm C
Come writers and critics who prophesize with your pen, and keep your eyes wide the chance won't come again
and don't speak too soon for the wheel's still in spin, and there's no tellin' who that it's namin'
C7 C6 C F C F
for the loser now will be later to win, for the times, they are a-changin'

Solo Harp 2: F Dm Bb F F , C Bb F C C C , F--

F Dm Bb F Gm Bb C
F Dm Bb F Gm C
Come senators, congressmen, please heed the call, don't stand in the doorway, don't block up the hall
for he that gets hurt will be he who has stalled, the battle outside ragin'
C7 C6 C F C F
will soon shake your windows and rattle your walls, for the times they are a-changin'

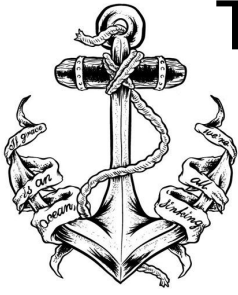
Harp 3: F C C7 C F F

F Dm Bb F Gm Bb C
F Dm Bb F Gm C
Come mothers and fathers throughout the land, and don't criticize what you can't understand
your sons and your daughters are beyond your command, your old road is rapidly aging
C7 C6 C F C F
please get out of the new one if you can't lend your hand, for the times they are a-changin'

Solo Harp 4: F Dm Bb F F , C Bb F C C , F Dm C F F F

F Dm Bb F Gm Bb C
F Dm Bb F Gm C
C7 C6 C F C F
The line it is drawn, the curse it is cast, the slow one now will later be fast
as the present now will later be past, the order is rapidly fadin'
and the first one now will later be last, for the times they are a-changin'

Outro Harp 5: F Dm Bb F F , C Bb C C , F Dm C F F F



The Wellerman

trad.

am

There once was a ship that put to sea

dm

am

and the name of that ship was the Billy o' Tea

am

The winds blew hard, her bow dipped down

E7

am

O Blow, me bully boys, blow (Huh!)

Chorus

F

C

Soon may the Wellerman come

dm

am

To bring us sugar and tea and rum

F

C

One day, when the tonguin' is done

E7

am

We'll take our leave and go

am

She had not been two weeks from shore

dm

am

When down on her a right whale bore

am

The captain called all hands and swore

E7

am

He'd take that whale in tow (Hah!)

Chorus

am

Before the boat had hit the water

dm

am

The whale's tail came up and caught her

am

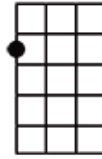
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her

E7

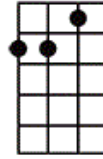
am

When she dived down below (Huh!)

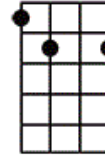
Am



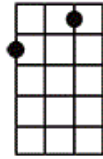
Dm



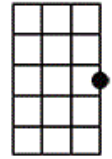
E7



F



C



Chorus

am

No line was cut, no whale was freed

dm

am

The Captain's mind was not on greed

am

But he belonged to the whaleman's creed

E7

am

She took that ship in tow (Huh!)

Chorus

am

For forty days, or even more

dm

am

The line went slack, then tight once more

am

All boats were lost, there were only four

E7

am

But still that whale did go

Chorus

am

As far as I've heard, the fight's still on

dm

am

The line's no cut and the whale's not gone

am

The Wellerman makes his regular call

E7

am

To encourage the Captain, crew and all (huh!)

Chorus 2x



Kardoffelsalad (Hausmann-Version)

Text: Anette Heiter¹
Musik: Shanty Neuseeland ca. 1860 (The Wellerman)

Mei (am) Frau, wenn dui an Hongr hod,
dann (dm) kriegt m'r dui so (am) schnell net sadd.
Do brauchds a gescheides Maderial ond
(E7) schwäbisch sodd's hald (am) sei.

Chorus

(F) Mach i Kar(C)doffelsalad,
dann (dm) schdod mei Frau so(am)fort parad,
(F) des wird're (C) nie ned fad,
des (E7) issd dui jeden (am) Dag.

Am (am) liebschda hod se Schpätzle, klar,
die (dm) schmecket're ganz (am) wonderbar.
Aus Mehl od Oier mach i de Doig,
(E7) schab's ins Wassr (am) nei.

Chorus

Do(am)zua gibt's no, des muass hald sei,
Kar(dm)doffla und zwar (am) ned als Brei.
Die gibt's bei uns bloß als Salad,
denn (E7) ebbes g'sond's muss (am) sei.

Chorus

I (am) mach a ganze Kochäds voll,
des (dm) findet sui o(am)bachä toll.
No schält sui se und schneid' se nei,
des (E7) macht se richtig (am) fei.

Chorus

Am (am) Schluss kommd no Saladsoß no,
die (dm) koin'r so wie (am) i hald ko.
mit Floischbrüh und mit Hengschdeberg,
zwei (E7) Schdunda ziagt des (am) ei.

Chorus

Wenn's (am) na no einen Brodä gibt,
dann (dm) isch mei Frau do(am)dal verliabt.
Und was mir no zum Nochdisch dean,
des (E7) goht eich garnix (am) o.



¹ Mit leichter Abwandlung für den Hausmann durch Hartmut Wörner

This Is The Life

Amy McDonald, Peter Wilkinson | 2007



↓ ↓↑↓ ↓↑↓ ↓ ↑ ↑↓
1 u 2 u 3 u 4 u 1 u 2 u 3 u 4 u

| am | am | F | F | C | C | em | em |

a

Oh the **(am)** wind whistles down
The **(F)** cold dark street tonight
And the **(C)** people they were dancing **(em)** to the music vibe
And the **(am)** boys chase the girls with the curls in their hair
While the **(F)** shy tormented youth sit way over there
And the **(C)** songs they get louder
Each one better than be**(em)**fore

chorus 2x And you're singing the **(am)** songs
Thinking this is the life
And you wake up in the **(F)** morning
and your head feels twice the size
Where you gonna go? **(C)** Where you gonna go?
Where you gonna sleep to**(em)**night?

dann Where you gonna sleep to**(am)**night?

| am | F | F | C | C | em | em |

So you're **(am)** heading down the road in your taxi for four
And you're **(F)** waiting outside Jimmy's front door
But **(C)** nobody's in and nobody's home 'til **(em)** four
So you're **(am)** sitting there with nothing to do
Talking a**(F)**bout Robert Riger and his motley crew
And **(C)** where you're gonna go and
where you're gonna sleep to**(em)**night

chorus 1x And you're singing the **(am)** songs...

dann Where you gonna sleep to**(am)**night?

| am | F | F | C | C | em | em |
| am | am | F | F | C | C | em | em |

chorus 4x And you're singing the **(am)** songs...

dann Where you gonna sleep to**(am)**night?

| am | am | F | F | C | C | em | em | am 1 strum



This Land is Your Land

Woody Guthrie | 1940



chorus

g

This land is (C) your land and this land is (G) my land
From Cali(D)fornia to the New York (G) Island
From the redwood (C) forest to the Gulf Stream (G) waters
(D) This land was made for you and (G) me

As I went (C) walking that ribbon of (G) highway
I saw a(D)bove me that endless (G) skyway
I saw be(C)low me that golden (G) valley
(D) This land was made for you and (G) me

chorus

I roamed and (C) rambled and I've followed my (G) footsteps
To the sparkling (D) sands of her diamond (G) deserts
All a(C)round me a voice was (G) a-sounding
(D) This land was made for you and (G) me

chorus

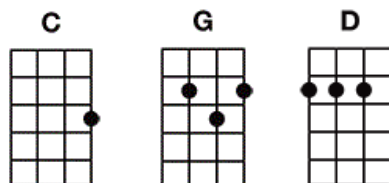
There was a big high (C) wall there that tried to (G) stop me
Sign was (D) painted said "Private (G) Property"
But on the (C) backside it didn't say (G) nothing
(D) This land was made for you and (G) me



chorus

When the sun came (C) shining, then I was (G) strolling
And the wheat fields (D) waving and the dust clouds (G) rolling
A voice was (C) chanting as the fog was (G) lifting
(D) This land was made for you and (G) me

chorus



Those Were the Days

Music: Boris Fomin 1917 | Lyrics: Eugene Raskin 1962



a

(am) Once upon a time there was a tavern
(A7) Where we used to raise a glass or (dm) two
Remember how we laughed away the (am) hours
(B7) Think 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

Daa da da (am) dai dai dai, da da-da (dm) dai dai dai
Daa da da (G) daa, da (G7) da da dada (C) daa
Daa da da (dm) dai dai dai, da da da (am) dai dai dai
Daa da da (E7) daa, da da da dada (am) daa

(am) Then the busy years went rushing by us
we (A7) lost our starry notions on the (dm) way
If by chance I'd see you in the (am) tavern
we'd (B7) smile at one another and we'd (E7) say

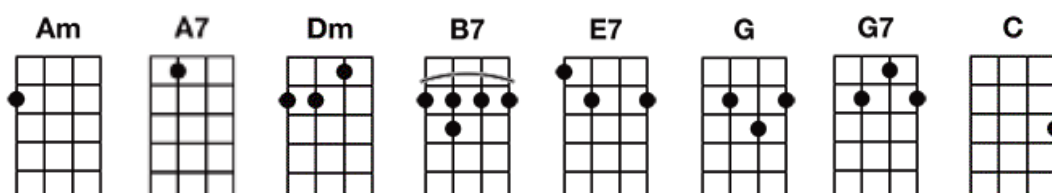
chorus

(am) Just tonight I stood before the tavern
(A7) Nothing seemed the way it used to (dm) be
In the glass I saw a strange re(am)flexion
(B7) Was that lonely person really (E7) me?

chorus

(am) Through the door there came familiar laughter
I (A7) saw your face and heard you call my (dm) name
Oh, my friend, we're older but no (am) wiser
for (B7) in our hearts the dreams are still the (E7) same

chorus



Tonight You Belong to Me

Music: Lee David | Lyrics: Billy Rose | 1926



c

(F) I know, I know
You (F7) belong
To (Bb6) somebody (Bbm6) new
But (F) tonight you be(C7)long to (F) me (C7)

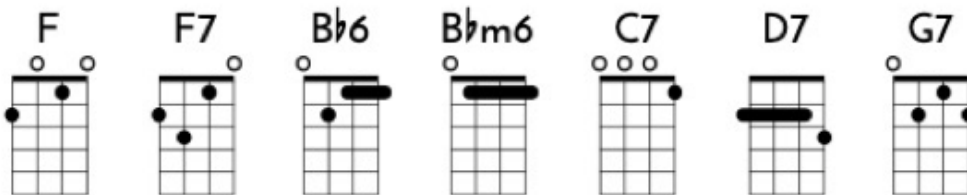
Al(F)though, although
We're a(F7)part
You're (Bb6) part of my (Bbm6) heart
And (F) tonight you be(C7)long to (F) me (F7)

Way (Bbm6) down by the stream
How sweet it will seem
Once (F) more just to (D7) dream
In the (G7) moon(C7)light

My honey, I (F) know
With the (F7) dawn
That (Bb6) you will be (Bbm6) gone
But (F) tonight you be(C7)long to (F) me (F7)

Way (Bbm6) down by the stream
How sweet it will seem
Once (F) more just to (D7) dream
In the (G7) moon(C7)light

My honey, I (F) know
With the (F7) dawn
That (Bb6) you will be (Bbm6) gone
But (F) tonight you be(C7)long to (F) me
Just a (Bbm6) little old (F) me (Bbm6) (F↓)



Gene Austin 1926 www.youtube.com/watch?v=VNEK_ai144I

Mersey Belles 2013 www.youtube.com/watch?v=ufJITfJJb4g

Eddie Vedder & Cat Power 2013 www.youtube.com/watch?v=OUStIV3NUeo

Top of The World

Richard Carpenter | John Bettis 1972



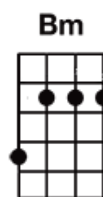
(G) Such a feelin's (D) comin' (C) over (G) me
There is (bm) wonder in most (am) everything I (G) see
Not a (C) cloud in the (D) sky
Dot the (bm) sun in my (em) eyes
And I (C) won't be surprised if it's a (D) dream

(G) Everything I (D) want the (C) world to (G) be
Is now (bm) coming true es(am)pecially for (G) me
And the (C) reason is (D) clear
It's be(bm)cause you are (em) here
You're the (C) nearest thing to heaven that I've (D) seen

Chorus

I'm on the (G) top of the world lookin' (C) down on creation
And the (G) only expla(D7)nation I can (G) find
Is the (C) love that I've (D) found ever (G) since you've been a(C)round
Your love's (G) put me at the (D) top of the (G) world

(G) Something in the (D) wind has (C) learned my (G) name
And it's (bm) tellin' me that (am) things are not the (G) same
In the (C) leaves on the (D) trees
and the (bm) touch of the (em) breeze
There's a (C) pleasin' sense of happiness for (D) me



(G) There is only (D) one wish (C) on my (G) mind
When this (bm) day is through I (am) hope that I will (G) find
That to(C)morrow will (D) be
just the (bm) same for you and (em) me
All I (C) need will be mine if you are (D) here

Chorus 2x

I'm on the (G) top of the world lookin' (C) down on creation
And the (G) only expla(D7)nation I can (G) find
Is the (C) love that I've (D) found ever (G) since you've been a(C)round
Your love's (G) put me at the (D) top of the (G) world



Über den Wolken

Reinhard Mey | 1974



| C | Csus4 | C | Csus4 | C↓ |

e

Wind Nord-Ost, Startbahn null-(**dm**)drei.
(**G7**) Bis hier hör' ich die Mo(**C**)toren.
Wie ein Pfeil zieht sie vor(**dm**)bei,
(**G7**) und es dröhnt in meinen (**C**) Ohren.
Und der nasse Asphalt (**dm**) bebt.
(**G7**) Wie ein Schleier staubt der (**C**) Regen,
bis sie abhebt und sie (**dm**) schwebt
(**G7**) der Sonne ent(**C**)gegen. (**C↓**)

Refrain

Über den (**dm**) Wolken
(**G7**) muss die Freiheit wohl (**C**) grenzenlos sein.
(**am**) Alle Ängste, alle (**dm**) Sorgen, sagt man,
(**G7**) blieben darunter ver(**C**)borgen, und dann
(**F**) würde, was uns groß und (**C**) wichtig erscheint,
(**G7**) plötzlich nichtig und (**C**) klein. (**C↓**)

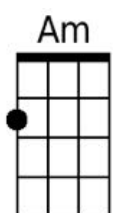
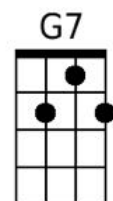
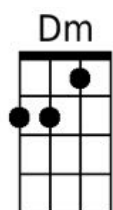
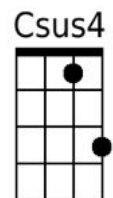
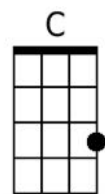
Ich seh' ihr noch lange (**dm**) nach,
(**G7**) seh' sie die Wolken er(**C**)klimmen.
Bis die Lichter nach und (**dm**) nach
(**G7**) ganz im Regengrau ver(**C**)schwimmen.
Meine Augen haben (**dm**) schon
(**G7**) jenen winz'gen Punkt ver(**C**)loren,
nur von fern klingt mono(**dm**)ton
(**G7**) das Summen der Mo(**C**)toren. (**C↓**)

Refrain

Dann ist alles still, ich (**dm**) geh',
(**G7**) Regen durchdringt meine (**C**) Jacke.
Irgendjemand kocht Kaf(**dm**)fee
(**G7**) in der Luftaufsichtsba(**C**)racke.
In den Pfützen schwimmt Ben(**dm**)zin,
(**G7**) schillernd wie ein Regen(**C**)bogen.
Wolken spiegeln sich da(**dm**)rin.
(**G7**) Ich wär' gerne mitge(**C**)flogen. (**C↓**)

Refrain

| C | Csus4 | C | Csus4 | C↓ |



Ukulele Lady

Ukulele arr.: May Singhi Breen

Music: Richard A. Whiting | Lyrics: Gus Kahn | 1925



d

(F) I saw the splendor (C7) of the (F) moonlight
On Hono(C#7)lu(C7)lu (F) Bay
There's something tender (C7) in the (F) moonlight
On Hono(C#7)lu(C7)lu (F) Bay
(dm) And all the beaches are full of peaches
(am) Who bring their ukes a(am-long G7-Gdim)
(F) And in the glimmer of the moonlight
They love to (G7) sing their (C7) song

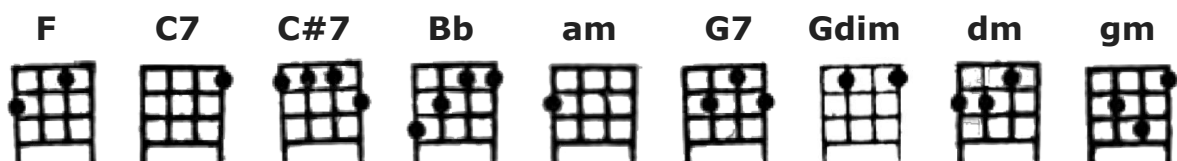
chorus

If (F) you (am) like a (dm) Ukulele (C7) Lady
(F) Ukulele (am) Lady like-a (dm you F)
If (gm) you (C7) like to (gm) linger where it's (C7) shady
(gm) Ukulele (C7) Lady linger (F) too
If you (am) kiss a (dm) Ukulele (C7) Lady
(F) While you promise (am) ever to be (dm true F)
And (gm) she (C7) see an(gm)other Uku(C7)lele
(gm) Lady fool a(C7)round with (F) you
(Bb) Maybe she'll sigh
(F) Maybe she'll cry
(G7) Maybe she'll find somebody else
(C) Bye and (C7) bye
To (F) sing (am) to (dm) when it's cool and (C7) shady
(F) Where the tricky (am) Wicki Wackies (dm woo F)
If (gm) you (C7) like a (gm) Ukulele (C7) Lady
(gm) Ukulele (C7) Lady like-a (F) you



(F) She used to sing to (C7) me by (F) moonlight
On Hono(C#7)lu(C)lu (F) Bay
Fond mem'ries cling to (C7) me by (F) moonlight
Altho' I'm (C#7) far (C7) a(F)way
(dm) Some day I'm going where eyes are glowing
(am) And lips are made to (am kiss G7-Gdim)
(F) To see somebody in the moonlight
And hear the (G7) song (C7) I miss

chorus



Valerie

key:Dm, artist:Amy Winehouse writer:Dave McCabe, Russell Pritchard, Sean Payne, Abi Harding, Paul Molloy, Boyan Chowdhury

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=namFjcOgHSE> Capo 4

Intro : **[C]** **[Dm]** (1st line)

Well some **[C]** times I go out by myself and I look across the **[Dm]** water
And I **[C]** think of all the things, what you're doing
and in my head I make a **[Dm]** picture

[F] 'Cos since I've come on home, well my **[Em]** body's been a mess
And I've **[F]** missed your ginger hair and the **[Em]** way you like to dress
[F] Won't you come on over, **[C]** stop making a fool out of **[G]** me
Why won't you come on over Vale**[C]**rie? Vale**[Dm]**rie Vale**[C]**rie? Vale**[Dm]**rie

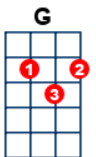
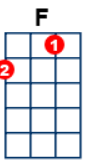
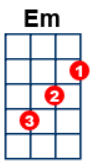
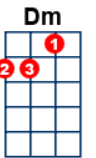
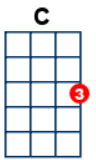
Did you **[C]** have to go to jail, put your house on up for sale
Did you get a good **[Dm]** lawyer?
I hope you **[C]** didn't catch a tan, I hope you find the right man
Who'll fix it **[Dm]** for you
Are you **[C]** shopping anywhere, changed the colour of your hair,
Are you still **[Dm]** busy
And did you **[C]** have to pay the fine you were dodging all the time
Are you still **[Dm]** dizzy?

[F] 'Cos since I've come on home, well my **[Em]** body's been a mess
And I've **[F]** missed your ginger hair and the **[Em]** way you like to dress
[F] Won't you come on over, **[C]** stop making a fool out of **[G]** me
Why won't you come on over Vale**[C]**rie? Vale**[Dm]**rie Vale**[C]**rie? Vale**[Dm]**rie

{No chords – tap on Instrument}

Well sometimes I go out by myself and I look across the water
And I think of all the things, what you're doing
and in my head I make a **[Dm]** picture

[F] 'Cos since I've come on home, well my **[Em]** body's been a mess
And I've **[F]** missed your ginger hair and the **[Em]** way you like to dress
[F] Won't you come on over, **[C]** stop making a fool out of **[G]** me
Why won't you come on over Vale**[C]**rie? Vale**[Dm]**rie Vale**[C]**rie? Vale**[Dm]**rie



Wayfaring Stranger F Uke

(ca. 1858, American Folk/Gospel)

1.) I am a **(Dm)**poor wayfaring stranger,
while traveling **(Gm)**through, this world of **(Dm)**woe
(Dm) Yet there's no sick-ness, toil or danger
in that bright **(Gm)**land, to which I **(Dm)**go

R.) I'm going **(Bb)**there, to see my **(F)**father,
I'm going **(Bb)**there, no **(Dm)**more to **(A7)**roam **(A7!)**
I'm only **(Dm)**goin' over Jordan, I'm only **(Gm)**goin' over **(Dm)**home

Solo: (Ablauf Strophe) | **Dm Dm Gm Dm** | 2x

2.) I know dark **(Dm)**clouds, will gather 'round me
I know my **(Gm)**way, is rough and **(Dm)**steep
(Dm) Yet beautiful fields, lie just before me
where God's re-**(Gm)**deemed, their vigils **(Dm)**keep

R.) I'm going **(Bb)**there, to see my **(F)**mother,
she said she'd **(Bb)**meet me, **(Dm)**when I **(A7)**come **(A7!)**
I'm only **(Dm)**goin' over Jordan, I'm only **(Gm)**goin' over **(Dm)**home

Solo: (Ablauf Strophe) | **Dm Dm Gm Dm** | 2x

3.) I'll soon be **(Dm)**free, from every trial
my body **(Gm)**resting, in the old church-**(Dm)**yard
(Dm) I'll drop this cross, of self-denial
to enter **(Gm)**in, that great free **(Dm)**world

R.) I'm goin' **(Bb)**there, to see my **(F)**savior
to sing his **(Bb)**praise, for **(Dm)**ever **(A7)**more **(A7!)**
I'm only **(Dm)**goin' over Jordan, I'm only **(Gm)**goin' over **(Dm)**home
I'm only **(Gm)**goin': Over **(Dm)**home.

When I'm Sixty-Four

Paul McCartney | 1967

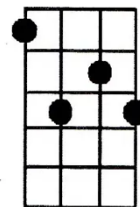


e

(C) When I get older, losing my hair,
Many years from (G7) now,
Will you still be sending me a valentine,
(1 strum) Birthday greetings, (C) bottle of wine?
If I'd been out till quarter to three,
(C7) Would you lock the (F) door?
Will you still (Ab7) need me, (C) will you still (A7) feed me,
(D7) When I'm (G7) sixty (C) four? (G7 C)

(am) Ooooooh (am) oooooh
(G) oooooh (am) oooooh
(am) You'll be older (E7) too.
(am) And if you (dm) say the word
(F) ↓I ↓could (G) ↓stay ↓with (C) you. (G)

Ab7



(C) I could be handy, mending a fuse
When your lights have (G7) gone.
You can knit a sweater by the fireside,
(1 strum) Sunday mornings (C) go for a ride.
Doing the garden, digging the weeds,
(C7) Who could ask for (F) more?
Will you still (Ab7) need me, (C) will you still (A7) feed me,
(D7) When I'm (G7) sixty (C) four? (G7 C)

(am) Every summer we can rent a cottage
In the Isle of (G) Wight, if it's not too (am) dear.
We shall scrimp and (E7) save.
(am) Grandchildren (dm) on your knee,
(F) ↓Ve↓ra, (G) ↓Chuck ↓and (C) Dave. (G)

(C) Send me a postcard, drop me a line,
Stating point of (G7) view.
Indicate precisely what you mean to say,
(1 strum) Yours sincerely, (C) wasting away.
Give me your answer, fill in a form,
(C7) Mine for ever(F)more.
Will you still (Ab7) need me, (C) will you still (A7) feed me,
(D7) When I'm (G7) sixty (C) four?

(F) Will you still (Ab7) need me, (C) will you still (A7) feed me,
(D7) When I'm (G7) sixty (C) four? (G7 C)



Where Do You Go To (My Lovely)

Peter Sarstedt | 1969



g

You (C) talk like Marlene (em) Dietrich
And you (F) dance like Zizi Jean (G) Maire
Your (C) clothes are all made by (em) Balmain
And there's (F) diamonds and pearls in your (G) hair, yes there (G7) are
(em7)(G)

And you (C) live in a fancy ap(em)artment
Off the (F) boulevard St Mi(G)chel
Where you (C) keep your Rolling Stones (em) records
And a (F) friend of Sacha Dis (G)tel, yes you (G7) do (em7)(G)

chorus

But (C) where do you go to my (em) lovely
(F) When you're alone in your (G) bed?
(C) Tell me the thoughts that sur(em)round you
I (F) want to look inside your (G) head, yes I (G7) do (em7)(G)

I've (C) seen all your qualifi(em)cations
You (F) got from the Sor(G)bonne
And the (C) painting you stole from Pi(em)casso
Your (F) loveliness goes on and (G) on, yes, it (G7) does (em7)(G)

When you (C) go on your summer va(em)cation
You (F) go to Juan-les-(G)Pins
With your (C) carefully designed topless (em)] swimsuit
You (F) get an even sun(G)tan, on your (G7) back, and on your
(em7) legs (G)

And when (C) the snow falls you're found in St. (em) Moritz
With the (F) others of the jet (G) set
And you (C) sip your Napoleon (em) brandy
But you (F) never get your lips (G) wet, no you (G7) don't (em7)(G)

chorus

But (C) where do you go to my (em) lovely
(F) When you're alone in your (G) bed?
Won't you (C) tell me the thoughts that sur(em)round you
I (F) want to look inside your (G) head, yes I (G7) do (em7)(G)

Your (C) name it is heard in high (em) places
 You (F) know the Aga (G) Khan
 He (C) sent you a racehorse for (em) Christmas
 And you (F) keep it just for (G) fun, for a (G7) laugh, a-ha-ha
(em7) ha (G)

They (C) say that when you get (em) married
 It'll (F) be to a millio(G)naire
 But they (C) don't realize where you (em) came from
 And I (F) wonder if they really (G) care or give a (G7) damn (em7)(G)

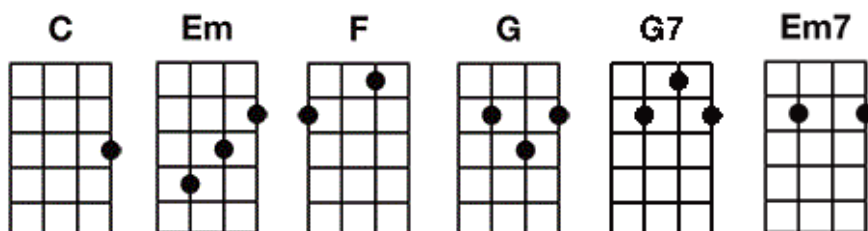
chorus

(C) Where do you go to my (em) lovely
 (F) When you're alone in your (G) bed?
 (C) Tell me the thoughts that sur(em)round you
 I (F) want to look inside your (G) head, yes I (G7) do (em7)(G)

I re(C)member the back streets of (em) Naples
 Two (F) children begging in (G) rags
 Both (C) touched with a burning am(em)bition
 To (F) shake off their lowly born (G) tags, yes they (G7) try (em7-G)]

So (C) look into my face Marie (em) Claire
 And (F) remember just who you (G) are
 Then (C) go and forget me for(em]ever
 But I (F) know you still bear the (G) scar deep in(G7)side, yes
you (em7) do (G)

I (C) know where you go to my (em) lovely
 (F) When you're alone in your (G) bed
 (C) I know the thoughts that sur(em)round you
 Cause (F) I can look (G) inside your (C) head.



Wild Rover

trad. Irish early 19th century



g

I've (C) been a wild rover for many a (F) year
And I (C) spent all me (G7) money on whiskey and (C) beer
But (C) now I'm returning with gold in great (F) store,
And I (C) promise to (G7) play the wild rover no (C) more

chorus

And it's (G7) no, nay, never
(C) No, nay, never, no (F) more,
Will I (C) play the wild (F) rover,
No (G7) never, no (C) more (C)

I (C) went to an ale house I used to fre(F)quent,
And I (C) told the land(G7)lady me money's all (C) spent,
I (C) asked her for credit, she answered me (F) "Nay...
Sure a (C) custom like (G7) yours I could get any (C) day."

chorus

I (C) took from my pocket ten sovereigns (F) bright,
And the (C) landlady's (G7) eyes opened up with de(C)light,
She (C) said, "I have whiskeys and wines of the (F) best,
And the (C) words that I (G7) told you were only in (C) jest.

chorus

I'll go (C) home to my parents, confess what I've (F) done,
And I'll (C) ask them to (G7) pardon their prodigal (C) son,
And (C) if they forgive me as oft times be(F)fore,
Then I (C) never will (G7) play the wild rover no (C) more!

chorus

And it's (G7) no, nay, never
(C) No, nay, never, no (F) more,
Will I (C) play the wild (F) rover,
No (G7) never, no (C) more (C)

And it's (G7) no, nay, never
(C) No, nay, never, no (F) more, [Slowing]
Will I (C↓) plaaaay the wild (F↓) rover,
No (G7↓) never, no (C↓) more

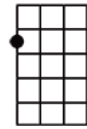


Wind of Change – The Scorpions

[intro – while whistling] (Am) (Dm) (Am) (Dm) (C) (Dm-Am-G)

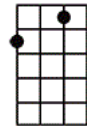
(C) I follow the Mosk(Dm)va
Down to Gorky (C)Park
Listening to the (Dm)wind... of (Am)change (G)
(C) An August summer (Dm)night
Soldiers passing (C)by
Listening to the (Dm)wind... of (Am)change (G)

Am



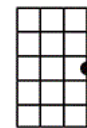
(C) The world is closing (Dm)in
Did you ever (C)think
That we could be so (Dm)close... like (Am)bro(G)thers
(C) The future's in the (Dm)air
I can feel it every(C)where
Blowing with the (Dm)wind... of (Am)change (G) (G)

F



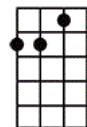
(C) Take (G)me... to the (Dm)magic of the (G)moment
On a (C)glory (G)night
Where the (Dm)children of to(G)morrow dream a(Am)way
(F) In the wind of (G)change (G)

C



(C) Walking down the (Dm)street
Distant memor(C)ies
Are buried in the (Dm)past... for(Am)e-e-e(G)ver
(C) I follow the Mosk(Dm)va
Down to Gorky (C)Park
Listening to the (Dm)wind... of (Am)change (G)

Dm



G



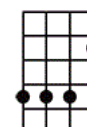
[chorus]

(C) Take (G)me... to the (Dm)magic of the (G)moment
On a (C)glory (G)night
Where the (Dm)children of to(G)morrow share their (Am)dreams
(F) With you and (G)me (G)

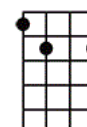
(C) Take (G)me... to the (Dm)magic of the (G)moment
On a (C)glory (G)night
Where the (Dm)children of to(G)morrow dream a(Am)way
(F) In the wind of (G)change (G)

(Am) The wind of change blows (G)straight
Into the face of (Am)time
Like a stormwind that will (G)ring
The freedom bell... for peace of (C)mind
Let your balalaika (Dm)sing
What my guitar... wants to (E)say (E7)

E



E7



[chorus] then end on (C)

Yes, Sir, That's My Baby

Music: Walter Donaldson | Lyrics: Gus Kahn | 1925

(C) Who's that coming down the street?
(G7) Who's that looking so petite?
Who's that coming down to meet me (C) here? (G7)
(C) Who's that you know who I mean?
(G7) Sweetest "who" you've ever seen,
(D7) I could tell her miles away from (G7) here

chorus

(C) Yes, Sir, that's my ba(Gdim)by,
(G7) No, Sir, don't mean "maybe"
Yes, Sir, that's my baby (C) now (G7)
(C) Yes, Ma'am, we've deci(Gdim)ded,
(G7) No, Ma'am, we don't hide it
Yes, Ma'am, you're invited (C) now.
By the (C7) way, by the (F) way,
when we'll (D7) reach the preacher I'll (G7) say, *(with feeling)*
(C) Yes, Sir, that's my ba(Gdim)by,
(G7) No, Sir, don't mean "maybe"
Yes, Sir, that's my baby (C) now.

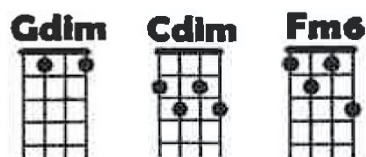
(C) Who's the who I rave about?
(G7) Who do I feel blue without
In the winter, summer, spring and (C) fall? (G7)
(C) What was I just gonna say?
(G7) I forget, but anyway,
(D7) Here's the most important thing of (G7) all:

chorus

(C) Yes, Sir, that's my ba(Gdim)by,
(G7) No, Sir, don't mean "maybe"
Yes, Sir, that's my baby (C) now (G7)
(C) Well, well, "lookit" that ba(Gdim)by,
(G7) Do tell, don't say maybe
Nell's bells won't she cause some (C) row.
Pretty (C7) soon, pretty (F) soon
We will (D7) hear that Lohengrin (G7) tune *(I'm saying)*
(C) Who for should she be, (Gdim) Sir?
(G7) No on else but me, Sir!
Yes, Sir, that's my baby (C) now.

(C) Yes, Sir, that's my ba(Gdim)by,
(G7) No, Sir, don't mean "maybe"
Yes, Sir, that's my baby (C) now!

(Cdim) (Fm6) (C 1 strum)



Küss mich, Schnucki-Putzi

(Yes Sir, That's My Baby)

Musik: Walter Donaldson | dt. Text: Otto Stransky & Fritz Rotter | 1925



(C) Alles, was du willst von mir
(G7) Alles, alles schenk ich dir
Denn ich fühle: Ach, wie bist du (C) süß! (G7)
(C) Selbst die Sonne, Mond und Stern'
(G7) Hole ich für dich sehr gern,
(D7) Und ich wünsche mir dafür nur (G7) dies:

Refrain

(C) Küss mich, Schnucki-Put(Gdim)zi,
(G7) süßes Schnucki-Putzi
Denn das kannst du comme il (C) faut (G7)
(C) Niemand, Schnucki-Put(Gdim)zi,
(G7) stört uns, Schnucki-Putzi
Lass doch runter das Roule(C)aux
Aber (C7) dann, aber (F) dann zeig' ich (D7) dir,
was sonst kein anderer (G7) kann.
(C) Küss mich, Schnucki-Put(Gdim)zi,
(G7) süßes Schnucki-Putzi,
Und dann fangen wir von vorne (C) an.

(C) Du, mein Alles auf der Welt
(G7) Nenn' mir jede Summe Geld,
Kein Betrag ist mir für dich zu (C) groß. (G7)
(C) Wenn ich Küsse schmeck' von dir,
(G7) Kriegst du jeden Scheck von mir.
(D7) Ich verlang von dir die Deckung (G7) bloß!

Refrain

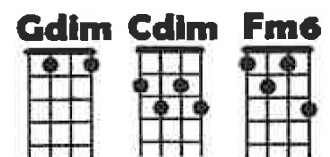
(C) Der Poet, der Komponist,
(G7) Der Athlet, der Bolschewist,
Alle singen dieses Liedchen (C) schon. (G7)
(C) Auch der Affenmann im Zoo
(G7) Spricht zu seiner Gattin so,
(D7) Selbst Frau Kohn haucht zärtlich zu Herrn (G7) Kohn:

Refrain

Schluss

(C) Küss mich, Schnucki-Put(Gdim)zi,
(G7) süßes Schnucki-Putzi,
Und dann fangen wir von vorne (C) an.

(Cdim) (Fm6) (C 1 strum)



You ain't goin' nowhere F

(1971, Bob Dylan, Harp = F)

1.) (F) Clouds so swift the (Gm)rain fallin' in
(Bb)Gonna see a movie called (F)Gunga Din
(F)Pack up your money, pull up your (Gm)tent, McGuinn
(Bb)You ain't a-goin' no-(F)where

R.) (F) Ooo-wee, (Gm)ride me high,
to-(Bb)morrow's the day that my (F)bride's a-gonna come
(F)Ooo-wee, are (Gm)we gonna fly,
(Bb)down into the easy (F)chair

Harp: | F Gm Bb F | 2x

2.) (F) Genghis Khan and his (Gm)brother, Don
(Bb)could not keep on (F)keepin' on
(F)We'll climb that bridge (Gm)after it's gone
(Bb)after we're way (F)past it

R.) (F) Ooo-wee, (Gm)ride me high ...

Harp: | F Gm Bb F | 2x

3.) (F) Buy me some rings and a (Gm)gun that sings
a (Bb)flute that toots and a (F)bee that stings
A (F)sky that cries and a (Gm)bird that flies
a (Bb)fish that walks and a (F)dog that talks

R.) (F) Ooo-wee, (Gm)ride me high ... 2x

Harp: | F Gm Bb F | 2x

You Are My Sunshine

Jimmy Davis & Charles Mitchell | 1930



g

The other (C) night, dear, as I lay sleeping (C7)
I dreamed I (F) held you in my (C) arms
But when I (F) woke, dear, I was mis(C)taken
And I hung my (G7) head and I (C) cried

Chorus

You are my (C) sunshine, my only sunshine (C7)
You make me (F) happy when skies are (C) grey
You'll never (F) know, dear, how much I (C) love you
Please don't take my (G7) sunshine a(C)way

I'll always (C) love you and make you happy (C7)
If you will (F) only say the (C) same
But if you (F) leave me to love an(C)other
You'll regret it (G7) all some (C) day

Chorus

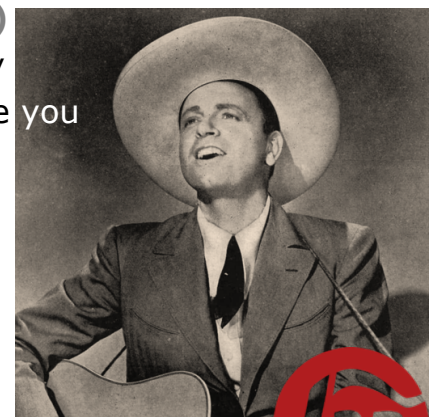
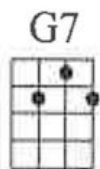
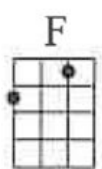
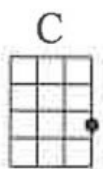
You told me (C) once, dear, you really loved me (C7)
And no one (F) else could come be(C)tween
But now you've (F) left me to love an(C)other
You have shattered (G7) all of my (C) dreams

Chorus

In all my (C) dreams, dear, you seem to leave me (C7)
When I (F) awake my poor heart (C) pains
So won't you (F) come back and make me (C) happy
I'll forgive, dear (G7) I'll take all the (C) blame

Chorus

You are my (C) sunshine, my only sunshine (C7)
You make me (F) happy when skies are (C) grey
You'll never (F) know, dear, how much I (C) love you
Please don't take my (G7) sunshine a(C)way
Please don't take my (G7) sunshine a(C)way



Norman Blake 2000 youtube.com/watch?v=bPb09aeb6Qs
Jimmy Davis 1940 youtube.com/watch?v=ckKeQNCyPBU



IM WINTERWUNDERLAND



Blue Christmas

Billy Hayes & Jay W. Johnson | 1948

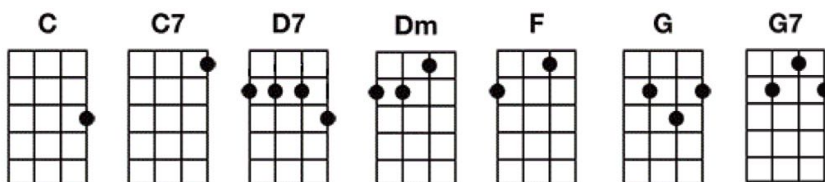
I'll have a **(C)** blues Christmas with **(G)**out you,
I'll be so blue just **(G7)** thinking a **(C)**bout you. **(C7)**
Decor**(C)**ations of **(C7)** red on a **(F)** green Christmas **(dm)** tree,
(D7) Won't be the same, dear, if **(G)** you're not here with **(G7)** me.

And when those **(C)** blue snowflakes start **(G)** fallin'
That's when those **(G7)** blue memories start **(C)** callin' **(C7)**
You'll be **(C)** doin' all **(C7)**right with your **(F)** Christmas of **(D7)** white
But **(G)** I'll have a blue, blue, blue, blue **(C)** Christmas **(G)**

(Melodie summen)

| **C** | **C** | **G** | **G** | **G** | **G7** | **G7** | **C** | **C7** |
| **C** | **C7** | **F** | **D7** | **G** | **G** | **C** | **G** |

I'll have a **(C)** blue Christmas, that's **(G)** certain
And when that **(G7)** blue heartache starts **(C)** hurtin'
You'll be **(C)** doin' all **(C7)**right with your **(F)** Christmas of **(D7)** white
But **(G)** I'll have a blue, blue, blue, blue **(C)** Christmas



Es schneielet, es beielet

Traditionell schwäbisch



| C | C | F | C | F | C | G7 | C |

e

Es (C) schneielet, es beielet,
es (F) goht a kaldr (C) Wend.
Es (F) fliagt a schneeweiß (C) Vegele
oms (G7) Kepfle jedem (C) Kend.

Es (C) schneielet, es beielet,
es (F) goht a kaldr (C) Wend.
Ond (F) Mädla ziagat (C) Handschuh o
ond (G7) Buba laufet (C) gschwend.

2 x

| C | C | F | C | F | C | G7 | C |

Es (C) schneielet, es beielet,
ond (F) Bauern fahret (C) Mist.
Sie (F) hocket aufm (C) Karren drauf
ond (G7) rufat „Hott!“ und (C) „Hüscht!“

Es (C) schneielet, es beielet,
es (F) goht a kaldr (C) Wend.
Hosch (F) du a Schdiggle (C) Brot em Sack,
no (G7) gib's ma arme (C) Kend.



G3 b00
© 2017

Fairytale of New York

Music & Lyrics:

Shane McGowan & Jem Finer | 1986



A

a

It was Christmas **(D)** Eve, babe
In the **(G)** drunk tank
An old man **(D)** said to me,
"Won't see an**(A)**other one"
And then he **(D)** sang a song
The "Rare Old **(G)** Mountain Dew"
I turned my **(D)** face away
And dreamed **(Asus4)** about **(D)** you **(A)**

A

Got on a **(D)** lucky one
Came in at **(G)** ten to one
I've got a **(D)** feeling
This year's for **(A)** me and you
So Happy **(D)** Christmas
I love you, **(G)** baby
I can see a **(D)** better time
When all our **(Asus4)** dreams come **(D)** true

B

*They've got **(D)** cars big as **(A)** bars
They've got **(bm)** rivers of **(G)** gold
But the **(D)** wind goes right through you
It's no place for the **(A)** old
When you **(D)** first took my **(bm)** hand
On a **(D)** cold Christmas **(G)** Eve
You **(D)** promised me
Broadway was **(A)** waiting for **(D)** me*

B

You were **(D)** handsome – You were pretty
Queen of New York **(A)** City
When the **(D)** band finished **(G)** playing
They **(A)** howled out for **(D)** more
(D) Sinatra was swinging
All the drunks they were **(A)** singing
We **(D)** kissed on a **(G)** corner
Then **(A)** danced through the **(D)** night



Refrain

The (G) boys of the NYPD choir
Were (D) singing "Galway (bm) Bay"
And the (D) bells were (G) ringing (A) out
For Christmas (D) day

B

You're a (D) bum –You're a punk
You're an old slut on (A) junk
Lying (D) there almost (G) dead
On a (A) drip in that (D) bed
You (D) scumbag, you maggot
You cheap lousy (A) faggot
Happy (D) Christmas, you (G) arse
I pray (A) God it's our (D) last

Refrain

The (G) boys of the NYPD choir
Still (D) singing "Galway (bm) Bay"
And the (D) bells were (G) ringing (A) out
For Christmas (D) day

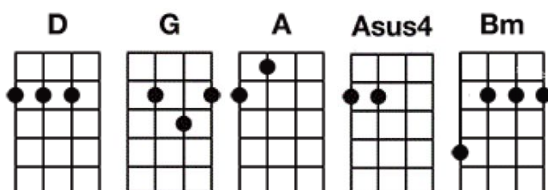
| D | G | G | D | D | A | A |

A

I (A) could have (D) been someone
Well so could (G) anyone
You took my (D) dreams from me
When I first (A) found you
I kept them (D) with me, babe
I put them (G) with my own
Can't make it (D) all alone
I've built my (G) dreams a(A)round (D) you

Refrain

The (G) boys of the NYPD choir
Still (D) singing "Galway (bm) Bay"
And the (D) bells were (G) ringing (A) out
For Christmas (D) day



Feliz Navidad

Music & Lyrics: José Feliciano | 1970



| C | C↓ |

f

Feliz Navi(dm)dad (G7), Feliz Navi(C)dad
Feliz Navi(F)dad, prós-pero (G7) año y felici(C)dad (C)↓

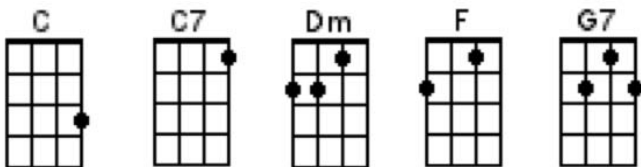
Feliz Navi(dm)dad (G7), Feliz Navi(C)dad
Feliz Navi(F)dad, prós-pero (G7) año y felici(C)dad (C7)↓

I wanna wish you a (F) Merry Christmas (G7)
I wanna wish you a (C) Merry Christmas
I wanna wish you a (F) Merry Christmas
From the (G7) bottom of my (C) heart (C7)↓

I wanna wish you a (F) Merry Christmas (G7)
I wanna wish you a (C) Merry Christmas
I wanna wish you a (F) Merry Christmas
From the (G7) bottom of my (C) heart (C7)↓

Alles 2 x wiederholen, dann

Feliz Navi(dm)dad (G7), Feliz Navi(C)dad
Feliz Navi(F)dad, prós-pero (G7) año y felici(C)dad (C)↓



Frosty, der Schneemann

Music & Lyrics: Walter „Jack“ Rollins & Steve Nelson 1950 | dt. Text: Götz Alsmann



g

(C) Frosty, der (C7) Schneemann, war ein (F) fröhlicher Ge(C)sell.
Seine (F) Augen waren (C) kohlschwarz
und seine (G7) Nase möhren(C)hell.

(C) Frosty, der (C7) Schneemann, mit Kar(F)toffelknöpfen (C) dran,
War er (F) mehr als nur eine (C) Schneefi(am)gur –
Ein (G7) Freund für jeder(C)mann.

Viel(F)leicht lag's am Zy(em)linderhut,
(dm) der schon lang im (G7) Keller (C) lag.
Kaum (G7) setzen sie ihn (E7) Frosty auf,
Tanzte (D7) er den ganzen (G7) Tag.

(C) Frosty, der (C7) Schneemann, wie ein (F) Wunder sah das (C) aus.
Und die (F) Kinder lachten (C) über (am) ihn
Auf dem (F) ganzen (G7) Weg nach (C) Haus.

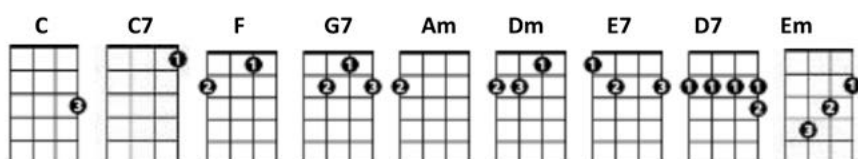
(C) Frosty, der (C7) Schneemann, winkt mit (F) seinem Besen(C)arm.
„Kinder, (F) los!“ rief er, „be(C)vor ich (am) schmelz'!
Denn (F) dieser (G7) Tag wird (C) warm.“

(C) Frosty, der (C7) Schneemann, wollte (F) Spaß, so lange es (C) geht.
Ja, er (F) rannte, er hüpfte und er (C) sprang her(am)um,
So dass (F) nicht ein (G7) Kind ihn (C) fing.

Er (F) rannte bis zum (em) Rathausplatz,
Da (dm) war gar nichts da(C)bei.
Nur (G7) einmal kriegt er einen (E7) riesengroßen Schreck –
Oh, (D7) oh, die Poli(G7)zei!

(C) Frosty, der (C7) Schneemann, hatte (F) leider nicht viel (C) Glück
Denn es (F) wurde warm und (C) er zer(am)floss.
Doch ich (F) weiß er (G7) kommt zu(C)rück!

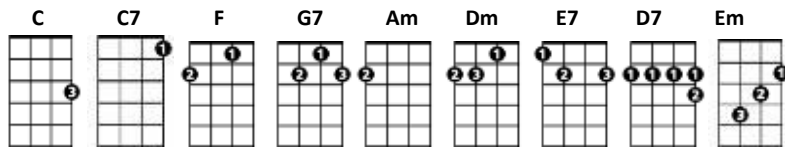
Denn es (F) wurde warm und (C) er zer(am)floss.
Doch ich (F) weiß er (G7) kommt zu(C)rück!



Frosty the Snowman

Walter "Jack" Rollins and Steve Nelson

CHORDS USED IN THIS SONG



[C] Frosty the [C7] Snow Man was a [F] jolly happy [C] soul
With a [F] corn-cob pipe and a [C] button nose
And two [G7] eyes made out of [C] coal

[C] Frosty the [C7] Snow Man is a [F] fairy tale they [C] say
He was [F] made of snow but the [C] children [Am] know
How he [F] came to [G7] life one [C] day

There [F] must have been some [Em] magic in that
[Dm] Old silk [G7] hat they [C] found
For [G7] when they put it [E7] on his head
He be[D7]gan to dance a[G7]round oh

[C] Frosty the [C7] Snow Man as a[F]live as he could [C] be
And the [F] children say he could [C] laugh and [Am] play
Just the [F] same as [G7] you and [C] me

[C] Frosty the [C7] Snow Man
Knew the [F] sun was hot that [C] day
So he [F] said let's run and we'll [C] have some [Am] fun
Be[F]fore I [G7] melt a[C]way

[C] Down to the [C7] village with a [F] broomstick in his [C] hand
Running [F] here and there all a[C]round the [Am] square
Saying [F] catch me [G7] if you [C] can

He [F] led them down the [Em] streets of town right
[Dm] To the [G7] traffic [C] cop
And he [G7] only paused a [E7] moment
When he [D7] heard him holler [G7] stop

[C] Frosty the [C7] Snow Man had to [F] hurry on his [C] way
But he [F] waved goodbye saying [C] don't you [Am] cry
I'll be [F] back a[G7]gain some [C] day I'll be [F] back a[G7]gain some [C] day



Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer

Randy Brooks | 1979



chorus

h

(G) Grandma got run over by a reindeer
Walking home from our house Christmas (C) Eve
You can say there's no such thing as (G) Santa
But as for (D7) me and Grandpa we be(G)lieve (F↓- C↓) (G)

She'd been drinking too much (D7) eggnog
And we begged her not to (G) go
(G7) But she forgot her medi(C)cation
And she (D7) staggered out the door into the (G) snow
(em) When we found her Christmas (bm) morning
(D7) At the scene of the at(G)tack
(G7) She had hoof-prints on her (C) forehead
And in(D7)criminating Claus marks on her (G) back

chorus

Now we're all so proud of (D7) Grandpa
He's been taking this so (G) well
(G7) See him in there watching (C) football
Drinking (D7) beer and playing cards with Cousin (G) Mel
(em) It's not Christmas without (bm) Grandma
(D7) All the family's dressed in (G) black
(G7) And we just can't help but (C) wonder
Should we (D7) open up her gifts or send them (G) back (*Send them back!*)

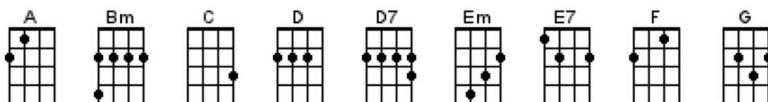
chorus

Now the goose is on the (D7) table
And the pudding made of (G) fig
(G7) And the blue and silver (C) candles
That would (D7) just have matched the hair in Grandma's (G) wig
(em) I've warned all my friends and (bm) neighbors
(D7) Better watch out for your(G)selves
(G7) They should never give a (C) license
To a (D7) man who drives a (D7↓) sleigh and plays with (G) elves

chorus

(E7) Sing it Grandpa!

(A) Grandma got run over by a reindeer
Walking home from our house Christmas (D) Eve
You can say there's no such thing as (A) Santa
But (E7) as for me and Grandpa we be(A)lie...(D)ie...(A)ieve! (A↓)



Happy Xmas (War Is Over)

Music and Words by John Lennon, Yoko Ono | 1971

g
So this is **(G)** Christmas
And what have you **(am)** done
Another year **(D)** over
And a new one just be**(G)**gun
And **(G7)** so this is **(C)** Christmas
I hope you have **(dm)** fun
The near and the **(G)** dear ones
The old and the **(C)** young



A **(C)** very Merry **(F)** Christmas
And a happy New **(G)** Year
Let's hope it's a **(dm)** good one **(F)**
Without any **(C)** fear **(D)**

And **(D7)** so this is **(G)** Christmas
For weak and for **(am)** strong
The rich and the **(D)** poor ones
The world is so **(G)** wrong
And **(G7)** so Happy **(C)** Christmas
For black and for **(dm)** white
For yellow and **(G)** red ones
Let's stop all the **(C)** fight



And **(D7)** so this is **(G)** Christmas
And what have we **(am)** done
Another year **(D)** over
And a new one just be**(G)**gun
And so Happy **(C)** Christmas
We hope you have **(dm)** fun
The near and the **(G)** dear ones
The old and the **(C)** young



2x Let's hope it's a **(dm)** good one **(F)**
Without any **(C)** fear **(C)**



... **(G)** War is over
... **(am)** If you want it
... **(D)** War is over
... **(G)** Noooooow
... **(C)** War is over
... **(dm)** If you want it
... **(G)** War is over
... **(C)** Noooooow

... **(G)** War is over
... **(am)** If you want it
... **(D)** War is over
... **(G)** Noooooow
... **(C)** War is over
... **(dm)** If you want it
... **(G)** War is over
... **(C)** Noooooow



Jingle Bells or: The One-Horse Open Sleigh

James Lord Pierpont ca. 1850

d

(G) Dashing through the snow, in a one-horse open **(C)** sleigh,
(am) O'er the fields we **(D7)** go, laughing all the **(G)** way.
Bells on bob-tails ring, making spirits **(C)** bright,
What **(am)** fun it is to **(G)** ride and sing a **(D7)** sleighing song to **(G)** night.
(D7) Oh!

Chorus

(G) Jingle bells! Jingle bells! Jingle **(C)** all the **(G)** way!
(C) Oh what fun it **(G)** is to ride
In a **(A7)** one-horse open **(D7)** sleigh (hey!)
(G) Jingle bells! Jingle bells! Jingle all the **(G7)** way!
(C) Oh what fun it **(G)** is to ride
In a **(D7)** one-horse open **(G)** sleigh



A **(G)** day or two ago, I thought I'd take a **(C)** ride
And **(am)** soon Miss Fanny **(D7)** Bright was seated by my **(G)** side
The horse was lean and lank, Misfortune seemed his **(C)** lot
He **(am)** got into a **(G)** drifted bank and **(D7)** we, we got up **(G)** sot.
(D7) Oh!

Chorus

A **(G)** day or two ago, the story I must **(C)** tell
I **(am)** went out on the **(D7)** snow and on my back I **(G)** fell
A gent was riding by in a one-horse open **(C)** sleigh
He **(am)** laughed at me as **(G)** I there lay but **(D7)** quickly drove a **(G)** way.
(D7) Oh!

Chorus

(G) Now the ground is white, go it while you're **(C)** young
(am) Take the girls to **(D7)** night and sing this sleighing **(G)** song
Just get a bobtailed bay, two forty for his **(C)** speed
Then **(am)** hitch him to an **(G)** open sleigh and **(D7)** crack! You'll take
(D7) Oh! the **(G)** lead.

Chorus



Let It Snow

Music: Jule Styne | Lyrics: Sammy Cahn | 1945



e

Oh, the (C) weather out(G7)side is (C) frightful
But the (C) fire is (Cdim) so de(G7)lightful
And (dm) since we've no (A7) place to (dm) go
Let it (G7) snow, let it snow, let it (C snow G7)

It (C) doesn't show (G7) signs of (C) stopping
And I (C) brought some (Cdim) corn for (G7) popping
The (dm) lights are turned (A7) way down (dm) low
Let it (G7) snow, let it snow, let it (C) snow

Bridge

b

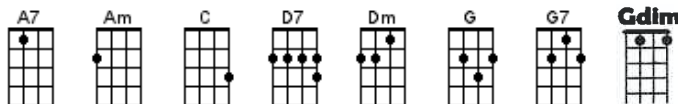
When we (G) finally kiss good night
How I (am) hate going (D7) out in the (G) storm
But if (G) you really hold me tight
(A7) All the way (D7) home I'll be (G)↓ warm (Gdim)↓ (G7)↓

The (C) fire is (G7) slowly (C) dying
And my (C) dear, we're (Cdim) still good(G7)byeing
But as (dm) long as you (A7) love me (dm) so
Let it (G7) snow, let it snow, let it (C) snow

Bridge

When we (G) finally kiss good night
How I (am) hate going (D7) out in the (G) storm
But if (G) you really grab me tight
(A7) All the way (D7) home I'll be (G)↓ warm (Gdim)↓ (G7)↓

The (C) fire is (G7) slowly (C) dying
And my (C) dear, we're (Cdim) still good(G7)byeing
But as (dm) long as you (A7) love me (dm) so
Let it (G7) snow, let it snow, let it (C)↓ snow (G7)↓ (C)↓



Vaughn Monroe & The Norton Sisters 1945 www.youtube.com/watch?v=dLLOLoF8FNgE
Dean Martin 1959 www.youtube.com/watch?v=RniI5LyK_B0
Dean Martin 1959 www.youtube.com/watch?v=IIHFgYQ2zOw (Esslingen als Kulissee)
Frank Sinatra 1950 www.youtube.com/watch?v=sE3uRRFVsmc



Liabs Christkindl, host mi vergessen?



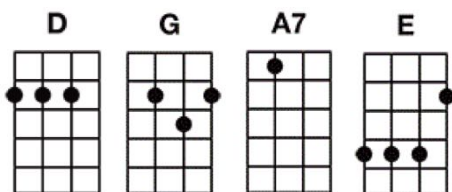
La **(D)** laa-laa la laa-laa la **(G)** laa-laa la-laa,
la **(D)** laa-laa **(A7)** la laa-laa **(D)** la laaa.

Es isch nimmer weit, bald **(A7)** ischt Weihnachtszeit,
da geht a kloans Maderl in **(D)** d'Stadt.
Es sieht in a Auslag a **(A7)** Pupperl voll Pracht,
's isch liab, wia des Chrischtkindl **(D)** lacht.

In da **(G)** Hand hat's an Schilling, wo **(D)** g'fund'n vielleicht,
und **(A7)** glaubt, dass der ganz bestimmt **(D)** für's Pupperl reicht.
Im **(G)** Lad'n drin, da sagn's ihr:
„Ha, da **(D)** kriagscht nix dafür.
Ver**(A7)**druck di, verstell net **(D)** die Tür!“
An's **(E)** Schaufenster druckt's dann sei **(A)** Naserl
und **(E)** woant, dass die Scheib'n wird **(A)** nass.

Liabs **(D)** Chrischtkindl, hascht mi ver**(A7)**gess'n,
und no so viel and're da**(D)**zua?
Wär's wirklich von mir sehr ver**(A7)**mess'n,
wenn i-i die bitt kehr bei mir **(D)** zua.

Liabs Chrischtkindl, i möcht dir **(A7)** sag'n,
i hätt so an eig'ne **(D)** Idee:
Wenn jeder, der z'viel hat, a **(G)** bisserl tät geb'n,
dann **(D)** könnten wir **(A7)** alle guat **(D)** leb'n.



MELE KALIKIMAKA

Robert Alex Anderson | 1949

(C) Mele Kalikimaka is Ha(A7)waii's way
To (dm) say Merry (G7) Christmas to (C) you (G7)

Guys

(C) Mele Kalikimaka is the thing to say
On a bright Hawaiian Christmas (G7) Day
That's the island greeting that we send to you
From the land where palm trees (C) sway
(C7) Here we know that Christmas will be (F) green and bright
The (A7) sun to shine by day and all the (D7) stars at (G7) night
(C) Mele Kalikimaka is Ha(A7)waii's way
To (dm) say Merry (G7) Christmas to (C) you (G7)

as recorded by
Bing Crosby
and the
Andrews Sisters
1950

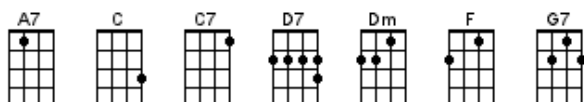
Girls

(C) Mele Kalikimaka is the thing to say
On a bright Hawaiian Christmas (G7) Day
That's the island greeting that we send to you
From the land where palm trees (C) sway
(C7) Here we know that Christmas will be (F) green and bright
The (A7) sun to shine by day and all the (D7) stars at (G7) night
(C) Mele Kalikimaka is Ha(A7)waii's way
To (dm) say Merry (G7) Christmas to (C) you



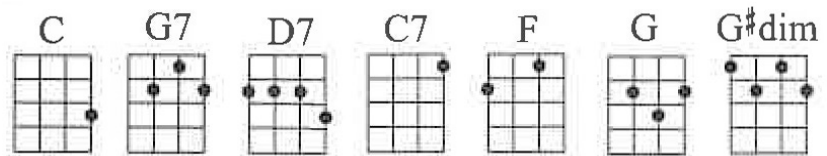
Together

(C7) Here we know that Christmas will be (F) green and bright
The (A7) sun to shine by day and all the (D7) stars at (G7) night
(C) Mele Kalikimaka is Ha(A7)waii's way
To (dm) say Merry (G7) Christmas
A (dm) very Merry (G7) Christmas
A (dm) very
Merry Merry (G7) Christmas to (C) you
(C↓) (G7↓) (C↓)



Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer

Johnny Marks | 1949



a

You know **(dm)** Dasher, and **(em)** Dancer,
and **(dm)** Prancer, and **(C)** Vixen,
(dm) Comet, and **(em)** Cupid,
and **(dm)** Donner and **(C)** Blitzen...
(am) But do you re**(D7)**call
the most **(am)** famous **(D7)** reindeer of **(G)** all?

g

(C) Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer
Had a very shiny **(G)** nose
And if you ever saw it
(G7) You would even say it **(C)** glows
All of the other reindeer
Used to laugh and call him **(G)** names
They never let poor Rudolph
(G7) Join in any reindeer **(C)** games **(C7)**

(F) Then one foggy **(C)** Christmas Eve
(dm) Santa **(G7)** came to **(C)** say
(G) "Rudolph with your **(G#dim)** nose so bright
(D7) Won't you guide my **(G7)** sleigh tonight?
(C) Then all the reindeer loved him
And they shouted out with **(G)** glee
"Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer,
(G7) You'll go down in histo**(C)**ry!"
(G7) You'll go down in histo**(C)**ry!" **(C-Cdim)(Fm6-C)**



Run Rudolph Run Johnny Marks and Marvin Brodie



Intro C F C

F C
Out of all the reindeers you know you're the mastermind.
G7 C
Run, run Rudolph, Randolph's way too far behind.

C F C
Run, run Rudolph, Santa's got to make it to town.
F C
Santa make him hurry, tell him he can take the freeway down,
G7 C
Run, run Rudolph cause I'm reeling like a merry-go-round.

C F C
Said Santa to the boy child "What have you been longing for?"
F C
"All I want for Christmas is a rock and roll record guitar"
G7 C
And then away went Rudolph whizzing like a shooting star.

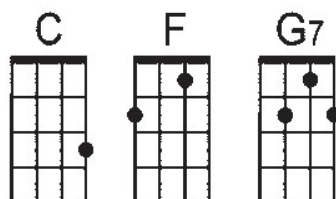
<Chorus>

<Instrumental verse>

<Chorus>

C F C
Said Santa to a girl child "What would please you most to get?"
F C
"A little baby doll that can cry, sleep, drink, and wet",
G7 C
And then away went Rudolph whizzing like a Saber jet.

<Chorus>



Santa Claus is Coming to Town

Music: J. Fred Coots | Lyrics: Haven Gillespie | 1934

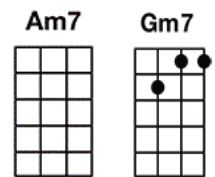


e'

You (C) better watch (C7) out, you (F) better not (F#dim) cry,
(C) better not (C7) pout, I'm (F) telling you (fm) why
(C) Santa (am) Claus is (dm) coming (G7) to (C town am) (dm-G7)

He's (C) making a (C7) list, he's (F) checking it (F#dim) twice,
He's (C) gonna find (C7) out who's (F) naughty or (fm) nice.
(C) Santa (am) Claus is (dm) coming (G7) to (C town F) (C-C7)

He (gm7) sees you (C7) when you're (F) sleep(dm)ing,
He (gm7) knows when (C7) you're a(F)wake,
He (am) knows if (D7) you've been (G) bad or (E7) good
So be (am7) good for (D7) goodness (G sake G7)



Oh, you (C) better watch (C7) out, you (F) better not (F#dim) cry,
(C) better not (C7) pout, I'm (F) telling you (fm) why
(C) Santa (am) Claus is (dm) coming (G7) to (C town am) (dm-G7)

With (C) little tin (C7) horns and (F) little toy (F#dim) drums
With (C) rooti-toot-(C7)toots and (F) rumpty-tum-(fm)tums
(C) Santa (am) Claus is (dm) coming (G7) to (C town am) (dm-G7)

And (C) curly-haired (C7) dolls to (F) cuddle and (F#dim) coo
(C) Elephants, (C7) boats and (F) kiddie cars (fm) too
(C) Santa (am) Claus is (dm) coming (G7) to (C town F) (C-C7)

The (gm7) kids in (C7) girl and (F) boy town (dm)
will (gm7) have a (C7) jubi(F)lee
They're (am) gonna (D7) build a (G) toy land (E7) town
All a(am7)round the (D7) Christmas (G tree G7)

You (C) better watch (C7) out, you (F) better not (F#dim) cry,
(C) better not (C7) pout, I'm (F) telling you (fm) why
(C) Santa (am) Claus is (dm) coming (G7) to (C town F) (C-C7)

He (gm7) sees you (C7) when you're (F) sleep(dm)ing,
He (gm7) knows when (C7) you're a(F)wake,
He (am) knows if (D7) you've been (G) bad or (E7) good
So be (am7) good for (D7) goodness (G sake G7)

Oh, you (C) better watch (C7) out, you (F) better not (F#dim) cry,
(C) better not (C7) pout, I'm (F) telling you (fm) why
(C) Santa (am) Claus is (dm) coming (G7) to (C town F) (C)



What Will Santa Claus Say (When He Finds Everybody Swinging?)

Louis Prima | 1936



d

Now, **(G)** what will Santa Claus say
When he finds ev'ry**(Gdim)**body **(D7)** swingin'?
(G) What will Santa Claus say
When he hears that **(Gdim)** sing... sing... **(D7)** singin'?

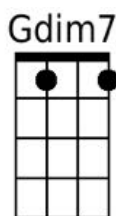
(B7) Down the chimney, he will come
With his great big **(E7)** smile
(A7) And he'll find that even the kiddies
Are **(D7)** swingin' in the latest style

(em) Oh, oh, oh – what is Santa **(B7)** bringin'?
(em) Oh, oh, **(A7)** oh, I **(D7)** wonder whether **(A7)** he'll be **(D7)** swingin'

(G) Everywhere in the land
All the people **(Gdim)** will be **(D7)** singin'
La da **(C)** da de da, **(Gdim)** yeah di yeah
(G) What is **(Gdim)** Santa **(C)** gonna **(Gdim)** say
When he **(G)** finds every**(D7)**body **(G)** swingin'?

1 x alles instrumental

1 x wiederholen



White Christmas

Irving Berlin | 1938



(G) (A7) (D)
(D-em7) (D) (D7) (G) (gm)
(D) (em7-A7) (D)

d'

The **(em7)** sun is shin**(A7)**ing, the **(D)** grass is green

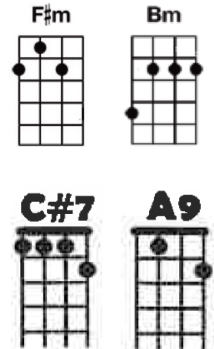
The **(A7)** orange and palm trees **(D)** sway

There's **(em7)** never been **(A9)** such a **(D)** day

in **(em7)** Beverly **(A9)** Hills, L.**(D)**A.

(gm) But it's De**(A7)**cember the **(G)** twen**(A7)**ty **(f#m7)** fourth

(bm) and I'm **(C#7)** longing to be up **(f#m)** North **(em7 - A7)**



2x

f#'

(D) I'm **(em7)** dream**(D)**ing **(C#)**

of **(D)** a **(em7)** white **(G#7)** Christ**(A7)**mas

(G) Just like the **(A7)** ones I used to **(D)** know

(em7) Where **(A7)** the **(D)** tree tops **(D7)** glisten

and **(G)** children **(gm)** listen

To **(D)** hear **(G)** sleigh **(D)** bells **(E7)** in the **(em)** snow **(A7)**

(D) I'm **(em7)** dream**(D)**ing **(C#)**

of **(D)** a **(em7)** white **(G#7)** Christ**(A7)**mas

(G) With every **(A7)** Christmas card I **(D)** write

(em7) May **(A7)** your **(D)** days be **(D7)** merry

and **(G)** bright **(gm)**

And may **(D)** all **(F#dim)** your **(em7)** Christmas**(A7)**es

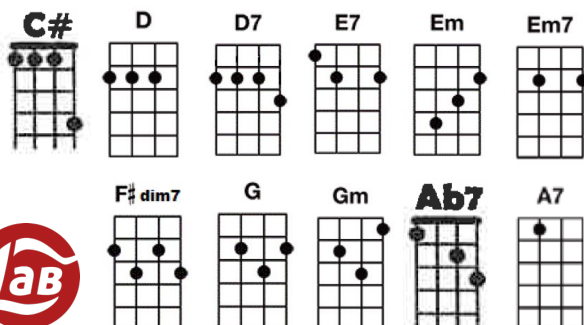
be **(D)** white **(em7-A7)**

Schluss

....

And may **(D)** all **(F#dim)** your **(em7)** Christmas**(A7)**es

be **(D)** white **(em7-D)**



Bing Crosby 1942 (Film "Holiday Inn") www.youtube.com/watch?v=4qa6Eyfx0mE

Bing Crosby 1954 (Film "White Christmas") www.youtube.com/watch?v=2QW65Amj0vM

Winter Wonderland

Music: Felix Bernard | Lyrics: Richard B. Smith | 1934



Intro

D7↓ ↓ **G7**↓ ↓ **C**↓ **Gdim**↓ **dm7**↓ **G7**↓

g
Sleigh bells (**C**) ring are you listening
In the (**G7**) lane snow is glistening
A beautiful (**dm7**) sight
We're (**G7**) happy to (**dm7**) night
(**D7**) Walking in a (**G7**) winter wonder(**C**)land

Gdim↓ **dm7**↓ **G7**↓

Gone (**C**) away is the bluebird
Here to (**G7**) stay is a new bird
He sings a love (**dm7**) song
As (**G7**) we go a (**dm7**) along
(**D7**) Walking in a (**G7**) winter wonder(**C**)land

b
(**E**) In the meadow (**A**) we can build a (**E**) snowman
And pretend that (**A**) he is Parson (**E**) Brown
(**G**) He'll say: Are you (**C**) married? We'll say: (**G**) No, man
But (**A7**) you can do the (**D7**) job when you're in (**G7**) town

Later (**C**) on we'll conspire
As we (**G7**) dream by the fire
To face una(**dm7**)fraid
The (**G7**) plans that we've (**dm7**) made
(**D7**) Walking in a (**G7**) winter wonder(**C**)land

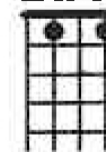
(**E**) In the meadow (**A**) we can build a (**E**) snowman
And pretend that (**A**) he's a circus (**E**) clown
(**G**) We'll have lots of (**C**) fun with Mr. (**G**) Snowman
Un(**A7**)til the other (**D7**) kiddies knock him (**G7**) down

When it (**C**) snows ain't it thrilling
Though your (**G7**) nose gets a chilling
We'll frolic and (**dm7**) play
The (**G7**) Eskimo (**dm7**) way
(**D7**) Walking in a (**G7**) winter wonder(**C**)land

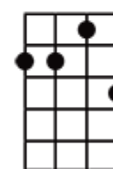
(**D7**) Walking in a (**G7**) winter wonder(**C** land **D7**) (**G7**-**C**)

Dean Martin 1959 www.youtube.com/watch?v=IkFP0VwpPRY
Macy Gray 2008 www.youtube.com/watch?v=CjECpyner0s
The Bottle Boys 2016 www.youtube.com/watch?v=-lHwjDlGMIY

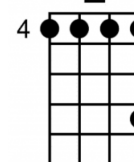
Gdim



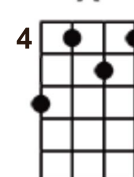
Dm7



E



A



© Ukulele-Kollektiv Stuttgart



Titelfoto: Röhrenkollektiv 13. Mai 2021

Wir danken euch allen für eure Begeisterung, eure Unterstützung und die gute Zeit, die wir gemeinsam verbringen durften.



Alles Gute und bis bald im Lab!

Anette

Leonhard

Stephan

Stuttgart im Dezember 2023



Dieses Liederbuch ist nur für den privaten Gebrauch gedacht.
Die Rechte an den Liedern liegen bei den Rechteinhabern.