

Yankee Doodle

Verse 1

G

Yankee Doodle went to town

G

Riding on a pony

G

C

Stuck a feather in his hat

D

G

And called it macaroni

Chorus

C

Yankee Doodle keep it up

G

Yankee Doodle dandy

C

Mind the music and the step

G

D

G

And with the girls be handy

Verse 2

G

Father and I went down to camp

G

Along with Captain Gooding

G C

And there we saw the men and boys

D G

As thick as hasty pudding

Chorus

Verse 3

G

There was Captain Washington

G

Upon a slapping stallion

G C

Giving orders to his men

D G

I guess there was a million

Chorus

MY COUNTRY TIS OF THEE

Words by Reverend Samuel Francis Smith

Traditional Tune

Guitar Chords Adapted by ELEG for SBWE

3/4
TIME

C G

My country tis of thee

C Am G C

Sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing

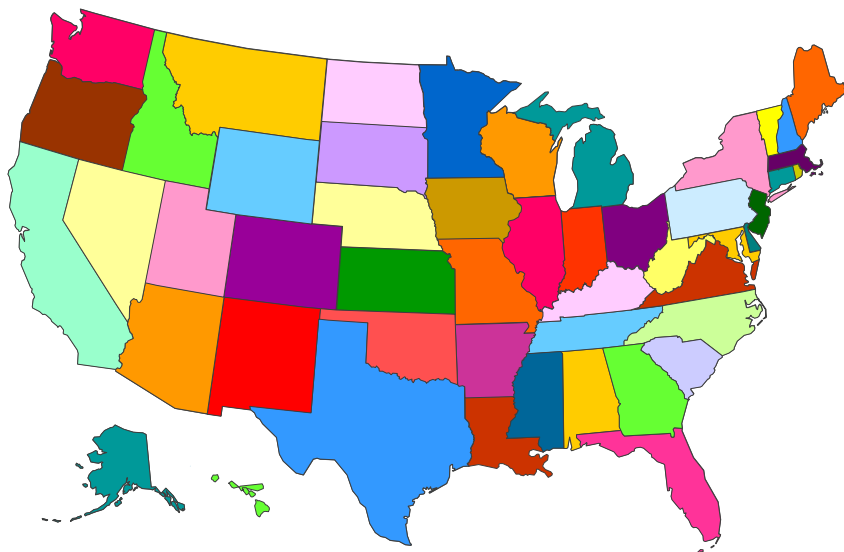
Land where my fathers died

G7

Land of the pilgrims' pride

C G7 C G C

From every mountain side, let freedom ring.



C G

My native country, thee,

C Am G C

Land of the noble free, thy name I love.

I love thy rocks and rills,

G7

Thy woods and templed hills

C G7 C G C

My heart with rapture thrills, like that above.

C G

Let music swell the breeze

C Am G C

And ring from all the trees, sweet freedom's song.

Let mortal tongues awake,

G7

Let all that breathe partake,

C G7 C G C

Let rocks their silence break, the sound prolong.

Repeat first verse.

[Verse 1]

Am

When Johnny comes marching home again

C

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Am

We'll give him a hearty welcome then

C E7

Hurrah! Hurrah!

C G7

The men will cheer and the boys will shout

Am E7

The ladies they will all turn out

Am G F E7

And we'll all feel gay when

Am E7 Am

Johnny comes marching home.

[Verse 2]

Am

The old church bell will peal with joy

C

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Am

To welcome home our darling boy,

C E7

Hurrah! Hurrah!

C G7

The village lads and lassies say

Am E7

With roses they will strew the way,

Am G F E7

And we'll all feel gay when

Am E7 Am

Johnny comes marching home.

[Verse 3]

Am

Get ready for the Jubilee,

C

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Am

We'll give the hero three times three,

C E7

Hurrah! Hurrah!

C G7

The laurel wreath is ready now

Am E7

To place upon his loyal brow

Am G F E7

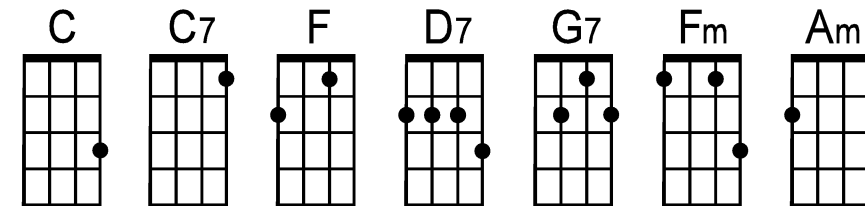
And we'll all feel gay when

Am E7 Am

Johnny comes marching home.

Home on the Range

by Brewster M. Higley (1873)



3/4 (waltz)time

(sing g)

C . . | C7 . . | F . . | . . | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
 Oh, give me a home, where the buff-a-lo roam, and the deer and the ant-e-lope play—
 . | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . |
 Where sel-dom is heard a dis-cour-ag-ing word and the skies are not clou-dy all day—

Chorus: C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . | Am . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
 Home— home on the range— Where the deer and the ant-e-lope play—
 . | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . .
 Where sel-dom is heard a dis-cour-ag-ing word and the skies are not clou-dy all day—

. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | . . | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
 Oh, give me a land, where the bright dia-mond sand, throws its light from the glit-ter-ing streams—
 . | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . .
 Where glid-eth a-long, the grace-ful white swan, like the maid in her hea-ven-ly dreams—

. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | . . | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
 How of-ten at night, when the hea-vens are bright, with the light of the twink-el-ling stars—
 . | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . |
 Have I stood there a-mazed and asked as I gazed if their glor-y ex-ceeds that of ours—

Chorus: C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . | Am . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
 Home— home on the range— Where the deer and the ant-e-lope play—
 . | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . .
 Where sel-dom is heard a dis-cour-ag-ing word and the skies are not clou-dy all day—

. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | . . | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
 The air is so pure, and the bree-zes so fine, the ze-phyrs so balm-y and light—
 . | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . |
 That I would not ex-change my home here to range for-ev-er in az-ures so bright—

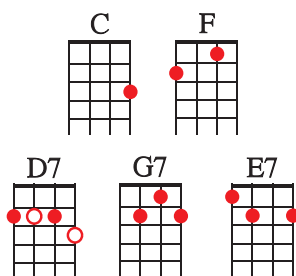
Chorus: C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . | Am . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
 Home— home on the range— Where the deer and the ant-e-lope play—
 . | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . .
 Where sel-dom is heard a dis-cour-ag-ing word and the skies are not clou-dy all day—

(slow) . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | C\
 And the skies are not cloud—y all day—



I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

For sheer engineering gee-whiz, the American transcontinental railroad of the 19th century ranks with the Great Wall of China, the Pyramids of Giza and the Panama Canal. Today's traveler cannot drink in a single sweeping view of the sinuous line of steel stretching from Omaha to Sacramento, but in its entirety it is still a marvel for the ages. The project needed many thousands of workers. Nearly everything was done by muscle power. The transcontinental railroad was the last great building project to be done mostly by hand. Handcarts moved the dirt from cuts and to fills. Horses and mules, black powder and nitroglycerine helped, but it was mostly men with sledges and drills, mauls and picks who did the job, working under the burning sun, through choking snows and never-ending rain, and in tunnels blasting their way through unyielding granite at inches a day.



UKULELE CLUB OF SANTA CRUZ
JULY 2006 TRAIN SONGS

C
I've been working on the railroad
F C
All the livelong day

I've been working on the railroad
D7 G7
Just to pass the time away
C
Can't you hear the whistle blowing
F E7
Rise up so early in the morn
F C
Can't you hear the captain shouting
F G7 C
Dinah, blow your horn

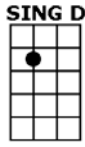
C
Dinah, won't you blow
F
Dinah, won't you blow
G7 C
Dinah, won't you blow your horn
C
Dinah, won't you blow
F
Dinah, won't you blow
G7 C
Dinah, won't you blow your horn

C
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
G7
Someone's in the kitchen I know
C F
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
G7 C
Strumming on the old banjo, and singing

Fee, fi, fiddle eye o
G7
Fee, fi, fiddle eye o - o - o - o
C F

Fee, fi, fiddle eye ooooo - K

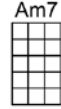
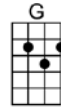
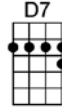
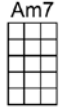
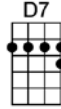
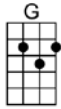
G7 C
Strumming on my old ~~banjo~~ uke!



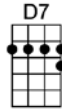
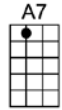
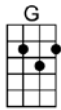
AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL w. Katherine Lee Bates m. Samuel Augustus Ward

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

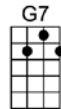
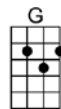
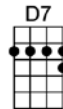
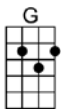
(Practice triplets)



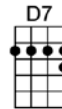
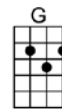
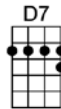
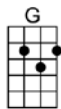
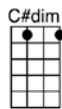
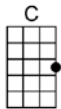
Oh, beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain.



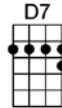
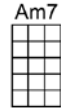
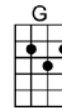
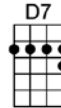
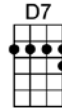
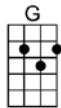
For purple mountain majesties, above the fruited plain.



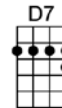
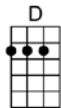
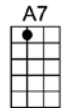
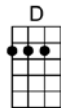
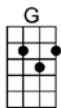
America!..... A-meri - ca! God shed His grace on thee.



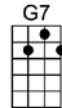
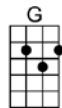
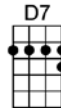
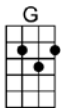
And crown thy good with brother-hood, from sea to shining sea.



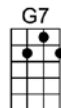
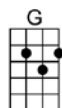
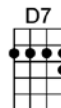
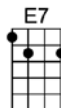
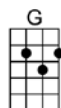
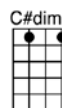
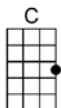
Oh, beautiful for patriot dreams, that sees be-yond the years.



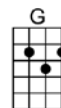
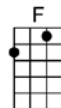
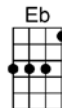
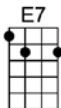
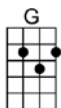
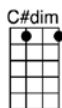
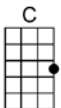
Thine alabaster cities gleam, undimmed by human tears.



America!..... A-meri - ca! God shed His grace on thee.

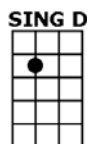


And crown thy good with brother-hood, from sea to shining sea.



And crown thy good with brother-hood, from sea to shining sea.

123 123 1...



AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

w. Katherine Lee Bates
m. Samuel Augustus Ward

4/4 1...2...123
(Practice triplets)

G D7 Am7 D7 G Am7
Oh, beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain.

D7 G D A7 D D7
For purple mountain majesties, above the fruited plain.

G Am7 D7 Am7 D7 G G7
A-merica!..... A-meri - ca! God shed His grace on thee.

C C#dim G E7 Am7 D7 G D7
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea.

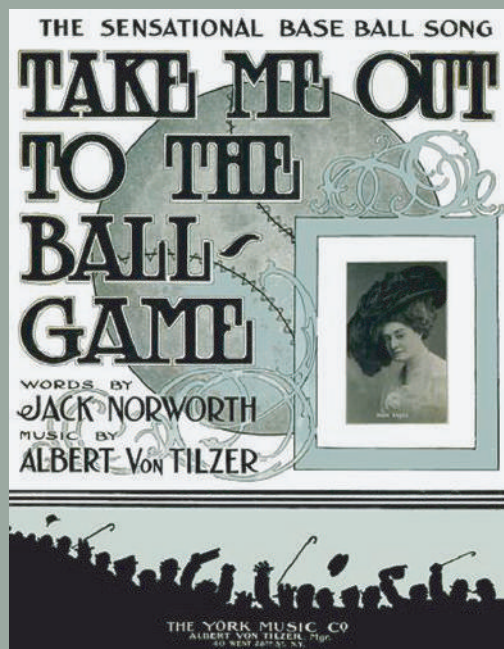
G D7 Am7 D7 G Am7
Oh, beautiful for patriot dreams, that sees be-yond the years.

D7 G D A7 D D7
Thine alabaster cities gleam, undimmed by human tears.

G Am7 D7 Am7 D7 G G7
A-merica!..... A-meri - ca! God shed His grace on thee.

C C#dim G E7 Am7 D7 G G7
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea.

C C#dim G E7 Am7 D7 Eb F G
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea.
123 123 1...



This song was written in 1908
The year that Bill Tapia was born!

Words by Jack Norworth • Music by Albert Von Tilzer

Jack Norworth's 1908 American Music classic composition was written on some scrap paper on a train ride to Manhattan. Norworth then provided those paper-scrap lyrics to Albert Von Tilzer who composed the music, which in turn was published by the York Music Company, and before the year 1908 was over, a hit song was born. Jack Norworth was a very successful vaudeville entertainer & songwriter and he spent about fifteen minutes writing this classic which is sung during the seventh inning stretch at every ballpark in the country. On the 50th anniversary of his song, Major League Baseball presented Jack Norworth, who attended his first Major League ballgame on June 27, 1940 (Brooklyn Dodgers 5 vs. Chicago Cubs 4), with a lifetime Major League Ballpark pass.

C	D7	C	G7
		Take me out to the ball game,	
C	G7	G7	
		Take me out with the crowd	
A7	Dm	Dm	
		Buy me some peanuts and cracker jack,	
A7	F	D7	G7
		I don't care if I never get back	
C	G7	G7	
		Let me root, root, root for the home team,	
C7	F	F	
		If they don't win it's a shame,	
CM7	F (Ab7)	C	(CM7 C7) A7
For it's one, two, three strikes, you're out,			
D7	G7	C	(turn with G7)
At the old ball game			

You're A Grand Old Flag-Yankee Doodle Boy Medley

key:C, artist:Kids' Praise writer:George M. Cohan

Scroll

Stop



5

Chords:

Hide

Top

Bottom

Right

Approximate: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GM9xmd2ze3g&t=39> But in Ab sort of

thanks to Debby Athearn

You're a [C] grand old flag, you're a high-flying flag
And forever in peace may you [G7] wave

You're the emblem of the [C] land I love
The [D7] home of the free and the [G7] brave...

Ev'ry [C] heart beats true 'neath the Red, White and Blue
Where there's [A7] never a boast or [Dm] brag

But should [C] auld acquaintance [G7] be forgot
Keep your [D7] eye on the [G7] grand old [C] flag

[C] I'm a Yankee Doodle [D7] Dandy
A [G7] Yankee Doodle, do or [C] die

A [A7] real, live nephew of my [Dm] Uncle Sam
[D7] Born on the 4th of [G7] July

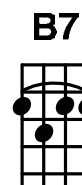
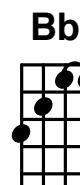
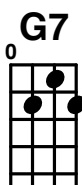
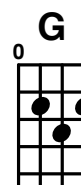
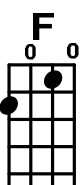
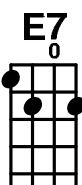
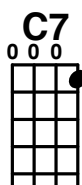
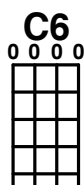
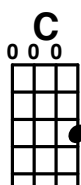
I've [C] got a Yankee Doodle [D7] sweetheart
[G7] She's my Yankee Doodle [C] joy

[C] Yankee Doodle came to London just to ride the ponies
[D7] I am that [G7] Yankee Doodle [C] boy



ARMED FORCES MEDLEY

Words and Music by VARIOUS



G

G7

AIR FORCE

Off we go into the wild blue yon - der,

C

G

D7

Climbing high into the sun;

G

G7

Here they come zooming to meet our thun - der,

C

G

D7

At 'em boys, Give 'er the gun!

G

G7

Down we dive, spouting our flame from un - der,

C

B7

Off with one terrible roar!

G

B7

E7

G7

We live in fame or go down in flame.

G

D7 G

G7

But, nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force!

C

ARMY

Over hill, over dale, we have hit the dusty trail,

G7

C

And those caissons go rolling a - long!

In and out, hear them shout, counter marching all about,

G7

C

And those caissons go rolling a - long!



ARMED FORCES MEDLEY

Words and Music by VARIOUS

C7 F C

For it's hi, hi, hee, in the field artill - e -ry

D7 G7

Shout out your numbers loud and strong:

(Two, three, four, hut, two, three!)

G7 C C7 F C

And where'er you go, you will always know

G7 C C7

That those caissons go rolling a - long!

F *COAST GUARD*

We're always ready for the call,

Bb F

We place our trust in Thee.

C7 F

Through howling gale and shot and shell,

C7 G7 C

To win our vic - to - ry.

F Bb

"Semper Paratus" is our guide, our pledge,

F

Our motto, too.

C7 F

We're "Always Ready," do or die!

C7 F G7 C7 F G7

Aye! Coast Guard, we fight for you.



ARMED FORCES MEDLEY

Words and Music by VARIOUS

NAVY

C C6 C G7 C C7
An - chors a - weigh my boys, an - chors a – weigh.

F C G7
Fare - well to coll - ege joys
D7 G7

We sail at break of day day day day.

C C6 C G7 C C7
Through our last night on shore, hail to the foam.

F C G7
Un - til we meet once more,
C G7 C
Here's wishing you a happy voyage home!

MARINES

From the halls of Mon - te - zu – ma,
G7 C

To the shores of Trip - o - li;
We will fight our country's battles,
G7 C

In the air, on land and sea;
F C
First to fight for right and freedom,
F C

And to keep our honor clean;
We are proud to claim the ti - tle of
G7 C

The United States Mar - ines.



ARMED FORCES MEDLEY

Words and Music by VARIOUS

C

BATTLE HYMN - CHORUS

Glory, glory, Hale - lu - jah!

F

C

Glory, glory, Hale - lu - jah!

Glory, glory, Hale - lu - jah!

D7

G7

C

His truth is march -ing on! *(repeat "His truth")*

Notes about the song.

BOOGIE WOOGIE BUGLE BOY

4/4 time Sing on beat 4: 1,2, 123 SN=C Rev.6/22/26

Vamp on C

C C
He was a famous trumpet man from out Chicago way

C C
He had a boogie style that no one else could play

F F
He was the top man at his craft

C C
But then his number came up and he was gone with the draft

G7 F
He's in the army now, a blowin' reveille

C C
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B.

C C
They made him blow a bugle for his Uncle Sam

C C C
It really brought him down because he couldn't jam

F F
The Captain seemed to understand

C C
Because the next day the Cap' went out and drafted a band

G7 F
And now the company jumps, when he plays reveille

C C
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B.

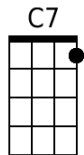
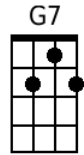
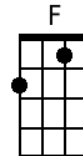
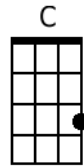
C C
A - toot, a - toot, a-toot diddle-ee-ada-toot

C C
He blows it eight to the bar - in boogie rhythm

F F C C
He can't blow a note unless the bass and guitar is playin' with him

G7 F
He makes the company jump when he plays reveille

C C C/
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B.



He was THE boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B
 F C C
 ____ And when he played, boogie woogie bugle he was busy as a bzzzzz'n bee.
 G7 F
 And when he plays he makes the company jump eight to the bar
 C C
 He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of company B.

C C
 A - toot, a - toot, a-toot diddle-ee-ada-toot
 C C
 He blows it eight to the bar - In boogie rhythm
 F F C C
 He can't blow a note unless the bass and guitar is playin' with him
 G7 F
 He makes the company jump when he plays reveille
 C C
 He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B.

C C
 He puts the boys to sleep with boogie every night
 C C7
 And wakes them up the same way in the early bright
 F F
 They clap their hands and stamp their feet
 C C
 Because they know how he plays when someone gives him a beat
 G7 F
 He really breaks it up when he plays reveille
 C C
 He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B.

C C
 Da-daa, da-do-da-daa, Da-daa, da-do-da-daa,
 C C
 Da-daa, da-do-da-daa, Da-da, da-do-da-daa.
 G7 F
 A-a-a- and the company jumps when he plays reveille
 C C F// G7// C/G7/C/
 He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B.

GOD BLESS AMERICA

Irving Berlin

4/4 Time Sing on 1st beat. 1,2, 1234. SN=C Rev. 6/24/26

C G7 G7 C // C7//
God Bless America, land that I love,
F C
Stand beside her, and guide her
C// G7// C
Through the night with a light from above.

G7 C
 From the mountains to the prairies,
 G7 C/ CM7/ C//
 To the oceans white with foam,
 F C /// F/ C // G7 // C/ CM7/ C7//
 God Bless A-meri-ca, my home sweet home,
 F C/// F/ C G7 C C/
 God Bless A-meri-ica, my home_____sweet_____home_____

God Bless the USA

Key of C

C **Em7** **Dm**
If tomorrow all the things were gone, I worked for all my life
Bb **Dm** **G7**
And I had to start again, with just my children and my wife

C **Em7** **Dm** **CM7**
I,d thank my lucky stars to be living here today
Dm **Bb** **Dm** **G**
Cause the flag still stands for freedom, and they can,t take that away

Chorus:

G **F** **C**
And I,m Proud to be an American, where at least I know I,m free
G **F** **C**
And I won,t forget the men who died, who gave that right to me
Am **G** **F** **C**
And I,d gladly stand up next to you, and defend her still today
F **C** **F** **C**
Cause there ain,t no doubt I love this land, God Bless the USA

Verse:

C **Em7** **Dm**
From the lakes of Minn. to the hills of Tenn.
Bb **Dm** **G7**
Across the plains of Texas, from sea to shining sea
C **Em7** **Dm** **CM7**
From Detroit down to Houston, and NY to LA
Dm **Bb** **Dm**
There,s pride in every American heart, and it,s time we stand and
G
say...