



World War I Ukulele Songbook

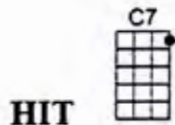
1. Grand Old Flag
2. K-K-K Katy
3. It's a long way to Tipperary
4. Whispering
5. How You Gonna Keep 'Em Down On the Farm
6. Over There
7. Take me out to the ballgame
8. Mademoiselle from Armentieres
9. By the light of the Silvery Moon
10. Yankee Doodle Boy

Extra: This Land is Your Land

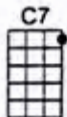


YOU'RE A GRAND OLD FLAG w. m. George M. Cohan

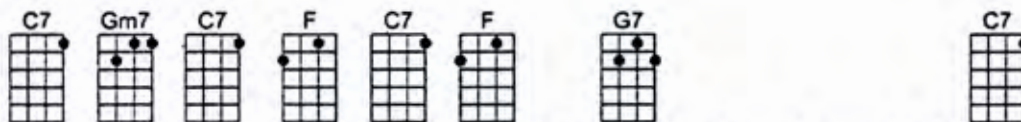
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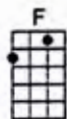
You're a grand old flag, you're a high flying flag



And forever in peace may you wave



You're the em - blem of the land I love, the home of the free and the brave



Every heart beats true for the red, white, and blue



Where there's never a boast or brag

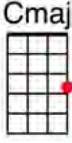

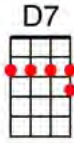
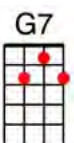
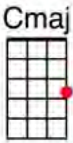
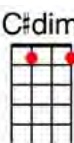
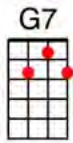

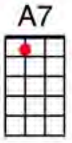
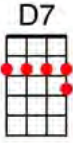
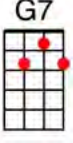
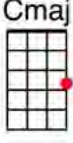


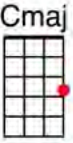

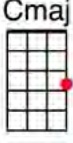
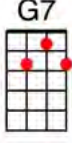
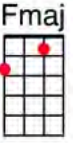
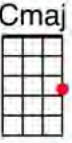
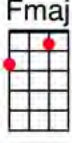
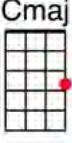
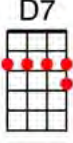

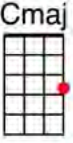

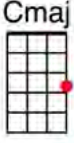
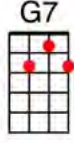

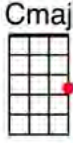
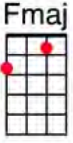

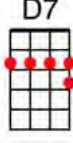
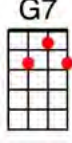
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, keep your eye on the grand old flag

K-K-K-Katy

Geoffrey O'Hara 1918

CHORUS:

 Cmaj	 A7	 D7	 G7	 Cmaj	 C#dim	 G7
K-K-K Katy, beautiful Katy, you're the only G-G-G- Girl that I adore,						
 Cmaj	 A7	 D7	 G7	 Cmaj		
When the moon shines, over the cowshed, I'll be waiting at your K-K-K-Kitchen door.						

 Cmaj	 G7	 Cmaj	 G7		
v1. Jimmy was a soldier brave and bold, Katy was a maid with hair of gold,					
 Fmaj	 Cmaj	 Fmaj	 Cmaj	 D7	 G7
Like an act of fate, Kate was standing at the gate, watching all the boys on dress parade.					
 Cmaj	 G7	 Cmaj	 G7		
Jimmy with the girls was just a gawk, stuttered ev'ry time he tried to talk.					
 Fmaj	 Cmaj	 Fmaj	 Cmaj	 D7	 G7
Still the night at eight, he was there at Katy's gate, stuttering to her this love sick cry,					

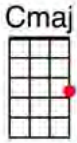
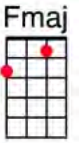
REPEAT CHORUS:

Continued---

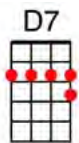
K-K-K-Katy 2.



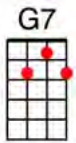
V2. No one ever looked so nice and neat, no one could be just as cute and sweet,



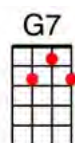
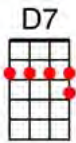
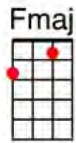
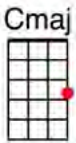
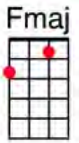
That's what Jimmy thought, when the wedding ring he bought,



Now he's off to France the foe to meet,



Jimmy thought he'd like to take a chance, See if he could make the Kaiser dance,



Stepping to a tune, all about the sil'ry moon, This is what they hear in far off France.

REPEAT CHORUS:

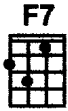
IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

Words and Music by Jack Judge & Harry Williams-1912

1st Singing Note



Tune Uke GCEA



It's a long way to Tipperary



It's a long way to go



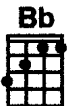
It's a long way to Tipperary



To the sweet---est girl I know



Goodbye Picca---dilly, Farewell Leicester Square

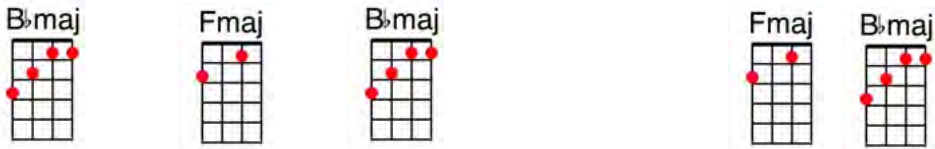


It's a long long way to Tipper---ar-----y

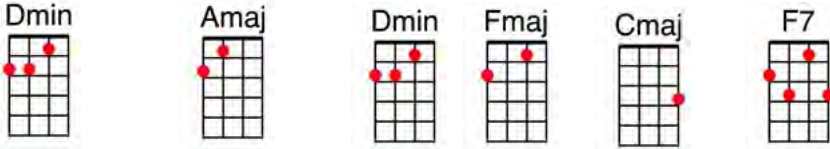


But my heart's right there

Whispering

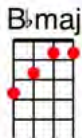
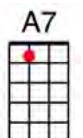


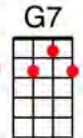


Honey I have something to tell you and it's worthwhile listening to,

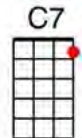
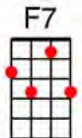
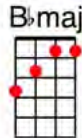

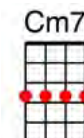
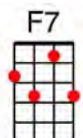


Put your little head on my shoulder so that I whisper to you...



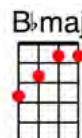
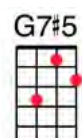
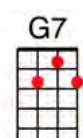
Chorus:

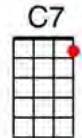
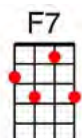
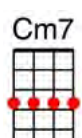
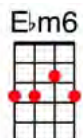

 Whispering while you cuddle near me, whispering so no one hear me,

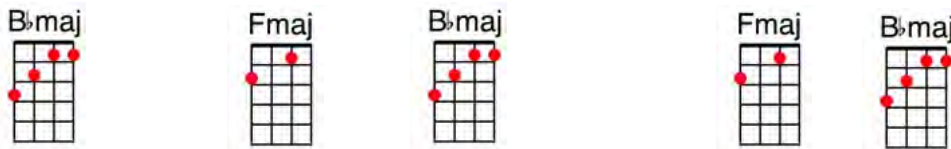
 Each little whisper seems to cheer me, I now it's true there's no one, dear, but you.

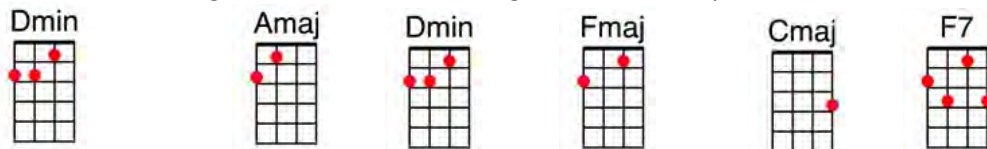
 Whispering why you'll never leave me, whispering why you'll never grieve me,

 Whisper and say that you believe me, whispering that I love you.



When the twilight shadows are falling and the weary world is at rest,

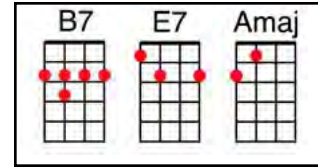


That's when I will whisper, "I know dear", loving time is always the best

Chorus:

How Ya Gonna Keep 'em Down on the Farm After They've Seen Paree?

Intro:



Verse 1

Amaj E7 Amaj

Rueben, Rueben I've been thinkin' said his wifey dear

E7 B7 E7

Now that things are peaceul and calm soon the boys will be back to the farm,

Amaj E7 Amaj

Mr. Rueben started winkin' and slowly rubbed his cnin,

Emaj B7 E7

He pulled his chair up close to mother and asked her with a grin...

Chorus 1

Amaj E7 Amaj

How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree?

Emaj B7 E7

How ya gonna keep 'em away from liquor, jazzin' around, painting the town?

Amaj E7 C#maj

How ya gonna keep 'em away from harm, that's the mystery,

Amaj A7 Dmaj Dmin

They'll never want to see a rake or a plow, and who the deuce can par-leles-vous a cow?

Amaj E7 D6 E7 Amaj

How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm attter they've seen Paree?

Continued---

How Ya Gonna Keep 'em Down...2

Verse 2



Mr. Rueben you're mistaken said his wifey dear.



Once a farmer always a jay, farmers always stick to the hay,



Mrs. Rueden, I'm not fakin' and please don't think me strange,

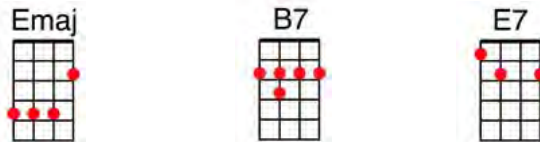


But wine and women make the mischief with boys who are loose with change,

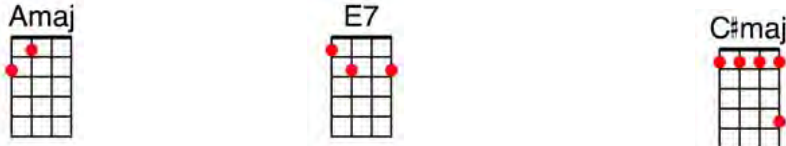


Chorus 2

How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree?



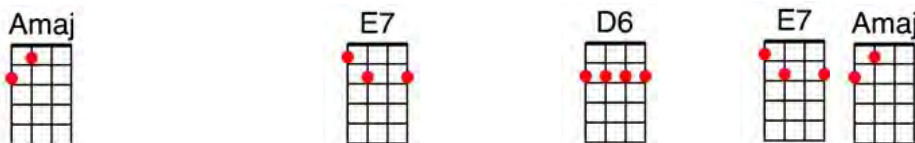
How ya gonna keep 'em away from liquor, jazzin' around, painting the town?



How ya gonna keep 'em away from harm, that's the mystery,



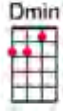
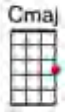
Imagine Reuben when he greets his Pa, He'll kiss his cheeks and holler "Ooo-la-la",



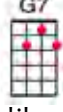
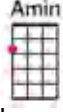
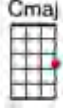
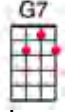
How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree?

Over There

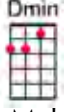
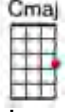
George M. Cohan 1917



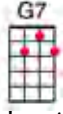
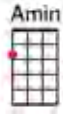
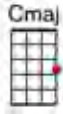
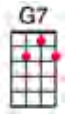
John-nie, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun, Take it on the run, on the run, on the run,



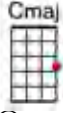
Hear them calling you and me, every son of liberty,



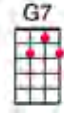
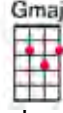
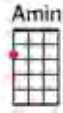
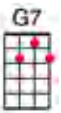
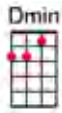
Hurry right away, no delay, go today, Make your Daddy glad to have had such a lad,



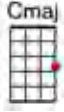
tell your sweetheart not to pine, to be proud her boy's in line.



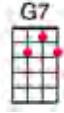
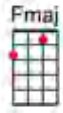
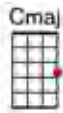
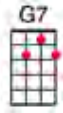
Over there, over there, send the word, send the word, over there.



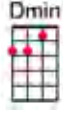
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming, The drums rum-tum-ming every where.



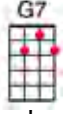
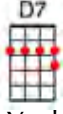
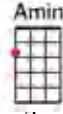
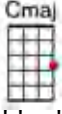
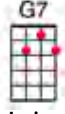
So prepare, say a prayer, send the word, send the word beware.



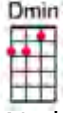
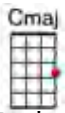
We'll be over, we're coming over, and we won't be back 'til it's over Over there.



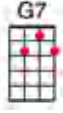
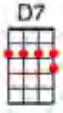
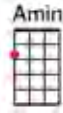
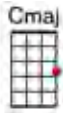
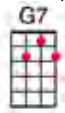
Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun, Johnnie show the Hun you're a son of a gun,



Hoist the flag and let her fly, Yankee Doodle do or die,

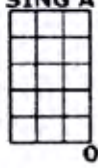


Pack your little kit, show your grit, do your bit, Yankees to the ranks from the towns and the tanks,



Make your mother proud of you and the old Red, White and Blue

SING A

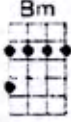


TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALLGAME

3/4 123 123



Take me out to the ballgame, take me out with the crowd.



Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack, I don't care if I never get back, and it's

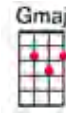
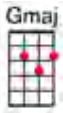
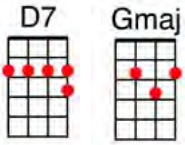


Root, root, root for the hometeam, if they don't win it's a shame.

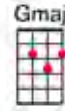
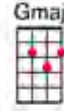
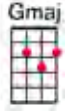
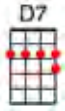


For it's one, two, three strikes you're out at the old ball-game.

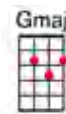
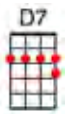
Mademoiselle from Armentieres



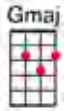
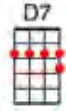
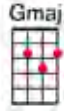
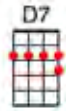
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parley-voo? Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parley-voo?



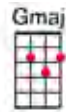
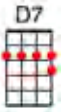
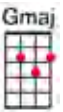
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, She hasn't been kissed in forty years, Hinky, dinky, parley-voo.



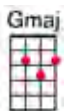
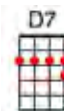
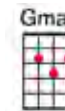
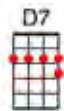
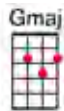
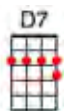
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parley-voo? Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parley-voo?



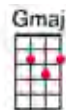
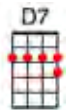
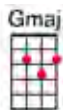
She had four chins, her knees would knock, And her face would stop a cuckoo clock, Hinky, dinky, parley-voo.



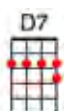
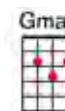
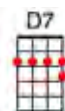
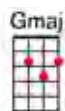
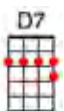
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parley-voo? Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parley-voo?



She could guzzle a barrel of sour wine, And eat a hog without peeling the rind, Hinky, dinky, parley-voo.



Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parley-voo? Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parley-voo?

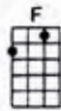


She might have been old for all we knew, When Na-oleon flopped at Waterloo, Hinky, dinky, parley-voo.



BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON

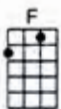
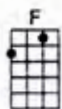
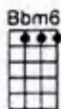
4/4 1...2...123



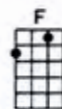
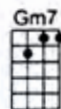
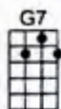
By the light of the silvery moon, I want to spoon, to my honey I'll croon love's tune



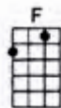
Honey-moon, keep a shinin' in June



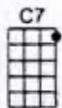
Your silvery beams will bring love's dreams,



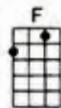
We'll be cuddlin' soon, by the silvery moon.



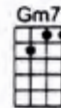
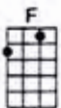
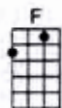
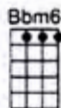
By the light (not the dark, but the light) of the silvery moon (not the sun, but the moon)



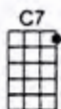
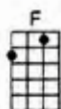
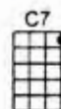
I want to spoon (not knife, but spoon), to my honey I'll croon love's tune.



Honey-moon, (not the sun, but the moon), keep a'shinin' in June (not May, but June)



Your silvery beams will bring love's dreams, we'll be cuddlin' soon, (not later, but soon)



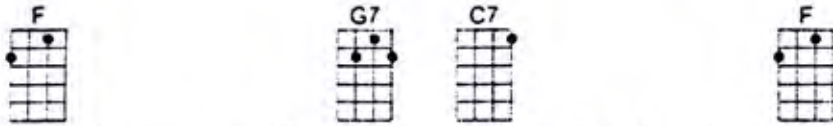
By the silvery moon (not the gold - en moon!)

1909 Gus Edwards, Edward Madden

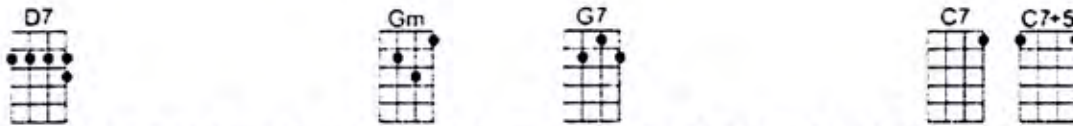


YANKEE DOODLE DANDY w.m. George M. Cohan

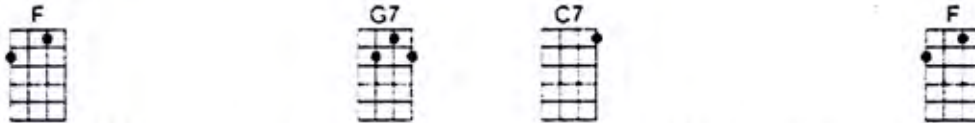
4/4 1...2...1234



I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy, Yankee Doodle do or die



A real-live nephew of my Uncle Sam, born on the fourth of July



I've Got a Yankee Doodle Sweetheart, she's my Yankee Doodle joy



Yankee Doodle went to London just to ride the po-nies,

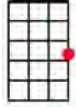


I am that Yankee Doodle Boy..... I am that Yankee Doodle Boy.

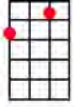
This Land Is Your Land

Woody Guthrie

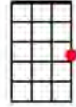
Cmaj



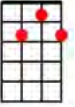
Fmaj



Cmaj



G7



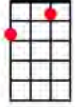
Cmaj



This land is your land, this land is my land, from California, to the New York Island,

Chorus

Fmaj



Cmaj



G7

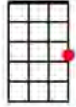


Cmaj

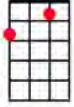


From the Redwood Forest, to the gulf stream waters, this land was made for you and me.

Cmaj



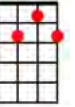
Fmaj



Cmaj



G7



Cmaj



v.1

As I went walking, that ribbon of highway, I saw above me, that endless skyway,

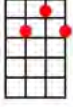
Fmaj



Cmaj



G7



Cmaj



I saw below me, that golden valley, this land was made for you and me.

Chorus

v.2

I roamed and I rambled, and I followed my footsteps, to the sparkling sands of, her diamond deserts,
And all around me, a voice was sounding, this land was made for you and me.

Chorus

v.3

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling, and the wheat fields waving, and the dust clouds rolling,
A voice was chanting, as the fog was lifting, this land was made for you and me.

Chorus