



Berkhamsted Ukulele Random Players

Flitwick Village Hall, 17 March 2020

Set 1

Country Roads written by Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert, and John Denver, and initially recorded by John Denver on his 1971 breakthrough album Poems, Prayers & Promises.

Almost heaven; West Virginia
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River
Life is old there; older than the trees
Younger than the mountains, growing like a breeze

Country roads, take me home, to the place I belong
West Virginia; mountain momma
Take me home; country roads

All my memories gather round her miner's lady
Stranger to blue water
Dark and dusty painted on the sky
Misty taste of moonshine tear drop in my eye

Country roads, take me home, to the place I belong
West Virginia; mountain momma
Take me home; country roads

I hear her voice, in the mornin' hours she calls me
The radio reminds me of my home far away
And drivin' down the road I get the feelin'
That I should have been home yesterday; yesterday

Country roads, take me home, to the place I belong
West Virginia; mountain momma
Take me home; country roads

Country roads, take me home, to the place I belong
West Virginia; mountain momma
Take me home; country roads

Outro: Take me home, country roads
Take me home, country roads

If I Had A Hammer

If I had a hammer
I'd hammer in the morning
I'd hammer in the evening all over this land
I'd hammer out danger I'd hammer out a warning
I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land

If I had a bell I'd ring it in the morning
I'd ring it in the evening all over this land
I'd ring out danger I'd ring out a warning
I'd ring out love between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land

If I had a song I'd sing it in the morning
I'd sing it in the evening all over this land
I'd sing out danger I'd sing out a warning
I'd sing out love between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land

Well I've got a hammer
And I've got a bell
And I've got a song to sing all over this land
It's a hammer of justice it's a bell of freedom
It's a song about love between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land It's a hammer of justice it's a bell of freedom
It's a song about love between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land

Island Of Dreams (Tom Springfield / The Springfields)

Concert Edition in C – 10th February 2020

I wander the streets
And the gay crowded places
Trying to forget you
But somehow it seems
That my thoughts ever stray
To our last sweet embraces
Over the sea on the island of dreams

High in the sky is a bird on the wing
Please carry me with you
Far, far a way from the mad rushing crowd
Please carry me with you

Again I would wander
Where memories enfold me
There on the beautiful island of dreams

High in the sky is a bird on the wing
Please carry me with you
Far, far a way from the mad rushing crowd
Please carry me with you

Again I would wander
Where memories enfold me
There on the beautiful island of dreams
Far, far away on the island of dreams

I'll Tell Me Ma (The Belle of Belfast City)

Chorus:

I'll tell me Ma when I go home, the boys won't leave the girls alone;

They pulled me hair and they stole me comb, but that's all right 'till I go home.

She is handsome, she is pretty, she is the Belle of Belfast city.
She is a'courtin' one, two three, pray won't you tell me who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves her, all the boys are fightin' for her.

They rap on her door and ring on the bell. Will she come out?
Who can tell?

Out she comes as white as snow, rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.

Old Jenny Murray says she'll die, if she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye.

Chorus:

I'll tell me Ma when I go home, the boys won't leave the girls alone;

They pulled me hair and they stole me comb, but that's all right 'till I go home.

She is handsome, she is pretty, she is the Belle of Belfast city.
She is a'courtin' one, two three, pray won't you tell me who is she?

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high,
and the snow come travellin' through the sky.

She's as sweet as apple pie, she'll get her own lad by and by.

When she gets a lad of her own, she won't tell her Ma when she gets home.

Let them all come as they will; for it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

Chorus:

I'll tell me Ma when I go home, the boys won't leave the girls alone;

They pulled me hair and they stole me comb, but that's all right 'till I go home.

She is handsome, she is pretty, she is the Belle of Belfast city.
She is a'courtin' one, two three, pray won't you tell me who is she?

Chorus:

I'll tell me Ma when I go home, the boys won't leave the girls alone;

They pulled me hair and they stole me comb, but that's all right 'till I go home.

She is handsome, she is pretty, she is the Belle of Belfast city.
She is a'courtin' one, two three, pray won't you tell me who is she?

The Fields of Athenry Pete St. John

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young girl calling
"Michael, they have taken you away,
For you stole Trevelyan's corn,
So the young might see the morn.
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay"

Low lie the fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly
Our love was on the wing
We had dreams and songs to sing
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young man calling
"Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free
Against the famine and the crown,
I rebelled, they cut me down.
Now you must raise our child with dignity"

By a lonely harbour wall, she watched the last star falling
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky
Sure she'll wait and hope and pray for her love in Botany Bay
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry

Low lie the fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly
Our love was on the wing
We had dreams and songs to sing
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry

Low lie the fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly
Our love was on the wing
We had dreams and songs to sing
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry

Black Velvet Band

In a neat little town they call Belfast,
Apprenticed to trade I was bound
And it's many an hour's sweet happiness,
Have I spent in that neat little town
A sad misfortune came o'er me,
Which caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations,
Betrayed by the black velvet band

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll down Broadway,
Meaning not long for to stay
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid
Comes a tripping along the highway
She was both fair and handsome,
Her neck it was just like a swan's
And her hair it hung over her shoulder,
Tied up with a black velvet band

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid,
As a gentleman was passing us by
Well I knew that she meant the doing of him,
By the look in her roguish black eye
A gold watch she took from his pocket
And placed it right into my hand
And the very first thing that I said was
Bad luck to the black velvet band

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

Before the judge and the jury,
Next morning I had to appear
The judge he says to me: "Young man,
Your case it is proven clear
We'll give you seven years penal servitude,
To be spent far away from the land
Far away from your friends and relations,
Betrayed by the black velvet band"

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

So, come all you jolly young fellows:
A warning take by me
When you are out on the town me lads,
Beware of them pretty colleens
For they'll feed you with whiskey and porter,
Until you're unable to stand
And the very next thing that you'll know is
You've landed in Van Diemen's Land

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band
Yes, her hair it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

Ring of Fire

Written by June Carter Cash and Merle Kilgore, recorded by Johnny Cash

Love is a burning thing.
And it makes a fiery ring.
Bound by wild desire.
I fell into a ring of fire.

I fell into a burning ring of fire,
I went down, down, down,
And the flames went higher.
And it burns, burns, burns.
The ring of fire.
The ring of fire.

I fell into a burning ring of fire,
I went down, down, down,
And the flames went higher.
And it burns, burns, burns.
The ring of fire.
The ring of fire.

The taste of love is sweet.
When hearts like ours meet.
I fell for you like a child.
Oh, but the fire went wild.

I fell into a burning ring of fire
I went down, down, down
And the flames went higher
And it burns, burns, burns.
The ring of fire.
The ring of fire.
And it burns, burns, burns.
The ring of fire.
The ring of fire.
The ring of fire.

What a Day for a Daydream John Sebastian/The Lovin' Spoonful

What a day for a daydream
What a day for a daydreamin' boy
And I'm lost in a daydream
Dreamin' 'bout my bundle of joy
And even if time ain't really on my side
It's one of those days for takin' a walk outside
I'm blowin' the day to take a walk in the sun
And fall on my face on somebody's new mowed lawn

I've been havin' a sweet dream
I been dreamin' since I woke up today
It's starrin' me in my sweet dream
'Cause she's the one makes me feel this way
And even if time is passing me by a lot
I couldn't care less about the dues you say I got
Tomorrow I'll pay the dues for droppin' my load
A pie in your face for bein' a sleepy bull toad

In-betweentro (whistle verse):

And you can be sure that if you're feelin' right
A daydream will last along into the night
Tomorrow at breakfast you may prick up your ears
Or you may be daydreamin' for a thousand years

What a day for a daydream
Custom made for a daydreamin' boy
Now I'm lost in a daydream
Dreamin' 'bout my bundle of joy

Outro (whistle):

Three Steps to Heaven

Now there, are three steps to heaven, just listen, and you will
plainly see,
And as life travels on and things do go wrong,
Just follow steps one two and three.

Step one: You find a girl to love
Step two: She falls in love with you
Step three: You kiss and hold her tightly,
Well that sure seems like heaven to me.

The formula for heaven's very simple,
Just follow the rules and you will see,
And as life travels on and things do go wrong,
Just follow steps one two and three.

Hum the next verse

Step one: You find a girl to love
Step two: She falls in love with you
Step three: You kiss and hold her tightly,
Well that sure seems like heaven to me.

Dirty Old Town (Ewan MacColl via The Pogues)

I met my love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town, dirty old town

Clouds are drifting across the moon
Cats are prowling on their beat
Springs a girl from the streets at night
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I heard a siren from the docks
Saw a train set the night on fire
I smelled the spring on the smoky wind
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I'm gonna make me a big sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree
Dirty old town dirty old town

I met my love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town, dirty old town
Dirty old town, dirty old town

Molly Malone

In Dublin's fair city where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
Where she wheeled her wheelbarrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
Singing "Cockles and mussels a-live a-live-oh
A-live, alive -oh, a live a-live oh."
Singing "Cockles and mussels a-live a-live-oh"

She was a fish monger and sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her mother and father before
Where they wheeled their wheelbarrows
Through the streets broad and narrow
Singing "Cockles and mussels a-live a live-oh
A-live, alive -oh, a live a-live oh."
Singing "Cockles and mussels a-live a-live-oh"

She died of a fever and no-one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
Now her ghost wheels her barrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
Singing "Cockles and mussels a-live a-live-oh
Alive, alive-oh, a-live alive oh."
Singing "Cockles and mussels a-live a-live-oh"

A-live, alive -oh, a live a-live oh."
Singing "Cockles and mussels a-live a-live-oh"

The Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer
But now I'm returning with gold in great store
And it's never will play the wild rover no more

And it's no, nay, never;
No, nay never, no more
Will I play the wild rover
No never, no more

I went into an alehouse I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay:
Such custom as yours I can get any day

And it's no, nay, never;
No, nay never, no more
Will I play the wild rover
No never, no more

From out of my pocket I pulled sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said "I have whiskeys and wines of the best
And the words that I spoke they were only in jest"

And it's no, nay, never;
No, nay never, no more
Will I play the wild rover
No never, no more

I'll go back to my parents, confess what I've done
And ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And if they forgive me as oft times before
Then I never will play the wild rover no more

And it's no, nay, never;
No, nay never, no more
Will I play the wild rover
No never, no more

Hey, Jude Lennon/McCartney

Hey, Jude, don't make it bad
Take a sad song and make it better
Remember to let her into your heart
Then you can start to make it better

Hey, Jude, don't be afraid
You were made to go out and get her
The minute you let her under your skin
Then you begin to make it better

And any time you feel the pain hey Jude refrain
Don't carry the world upon your shoulder
For well you know that it's a fool who plays it cool
By making his world a little colder
Na na na na na na na na na

Hey, Jude, don't let me down
You have found her now go and get her
Remember to let her into your heart
Then you can start to make it better

So let it out and let it in hey Jude begin
You're waiting for someone to perform with
But don't you know that it's just you hey Jude you'll do
The movement you need is on your shoulder
Na na na na na na na na na

Hey, Jude, don't make it bad
Take a sad song and make it better
Remember to let her under your skin
Then you'll begin to make it better
Better better better better better...yeah!!
Na na na na na na na na na na hey Jude

St. Patrick's Day

Interval. Enjoy your tea!