



Berkhamsted Ukulele Random Players

Flitwick Village Hall, 17 March 2020

Set 2

Leaving On A Jet Plane – John Denver

All my bags are packed and I'm ready to go ,
I'm standing here outside your door
I hate to wake you up to say goodbye.
But the dawn is breaking it's early morn ,
The taxi's waiting ,he's blowing his horn
Already I'm so lonesome I could cry.

So, kiss me and smile for me,
Tell me that you'll wait for me
Hold me like you'll never let me go
'Cause I'm leaving on a jet plane ,
Don't know when I'll be back again
Oh, babe I hate to go

There's so many times I've let you down,
So many times I've fooled around,
I tell you now they don't mean a thing .
Every place I go I'll think of you ,
Every song I sing I'll sing for you ,
When I come back I'll wear your wedding ring

So, kiss me and smile for me,
Tell me that you'll wait for me
Hold me like you'll never let me go
'Cause I'm leaving on a jet plane ,
Don't know when I'll be back again
Oh, babe I hate to go

Now the time has come to leave you ,
One more time , let me kiss you
Then close your eyes , and I'll be on my way
Dream about the days to come ,
When I won't have to leave alone
About the time I won't have to say.

So, kiss me and smile for me,
Tell me that you'll wait for me
Hold me like you'll never let me go
'Cause I'm leaving on a jet plane ,
Don't know when I'll be back again
Oh, babe I hate to go

Brown Eyed Girl Van Morrison

Hey where did we go days when the rains came
Down in the hollow we were playin' a new game
Laughing and a running hey hey skipping and a jumping
In the misty morning fog with
Our hearts a thumping and you
My brown-eyed girl You my brown-eyed girl

Whatever happened to Tuesday and so slow
Going down the old mine with a transistor radio
Standing in the sunlight laughing
Hiding behind a rainbow's wall slipping and a sliding
All along the waterfall with you
My brown-eyed girl you my brown-eyed girl
Do you remember when we used to
Sing sha la la la la la la la la la te da
Sha la la la la la la la la la te da la te da

So hard to find my way now that I'm all on my own
I saw you just the other day my how you have grown
Cast my memory back there lord
Sometimes I'm overcome thinking 'bout
Making love in the green grass
Behind the stadium with you
My brown-eyed girl you my brown-eyed girl
Do you remember when we used to
Sing sha la la la la la la la la la te da
Sha la la la la la la la la la te da
Sha la la la la la la la la la te da
Sha la la la la la la la la la te da la te da

When You're Smiling/Hello Dolly

When you're smiling, when you're smiling,
The whole world smiles with you.
When you're laughing, when you're laughing,
The sun comes shining through
But when you're crying you bring on the rain,
So stop your sighing, be happy again.
Keep on smiling, 'cause when you're smiling
The whole world smiles with you

When you're smiling, when you're smiling,
The whole world smiles with you.
When you're laughing, when you're laughing,
The sun comes shining through
But when you're crying you bring on the rain,
So stop your sighing, be happy again.
Keep on smiling, 'cause when you're smiling
The whole world smiles with you

Hello, Dolly, well hello, Dolly.
It's so nice to have you back where you belong
You're looking swell, Dolly, I can tell, Dolly
You're still glowin', you're still crowin',
You're still... goin' strong
I feel the room swaying, for the band's playing
One of your old fav'rite songs from way back when
So...
Take her wrap fellas,
Find her an empty lap, fellas
Dolly I'll never go away again

Hello, Dolly, well hello, Dolly.
It's so nice to have you back where you belong
You're looking swell, Dolly, I can tell, Dolly
You're still glowin', you're still crowin',
You're still... goin' strong
I feel the room swaying, for the band's playing
One of your old fav'rite songs from way back when
So...
Take her wrap fellas,
Find her an empty lap, fellas
Dolly I'll never go away,
Dolly I'll never go away,
Dolly I'll never go away again

Singin' the Blues

written by Melvin Endsley, performed by Guy Mitchell and Tommy Steele

Intro (whistle)

Well I never felt more like singing the blues,
Cause I never thought that I'd ever lose your love dear.
Why'd you do me this way?

Well I never felt more like crying all night,
Cause everything's wrong, and nothing ain't right without you.
You got me singing the blues.

Well the moon and stars no longer shine.
The dream is gone I thought was mine.
There's nothing left for me to do,
But cry-y-y-y, over you. (Cry over you)

Well I never felt more like running away,
But why should I go, cause I couldn't stay without you.
You got me singing the blues.

Well I never felt more like singing the blues,
Cause I never thought that I'd ever lose your love dear.
Why'd you do me this way?

Well I never felt more like crying all night,
Cause everything's wrong, and nothing ain't right without you.
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The Mountains of Mourne Lyrics: Percy French; tune trad Page 1 of 2

Oh Molly this London's a beautiful sight
Where the people are workin' by day and by night
They don't sow potatoes nor barley nor wheat
But there's gangs of them diggin' for gold in the street
At least when I asked them that's what I was told
So I took up my hand at this diggin' for gold
But for all that I found there I might as well be
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea

I believe that when writing a wish you'd expressed
As to how the fine ladies of London are dressed
Well if you believe me when asked to the ball
Faith, they don't wear no tops to their dresses at all
Oh, I've seen it myself and I tell you in truth
I can't tell if they're bound for a ball or a bath
Don't go startin' those fashions now Molly Machree
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea

You re member young Peter O' Laughlin of course
Well now he is here at the head of the force
I saw him one day I was crossing The Strand
And he stopped the whole street with one wave of his hand
And there we stood talking of days long gone
While the whole population of London looked on
But for all his great power he's wishin' like me
To be back where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea

There are beautiful girls here; oh, never you mind
With beautiful shapes nature never designed
And lovely complexions all roses and cream
But O'Laughlin remarked with regard to the same
That if at those roses you venture to sip
The colours might all come away on your lip
So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waiting for me
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea

The Leaving of Liverpool

Farewell to you my own true love
I'm sailing far, far away
I'm bound for Californ-i-ay
But I know that I'll return some day

So fare thee well, my own true love
When I return united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me
But my darling when I think of thee

Farewell to Prince's Landing Stage
River Mersey, fare thee well
I am bound for Californ-i-ay
A place I know right well

So fare thee well, my own true love
When I return united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me
But my darling when I think of thee

I'm bound off for Californ-i-ay
By the way of stormy Cape Horn
And I'm bound to write to you a letter, love
When I am homeward bound

So fare thee well, my own true love
When I return united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me
But my darling when I think of thee

I have signed on a Yankee sailing ship
Davy Crockett I do tell
And the captain's name it is Burgess
And they say that she's a floating hell

So fare thee well, my own true love
When I return united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me
But my darling when I think of thee

Farewell to lower Frederick Street
Ensign Terrace and Park Lane
For I think it will be a long, long time
Before I see you again

So fare thee well, my own true love
When I return united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me
But my darling when I think of thee

Oh the sun is on the harbour, love
And I wish I could remain
For I know it will be a long, long time
Until I see you again

So fare thee well, my own true love
When I return united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me
But my darling when I think of thee

It's a long way to Tipperary

Up to mighty London came
An Irish man one day,
All the streets were paved with gold,
So everyone was gay!
Singing songs of Piccadilly,
Strand, and Leicester Square,
'Til Paddy got excited and
He shouted to them there

"It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know!
Goodbye Piccadilly,
Farewell Leicester Square!
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there"

Paddy wrote a letter
To his Irish Molly O',
Saying, "Should you not receive it,
Write and let me know!
If I make mistakes in spelling,
Molly dear", said he,
"Remember it's the pen, that's bad,
Don't lay the blame on me"

"It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know!
Goodbye Piccadilly,
Farewell Leicester Square!
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there"

"It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know!
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Farewell Leicester Square!
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there"

It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there"

Streets of London (Ralph McTell)

Have you seen the old man, in the closed-down market
Kicking up the papers, with his worn-out shoes?
In his eyes you see no pride, and held loosely by his side
Yesterday's papers, telling yesterday's news

So how can you tell me, you're lonely
and say for you that the sun don't shine?
Let me take you by the hand, and lead you through the streets
of London
I'll show you something, to make you change your mind

And have you seen the old man, out-side the seaman's
mission?
His memory's fading, with those medal ribbons that he wears
And in our winter city, the rain cries little pity
For one more forgotten hero, and a world that doesn't care

So how can you tell me, you're lonely
and say for you that the sun don't shine?
Let me take you by the hand, and lead you through the streets
of London
I'll show you something, to make you change your mind

Have you seen the old gal, who walks the streets of London
Dirt in her hair, and her clothes in rags?
She's no time for talking, she just keeps right on walking
Carrying her home, in two carrier bags

So how can you tell me, you're lonely
and say for you that the sun don't shine?
Let me take you by the hand, and lead you through the streets
of London
I'll show you something, to make you change your mind

And in the all-night cafe, at a quarter past eleven
Same old man sitting there, all on his own
Looking at the world, over the rim of his teacup
Each tea lasts an hour, and he wanders home alone

So how can you tell me, you're lonely
and say for you that the sun don't shine?
Let me take you by the hand, and lead you through the streets
of London
I'll show you something, to make you change your mind

Arms of Mary / Sailing Sutherland Brothers mash-up

The lights shine down the valley
The wind blows up the alley
Oh, and I wish I was
Lying in the arms of Mary

She took the pains of boyhood
And turned them into feel good
Oh, how I wish I was
Lying in the arms of Mary

Mary was the girl who taught me all I had to know
She put me right on my first mistake
Summer wasn't gone when I'd learned all she had to show
She really gave all a boy could take

... So now when I get lonely
Still looking for the one and only
That's when I wish I was
Lying in the arms of Mary

I am flying, I am flying
Like a bird ... 'cross the sky
I am flying ... passing high clouds
To be with you, to be free

Can you hear me? Can you hear me?
Through the dark night far away
I am dying, forever crying
To be with you, who can say?

We are sailing, we are sailing
Home again ... 'cross the sea
We are sailing ... stormy waters
To be near you, to be free

Mary was the girl who taught me all I had to know
She put me right on my first mistake
Summer wasn't gone when I'd learned all she had to show
She really gave all a boy could take

... So now when I get lonely
Still looking for the one and only
That's when I wish I was
Lying in the arms of Mary

We are sailing, we are sailing
Home again ... 'cross the sea
We are sailing ... stormy waters
To be near you, to be free

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Home again ... 'cross the sea
We are sailing ... stormy waters
To be near you, to be free

Whiskey in the Jar

As I was going' over the far-famed Kerry mountains
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier
I said "Stand and deliver" for he was a bold deceiver

Musha ring dum a do dum a da
Whack for my daddy-o,
Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny.
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me,
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy

Musha ring dum a do dum a da
Whack for my daddy-o,
Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

I went up to me chamber all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and sure it was no wonder,
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water,
And sent for Captain Farrel, to be ready for the slaughter

Musha ring dum a do dum a da
Whack for my daddy-o,
Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

'Twas early in the morning just before I rose to travel,
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell;
I first produced my pistol, for she stole away my rapier
But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

Musha ring dum a do dum a da
Whack for my daddy-o,
Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

And if anyone can aid me, 'tis my brother in the army,
If I could find his station in Cork or in Killarney.
And if he'll go with me we'd go roving through Kilkenny,
I'm sure he'll treat me better than my own a-sporting Jenny

Musha ring dum a do dum a da Whack for my daddy-o, Whack for my daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

There's some takes delight in the carriages a rolling,
And others take delight in the hurley or the bowlin'.
But I takes delight in the juice of the barley,
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

Musha ring dum a do dum a da Whack for my daddy-o, Whack for my daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

Paddy McGinty's Goat

Now Patrick McGinty, an Irishman of note
Fell in for a fortune, and he bought himself a goat
Says he, "Sure, of goat's milk I'm going to have me fill"
But when he brought the nanny home, he found it was a bill
All the young ladies who live in Killaloo
They're all wearing bustles like their mothers used to do
They each wear a bolster beneath the petticoat
And leave the rest to providence and Paddy McGinty's goat

Mrs Burke to her daughter said, "listen, Mary Jane
Who was the lad you were cuddling in the lane?
He'd long wiry whiskers a' hanging from his chin"
"Twas only Pat McGinty's goat," she answered with a grin
Then she went away from the village in disgrace
She came back with powder and paint upon her face
She'd rings on her fingers, and she wore a sable coat
And I'll bet your life she didn't get those from Paddy McGinty's
goat

Now Norah McCarthy the knot was going to tie
She washed out her trousseau and hung it out to dry
Along came the goat and he saw the bits of white
And chewed up all her folderols, and on her wedding night
"Oh turn out the light quick!" she shouted out to Pat
For though I'm your bride, sure I'm not worth looking at
I had two of everything, I told you when I wrote
But now I'm wearing nothing, all through Paddy McGinty's goat

Mickey Riley he went to the races t'other day
He won twenty dollars and he shouted, "hip hooray"
He held up the note, shouting "look at what I've got
The goat came up and grabbed at it and swallowed all the lot
"He's eaten me banknote, " said Mickey, with the hump
They went for the doctor and they got a stomach pump
They pumped and they pumped for that twenty dollar note
But all they got was ninepence out of Paddy McGinty's goat

Well the bold Irish guards, you'd think it was romance
They adopted the goat and they brought him off to France
The day that they landed he heard the bugle blow
He ducked his little cranium and he ran to meet the foe
The Germans retreated, hurriedly they fled
Holding their noses they tumbled over dead
"Ach," says the Kaiser, "there's poison gas afloat"
But it was only the effluvium from Paddy McGinty's goat"

Off the west coast of Ireland one morning they were seen
As plain as any pikestaff there were German submarines
When coast-guard Maloney fell into a fit
Says Paddy McGinty's goat, "It's time for me to do me bit"
He jumped into the water as frisky as a whale
Swam around the u-boat wagging his little tail
He upped with his horn and he stuck it in the boat
And sent them all to Heligoland did Paddy McGinty's Goat

Now old Paddy's goat had a wonderous appetite
And one day for breakfast he ate some dynamite
A big box of matches he swallowed all serene
And out he went and swallowed up a quart of paraffeen
He sat by the fireside, he didn't give a hang
He swallowed a spark and exploded with a bang,
So if you go to heaven you can bet a dollar note
That the angel with the whiskers on is Paddy McGinty's goat

Danny Boy

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so!

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so!

'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so!



That's all we've got time for...

Thank you!!!!

Oh... all right then!

Just the one more

You'll Never Walk Alone

From the 1945 Rodgers and Hammerstein musical Carousel, via Gerry and the Pacemakers before a pacemaker was a life saving device. Although the band may have saved a few lives in their time.

When you walk through a storm
Hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark ...
At the end of the storm
Is a golden sky
And the sweet silver song of a lark

Walk on through the wind
Walk on through the rain
Though your dreams be tossed and blown
Walk on, walk on
With hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone
You'll never walk alone

Walk on, walk on
With hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone
You'll never walk alone

Thank you again!!!!

Safe home!!!!

