

Towersey Festival

Friday 28 August 2015



Beginners' Ukulele workshop
Hosted by Hamish Currie
of
Berkhamsted Ukulele Random
Players

www.BURPmusic.com

Buffalo Gals American trad.

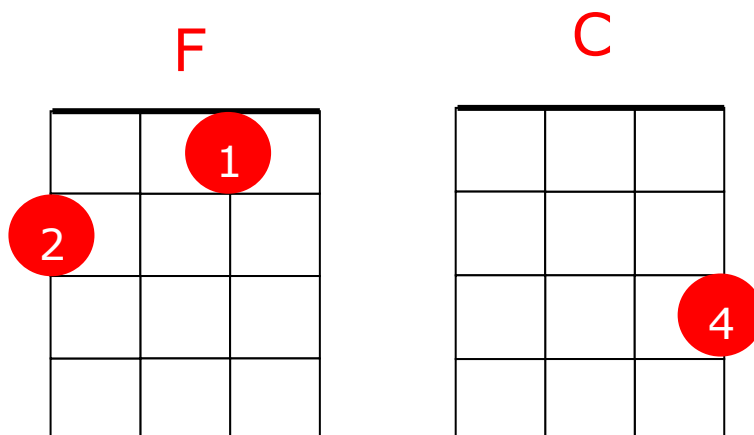
Chorus:

[F] Buffalo gals won't you come out tonight?
[C] Come out tonight? [F] Come out tonight?
Buffalo gals won't you come out tonight
And [C] dance in the light of the [F] moon?

I [F] danced with a gal with a hole in her stocking,
Her [C] heel kept a-rockin' and her [F] toe kept a-knockin'.
I danced with a gal with a hole in her stocking
And we [C] danced in the light of the [F] moon.

[F] I got a gal that lives on the hill,
[C] Lives on the hill, [F] lives on the hill.
I've got a gal that lives on the hill;
[C] Tell me, won't you come out to- [F] night?

She's the [F] bootlegger's daughter and I love her still,
I [C] love her still, I [F] love her still.
The bootlegger's daughter and I love her still;
[C] Tell me, won't you come out to- [F] night?



Lord of the Dance – Sydney Carter

Intro: [F]

I [F] danced in the morning when the world was young
I [C] danced in the moon and the stars and the sun
I [F] came down from heaven and I danced on the earth
At [C] Bethlehem I [F] had my birth

Chorus:

[F] "Dance, dance, wherever you may be
I am the lord of the [C] dance", said he
"And I [F] lead you all, wherever you may be
And I [C] lead you all in the [F] dance", said he

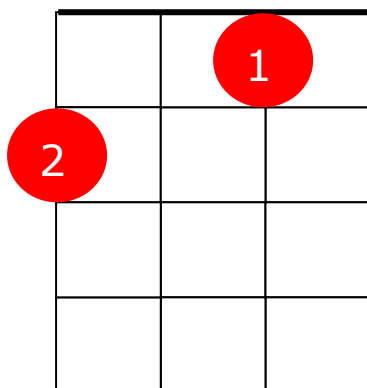
I [F] danced for the scribes and the Pharisees
They [C] wouldn't dance, they wouldn't follow me
I [F] danced for the fishermen James and John
They [C] came with me so the [F] dance went on

I [F] danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame
The [C] holy people said it was a shame
They [F] ripped, they stripped, they hung me high
[C] Left me there on the [F] cross to die

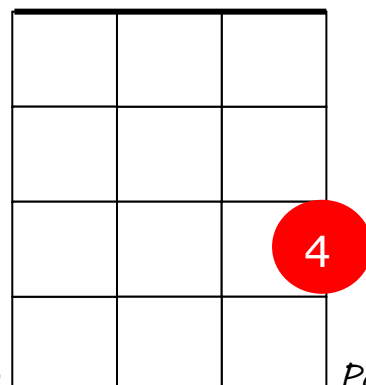
I [F] danced on a Friday when the world turned black
It's [C] hard to dance with the devil on your back
They [F] buried my body, they thought I was gone
But [C] I am the dance, and the [F] dance goes on

[F] They cut me down and I leapt up high
[C] I am the life that will never, never die
I'll [F] live in you if you'll live in me
[C] I am the Lord of the [F] dance, said he

F



C



Walk Like an Egyptian - The Bangles

Intro: [G] *whistle*

[G] All the paintings on the tombs
They do the sand dance don't you know
If they move too quick (oh way oh)
They're falling down like a domino

[G] All the bazaar men by the Nile
They got the money on a bet
Gold crocodiles (oh way oh)
They snap their teeth on your cigarette

[C] Foreign types with the hookah pipes say
Ay oh way oh, ay oh way oh

[X] Walk like an Egyptian

In-betweenintro: [X]

[G] Blond waitresses take their trays
They spin around and they cross the floor
They've got the moves (oh way oh)
You drop your drink and they give you more

[G] All the school kids so sick of books
They like the punk and the metal band
When the buzzer rings (oh way oh)
They're walking like an Egyptian

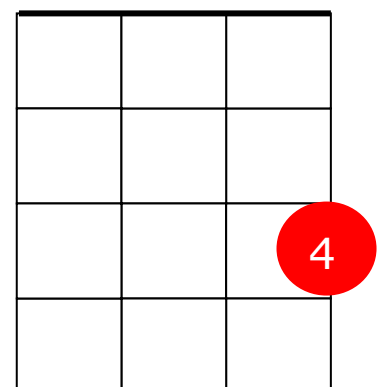
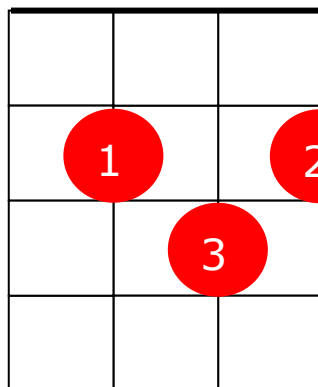
[C] All the kids in the marketplace say
Ay oh way oh, ay oh way oh

[X] Walk like an Egyptian

In-betweenintro: [X]

Outro: [G] *whistle*

More outro: [X] *whistle*



Ride On – Jimmy MacCarthy

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

[Am] True you ride the finest horse [F] I have ever seen
[G] Standing sixteen, one or two, with [Am] eyes wild and green
[Am] And you ride the horse so well, [F] hands light to the touch
[G] I could never go with you no matter how I [Am] wanted to

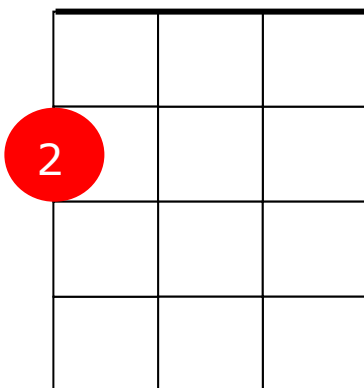
Chorus:

[Am] Ride on, [F] see you,
[G] I could never go with you no matter how I [Am] wanted to
[Am] Ride on, [F] see you,
[G] I could never go with you no matter how I [Am] wanted to

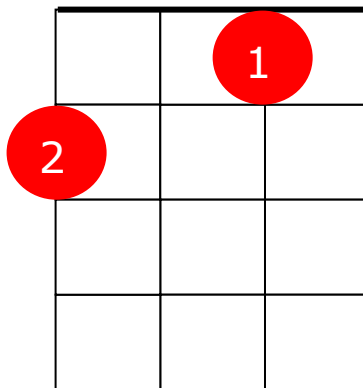
[Am] When you ride into the night with- [F] out a trace behind
[G] Run your claw along my gut, [Am] one last time
[Am] I turn to face an empty space, where [F] once you used to lie
And [G] look for a spark that lights the dark through a [Am] teardrop in my eye

Repeat *chorus* ad nauseam.

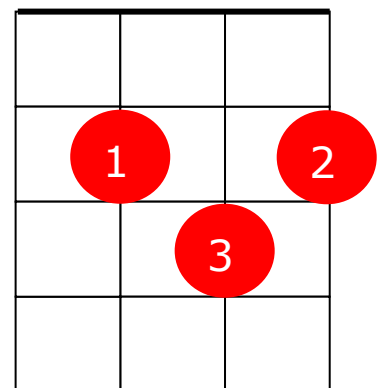
Am



F



G



In My Time of Dying American trad

Intro: [Dm] [Am] [Dm] [Am]

[Dm] In my [Am] time of [Dm] dying [Am]
Don't [Dm] want no- [Am] body to [Dm] mourn [Am]
[Dm] All I [Am] want for [Dm] you to [Am] do
Is to [A] take my body [Dm] home

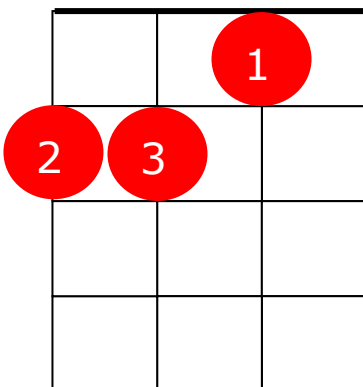
Chorus:

[tacit] Well a well a [Dm] well
[Am] So I can [Dm] die easy
[Am] Well a well a [Dm] well
[Am] So I can [Dm] die easy
[Am] Well a well a [Dm] well
[Am] So I can [Dm] die easy
[Am] Jesus won't you [A] make up my dying [Dm] bed

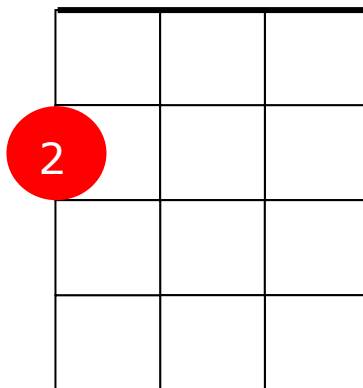
[Dm] Meet me, [Am] Jesus, [Dm] meet me [Am]
[Dm] Meet me in the [Am] middle of the [Dm] air [Am]
And [Dm] if my [Am] wings should [Dm] fail me, [Am] Lord
[A] Meet me with another [Dm] pair

[Dm] In my [Am] time of [Dm] dying [Am]
[Dm] Dress me up [Am] nice and [Dm] neat [Am]
[Dm] Put me [Am] on some [Dm] hard soled [Am] shoes
Just in [A] case the devil I [Dm] meet

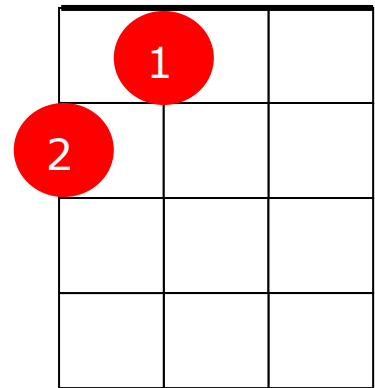
Dm



Am



A



Come on up to the House – Tom Waits

Well the [C] moon is [Am] broken and the [F] sky is [C] cracked
[C] Come on up to the [Am] house

The only [C] things that you can [Am] see is [F] all that you
[C] lack

[C] Come on [G] up to the [C] house

[C] All your [Am] crying don't [F] do no [C] good

[C] Come on up to the [Am] house

Come [C] down off the [Am] cross we can [F] use the [C] wood

You gotta [C] come on [G] up to the [C] house

Chorus:

[C] Come on up to the house, come on up to the [Am] house

The world is [C] not my [Am] home, I'm just a [F] passing [C]
through

You gotta [C] come on [G] up to the [C] house

There's no [C] light in the [Am] tunnel, no [F] irons in the [C] fire

[C] Come on up to the [Am] house

And you're [C] singing lead sop- [Am] rano in a [F] junkman's
[C] choir

You gotta [C] come on [G] up to the [C] house

Does [C] life seem [Am] nasty, [F] brutish and [C] short

[C] Come on up to the [Am] house

[C] The seas are [Am] stormy and you [F] can't find no [C] port

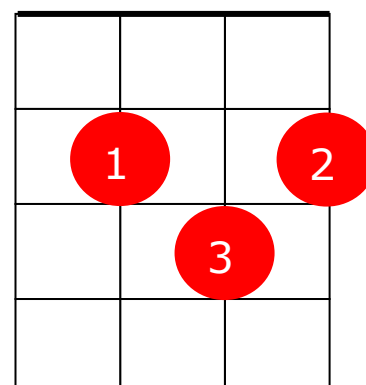
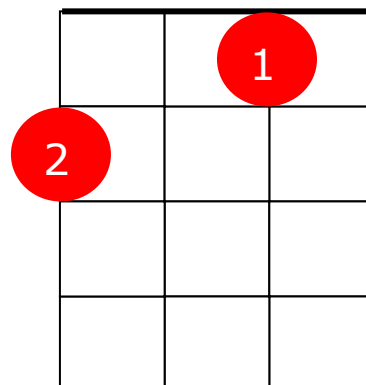
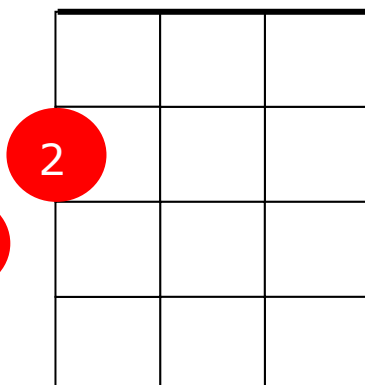
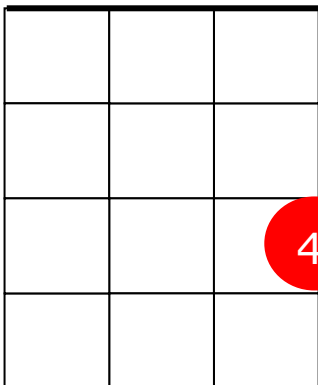
Got to [C] come on [G] up to the [C] house

C

Am

F

G

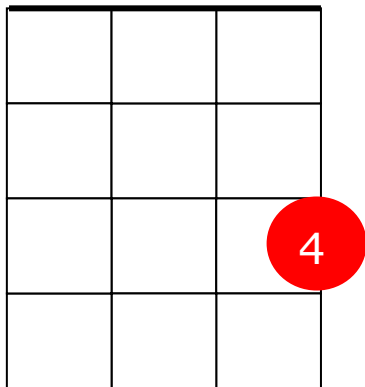


Down by the Salley Gardens words: W B Yeats, music: Irish trad.

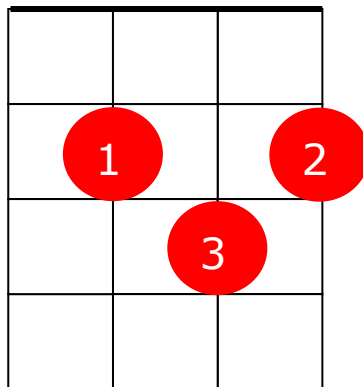
It was [C] down by the [G] Salley [F] Gard- [C] ens,
 My [F] love and [G] I did [C] meet.
 She [C] crossed the [G] Salley [F] Gard- [C] ens
 With [F] little [G] snow-white [C] feet.
 She [Am] bid me [G] take love [F] eas- [C] y,
 As the [F] leaves grow [G] on the [Am] tree,
 But [C] I was [G] young and [F] fool- [C] ish,
 And with [F] her did [G] not a- [C] gree.

In a [C] field down [G] by the [F] riv- [C] er,
 My [F] love and [G] I did [C] stand
 And [C] on my [G] leaning [F] should- [C] er,
 She [F] laid her [G] snow-white [C] hand.
 She [Am] bid me [G] take life [F] eas- [C] y ,
 As the [F] grass grows [G] on the [Am] weirs
 But [C] I was [G] young and [F] fool- [C] ish,
 And [F] now am [G] full of [C] tears.

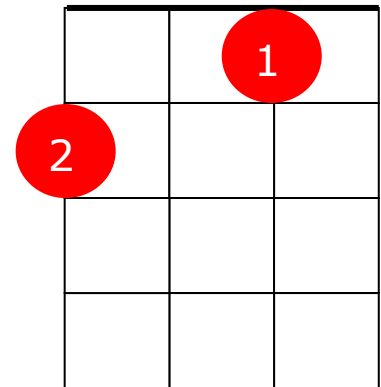
C



G



F



Am

