

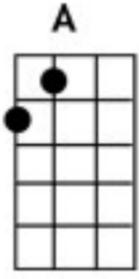


**UKULELE  
FAVORITES  
VOL 4**

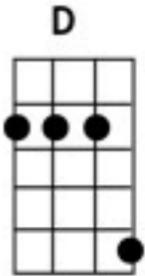
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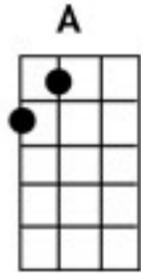
# Frankie And Johnny



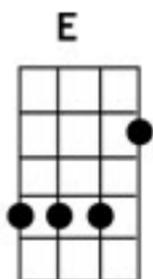
Frankie and Johnny were sweethearts. Lordy, how they could love.



Swore to be true to each other,



Yeah, true to the skies above



He was her man, wouldn't do her no wrong

A  
And Frankie and Johnny went walkin' and Johnny had on a new suit.

D  
Yeah, Frankie spent one-hundred dollar notes,

A  
Just to make her man look cute.

E A  
He was her man, he wouldn't do her no wrong.

A

Frankie went over to the barroom, stopped for a bottle of beer.

D

Said to the old bartender man,

A

"Has my lover Johnny man been here?"

E

A

"He was my man, Lord, but he'd been doin' me wrong, so wrong."

A

Yeah, Frankie looked over the transom doorm

And there to her great surprise

D

A

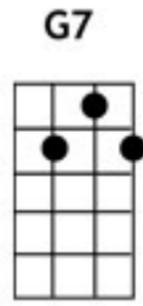
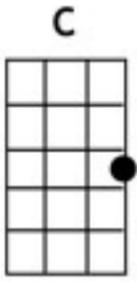
There sat her lover man Johnny, makin' love to Nellie Bly.

E

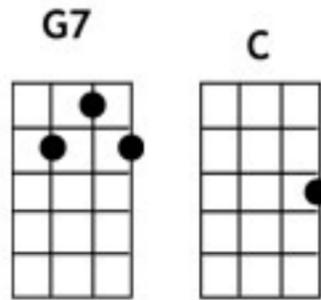
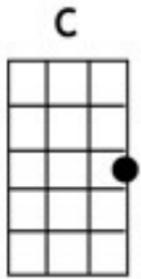
A

He was her man, but he was doin' her wrong.

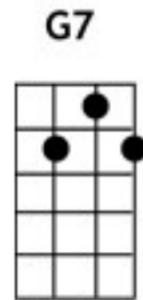
# Oh! Susanna



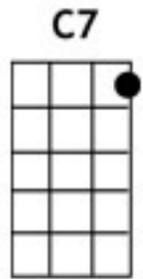
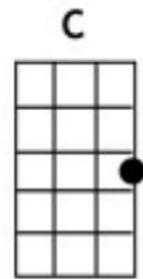
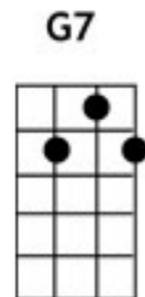
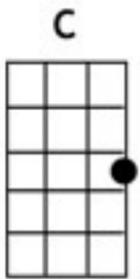
I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee



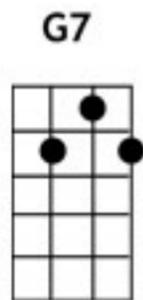
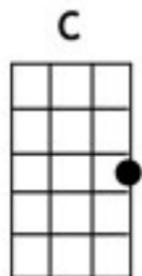
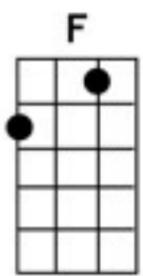
I'm going to Louisiana, my true love for to see



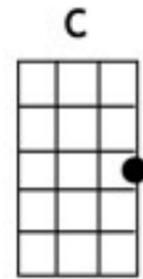
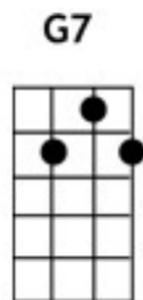
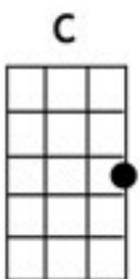
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry



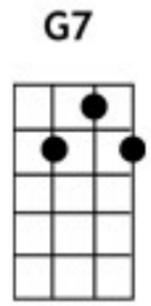
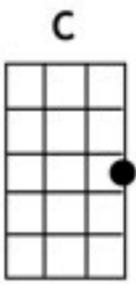
The sun so hot I froze to death, Susanna, don't you cry



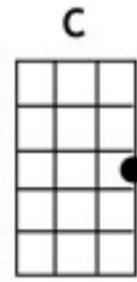
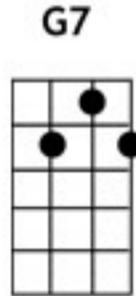
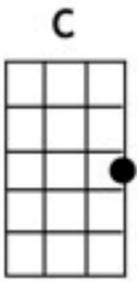
Oh, Susanna, o don't you cry for me



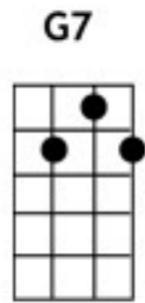
'Cause I come from Alabama with a ukulele on my knee



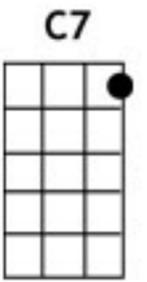
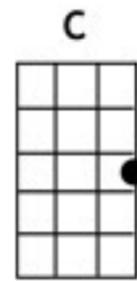
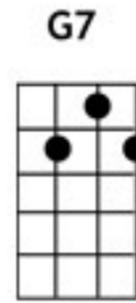
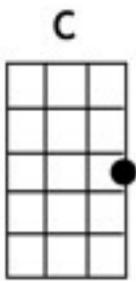
I had a dream the other night when everything was still



I thought I saw Susanna dear, a-comin' down the hill



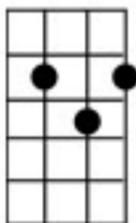
A buckwheat cake was in her mouth, a tear was in her eye



Says I, "I'm coming from the South, Susanna, don't you cry"

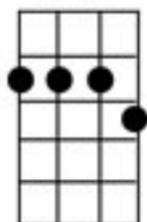
# Lord Of The Dance

G



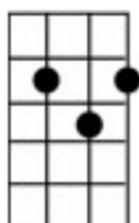
I danced in the morning when the world was begun,

D7



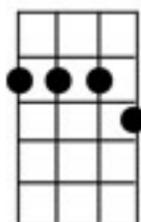
And I danced in the moon and stars and the sun,

G

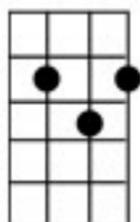


And I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth

D7

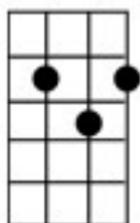


G



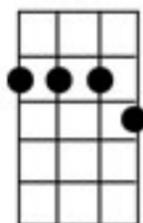
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

G

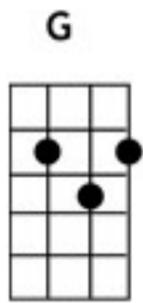


Dance then, wherever you may be;

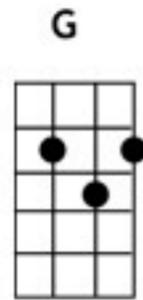
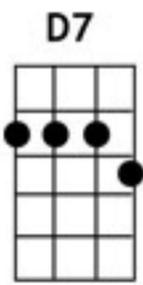
D7



I am the Lord of the Dance said He,



And I'll lead you all - wherever you may be,



And I'll lead you all in the dance said He.

G

I danced for the scribe, and the Phari-see

D7

But they would not dance, and they wouldn't follow me,

G

I danced for the fishermen, for James and John

D7

G

They came with me, and the dance went on.

[chorus]

G

I danced on the Sabbath, and I cured the lame

D7

The holy people said it was a shame

G

They whipped me and stripped me and hung me high

D7

G

And they left me there on a cross to die.

[chorus]

G

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black

D7

It's hard to dance with the devil on your back

G

They buried my body and they thought I'd gone

D7

G

But I am the dance and I still go on.

[chorus]

G

They cut me down and I leapt up high

D7

I am the life that will never, never die

G

I'll live in you - if you'll live in me

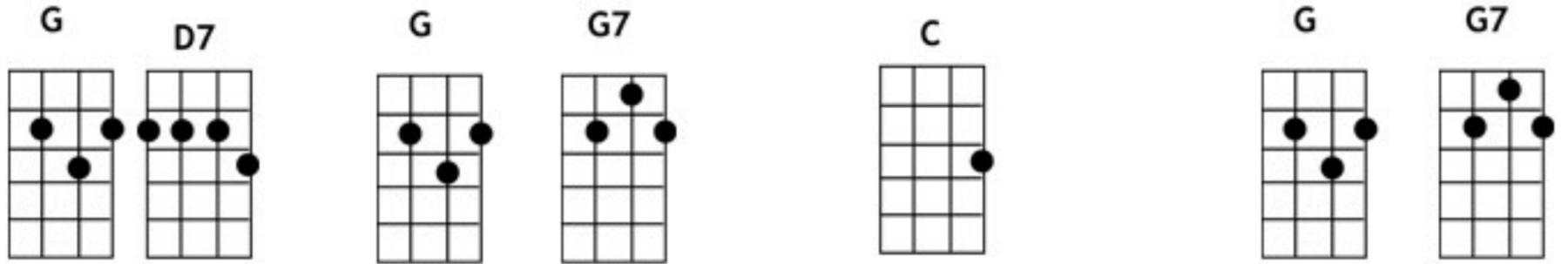
D7

G

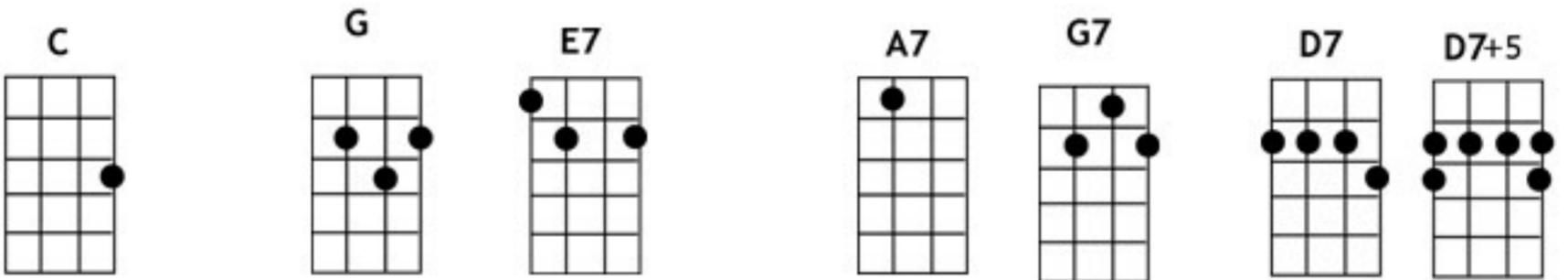
I am the Lord of the Dance said He.

[chorus]

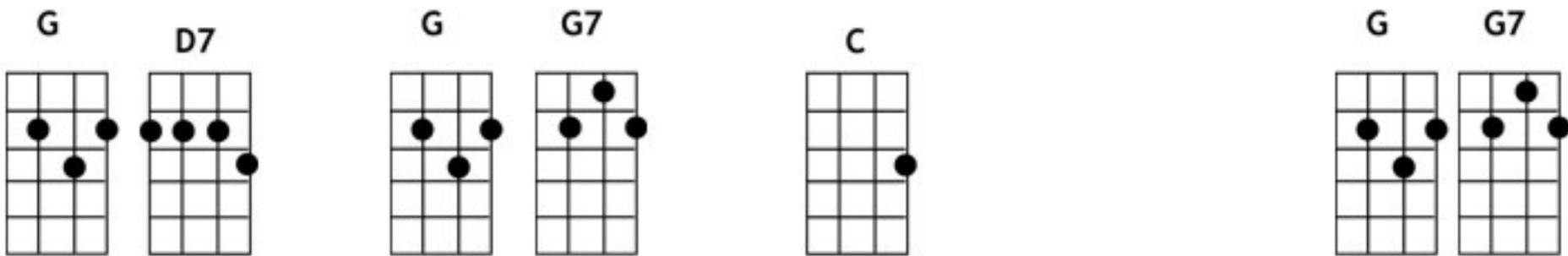
# When Irish Eyes Are Smiling



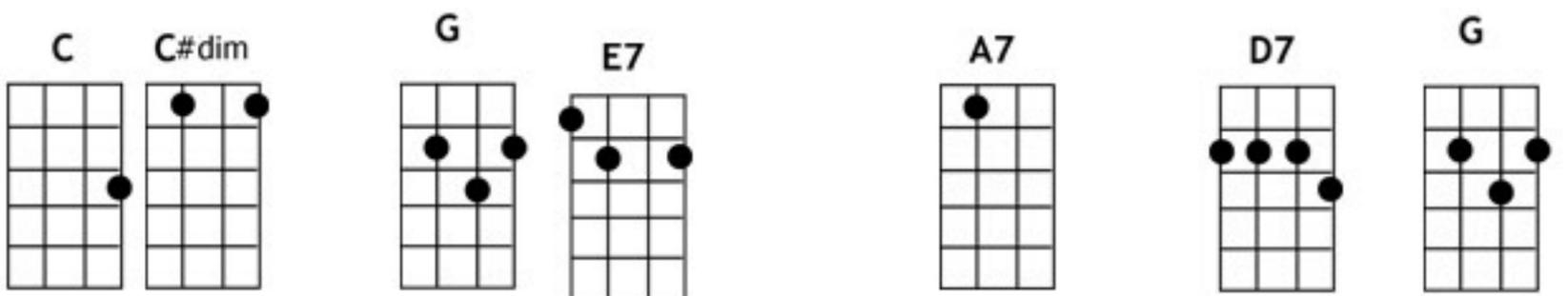
When Irish eyes are smiling, sure it's like a morn in spring



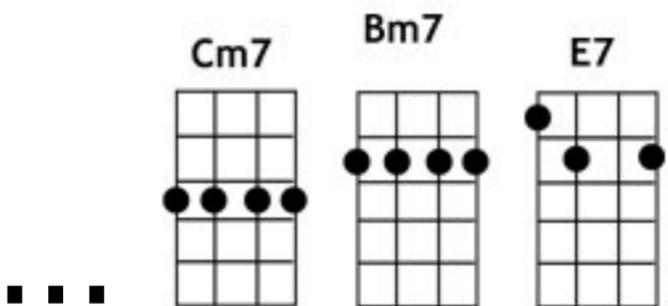
In the lilt of Irish laughter you can hear the angels sing

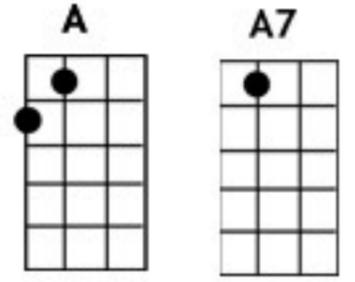
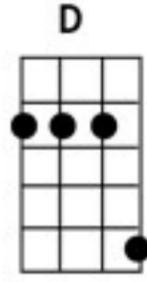
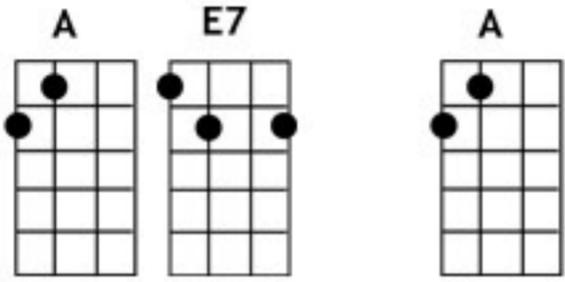


When Irish hearts are happy, all the world seems bright and gay

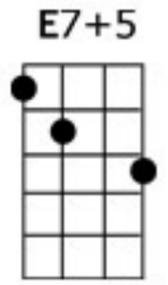
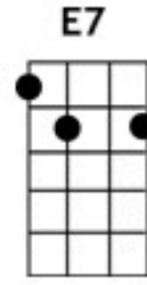
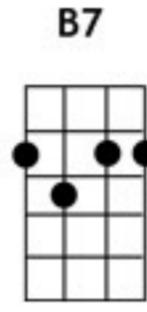
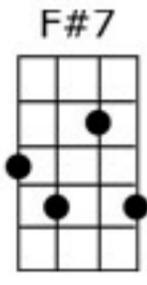
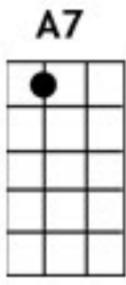
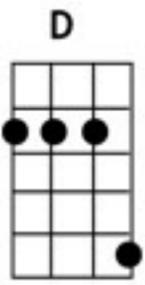


And when Irish eyes are smiling, sure they steal your heart a-way. .

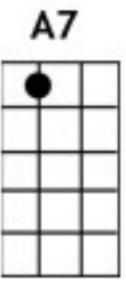
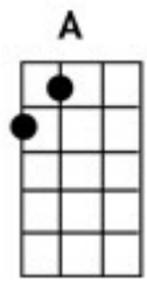
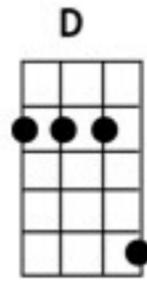
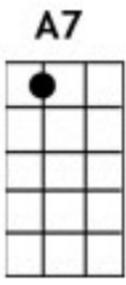
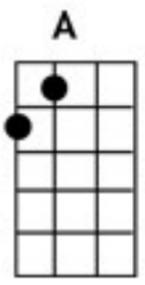
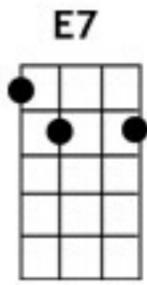
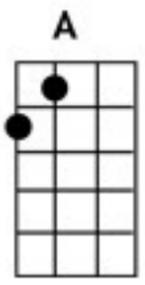




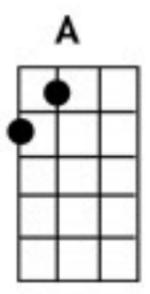
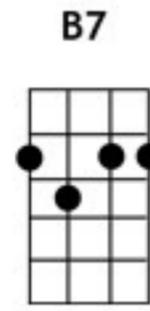
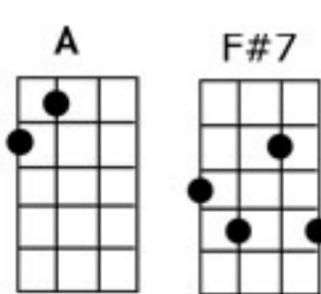
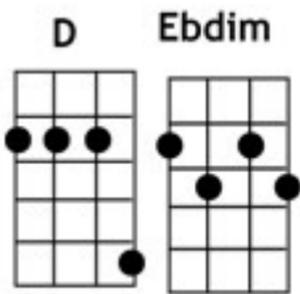
When Irish eyes are smiling, sure it's like a morn in spring



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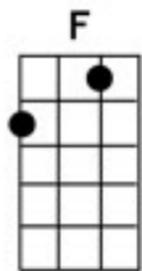


When Irish hearts are happy, all the world seems bright and gay

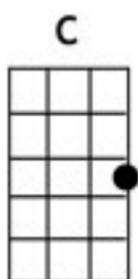


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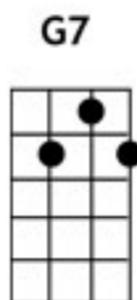
# On Top Of Old Smokey



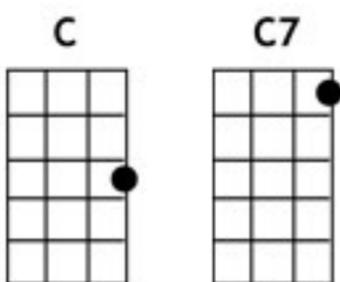
On top of Old Smokey



All covered with snow



I lost my true lover



Come'a courting too slow...

F

A courting's a pleasure

C

A courting's a grief

G7

A false hearted lover

C      C7

Is worse than a thief.

F

A thief he will rob you

C

And take what you have

G7

A false hearted lover

C C7

Will send you to your grave.

F

She'll hug you and kiss you

C

And tell you more lies

G7

Than the cross ties on a railroad

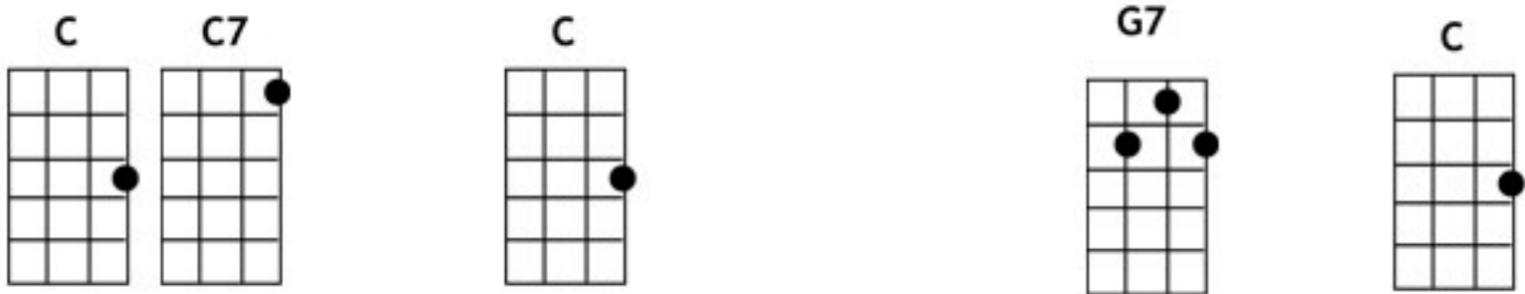
C C7

Or the stars in the skies

# Swing Low, Sweet Chariot



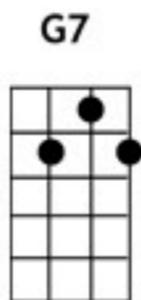
Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home



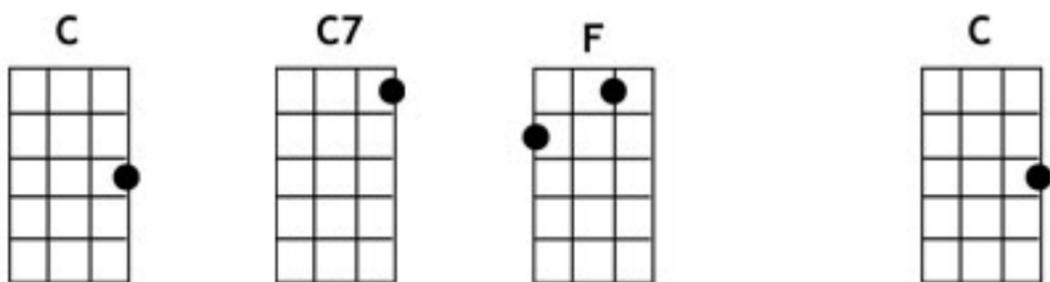
Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home



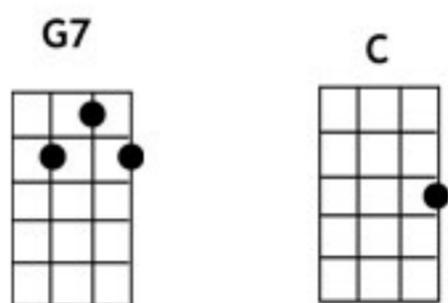
I looked over Jordan and what did I see,



Comin' for to carry me home?

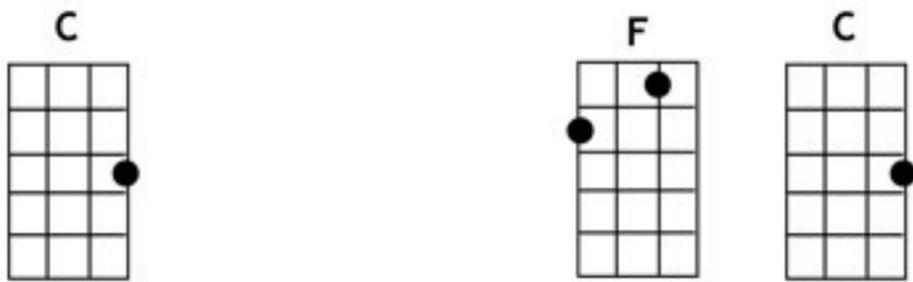


A band of angels, comin' after me



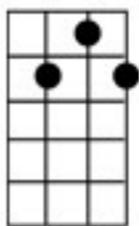
Comin' for to carry me home.

[chorus]

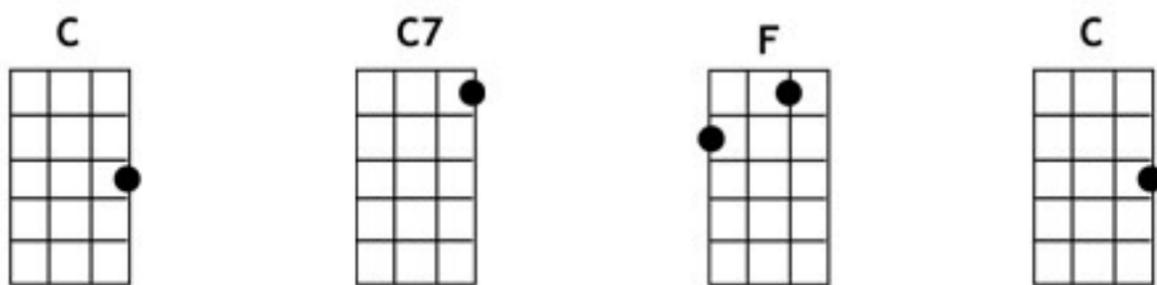


If you get there, before I do,

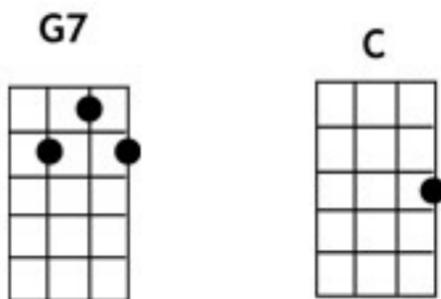
G7



Comin' for to carry me home



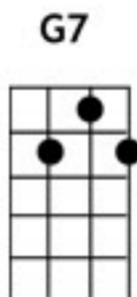
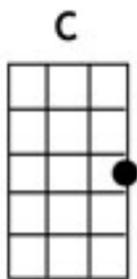
Tell all my friends, I'll be there, too



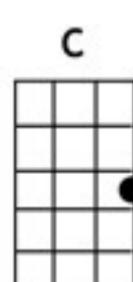
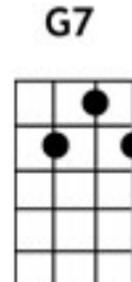
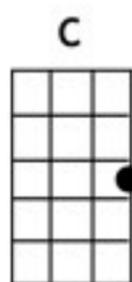
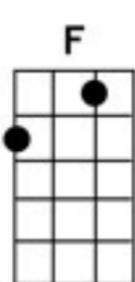
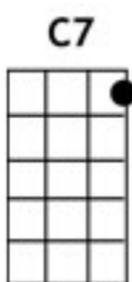
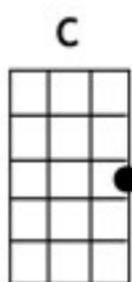
Comin' for to carry me home.

[chorus]

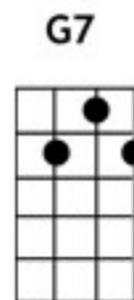
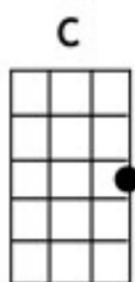
# When The Saints Go Marching In



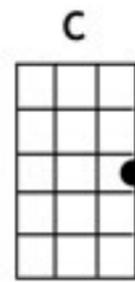
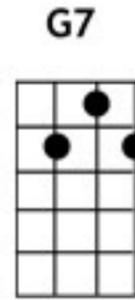
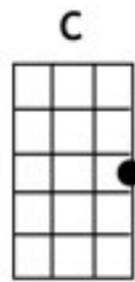
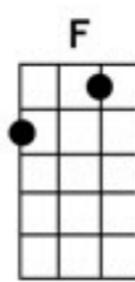
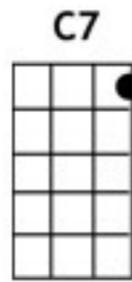
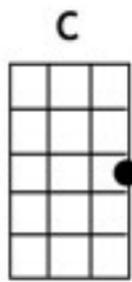
Oh, when the Saints go marching in, oh, when the Saints go marching in



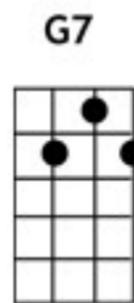
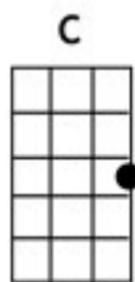
Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number, when the Saints go marching in.



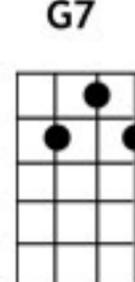
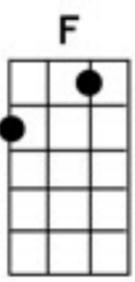
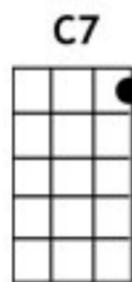
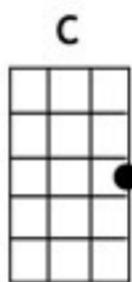
Oh, when the sun refuse to shine, oh, when the sun refuse to shine,



Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number, when the sun re-fuse to shine.



Oh when the trumpet sounds the call, oh, when the trumpet sounds the call



Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number, when the trumpet sounds the call