



**The
Groningen Ukulele
Society**

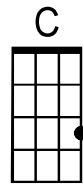
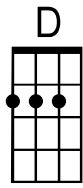
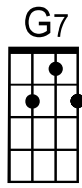
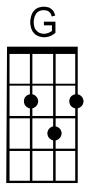
- Xmas Set -



2015

Rock around the clock,
Return to sender (verses Paul)
These Boots
Dirty ole Town
Whiskey in the Jar (Paul verses)
Anarchy in the UK
Because you're young
Blitzkrieg Bop (Karen en Paul verses)
Psycho Killer
Rawhide
Fairytale of newyork
Christmas in Kilarney (C)
Flamin' ukulele

Rock around the Clock



G

One, two, three o'clock, four o'clock, rock

G

Five, six, seven o'clock, eight o'clock, rock

G

Nine, ten, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock rock.

D

We're gonna rock around the clock tonight.

G

Put your glad rags on and join me hon',

G7

We'll have some fun when the clock strikes one,

C

We're gonna rock around the clock tonight,

G

We're gonna rock, rock, rock, 'till broad day light,

D

C

G

We're gonna rock, gonna rock around the clock tonight.

G

When the clock strikes two, three and four,

G7

If the band slows down we'll yell for more,

C

We're gonna rock around the clock tonight,

G

We're gonna rock, rock, rock, 'till broad day light,

D

C

G

We're gonna rock, gonna rock around the clock tonight.

G
When the chimes ring five, six and seven,
G7
We'll be riding seventh heaven
C
We're gonna rock around the clock tonight,
G
We're gonna rock, rock, rock, 'till broad day light,
D C G
We're gonna rock, gonna rock around the clock tonight.

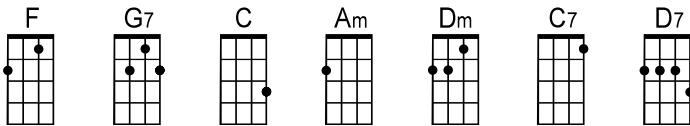
G
When it's eight, nine, ten, eleven too,
G7
I'll be goin' strong and so will you
C
We're gonna rock around the clock tonight,
G
We're gonna rock, rock, rock, 'till broad day light,
D C G
We're gonna rock, gonna rock around the clock tonight.

G G7 C G D G

G
When the clock strikes twelve, we'll cool off then,
G7
We'll start rockin' round the clock again
C
We're gonna rock around the clock tonight,
G
We're gonna rock, rock, rock, 'till broad day light,
D C G
We're gonna rock, gonna rock around the clock tonight.

D C G D G
We're gonna rock, gonna rock around the clock tonight.

Return to Sender – Elvis Presley



F G7 F G7
Return to sender, return to sender

C Am Dm G7
I gave a letter to the postman, he put it in his sack,

C Am Dm G7 C
Bright and early next morning, he brought my letter back,

- *She wrote upon it*

F G7 F G7 F G7 C C7
Return to sender, address unknown, no such number, no such zone,

F G7 F G7 D7(alt) G7
We had a quarrel, a lovers spat, I write I'm sorry but my letter keeps coming back

C Am Dm G7
So I dropped it in the mailbox, I sent it special D

C Am Dm G7 C
Bright and early next morning, it came right back to me

- *She wrote upon it*

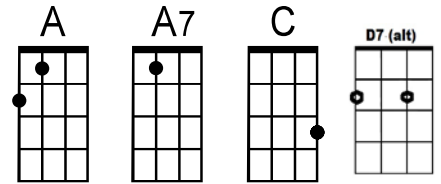
F G7 F G7 F G7 C C7
Return to sender, address unknown, no such person, no such zone

F C
This time I'm gonna take it myself, and put it right in her hand

D7(alt) G7
And if it comes back the very next day, then I'll understand

- *The writing on it*

F G7 F G7 F G7 C F C
Return to sender, address unknown, no such number, no such zone.



These Boots Are Made For Walking

---5--5--4--4--3--3--2--2--1--1-----
 -----5-5--4--4--3--3--2--1-----

A /// A ///

A

You keep saying you've got something for me

A7

Something you call love, but confess

D7

You've been messin' where you shouldn't have been messin'

A

And now someone else is getting all of your best

Refrain

C

A

These boots are made for walking

C

A

And that's just what they'll do

C

A.

One of these days these boots are gonna walk all over you

---5--5--4--4--3--3--2--2--1--1-----
 -----5-5--4--4--3--3--2--1-----

A /// A ///

A

You keep lying when you oughta be truthin'

A7

And you keep losin' when you oughta not bet

D7

You keep samin' when you oughta be changin'

A

Now what's right's right, but you ain't been right yet

Refrain

C

A

These boots are made for walking

C

A

And that's just what they'll do

C

A.

One of these days these boots are gonna walk all over you

--5--5--4--4--3--3--2--2--1--1-----

-----5--5--4--4--3--3--2--1-----

A /// A ///

A

You keep playin' where you shouldn't be playin'

A7

And you keep thinkin' that you'll never get burnt - Ha!

D7

I just found me a brand new box of matches - yeah

A

And what he know you ain't had time to learn

Refrain

C

A

These boots are made for walking

C

A

And that's just what they'll do

C

A.

One of these days these boots are gonna walk all over you

--5--5--4--4--3--3--2--2--1--1-----

-----5--5--4--4--3--3--2--1-----

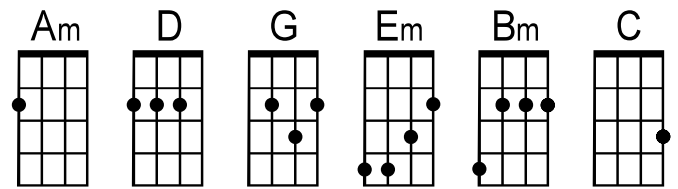
A ///

A ///

Are you ready boots, Start walkin'

A /// A /// A /// A /// - A7. - A.

Dirty Old Town



Intro:

D /// D /// D /// D ///
G /// G /// D /// D ///
Em /// Em /// Bm /// Bm ///



Verse 1

I met my
G /// G /// G /// G ///
love by the gas works wall, Dreamed a
C /// C /// G /// G ///
dream by the old canal, I Kissed my
G /// G /// G /// G ///
girl by the factory wall, Dirty old
D /// D /// Em /// Em ///
Town Dirty old town

Verse 2

Clouds are
G /// G /// G /// G ///
drifting across the moon, Cats are
C /// C /// G /// G ///
prowling on their beat, Spring's a
G /// G /// G /// G ///
girl from the streets at night, Dirty Old
D /// D /// Em /// Em ///
Town Dirty old town

Middle 8:

C /// C /// C /// C ///
F /// F /// C /// C ///
C /// C /// C /// C ///
G /// G /// Am /// Am ...

Verse 3

I heard a

G ///G ///G ///G ///

siren from the docks, Saw a

C ///C ///G ///G ///

train set the night on fire, I smelled the

G ///G ///G ///G ///

spring on the smoky wind, Dirty Old

D ///D ///Em ///Em ///

Town Dirty old town

Verse 4

I'm gonna

G ///G ///G ///G ///

make me a big sharp axe, Shining Steel

C ///C ///G ///G ///

tempered in the fire I'll chop you

G ///G ///G ///G ///

down like an old dead tree, Dirty Old

D ///D ///Em ///Em ///

Town Dirty old town

Verse 4 (play very quietly)

I met my

G ///G ///G ///G ///

love by the gas works wall, Dreamed a

C ///C ///G ///G ///

Dream by the old canal, I kissed my

G ///G ///G ///G ///

Girl by the factory wall, Dirty old

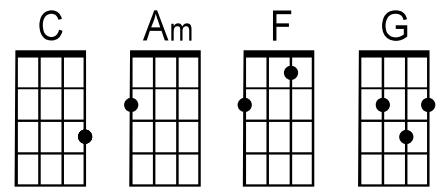
Am ///Am ///Em ///Em ///

Town Dirty old town

Loud

D ///D ///Em ///Em ///

town Dirty Old town



Whiskey in the Jar ↓ ↓ ↑ ↑ ↓ ↑

Intro: C III C III C III C III

As [C] I was going over the [Am] Cork and Kerry mountains
I [F] met with captain Farrell and his [C] money he was counting,
I [C] first produced my pistol and [Am] then produced my rapier,
Saying [F] "Stand and deliver for you [C] are my bold deceiver."

Chorus:

Musha [G] ring dum-a do dun-a da!
[C] Whack fol the daddy oh! [F] Whack fol the daddy oh!
There's [C] whiskey [G] in the [C] jar-o.

He [C] counted out his money and it [Am] was a pretty penny
I [F] put it in my pocket and I [C] took it home to Jenny,
She [C] sighed and she swore that [Am] never would she leave me,
But the [F] devil take the women for they [C] never can be easy.

Chorus:

Musha [G] ring dum-a do dun-a da!
[C] Whack fol the daddy oh! [F] Whack fol the daddy oh!
There's [C] whiskey [G] in the [C] jar-o.

I [C] went in to my chamber all [Am] for to take a slumber,
I [F] dreamt of gold and jewels and for [C] sure it was no wonder,
For [C] Jenny drew my charges and then [Am] filled them up with water,
And she [F] sent for Captain Farrell to be [C] ready for the slaughter.

Chorus:

Musha [G] ring dum-a do dun-a da!
[C] Whack fol the daddy oh! [F] Whack fol the daddy oh!
There's [C] whiskey [G] in the [C] jar-o.

'Twas [C] early in the morning be-[Am]fore I rose to travel,
Up [F] crept a band of footmen and sure [C] with them Captain Farrell,
I [C] then produced my pistol for she [Am] stole away my rapier,
But I [F] couldn't shoot the water so a [C] prisoner I was taken.

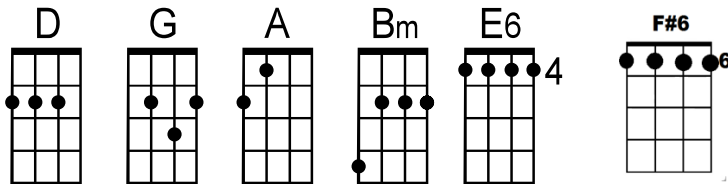
Chorus:

Musha [G] ring dum-a do dun-a da!
[C] Whack fol the daddy oh! [F] Whack fol the daddy oh!
There's [C] whiskey [G] in the [C] jar-o.

Musha [G] ring dum-a do dun-a da!
[C] Whack fol the daddy oh! [F] Whack fol the daddy oh!
There's [C] whiskey [G] in the [C] jar-o.

Anarchy in the UK.

Calypso ↓↓↑↑↓↓↑



Intro

D A
Right Now ha ha ha ha ha

D G A D G A
I am an anti-christ, I am an anarchist
D G A
D'ont know what I want but I know how to get it
D D
I wanna destroy the passer by 'Cos
A G D (Bm A D)
I wanna be Anarchy

No dogs body

D G A D G A
Anarchy for the U-K, It's coming sometime and maybe
D G A
I give a wrong time, stop a traffic line
D D
Your future dream is a shopping scheme, Cos
A G D (Bm A D)
I wanna be Anarchy

It's in the city

D G A
How many ways to get what you want

D G A
I use the best, I use the rest

D G A D D
I use a ukulele, I use anarchy, Cos

A G D (Bm A D)
I wanna be Anarchy
It's the only way to be

Middle

F#6 - E6 - F#6 - E6 - D (Bm A D)

Now!

D G A D G A
I don't like normality, Don't wanna guitar, that's not for me

D G A
I've learned some chords, they're pretty easy

D D
And I'm gunna play'em on my ukulele, Cos

A G D (Bm A D)
I wanna be Anarchy

It's just a ukulele

A G D (Bm A D)
I wanna be Anarchy

A G D (Bm A D)
I wanna be Anarchy

A G D (Bm A D)
And I wanna play - a ukulele

D D

Because You're Young (Cock Sparrer/pUKEs)

Intro C /// C //

C C
Because you're young, sharp as a knife

F G
You need that buzz to come alive

C C
Out on the edge, out on the town

F G
You ain't got time to settle down

(Chorus1)

G F G
You're always sure, you're always right

G C Em Am
You see it all in black and white

F G C
You never listen to any one, because you're young

(Verse2)

C C
Because you're young, you're torn between

F G
A world of hate and a world of dreams

C C
So much to lose, so much to gain

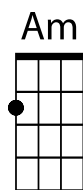
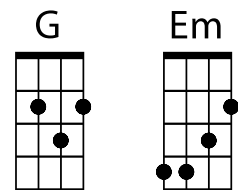
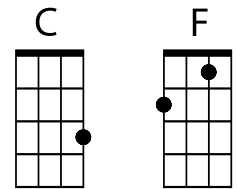
F G
So much to fight for, so much to change

(Chorus2)

G F G
You don't look back; you don't look down

G C Em Am
You gotta turn everything a round

F G C
You live your life like a loaded gun, because you're young



(Bridge)

C F /// G
Stop talking back, get off the phone
 F G
You're late again, you missed the last bus home
 F C
This ain't the way you wanna live
 G
I know something's got to give

(Chorus3)

G F G
You're always sure, you're always right
G C Em Am
You see it all in black and white
 F G C
You never listen to any one, because you're young

(Solo: verse & chorus, no singing)

(Bridge)

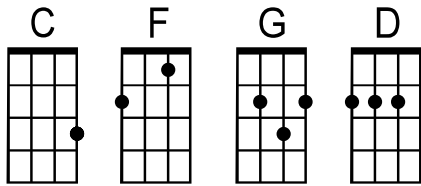
C F /// G
Stop talking back, get off the phone
 F G
You're late again, you missed the last bus home
 F C
This ain't the way you wanna live
 G
I know something's got to give

(Chorus2)

G F G
You don't look back; you don't look down
G C Em Am
You gotta turn every thing a round
 F G C
You live your life like a loaded gun, because you're young
Am F G C
You never listen to any one, because you're young

Blitzkrieg bop

(Ramones/GUGUG)



C /// F / G / x 3
C / F / C ///

Nc. (mute)

C /// C ///

Hey ho - lets go, hey ho - lets go, hey ho - lets go, hey ho - lets go

C / / / F / C /

They're forming in a straight line

C / / / F / C /

They're going through a tight wind

C / / / F / C / C / F / C ///

The kids are losing their minds in the blitzkrieg bop

C / / / F / C /

They're piling in the back seat

C / / / F / C /

They're generating steam heat

C / / / F / C / C / F / C ///

Pulsating to the back beat the blitzkrieg bop

F /// F /// C / / / F / C /

Hey ho, lets go, shoot them in the back now

F / / / F / / /

What they want I don't know

D / / / F / G /

They're all revved up and ready to go

C / / / F / C /

They're piling in the back seat

C / / / F / C /

They're generating steam heat

C / / / F / C / C / F / C ///

Pulsating to the back beat the blitzkrieg bop

F /// F /// C / / / F / C /

Hey ho, lets go, shoot them in the back now

F / / / F / / /

What they want I don't know

D / / / F / G /

They're all revved up and ready to go

C / / / F / C /

They're forming in a straight line

C / / / F / C /

They're going through a tight wind

C / / / F / C / C / F / C ///

The kids are losing their minds in the blitzkrieg bop

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They're piling in the back seat

C / / / F / C /

They're generating steam heat

C / / / F / C / C / F / C ///

Pulsating to the back beat the blitzkrieg bop

F /// F /// C / / / F / C /

Hey ho, lets go, shoot them in the back now

F / / / F / / /

What they want I don't know

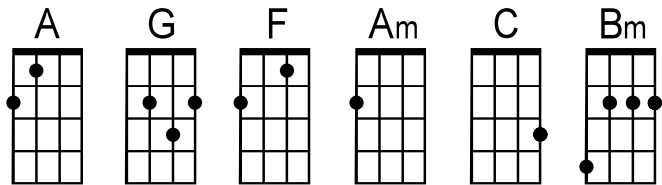
D / / / F / G /

They're all revved up and ready to go

(mute) C (mute) C (mute) C C.

Hey ho, lets go. Hey ho, lets go. Hey ho, lets go. Hey ho, lets go

PSYCHO KILLER



Intro: **A /// A // G, A /// A // G**

A **G**

I can't seem to face up to the facts

A **G**

I'm tense and nervous and I can't relax

A **G**

I can't sleep cause my bed's on fire

A **G**

Don't touch me I'm a real live wire

F / / / **G** / / /
 Psycho killer, qu'est-ce que c'est

Am
 Fa fa fa fa fa fa fa fa - better

F **G** **C**
 Run run run - run run run run a - way

F / / / **G** / / /
 Psycho killer, qu'est-ce que c'est

Am
 Fa fa fa fa fa fa fa fa - better

F **G** **C**
 Run run run - run run run run a - way

F **G**
 Oh oh oh - oh, ay ay ay ay ay

A /// A // G, A /// A // G

A **G**
 You start a conversation, you can't even finish it

A **G**
 You're talking a lot, but you're not saying anything

A **G**
 When I have nothing to say, my lips are sealed

A **G**
 Say something once, why say it again

F / / / G / / /
Psycho killer, qu'est-ce que c'est

Am

Fa fa fa fa fa fa fa fa - better

F G C

Run run run - run run run run a - way

F / / / G / / /
Psycho killer, qu'est-ce que c'est

Am

Fa fa fa fa fa fa fa fa - better

F G C

Run run run - run run run run a - way

F G

Oh oh oh - oh, ay ay ay ay ay

Bm C Bm C
Ce que j'ai fait, ce soir - la, Ce qu'elle a dit, ce soir - la

A G
Realisant mon espoir, Je me lance, vers la gloire

A G A G
Okaa aa aa aay , Ay ay ay ay ay ay ay ay

A G A G
We are vain and we are blind, I hate people when they're not polite

F / / / G / / /
Psycho killer, qu'est-ce que c'est

Am

Fa fa fa fa fa fa fa fa - better

F G C

Run run run - run run run run a - way

F / / / G / / /
Psycho killer, qu'est-ce que c'est

Am

Fa fa fa fa fa fa fa fa - better

F G C

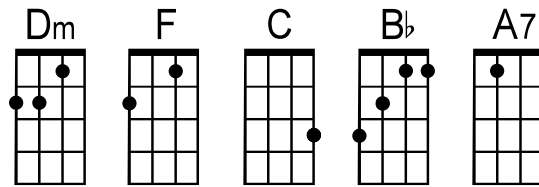
Run run run - run run run run a - way

F G

Oh oh oh - oh, ay ay ay ay ay

A / / / A / / G, A / / / A / / G

Rawhide



intro

Dm **Dm /// Dm ///**
Rollin' - rollin' - rollin' (x4), Rawhide

Dm **Dm**
Rollin', rollin', rollin', though the streams are swollen

F
Keep them doggies rollin, Rawhide

Dm **C** **Dm**
The rain, the wind and weather, hellbent for leather

C **Bb** **A7**
Wishin my gal was by my side.

Dm **C** **Dm**
All the things I'm missin', good vittles, love and kissin

C **Dm / C /** **Dm /// Dm ///**
Are waitin' at the end of my ride

Chorus

Dm **A7**
Move 'em on - head 'em up, Head 'em up - move 'em on

Dm **A7**
Move 'em on -head 'em up , Rawhide

Dm **A7**
Cut 'em out - ride 'em in, Ride 'em in - cut 'em out

Dm **Bb /** **A7 /** **Dm /// Dm ///**
Cut 'em out - ride 'em in - Raw - hide

Dm /// Dm ///

Dm

Dm

Keep movin', movin', movin', though they're disapprovin'

F

Keep them doggies movin', Rawhide

Dm

C

Dm

Don't try to understand 'em, just rope and throw and brand 'em,

C

Bb

A7

Soon we'll be livin' high and wide,

Dm

C

Dm

My heart's calculatin', my true love will be waitin'

C

Dm / C / Dm /// Dm ///

Be waitin' at the end of my ride

Chorus

Dm

A7

Move 'em on - head 'em up, Head 'em up - move 'em on

Dm

A7

Move 'em on - head 'em up , Rawhide

Dm

A7

Cut 'em out - ride 'em in, Ride 'em in - cut 'em out

Dm

Bb/ A7/ Dm /// Dm ///

Cut 'em out - ride 'em in - Raw - hide

outro

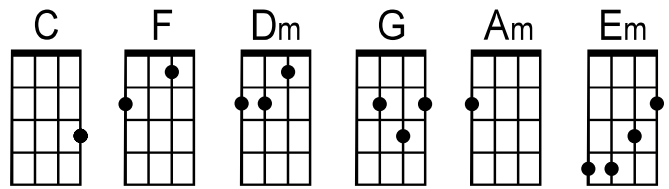
Dm

Dm /// Dm //.

Rollin' - rollin' - rollin' (x4) Rawhide

Rawhide

Christmas in Killarney



Intro:

C,F,C,Dm,C,G,C

Chorus:

C C F C
The holly green, the ivy green, The prettiest picture you've ever seen
F C Dm G C
Is Christmas in Killarney, With all of the folks at home
C C F C
It's nice, you know, to kiss your beau, While cuddling under the mistletoe
F C Dm G C
And Santa Claus you know, of course, Is one of the boys from home

Verse 1:

Am Em Am
The door is always open, The neighbors pay a call
G Dm G
And Father John before he's gone, Will bless the house and all
C C F G Am
Our Hearts are light, our spirits bright, We'll celebrate our joy tonight
F C Dm G C
It's Christmas in Killarney With all of the folks at home

Chorus:

C C F C
The holly green, the ivy green, The prettiest picture you've ever seen
F C Dm G C
Is Christmas in Killarney, With all of the folks at home
C C F C
It's nice, you know, to kiss your beau, While cuddling under the mistletoe
F C Dm G C
And Santa Claus you know, of course, Is one of the boys from home

Fairytale of New York

[A] It was Christmas [D] Eve babe, in the [G] drunk tank
An old man [D] said to me, won't see a [A] nother one
And then he [D] sang a song, the Rare Old [G] Mountain Dew
I turned my [D] face away and [Asus4] dreamed a [D] bout [A] you

Got on a [D] lucky one, came in eight [G] een to one
I've got a [D] feeling this year's for [A] me and you
So happy [D] Christmas, I love you [G] baby
I can see a [D] better time when all our [Asus4] dreams come [D] true

[D] [A] [D] [G] [A] [A] [D] [D]

Girl:

They've got [D] cars big as [A] bars, they've got [Bm] rivers of [G] gold
But the [D] wind goes right through you, it's no place for the [A] old
When you [D] first took my [Bm] hand on a [D] cold Christmas [G] Eve
You [D] promised me Broadway was [A] waiting for [D] me

Bothish

You were [D] handsome, you were pretty, Queen of New York [A] City
When the [D] band finished [G] playing they [A] howled out for [D] more
[D] Sinatra was swinging, all the drunks they were [A] singing
We [D] kissed on the [G] corner then [A] danced through the [D] night

Everyone:

Chorus:

The [G] boys of the NYPD choir were [D] singing "Galway [Bm] Bay"
And the [D] bells were [G] ringing [A] out for Christmas [D] day

[D] [A] [Bm] [G] [D] [A] [D] [Bm] [D] [G] [D] [A] [D]

You're a [D] bum, you're a punk, you're an old slut on [A] junk
Lying [D] there almost [G] dead on a [A] drip in that [D] bed

You [D] scumbag, you maggot, you cheap lousy [A] faggot
Happy [D] Christmas your [G] arse, I pray [A] God it's our [D] last

Chorus

The [G] boys of the NYPD choir were [D] singing "Galway [Bm] Bay"
And the [D] bells were [G] ringing [A] out for Christmas [D] day

[D] [A] [Bm] [G] [D] [A] [D] [Bm] [D] [G] [D] [A] [D]

Boy: I [A] could have [D] been someone,

Girl:

[D] well so could [G] anyone
You took my [D] dreams from me when I first [A] found you

Boy:

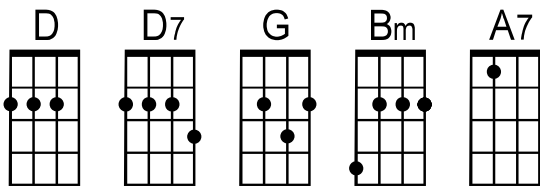
I kept them [D] with me babe, I put them [G] with my own
Can't make it [D] all alone, I've built my [G] dreams a [A] round [D] you

Chorus

The [G] boys of the NYPD choir were [D] singing "Galway [Bm] Bay"
And the [D] bells were [G] ringing [A] out for Christmas [D] day

[D] [G] [D] [A] [D] [G] [D] [G] [A] repeat to fade

Flaming Ukulele in the Sky



D

D7

I was a banker, cash was my need.

G

D

I worshipped Mammon, bathed in greed

G

D

Bm

But then a vision flashed 'fore my eyes

D

A7

D

Of a flamin' ukulele in the sky

Refrein

D

That flaming' ukulele in the sky lord, lord

G

D

That flamin' ukulele in the sky

Bm

It had four sweet golden strings

D

Bm

And the sound of angel wings

D

A7

D

That flaming' ukulele in the sky

D

D7

I was a preacher, I fell from grace

G

D

I was caught naked, at Mabels' place

G

D

Bm

I asked forgiveness, and gods' reply

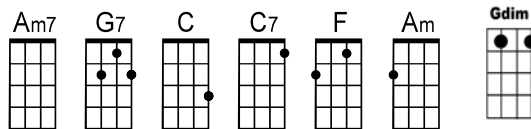
D

A7

D

Was that flamin' ukulele in the sky

Refrein



D **D7**
I was a lawyer, had all the luck
G **D**
I bent the truth, to make a buck
G **D** **Bm**
Now it's my turn to testify
D **A7** **D**
'fore that flamin' ukulele in the sky

Refrein

Am7 **Gdim** **G7** **C** **C7**
So - when - you - falter, along life' road
F **C**
And start to stumble beneath the load
F **C** **Am**
Your sweat and toil will sanctify
C **G7** **C**
That flamin' ukulele in the sky

Refrein in C

C
That flamin' ukulele in the sky lord, lord
F **C**
That flamin' ukulele in the sky
Am
It had four sweet golden strings
C **Am**
And the sound of angel wings
C **G7** **C**
That flaming' ukulele in the sky (en langzaam.....)
C **G7** **C**
That flaming ukulele in the sky