

July 2019  
Campfire Songs

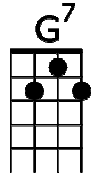
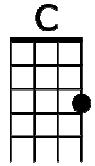


boulder ukulele group

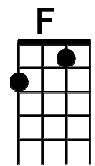
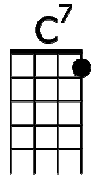
[www.boulderukulelegroup.com](http://www.boulderukulelegroup.com)

# COWBOY LULLABY

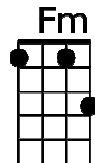
C Desert silver blue beneath the pale moon light G7  
 Coyotes yappin' lazy on the hill C C7  
 F Sleepy winks of light along the far skyline Fm C  
 D7 Time for millin' cattle to be still G7



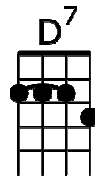
C So, now, the lightnin's far away G7 C  
 F The coyote's nothin' skeery, just singin' to his dearie D7 G7  
 C Ya, ha, I'm on a holiday day C  
 F So settle down you cattle 'til the... morning G7 C



C Nothing out there on the plains that you folks need G7  
 Nothing there that seems to take your eye C C7  
 F Still you have to watch 'em or they'll all stampede Fm C  
 D7 Plungin' down some 'ryo bank to die G7



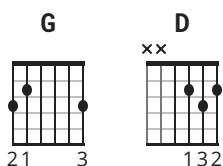
C So, now, the lightnin's far away G7 C  
 F The coyote's nothin' skeery, just singin' to his dearie D7 G7  
 C Ya, ha, I'm on a holiday day C  
 F So settle down you cattle 'til the... morning G7 C



# Do Your Ears Hang Low chords by Misc Children

Difficulty: novice

## CHORDS



[Verse 1]

**G**

Do your ears hang low

**G**

Do they wobble to and fro

**G**

Can you tie them in a knot

**D**

Can you tie them in a bow

**G**

Can you throw them o'er your  
shoulder

**G**

like a continental soldier

**G**

**D**

**G**

Do your ears hang low

[Verse 2]

**G**

Do your ears hang high

**G**

Do they reach up to the sky

**G**

Do they droop when they are wet

**D**

Do they stiffen when they're  
dry

**G**

Can you semaphore your  
neighbour

**G**

with a minimum of labour

**G**

**D**

**G**

Do your ears hang high

[Verse 3]

**G**

Do your ears flip-flop

**G**

Can you use them for a mop

**G**

Are they stringy at the bottom

**D**

Are they curly at the top

**G**

Can you use them for a swatter

**G**

Can you use them for a blotter

**G**

**D**

**G**

Do your ears flip-flop

[Verse 4]

**G**

Do your ears hang out

**G**

Can you waggle them about

**G**

Can you flip them up and down

**D**

As you fly around the town

**G**

Can you shut them up for sure

**G**

When you hear an awful bore

**G**

**D**

**G**

Do your ears hang out

FOREVER IN BLUEJEANS

Neil Diamond

1. Money talks,  
 but it don't sing and dance, and it don't walk,  
 and long as I can have you here with me,  
 I'd much rather be forever in blue jeans.

2. Honey's sweet,  
 but it ain't nothin' next to baby's treat,  
 and if you pardon me, I'd like to say,  
 we'll do okay, forever in blue jeans.

Maybe tonight,  
 maybe tonight, by the fire, all alone you and I.  
 Nothing around, but the sound of my heart and your sighs.

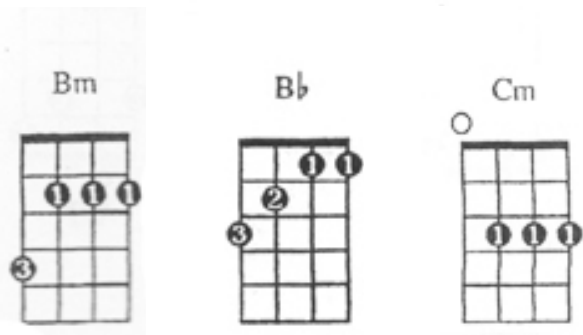
3. Money talks,  
 but it can't sing and dance, and it can't walk,  
 and long as I can have you here with me,  
 I'd much rather be forever in blue jeans.

4. And honey's sweet,  
 but it ain't nothin' next to baby's treat,  
 and if you pardon me, I'd like to say,  
 we'll do okay, forever in blue jeans.

Maybe tonight,  
 maybe tonight, by the fire, all alone you and I.  
 Nothing around, but the sound of my heart and your sighs.

5. Money talks,  
 but it don't sing and dance, and it don't walk,  
 and long as I can have you here with me,  
 I'd much rather be forever in blue jeans.

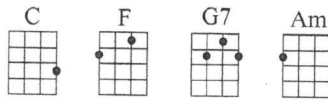
6. and if you pardon me, I'd like to say,  
 we'll do okay, forever in blue jeans.



# If I Had A Hammer

## (The Hammer Song)

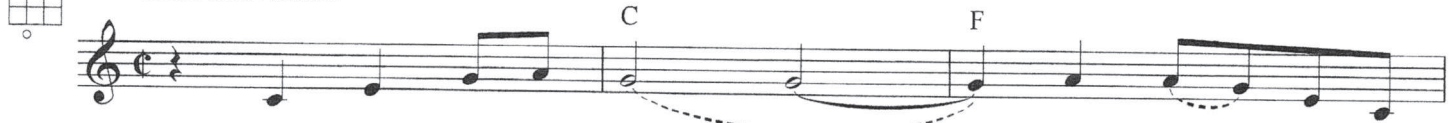
Words and Music by  
LEE HAYS and PETE SEEGER



FIRST NOTE



With Conviction



1. If I had a ham - mer, I'd ham - mer in the  
 2. If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the  
 3. If I had a song, I'd sing it in the  
 4. Well, I got a ham - mer, and I've got a



morn - ing, I'd ham - mer in the eve - ning,  
 morn - ing, I'd ring it in the eve - ning,  
 morn - ing, I'd sing it in the eve - ning,  
 bell and I've got a song to sing,



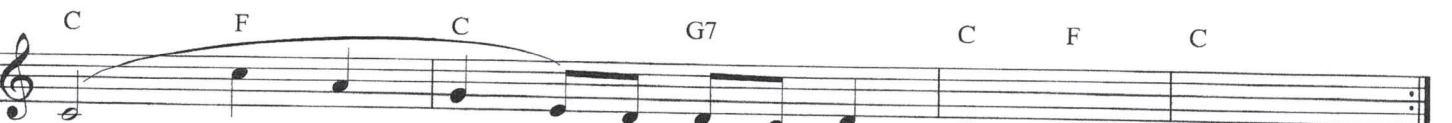
— all o - ver this land. I'd ham - mer out  
 — all o - ver this land. I'd ring out  
 — all o - ver this land. I'd sing out  
 — all o - ver this land. It's the ham - mer



dan - ger, I'd ham - mer out a warn - ing.  
 dan - ger, I'd ring out a warn - ing.  
 dan - ger, I'd sing out a warn - ing.  
 of jus - tice, it's the bell of free - dom.



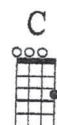
I'd ham - mer out love be - tween my broth - ers and my sis - ters,  
 I'd ring out love be - tween my broth - ers and my sis - ters,  
 I'd sing out love be - tween my broth - ers and my sis - ters,  
 It's the song a - bout love be - tween my broth - ers and my sis - ters,



all o - ver this land.

# If I Were a Carpenter

Words and Music by  
Tim Hardin



## Verse 1

D           ||C           |  
If I were a carpenter  
G                   |D           |  
And you were a lady,  
D                   |C           |  
Would you marry me anyway,  
G                   |D           |  
Would you have my baby?  
D                   |C           |  
If a tinker were my trade,  
G                   |D           |  
Would you still find me,  
D                   |C           |  
Carrying the pots I'd made,  
G                   |D           |           |C G |D       ||  
Following be - hind me?

## Bridge

C                   |D           |  
Save my love through loneliness,  
C                   |D           |  
Save my love for sorrow  
D                   |C           |  
I've given you my ownliness;  
G                   |D           |           |           |  
Come and give me your to - morrow.

## Verse 2

D                   ||C           |  
If I worked my hands in wood  
G                   |D           |  
Would you still love me?  
D                   |C           |  
Answer me, babe, "Yes, I would,  
G                   |D           |           |  
I'd put you a - bove me."  
D                   |C           |  
If I were a miller  
G                   |D           |  
At a mill wheel grinding,  
D                   |C           |  
Would you miss your colored blouse,  
G                   |D           |           |C G |D       ||  
Your soft shoes shining?

## Verse 3

D                   ||C           |  
If I were a carpenter  
G                   |D           |  
And you were a lady,  
D                   |C           |  
Would you marry me anyway,  
G                   |D           |           |           |  
Would you have my baby?  
D                   |C           |  
Would you marry me anyway,  
G                   |D           |           |C |G |D       ||  
Would you have my baby?

# KING OF THE ROAD

W+M BY  
ROGER MILLER

Moderately slow

G C D7

1., 3. Trail - er - er - for sale or rent; - rooms - to let, -  
2. Third box - car, mid - night train; - des - ti - na - tion

G C D7

fif - ty cents; - no phone, no pool, no pets; - I ain't got no  
Ban - gor, Maine. - Old worn - out suit and shoes; - I don't pay no

G C

ci - ga - rettes. - Ah, but two hours - of push - ing broom - buys an  
un - ion dues. - I smoke old sto - gies I have found, -

D7 G G7

eight - by twelve - four - bit room. - I'm a } man of  
short - but not to big a - round. - I'm a }

C D7 1. G 2. G To next strain

means by no means, king - of the road. road. 2. I know

3. Fine G C

road. ev - er - y en - gi - neer on ev - er - y train. -

D7 G

All of the chil - dren and all of their names, - and ev - er - y hand - out in

C D7 D.S. al Fine

ev - er - y town, - and ev - 'ry lock that ain't locked when no one's a - round. 3. I sing

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NIGHT RIDER'S LAMENT

G G C C

Last night as I was out a-ridin'

G G D D

The graveyard shift midnight till dawn

C C G Em Em

The moon was as bright as a reading light

C D G

For a letter from an old friend back home

G

He asked me

C D G G

Why do you ride for your money?

C D G G

Why do you rope for short pay?

C D

You ain't gettin' no where

G C G Am Am

And you're losin' your share

D D G G

Oh, you must've gone crazy out there

G G C C

He said last night I run onto Ginny

G G D D

She's married and has a good life

C C G Em Em

Oh, you sure missed the track when you never came back

C D G

She made the perfect professional's wife

G

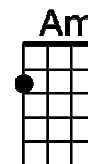
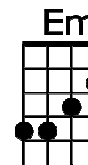
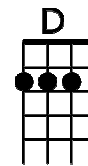
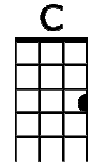
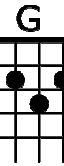
And she asked me

C D G G

Why does he ride for his money?

C D G G

Why does he rope for short pay?



C                  D  
He ain't gettin' no where  
          G                  C      G      Am Am  
And he's losin' his share  
          D                  D          G      G  
Oh, he must've gone crazy out there

REFRAIN      C      D          G          G  
But they've never seen the northern lights  
C                  D          G      G  
Never seen a hawk on the wing  
C                  D          G      C      G      Am Am  
Never seen the spring hit the Great Divide  
          D                  D          G      G  
And they never heard old Camp Cookie sing

G                          G          C      C  
Now, I read up the last of my letter  
G                          G          D      D  
And tore off the stamp for Black Jim  
          C                          G      Em      Em  
Little Dougie rode up to relieve me  
          C                  D          G  
He just looked at my letter and grinned

G  
He asked me  
C                  D          G      G  
Why do you ride for your money?  
C                  D          G      G  
Why do you rope for short pay?  
          C                  D  
You ain't gettin' no where  
          G                  C      G      Am Am  
And you're losin' your share  
          D                  D          G      G  
Oh, you must've gone crazy out there  
REFRAIN

# Pink Pajamas

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

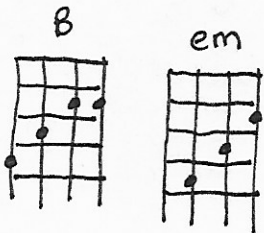
[G] I wear my pink pajamas, in the summer when it's hot.  
[C] I wear my flannel nighties in the [G] winter when it's [D7] not.  
And [G] sometimes in the springtime and [B] sometimes in the [Em]fall  
I [Am] jump between the [D7] sheets with [G] nothing on at all.

## Chorus:

[G] Glory, glory, Hallelujah;  
[C] Glory, glory, What's it [G] to you?  
Balmy breezes blowing [Em] through ya,  
With [Am] nothing [D7] on at [G] all.

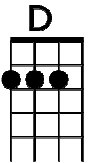
[G] I wake up in the morning with the sheet above my head,  
and my [C] little footsie-wotisy are a [G] stikken out of [D7] bed,  
and [G] three times out of four I find [B] myself upon the [Em] floor,  
And I'll [Am] sware I won't be [D7 ] drinking RC [G] cola any more.

## Chorus



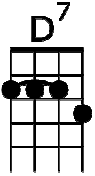
Wasted On The Way by Graham Nash, recorded by CSN

D D7  
Look around me - I can see my life before me



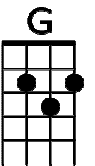
G A D  
Running rings around the way it used to be  
D D7

I am older now - I have more than what I wanted  
G A G D  
But I wish that I had started long before I did



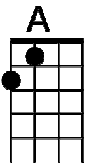
D G A D D7  
And there's so much time to make up everywhere you turn

G A D7  
Time we have wasted on the way



G A D G  
So much water moving underneath the bridge  
G A G D  
Let the water come and carry us away

D D7  
Oh, when you were young, did you question all the answers



G A D  
Did you envy all the dancers who had all the nerve

D D7  
Look around you now - you must go for what you wanted

G A D  
Look at all my friends who did and got what they deserved

G A D D7  
And there's so much time to make up everywhere you turn

G A D7  
Time we have wasted on the way

G A D G  
So much water moving underneath the bridge

G A D D7  
Let the water come and carry us away

G A D D7  
And there's so much love to make up everywhere you turn

G A D7  
Love we have wasted on the way

G A D G  
So much water moving underneath the bridge

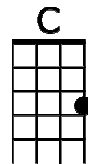
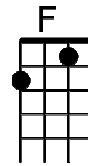
G A D D7  
Let the water come and carry us away

G A G D  
Let the water come and carry us away

# Whoever Shall Have Some Good Peanuts

By Sam Hinton

F  
Whoever shall have some GOOD PEANUTS,  
C  
And giveth his neighbor none,  
F  
He can't have any of my GOOD PEANUTS  
C F  
When his GOOD PEANUTS are gone.



## **CHORUS:**

F C F  
**Oh won't it be joyful, joyful, joyful**  
F C F  
**Oh won't it be joyful, when his GOOD PEANUTS are gone!**

F  
Whoever shall have some GIRL SCOUT COOKIES,  
C  
And giveth his neighbor none,  
F  
He can't have any of my GIRL SCOUT COOKIES  
C F  
When his GIRL SCOUT COOKIES are gone.

**Oh won't it be joyful, joyful, joyful**  
**Oh won't it be joyful, when his**  
**GIRL SCOUT COOKIES and his**  
**GOOD PEANUTS are gone!**

Whoever shall have some DOUBLE DECKER ICE CREAM CONES

....GOLDEN CRISY COLD-FRIED CHICKEN DRUMSTICKS

....RICH RED RIPE JUICY STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE WITH LOTS OF WHIPPED CREAM ON TOP OF IT

# I Am My Own Grandpa ukulele chords by Ray Stevens

<sup>G</sup> Now many, many years ago when I was twenty-three  
<sup>C</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> I was married to a widder who was pretty as can be  
<sup>G</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> This widder had a grown up daughter who had hair of red  
<sup>A</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> My father fell in love with her and soon they too were wed.

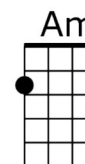
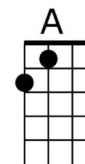
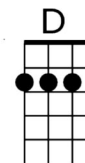
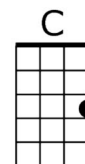
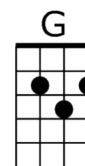
<sup>G</sup> This made my dad my son-in-law and changed my very life  
<sup>C</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> My daughter was my mother for she was my father's wife  
<sup>G</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> To complicate the matter even though it brought me joy  
<sup>A</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> I soon became the father of a bouncing baby boy.

<sup>G</sup> My little baby then became a brother-in-law to dad  
<sup>C</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> And so became my uncle though it made me very sad  
<sup>G</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> For if he was my uncle then that also made him brother  
<sup>A</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> Of the widder's grown up daughter who of course was my step-mother.

<sup>G</sup> Father's wife then had a son who kept him on the run  
<sup>C</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> And he became my grandchild for he was my daughter's son  
<sup>G</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> My wife is now my mother's mother and it makes me blue  
<sup>A</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> Because although she is my wife, she's my grandmother too.

<sup>G</sup> Now if my wife is my grandmother, then I'm her grandchild  
<sup>C</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> And every time I think of it, it nearly drives me wild  
<sup>G</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> For now I have become the strangest case you ever saw  
<sup>A</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> As husband of my grandmother, I am my own grandpa.

<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
I'm my own grand-pa. I'm my own grand-pa.  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
It sounds funny I know, but it really is so  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Oh, I'm my own grand-pa.



OLD SHOULDERS by Linda Smith, dedicated to her mom

G C G  
Her shoulders were weighted with burdens untold

D  
A life full of love and concern

G C G  
The years often heavy, the days often long

D G  
Some lessons too painful to learn

G  
Old shoulders of love, bearing hope from above

C G D  
Old shoulders will carry us through

G  
Rounded from years, yet strength still appears

D G/// /// C/// D//  
Old shoulders restore us anew.

G C G  
Her childhood was carefree, her days without fear

G D  
Her chores fit the size of her hands

G C G  
Yet the eyes she looked up to had oft shed a tear

D G/// A///  
Of sadness from lost dreams and plans.

A D A  
She cradled those memories as life took her on

A E7  
And gathered a few of her own.

A D A  
She learned that her shoulders could carry a song

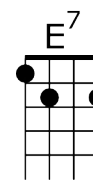
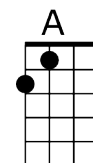
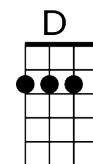
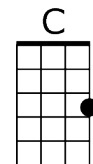
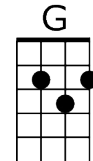
E7 A  
And wondered at how strong they'd grown.

A  
Old shoulders of love, bearing hope from above

D A E7  
Old shoulders will carry us through

A  
Rounded from years, yet strength still appears

E7 A  
Old shoulders restore us anew.



A D A  
Our shoulders hold stories of trouble and gain

A E7  
And all of rthe lessons we've learned

A D A  
May you find a shoulder for comfort and rest

E7 A  
And may you give one in return.

A  
Old shoulders of love, bearing hope from above

D A E7  
Old shoulders will carry us through.

A  
Rounded from years, yet strength still appears

E7 A D  
Old shoulders restore us anew.

A E7 A D/ (pause)  
Old shoulders are waiting for you

A E7 D/// /// A/  
Old shoulders restore us anew.